



**Love and Sixshooters**

The executions take place immediately on the arrival. There is no further ceremony, only the executioner walks round the edifice carrying the dripping head, held high whilst his attendants cry *Isaga*.

This was the second victim executed on account of the chief's melancholy illness and as he was a powerful Nabob being brother to the king of all the river Enkonis these executions would continue until he had completely recovered.

Before leaving Angola for the coast I received my mail from Liverpool and reading this was a delightful pastime. As the waterway is wide and deep to the mouth of the river there was no need for sounding so that I had a delightful day.

After my mother's letter the most important was from a young college friend. We were always together at school and he felt lonely after my departure for Africa. He was born in Peru, South America. He was the son of an Englishman who wander-

stone had been broken to pieces, the grave had been opened and being only a few feet from the edge of the island was gradually being washed away. I removed this with what remained of T—'s to the centre of the island but was surprised to find T—'s head had been removed entirely, together with portions of the gravestone, which I put together but I could not have understood the inscription on it if I had not had T—'s mother's letter, which however proved a clue to his family and likewise his standing with his people who held a very prominent place amongst the British aristocracy.

Vessels entering the river were forced to use the main channel which was deep at low tide and went close to the island on the north side. This island was a good landmark for entering vessels and could easily be told as there were two tall decayed trees on it in which a colony of huge vampires made their home. These trees were easily seen from a long distance



"You've got to knock blacks; read their minds by looking into their eyes. That's how I picked my gunbearer, Renchero."

ed to Peru, and had married an Inca chief's daughter and become the owner of a famous silver mine. He had died and had left a tremendous fortune to Little Peru, who was my best friend and always remained so. Besides his affectionate letter he had sent me two long six-shooters, especially made for big game shooting.

By about noon we were at the seashore. And thanks to my good attendant Renchero we found a nice little village nestled in a large Pindo or plantation owned at one time by the father of Nina the goddess. On his death he had freed all his slaves who had married and formed quite a colony of peaceable natives.

From T—'s Mother.

The chief of these liberated slaves spoke English fairly well and showed me a little casket or box inlaid with mother of pearl which his master had put in his care. On opening this I found two old faded tinctypes. One was T— and the other was a lady that might be his mother. T— was well clad and wore a hunting jacket and hunting leggings. The other photo was a bust and on her head was something that looked like a small ornament of jewels. The face and the rest of the bust was so faded and indistinct I could make nothing of it.

In the box I also found a letter from T—'s mother, a very affectionate letter and she had begged I'm to come home, etc. The contents of this letter I shall never divulge for conscience sake. A small copybook, etc., told me that T— had taught little Nina how to write, this I was pleased with, as Nina would have perhaps not have forgotten yet.

This I found later was correct, as far as reading went, so that I could always smuggle in a short note to the goddess when I used to visit the temple to make a wish. It was customary to make a visit by Isoga's congregation. The suppliant generally had his wish granted if his present was sufficiently large to please the spirits, whom I found easy to satisfy.

The Grave Opened.

I bought the casket and contents from the old slave for four bottles of trade rum. This old slave also pointed out to me the island where his master was buried at the entrance to the Ogowe River. I visited this and easily found it. The

seaward and made splendid beacons but gave the island an uncanny appearance.

**The Marriage Certificate.**

I also found T—'s marriage certificate with his wife's name. They were married at Princess Island and T— had first met his wife in Madeira. They were legally married. The goddess had, I should say every right to whatever property or title would have been her father's, as her elder brother was killed in Northern Nigeria by a British patrol who came up with Josef Carlella and his band of Morocco desert thieves. This I proved to be true by the Nigerian Protectorate Border patrol. T—'s son had fought it out with the rest, as the law of nomads is no surrender. He was killed on the Lake Chad road.

As I had made all my preparations for my return up the Ogowe I left early next morning by the light of the moon. At Angola I dispatched four men with my overland mail which went via Lake Azingo. Needless to say I had written a long letter to Little Peru, my bosom friend, telling him all about the goddess and who she really was.

I also told him that for her sake I had determined to take away the large ruby and replace it by an imitation. It would be risky but I would chance it. He could sell it in Liverpool or New York after he had it valued, and with the money realized we could educate Nina whom I intended to steal off later on. I drew a sketch of the precious stone and told him to have the imitation slightly pitted so as to show weathering.

I must have the two imitations by next mail if possible as I would make the attempt soon to change the true ruby for an imitation. Once I had it in my possession I would send it to him so he would have plenty of time to change it into cash. I told Peru I thought the best market for the ruby was New York, U. S. A. I also gave him a good description of the English girl. In due course I received the two imitations.

Nina's Stepfather.

On my next trip up the river I came to the lake country. The people inhabiting these lakes are Galwas or Eningas. The country is ruled by small chiefs, many of whom I visited; they would invariably

trot out their wives and you were told to pick out one or more, and not to feel lonesome in his town.

One morning I saw a huge bull elephant making directly for our side of the river. His skin hung loose about his sides and legs which reminded one of mud colored overalls. His ponderous and nodding head carried splendid large black ivory whilst his large ears moved slowly keeping time with his leisurely stride.

**The Rascal Elephant**

The old rascal elephant was well known to the natives who dwell on the island he had paid them yearly visits from time out of mind, he was a night prowler and had killed many of the natives on his rounds and he always destroyed more than he could eat. This dangerous Pacyderme was called by the nickname of Ojuga (which means hunger and starvation) producer of want and hunger.

As he left the water he headed for the rocky-hill-side quite close to us and commenced to climb upwards but gave me no chance for a sure kill. Up he went and as the hill was very steep he seemed to be climbing a ladder. He took his time but never stopped, he was a splendid climber. About one hundred feet above the water he trumpeted, his ears were up but he was tall on.

As the path was small and dangerous he had signalled ahead that he was coming and wanted a clear road. Suddenly he turned with ears still up. I fired. No result. I fired again with a rifle quickly handed to me by my boy who was good at the job and always behind me loading up. Another shot behind the ear, no result. He quickened his pace and disappeared. I jumped to the sandbank with my boy and as I pointed my rifle the rascal fell backward, the shots had taken effect.

**Celebration.**

He was quite 200 feet high when he fell backwards, bringing what seemed the hill with him, down, down he came with a few tons of loosened rock and a cloud of dust with him and fell into the river about ten yards from the canoe with his head on the sandbank and his huge body in the water.

(To be continued.)

**Scout Boys Receive Merit Advancement**

Court of Honor Held in Court House For Last Time This Spring.

(Special to The Star.)

The local court of honor met at the court house May 4. This was the final court of the spring. The next court will be held in early fall. The contents of the local court show a decrease in interest. The members of the court were Mr. J. A. Propst, Hugh Arrowood, Dale Kaiter, R. W. Shoffner, Lindsey Dail and W. C. Abernethy. The following received advancement:

Tenderfoot—Howard Cavney, Jay Holcomb, Jack Baber, Carl Mayhew.

Second class—Alfred Bowman.

First class—Malcolm Wallace, Lee Turner, Robert Weathers.

Agriculture—Flay Kale, Clyde Ledbetter, Clarence Smith.

Astronomy—Glenn M. Simmons.

Book binding—Flay Kale, Arthur Nix James Eaker, Jack McKee.

Cement work—Glenn M. Simmons.

Cotton farming—J. A. Propst.

First aid to animals—Ralph Kale, C. B. Poston, Eugene Poston.

Handicraft—Ben Jenkins Jr., Marshall Ivester, Cecil Powell.

Personal Health—Charles E. Rida.

Plumbing—Glenn M. Simmons.

Public health—Eugene Poston, Ralph Kale.

Radio—Glenn M. Simmons.

Many a speaker thinks more about his speech after he makes it. One way to please the public is to say nice things about the public. Time passes rapidly for a busy man; only the loafer finds the hours long.

Personally, we don't know the answer, but the nation can well afford to put some thought on what will happen if the railroads are put out of business.

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**Gardner Kept Hands Off Sales Tax Fight Except When Invited To Talk**

Ninth District Opposed Tax Upon Little Man. Plan New Platform.

(Greensboro News.)

Raleigh.—Without luxuriating in the luxury tax, Governor Gardner sat back with satisfaction that he had kept hands off scrupulously in the contest which is virtually at end.

His excellency came into the fight only as an innocent bystander and by invitation of the general assembly to speak his mind. The gossip about the capital had been for many years that the rich young ruler has ties in piedmont North Carolina which bind him to a powerful industrial group now able to dominate the tax thinking of the state. To make the thing balder, the story went over the earth that Governor's big interest in Winston-Salem stood between him and a perfect service to all the people. Just how it was figured out that Forsyth and Durham and Gaston and Mecklenburg and Cleveland and Guilford residents are not folks is not now explained; but men who have appeared for those groups are called lobbyists and hirelings of the predatory interests; men who represent the agrarian counties are patriots. And so his excellency stood between these two fires, whilst a third group sniped at him for not joining them against both of the other cabals.

**Attacked Both Ideas.**

After days and weeks the governor appeared. To the utter consternation of his critics he bounded upon both sales tax ideas somewhat akin to the Rowan Dutchman watching two Republicans in that county fight, said in sentiment: "Between them two damned dawgs I ain't got no ruthers." Between luxury and general sales Mr. Gardner made no choice. He reprobated both as thoroughly unsound economical principles and gave as his opinion that they would not do the work.

Winston-Salemites were sorely displeased. They had joined the eastern North Carolina group and expected them to put over the general sales tax later. When the easterners got the westerners thoroughly put, the battle was won. There would have been no form of sales tax written by either house had the Forsyth trio stood up against the general sales tax. And had the counties outlying, not to mention the Republican balance of power, stood against all kinds of sales tax, (the easterners had lost. But the situation now is novel. The western Republican joined the eastern Democrats. And the east can shut its eyes and trade the west out of its birthright any day.

None of which considerations Governor Gardner discusses or even appears to have in his mind. His satisfaction grows out of these facts: The 1928 Democratic state convention went out of its way to put down the sales tax. The 1930 state convention just as definitely declined even to consider such a revenue measure. Governor Gardner came into office on the platform of 1928 and the 1930 state convention was a dumb on sale stax as a frog in dog days. The platform on which he ran made no concession whatsoever to the sales tax and the platform in mid-term was equally opposed to this measure. By all the party shibboleths this measure had no place in state policy. The governor had an opinion on the subject, but he was dogmatic about it.

**Did Not Try To Beat It.**

The governor never has believed that he had power enough to beat the sales tax. He felt from the first that it would be adopted and he was without record on the issue until he was prodded. Many persons

worked, sacrificed, gave all to make them happy?

Or did destiny force Eddie to drive from his home this wife who had made him so happy—had borne his child—and whose embraces were still an ecstasy he craved like dope?

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\*To the Listeners-in on the TRUE STORY Radio Hour

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**Bethlehem Section News Of The Week**

Birthday Celebration for J. P. Blalock. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Howell Have New Girl.

(Special to The Star.)

Bethlehem, May 5.—Sunday was a beautiful day and a large crowd attended Sunday school. At 3:00 o'clock the Grover high school commencement sermon was preached at the Bethlehem church.

The aid society met with Mrs. J. I. Hope Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Andrew Watterson entertained the senior class and friends at his home Saturday night. Everybody had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Morris spent the week-end at Jackson Springs with Mr. Morris's people.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Yarbro celebrated the birthday of her father, Mr. J. P. Blalock Sunday. Those attending the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Blalock, Misses Piccola and Gladys Blalock, Mrs. Alvin Hord and little daughters, Katie Belle and Margaret. Mrs. Hord and children are spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Blalock.

The Bethlehem school closed last week with a successful year. The average attendance for the year was 86. Perfect attendance were eight.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Dixon and daughter, Grace, of Dallas, spent Sunday afternoon with friends and relatives.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Howell, April 29, a daughter.

Miss Sarah Fae Moss of Grover spent the week-end with Miss Ruby Watterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Huskin spent Sunday with Mrs. B. R. Moss of Kings Mountain.

**MULL'S CHAPEL PREACHING SERVICES ARE ANNOUNCED**

(Special to The Star.)

We were glad to have a large crowd out at Sunday school Sunday. Our Sunday school is going on nicely.

We are glad to report our B. Y. P. U. is increasing.

Preaching service as follows: Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, May 9, by the pastor, Rev. R. R. Cook and on Sunday at 11 o'clock by Rev. Ed McDaniel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Conner had as dinner guests Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Martin and family of Crowder Mountain.

publicanism."

That is the platform which is in the making at this stage of development.

**Effect On Politics.**

The ninth district in which the governor lives, was pretty solidly against the sales tax. Gaston, Mecklenburg, Burke, Lincoln and Cleveland stood out well. It is interesting to note in that connection that Congressman Charles A. Jonas, Republican, now retired and interim district attorney, vehemently opposes the sales tax. Chairman Jim Duncan favors it. There are very few Democrats in Raleigh who would give much for a Democrat's chances to take the ninth district in the 1932 election with the incubus of the sales tax in the ballwick.

**A Prospective Platform**

But not all the Democrats down here are blue. While the accepted sales tax seems to be universally despised, Democrats believed they can use it to demagogic account.

They think they can go in 1932 to the state convention and "whereas the financial depression and agricultural stagnation caused by Hoover prosperity and a Republican administration have cost the state of North Carolina \$83,000,000; and, "Whereas, the loss of farm products have been so great as to make it impossible for our government to run on its revenues regularly derived requiring a sales tax in this unprecedented Republican panic, be it "Resolved, that the Democratic party in state convention assembled approve the adoption of such a tax as a desperate emergency measure, and that we hereby pledge its repeal so soon as our state recovers from the awful blight of Re-

**Your Mother goes or I go... this Minute!**

AN orphan—Flo called herself—that evening we met in the city—strangers—lonely. After that night—I lived for her passionate lips—lips that enticed me into marriage.

Flo spent wildly—kept me broke—baby came—and Flo took pneumonia. When my poor, old widowed mother sold her house to pay our bills—she had to live with us. Two women—one roof—that's when hell cut loose! Kind, noble—Ma did all the work—never complained. Flo sulked, nagged—even cursed Ma for kissing baby—for little things—for nothing at all.

Then Ma took neuralgia—couldn't work. Flo kept growing nastier—UNTIL—that day Ma broke a pitcher—trivial thing—a molehill that fared into a mountain. "Get out—out of my home, you worthless hag!"—Flo screamed and swinging on me—"This roof's too small—she's got to go, Eddie—or out I go—this minute!"

"Stop," I roared. "You're cruel as a snake." Flo moved toward me—voluptuous arms circled my neck—"Ma's sick," I struggled on, "No friends—no place to go—she'd die! Before you drive her out—Flo's lips sought mine—"I'll see you—dama you—I'll see you—yoo . . ."

Which woman did Eddie choose? Did his slavish desire for Flo tear into shreds his sense of justice—send into the streets his aged mother who

worked, sacrificed, gave all to make them happy?

Or did destiny force Eddie to drive from his home this wife who had made him so happy—had borne his child—and whose embraces were still an ecstasy he craved like dope?

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**HOLLINGSWORTH CANDY**

IS THE ANSWER FOR

**Mother's Gift**

Next Sunday

Fine candy is the traditional tribute to the glories of motherhood. She will appreciate any difference you might show to her sweet tooth by selecting candies that are specially prepared and daintily wrapped for her special Day. Order now and be sure Mother gets the thrill she has learned to expect from you every Mother's Day. Packed, mailed or delivered anywhere.

PRICED \$1.00 TO \$5.00 PER BOX

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"During a critical time in my life I took Cardui for several months. I had hot flashes. I would suddenly get dizzy and seem blind. I would get faint and have no strength. My nerves were on edge. I would not sleep at night. Cardui did wonders for me. I recommend it to all women who are passing through the critical period of change. I have found it a fine medicine."—Mrs. Nettie Murphy, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine and contains no dangerous drugs.

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