CHRISTMAS is a time for the expression of a kindly sentiment. Permit us then to express our hearty good wishes, and the hope that in the years to come our relationship may be even more cordial than in the past.

Carlisle Milling Co.
Incorporated

The Judge's Christmas Sentence

By F. H. Sweet

(Copyright, 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE Judge looked forward a little, his face, which had been growing more stern through the trial, now very stern.

"Have you anything to say why I should not pronounce sentence—the severest we can do here?" he shot out his lips.

The prisoner moistened his lips.

"If you said I went to school together, Judge," he reminded the Judge's face did not relax. He went on:

"And we—we—" The man quilled under the eyes fixed upon him, and did not end the sentence.

"You were about to say, loved the same girl," the Judge finished. "You won her, and she died soon after. I neglect and abuse. I think you started in to say something without my thought. But we will let that pass, and the sentence. You are up for fifty crime now, and we will judge you by it alone, uninfluenced by the fact of your thing to say, beyond your lawyer's plea?"

"No," sullenly.

Then the defrauded women and children through the mail, changing

"Have You Anything to Say?"

your minds, and sent their sacrifice to pandoffice. So it has been impossible to locate the victims. You could not do it yourself, I suppose."

He took off his glasses, wiped them with his handkerchief, placed the handkerchief and glasses on his desk, glasses on his nose. Then he looked down again at the prisoner.

But he was completely changed. There severity was gone from his face. There was a twinkle in his eyes. The Judge's voice was kindly as he said: "I have given those who criticised my sentence the severest we can do here. They were not defrauded. They took no risk in investing. They ignored Blackstone.

"Now, I'll tell you, Jack, what I shall have to help you."

"Whatcha—what no go, you mean, Tom?" stammered the prisoner, looking dazed.

"No, indeed," laughed the Judge. "That wouldn't help you a bit, Jack. I was just thinking of the time at school when you stole Billy Bole's marbles. Accused of it, you grew sullen and stubborn, and tried to fight the whole school. Then Billy Bole returned it was a year Christmas, and I told you it was all right about the marbles, as you would be sure to get them from anyway, and forced a whole handful more into your pocket and insisted on taking you over to his house for the Christmas dinner. Billy was a good sort.

"Well, it is Christmas time now, Jack—only three days ahead. And I was just thinking of the future of the boy you were for a whole year after the Billy Bole episode—you were a good kind of crooked teaching. Then you were a handsome boy, an eleven-year handsome young man, which is the worst kind of boy to go wrong in the world. And I was just thinking that you were a rat, for it riveted your sympathies and your interest in the boy. Not many Billy Bole have broken their hearts that year for the sake of Jack.

"What are you driving at, Tom?" growled the prisoner. "Are you acting like a benevolent old simpleton?"

"Billy Bole, but with a thought to the future, determined to reform little Jack the boy and Jack the man. Let me see, you have gathered together, by devious ways, about $50,000."

"No, no," cried the crazy figure agitated the prisoner in a startled voice. "I haven't a hundred dollars," he read, "and it's pretty close to the exact figure, Jack. Maybe you've got some small change in your pockets that was overlooked. And we know in just what banks most of the money is deposited, and under what names, and where the rest of it is hidden. We've got you under close surveillance for some time, Jack, and lucky for you, for it shows me how I can be of use to you."

"Huh! I can guess how," snarled the prisoner. "The loot is going to be divided. What will be my share? I can't understand how you got track of it."

"Now, the first thing is to pronounce sentence," said the Judge, rising slowly and putting on his Judicial face. "After that we can talk."

He stood, looking down at the prisoner for some moments, and then said: "For the crimes of which you have been convicted, John Bartley, I sentence you to twenty years in our state penitentiary."

He paused, and the prisoner collapsed in a ludicrous heap, his eyes bulging.

"Twenty years," he stuttered. "I—I thought—"

"But in view of certain things in my mind," the Judge went on, smiling, "I will suspend this sentence indefinitely, the length depending wholly on yourself. If you violate or fail to meet any one particular the terms I am about to propose, the sentence will immediately go into effect, and there will be no later mitigation. Now, I pronounce. For a period of seven years you are to spend $1,000 of the money in doing Christmas work the coming seven, commencing tomorrow. There are ten deeds of charity to be done, but as you are new to the business, I might suggest a toy shop department and other stores and studying the Christmas shoppers. There will be many with anxious faces, counting the few dimes or dollars they have to spend. Get in touch with the clerks or help by a nod or look, you can make them understand they are to cut prices in half, or put in extra goods, and you must use discretion. Let the children shuffling through the stores, with eager, hungry eyes, who know they have no money, select something and pay for it. Do the same for those whose faces are pressed against the windows outside. Talk with mothers and have them send turkeys to their homes that can't afford one. It doesn't matter whether the father or mother may be responsible. It is Christmas, and a taste of turkey and cranberry sauce would not hurt them and, besides, there are the children. You can find ways enough, and each one you meet will open others.

"And after this week, Jack, you will expend $1,000 each month in such ways as I have indicated. I want to take you nearly four years. We will meet then, and if things are going to your personal needs—no more. By very best deeds for others, for I'm sure your uncle and which may have stood you in such good stead in your past life, you will give to me some of your ill-gotten gains, and I will be satisfied. Because I'm a poor man, I'm not dishonest. If he had money, I'd steal it myself, and I'm not above it.

The prisoner had been straightening up, and his sullen defiance in his eyes.

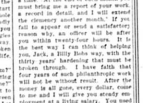
"Suppose I don't do it to the letter, Judge?" he sneered. "Suppose I save some? You never could know. It's a risky game of take and trust on your part."

"How could I live afterwards?" asked the Judge. "Suppose I gave you twenty years' sentence, Jack," significantly. "Suppose I gave you a twenty years' term with the sentence will be enforced. And I take the rest of your life, and the money is not worth a straight in the balance. Suppose it must be forged of the money for your own good, so as to save you, we shall keep close watch of all your money. You will have a check for more than the sum allowed each month, the original sentence will go into effect.

A FIERCE ONE

"I'm going to give you a necktie for Christmas."

"Don't do it; I haven't lived down the one you gave me last Christmas."



Led Him to the Door.

I extend the clemency only a month at a time. At the end of each month I must bring me a report of your work. Every detail, and I will meet you at the clemency another month." If you failed or neglected in any particular for reason why, an officer will be after you immediately, and you will go for the best way. I can think of helping you, Jack, a Billy Bole's boy with the thirty years' hardening that must be overcome. I can think of helping four years of such philanthropic work that must be without result. After the money is all gone, every dollar, come to me, and I will give you your sentence pinioned at a living salary. You need to be exceptionally good at Sunday school, and had a quick mind. All you have to get the most out of everything along in a straight line, Jack. How you may go and draw the first check to be ready to commence work."

He nodded to an officer, who led the scowling, half-dazed prisoner to the door of the courtroom, and to another for the next case to be brought in.

Bulbs at Holiday Time.
If for bred bowl or vase for winter. Buy hyacinths and feed the soul. Be sure the soil is right.

The modern variation is the tiny bowl of bulbs, each one which will bloom at holiday time, or colored bulbs beauty. God in gray and blue receptacles.

Chiropractic

is not Drugs, Surgery, Osteopathy, and it is Non-Theraputical.

Chiropractic is my only method of correcting the cause of disease.

If there is no cause there can be no effect.

A. D. MATHES
CHIROPRACTOR
PALMER SCHOOL GRADUATE
OFFICE HOURS
9 to 12 A. M. 2 to 5:30 P. M.

HOW DOES SANTA GET HIS MAIL?

By Charles Frederick Wade

(Copyright, 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

LIL let old Santa Claus in getter be. Then both set gone, that's how they will forget.
I don't see how he takes the time to some sorry ones.
There's a line 'n' here he hasn't finished yet.

But then, he knows how many kids will get for him to write.
And all the year he's making something new.
And that old sleep 'n' his, I know he makes at Mr. Santa Claus, I bet, can hustle some.

But how does Santa get his mail—that's the time to know—
The poorest couldn't carry it. I'm sure it's not an easy affair unless an' miles an' miles to go.
An' number like a little pleasure trip.

Just think of all the hundred thousand million letters
That he'll get this year!
Then think of what they want
An' even in this line of sure there's a big
An' lots of kids that write an' mail their letters
An' maybe Santa Claus'll bring him two.

Then there's Johnny Jones that wants a ball,
and Jimmy wants a bull.
An' Harold Brown an engine that will run;
Tommy Smith a doll that talks an' walks an' runs.
An' little Eddie Davis wants a gun.

Then there's Mary Green whose daddy's style
has everything there is.
An' Mary thinks that mother there will do.
But everyone what he wants, an' one
that's truly how—
An' maybe Santa Claus'll bring him two.

Then some of all the other towns an' cities send the mail.
An' all the children under Santa send
An' they don't write a piece—that's all—
An' they just say what they want an' that's all.
Where Christmas notes an' laughter may be had.

It may be Santa hitches up his reindeer
To get the mail that tells him what
to bring.
But anyway, I hope Jack will not have an Christmas day
Because he hasn't mailed most Santa's letter.

LIMITED EXPRESS

Tattered kid sits with his head in his hands, sad, hot, and tired.
The Good Fairy comes and says, etc.
"What was very generous of you."
And then he hands the doctor tip-top for his trouble.

When Removing Seeds.
Use a fork to remove seeds from prunes or grape-fruit. The result is most gratifying, as there is no waste of the precious juice as when a knife is used.

A FIERCE ONE

"I'm going to give you a necktie for Christmas."

"Don't do it; I haven't lived down the one you gave me last Christmas."

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Select Your Holiday Novelties Now--

We have a fine line of the following articles:

Bar pins	.50 to $1.25
Pierlette earrings	.50
Necklaces	.50 to $1.25
Girdle Buckle	
Belts	
Pendic	
Hair Ornaments	

Men's Ties	.50 to $1.50
Men's gloves	.50 to $1.75
Men's Umbrellas	
Men's silk, linle and wool hose	
Men's Initi robes	
Man's linen handkerchiefs	
Men's soft cotton handkerchiefs	

Ivory toilet sets
Ivory combs, brushes, etc. separate
Cut glass
Novelty perfume bottles
Gloves, 50 to $2.00
Collar & cuff sets
Camisole lace
Infants' dresses and outfit
Umbrellas

Our silk and woolen hosiery for women is wonderful; prices $1.00 to $3.50 a pair. You cannot buy better.

Comforts, Blankets, Rugs and other house furnishings at rock bottom prices.

R. T. KIRKLAND & COMPANY

JUST START A BLAZE

The Sunday Central Record Lancaster's oldest and most modern equipped one-eight cylinder Ley ing and can grant a call-factory for the pole to come last Saturday, a terrace to carries two electoral tanks and several hundred feet of hose, he also a hell and open wheels that can be heard for five miles.

PROPAGANDA FOR QUIMI.

(Elizabethtown News

It cost, on an average, more than $1 to kill a quail, but there is the fun of shooting at them, which counts for more than the expenditure.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BEECH CREEK OPENED 1868

It is some "First Things" to Kentucky. Lexington Lexington, Colonel John Mayer was the wire suspension bridge that was opened at Lower Blue Licks, was opened August 24, 1868.

The bridge was used until about three years ago when a new bridge was built.

A HINT TO MEN

WHEN she tells you she about going for a Christmas present don't pay any attention. You know yourself how hard you would be if she didn't get you one of the things you know which you could not afford to buy yourself, but "you had to wear it once just to the little girl's feelings wouldn't be hurt." And you know, and they know that you want to let the world know that the little girl" struggled with the other women to get to the center of the tie counter so she could pick out something for you to get excited and loving ignorance.

The First Christmas Cards.

Christmas cards printed for sale were first struck off in 1847. The first year not more than 1,000 were sold. Today millions are used.

Putting Curtains on Rods.

When putting curtains on rods put your thimble over the end of rod and you will have no trouble with curtain catching.

Furniture and Christmas

We again emphasize "Give Furniture for Christmas." No other gift is so satisfying and so long remembered. Right here in Howe's are many suitable gift pieces for each member of the family.

DESKS	SEWING CABINETS	HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS
BUFFETS	LIBRARY TABLES	LIVING ROOM SUITES
ROCKERS	CEDAR CHESTS	BED ROOM SUITES
CHAIRS	CANDLE STICKS	CHIFFONIERS
COUTUMERS	TEA WAGONS	BOUDOIR LAMPS
BOOKCASES	MIRRORS	TABLE LAMPS
SMOKER STANDS	PICTURES	FLOOR LAMPS
CARPET SWEEPERS		DAVENPORTS

And don't neglect to visit our Basement, where is shown Toyland for the kiddies.

Sam T. Howe & Company
INCORPORATED

Buy Christmas Presents Here

Gifts for Everyone

Gifts of Quality
at
Convincing Prices

We invite you to inspect our stock of Sheaffer Pens, Box Paper, Johnstons Candies, Cigars Cut Glass, China, Kodaks, Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

HOPKINS DRUG CO.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

By ELEANOR E. KING

TWO young girls were standing in front of one of the counters in a large department store. They were well dressed and the appearance of coming from wealthy, refined homes.

"There is no use thinking Christmas is just a bore to me. I know before I open a present what everything I have mentioned as wanting, is here for me."

"Yes, I know," returned her friend." You never do have much anxiety over what you are going to get for Christmas—or any time," she added.

A rather thin looking woman who had been standing near them, waiting for change, now stepped up.

"Pardon me, but I couldn't help hearing part of your conversation," she handed the girls a card, "I think I am the person for you to go to your happiest Christmas time and—and I just had to tell you."

"My name is Betty Wentworth, and this is my friend Janie Hamilton, Miss Harper. I have heard lots about your work here in the city. I would be only too glad to try the key you speak of and see if it would fit."

"Good. Come to my office at ten tomorrow, and I will tell you more about it."

Betty went. She spent a pleasant hour or so talking with Miss Harper. She thought her suggestions splendid, and left fifty dollars to cover the expenses involved.

Instead of sleeping until noon Christmas morning as she usually did, Betty was up and dressed at eight o'clock. She called for the machine and drove to Miss Harper's office.

The room was piled high with baskets containing fruits, canned goods, clothing and all accessories which Miss Harper knew very well, how to supply as needed.

They piled them in the machine. Then under Miss Harper's guidance, they were left at the homes of the most needy in her district.

Betty had the time of her life. She couldn't believe that a little basket full of food and toys could create such joy. The recipients couldn't thank her enough. When they returned to the office, Betty said: "Hj, Miss Harper, your key surely fit. I have never had such a wonderful Christmas. If people wouldn't think I was ungrateful, I would go right home, take all my presents and give them away, too."

To Clean Wall Paper.
Rub bread, doughnut, and then heated, can't be beat for cleaning soiled wall paper.

GOT A JOB NOW

The election of William Bradshaw of Paducah as president of the Dark Tobacco Association removes one of the best equipped men from the list of eligibles for the office of governor of Kentucky.—Elizabethtown News.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM

Bro. Hiram Duley, of the Flemingsburg Times-Democrat, secures so of those-exercises about the hydro-electric dam. He avers that it would be expensive to build the dam on account of the wide area of land along the river that would be overflowed, causing county borders on the Ickory, and it is true that a few of here would be inundated. But, Bro. Duley, what does the cost of a few acres of ground amount to when hundreds of towns in the Licking and other valleys would be so greatly benefited? Think of what it would mean to our industries if we could get power for one-half cent a kilowatt!

The people of Flemingsburg are now paying twelve cents a kilowatt. With a hydro-electric development of current, Bro. Duley and his townsfolk would be getting the current for just one-fourth of the present cost. We expect to see this hydro-electric plant built and predict that Bro. Duley will live to see the benefits to be derived from it.—Falmouth Outlook.

SPOILS IT

"The couple attracted wide attention because of the beauty of the bride and because she and Pell were sartorially deliocious," says the Louisville Herald, but we can't see why they had to drag the bride's gown in to spoil a picture like that.—Pineville Sun.

Gifts for Everyone

Useful, Sensible Gifts That Will Be Appreciated

We are offering a wide selection of Gifts for All the Family this Christmas, at prices that will suit your pocket-book. Just a few of the many Appropriate Gifts we have to offer:

Gillette Safety Razors	.65c	Fine All Wool Blankets	$4 to$6.50
Buggy Robes	$1.00 to $12.00	Aluminum Coffee Pots	$1.00
Flash Lights, special	.89c	No. 30 Glass Dairy Churn	$1.95
Electric Irons	$4.75	Coaster Wagons	$5.00 to $8.50
Fancy Cod Vases	$4.75	Thermos Bottles	$3.50
Carving Sets	$1.75 to $5.00	Safety Razors, all makes, at special prices.	
Keen Kutter Scissors	.75c to $1.50	Rifles and Shotguns at special prices	
Pocket Books	.75c	Malleable Ranges	$97.50
Aluminum Turkey Roasters	$2.50 to $3.50		

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

TILTON & ROBERTS

Christmas Goodies

We have the most complete line of bulk candies, fruits, nuts, etc., in town

Come and see our line before buying your Christmas Goodies. We have fancy box candies in all sizes.

Q. T. Gatewood

COOKIE ST. NICKS

Dainties for the Kiddies of the Netherlands.

Little Shoes Are Set Outside of Each Door to Hold the Goodies and the Gifts.

IN SETTLEMENTS where the holiday season is observed by the people of the Netherlands it is not at Christmas time, but on the Feast of Saint Nicholas—for the children have their gifts and candies on December 6, being, but little shoes are set outside each door for goodies and for gifts. The most important gift in the image of the great saint himself. It is generally here in the form of a cookie.

It is a pretty and interesting festival affair—this Saint Nicholas—but a very busy, rough representative, with a secret brown cookbook mixture. Wooden moulds are used for shaping these several and glorified ginger bread men and women and boys and girls, and it is a busy time for the good saint's helpers before the great day arrives.

Then, on the eve of December 6, the children leave their shoes in the usual places, and go to bed early and wait impatiently until the next day. Very early in the morning they rush to their shoes and which they have stood all night, and—oh, the great joy!—they will give to find a pair of good warm gifts, and candies, and presents. Because it is bad money, it does not matter to the children.

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When Christmas Comes

WHEN December snows appear
When the nights are crisp and clear,
Chilly do the north winds blow
And we watch an exactly snow,
At a wintry moon—Christmas time is coming soon!

When the stores are trimmed in down with poinsettias in her cheek, so the trees are hooks and trims, dolls and stems for girls and bows this; sounds the glockenspiel and you hear Santa's jingle on the housetop trumpet blast—Christmas time is coming!

See colors floating by, spice and pine are stirred in pie. In the mother's eyes you see—sniff the aroma of chocolate cake; Ring, ring, ring! Hear bells chime, peoples meet. Christmas time!

When you shop and see and hurry; lasting all the hustle. Hurry quick for bling pleasure, and guess at the gift your face that this bulky box contains among the dear gifts you'll unpack. When you're bleary eyes and crack, trips to town and back. Yuletide crinkles in the air—Merry Christmas everywhere!

Then at length comes Christmas eve. Rather now can you believe that to morrow is the time, happy cause of all my throes! Wreaths and greens and stockings hung, answering bell that's rung and rung, off to bed—a little sleep—seems a moment, then you perfect Christmas time!

Brayfield Dry Goods Co.

In Quest of Santa On Skis

By Eleanor E. King

(Copyright, 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE were three things that Ralph thoroughly enjoyed—the West, skiing and adventure. He and three other fellows about his age, ranging from nine to twelve had been skiing all morning. The white surrounding country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "Down long," and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows.

He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with health as he looked at the stately trees in the background.

The farther into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face. There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out. That was a slow process. Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him. In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go all most straight to the ground. It occurred to him that that might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he could come to daylight.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but finally he reached the level land. He was very tired by this time, and sat down. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow. As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a stockings hung, answering bell that's rung and rung, off to bed—a little sleep—seems a moment, then you perfect Christmas time!

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bald head and horns, and a body, three legs, hands and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come here to get a job? Christmas eve hors comes? Christmas eve hors comes? Christmas eve hors comes?" Ralph shuddered. He was his beloved Santa Claus. He looked and talked like this. Why couldn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph, getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

"Ralph, don't you know what to do now—was he going to laugh him off to death? Why he would rather be good he would. Then the creature stopped laughing and said:

"No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the poor. Do you know Christmas? Yes, they are coming here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast dashed up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down over the mountain. Dangerous? Anything is better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and resumed sking the snow for a mile or more. Looking up the hath't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with towers and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who from here?" asked Ralph. "Are you go around breaking up toys, too?"

"No, I am in quest of Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus," From Dutch. "Santa Claus" is derived from the Dutch for St. Nicholas, patron saint of Christmas.

Had a Bully Head and Horns.

The fairies began to laugh.

"Why, this is Santa Claus' castle you're in," answered one fairy.

Ralph let out a yell of delight, throwing his cap into the air. "Well, what's all this noise?" demanded a burly, rather rotund, jolly-faced man who entered the hall.

"You're the one I came all the way to see. I wonder if you would be too busy to take me through your workshops?"

"No, of course I'm not. Come right along."

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

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The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

"Ralph, don't you know what to do now—was he going to laugh him off to death? Why he would rather be good he would. Then the creature stopped laughing and said:

"No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the poor. Do you know Christmas? Yes, they are coming here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast dashed up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down over the mountain. Dangerous? Anything is better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and resumed sking the snow for a mile or more. Looking up the hath't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with towers and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who from here?" asked Ralph. "Are you go around breaking up toys, too?"

"No, I am in quest of Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus," From Dutch. "Santa Claus" is derived from the Dutch for St. Nicholas, patron saint of Christmas.

Christmas Gifts

See us before buying them. We are showing a complete line of useful things which are always appreciated, at VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

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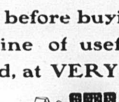

SHOES
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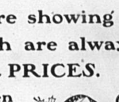

DRESSES
COATS
SHOES

Brayfield Dry Goods Co.

Peace on the Hearth

THE Christmas bells were making their glad announcement again, but Toby Fowler was not in sympathy with them. "Peace on earth"—Huh! he, "What peace have I on earth? It wasn't that his world had gone troubled him, but a man may have a good job and a sum in the savings bank and yet find no peace in his home, and this is what dismal Mr. Fowler's bully's moods and manner's gladness seem in his ears, there was no peace upon his hearth.

The trouble in home is like a veiled spring, or a splinter in the finger, on its turtid disturbance, and as there was no peace in his world, upon his earth.

The blame seemed to point to Mrs. Fowler, as though the difficulty might be in her disposition or her indisposition. There is a natural discontent that nothing can earn, a fault-finding ambition that nothing can satisfy, an ingratitude that never is thankful, a nagging nature that is never pleased, and his wife appeared to be possessed of all these in the estimation of Tobias.

But the root of the trouble lay deeper than the man's understanding of it. It was a lonely home. It was a silent home. It was an orderly home. There was no child in it.

And, as many discoveries and cures have been accidental, so Mr. Fowler blundered upon the remedy for his troubles rather than sought it. For it was the baby's cry that reached him through the door of stilling the home tempest that he brought with him. It was a baby's cry, and it was the baby's cry that he had adopted.

He had been too uncertain of approval in the matter to have any conference about it first at home but, after her first expression of surprise, his wife did not have him in doubt, for the child found a place in her heart as well as in others there. Not only to him, Mr. Fowler felt that such a child had been given.

It is amazing what solutions of such a trouble can take, and the response meets its dependent claims upon love, what joy minister to its development, what peace is felt even in the clamors of the night and forlorn! With a happy satisfaction in the midst of all its new cares—paid had come to Mr. Fowler's hearth and home.

For tasi service, call
25-7-1t Main Street Garage

There is Christmas Cheer

In the Cherry Pies served at

Morgan's Restaurant

who thanks you for making it possible for them to continue to serve good things to eat to the best folks in Carlisle.

Short orders-- Steam table service. Regular meals. Commutation tickets allowing 20 per cent off.

Wishes of the season,

Morgan's Restaurant

O. M. MORGAN, Prop.

1879 Model Store 1922

Headquarters, Ky.

Not a removal or closing out sale, but a sale of dependable, seasonable merchandise, priced right wirh a little touch of holidaygoods to interest the children. A cordial welcome, and a big calendar for each patron.

S. T. BARLOW, PROP.

R. M. SMITH W. F. GAUNCE

Order your
Studebaker
Now for Christmas

MODELS AND PRICES- f. o. b. factories

Light Six	Special Six	Big Six
5-P. 115" W.B. SEDAN P.	5-P. 126" W.B. SED. P.	7-P. 136" W.B. SED. P.
Touring $975	Touring $1275	Touring $1650
Sedan $1550	Sedan $2050	Sedan $2475

Non-Skid Cord Tires, Front and Rear, Standard Equipment

Main St. Garage
This is a STUDEBAKER YEAR

You Bet Santa Was Here

JOHN WHITE & CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Established in 1867
Dealers in Hides, Furs, Wool and Tallow
RAW FURS

NOTICE

Those having claims against the estate of J. R. Grimes, deceased, will present the same, properly proven, with the undersigned, or my attorney, I. B. Kean Or Side, Ky., and those knowing themselves indebted to said estate will call at once upon the undersigned, or my attorney, and settle same.

Susie Grimes, Admx. of
J. R. Grimes, dec'd.
11-30-2t

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT—
YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

Next to seeing you in person Christmas Day, nothing will please your relatives and friends more than your photograph. And a dozen takes care of your gifts. Make an appointment today and avoid the hustle and confusion of Christmas week.

J. M. Turner,
Over Brayfield's
11-9-4t

WISE MAN

Let me write you a fire policy on your tobacco in the barn.

C. G. Bramblett
8-31-4t

The Store of Christmas Cheer

A STORE CRAM FULL OF CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE INNER MAN'S DELIGHT

Here you will find all of those good things that make Christmas Dinner an event long to be remembered.

Everything fresh, clean and of Nationally Advertised quality. We want you to visit our store and see for yourself, when you begin shopping.

THE R. L. BOONE GROCERY CO.

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The following farms are posted against hunting or trespassing and violations will be prosecuted.

R. M. Smith*
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Additional names added for 60 cents, each.

A. F. Kerns
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Unusual and useful gifts are always the most appreciated gifts.

A Home Telephone

in your residence would be a pleasurable gift for every member of the family through the whole year.

Rates for Nicholas county range from $2.00 to $2.50

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