Wit and Humor

NOT ALWAYS A SIGN

As usual, Mrs. Sububbs enlivened the dinner table conversation with an account of the new servant.

"I don't know much about her yet," she said, "but she is good-natured and harmless, at any rate."

"How did you find that out?"

"By her singing. She is always singing at her work."

"That's no sign," said Mrs. Sububbs. "A mosquito does that."

SWEET

"The sweetest girl I ever kissed," said gay young Malcolm, "Used powdered sugar on her face instead of talcum."

Mixed Spelling.

If you and I and ewe and eye
and yew and are (dear me!)
Were to be spelled u and I,
How mixed up we should be!

More Strategy.

"Do you ever suspect Mr. Jibway of running around with other women?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Jibway.

"You don't let him know it, do you?"

"I take particular pains to let him know it. When I want a check an ounce of suspicion is worth a pound of pleading."

Somebody to Pick On.

"I understand Mr. Peckton has taken up golf."

"Yes, and it has made a new man out of him."

"The exercise?"

"Not exactly. After years of subjection in the home, it would do your heart good to see the way he worries a caddy."

A Correct Diagnosis.

"This is no girl-and-music show," said the inebriated person to his friend when the curtain went up. "Blest if I don't believe it's Shakespeare!"

"But the box-office man said it was just the thing for us."

"Yeah! He thought we needed sleep."

What Didn't Go Together.

Prison Visitor—And what brought you here, my man?

Convict—Well, madam, my father said when I was a boy that he hoped I would marry beauty and brains, and I wanted to please him.

Visitor—Yes.

Convict—I committed bigamy.

Only Way to Reach Him.

"Mr. Jagsby has a telephone in his cellar."

"It's a house phone."

"What's the idea?"

"Mrs. Jagsby occasionally likes to exchange a word with him when he's about the premises."

Objectors.

"But why do your parents object so to Mr. Wilkins?"

"Mamma objects to his shortcomings and papa to his long stayings."

BLOCKED.

Bug Explorer—My! I'll never be able to cross that desert.

Mary's Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead;
And now it goes to school with her,
Between two hunks of bread.

Unsolicited Advice.

"Do too many cooks spoil the broth?"

"I've never experimented with broth," said Mr. Bibbles, "but too many solicitous neighbors who regard themselves as experts certainly do muss up the home brew."

Can't Catch Her.

Mrs. Youngmother—Why, the baby might have been kidnaped while you dozed on that park bench!

The Nursemaid—Oh, no, ma'am. I ain't afraid of kidnapers, 'cause I take only catnaps.

Wrong Tack.

The dean had a hard-boiled freshman on the carpet. The dean decided to take a fatherly attitude.

"If you were in my place," he asked kindly, "what would you do?"

"I'd resign."—Wesleyan Advance.

Splendid Opening for Trade.

Indignant Wife—I wonder what you would have done if you'd lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows?

Indolent Husband—I should have opened a store and sold handkerchiefs.

Evidently.

"What's Tom doing?"

"Sowing wild oats."

"In these days? I call that dry farming."

In Due Time.

"You can't act until you have had to suffer."

"But how do I know that I shall ever suffer?"

"Oh, you'll suffer when you see another actress getting a little applause."

Defined.

Mr. Cheerio—Why worry over what you owe? Cheer up. Be an optimist.

Mr. Bloobody—My good fellow, an optimist is a man who hasn't enough credit to borrow trouble.

DALTONS AND THEIR LEGACY

The Story of What Happened When the City Called and the Country Called Back Again

By ELEANOR PORTER
Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

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THE legacy amounted to ten thousand dollars, and coming as it did from a little known, scarcely remembered relative it seemed even more unreal than the man who had bequeathed it.

"Now we can leave the farm," exulted Mrs. Dalton.

"Why, Sarah, do—do you think that is quite—wise?" asked her husband.

"Wise? Of course it is!" she returned decidedly. "Why, Caleb, don't you know?—we've always wanted to go to the city; and Cousin John said he'd give you a place in his store any time, so you'll earn something to start with right away. We never dared to before, you know, for you wa'n't sure how you'd do; but now we've got all this money we shan't have to worry a mite. Oh, isn't it just splendid, Caleb?"

"Yes; but—" he hesitated.

"But there isn't any 'but,' Caleb," laughed Sarah, and turned to a boy of twelve and a girl of fourteen who entered the room at that moment. "We've got it all settled, children. We're going to Boston, sure, this fall."

"Oh, mother!"—Ethel's hands came together in ecstasy, while Fred whooped in glee.

"There, Caleb, I told you how it would be," smiled Mrs. Dalton as the door banged behind Fred; then, anxiously: "You wouldn't want to spoil it all, now, would you?"

"N-no; but—no, no, of course not," murmured Caleb.

This was in August. By the middle of September such household goods as the Daltons had planned to take with them were packed, burlapped, crated and labeled. It had been Mrs. Dalton's idea to sell the rest of the furniture on the farm at auction, but

"Oh Come, Now, That Ain't Going to Do, You Know."

just here she encountered an unexpected but stubborn resistance from her husband. Consequently, the remainder of the goods were stored in the attic, and the farm was rented until the first of May.

"Cousin John" in Boston had received the news of their intended coming with cordial interest, and had already procured for them a six-room apartment in Roxbury; and it was in his thriving market and grocery store on Warren avenue that Caleb was to have a position as clerk.

Some weeks later when Mrs. Dalton saw her new home, she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Why, Caleb, I—I can't breathe—the rooms are so small!" she gasped.

Getting settled was a wonderful experience.

At last the tiny "parlor" with its mirror-adorned mantel and showy gas fixtures—the pride of Sarah's heart—was in order; and, after that, Sarah made sure each day that three o'clock found her dressed in her best and sitting in solemn state in that same parlor waiting for the calls that were surely now long overdue.

Days passed, and her patience was unrewarded save for a sharp ring from a sewing machine agent, and another from a book canvasser.

Sarah could not understand it. Surely, her neighbors in the block must know of her arrival even if those in her immediate vicinity on the street did not. Meeting a tall, slender woman, whom she had already seen three times, she spoke.

"How—how d'ye do?" she began timidly.

The tall woman started, threw a hurried glance around her, then came to the conclusion that the salutation was meant for herself.

"Good-morning," she returned, then hurried along through the hall.

Sarah stood looking after her with dazed eyes.

"Why, how funny!" she murmured.

Three days later the two ladies again met at the outer door.

"Oh, how d'ye do? Nice day, ain't it?" began Sarah, hurriedly. "You—you live here, don't you?"

"Why—yes," said the woman, smiling a little.

"I do, too—on the top floor."

"I—I'm all settled, now," announced Sarah, stumbling over the words a little.

"Is that so?" returned the woman politely, but without enthusiasm.

Sarah nodded.

"Yes, all ready for callers. I—I hope you'll come soon," she finished with sudden courage.

"Thank you; you are very kind," murmured the woman, as she smiled and turned away.

The tall woman did not call, and Sarah never asked her again. A few words from Cousin John's wife at about this time opened Sarah's eyes, and taught her not to expect to become acquainted with her neighbors.

Sarah was not the only member of the family who had found trials by the way. Ethel and Fred had entered school, and at first they came home each afternoon with woeful faces. New methods of study, recitation, discipline, and even of recreation puzzled and frightened them.

To Caleb, the city was a thing of noise, hurry and more people than he had thought existed. Early and late he worked in the store.

"I don't like it," he would say sometimes to his wife; "I don't like it, Sarah."

December, January, February and March passed; and the first of April brought a letter from the lessee of the farm asking if he was to have the place through the summer.

"Of course he can have it," declared Sarah. "Just as if we wanted it again!"

"Yes, yes, of course," murmured Caleb. "I—I'll write later on."

It was an early, and a wonderfully beautiful spring that year.

Sarah grew restless indoors.

Downstairs, on each side of the big front door was a square-yard patch of puny, straggling grass; and it was these two bits of possibilities that put a happy thought into Sarah's head. She bought a trowel and some flower seeds and set resolutely to work. She had dug the trowel into the earth four times, and was delightedly sniffing the odor from the moist earth when the janitor appeared.

"Did ye lose something, ma'am?" he asked suspiciously.

"Lose something?" laughed the woman. "Of course not! I've found something, William. I've found a flower bed. I'm going to have the prettiest one ever was."

"T won't do, ma'am,—'t won't, really, now. I'm sorry, but the boss won't stand it."

It was that night that Caleb brought out the paper and pen to write the letter which would lease the farm for another six months. Twice he dipped his pen in the ink, and paused with no word written. Finally he spoke.

"I—I'm going to give him some hints, Sarah. He won't know how to run some of the things, I'm sure. If he should plant the meadow lot to potatoes, now, it—"

"And, Caleb," cut in Sarah, "be sure and send word to his wife about the roses; if she don't spray 'em real early, the bugs and worms will get an awful start."

There was another long silence, broken this time by the children's entrance.

"Mother," began Fred discontentedly, "don't they ever go fishing down here, or swimming, or anything?"

Sarah sprang to her feet with a nervous little laugh.

"Caleb, we—we might go up home just for—for a visit," she said.

"Hurrah!—let's!" crowed Fred, and Ethel clapped her hands.

It was a jubilant four that left the North station a few days later, and it was a still more jubilant four that arrived in the village at the foot of the green hills.

"Oh, don't it look splendid and roomy!" cried Sarah, as they reached the turn where they could see the farmhouse. "And don't the air smell good!"

Just at dusk on the third day Caleb found his wife in the old summer-house. Wrapped in shawls, she was fastening vines to the trellis.

"Well, Sarah, I—I s'pose I'd better settle up with West, now. I hain't yet, you know."

Sarah nodded, without speaking.

"Things look first-rate, now, but—I've got my doubts of West. I—I wish I could handle them myself."

Sarah threw a quick glance at his averted face.

"Well— why—don't you?" she almost whispered.

"Sarah, would you?—would you come back? Do you mean it?" cried Caleb, with a swift joy in his eyes.

Sarah burst into tears, and threw herself into her husband's arms. "Oh, Caleb, I—just would! I—I've wanted to ever so long, but—I just wouldn't own up."

DOCTOR AIDS DRESSMAKER.

A well-known dressmaking establishment in Paris has added to its force of employees a physician who prescribes a diet for corpulent ladies who want the designers to do the impossible and make them lithe and graceful through the agency of dress. Those ladies who accept the physician's advice are given a prescription and sent away for two months of food regulation. Those who refuse the diet suggestion are told they can only be fitted as corpulent ladies. The director of the establishment says he positively will not fool customers. Other modistes say it is a part of their business to placate the fat customers with compliments and promises.

Naivete.

"But, my dear madam, it's beginning to get very dark for taking that child's picture."

"Oh, surely there's enough light to take the picture of such a small baby!"

Enemy of Gardener.

One of the worst enemies of the vegetable grower has been the maggot which attacks cabbage and radish plants.

Control Disease and Bugs.

Disease control is more profitable with a good crop than a poor one. Soil improvement and general good farming will pay, not only in themselves, but in making disease and insect control profitable.

Take Care of Pigs.

Take good care of the spring crop of pigs. If the signs don't fail this is the year when "pigs is pigs."

Keeping Alfalfa for Hay.

The reason for keeping alfalfa for hay rather than for pasture is that it grows from terminal and lateral buds. If these are bitten off growth must cease until new buds can form and growth start again.

Hogs on Alfalfa.

Hogs are not so injurious to alfalfa as horses and sheep.

What Two-Cent Stamp Can Do

Carries a Letter to Farthest Points in the New World and to Distant Lands.

ESKIMO-LAND TO PATAGONIA

Cruising Radius of the Two-Cent Stamp Greatly Extended in Last Few Years—Haiti and Bermuda Latest Additions.

Washington, D. C.—American two-cent stamps now encircle the globe.

"The recent addition of Haiti and Bermuda to places where two cents will carry a letter calls attention to the vast extension, in the last few years, of the 'cruising radius' of our two-cent stamps," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"With the tiny red square you may dispatch a letter northward to a point where it will be carried to its journey's end by a dog-sled into some Eskimo village; or southward across the equator toward a mule-back journey up the Andes or a canoe trip into a white settlement among the Tierra del Fuego natives.

"Theoretically you are entitled to send a letter with a two-cent stamp as far north as Cape Columbia, the point on Grant Land which is supposed to be Canada's farthest north, were there either post office or friend there to receive it, and to the far south of Patagonia or across the Strait of Magellan to the Argentine portion of Tierra del Fuego. The southern limit of your two-cent correspondence does not quite reach Cape Horn, which belongs to Chile, with which a two-cent rate has not been arranged.

"East and West your two-cent stamp will reach to New Zealand and Samoa; and to the United States postal agency at Shanghai, China, and the United States Naval hospital at Yokohama, Japan. Other points in China and Japan require the usual foreign rate of five cents.

Easy to Remember.

"The alphabetical list of some sixty places where a foreign letter will go at the rate of 'two cents an ounce or fraction thereof' seems complicated. But it isn't hard to remember if you catalogue it geographically instead of alphabetically. Briefly, you can send a letter anywhere in North America and Central America and to all important points in the West Indies for two cents. The two-cent rate applies to all South American countries except Venezuela and Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, and Dutch and French Guiana.

"In Europe only England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are included in the two-cent zone. All of Asia requires a five-cent stamp except the points mentioned above. The oceanic places within 'two-cent reach' are New Zealand (including the Cook Islands as well as the British portion of Samoa), Bermuda and Haiti. Of course it is to be remembered that the two-cent letter rate as well as other domestic rates apply to Alaska, the Canal Zone, Guam, the Philippines, Porto Rico, American Samoa, and the American Virgin Islands.

Post Makes for Peace.

"Agreements by which more countries gradually are being added to the 'two-cent list' are reached through the Universal Postal union which first met at Berne in 1874. The oft-repeated statement that the post office is a civilizing agent is realized more fully when it is noted that representatives of the central powers, the allied countries and the United States met in friendly conference at Madrid in 1920. As this was the first meeting of the Universal Postal union since the sessions of 1906, in Rome, a great volume of business was transacted. These results are embodied in a Universal Postal convention to which, by alphabetical right, Germany (L'Allemagne) is the first signatory, and the United States of America the second.

"Both America and Germany, in fact, are entitled to more than alphabetical precedence in the Universal Postal union. The success of a conference called at the instigation of the United States, in Paris, twelve years before the postal union was formed, and the operation of the Austro-German Postal union, which had functioned effectively since 1850, had a direct bearing upon the organization which made it possible for a two-cent stamp to carry your written message to other continents and remote islands of the oceans."

Ghost With an Ax.

Edmonton, Can.—A truculent ghost that wields an ax when in a peevish mood has been reported from Forestburg, a nearby coal field town. According to local belief, the spook is the ghost of a former mine owner named Turner. After her husband's death Mrs. Turner married again, becoming Mrs. Edall, and this action on her part put the ghost in a particularly bad humor. Mrs. Edall said that the spirit appeared in her home with an ax in its hands and chased her all over the house.

OLD PRISON SHIP

The prison ship Success, perhaps the oldest ship afloat, built in 1790, left its mooring at the foot of West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, New York the other day and floated down the river to the Battery, where she docked. This ship is being used to show New Yorkers and visitors just how they took care of prisoners at sea in the old days.

Crooks Study Society News

Keep Close Watch on Women Tourists With Gems Traveling in Europe.

MILLIONS IN JEWELS STOLEN

Paris-Riviera Express Favorite Looting Ground for International Gangs—All Sorts of Fakes Are Proving Lucrative.

London.—For a short time after the armistice most of the noted detectives of Europe believed that the war had broken up the notorious gangs of international crooks who, through smuggling and robbery, had cleaned up handsomely in the five years preceding hostilities. They thought, also, that passport obstacles would militate against the forming of such rings. But they are now convinced that the international crook survived even a world war.

Millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones are said to have been stolen by members of the different gangs in the last three years. Some of the richest hauls have been made on express trains between Paris and the Riviera and Italy. The latest sensational exploit was the rifling of forty or more mail bags on an express out of Paris which was said, erroneously, to have carried several British diplomatic pouches. The foreign office here denies that any such mail was on the train.

Care of Official Mail.

The greatest care is always taken in sending abroad official mails. During the war and since official mail sacks have been carefully guarded by couriers, who never leave the compartment (always first class and sealed to ordinary passengers) in which the official mail is carried. These particular mail sacks are porous, to let water in, so that they will sink if the vessel on which they are carried is wrecked or is raided by pirates.

An American woman is said to have helped a British courier throw several sacks overboard when a certain liner was captured by a German submarine in Greek waters.

The record of robberies on the famous expresses out of Paris in the last few years shows that most of them were carried out to seize the jewels of wealthy women journeying to the south of France.

The crooks or their stool pigeons keep careful tabs on all reputedly wealthy women traveling during the Riviera season. They watch the society announcements in the daily press to see when the reputed possessors of famous necklaces or diamonds are about to travel, and they easily spot the sleeping compartments of such persons. In a careless moment the dowager or the society queen is divested of her necklaces and brooches. Several times lately on French expresses they have been held up at the point of revolvers while their jewels were taken.

Lucrative Fakes.

The "internationals" are also working fake lotteries and fake bookmaking concerns.

Another lucrative pastime of the international crook since the war has been the disposing of so-called royal jewels. If all the jewels reported to have belonged to the ill-fated Russian royal family had really belonged to them they would have had to carry them about in suitcases. Nevertheless a considerable amount of the treasures once possessed by Europe's deposed royal families and their hangers-on have gone onto the market, and the crooks have made big hauls in smuggling them from one country to another. The American authorities discovered some months ago that crooks were signing on certain American mercantile ships as seamen to try to smuggle diamonds into the United States.

In pre-war days one flourishing trade of the internationals was card playing on Atlantic liners. Although some of the big liners still display the "Beware of the Card Sharpers" warnings in their smoking-rooms, few big coups by the crooks have been reported since the war. One reason is the stringency of the American passport regulations, which have kept at home many European sharpers.

Animals Frozen to Death Stripped of Meat by Reds

Husum, Wash.—With no expense to themselves and a small amount of squaw labor, members of a Yakima tribe have stocked their larder with enough meat to last them until salmon time next autumn. Every animal frozen to death in the extensive forest-grazing district on Mount Adams slopes has been stripped by the tribe of every bit of meat. The meat is dried, smoked and canned. So long as cattle or sheep do not die of disease, Indians use them for food. The past winter in the forest-grazing area was unusually severe and herds suffered heavy losses.

Raise Trees for Mines.

A South African mining corporation has planted 250 acres of trees to supply the demand for pillars for its underground operations.

New York P. O. Employees Finger-Printed

In the investigation of a recent big post office robbery in New York every employee there was "finger-printed," and it was found that a good many of them had police records. Those men were discharged. Postmaster E. W. Morgan is here seen having his finger prints taken.

MAY HAVE TO WEAR A BARREL

North Carolina Prisoner Sends His Only Pair of Trousers to His Relatives.

Kinston, N. C.—Claude Bush, who sent his only pair of trousers home to his people in Elizabeth City after he had been sentenced to five years in state's prison for highway robbery, remains in his negligee. Jailer Tom Conway, who declared Bush sent his "duds" away to "inconvenience the state," says the prisoner will continue to wear just what he has on, which is "nothing to brag about," until he starts for Raleigh a few days hence. Then he will wear the cheapest pair of jumpers Conway can find. "He hasn't got on as much as an artist's model would wear at a Greenwich Village ball," said Conway, and as a "Twentieth century Adam he is not a beauty."

"Milesians."

There are several theories as to the origin of the name Milesian as applied to the Irish. One is that the country was first settled by colonists from the island of Melos (modern Milo) in Greece; another that the name is derived from Milesius, an early conqueror, while still others claim the term is taken from the Latin "miles," a knight.

James Fenimore Cooper wrote his first story, "Precaution," on a wager with his wife.

Transformation.

"I never like to see husband and wife as partners in a bridge game," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"What's the objection?"

"It will probably cease to be a game and become a family quarrel."

Lesson of Experience.

"Pa, why do they always speak of a man's wife as his better half?" asked Willie.

"Because they always get the better of us, my son," replied Pa.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Thoughts After Forty.

My mind is like an old horse. It will go if it knows it is going to get a flogging, but it will loaf if it gets a chance.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

These Listening Days.

The Still Small Voice—Funny they don't seem to listen in deep enough to hear me.

Keep Tight Hold on Temper.

The man who loses his temper is in the position of admitting to all who witness his exhibitions that he is not master of himself. A loss of temper means loss of self-control. No man can enjoy the luxury of losing his temper regularly and enjoy long life. Neither can such a man win the loving loyalty of his associates.—Tom Dreier in Forbes Magazine.

Chicago produces more band and orchestral instruments than any other city in the Union.

Gerry and the Veiled Woman

By FRANK WILLIAMS

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The letter found by Gerry Knight on his desk upon his return from lunch was penned in a feminine hand and read like this:

"I'm in trouble. Will you help me? I know you are adventurous and not afraid. There may be a fight; there may be danger. Please, please help me. Address Blue Eyes, box 202, city."

A puzzled look came into Gerry's face as he read this epistle through twice, very carefully. Where had he seen this handwriting before? And who was "Blue Eyes?" What trouble was she in and what danger might beset the person who tried to help her?

For a moment or so Gerry thought of throwing the letter into the waste basket. Then the adventurous streak which had been so cleverly mentioned by the letter writer asserted itself. Gerry drew himself up to his stalwart six feet one while a whimsical light came into his eyes.

"I'll do it," he said. "It ought to be good sport!"

It was the next day that a reply in the same handwriting came to Gerry, following his dispatch of a letter offering aid to the address given by "Blue Eyes."

Here was the way this second letter read:

"Meet me in the post office at 7:30 o'clock this evening. I'll wear a black veil and a red carnation."

Promptly at the hour directed Gerry was on the spot, waiting with pleasurable excitement. Who would the girl be like? What sort of adventure and possible romance would she lead him into?

But Gerry's strong desire to see the girl and learn at once whether or not she was as pretty as he told himself he had a right to expect met with disappointment when the lady arrived just as a sonorous clock was striking the half hour.

Blue Eyes was slim and straight and youthful, apparently, but the veil she wore was black and impenetrable, and she resolutely refused to take off the veil or even lift a corner. Still her voice was pleasant and reminiscent. Where had Gerry heard that voice before?

The girl led the way out of the post office. On the top of the steps leading to the street she paused and directed Gerry's attention across the street.

"See that man hiding in the doorway?" queried the girl.

Gerry looked and saw that a man really was skulking there in the darkness.

"He's following me," the girl went on. "He's one of the men you've got to look out for."

Gerry shrugged his shoulders.

"Let 'em come," he laughed. "I should worry. This is getting interesting."

Then, after a moment's pause, he went on.

"I've got my car here. I'll take you wherever you say."

"I'm glad of that," responded the girl. "Take me out of the city, on the Brampton road. I'll tell you where when we're well out."

Gerry's car was a speedster. It took him but a few moments to thread his way through the light, early evening traffic and to hit the highway, where he opened up at a law-defying speed. And as he raced through the night he felt strangely, happily exhilarated. He didn't know who the girl was at his side. He didn't know what danger he was speeding into. But he did know that he was content and that a warm, delightful feeling of friendship and intimacy was growing between the girl and himself.

"I've known you somewhere," said Gerry softly to the girl. "Where did I meet you? Who are you, anyhow?"

"You're sure you've known me?" queried the girl.

"Positive!" ejaculated Gerry.

"You're right—you have!" the girl responded.

"But who in the world are you?" demanded Gerry again.

"I'll not tell you—it would spoil everything," the girl answered, enigmatically.

And with this Gerry was forced to be content. Content, that is, for the moment, for Gerry was strongly determined to know whether or not the romance he so greatly desired was hiding behind that thick veil.

And later, as they drew up at last before a dark, silent, foreboding house on a side road, Gerry's chance came. There was a strong wind. This wind flirted with the girl's veil and suddenly caught it upward. In the light from his car Gerry caught a swift glimpse of the girl's face. He gasped. Yes, he'd known the girl. But—she was a chambermaid at the place where he roomed!

With this astonishing discovery, which was really dismaying to Gerry, who was strong for associating only with those people who were marked by family or attainments as being the sort of people he wanted as friends, all the savor in the adventure suddenly went from him. He turned morosely toward the car, intending to take the girl with him back to the city and make a quick end of it. No wonder he recognized her handwriting—he'd seen it on a bill which she had prepared for the landlady and then presented to him.

But Gerry's sudden decision didn't get him very far. The girl, sensing the change in his attitude, came close to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Please go through with it," she whispered. "I'm really in danger. I—I need your help. And you're the only man of all those in the boarding house I felt would be the right sort to help me. Please go through with it."

Gerry turned back to her. After all, why not? It was adventure he wanted, and if romance was lacking what matter?

"All right, lead on," said Gerry.

The girl hurried resolutely toward the house. Now Gerry saw there was a light in the cellar, visible through tiny cracks at the edges of the window. And now, too, he became conscious of another car approaching at high speed down the road.

"Oh, hurry!" cried the girl in an agonized tone of voice. "I'm afraid Simpkins will get here."

"Simpkins?" queried Gerry. "You don't mean Simpkins, the prohibition inspector?"

Gerry felt the girl's eyes upon him though the veil again hid her face.

"Yes, that's who I mean!" she responded. "But—but, please, oh, please, help me!"

Gerry wondered what sort of mess he was getting into. Apparently the girl must be hand-in-glove with some law violators if Simpkins was against her. And now he realized that the figure the girl had pointed out from the post office across the street was that of Simpkins, whom he had met on several occasions. What was it all about? Was the girl leading him into some law violation?

Again Gerry turned away, determined to throw up the whole undertaking. Then, strangely, as the girl came close to him and again placed her hand on his arm, that warm sense of friendship and intimacy swept over him again. Chambermaid or not, here was a girl who affected him as no other girl ever had. If she wanted him to stick by her, he'd do it, law violation or not. And, strangely, he somehow felt that everything must be all right, after all.

The girl pressed an automatic into his hand.

"Break in and hold them up! That's all!" she said. "Quick, before Simpkins comes!"

That was all. But it was enough! As Gerry smashed through a window into the cellar and faced a ring of rough-looking individuals gathered about a still in a corner of the room he felt it was touch and go, for a moment. Then, oddly enough, one of the men in the right began quickly clamping handcuffs on the gang.

There was a noise at the window behind Gerry. He heard Simpkins talking to the girl. Then heard Simpkins tearing down the walk and the sound of his machine starting up.

Then the girl entered the cellar and stood behind him. Her veil was up now and her face gloriously pretty, her eyes shining wonderfully.

"We've won! We've won! In spite of Simpkins' treachery," she cried. "You did splendidly, Jennings," she added, turning to the man who had slipped the handcuffs on the gang.

"You're some fine, dandy detective," said Jennings in reply.

Gerry turned swiftly to the girl, the light of understanding in his eyes.

"You—you're a prohibition inspector!" he cried.

"Yes!" breathed the girl. "It was a blind—that chambermaid thing—some of the members of this gang roomed at your place."

"And—and Simpkins has been standing in with this bunch?" went on Gerry.

"Yes," the girl answered. "He tried to double-cross me and then threatened to get my life. That's why I wore a veil—so he wouldn't be sure it was me. That's why I had to call on you. Simpkins wouldn't help me round up the gang—he hindered me, and Jennings was busy working on the inside. I couldn't tell you right out what I wanted—you wouldn't have come. I had to be mysterious, appeal to your spirit of adventure and—"

"I've got something important to say to you," exclaimed Gerry, his heart pounding violently as he took her gently by the arm and led her to the steps leading out of the cellar.

But what he said is, as Kipling used to say, another story!

Suspense Was Terrible.

"That was a high note the prima donna reached."

"Don't I know it?" replied the citizen who was attending his first performance of grand opera. "I was half out of my seat when she reached it."

LIKE THE COMIC OPERA MONARCH

Ruler of Small Kingdom in the Pacific Had a Fondness for Elaborate Ceremonies.

Tonga, little kingdom of 100 isles, is the one remaining nominally independent state in the Pacific, and though under British protection, it still flies its own flag. Its government is a limited monarchy. Time was when the assembly gathered only once in three years, and steamship companies with vessels plying to Tonga advertised the fact as a tourist attraction.

George Tubou II was then on the throne. He was a man six feet seven inches in height, and weighing something over 280 pounds. He was wont to open parliament with great ceremony, the boom of brass saluting cannon and much gold braid. Attired in a scarlet coat, blue trousers, plumed helmet, with an ermine-trimmed plush cloak trailing from his shoulders and held by two velvet-clad pages, King George would march from his palace to the parliament buildings. Guns popped at intervals, while the populace stood around and bowed low in honor. But George II's daughter Salote now rules, and parliament meets once a year in less Gilbertian display.

He Would Like to Know.

An official of the village improvement society in New Jersey tells of a note received from a Japanese of an inquiring turn of mind. The subject of the inquiry is one that is familiar to most parts of the world, but no doubt the community of which it was made felt flattered by this evidence of its popularity. The note read: "The honorable society are asked in what way do they rid themselves of him the much troublesome mosquito? How do they approach him in his house among the reeds and marshes, so as to remove him effectually from the dangers that he does to people of good minds whose skins he must puncture? All this I would like so much to know."

Rome

The traditional date for the founding of Rome is 753 B. C. Rome has been described as a city-state. It was at one time recognized as the capital of the ancient world. Since 1871 it has been the capital of modern Italy. The city is distinguished for its vast ruins, its many historical gates and its monuments, both ancient and modern. Rome is inclosed within a circle of forts 30 miles in extent.

Lucky Fridays

Friday has been a momentous day in American history. Columbus sailed on his first voyage on Friday and discovered America on a Friday. The Mayflower reached what is now Provincetown on a Friday. It was on a Friday that Richard Henry Lee moved that the colonies declare themselves free, and it was on a Friday that the surrender of Cornwallis virtually closed the War for Independence.

LOCALS

PROGRAM

Tonight—Comes Ben Turpin in "HOME TALENT." This is one of Mack Sennett's best comedies; don't fail to see the cross-eyed wonder.

Friday—BREAKING THROUGH" Serial, also William Russell in "COLORADO PLUCK," a western.

Saturday—Comes Agnes Ayres in "THE LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING." This is worth seeing.

Monday—Comes one of the biggest pictures Paramount has yet made, in fact we are showing all of these big pictures ahead of Lexington. That is going some for Carlisle, don't you think so; if so, then why not patronize them and help out. We believe in helping, do you? If so, don't fail to see Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel in the biggest picture ever, "FOOL'S PARADISE." They are supported by one of the best casts in pictures today, we don't mean to practise deception, and never did, but this is said and given up to be Cecil DeMille's greatest achievement in pictures. Don't fail to see it, the price of admission will be 10 & 20c.

LYRIC THEATRE

The regular monthly meeting of the city council will be held Monday night.

County Clerk Westfall has received the books to be used in the registration of voters on July 10 and 11.

W. S. Tomlin, merchant, of Elizaville, Fleming county, made an assignment to W. P. Dye for the benefit of his creditors.

The Mt. Sterling fair will be held July 19, 20, 21 and 22 this year. The Maysville Boy's Band will furnish music for the fair.

C. H. Fisher is tearng down his old residence on Chestnut street and will use the lumber to build a cottage on Parks Hill next summer.

John Harvey qualified in county court Saturday as administrator of the estate of Emma Gaither, deceased, with William McMahan surety in the sum of $1,000.

The peach and apple crop in the county this year is said to be abundant, but from the high prices being asked for fruit on the local market no one would suspect it.

The White & Myers chautauqua is in session at Millersburg this week. Quite a number of Carlisle people went over to hear Kryll's band Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Bertha Cameron qualified in county court Saturday as administratrix of the estate of her father, John Conway, deceased, with Miss Ella Conway surety in the sum of $300.

Horace T. Mann, of this city, has taken a position as manager of the Standard Oil Co. station at Winchester and will leave the first of July to take up his new duties. His family will follow later.

In some sections of the county crops are badly in need of rain, especially gardens. Corn and tobacco are not suffering, but unless there is rain within a short time these crops will be damaged.

A baseball game, band concert by the Carlisle Band, and probably a public speaker will be on the program here for the Fourth of July. Come to Carlisle next Tuesday and spend an enjoyable day.

There are four candidates for the Democratic nomination for Congress from this district, Hon. W. J. Fields who is a candidate for re-election, H. C. Duffy, of Cynthiana, W. T. Cole, of Greenup, and R. G. Buckler, of Prather.

Mr. George Broderick, of Paris, formerly of this county, suffered a stroke of paralysis while standing on the streets of Paris Monday afternoon. His entire left side was affected and his condition is reported as being serious.

At a meeting of the city school board Wednesday morning, the tax rate for school purposes in the district was fixed at the same as last year, $1.00 on each $100 worth of taxable property, and a per capita tax of $1.00 for male voters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Evans will leave next week for Lexington to reside in their new home which they have recently constructed on Aurora avenue. Mrs. Evans' millinery business will be conducted by her mother, Mrs. S. W. Prather.

William Pryor, of the county, has in his possession a horn snuff box over 100 years old, which belonged to his grandmother, and a steel tobacco box of about the same age which belonged to his grandfather. He also has a Freeman's Almanac of 1835.

There are three candidates for the Republican nomination for Congress in the Ninth district, Trumbo Snedegar, of Wyoming; George Osborn, of Russell, and J. H. Stricklen, of Insko. Monday was the last day for filing declarations for having their names placed on the ballot.

The concert given by Messrs Clyde Knost, vocalist, Benson Collins, violinist, Auva Hoffman, pianist, and Miss Evelyn Ross accompanist, at the Orpheum last Thursday evening, under the auspices of Circle No. 4 of the Presbyterian church, was a most enjoyable event. A fair sized audience attended. The violin used by Mr. Collins was a rare old instrument loaned him for the concert by Mr. Mirtes, of the Violin Shop, Cincinnati, one of the leading dealers in fine violins. It is a genuine Cremona, made in 1861, and is valued at $2,500.

PERSONALS

—Mr. Tom Murray spent Monday in Lexington.

—Miss Carrie Monson has been quite sick for the past week.

—L. M. Tribble, of Paris, is the guest of relatives here this week.

—Dr. M. Dills was in Cincinnati Wednesday on business.

—Rev. R. E. Elmore spent several days in Cincinnati this week.

—Mrs. Lou Johnson, Millersburg, visited relatives here Monday.

—Mrs. Dan Mitchell is visiting relatives in Maysville this week.

—Mrs. Jennie White has gone to Chicago, for an extended visit.

—Mr. James L. Donnell has been confined to his bed the past few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Watkins, Cynthiana, visited friends here this week.

—Miss Edith Tune, of Versailles, is the guest of relatives and friends in Carlisle.

—Mr. Ernie White, of Maysville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sam Holmes.

—Miss Mary Kalor, of Mason, was the guest of Mrs. Mary Johnson Monday.

—Miss Valeria Grannis, of Flemingsburg, is the guest of Miss Mary Brock.

—Miss Mollie Tune spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Fleming county.

—Attorney U. M. Swinford and William Conley attended circuit court at Paris Tuesday.

—Dr. G. B. Spencer and C. L. Pumphrey, motored to Mayslick, Monday, on business.

—Capt. Edward W. Hamm, of Memphis, Tenn., was in Carlisle Thursday and Friday.

—Mr John N. Ross, Mr. I. E. Ross and Miss Evalyna Ross were in Lexington Tuesday.

—Miss Henrietta Evans, of Lexington, was the week end guest of Mrs. Charles Smith.

—Mrs. James L. Donnell and Mrs. Wm. Donnell were in Lexington Friday, for the day.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Gordon and children left this week for their home in Ligonier, Indiana.

—Miss Elizabeth Holmes is in Lexington this week attending the Alpha Xi Delta Convention.

—M. C. Blair, of Cincinnati, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. G. Blair.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathias were guests of Mrs. Mathias' parents at Owingsville, for the week end.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pumphrey, of Cincinnati, spent the week end with Mrs. Alice Fisher.

—Mr. C. G. McAllister, of Lexington, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Martin, Saturday and Sunday.

—E. O. Dorsey and daughter, Miss Martha Dorsey, will come Friday for a visit with Mrs. Angie Waugh.

—Harry B. Tilton, who attended college at the University of Kentucky, is home for the summer vacation.

—U. M. Swinford and wife and Mrs. James H. Carpenter spent the week end with relatives in Mason county.

—Miss Elizabeth Ross is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Andrews, in Flemingsburg.

—Mrs. Joe Walden and son, Paul, are assisting Rev. Linsey Stone in the Holiness meeting near Headquarters.

—Mr. and Mrs. McCann and little son, Georgetown, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Q. T. Gatewood this week.

—Misses Virginia Martin and Elizabeth Harper went to Louisville Saturday for a visit with Miss Lois Dorsey.

—Mrs. Wm. Donnell left Monday for Goldsboro, N. C., to join her husband who is on the tobacco market there.

—Mrs. Cora Herndon, of this city, who is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Philips, at Helena, has been quite ill for the past week.

—Mrs. Ella D. Spencer and Miss Ruth Mayes, of Lexington, came on Wednesday for a visit with Miss Martha Dudley.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Powell and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. James attended the Sunday evening chautauqua service in Millersburg.

—Miss Katharine Frey entertained the "Sweet Sixteen" club with a dance on Friday evening at her home on College Hill.

—Dr. O. S. Kash accompanied Mr. Ben Bramblett to Lexington Monday to consult a specialist in regard to Mr. Bramblett's health.

—Logan Howard and family, and Mrs. William Remington, of Paris, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard, Sr., Sunday.

—Mrs. Harry Letton will entertain the "As You Like It" club at her country home on Thursday morning, June 29th, at 9 o'clock.

—Mrs. Bettie Howell, of Huntington, W. Va., and Mrs. Harry Yancey, of Mayslick, were guests of Mrs. Robert Parker for the week end.

—Miss Mary Donnell Potts, of Washington, D. C., will come on July 1st to spend two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Potts.

—Mrs. Harry Richarts and children have returned to their home in Fayette county, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Henry.

—Mrs. W. B. Ratliff returned from Lansing, Michigan, Sunday, where she has been Mother Matron in the Michigan University for the past year.

—Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Connell and children will arrive home Friday evening from Morristown, Tenn., where they have been spending the past two weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Williams, Mr. Robert Williams, Miss Ruth Williams and Elizabeth Sims, of Cynthiana, were guests of Mrs. Mollie Buntin and daughter Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henry spent Monday and Tuesday in Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Mary Emily Donaldson, of Carrollton, came Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. S. F. Hutchings.

—Mrs. Lou Parker is confined to her bed from injuries received from a fall at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Hamm, on Tureman avenue, last Friday afternoon.

—Wm. H. Frey and family are moving to their summer cottage which has just been completed on the old famous "Parks Hill." The cottage is complete with modern improvements.

—Mrs. Ollie Brayfield, Mrs. H. K. Veach, Mrs. Jas. Norton, Mrs. Warren Fisher and Mrs. C. J. Frey will go to Cynthiana today to attend a reception given by Mrs. Jos. Dalzelle and Mrs. Turney Patten at the home of Mrs. Dalzelle.

—Mrs. Roy Smith and babe, Minnie Irene, of Eminence, came Thursday for an extended visit with her aunts, Mrs. J. A. Barlow, Mrs. Perry McClanahan and Mrs. Breaddus Vice, of this city, and her father, Mr. D. P. Vaughn, of the county.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ermine Ritchie entertained with a party on Monday evening in honor of the tenth birthday of their little daughter, Naomi, at their country home on the Maysville and Lexington pike. Ice and cakes were served and about twelve little girls were present.

—The Loyal Women's Class of the Christian Sunday School held their quarterly social on the beautiful lawn of Mr. S. W. Mathers on Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 6 p. m. The social committee in charge of the picnic supper were: Mrs. Alice Fisher, Mrs. U. M. Swinford, Mrs. Walter Myers, Mrs. James Boyd and Mrs. Lizzie McDaniel.

—Mrs. Ben Henry entertained with seven tables of progressive rook at her beautiful new home on College Hill, on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Frank Henry was guest of honor. The house was decorated with garden flowers, and after the interesting games a delicious lunch of old ham, potato chips, beaten biscuit, cucumber sandwiches, stuffed tomatoes and cherry ice was served.

—Flemingsburg Gazette: Dr. Thompson Scott and William Mastin were here from Carlisle Sunday to attend the Presbyterion meeting.—W. P. Ross and family, of Carlisle, were here Sunday at the Presbyterian home coming and to visit Thos. S. Andrews and family.—Mrs. Anna Howe and Mrs. E. J. Beers and two children, of Carlisle, were here Sunday at the Presbyterian home coming. Mrs. Howe left Flemingsburg fifty years ago and it was her second trip here since the time she left.

DEATHS

CONYERS—Mr. Hargis Conyers, aged about 27 years, died last Friday after a long illness with tuberculosis. Interment took place in the Carlisle cemetery Sunday afternoon with services at the grave conducted by Rev. R. E. Elmore. Mr. Conyers is survived by two children, his wife having died about three years ago.

SHANKLAND — Mrs. Frank Shankland, aged 59 years and nine months, died at her home near Miranda Monday morning after a long illness with a complication of diseases. Funeral services were held at the late home Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. S. L. Moore. Interment took place in the Carlisle cemetery. Besides her husband Mrs. Shankland is survived by two sons, Kash and Matthew Shankland, and three daughters, Mrs. W. D. Smart, Paris, Miss Inez Shankland and Miss Alice Herman Shankland. Four brothers, Charles Clay, of Oklahoma, O. S. Clay, of Waldron, Ind., John Clay and Silas Clay, of Upper Licks, and two sisters, Mrs. R. M. Ratliff, of Larned, Kansas, and Mrs. John Ratliff, of Robertsdale, Alabama, also survive. About two years ago Mrs. Shankland suffered a stroke of paralysis and since that time has been an invalid. Throughout her long illness she bore her suffering patiently. A devoted wife, a loving mother, a kind and true friend and neighbor, she will be greatly missed, not only by her immediate family, but by her large circle of friends throughout the county.

RELIGIOUS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Services at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. B. B. Hestir. Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed. Preparatory service Friday at 7:30 p. m.

A union service will be held Sunday night at 7:30. Rev. R. E. Elmore, pastor of the Christian church, will preach.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. Sunbeam Band 2:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

Union services will be held at the Presbyterian church at 7:30 p m.

The pastor and family expect to reach Carlisle Friday from Morristown, Tenn.

A cordial welcome is extended to all.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

R. E. Elmore, pastor.

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Young peoples meetings 6:30 p. m.

Mr. Elmore will preach Sunday morning on "The Danger of Missing the Chief Things."

Union service at 7:30 p. m. in the Presbyterian church. Mr. Elmore will preach on "A Word Fitly Spoken."

TENT MEETING

The tent meeting in the court house yard, conducted by the Sanford-Gynn Evangelistic party, continues to draw large crowds and much interest is being manifested in the meeting. Services are held each evening at 7:30 o'clock and on Sunday afternoon and evening. An all day meeting will be held on the last Sunday of the meeting, which is announced for July 9.

As next Tuesday, July 4, is a legal holiday, the banks will be closed and there will be no R. F. D. Correspondents will please send their letters on Monday.

AN APOLOGY

Last Monday a prominent business man of this county came to The Mercury office and stated that he wished to buy one dozen invitations for the graded school commencement, for which he stated the charge was twenty cents. We had just finished printing seven hundred of these invitations, for which the charge to the county school board was $7.00. In the conversation that ensued it developed that the graduates were paying twenty cents per dozen for these, or about $11.00 for the entire seven hundred. Later, I called Mrs. Ella Taylor and told her this man had called and bought these invitations; that I ... told him what The Mercury charged for them and that I felt some misunderstanding might be created as a result. Mrs. Taylor came to The Mercury office and explained that the expenses of all the printing to be done for the commencement had been estimated and that the price charged the pupils of twenty cents per dozen was to cover all expenses, which she demonstrated that it would scarcely do. Mrs. Taylor was very much hurt because she felt that the attitude I had taken in my talk with the purchaser of the invitations cast a serious reflection upon her honor.

I wish to make this statement and give it as much publicity as possible, in order that no reflection may be made upon the course followed in this matter by Mrs. Taylor, who acted pursuant to an order of the school board that the graduates should stand the expense of all printing for the commencement.

I am deeply sorry if any statement made by me was construed as an attack upon Mrs. Taylor's honor. I suggested to her, in our conversation, that I would be glad to publish a signed statement, correcting any false impression that any thoughtlessness utterance of mine may have created.

I therefore wish to make public apology, as I have made private apology to this gentlewoman for the distress occasioned her through this unfortunate occurrence.

Warren R. Fisher.

BUFFALO TRACE

Mr. G. M. Jones spent Saturday night and Sunday with his son, Mr. Thomas L. Jones and wife, near Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reeves and Gratton Gaunce spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, at Piqua.

Mr. Erman Fuller and mother and Miss Myrtle Harney were guests of Mrs. Andy Butler Sunday.

Mr. J.W. Gaunce and family spent Sunday with Tony Fuller, near Winchester.

Mr. Griffith Fuller is spending a few days with Harvey Gaunce.

Mr. and Mrs. French Dunn, Thos. Myers and family, Winchester, and I. N. Snapp spent Sunday with Aaron Mrs. William Smith spent Sunday with her parents.

Born— On the 21st., to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gaunce, a daughter.

SALTWELL

Rev. C. H. Rule will fill Rev. Davis pulpit here next Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Davis will be engaged in a meeting in Chicago.

Mrs. F. A. McElheny, of Cynthiana, spent a few days the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Snapp, at this place.

Walter Hill and family, of near Cynthiana, spent Sunday with J. H. Earlywine and family.

J. W. Gaunce and family visited T. C. Fuller and family, near Winchester, Sunday. Jessie Fuller accompanied them home for a visit.

Mrs. Harmon Gaunce and children spent Saturday night and Sunday with her father, Mr. Robert Feeback, at Jackstown.

Mrs. Robert Bell and little daughter, Loretta, of Cincinnati, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson Ritchie.

The Nicholas County Sunday School Association will meet at Headquarters Church July 28 for an all day session. The program will be announced later.

At the Confederate reunion in Richmond, Va., last week, Miss Lillie Cole Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Taylor, of this city, was chosen as one of the two maids of honor. Mr. H. M. Taylor, Frank C. Taylor and W. J. Wise, who attended the reunion, returned home Saturday.

STILL WITHIN TWO CENTS OF CITY MARKET

We are glad to announce to you that we are now able to pay all patrons bringing first grade cream within two cents of the city market. We have been working on this for some time, as we feel that the difference between the price paid at station and that paid at the city was entirely too great. We are prepared to give you quick and efficient service at all times, and are prepared to give you "record breaking service" in accuracy and promptness.

We believe we can give you better results at the station than you can receive by shipping direct to company. We are always fighting for better prices and we need your help and encouragement, which you can give by patronizing us.

Now, friends, don't risk shipping your cream, as it is more than likely to be second grade by the time it reaches the city, but give us a trial and be convinced that you can make money by patronizing "home folks."

Beatrice Creamery Co.
Lillie Collins, operator,
Next door Bryson Farm Agency
Merchants Creamery,
Rosa Collins Daniel, operator,
Next door to Barlow's store

Mrs. Dewey Sweet, 16 years old, and her mother, Mrs. Emma Soister, were arrested last week and placed in the Lewis county jail at Vanceburg in connection with the death of an infant, which was found in a well at Trinity. It is alleged the baby met its death through exposure and was thrown in the well.

Our Gret Storewide

CLEARING SALE

TREMENDOUS REDUCTIONS

STARTS

FRIDAY JUNE 30

FOR EIGHT DAYS

The LEADER

DEPARTMENT STORE
PARIS, KY.

Wood Working Shop

We specialize in all kinds of Mill Work. Special orders for windows and doors, wire screens and doors and wood work of all kinds expertly filled.

J. C. Maxey is in charge of the shop.

Phone your orders to NO. 46 1 Ring

DORSEY BROS. & FISHER

WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN BEE-HIVE PUZZLE CONTEST

After several days' work, during which it was found necessary to check and recheck papers of contestants very carefully, the judges in The Mercury B-word Contest were finally able to announce the winners on Wednesday afternoon.

Following is a list of those who won the six prizes for finding the largest number of correct words, using the Master List as "court of the last resort," in the picture which has been appearing in The Mercury for the last few weeks:

First Prize—Mrs. Perry Vice, Paris, Ky., Route 3

Second Prize—Mrs. C. D. Payne, Cynthiana, Ky.

Third Prize—Mrs. B. B. Hestir, Carlisle, Ky.

Fourth Prize— Mrs. Robert Harper and Mrs. Mollie C. Fulton, Ewing, Ky., tied for place.

Sixth Prize—Miss Clarine Hillock Carlisle, Ky., Route 5

Some ten or twelve others sent in good lists, but space will not permit us to publish their names this week. Although they win no prizes, they made a most creditable showing.

There were 217 words on the list prepared by the artist who drew the picture. Many contestants sent in lists with many more words than this, but the penalty of "one off" for each incorrect word above the fifteen allowed played havoc with many big lists.

The following example was used in the instructions sent to the judges:

"Each contestant, according to the rules, is allowed 15 unaccepted words without penalty; but after that, contestant is penalized one for every wrong word. For example: John Smith has 150 words on his list. 130 are found to be correct; 20 are wrong. He is allowed to have 15 unaccepted words. 15 from 20 leaves 5, 5 therefore is the number of points that he is penalized. 5 from 130 leaves 125 which will be Smith's score. Mary Brown has 140 on her list. 128 are correct, 12 are wrong. She is not penalized, having less than 15 wrong. Her score is 128 She wins, though in reality she has found 2 less correct "b-words" than did Smith. This is, of course, primarily a game of finding the most "b-word" objects in the picture. However, it is obvious that if there was no penalizing, it would be merely a matter of writing down all the "b-nouns" from the dictionary, and the contestant doing so would be bound to win."

Mr. Howard Veach, Prof. Duke Young and Rev. R. E. Elmore were the judges who graded the papers, and before it was over agreed "it was some job."

Well, at least, everyone has added to his or her vocabulary, even if they failed to win a prize. At least two of the six winners would have won more substantial prizes had they taken the trouble to send in one or two new subscriptions.

The Mercury has added some new readers and we welcome them into our family. We sincerely believe that during the next fifty-two weeks they will get their money's worth.

Checks will be sent out to the winners within the next few days.

THE MASTER LIST IN CONTEST

The following is the "Master List" of words in The Mercury's B-word Contest. This list was prepared by the artist ho drew the pictur and was received by The Mercury, by registered mail at the close of the contest. This list was used by the judges in determining the winner.

Baby or babe, back, backband, back board, backstrap, backstop, badge, badger or badgeman, bag, bagpipe, bagpiper, baggage, bail, bait balcony bale, ball or baseball, balloon baluster or banister, balustrade, bamboo, banana, band, bandage, bandanna, bandbox, banjo, banjoist, bank or bankside, banner, bantams, bars, barb, bare, barge or bac, barg board bark, barley, barn, barnyard, barometer, barrel, barrow, base or basis, basement, basin, basket, bassoon, bassoonist, bat, bathers, battery, bay bayonet.

Beach, beak or beakiron, beam or balk, beads, beard, bearing, beast or brute, beater bed or bedstead, bedpost, bee, beehive or bike, beeway, beet or beetroot, beetle or bug, being belfry, bell, belle, bellows, bellyband belly, belt or banda, bench, bencher, bent, berries, bevel.

Bibcock or bibb bicycle, bycyclist biddy, bight, bilge, bouge or bulge, bill, billboard, billet, billy, binder, biped, biplane, birch, bird, birdman, bib, bit, bitstock.

Black, blacky or blackamoor, blacksmith, blade, blanket, blaze, blinds, blinker or blinder, block, bloom or blossom or blow, blouse, blower, bluffs.

Boards, boat, boatman, bob or bobber, bodice, body, boiler, bole, boll, bolt, bolthead, bolster, bone, bonnet, book, boomerang, boot, bootleg, bore, border, bosom or breast, basket or bosquet, bottle, bottom, boquet, bow (of boat), bowknot or bow, boulder, bowl, bough or branch, box bodkin, boy.

Brace or bracer, bracelet, bracket, braid, brake, brand or burn, branch or bough, branchlet, brat, brawn, breast or bosom, breastband, breastplate, breastpin or brooch, breastrail, breech, breeches, breeching, brick, brickwork, bridge, bridle, brim, brink, bristle, bride (bonnet string), broadaxe, broidery, brooch or breastpin, brood, brook or beck, broom, broomstick, brow, brush.

Bubbles, buck, buckboard, bucket, buckle, bud or burgeon, buffet, bug or beetle, building, bulb, bulk, bulldog, bullet, bullhead or barge, bullwhack, bullrushes, bump or bunch or blemish, bumper, bundle, bung, bunghole, bungalow, buoy, bur or burr, burdock, bureau, burin, burl or burrknot, burner, burro, bush, bust, butts, butterfly, button, buttonhole buggy, bugle.

Tanlac is a splendid tonic for puny, frail, delicate children. It is purely vegetable and contains no minerals or opiates. Hopkins Drug Co.

1882 SAM K. VEACH 1922

You'll Miss It
If You Don't
See Us
COURT DAY

1882 SAM K. VEACH 1922

BUICK DODGE BROTHERS

We will have on our floor the latter part of this week one of Dodge Brothers new model touring cars for your inspection and demonstration. This This car is very much improved in appearance and refinement and with the low cost of operating a Dodge Brothers car there is no car for anywhere near the cost of a Dodge car that will give you the amount of service that a Dodge will.

Martin's Garage

This funny looking little guy with the big nose and bald head has got to face the music. The determined attitude of the Mrs. tells us that she is absolutely through seeing rent money handed over to Mr. Landlord. She wants a brand new home of her own. She's got the plans, and she knows where the lumber is coming from. Us!

There's another bald-headed man in this town who said he was going to build this year. If he doesn't get busy pretty soon we'll set his wife on him!

DORSEY BROS. & FISHER

HOT WEATHER SUGGESTIONS

White wash satin underskirts, some are made all double and some double front and back, priced $1.50, 2.25 and 3.50. You will want at least one of these.

Wash satin bloomers, $1.50 and 2.50 these are high grade fabrics and the best fitting garment made.

We have a wonderful value in women's black, brown and tan silk hose at $1.50; other values to $3.50 a pair.

KIRKLAND'S