[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] and family were guests of his sister, Mrs. Edna Hughes, of Moorefield.

Mr. Tom Hunt and wife, of Cowan, spent Sunday with Mr. Berd Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilburn Kenney spent Saturday and Sunday in Paris.

Mrs. E. W. McCabe spent Monday with Mrs. Jesse Mitchell.

ROSE HILL

Rossie Purcell and family, of Paris, spent Sunday with T. J. Fryman and family.

Arthur Fryman and daughter, Geneva, and Russell Ritchey and wife spent the week end with Rev. L. A. Fryman and family, of Versailles.

Estle Ritchey spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Hargis Earlywine.

Mrs. Martha Wagoner went home Thursday after a week's stay with relatives at this place.

MAPLE GROVE

Miss Nannie Kennedy spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Josie Lyons.

Miss Emma Eden spent Saturday night and Sunday with Misses Earl and Ruth Kerns.

Mrs. Frank Kenney and Mrs. Nancy Sivis were guests of Mrs. Joe Kenney Tuesday.

Miss Jimmie Clay spent the past week with her sister, Mrs. Sam Smoot, of near Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lyons and two little sons spent Sunday with Mr. James Lyons, of near Sharpsburg.

STONEY CREEK

James Brayfield and family are spending a few days in Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Phillip Sugg spent a few days with Clarence Sugg and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dampier and family had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sugg and family and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Ward and family.

Mr. Herman Conyers spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John McGinley.

There will be preaching Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night by the pastor.

MORNING GLORY

Mr. and Mrs. Becket and little nephew, of Lexington, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Grover Brunker.

Mrs. Owings, of Headquarters, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Teel.

Mrs. Harriet Brunker is on the sick list, suffering with mumps. Several children were out of school last week suffering with the same disease.

Mrs. Lillie Conway spent last Wednesday with Mrs. Everett Cook.

Mrs. Will Feeback spent the week end with relatives in Carlisle.

Mrs. Robert Burke and little son, Bobbie, of Lexington, spent several days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gran Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Thompson attended teachers meeting at Carlisle Saturday.

Miss Hazel Riley is visiting her brother, Clyde Riley and wife, in Mt. Sterling.

MILLTOWN

Mr. Ernest Robinson and family spent Sunday with Guy Neal and wife.

Mr. W. E. Chrisman and family and Miss Annabel Gill spent Sunday with Mr. Robert Hardin and family.

Mrs. Mary Lipscomb is spending several days with Mrs. Ida Crump.

Miss Minnie Crump spent from Friday until Sunday with Miss Gladys Cray, at Pleasant Valley.

Rev. R. S. Depew spent Sunday with Mr. Milt Crump and family.

Mr. J. W. Neal and wife spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Helen Neal.

Mr. Jim Mitchell, of Covington, has been spending a few days with relatives in this community.

Mr. Robert Francis and wife spent Sunday with Mr. Milt Crump and family.

Remember there will be Sunday school at Mt. Zion next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Be sure and be present.

ISHMAEL

[illegible] Mrs. Allen Bishop and [illegible] Jim Francis and [illegible]ington, are visiting [illegible]

[illegible] Letcher, Mr. Ditzler [illegible] son, Jack, and Mrs. [illegible] daughter, Beulah, [illegible] with relatives at [illegible]

[illegible] spent Friday [illegible] Perry McClanahan.

[illegible] spent from [illegible] Saturday with her [illegible] Anna Letcher.

[illegible] and Mrs. Park Crump had [illegible] guests Sunday: Mr. and [illegible] Crump and Mr. and [illegible] and family.

[illegible] Mrs. Jim [illegible] Jr., and [illegible] Bishop [illegible] Anna [illegible] Paris. [illegible] her and [illegible] her parents [illegible] Vaughn

BARTERVILLE

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Ed Green, on November 5th, a ten pound daughter, Temple Mae.

Mr. Pierce Jackson entertained quite a number of friends and relatives at his home Sunday, November 9, it being his 22nd birthday.

Mrs. Bettie Kennedy is very low at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Morris and son, Everett, of Republican, visited his brothers, David and Lee Morris, and his sister, Mrs. Jane Green, Saturday and Sunday, it being his first visit in the past eight years.

ABNER'S MILL

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Roe spent the latter part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. S. P. McCord.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hughes and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Fisher, [illegible] and Mrs. Simon Kenton and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Martha Kenton.

[illegible] and Mrs. Robert Hildreth [illegible] spent Sunday with Mrs. T. W. Hunter and family.

[illegible] Boggess is visiting Claude Abnee.

Mrs. George Selby spent a few days the past week with Mrs. Tom Purcell, who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Leet spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Martin.

Mrs. T. W. Hunter is some better at this writing.

CASSIDY

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Rose had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Goebel Cassity, Mrs. Leonard Cassity and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Shannon and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tedder.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCarty and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stephenson had as their guests Sunday Mrs. J. W. Buchanan and daughter, Patty Ree, Mrs. Homer Wrench, Misses Georgia and Lillian Fitzpatrick.

Jno. W. Buchanan left last Thursday morning for an extended trip in Texas. On his way he will stop at Enid, Oklahoma, for a brief visit with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Flanagan. Mr. Buchanan came from Texas thirty-one years ago, after having lived there for ten years, and this is his first time he has been back.

Mrs. Nelson Stephenson visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. Alton Rose spent Saturday with Mrs. Leonard Cassity.

SWIFT'S PRODUCE REVIEW

Cooler weather has brought a better demand for most kinds of food. This is especially so with butter and eggs.

While production is still running heavier than last year, low prices have been ruling, creating a good demand, and the market at the present time is steady to firm, with prospects of some advance.

Production of fresh eggs is now about at the lowest point, and eggs are selling very high. Unfortunately there seems to be a tendency on the part of some producers or country produce dealers to hold back fresh eggs. This causes deterioation and lower values.

A general movement of turkeys has started in the producing sections in anticipation of a good Thanksgiving trade. Having in mind the disastrous results last Thanksgiving, prices are starting out on reasonable basis. Turkeys that are not fully matured at the present time should be held back and marketed for Christmas holiday.

There is a good demand at the present time for all other kinds of poultry which are moving in good volume.

While the quality, on account of light feeding or some sickness, is not as good as it should be, producers should watch their stock to see that it is in good condition before being marketed.

NOVEMBER

It is November. See a soft gray haze
Of slanting rain the withered garden veils;
Far up the leaden sky a late bird sails,
Serene, untroubled, in the pathless ways.

Low hang the dying stalks where late a blaze
Of golden rod and nodding asters sweet
Danced in the sun as if on fairy feet—
Danced and were gone, like dear, remembered days.

Hush! was it just the wind across the grass
That sobbed and touched this fallen leaf of red?
Or did one come, with feet that lightly pass
Back from the land of long forgotten dead,
And, treading lightly, unseen, across the grass,
Weep for her garden whence the flowers had fled?

—Christine Kerr Davis

CLAYHOLE TRIAL IS CONTINUED

Jackson, Ky., November 10—Trials of eleven defendants charged with the murder in connection with election day at the Clayhole precincts in Breathitt county three years ago were continued today when the cases were called in circuit court here. Judge Gardner indicated that the proceedings might be taken to another court as the commonwealth was not ready for trial today, it was stated and the cases were continued by agreement.

RECORD DISASTER YEAR KEPT RED CROSS BUSY

In 192 Places in United States Its Relief Operations Cost $737,603.

One hundred and ninety-two disasters resulting in 735 deaths and injury to 1,923 persons, rendering nearly 44,000 homeless and causing property losses estimated at more than $44,750,000, established a new record in the United States in the year ended last June 30, according to reports of the American Red Cross. In all of these disasters immediately relief activity was applied by the Red Cross, which expended $737,603.37 through the national organization and the local Chapters in assisting stricken communities.

As the nation's chief relief agency whose service covers over 42 years, the Red Cross is expected to be on duty almost as soon as disaster strikes any locality. This trust and confidence is amply justified by the increasing equipment of the Red Cross, which recently organized a mobile disaster unit of experienced workers ready in all parts of the country to respond on the instant to a call for active duty. This unit is capable of operating in several disaster areas under one general direction, and recently was at work in seven communities in five states at the same time.

Ability, alertness and increasing skill of volunteer workers in more than 3,500 Chapters are reasons for the preparedness of Red Cross for disaster operations, be the call for a disturbance in a restricted local area or for millions in relief funds for a staggering catastrophe such as the earthquake in Japan.

The Red Cross, however, is far from being self-satisfied, for the organization is giving the most serious consideration to measures for preventing disasters. Its relief administration and rehabilitation policies have won for it nation-wide regard. That this important work can always measure up to every demand needs the continued support of the American people through Red Cross membership. The annual enrollment will begin Armistice Day, November 11, and every American is urged to join or renew membership in the Red Cross.

Help yourself by helping others with your dollar Red Cross membership. The dividend in good works is guaranteed.

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Practically new winter suit which I have outgrown. Somebody is going to get a bargain at $25. T. P. Scott. 1t

FOR SALE—Cottage near school building. Inquire of Mrs. Mamie Lawless. 1t*

FOR SALE—Favorite range and four-burner coal oil stove, both good as new. Mrs. Ed Lawrence. 11-6 2t

FOR SALE—10 or 12 barrels of corn. J. S. Colville. 11-6 2t

FOR SALE—Will sell privately five room house with necessary out buildings, containing about one acre of ground and located at Moorefield. Apply to Mrs. Alice Shrout, Carlisle, Ky.

FOR SALE—Second hand malleable range and large size Moore's air-tight heater, both in good condition. Apply to W. H. Frey. 10-16 tf.

FOR SALE CHEAP

Used lumber, boxing, sheeting and framing, suitable for corn cribs, garages and repairs. W. F. Clark.

English broadcloth shirts, collar attached. See them. S. T. Barlow.

APPLES

We will have a car load of nice Winesap apples on the track some time this week. Call No. 10 or 88. Ratliff Bros. Co. 1t

We have many articles that will make nice presents for Christmas Blankets for autos, gloves. Come in and look our stock over. Bostain & Curtis.

FOR RENT

WANTED

Wanted—Hickory nuts, large or small. S. T. Barlow.

WANTED—To exchange coal, flour, salt, lumber, roofing, cement, wire fence for good sound corn. Call phone 10. Ratliff Bros. Co. 1t

WANTED—To exchange coal, flour, salt, lumber, roofing, cement, wire fence for good sound corn. Call phone 10. Ratliff Bros. Co. 1t

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Parker fountain pen, red. Finder return to Mercury office and receive reward. 1t

LOST—Fountain pen, Waterman, red. Return to George Myers, or Mercury office, and receive reward. 1t*

STOLEN—The party who took the front side curtain off Roy Kingsolver's machine on court day was seen from an upstairs window. If you will return it at once, no arrest will be made. Roy Kingsolver, Carlisle, route 2. 1t

NOTICES

NOTICE

Farmers who were furnished with eggs for setting by us are notified that according to the contract payment in eggs or produce is now due us. You are urged to make settlement at once. Blue Grass Produce Co.

There [illegible] pie supper at the Ellisville [illegible] house Friday night, November 7, at 7:30. 1t

We have opened a filling station at our work [illegible] on Elm street, and are now prepared to sell you good gas and oil at a low price. Give us a call. Mann & Hunter. 11-6 2t

NOTICE

Farmers who were furnished with eggs for setting by us are notified that according to the contract payment in eggs or produce is now due us. You are urged to make settlement at once. Blue Grass Produce Co.

FREE—To the holder of the lucky ticket, a 42 piece set of china. Tickets given with each 25 cents purchased or paid on account. The Carlisle Drug Co. 11-6 1t

COMBINATION SALE

Saturday, November 15, 1924, at the stable of Jas. W. Myers, I will sell live stock of all kinds. Send in any kind of live stock, will have plenty of buyers. Freight leaves after sale. Jas. W. Myers, manager. 11-6 2t

Prather's Store is still on the move toward closing out. A new sewing machine and show cases for sale. Come and see. 11-6 2t*

Big 3 Overalls, none better, waist size 32 to 50. S. T. Barlow.

APPLES

We will have a car load of nice Winesap apples on the track some time this week. Call No. 10 or 88. Ratliff Bros. Co. 1t

We still have ranges and heaters, the best on the market. Call Bostain & Curtis.

PUBLIC AUCTION

Having decided to quit business, I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at my store at Miranda, beginning

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14

at 1 o'clock, and continuing every day until the entire stock is sold. Sale begins each day at 1 o'clock. 1t* CHAS. S. MANN

STOCKHOLDER'S NOTICE

A dividend at the rate of 7 per cent per annum on the par value of each share of the 7 per cent Junior Cumulative Preferred Stock of this Company for the period August 1, 1924 to November 1, 1924 has been declared payable on or before November 20, 1924 to 7 per cent Junior Preferred Stockholders of record at the close of business November 1, 1924. Kentucky Utilities Co., Inc., A. A. Tuttle, Secretary.

VIOLIN CONCERT

There will be a violin concert at the court house in Carlisle Saturday night, November 22, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. Don't miss it, as we expect to make this the best musical entertainment of the season. The Stone family, consisting of five members, Elzie Stone, Sidney Stone, James Stone, Howard Stone and Miss Mabel Stone, will be on the program. Also Mr. Dale and Mr. Wells, of Mt. Sterling.

These musicians are second to none. We will also have some good vocal music. Admission 25c and 35c. For further information, apply to O. W. Hamilton. 11-13 2t

My prices are right on all watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing. Bring me your work. Work guaranteed. J. A. Power, Jeweler, next to Post Office. tf

NEW GROCERY

I will open a grocery in the Huff building Saturday, November 15, and will appreciate your patronage. Some of my prices will be: beef, 5c to 20c lb.; pork, 10c, 15c and 20c lb.; sugar, 11 pounds for $1; bread, 2 loaves for 15c. All other groceries cheap. Will pay highest market prices for country produce, beef hides and rabbits. Phone 169. We deliver. LAWRENCE'S CASH GROCERY. 1t*

CARD OF THANKS—We wish to thank our many friends and relatives for their kindness and help shown us during the illness and death of our dear son and brother, Rolla C. Vice, who departed this life October 23. We wish to thank Dr. Holmes and Dr. Kash for their attention. Also Bro. Moore and Mr. Ewing for their consoling words. Sterling Vice and family. 1t*

REMEMBER

One dozen photographs will solve twelve of your Christmas gift problems. J. M. Turner, Paris, Ky. 11-13 3t

The ladies of the Moorefield Christian church will have a food sale of dressed hens, cakes, eggs, butter and cottage cheese at Sexton's grocery the day before Thanksgiving. For special orders, call Mrs. W. E. Judge. 11-13 2t*

The Ladies Aid of the Mt. Zion Christian church will hold a food sale at Sexton's grocery on Saturday, November 15. The ladies of Carlisle are requested to come and buy something good for their Sunday dinner. The sale will consist of dressed chickens, cakes, pies and other good things. 1t

POSTED

The farms of the undersigned are posted against hunting with dogs or guns. All hunters are warned to stay off our place. Violators will be prosecuted. Charles Linville. A. J. Barr. Rainey Smith.

Save your tickets from the Carlisle Drug Company. You may be awarded the 42 piece china dinner set as a prize. Prize given December 1. 11-6 1t

Good values in overcoats. S. T. Barlow.

If you want anything in silverware or jewelry, I will order it at a very small profit. Come to me next door to post office. J. A. Power, Jeweler.

APPLES

We will have a car load of nice Winesap apples on the track some time this week. Call No. 10 or 88. Ratliff Bros. Co. 1t

"DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED"

NETTLETON SHOES — STETSON HATS

THANKSGIVING DAY IS "DRESS-UP DAY"

Just two short weeks until "Thanksgiving Day". Have you made the selection of your new suit or overcoat?

We have a large stock of each and can show you the different patterns and models. Also the new things in shoes, shirts and what ever it takes to make your Thanksgiving outfit complete.

Come and inspect them, we are always glad to show their beauty.

The C. C. Cole Co.

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES — BRADLEY SWEATERS

Louisville & Nashville Railroad

CHANGE IN TIME

EFFECTIVE NOV. 16, 1924

Train No. 137 daily for Paris and Lexington will leave Carlisle 6:38 a. m. instead of 6:58 a. m. Train 138 daily for Maysville will leave Carlisle 10:07 a. m. instead of 10:57 a. m.

For further information, apply to local ticket agent L. & N. R. R.

"Majors & Minors"

The ideal and appealing feature about the NEUROCALOMETER is that after each reading of your spine you are adjusted where DEFINITE pressures exist.

A careful record is kept of each reading. Re-checking is done with the NEUROCALOMETER.

You are adjusted according to the readings and the re-checkings.

The NEUROCALOMETER FINDS THE ACTUAL PRESSURE PLACES THAT CAUSE YOUR DISEASED STATE.

This office is an approved accredited NEUROCALOMETER Chiropractic office.

W. G. COWAN
Over Kentucky Utilities Co.
CARLISLE, KY.
Phone 215

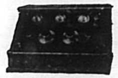
HARPER'S GARAGE

The Place to buy Ford Cars, Trucks and Tractors, Goodyear Tires.

The Best Radio Outfit on the market.

Automobile and Radio Supplies of All Kinds. One Second-hand Truck For Sale.

Kennedy Radio



The long winter nights are now here. It is wonderful to sit comfortably in your home and enjoy the finest musical programs with a KENNEDY RADIO.

The KENNEDY is made in three styles, Three Tube, Four Tube and Five Tube Sets. Each one is a Musical Instrument of the very highest type to be found in the world.

Call or write us for a free demonstration in your home.

J. H. TEMPLEMAN PIANO CO.

J. G. JAMES, Mgr.

Winesap Apples

We will have a car of fine Winesap Apples on our track on or about Monday, November 17.

Give us a call. Coal is advancing and we think it is now time to buy for the winter.

SALTS—Kanawha, Morton's and Ohio River.

LUMBER—For Stripping Rooms.

Other building materials.

Ratliff Bros. Co.

40 Year Farm Loans

Repayable at Anytime

Kentucky Joint Stock Land Bank

Ask I. B. ROSS, Carlisle

OPERATED UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

OVERCOATS

For Men, Young Men and Boys

In Fancy Plaids Loose-Fitting Backs $15.00 up

Gabardines in Plain and Belted Backs $20 $25 $30

Boys Overcoats in a full range of sizes $5.00 up

R. T. Kirkland & Co.

STOVES

The Most Complete and Up-To-Date Line in Nicholas County.

Come in and look them over and get our prices.

Wm. Howard & Son

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Bigger and Better Than Ever

A Feast of Good Things for 1925 of the Widest Variety and Highest Excellence.

8 SERIAL STORIES
50 SPECIAL ARTICLES
200 SHORT STORIES

START A YEAR TODAY

OFFER No. 1
1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues for 1925
2. All remaining 1924 issues
3. The 1925 Companion Home Calendar
All for $2.50

OFFER A
1. The Youth's Companion for 1925 ... $2.50
2. All Remaining 1924 Issues
3. The 1925 Companion Home Calendar
4. McCall's Magazine ... $1.00
All for $3.00

Check your choice and send this coupon with your remittance to the PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER, or to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Massachusetts

This National Advertising Is Being Done For Your Benefit

Inducing the right sort of people to move to the L. & N.-served South; pointing out attractions of the Southland to desirable citizens, rather than to those seeking the bonanza of quick profits and temporary residence—this has been the work of the L. & N. Railroad ever since it became one of the great trunk lines of the Nation.

Advertisements of the type shown here are running continuously in the great farm magazines which circulate in the North, Northwest and East. They point out to the intelligent class of farmers the greater opportunities which prevail in the South, where weather, labor, and living conditions excel those of colder and more densely-populated sections.

These advertisements supplement the work of the Industrial and Immigration Department of the L & N, and the results of this combined effort are apparent in every section of the South.

PLEASE LIST YOUR PROPERTY AS OF JULY, THE 1st., OCT. IS THE LAST MONTH IN WHICH TO LIST.

J. Will Martin,
Tax Commissioner

C. U. Bramblett

Real Estate and All Kinds of Insurance

Surety Bonds — Agent For Fisk Tires

Office First Nat. Bank — Telephone 225

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

III

Glittering like dragon-flies, several machines hummed and buzzed near the airdrome, some rising on trial trips, others soaring far overhead, a few "looping" or diving down in spirals, as though intoxicated with the exhilaration of the summer morning.

A small crowd of people, including reporters and photographers, stood near the monster which loomed up stationary after a final trial flight. The sunlight flashed upon the four propellers and the engines, now so placid and silent.

Barbara, clad in the beaver-lined flying cap and leather coat which Hugh had given her, stood close beside him,

Barbara . . . Stood Close Beside Him, Watching . . . Nervously.

watching the giant plane and its attendants somewhat nervously. It was, after all, a big adventure to embark upon. . . Hugh was very dear. . . .

Mrs. Field had bidden Barbara farewell some days ago, and had gone to the famine area of Central Europe on an organization campaign. Noticing the wistfulness of the girl's face, something had compelled her to turn back and kiss her again, when they parted.

"You don't regret going, Bab, dear?" she had asked.

Barbara shook her head vigorously. "No! I feel a little depressed over leaving Hugh; that's all. It seems as though something—I don't know what—were ending. I suppose that's natural upon going away for the first time? Is it?" she added anxiously.

Mrs. Field knew when to keep her thoughts to herself.

"Quite natural," she replied cheerfully. "And—Bab," she went on, hesitating a little, "if you need Alan's friendship for any reason, I think you would find it worth having."

"Oh," the girl said hastily. "I don't think he—we—I shall never quite understand him."

Feeling that to be likely, Mrs. Field said no more. She had sown the seed, if ever it were needed. . . .

Then the last night at home— She had looked around her familiar little room with mixed feelings. When next she slept here, what would she have learned of the things beyond that lifelong barrier of hills visible from her window?

With a warm rush of tenderness, she remembered that, upon her return, her new life as Hugh's wife would begin. Taking the large photograph of him from the wall, she placed it carefully within her packed trunk.

* * * * * * *

And now the moment of departure had come. Croft appeared, looking big and alert in his flying kit, with an air of confidence about him which communicated itself, in some subtle way, to Barbara. Having been detained over a matter of form in the office, he hurried their start.

Hugh followed Barbara into the cabin, where she turned and clung to him. He drew her into his arms and kissed her with more passion than usual.

"We shall be married directly you return, Bab, darling," he said huskily, feeling a suspicious lump in his throat. "I—I'll meet you, when you come back. It won't be long."

Hugh knew that his Barbara's warm-hearted impulses occasionally resulted in moments of embarrassment. Gently loosening the clinging arms, he bade Aunt Dolly farewell. Then he turned to the cabin door, hesitated, came back, kissed Barbara's wet cheeks passionately again, and ran down the steps.

Croft leaned down and waved farewell; then he gave the signal. Slowly, the machine glided away.

But with quick transition, the movement merged into the swift run of a bird seeking cover. Faster and yet faster, it became a wild roaring race across the grass, which soon the little wheels failed to touch, as, at an incredibly short distance, the airplane rose lightly from the ground.

Thrice she circled, high above the heads of those who watched. Then, sure of her capabilities, she turned, with a final upward curve, and settled down to her work.

* * * * * * *

The days wore on to weeks, full of the important trifles that constitute daily country life. For a time Darbury felt a little flat, lacking in sensation. There seemed to be a dearth of subjects for conversation; and when a community has nothing to talk about, it is in a bad way.

Letters from Barbara were frequent and full of enthusiasm. Croft was evidently fulfilling the part allotted to him to the letter, during the calls at each sight-seeing place; and Hugh felt grateful.

When letters became more infrequent, owing to distance, wireless messages stated that all was well. . . .

With delightful suddenness a fresh thrill was provided for Darbury by Jenny Grant, a village girl. She had, it was rumored, "got into trouble" with a sailor who had recently been on leave in the neighborhood. Mrs. Stockley, with commendable charity, placed a large part of the blame on the girl's mother. The mother had seceded from the church; therefore, of course, she was no favorite with the bishop's descendant. . . .

There is, proverbially, a lull before a storm. Darbury, during those peaceful days of late summer, had no intuition of the most terrible thrill of all, in these days of thrills.

Hugh, especially, was of too bright and wholesome a nature to have misgivings, when the sun shone and all seemed well.

Returning one day with a friend from a morning's cubbing, it was therefore with no sense of impending disaster that he reined up at Lake Cottage and proposed calling. A small group of people, talking together near the main road, turned and cast wondering looks in his direction.

It was one of those glorious mornings at the end of September in which late summer and early autumn intermingle. Hugh glanced round with a pleased sense of appreciation.

Then he rang the bell.

The face of old Martha, who opened the door, was red and swollen with weeping. Her limbs trembled, as if from sudden shock.

For a moment she gazed at him blankly, half in astonishment, half in fear; then, without a word, she burst into hysterical sobs and turned back into the house.

The color ebbed a little from Hugh's face. He looked at his friend in vague apprehension, and they silently followed the woman into the drawing room. Instead of being bright and fragrant with the flowers Barbara loved about her, it seemed strangely cold, gloomy and deserted.

A chill fell on Hugh.

"Where is Mrs. Stockley?" he asked uneasily.

"Upstairs," sobbed Martha. She walked to the little bureau and picked up a telegram. Turning slowly, she half held it toward him, and the flimsy paper trembled violently in her hands.

Hugh took the telegram slowly from the woman. For a moment he looked uncertainly at her frightened face, then round the familiar room, as if dreading to read it. . . . At last, with an obvious effort, he raised the sheet, and turned away. . . .

The telegram fluttered, unheeded, to the floor; and Hugh raised shaking hands to his head, in a vague uncertain manner. He turned slowly, his face ashen, haggard and old all at once. His lips moved a little, but no sound came; he looked at his friend with the bewildered eye of a dumb animal awakening to some terrible pain of which, as yet, it is not wholly conscious.

Tom Westwoods picked up the telegram.

It was from the London agents of Croft's firm. He read the few bald sentences so fraught with tragic meaning. The airplane, it stated, in characteristically crude words, was missing. The lifeless body of the mechanic had been found in the water, where, it was feared, the rest had perished. Search was in progress, but with small hope of success. A typhoon had swept across the seas verging upon the Philippine islands. One wireless message of distress had come from the machine.

Then silence fell.

PART TWO

The Rising Orchestra

I

Dawn broke at last, the first dull lines of gray merging into a myriad pearly tints. Birds awoke in the forest; rustled amid the leaves; shook their wings; then flew forth to hunt for breakfast; their brilliant plumage reflected the sun's rays in a thousand bright hues as they flashed from beneath the shadowy trees.

Upon the sloping shore of a tiny cove, the waters of the lagoon lapped in a gentle, rippling murmur. Farther away, the surf of the open sea boomed like distant thunder against the barrier reef; waves swirled angrily through the gap which formed an inlet.

Partly telescoped upon a jagged promontory, jutting inland from the entrance, rising and falling helplessly at the mercy of the tide foaming through, loomed a mass of something dark. It looked strange, shapeless, forlornly tragic, as if flung down by a ruthless hand and forgotten.

Upon the ground of the opposite cove, near a heap of wet coats, little rivulets trickling from her drenched garments, lay the inert form of a girl. A man, likewise sodden from head to foot, knelt beside her, anxiously forcing brandy between her pale lips from a small pocket-flask. Presently he paused, a sudden dread in his heart, and with his head close to her wet blouse, listened. . . . Then, with renewed energy, he set vigorously to work again.

At last she gave a little quivering sigh. Her hands moved gropingly. Soon, with another, longer sigh, she opened her eyes and gazed blankly, as one newly awakened from a troubled dream, into his face. Raising a hand to her head, the vacant gaze changed to one of feeble wonder.

"Why, are you—hurt?" she half whispered.

Until then he had not recognized that the stream trickling down his face was blood. With his fingers he traced what was apparently a long jagged cut stretching from his temple to the left ear: it smarted when touched. Taking the wet handkerchief from his pocket he sat back and dabbed at it with the clumsy movements of a man unused to troubling over personal injuries. His look was still fixed upon the girl's face.

As she gazed round the unfamiliar scene, an expression of bewilderment crept into her eyes. Remembrance slowly returning, this merged into concern, then fear. . . . Quickly it grew to terror. . . . Sitting upright, she turned wildly to the man at her side.

"Where are we? Where are we?"

"We crashed on that reef," he replied quietly. "The last engine gave out—"

"But—how—did we get here?"

"I found you in the water, and swam in."

Fearfully she looked toward the dark mass, as if measuring mentally the distance from shore, scarcely understanding the full meaning of this feat. Then she looked about her as if seeking somebody . . . . finally turned to him, mutely asking the question her troubling lips dared not frame.

He laid a hand upon her shoulder, instinctively fortifying her for the complete realization of the dread that was dawning in her brain.

She caught his arm in a feverish grip, her eyes wild. "Captain Croft—tell me! The others? . . . Where is Aunt Dolly?"

A look, so full of anguish that it seemed as though the soul behind were in the tortures of hell, was her only answer.

She gazed, awestruck, for a breathless moment, at his haggard eyes and drawn blood-stained face, at the features usually so cloaked with reserve now betraying unbearable agony; then, with a hoarse moaning cry, she collapsed in an abandonment of horror at his feet. . . .

Presently Croft raised his head, and stood up. He gave one long look seaward, to the grave of such unlimited pride and hope; to where, also, those who had risked their lives with him now lay hidden beneath the smiling blue. With a long sigh, he turned away, setting his teeth and squaring his shoulders . . . then looked at the figure lying face downward at his feet.

Dropping on his knees, he gently raised her, so that she leaned against him.

"Come!" he urged, with forced brightness. "We must buck up, you know, and see what can be done."

"Tell me—first—what happened," she besought. "It seems like a—a hideous nightmare—" Shuddering violently, she hid her face again.

"We had some engine trouble soon after leaving the Philippines, as you know, which obliged us to return there to land," he replied. "We got caught in the center of a typhoon near the coast, and were driven completely out of our course—"

"It was awful—awful! That terrible, deafening roar!" She began again to tremble violently.

"We were hurled into an air-pocket which caused us to drop nearly a thousand feet," he continued hurriedly. "That put two more engines out of action and injured the fourth. Only a miracle prevented our being dashed straight into the sea. After a bit I saw land here, and hoped to reach it in time; but she crashed too soon—" He stopped, perceiving the state of her shattered nerves. Standing up, he raised her with him; and she clung convulsively to his arm, every limb shaking as if with ague.

Unclasping her hands, he drew her arm through his, turning their steps inland; his own feelings being almost beyond his usual iron control, he spoke roughly:

"For heaven's sake, don't talk or think about it all, just now! We shall go raving mad if we do!"

The words and tone acted as a tonic. Something of her first feeling of inferiority in his presence returned, causing her to struggle fiercely against the weakness that threatened to overcome her.

"There's generally an opening in a brier reef opposite a fresh-water river," Croft observed.

"Why?" she inquired, without any interest. To talk of anything, however, was better than the silence which encouraged thought.

"It's supposed that the sediment it contains injures the reef-building polypes, preventing their working opposite. The polypes can't live and work below a certain depth—about twenty fathoms or so. Awfully interesting, coral! Don't you think so?"

She confessed entire ignorance on the subject. This little digression, however, had served its purpose for them both. Drawing her arm free, she proposed bathing their faces in the cool stream. Revived by this, she became aware of their bedraggled state, of the discomfort of wet clinging garments, and of Croft's ineffectual efforts to staunch the wound on his head.

"Let Me Do That; Shall I?"

Shyly she went to him where he knelt upon the bank.

"Let me do that. Shall I?" she asked.

"Don't you mind blood?"

"Of course not!" she answered indignantly.

He handed her the blood-stained wet handkerchief without a word, inclining his head toward her. In a few minutes he rose to his feet, all traces of blood washed away, his head bandaged adroitly with her own handkerchief twisted in his.

"I'm going up that hill, to view the land," he said, with abrupt decision, proceeding toward it as if oblivious of her presence.

"I'm coming too!" she exclaimed, hastening after him. "I'm not going to be left alone down here! There may be alligators and things!"

He gave an indifferent smile. "Come along, then; I'll help you up."

"Oh, no, thanks! I can manage quite well," she replied rather coldly, nettled by his tone and manner.

He said no more, but began to climb the rugged rock-strewn hillside with the agility of a mountain goat.

Barbara struggled after him, slipping, bruising herself, panting for breath. The shock had left her weak and unnerved. She sank upon the ground, drawing hard sobbing breaths. Croft, without a backward glance, was disappearing among the larger boulders at the summit. Fearful of being left, she rose again and scrambled on. Her aching head throbbed wildly now; sudden dizziness caused everything to swim around her. . . . Stumbling over a half-concealed rock, she fell prone upon the ground. . . . There she lay, conscious of a terrible silence. No other sentient being seemed to move within a world so full of awful loneliness that it appalled her; it was almost tangible. A great wave of fear, grief, loss, homesickness, wild—almost childlike—longing for Hugh, swept her away. For the first time since the horror began, she found relief in tears. She lay there alone, sobbing weakly. . . .

From the top of the hill Croft scanned what was visible of the land along the north, east and west coasts. This was, he concluded, an island of volcanic origin, with the exceptionally high reef more or less surrounding it, sometimes at a considerable distance from, and sometimes fairly near, the shore. He surveyed the view critically, a purpose forming in his mind.

The gradient inland culminated in a short, fairly steep rise to a grove of cocoa palms, near which a clearing was visible, covered with little groups of something—possibly caves or rocks. Nowhere did there appear to be sign of human life.

It would be easy, he saw, to reach those possible caves by following the neck of high ground running inland from the top of his hill. Turning seaward, he shaded his eyes with his hands and scanned the horizon.

No indication of life was visible. No smoke, no mast, no sail.

He swept the small island with another keen critical glance. From his knowledge of the South Pacific—in which ocean, somewhere, this island must lie—he guessed it to be of little or no use for trade, either in copra or other exports, in spite of its patches of luxuriant verdure. Therefore, probably, it was never visited by the outside world! Unless there were habitations in the south, it was conceivably uninhabited—possibly unknown.

For some moments he stood motionless, facing these probabilities. Then, with a grim face, he turned in search of his companion.

Barbara, her head buried in her arms, did not hear his approach. It was with a start of surprise that she found herself suddenly lifted bodily, as if she were but a featherweight. Feeling again very small and ashamed, she would have struggled free, but his grip tightened.

"Keep still! It's a rough climb." He spoke abruptly, ever his way in moments of stress. The tears of weakness rose again in her eyes. She closed them, but too late to hide what she felt he would despise. She turned her face away into his wet shoulder; and he strode along in silence.

Stray rocks lay about the ridge; small shrubs, interspersed with ferns and club mosses, made progress difficult; but he never paused until they were among the tall trees of the palm grove. Then he set the girl upon her feet.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Listen!" he commanded, without answering her question.

From near at hand came the noise of rushing water. He turned farther inland, amid tall avenues of bamboo, toward the sound, Barbara closely following. Presently a pleased exclamation escaped his lips, and he halted.

From the high ground the river tumbled down, a sheer waterfall of dancing crystals splashing from great boulders high up among the forest trees to smaller ones on the lower level; thence hurrying and gurgling over little rocks, which encircled small pools of translucent green, into a clear, softly flowing stream some six feet deep. This after a time spread out and grew shallow, finally disappearing between rustling walls of bamboo canes toward the cove where it joined the lagoon. From the nature of this deeper stretch of water and the comparative clearing of undergrowth on the banks, Croft judged it to be partly the work of man's hand, not entirely the result of nature. But he forebore to suggest this to the girl.

Croft led the way back to the grove, then on to the clearing beyond.

Suddenly Barbara stood still, with a little cry.

"What's that?"

He stopped, looking aside in the direction indicated. Stooping swiftly, he lifted a queer bleached object and examined it closely. She drew near, glancing curiously at the hideous thing.

"It's a skull! Isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "and—of the negroid type!"

She looked up, startled. Until then it had not occurred to her to wonder concerning the island. The past with its tragedy had expunged all else from her mind.

He continued to examine the skull, with puzzled brows.

"There are some curious holes which I cannot understand," he said. "They might have been caused by bullets. But it is doubtful if natives would possess bullets here."

"Do you think there are any here now—any natives?"

He met the eyes raised in trepidation to his own. "I can't tell, yet. But they are friendly enough to white people." Throwing away the skull, he went on toward the open space.

The apparent caves proved to be moss-covered ruins of bamboo huts. Many had fallen into rough heaps upon the ground; of others, bits of all remained standing, guarding like sentinels the broken portions resting wearily against their base. Lying about, half-hidden in undergrowth, were oddly shaped household utensils made of wood or rough kind of pottery; also large shells, rude cups fashioned from cocoanut shell, broken spears.

The scene was desolate, giving the impression of Death, of the relentless hand of Time sweeping away to extinction what once had seemed strong and full of life.

"It's quite possible," he said, "that the whole colony which lived here has died out. Populations dwindle very much in the Pacific islands."

She gave a little shudder.

"It's horrible here—I don't know why! Let's go down to the shore. There seems to be a hut standing down there." She pointed toward a small, sheltered structure half-way down the lower slope, sheltered beneath the hill which they had climbed. Croft hurried in its direction.

It consisted of one small room. The bamboo walls were intact, but the thatch forming the roof showed large rents; on the ground within, amid musty, dead leaves, were scattered utensils similar to those which they had already seen.

Croft glanced round critically, then at the girl, who had followed him; then out through the opening seaward.

"We can make this sufficiently habitable to carry on with," he observed.

His words went out into silence. They brought instantly a vivid realization of the immediate present to her mind, followed quickly by thoughts of the future. A new fear shot up, clutching her heart with a horrible, clammy hand. She looked with sudden dread at her companion's profile; and something about his tense lips seemed to confirm the awful foreboding. The faint color revived in her cheeks by exercise ebbed away, leaving her white. She clenched her teeth and her hands; then, with an effort, put her dread to the test.

"We—shall soon be rescued? Ships are certain to—call here? It will only mean a few hours—or days?"

The moment which Croft had dreaded, yet known to be inevitable, was at hand; and he felt the utter inadequacy of his sex in dealing with delicate situations.

From his prolonged silence Barbara guessed the truth of his convictions; words were unnecessary. She clasped her hands in agony, uttering a little moaning cry like some dumb animal receiving its death-wound.

Croft turned quickly. He looked down at the quivering, girlish form, meeting the frightened eyes turned to him, trusting in his judgment and resource. And all at once he realized that, in this ghastly predicament, her very life lay in his hands. He leaned forward and took her clasped hands in both of his.

"Don't give up hope," he said earnestly. "It's very doubtful if ships call; but they may pass this way. We will do all we can."

She clung to his hands, breathing hard, seeming to find the old magnetism of his personality draw her up, deriving mental as well as physical support from his grip. Her eyes fixed upon his, as if searching for help. . . .

Suddenly, like a plucky ray of sunshine in a stormy sky, a faint smile flitted tremulously across her pale lips.

"We must—as you said—buck up," she whispered, the trembling words scarcely audible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Don't put off listing your property. Please list this month. J. Will Martin, Tax Commissioner. tf

YOU [illegible]

We [illegible] women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

For Your Convenience

Threlkeld Bros.
West Water St. Flemingsburg, Ky.

Gentlemen: I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say $1.00 an hour, for my work. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it.

Name ______
Street or R. R. ______
City ______ State ______
11-6 2t

GLADIOLUS BULBS

I am crowded for storage space and must sell several thousand bulbs before December 1st. These are California Giants in a lovely mixture. I guarantee that you can buy no prettier mixture any where, at any price.

In August I cut four boquets from this mixture, entered them at the Montgomery County Fair, and took four ribbons.

75c per doz., $2.50 per 50, $4.50 per 100. Post paid anywhere. Liberal count given.

Mrs. J. C. VanArsdell,
Sharpsburg, Ky.
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NOTICE

WANTED—A reliable man to sell Whitmer's complete line Home Remedies, Extracts, Soaps, Spices, Toilet Articles, etc., in Nicholas County. Good profits. Car or team needed. No experience necessary. We teach you. Write us today.

The H. C. Whitmer Company,
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Farmers who were furnished with eggs for setting by us are notified that according to the contract payment in eggs or produce is now due us. You are urged to make settlement at once. Blue Grass Produce Co.

Lake Superior Largest.

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. It has an area of 31,200 square miles. The Caspian sea is sometimes classed as a lake. In this case, it would be the largest in the world, having an area of 169,765 square miles.

The following is the first of a series of 9 lessons on "The Proper Use of Light." Don't fail to read each lesson, as they are highly instructive.

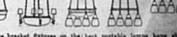
LESSON NO. 5

LIGHTING THE LIVING ROOM

The living room is usually not only the largest room in the house, but it is also the room that is most used. In most homes it serves as the sitting room, the parlor, the library and the music room.

Because we do so many different things in this room, we need lighting that can be changed and varied to suit our purpose. For example, if we wish to entertain our friends by dancing or playing cards, we should be able to flood the whole room with plenty of soft, cheerful light; if we wish to read or sew, we should be able to have the light come over our shoulder from behind a favorite chair; if we wish to play the piano and sing, we should have the music well lighted. At all times the lighting effect should be pleasant and attractive.

To get these effects, we need three different kinds of lighting equipment in the room. First we have a fixture hung from the ceiling with which we can flood the room with light; then we have table lamps and floor lamps which are portable and can be moved about as furniture is rearranged, to give a good reading light. Finally, we may have bracket fixtures on the walls, which give us charming spots of colored light—never too bright and only used to add attractive decoration to our other lighting.



"Bulbs" are known by the amount of electricity it takes to light them. The unit by which they are classified is the "Watt," and bills for electric lighting current are rendered in terms of a "kilowatt-hour," which is one thousand watts for one hour, or one hundred watts for ten hours.

The total watts needed in any room depends upon the size of the room, the kind of fixtures used, the color of the decorations and the lighting effect wanted. In most rooms good lighting may require as little as one or as much as five watts of bulbs for each square foot of floor area in the room.

Here are the things to think about when we want to be sure we have good lighting in the living room. 1. Do we have plenty of light where we need it? 2. Are all the bulbs well shaded so that we do not have any glare? 3. Does the lighting equipment look well in the room, and does it fit both lighted and unlighted with the furniture and woodwork?

THE CEILING FIXTURE

Unless the living room is very large only one fixture is needed on the ceiling. However, if the room is long and narrow—perhaps twice as long as it is wide, two ceiling fixtures should be used.

There are several kinds of fixtures which will provide good lighting in the living room. Some of these are shown in the Home Lighting Primer on page 23. Some are shown in the next picture.

The bulbs in these fixtures vary in number, but the total watts necessary for good lighting is from 100 to 250 watts.

The shades may be of glass, silk or parchment. They should completely hide the bulb and should be dense enough so that the whole surface of the shade is evenly lighted. A bright spot in the center of the shade means that the shade is not dense enough, and that some glare is present.

The use of all frosted bulbs will often do away with shadows of chains which would otherwise be cast on the ceiling.

PORTABLE LAMPS

Portable lamps include floor lamps, table lamps and small pedestal lamps, candlesticks, torcheres, etc., for mantel and bookcase. The best portable lamps have shades which are deep enough to hide the bulbs and dense enough to prevent glare. Some are built to send more light up toward the ceiling as well as down toward the table or floor. These use large bulbs and are designed to provide general lighting by reflection from the ceiling as well as local lighting. Portable lamps from which more is required than merely decoration will need bulbs which have a total of 50 to 100 watts or more; in the interests of economy, those which are merely a decoration do not need more than a 25-watt bulb. Duplex outlets in the baseboard permit the greatest convenience and use of portable lamps for lighting.

WALL BRACKETS

Sometimes people try to provide general lighting for the entire room with wall brackets. Except under unusual circumstances, this leads to one result—the use of large bulbs whose brightness is annoying [illegible]