POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR JAILER

We are authorized to announce H. CLAY HERRIN as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary, August 1, 1925.

We are authorized to announce W. S. OWINGS as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county subject to the action of Democratic party, at the August Primary.

We are authorized to announce J. T. RANKIN as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary, August 1, 1925.

We are authorized to announce NEWTON ("POLLY") BROTHERS as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary, August 1, 1925.

We are authorized to announce RUSSELL LAWRENCE as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the August primary.

We are authorized to announce RUSIA G. GAUNCE as a candidate for Jailer of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary, August 1, 1925.

FOR COUNTY CLERK

We are authorized to announce H. STANLEY BLAKE as a candidate for County Clerk of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the August primary.

HOG JAW

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Hollar are on the sick list.

Ray Ritchie, whose leg was amputated on January 17, is getting along nicely. Miss Nellie Baugus is nursing him.

MT. ZION

Mr. and Mrs. Forde Vice spent Sunday with George Buzzard and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Lyons and son, Owen, visited Mrs. Blanche Vice and family Sunday.

Mr. Whitt Downing spent Sunday with Mrs. J. P. Ballinger, of Bethel.

Miss Pauline Peck spent Sunday with Austin Peck of Fleming.

Mr. Banks Vice visited Sam Moran and family Sunday.

HEADQUARTERS

Miss Princess Gaffin, who ran a nail in her foot recently, is able to attend school.

Ray Gaunce and family spent Sunday with Leonard Wood and family.

Jesse Feeback, of Bourbon, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Feeback.

Strawder Smith and wife spent Sunday with Ross Morris and family.

Dave King has rented a farm near Colville and will move March 1.

SUMMITT STATION

Mrs. Daisy Ockerman and Mrs. Mollie Bishop spent Sunday with Joe Mattox and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Snapp spent Saturday night and Sunday with Everett Snapp and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Earlywine visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mattox, Saturday.

Misses Edna Snapp and Ethel Mattox spent Saturday with Miss Hester Smith at Headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Heflin spent Saturday night and Sunday with Coley Richie and family.

Ms. Dora Snapp visited Mrs. Nellie Howard at Stony Creek from Saturday until Monday.

MILLTOWN

Mr. Ernest Robinson and family spent Sunday with Ernest Vice and family.

Mr. Elgie Clark and wife spent Saturday night and Sunday at Milltown.

Mr. Wilmore Barbee and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with his brother at Moorefield.

Miss Minnie Crump entertained the following at dinner Sunday in honor of her 21st birthday: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Francis, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Neal and Mrs. Mary Wilson.

Mrs. Omar Jolly spent Monday with Mrs. Ed Cray.

Your presence is requested at Mt. Zion next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock to help with the Bible school at that place.

EAST UNION

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Sexton and little son, Charles, of Carlisle, visited Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Trimble Sunday.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Russell Kokendoffer, on January 16th, an eight pound daughter, Irene Elizabeth. Mrs. Kokendoffer was before her marriage, Miss Sallye Ralls.

Miss Olive Atchison, of Paris, is visiting her brother, Elmer Atchison and family.

Mrs. Charlie L. Guthrie, who was operated on at the St. Joseph hospital in Lexington last Saturday, is improving nicely.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Atchison, on January 16th, a daughter, Minnie Elwood.

Misses Clarine Stephenson and Mattie Kokendoffer spent Sunday with Misses Maggie F. and Eugenia Toy.

OAKLAND MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hollar and daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. Harve Wagoner and family Sunday.

Quarterly conference will be held at Oakland Mills church on February 12 and 13.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday night at 6:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 o'clock.

CASSIDY

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gray had as their guests Friday: Mrs. J. W. Tedder, Mrs. Leslie Shannon and son, Mrs. John Duchanan, Mrs. A. E. Stephenson, Mrs. Willie Rose and Mrs. Alton Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Shannon spent the past week with friends and relatives here.

Miss Lena Barton spent Friday with Hattie McClanahan.

Mrs. Alton Rose spent one day the past week with Mrs. Leonard Cassity.

SUGAR CREEK

Mrs. H. Laughlin was vistor in Carlisle this week.

Miss Marguerite Hamm is visiting Miss Georgie B. Campbell.

Mrs. James Richie spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Fryman.

Mr. Grover Sears and son, Albert, and Mr. Johnson were the guests of J. L. Logan and family Sunday.

Mrs. Bill Barbee and daughter, Ruth, and Mrs. Herman Abnee visited Rile Fryman and wife Sunday.

BLUE LICKS

Miss Cecil Hughes, of Carlisle, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Selby spent from Thursday until Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barnett.

Mrs. Chas. Cole spent from Friday until Sunday with relatives at Maysville.

Miss Aliene Hughes has returned home after spending a few weeks with Mrs. Martha Kenton.

Miss Eula Kate Purcell, of Snow Hill, is spending a few days with Miss Alma Barnett.

Ella Mae and Elmo Kenton spent Sunday with their grandmother, Mrs. Martha Kenton.

Dessie Ham spent Sunday with Georgie B. Campbell.

BARTERVILLE

Mrs. Ermine Ritchie and Mrs. Hicel Asbury visited Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Barnett one day the past week.

Mrs. John Morris and Miss Jean Kelley visited Mrs. Lee Morris one day the past week.

Mrs. Sarah Barnett visited Mrs. Aaron Green Friday.

Everett and Ermine Green spent Sunday with their uncle, Jesse R. Morris, whose little son, William, is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. John Morris visited his brother, Mr. David Morris, who is very ill Sunday.

Topey Bowe is very ill.

Mrs. Holt Shaw visited Mr. and Mrs. David Morris Sunday.

CANE RUN

Mrs. Gilbert Grey spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. H. M. Griffin.

Mrs. Harry Burke spent the week end with her son, Mr. Herman Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Davis visited relatives at Myers Station Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Davis and daughter, Marguerite, visited Mrs. Taylor Arnold Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clinkenbeard and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Mont Ewell.

Mr. Allen Bromagen spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harve Vice.

Mr. Sterling Vice and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Vice.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Bramblett have moved into the house with Mr. John Deatley.

Some of the farmers of this community are through stripping their tobacco, while others have never started stripping.

Those on the sick list are: Mr. Ben Hardwick, Rushia Smoot and Kash Clark.

SPROUT

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McCabe had as their guests Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Judge, of near Moorefield.

Taylor Ring and family visited Taylor Arnold and family Saturday night and Sunday.

Clarence Mallory, of Connersville, Ind., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Van Thornburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Crowe were visitors at Sideview, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ring spent Monday with Taylor Ring.

Mr. Andrew Fuller, of Connersville, Ind., spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. Van Thornburg and family.

Tom Ring and wife were the guests of J. T. Ring Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dello Perry spent Saturday night and Sunday with Cye Perry and family.

Erton Jacobs was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jacobs Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gray spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ring.

Mr. Bascom Jacobs spent Sunday with Mr. J. J. Jacobs.

Several from around here attended the party Saturday night at Mr. Bob Colliver's and had a nice time.

Several around here are finishing up stripping tobacco.

STONY CREEK

There will be preaching at the Stony Creek church Saturday night and Sunday morning by Rev. S. B. McGuise. Sunday school at 9:30.

BUCKTOWN

Mr. George Woods entertained a number of young folks Friday night with a dance.

Several from here attended the burial of Mr. Absalom Ockerman at Sharpsburg.

Mrs. Philip Cundiff and daughter spent Friday with her mother, Mrs. Minnie Dalzell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Waugh and Mrs. Ed George spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Waugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Henderson spent the week end in Millersburg.

LICKING

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Linville and daughter, Mildred, and Mrs. Wm. H. McCarty were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Feeback, of Barterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Purcell, of Ewing, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McLean Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hildreth and Miss Elizabeth Berry, of Helena, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Hildreth.

Mr. Wm. Purcell and family visited relatives at Paris Sunday.

Mr. H. B. Boggess and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Boggess and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Stockdale who have been on the sick list is reported better.

MYERS

Mrs. Lizzie Roberts spent Thursday with Mrs. Pearlie Conyers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil McCann have returned home after a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Cameron.

Mrs. Ollie Finch spent one day the past week with Mrs. Stella Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Cameron had as their guests Wednesday: Mrs. Minerva Durrum and daughter, Sophia, Mrs. Myrtle Berry and son, Mrs. Ernest Cameron and daughter, Helen, Mrs. Cecil McCann and Dr. Durrum.

Mrs. A. E. Stephenson and son, Stanley, and Mrs. Chester Stephenson and little daughter, Pauline, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitzpatrick and family.

ELLISVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. George Scott and son, Leslie, of Maysville, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Igg.

Mr. D. E. Wells and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Kenton.

Mr. Malcolm Thomas and family have moved to his farm near Crayton.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. Coleman Hamm and Mrs. Hargis McClanahan.

Mrs. Walter Hunter and daughters spent Sunday with Mr. Butler McClanahan and family.

Mrs. John Coontz and Mrs. Allen Clark and son, of Paris, spent one day the past week with Mr. and Mrs. George Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone Parsons have moved to this community and taken rooms with Mrs. Brady.

MORNING GLORY

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Kendall and son, Ted, of Saltwell, spent Sunday with W. L. Collins and wife.

Mr. Clarence Rankin, of Shady Nook, spent the week end with his wife at the home of her mother, Mrs. Carrie Riley.

Mr. Clyde Riley, of Mt. Sterling, arrived Saturday for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones and children, of Saltwell, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kenney.

The sick, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Philips, are getting along nicely.

Our P. T. A. met Friday afternoon and several new members were enrolled. "A report from one of the teachers informs us we have the largest membership of any in the county. Much interest is being taken by parents, pupils and teachers.

Mr. N. M. Thompson, of Moorefield, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Forest Thompson.

BAREFOOT

Mrs. Annie Burden, Mrs. Nancy Brunker and son and J. W. Sidles were the guests of Mrs. W. E. Morris one day the past week.

Mr. Floyd Platt and family, of near Republican, were the Sunday guests of Mr. L. D. Wagoner.

Mr. Howard Sidles is very ill, threatened with pneumonia.

Mr. Lovell Sosby has a broken arm, caused from cranking his Ford.

Orvil Fuller was the guest of Willie Coy and family one day the past week.

Mrs. Alice Coy was the Sunday guest of Mrs. Tom Small.

Congratulations to Mr. Bruce Ritchey and Mrs. Ida Whirles, who were married last week.

Miss Ruth White, of near Republican, was the guest of Miss Ruby Henry a few days the past week.

Miss Daisy Bell Livengood was the guest of Mrs. Pearlie Morris one day the past week.

Mr. Willie Coy and son, Raymond, were the Sunday guests of Mr. Robert Sidles.

Several of the farmers have delivered their tobacco to the association and are pleased with the price.

Mr. Ora Feeback and family, of Paris, were the Sunday guests of Mrs. Ann Burden.

SPECIAL

Beginning January 29th and ending February 4th, we will make Drastic Reduction on all Sweaters and Knit Vests.

$10.00 now	$7.95	$4.00 now	$2.95
8.50 "	6.45	3.50 "	2.65
5.00 "	3.95	3.00 "	2.35
		2.00 "	1.65

These prices are for cash only and for one week.

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

THE C. C. COLE CO.

The Home of Better Clothes

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE

Old newspapers for sale at this office at 10 cents per bundle.

FOR SALE—Good second-hand bicycle, Indian, for sale cheap. Apply to this office. tf

Duchess Trousers, Men's and Boys. 10c a button, $1 a rip, at Sexton's

The Davenport we show you at $35 is similar to those priced you elsewhere at $45 to $50. S. T. Barlow.

WIRE FENCE

Parties wanting wire fence should see Bostain & Curtis

FOR SALE—I have a team of mares, 9 and 13 years old, sound and extra good workers. Either one will drive. Will sell privately. Also 1 Champion Randall harrow and 1 2-horse sled. Apply to Herman Cannon, on L. B. Barton's farm, Carlisle, Ky., Route 3. 1-29 2t*

Watch for the clock to stop. It is now running in our window. Sexton's

FOR SALE PRIVATELY—House and lot at Headquarters, Ky. known as the Otho Jones property. Apply to Mrs. O. W. Sparks, Carlisle, Ky., route 5. 1-22 2t*

The Kitchen-Cabinet we price you at $25 is good as many priced you at $35. S. T. Barlow.

HEATERS, RANGES

Plenty of Heaters and Ranges, at Bostain & Curtis

Old newspapers for sale at this office at 10 cents per bundle.

CLUBBING OFFERS

Mercury and Lexington Herald, daily without Sunday	$7.50
Mercury and Cincinnati Post	$4.75
Mercury and Times-Star	$4.75
Mercury and Louisville Times	$6.25
Mercury and Courier-Journal	$6.25
Mercury and Louisville Post	$6.25
Mercury and Louisville Herald	$6.25

The Mercury will order any magazine published in this country for subscribers at a substantial reduction, if ordered with renewals or new subscriptions of this paper.

PLOWS

New stock of Plows, at Bostain & Curtis

Watch our window for Saturday specials in groceries and variety goods. Sexton's

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Rooms for office or light housekeeping, on Locust street. Phone 107-6 rings. Mrs. Zella Booth. 1t

FOR RENT—Farm of 167 acres near Blue Licks, for small crop; twenty tons alfalfa to harvest, care for flock of sheep and other work. See me court day. Wm. Ritchie, Lexington, Ky., route 4. 1-29 tf

FOR RENT—Office rooms. See Sam T. Howe. tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—Small farm close to town. Good house and outbuildings. For further information, see Mrs. Lucy E. Feeback at Feeback Hotel. 1-15 tf

NOTICES

MARION C. BLAIR

Local agent for Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company, (old-line stock company having $8,000,000 in assets.) Specializing on Accident and Health Insurance. 1-29 tf

AMERICAN LEGION SMOKER

Nicholas Post No. 17, American Legion, will give a smoker in its club room on Thursday night, January 29. All members are urged to be present. 1t

NOTICE—All accounts are now due and payable. In the future all business will be cash. S. D. Daily, Carlisle, route 1. 1t*

I have on my premises, one old ewe; owner may have by paying for this notice and two cents per day; kept since Jan. 1, 1925. S. T. Barlow.

HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

The East Union high school will give its mid-term play at East Union Christian church Saturday evening, January 31, at 7:30 p. m. The play, "The Bashful Mr. Bobbs," is a very good one and is being ably directed by Mrs. W. W. Swartz. Come early to get a good seat. Admission: Under 12 years, 15c; adults, 25c. 1t

Have another shipment of white slopjars, priced at 98c. Sexton's

COMMUNITY SALE

I will hold a community sale of livestock at the Myers & Hamm livery barn on West Main street on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11 at 10 o'clock

Horses, mules and all kinds of livestock will be included in the sale. Bring in your stock the day before the sale.

1-29 2t T. B. VAUGHN

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

All persons having claims against the estate of George Mallory, deceased, are requested to file same, properly proven, with the undersigned administrator or his attorney, Foster V. Cox, at once. Also all persons owing the estate must pay same at once.

1-15 3t R. S. Hardin, Admr

SCHOOL PLAYS

Three plays will be given at the Barterville school, Friday night, February 6th, at 7 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. 1-29 1t

Our rug and furniture department will open next week. Watch for specials. Sexton's

Old newspapers for sale at this office at 10 cents per bundle.

NOTICE

The Democratic voters in the Precincts hereinafter named are requested to meet at their voting places between the hours of 1 and 2, P. M., on Saturday, February 7th, 1925, and elect a Precinct Committeeman for the ensuing term.

Headquarters, Morning Glory, Taylor's Store, Rafferty's Store, Barterville, Moorefield, Buzzard Roost, Sirs's Store, Myers Station, Donnell's Scales.

The old Precinct Committeeman will call the meeting to order, and organize. If he is not present, some one will call the meeting to order, and organize, and they will report the result to the undersigned at once.

I. B. Ross, Chairman
Democratic County Committee.

A CORRECTION

There has been a report circulated, that I run off some tobacco, and I have been thoroughly cussed and discussed. In justice to myself, and that the people who don't know the facts in the case may not be misled, I will say that any man, who says that he saw me, in a truck in which there was tobacco is, to put it mildly, very badly mistaken. His eyes must have been in mighty bad shape, as I was not in any such truck. Then there was another sweet toned bark that came in says "Oh yes, it is so, Walter Boyd caught him in Maysville and it cost him $100." Another lie, as Mr. Boyd, or the Association officials at headquarters will readily tell you, that nothing of the kind ever occurred. The officials at Carlisle investigated the matter, to their satisfaction, which I wanted them to do. I have never dumped any tobacco, or even thought of such a thing, and any one that says I have, is a liar. With gratitude and respect to my friends, and best wishes for the Burley Tobacco Growers Association.

1t W. A. McClure.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between the forks of Cane Run pike and Carlisle, on Jan. 17, pocket book containing one ten dollar bill and two one dollar bills. Reward for return to Mrs. Tom Ratliff, or this office. 1-29 1t*

LOST—In Carlisle, an open-face watch, with initials "R. H. L." on back. Finder please return to J. H. Lawrence, 107 Walnut street, and receive liberal reward. Phone 301. 1t*

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mr. Leslie Wilcoxson and family, of Latonia, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends and relatives.

Mr. Charlie McCall, of Lexington, is visiting his uncle, Mr. J. W. McCall and family.

Mrs. Ethel McCall and daughter, Myrtle, spent Saturday with Mrs. Addie Flora.

Mrs. Harper Hunt and son and Mrs. Lloyd Herndon spent Saturday with Mrs. John Alexander and wife, of Ishmael.

The sick are reported better except Mr. James Campbell, who is very ill at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Crawford, of Cowan, spent Sunday with Mr. James Curtis.

Christine Letcher spent Sunday with Misses Katherine and Lena Barton.

MOOREFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Irvin, of Vanceburg, spent Friday with his mother, Mrs. Sallie Irvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wilson, of Lexington, are at the bedside of their mother, Mrs. Kate Wilson, who has been sick for several days.

Mrs. John Wilson and daughter, Pauline, are recovering from scarlet fever.

Laura Bell and Lucille Reid are able to be out after a siege of measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Shrout and family will move this week to their new house near Carlisle.

Miss Lucille Wilson was able to return and teach school Monday. She has been absent for three weeks on account of scarlet fever.

There has been several cases of chickenpox in this community.

LOCUST GROVE

Mrs. Glennon Stone spent the [illegible] and Mrs. John Shrout, of Cane Run.

Mr. Vernon Stone and family, of Saltwell, Mr. Clarence Hamilton and family, Misses Bell and Flo[illegible] McFarland and Miss Thelma McClary visited Mr. John Stone and family Sunday.

Mrs. Richie Smoot has been on the sick list the past week, but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Minton spent Satuday night and Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Minton and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCann visited Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Black, of [illegible] Run, Sunday.

Bro. Outland filled his regular appointment at the Grove Sunday.

Farmers in this vicinity are about through stripping tobacco.

Many Women Are Now Starting Their Spring Sewing. We Offer The Following Suggestions:

SILKS—An Imported Washable Charmeuse, in a variety of colors, 36 inches wide 85c per yd.

SPRING FLANNELS, In Novelty Stripes, (Shipment just received.

Other Wash Silks, in the New Striped Patterns, 36 inches wide, at $1.50 to $1.75.

Striped, All-Silk Broadcloth, in Fancy Stripes, 36 inches wide $2.75 per yard.

PRINTED CREPE DE CHINES in a variety of colors, 40 inches wide from $2.50 to $3.25.

R. T. Kirkland & Co.

FINAL CLEAN-UP

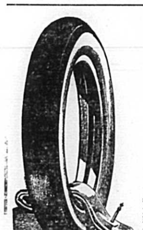
FOLLOWING OUR BIG SALE

Note These Bargains

Men's Socks, 15 cent values ... 9c	Children Sweaters, $3.50 values .. $2.69
Men's Sweaters, $2.50 values ... $1.75	" " $2.00 values .. $1.49
Men's Separate Underwear, 75 cents value ... 59c	Womens Dresses in Tricotine, Serge, Poiret Twill, Crepes, values up to $15.00 ... $9.95 and $14.95
Ladies' Union Suits, $1.25 value .. 98c	Bungalow Aprons ... 69c
Children's Union Suits ... 39c	Men's Overcoats and Suits $12.95 to $18.95.
Men's Heavy Slipover Coat Sweaters, $8.00 values ... $4.95	

Brayfield Dry Goods Company

Ford-Size Tires



Cut To Rock Bottom!

$6.25 $7.20 $7.45
$8,70 $9.40 $9.95
$10.65 $12.35 $14.85

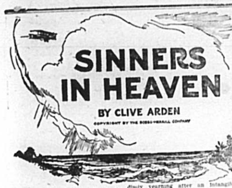
A TIRE TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

Your business judgment will tell you that you can buy tires cheaper now than you can in the Spring. And, remember, we are here to back up what we sell; you can examine the tire you buy and not order an unknown brand, pay for it before you see it—and also pay the express charges.

Pay For Your Ford As You Ride By Our Easy Payment Plan.

Genuine Ford Parts Radios Careful Repair Work.

HARPER'S GARAGE



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

"I—have lost your ring, Hugh. It was left on the island with everything else."

"And you are wearing that instead? I must get another at once. What is it? A key ring?"

"Y-yes."

"Once," remarked the vicar, rising from his oblivion, "I had the case of a wedding party forgetting the ring; and I married them with a key ring!"

"Really!" asked Miss Davies. "I suppose it is quite legal?"

"Quite! Provided, of course, that everything else is in order and a priest performs the ceremony."

Barbara's right hand closed convulsively upon her left, under the table.

IV

To Barbara, that evening seemed never-ending, her false position intolerable. She craved yet dreaded, the morrow when she could talk with Hugh.

Once by themselves, the women's tongues buzzed over their coffee cups concerning the latest local scandal. Mrs. Rochdale proceeded with a garrulous account of a housemaid treasure, possessing all the virtues, in whose room four empty whisky bottles had been found, during her absence on holiday! As she had been a frequenter of temperance meetings and had taken the pledge, this was in itself a terrible sin, even though she had never been seen drunk. Whether to allow her to return, or to write and denounce her forthwith, exercised her mistress' simple mind to the exclusion of sleep. . . . After much discussion, it was decided to ask the vicar.

The girl shrank into her chair, sick at heart, old talks with Alan in her mind. What key, she wondered, did these people use in substitution for the true one given to the world and lost again? "Charity suffereth long and is kind," they read glibly; or "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." What did half the righteous souls, judging everybody in their own smug conception of Christianity, know of temptation, sin, the meaning of the word love with all its manifold sub-keys: consideration, understanding, sympathy. . . .

"My dear," broke in old Mr. Rochdale's voice, as he seated himself beside her, "we must bring back the roses into your cheeks!" He took her hand and patted it. "You mustn't brood over the past. It was a terrible experience—terrible! But it's all over now. Forget it, Barbara, like a bad dream, and cheer up again."

The words were, to the girl, like blades of steel thrust into sore bleeding wounds. "Over. . . . Forget!" They seemed to reverberate in her mind, and her very soul turned sick and faint as, gripping the arms of her chair, she heard her mother's voice:

"Her time will soon be full again until her wedding, with all her old duties—"

Then Hugh came up and chatted, in his usual cheery way, and somebody

Then Hugh Came Up and Chatted.

played and sang. . . . But all the time those two words beat upon her brain. God! was it true? Was this net once more to capture her? Was this nightmare to become the reality, and the splendid real—all the very essence of life—to fade into the dream?

The morning was cold and bright. After a pretense at breakfast, she put on her coat, Hugh not being expected before lunch, and her mother not yet down.

A craving for freedom from stone walls, for vigorous action, had seized her. The cold air stinging her face, the wind buffeting her skirts, dulled momentarily the agony within. The lake glistened in the sunshine; here and there sprigs of ling still showed purple amid the russet of dead heather and bracken upon the common; the white sandy paths were crisp with frost.

At the corner where the lane joined the main road, she paused. Here, she and that other had first met. With exquisite pain, memories of those far-off first encounters seethed into her mind. She saw again the half-mocking smile upon his lips; remembered his teasing words and her own annoyance, after speaking of her heart's desire. . . . She understood, as she turned hurriedly away, how, from the first, those keen eyes had read into her heart, penetrating to what she was but vaguely conscious of herself. . . .

Her heart's desire? Ah, how changed it all was now—how changed. . . . Since treading last these familiar, heathery paths, a lifetime seemed to have elapsed. She looked back with wonder upon the inexperienced girl dimly yearning after an intangible something beyond the daily horizon. . . .

Presently she turned her steps to the house where so many happy hours had been spent. The garden looked deserted now, the tennis court frost-bound and dreary. But the housekeeper welcomed her warmly; and the few school teachers installed there for Christmas holidays looked at her with ill-concealed curiosity. She hurried away, up to Mrs. Field's little den. Its owner being one of those whose arrivals ever had the charm of unexpectedness, the room had a cheerful fire and was fragrant with hothouse flowers. As Barbara looked round at the buff walls and deep-blue velvet curtains, the soft chairs built for comfort, and shelves stacked with books, other memories of confidential chats and cozy teas caused her again to realize the gulf yawning between herself and the girl of long ago.

She turned to the book shelves, then walked restlessly back to the fire. . . . All at once she caught, with a little cry, at the back of a chair, as her glance fell upon the writing table.

For the eyes she loved and had lost met her own, with the old straight penetrating look. . . . She ran forward and picked up the photograph. He wore the uniform of an air force officer, and his face was set in the lines of dogged stubbornness when unpleasant business was afoot, which she knew well. . . . The vivid likeness was bittersweet.

"It's a d—d nuisance—get it done." She could almost hear the thought she read behind the grim lips. . . . Then, as she gazed upon the familiar features, all the past rose up and enveloped her: the comfortable English room faded. . . . Once more, in a far-away hut, she prepared strange food for her mate, ever and anon running to look for his return, seeing little black figures at play on the sand. . . . And presently he came striding down the sunny slope, fresh from a dip in the river, laden with fruit, his dear eyes searching for her. . . . She hurried to meet him, taking some of his burden. . . . Again she felt the warm touch of his lips, heard the laughter in his voice as he made some teasing remark. . . .

The ringing of a bell brought her sharply back to reality, the sudden cruel contrast cutting her like a whip. With a low moan she sank upon a couch, throwing herself face downward among the cushions, her lips pressed to the unresponsive portrait. Despair again clutched her in its remorseless claws. . . . She lay inert in her blind tearless abandonment, oblivious to all things. . . .

The opening door and quick footsteps crossing the room did not disturb her. At the touch of an arm about her shoulders she started violently and raised a drawn face. Hugh stood beside her, consternation in his eyes.

"Bab!" he exclaimed, shocked by her expression. "My dearest! what ever is the matter?"

She sat slowly upright, the portrait still clasped with both arms, regarding him dumbly.

"I managed to get away this morning—Martha said you were here—" he stammered. "What is it, Bab? I—I thought something was wrong—"

It occurred to her that anybody less stupidly dense and unimaginative would have guessed the truth long ago. Then, swiftly chasing the thought, came the knowledge that it was his genuine simple trust in her and all his fellow-creatures which blinded him. Suspicion was as foreign to his honest nature as subtle changes were beyond his ken. She recognized, with a warm rush of sympathy, that her affection for this old companion remained unchanged; she alone was to blame for mistaking it for anything more, with the inevitable suffering she was about to cause. She stretched out her hand; and he took it in both of his.

"Hughie! Everything is—wrong."

"Tell me all about it," he urged, sitting beside her. "We can probably put things right between us."

She shook her head, with a catch of her breath; then drew her hand gently free again.

"I'm—I've got to hurt you—horribly. Oh! my dear! I can't bear doing it." Rising impulsively, she walked to the window and back, her face working with emotion. "Can't you—guess, Hugh? Can't you realize that—that—everything is different, now?" she cried, looking straight into his bewildered face.

Apprehension was spreading over his features. His brown eyes, with their dawning sense of trouble, resembled that of a faithful dog not understanding the meaning of some unexpected chastisement. The girl could not bear to see it. She looked involuntarily down at what was still clasped to her breast. His glance followed hers, and the apprehension deepened.

"Guess—what?" he muttered. "What's that, Bab? A photograph?"

She nodded. He suddenly stepped toward her. "Whose? What—I—oh, lord! Tell me straight!"

It was the cry of one upon the borderland of tragic discovery. Feeling like an old-time executioner who let the ax fall upon the quivering neck of his victim, ending the hopes and affections of a lifetime, she silently handed him the photograph, and again turned to the window.

Looking with unseeing eyes at the frosty landscape, her thoughts reverted to a curiously similar scene in the past, wherein the situation was reversed. Hugh's portrait had played its part in that little drama. Alan, she remembered, had, with characteristic vehemence, torn it into shreds. . . . He then claimed her for his own, by the only bonds which constitute real possession of a woman. There may be other lawful ties, honorably recognized and adhered to; but, whether near in physical presence, or sundered by countless miles of sea and land, even by death itself, only the man to whom a woman's heart belongs holds her in true possession. None other can turn the key which unlocks the real fountains of her soul.

Hugh did not tear the cardboard to fragments. After a few moments' pregnant silence, he laid it upon a table and followed the girl to the window. His face was pale, and his voice toneless. "You mean, Bab that—"

"I—I can never marry you."

He caught at a chair, but said nothing.

"I—care for you—as much as ever," she went on hurriedly, seeing the look on his face. "But—it was never love! I have learned that, Hugh. I know now—"

"You mean—" he asked again huskily, as her voice faltered. "Croft?"

She nodded. The color ebbed still more from his cheeks, and he laid a hand on her arm. "But—my poor Bab! he is—dead—"

"Oh, I know! I know!" She clasped her hands in anguish. "But—you shall hear all the truth, Hugh—it is your due. He—I—he was my husband."

Hugh started violently and dropped his hand. She stood motionless before him. For several long moments the ticking of a little clock and the crackling of the fire were the only audible sounds. In his slow fashion, the man was trying, gropingly, to adjust facts.

"But—" he began at last, "I don't understand! You were only together a few weeks before the wreck. Where did you get—married? Why didn't somebody write? I don't understand."

He repeated, bewildered. "I thought you disliked him."

She looked silently into his agitated face. It was evident that the truth was still far from his grasp.

"Hughie," she said very quietly, "it was impossible to write. We were not married during the trip—not until we had been on the island for—over a year."

He gazed at her, speechless, his bewilderment gradually changing to dismay and dawning horror.

"On the island? For a year?" he echoed. "But—how on earth could you get married—" Suddenly the blood rushed to his temples and the horror grew and deepened. He caught her arm, gripping it fiercely. "You—my God! Barbara! you don't mean that you—you, of all people—and Croft—"

Abruptly he swung her arm free, his face blazing as she had never seen it. "The swine! the—the rotten swine!" he choked, at a loss for words. "I trusted him. He gave me his word—"

"And he kept it," she cried quickly.

He faced her, something nearer to a sneer than she had ever seen curling his good-natured lips. "In what way? By betraying the greatest trust one man can put in another? By dragging you down—"

"Be quiet, Hugh!"

The anger in her voice silenced him. He turned away, dazed. Sinking upon the couch, he covered his face with his hands.

The girl was trembling with indignation. Her back to the room, she struggled with the hot anger seething within until her woman's understanding won the victory. Then she turned round.

"It was my doing," she said.

"Your—doing?" He sprang to his feet and walked about agitatedly. "What d'you mean? You were not the sort of girl to encourage— For God's sake, explain everything!"

"He kept his word to you," she repeated. "He saved my life at the risk of his own. In every possible way he looked after my safety and comfort: nobody could have done more. Although he—cared—all the time, I never even guessed it! He—he thought I—belonged to you." She paused, shading her eyes.

"Then—"

"Months went by, and no rescue came. Then—I—oh, Hughie, I couldn't help it—I realized—I loved him, and—and he—knew it, too. . . . We meant to wait—and tell you. But months passed again, and—the position became impossible. You can't understand here. But there we had to face facts—quite differently from ordinary standpoints—to make our own laws. He left the decision to me. . . . At last, after months again of struggle and—uncertainty—I became convinced that it would be right to make our own marriage, too—" She touched her finger. "This was the only ring he had."

Her words went into silence. A faint relief replaced the look of horror in Hugh's face. To an essentially clean-living British sportsman, the idea of wantonness between the girl he loved and the man he had trusted was unbearable. That hasty judgment was contradicted by her words. He could not, as she surmised, clearly comprehend the magnitude of the forces to be contended with upon the island, any more than a man learning swimming strokes in still water can realize the difficulties to be encountered, by the same movements, out in the open sea. But the simplicity of her explanation, offering no excuses, brought with it the force of truth. Evidently, however incomprehensibly, each had acted in accordance with deeply weighed convictions. . . .

This was Hugh's first plunge into such complications: he was utterly lost, adrift from every mooring.

Barbara, watching him, half held out her hand.

"You must not think hardly of Alan," she appealed wistfully. "If he had not behaved honorably, I should not have—loved him—as I did. Surely you believe that, Hugh?"

Mechanically he took her hand. "Oh, lord!" he ejaculated. "What a mess it all is!"

"It's hell for me!" she exclaimed, a bitter agony in her voice that startled him. He looked at her strangely, amazed. This tragic-eyed woman who had suffered so much, learning to love with such fierce intensity, was far removed from his old girlish companion. He felt in a turmoil: full of pity for her, though still half incredulous, chaotically uncertain of his feelings toward Croft. Dropping her hand, he picked up the photograph once more. Then the full realization of his own loss—to be faced for the second time—surged up in his heart, as he looked at the pictured face. He put it down hurriedly, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"It's a—d—d world now for us both, Bab! I—I'd better go—it has rather bowled me over—" He turned away, stumbling a little. "It—will be such a blow to the old people," he muttered huskily.

The girl watched him, helplessly, with aching heart. As he reached the door, she caught the suspicious glint of misery in his eyes which seemed to break down all barriers. Her defensive attitude melted into sympathy, as ice melts at the touch of hot coals. In her impulsive way she ran to him and seized the lapels of his tweed coat.

"Hughie!" she cried, tears raining unheeded down her cheeks. "Forgive me! I couldn't help it. It—it breaks my heart to hurt you like this."

His hands closed upon her arms, but he could not speak.

"I—couldn't bear to—betray your trust," she sobbed. "Believe me, Hughie, I tried not to—I tried to keep loyal to you—"

"Oh!" he interrupted vehemently, "don't make it harder. D'you suppose I should have wanted you to marry me from—duty? out of loyalty?" He paused, regarding her thoughtfully for a moment. "There's one thing, Bab—"

"Yes?"

"When you tell—your mother or anybody of—things—being over between us, don't mention your marriage! They won't understand, and it will be rough for you."

She threw back her head, with something of Alan's old arrogance, and drew away.

"I know you mean that kindly, Hugh; but it's impossible! It would seem as if I were ashamed. It would be implying that our convictions were wrong."

"People are not overcharitable about here, as you know," he urged. "You may both have acted according to your convictions, and they may have been right; but all the same it was—unorthodox, and— They will simply throw mud at you and—especially—him! Bab," he came back to her, speaking with unusual insistence, "I can't bear to think of you facing that! For my sake, as well as your own—and—his, don't tell them."

She remained silent. The truth of his words, as applied to Alan, struck her forcibly. The contemplation of his name suffering calumny had already, that morning, proved unbearable.

"It would be an awful trouble to your mother and my old people," he added, with his usual thoughtfulness. "They will be upset, as it is. And—they wouldn't understand."

She suddenly turned and caught his shoulders.

"Hughie! do you?" she asked earnestly. "Ah! you must! I can't lose—your faith, too."

Then he acted in a manner that astonished them both. Passion and a sense of the dramatic had ever been far from his nature. Involuntarily, however, his fingers closed around her wrists. Raising her hands, he pressed his lips upon them.

"Heaven knows what was right or wrong," he declared hurriedly. "But—oh, my dear! God help you!"

The door slammed, and he was gone from her life—this man who had been friend and brother, playmate or lover, all her youth. . . . She stood gazing dreamily through the window at the desolate tennis court, where they had played so often together, and an extra wave of lonely bitterness swept into her heart. . . . She saw Hugh, with bent head, cross the grass to the garden gate. . . . Then she sank into a chair before the fire, crushed by an overpowering sense of physical weakness.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 7

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.

1—Marsh
4—Young goat
6—Deeply engrossed
9—Organs of hard
12—Dull, spiritless person
13—Purchasable
14—Exclamation of regret
15—Pastimes
20—A quick pull
22—Having been victorious
23—Small room
24—Fish eggs
25—Turf
27—Girl's nickname
29—Long period of time
30—One who follows up
32—Boy's first name
34—Old horse
35—To pull with force
36—Hit
39—University official
42—Prevaricate
43—Becomes fatigued
45—Boy's name
46—Distress signal
47—Mixture of earth and water
48—Unclosed (poetic)
50—Shoemaker's tool (pl.)
52—Yellow
54—Belonging to a person
56—To run off
57—Acquires by labor
59—Impressed
60—Flock
61—Nickname of martyred President
62—A weight

The solution will appear in next issue.

Vertical.

2—God of love
3—Short sleep
4—To know (Scotch)
5—Englishman's salutation (two words)
7—Projecting piece of wood
8—Dealer
9—Happening
10—Affirmative
11—Face bone
16—Mansion
18—Big
19—To earn
17—Parted with
18—Come face to face with
21—Christmas carol
23—Prefix meaning by means of or through
—Author of "The Inferno"
27—Acquire
28—Belonging to an eastern university
30—A drill
31—Domestic animal
33—Cup
36—Forcible stroke
37—Passageway
38—Darkened
39—To make amends
40—Midday
41—Metal stamp
44—Chafe with friction
46—Carpenter's tool
49—Latin or French for "is"
50—Thick slice of anything
51—To initiate
53—Girl's name
54—Upon
55—To be in debt
58—Rodent

Solution of Puzzle No. 6.

SPORE	STAFF
SMELL	RUE
STALE	PAEONY
TRIGOR	HMC
AO VASE	ATE
MR ENTOIL	IN
ED STORMY	ON
NIB SAPS	NU
NOB LEACY	
PANELS	STATE
ARE	STILE
LYSOL	SNEER

BEATITUDE

"Malice toward none and charity for all!"
Sonorously the accents rise and fall
And echo down the half forgotten Past
And yet shall echo while the ages last.

"Malice toward none and charity for all."
The words are still a challenge and a call
Unto a wounded world, whose drooping heart
Asks a fresh faith to soothe its bitter smart.

Simple, symmetrical, serene, sublime,
These words shine deathless on the dial of Time,
Chaste as a statue in a Grecian hall—
"Malice toward none and charity for all."

Unto a laboring Earth and all her brood,
His great soul gave this new Beatitude,
And still today he whispers through the pall,
"Malice toward none and charity for all."

—Winchester Sun.

JUDY HONOR ROLL

First Grade—Ollie Herrington.
Second Grade—Garland Kendall.
Fourth Grade—Melvin Crump, William Gaunce.
Fifth Grade—Lorena Gaunce.
Sixth Grade—Lelia Asbury, Allen Smith.
Seventh Grade—Irene Kerns.
Eighth Grade—Lelia Crump, Eugene Kerns.

Lelia Bell, teacher.

Ridiculous.

The most ridiculous thing we know of is the bow-legged dancing master trying to make a knock-kneed flapper take the step just as he does it.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"Mebbe" He's Right.

Jud Tunkins says mebbe it's better for people not to have so much money that they can afford to start divorce proceedings at the first little family quarrel.

Sick Headache

"I have used Black-Draught when needed for the past 25 years," says Mrs. Emma Grimes, of Forbes, Mo. "I began taking it for a bad case of constipation. I would get constipated and feel just miserable—sluggish, tired, a bad taste in my mouth, . . . and soon my head would begin hurting and I would have a severe sick headache. I don't know just who started me to taking

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

but it did the work. It just seemed to cleanse the liver. Very soon I felt like new. When I found Black-Draught so easy to take and easy-acting, I began to use it in time and would not have sick headaches."

Constipation causes the system to re-absorb poisons that may cause great pain and much danger to your health. Take Thedford's Black-Draught. It will stimulate the liver and help to drive out the poisons. Sold by all dealers. Costs only one cent a dose. E-104

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Coupe	1445	Sedan	1985	Sedan	2575
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Corner of Fourth Street and Race Street

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Main Street is a One Way Street *north*, from 3rd to 9th.

Sycamore Street is a One Way Street *south*, from 9th to 3rd.

Fourth Street is a One Way Street *west*, from Broadway to Elm.

Fifth Street is a One Way Street *east*, from Elm to Broadway.

Sixth Street is a One Way Street *west*, from Broadway to Elm.

Seventh Street is a One Way Street *east*, from Elm to Main.

You can drive either way on any of the others.

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