SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX

Fate Takes a Hand.

McAlpin had been working furiously all the day before, and had every hostler and barn boy working his fingers-ends of to make the big barn ready for the expected visit of the head of the firm, Sam Wentworth. Lefever had sent word from Medicine Bend that Wentworth was bringing with him General Roper, chief engineer in charge of the latticed construction, and reminded McAlpin that Wentworth would be looking for a clean barn and that both distinguished visitors would be looking for a pony race or a game of poker.

One of the busy places in Sleepy Cat, particularly at stage time, was the open square in front of the company barns, blacksmith shops, and paint and wagon shops. The Medicine Bend stage pulled in and pulled out again for the west, and the Thief River wagon with mail and express, was making ready to start south, when Wentworth and General Roper drew up before the barns.

As the company representative Selwood received the two men. Went-worth, almost as tall as Pardaloe, with large features, sweeping mustachios, aggressive eyes, wearing a broad plantation's hat, a dusty riding-suit, and large solitaire diamond in the bosom of his gray woolen shirt, was a familiar figure to Selwood, who knew his peculiarities well.

General Roper was an object of much greater interest to Selwood. He was slender and stouter with the advance of years than his companion—wore a black storm military hat and a soldier's mustache, gray and close-cropped. Selwood, who he could decently do so unobserved, looked at this man very closely and inspected him very coldly—he felt that he had particular reason to do so.

The usual program of Went-worth's inspection trip was observed. After the barns, horses, wagon, equipment, and shops had been gone over, Selwood took his guests to the hotel for dinner, stopping on the way at Tracy's long enough to introduce Roper to and speak to him.

The old man looked frail. "I'm going to miss my game of poker with you, Dave," remarked Wentworth, in the rough sympathy of men of his kind. "Don't say much to tempt you this time—General Roper."

"You won't miss me," retorted Tracy humbly, and the old gambler, in turn, turned followed. "He'll give him a game."

After dinner the conversation engineers, front-seat people, and general drew Wentworth to Thief River for the inspection. They got back late to the hotel, where Carpy and Roper joined them. After a good deal of talk and more or less action in the bathroom, the four went to the dining room for a late supper. The meal was prolonged and elegant, all sorts of cue and stepped to the tradition of gastronomy and action, began by Wentworth and his guests the early night was on and no game was in sight.

"When does this game of yours show up?" he asked of Carpy. "What did you call him—Colonel Jim?"

Carpy touched the old gentleman's breast with his finger. "He was with us at supper tonight—John Selwood's son in law."

"That young fellow? Wentworth's superintendent?"

"That's Gentleman John—but don't call him that," continued Carpy with a wink, "unless you want a fight on your hands."

Roper shrugged his shoulders. "We're going to miss Dave Tracy to-night."

"You may; you may," asserted Carpy. "Anyway, I want to tell you fellow will do the best he can."

The three men sat down in Carpy's room. Carpy supplied the chips and opened a big box of cigars while Selwood placed a new deck of cards on the table, the seal of the packet un-broken. He acted as banker.

Midnight found the four men fresh at the work; the gains and losses were sewing from one pile of chips to another. At two o'clock in the morning Carpy, a moderate winner, dropped out on the plea of necessity Wentworth and Selwood were behind. Roper was winning and in excellent humor. With the day breaking in the east and the air of the room vitiated by the excessive lamps, heavy and enervating, Wentworth, a considerable loser, quit.

"I hope you're not done, young man," exclaimed Roper, whose palate was whetted for further victories.

"I don't really see how a game long er than this," responded Selwood when everyone seemed pre-pared to protest adverse fortune. "But if you want to make it more, I'm agreeable."

Wentworth threw himself on the bed beside Carpy, whose snoring was of a peaceful nature, and Selwood pushed aside the entire curtains, threw open the windows for air, put out one of the hot lamps, dashed some cold water over his face, and sat down to finish with the men best known among the poker players of the Mountain divide.

The young partner seemed to grow him; and all that has gone before was only preliminary to what was coming. Selwood had never in his business life wood had ever in his business life before he had done little more than to study Hoyer's game. Roper threw the two-handed game—Selwood knew that he should—to see that his confidence should be firmly established. The general continued to win until within half an hour of breakfast, when a bad streak cost him heavily. Over-confidence led him for just a little while too far afield; that mysterious agency of chance, poker luck, momentarily deserted him. In a fit of pique, the general tried to discipline Hoyer, drag it rudely into the game, with the mortifying result that in half a dozen hands he lost every dollar he had made in the early morning hours. Selwood was showing his teeth.

Nor was the strategy he made use of altogether in the unconscious use of the cards and the nerve-wearing bet against the unseen, for Selwood knew that before General Roper would lose his winnings he must first lose his temper; this the old servitor knew he had cost him. But now the general was a prudent soldier, retreated, withdrew into his shell, silent and crabbed, and Selwood saw that something was necessary to encourage him. He ordered breakfast, and while it was getting prepared the general won some consolation pots.

The meal was brought to the door by the housekeeper, Margaret Hyde, pale, silent, emotionless. The better part of the pot of strong coffee was poured by Selwood, who took only a cupful to Roper. The general liked a fresh cigar then the big box, distilled back in his finney chair, and looked his opponent carefully over. Selwood, calm under the inspection, only toyed, thoughtfully—while General Roper smoked—with the cards on the table before him. When Roper was ready to resume he, himself, drew a sealed pack of new cards from his pocket. "Let's have a fresh deck, young man," he said indifferently—or with an air of indifference—as he produced them. "It seems as if I can't remember your name."

"It ought not to be hard for you to remember," was all that Selwood retorted. But the remark was unnoticed, as Selwood meant it to be. When Roper brought out his own cards, Selwood without comment, took the cards he had been playing with all night, threw them in a corner, and opened Roper's pack. The play went on.

Within an hour Selwood had his game where he thought he could manage it. When Roper played for safety, Selwood was patient; when the general dashed at him heading, Selwood stopped the charge and exacted a pound of flesh. By ten o'clock that morning Roper realized he had found a man his superior in nerve and his equal in strategy, and his anger was the anger of that master of force who realizes that his skill has been matched and his raptor outpointed.

But the general lacked the consolation given by his government. Keyed on by that arch enemy of us all, van ity, he pressed his enemy.

Selwood recognized the symptoms at the beginning of the end. Roper's recklessness was stimulated designedly by minor successes and his hoped-for were repeatedly dashed by staggering losses. He was frightfully deceived into caution and brutally punished for his temerity. His discretion was studied and his feelings trodden underfoot. In no other possible way could his pride have been so humiliated and his pretentious autocracy abashed. He realized that the lucky nose-achbrush Selwood offered to play longer if he wished—entrance to the stockade, the eyes on fire, his voice shrunken to a staggering treble—was a man. It was not the money lost—though he had been completely cleaned out—but he had been mastered at his own game and he knew it.

"Now, my J. O. U's together, and see what I owe you," he said brusquely as he pushed his chair back. "Look here," he added insolently—Selwood in his memory fashion was casting up his accounts—"where did you learn poker poker?"

Selwood did not take the trouble to look up. Among the thieves and cutthroats at Thief River," he answered with a cold carelessness and complete indifference to the result of his words, "I learned." He asked in turn and with no less of insolence. "Didn't you like my game?"

"What's your business?" demanded Roper. The general had cast aside the mask of suavity more for so many hours; Selwood met his rudeness with rudeness. "Playing poker," he retorted, indifferent to results.

"What?" exclaimed Roper, blinking. "Do you mean to say you're a professional gambler?"

"That sounds like it, doesn't it?"

"You insult me, sir!" exclaimed Roper with an oath.

Roper flew into a passion. "Do you play with marked cards?" he thundered.

Selwood was impassive. "Nobody would need marked cards to play with you, General," he returned. "I play with marked cards when I play with thieves—they furnish them."

"Wentworth," roared Roper. "Come in here!" The two men appeared at the door together. "What do you mean?" he demanded with a string of expletives. "By running in a professional gambler on me for a gentleman's game of poker?"

Carpy looked blank—but the look was mostly assumed. "Has he deceived you, General?" he asked, with meticulous politeness.

"Wentworth," blurted out Roper, "you told me he was your superintendent."

"Dash it, he is," returned Went-worth testily. "Last time you were up here you cleaned out Dave Tracy. You weren't so blamed particular then whom you played poker with."

Roper stamped about in a tantrum. "I've been played on—taken in by a common card sharp—given been robbed."

Selwood, who had been sitting as an unconcerned listener, slapped the cards with which they had been playing sharply down on the table. He rose instantly and confronted Roper. "I wouldn't call a man of your years a liar, General. But you can't insult me and get away with me with any such word as 'robbed'—"

"Why you blamed old sawdust—" shouted Carpy angrily.

"Hold on, Dave! Hold your horses!" interposed Wentworth hastily. "The general is my guest—we're gentlemen here."

Carpy could not be suppressed. "Every man on the Mountain divide," he thundered at Roper, "every call-ing is a liar if you called Selwood a crook—"

Selwood put up his hand. He was white with anger. "I'll do the talking, Doctor," he said. The men watching him made no further attempt to interfere. Roper, sullen, glared at him. "This man"—Selwood pointed to Roper—"calls me a card sharp—he has good reason to—a better reason than he knows!" He was looking at Roper at Wentworth and Carpy and directed his words to them. "I want to tell you, gentlemen, who that man is"—his finger pointed remorselessly at Roper. "And I want to tell you who I am. That man sent my father to his death at the hands of Indians—that man tried to send my mother and me to the same death. That man put a stain on my mother's name. He sent me out into the world without a name. If that man's word is good"—he shot the words out one by one—"my father never married my mother!"

"Damnation!" shouted Carpy, enraged. "Why don't you kill him?"

Selwood went steadily on. "I tell you that, too. I came out on the Indian trail—I was five. I was fifteen years old. I went to this man up at the Fort—told him who I was. He cursed me. The only man on the whole trail that showed me common kindness was the old man who lies down there in the tent—Dave Tracy. Dave Tracy was a gambler; he could teach me no trade but his own. He never tried to make a gambler of me. I made one of myself—I liked it. I drifted into it, I suspect—I don't know. I don't exercise it. I don't whine about it. I know the cards—they know me. They're false friends, like all friends—with you when you win, against you when you lose. But I don't forget what that man has done to me and mine. You see me, Carpy, why I don't kill him—it's because his son, Lieut. Henry Roper, was my father!"

An instant of silence, terrible to sustain, followed the astonishing words. Roper, apoplectic with emotion, started and clutched at his shirt collar.

Before any one could reach him he fell heavily to the floor.

Wentworth and Carpy, with much hitting and tugging, carried Roper to the bed in Carpy's room, and while the doctor administered restoratives Carpy assured that no fatal issue threatened, went out into the street. Word was presently with the men that Roper had recovered consciousness and his reason under a sedative.

Carpy came down within half an hour and accompanied by Wentworth, went to Roper's room to inquire after him. There Selwood sat down before a supply of cheroots.

"I told you the bare fact of this man's relation to me," he said coldly. "I am sorry I have given him cause for offense. My father was Lieut. Henry Roper's friend—his name was Selwood; she was the daughter of a post trader. My father married her. Roper fell in love with my mother. He was her husband's commanding officer there, was violently jealous of my father, and when, after getting married—he thought a post trader's daughter would be a good match for the Roper blood; but that didn't chill the young ruffian's love—he made love to her. She was to get married.

"It would be a poor kind of a man, gentlemen, who would tell the world of his own mother—who wouldn't feel pretty hard to the man who broke a fine, evil, if need were, ever her children. I won't say that I do say. I'm not called on to apologize in any way for my birth. I was born—I was a whip of a girl, eighteen years old. I was five feet and eighty pounds was true womanhood, as you see me now. I was a bear lover and I know what was due to herself. And I have no such word against my dead father—he knew what was due to the woman he had taken to his home. He was the better educated, he was the older man—I have nothing of either of them but what is to their honor and mine.

"There were few chances at the old post, in those days, to get married. I sent for them, and I came in charge for which my father should be blamed it was that he was afraid of the Indians and let him baby him. But in spite of the baby-like fear he showed for the trail and to break up the attachment this old man had formed for my mother and his son transferred to Fort Calhoun.

"Before the transfer came, and while the young people were growing desperate over their separation, a party of Crows started on the warpath. Colonel Roper formed a troop of cavalry and left after the Crows.

"It happened just when there was an epidemic of cholera among the Sioux. It was light, but many of the men were down; the captain who would have ordinarily commanded the expedition was down. My father was assigned to the job of punishing the Crows.

"But he had to wait for men. Colonel Roper, like an old blunderhead, squirmed around trying to hurry things up, but a wark slipped away before they could get a hatful of men ready. Father, of course, was likewise impatient to be off and greatly elated—and before he got away with something else happened.

"My father, in order—a half-breed Chippewa Indian who was to act as guide. He had been brought up among the Sioux, and his name was John Frying Pan. Frying Pan learned from friendly Indians that a black-robe missioner was traveling with an escort of Blackfeet into the mountains, and that the party was camped at what was called Old Bear's skin, twenty miles down the river. My father went to my mother with the news.

"He asked her to go with him to the black-robe and be married. When he came back he would tell his faithful love it out with him, and all would be well; they would be married, and away, and there would be no more trouble.

"It all sounded good to my mother; the little Crow expedition was to be a holiday affair—many opportunities for honors, brave young husband—and all that.

"She consented. Frying Pan, the orderly, arranged things, and the lieutenant, devoted to Father, rode out with him one afternoon after undress parade—rode out later alone. Frying Pan met her, and they rode down to the river and met Father. Frying Pan and the old sergeant were taken along for witnesses.

"They made the camp and found the black-robe. My mother belonged to his faith. He made necessary inquiries, told them he would marry them, and asked them to come back the following day for the ceremony. They begged to be married at once.

"Night had fallen. It was raining to beat hell. But that wild night, in that little Indian camp and in that downpour, before the gray-haired sergeant, with Frying Pan, the sergeant, and the lieutenant as witnesses, and with pitch-pine torches, my father married my mother.

"They got back to the fort. Came the order for the orders to start. There were only half as many men fit as should have been sent. I was fifteen months old. I went to this man up at the Fort—told him who I was. He cursed me. The only man on the whole trail that showed me common kindness was the old man who lies down there in the tent—Dave Tracy. Dave Tracy was a gambler; he could teach me no trade but his own. He never tried to make a gambler of me. I made one of myself—I liked it. I drifted into it, I suspect—I don't know. I don't exercise it. I don't whine about it. I know the cards—they know me. They're false friends, like all friends—with you when you win, against you when you lose. But I don't forget what that man has done to me and mine. You see me, Carpy, why I don't kill him—it's because his son, Lieut. Henry Roper, was my father!"

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"After that my sister and I went to live with our aunt. Her first husband had died. Her second husband was a hard taskmaster—he made us earn our keep. Three years of it was enough for me. It was too much—more than I ought to've tried. You see, for yourselves, gentlemen, there's not much underpinning to me. I couldn't stand pinching from day to dark. I'm not lazy, I don't hate to work, and I told my uncle so. He didn't care. He said I was a bad influence on the lumps at that time and not much good to anybody. I told him so to my aunt, who was always like a mother to me, ran away and joined a party of emigrants headed for the mountains.

"I fell in with Tracy. He was the first man I met in the high country who didn't try to get the best of me. I drifted here and there with him, but I always had in mind to hunt up Colonel Roper and tell him my mother's story after she left. In fact, my mother asked me to promise to do that much, and I had promised.

"I found him at last again—he had been sent back there. I told him who I was. He flew into a rage and said my mother and her babies per-ished before I left the post, and told me I was an impostor—that's what I got, gentlemen, when I was less than sixteen, from my own grandfather! I never made the trip up to the fort with me. I'd told Tracy that if my grandfather would take me I should quit him. He agreed that would be right.

"I'd thought the old wretch might have suffered with the years; my mother told me he would; Tracy said he was unrepentant. But I'm by nature sure to get the way he was acting then. I'm not like that, gentlemen, I know—when I first went in he talked so that I'd have killed him on the spot. But when he heard my story—well, you know me. I'm not that kind. I told him I'd come back some day and make him eat his words. Tracy and his deck of cards were waiting for me; I dropped my father's name and took my mother's—here I am.

"You know how I struck it a few years ago at Thief River. Dave Tracy was sick and out. He thought if we could get a house started here, he could get on his feet. I backed him—why shouldn't I? When we took the trail, I slept under his blanket."

(Continued Next Week)

The beginning of the modern wind band may be traced to Central Europe in the Middle Ages. Travelling minstrels gathering at great fairs often organized impromptu concerts.

A. T. GARDNER OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Farmers Exchange Building
CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

As administrator of the estate of Jacob McClure, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on Locust Pike, about five miles from Carlisle, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 18
at 10 o'clock a. m. the following property:

2 good work mares
1 good work horse
1 Draft stallion
1 year old sow and calf
2 4 year old milk cows
1 aged milk cow
1 Jersey cow
1 Ford touring car
1 Ford delivery
1 Frazier cart 1 A-harrow
2 2 horse wagons
1 spring tooth harrow
Several plows and other farming implements, kitchen furniture, and other household goods and-pieces of antique furniture
4 feather beds
Six pieces of bed covering and sheets
2 cook stoves, almost new
1 Singer sewing machine
Will also sell about 60 shocks of unhacked corn in field.

Terms announced day of sale.

P. B. HENRY, Admr.

Tom Jackson, Auct.
3-10 2t

Whether You Need COAL Now or Later

Now is the time to find out which Coal will give you the greatest amount of heat for the least money. In this task we stand ready to aid in every way we can with

Allock, Royal Blue, Crown Block or Elkhorn

All high grade coals.

We also carry a Full Line of

Globe Fertilizer

Plant Bed Special,—Tobacco, Potatoe and Tomatoe

Hauling Day or Night Phone 87

Palmer McLean

Restaurant

We serve the best of EATS at all hours.

Our foods are kept perfect in a frigidaire. We make a specialty of a Plate Lunch from 11 o'clock til 1:30

We keep the Best Oysters in town and serve them anyway or will sell by pint or quart

R.L. Norton and Jesse Donnell
Phone 162 Maple St.

Overdoing?

Harry, Worry and Overwork Bring Heavy Strain.

MODERN life throws a heavy burden on our bodily machinery. The eliminative organs, especially the kidneys, are apt to become sluggish. Retention of excess uric acid and other poisonous waste often gives rise to a dull, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning perfectly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. More and more people are learning to assist their kidneys by the occasional use of *Doan's Pills*—a stimulant diuretic. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N.Y.

ARE YOU READY FOR SPRING?

Our Cleaning Service will refresh and make wearable for several months, clothes you are ready to discard

Suits, 2pc. - - $1.25
Suits, 3pc. - - $1.50
Hats, - - - $ .75

Lexington Laundry Co.
Robert Mann, Agent
We ship our laundry on Tuesday Deliver Friday

The Tri-State Butter Co.

Dear Sirs:

We were the only ones in our neighborhood who sold cream instead of milk and I am sure glad we did for today their are a lot of our neighbors selling cream.

One thing I want to mention that our neighbor Shagg died like flies and we have had a sick hog. My husband really thinks I was buying it for then the Separator milk.

I will tell you our cream do all ways because we still remember the horrible day in which you attempted to cook with only that our Cream will be spoiled.

Yours Truly
Rolla Pritchett Jr.

The Tri-State Price
March 21 55c.

Tune in on the Special Tri-State Radio Program each Monday evening at 8:40 from Crosley. W.L.W. Best Old Time Orchertras will be represented. March 21- Pop Weasel's "Coon Dog" Orchestra, of Georgetown, Ohio

How Doctors Treat Colds and the Flu

To break up a cold overnight or to cut short an attack of grippe, influenza, sore throat or tonsilitis, physicians and druggists are now recommending Calotabs, the purified and refined calomel compound tablet that gives you the effects of calomel — salts combined, without the unpleasant effects of either.

One or two Calotabs with a swallow of water. No salts, no nausea on the stomach, no interference with your eating, work or pleasure. Next morning your cold has vanished, your system is thoroughly purified and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no dieting.

Get a family package, containing full directions, only 25 cents. At any drug store. (adv)

NOTICE POULTRY RAISERS R 4-11-44

Has been used by Poultry Raisers, in the treatment of diseases of poultry for years, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Try it for Roup, Cholera, Gapes and Limbersneck.

PRICE 75c

Tureman & Son

Diaphragms used in gas meters are made of sheepskin, as the material has been found most suitable to the demands of accuracy and prolonged performance.

ATTEND THIS MOMENTOUS MERCHANDISE EVENT

They say "Necessity is the mother of invention", well, necessity is also the cause of this sale. We must develop more business and to get more business we are considering holding a short price sale for 14 Days, closing March 26. We know market conditions. We know what is being asked by others for the merchandise we are selling and we know that this sale offers a big opportunity to ever close buyer. This is your chance. In this sale are many later purchases of goods you will need this Spring

They All Go At Bargain Prices.

POINTERS TO ECONOMY

High Voltage Bargains Brayfield Dry Goods Co. Electrifying Values

32 inch Gingham, per yard	12½c
36 inch Outing Heavy per yard	14½c
36 inch Outing per yard	9c
9-4 Bleached Sheeting Heavy	42½c
9-4 Unbleached Sheeting per yard	41c
Heavy Bleached Cotton 10 yds. to a customer	13½c
Heavy Unbleached Cotton 10 yds. to a customer	11c

ches 15c value	9c
s Heavy Work Shirts $1.00 Value	75c
Men's Hosiery, per pair	3c
Men's Heavy Overalls Triple Stitched	95c
Boys' Overalls Heavy 7 to 16	89c

RUBBER BOOTS

Goodrich Boots, Arctics Rubbers	
Best Rubber Boots (Red)	$4.25
Men's 4-buckle Arctic	$3.75
Boys 4-buckle Arctic	$2.95
3-buckle Arctic, cloth	$2.25
Men's Rubbers, dress	$1.10

UNION SUITS

Men's $1.50 Value	98c
Men's $1.25 Value	89c
Men's $1.00 Athletic	79c
Ladies $1.00 Union Suits	79c

LADIES WINTER COATS

Ranging in price from $12.50 to $17.50, sales price	$5.6

APRONS AND DRESSES

Bungalow Aprons	45c
Percale Aprons	98c
Broadcloth Dresses	$1

CHILDREN'S COATS

ranging in price from $5.50 to $12.50	
	$3.75
	$2.95
are just merely samples of the ordinary price reductions on every in our stock	
Tables in the center of the store will be loaded with Bargains	

SILK AND WOOL DRESSES

	$6.95
	$8.95
	$12.95
	$15.95

are attached a price to these goods ou and every economical person in country will willingly and cheerfully

CHILDREN'S SHOES

We have a complete line of all sizes and will have a nice reduction on them.

Here is an opportunity that we know the far sighted people within fifty miles of Carlisle will capitalize on

LADIES PUMPS AND OXFORDS

1 Lot at	$1.95
1 Lot at	$2.65

CHILDREN'S

E-Z Union Suits	69c

SWEATERS

Every Sweater in our store Reduced 25 per cent

The most critical shoppers will be elated in choosing their selection from this great

LOCUSTS WILL STOP EROSION

Farmers in Nicholas County Can Improve Worn, Washed Hillsides And Get Big Income

Farmers in Nicholas county who have had worn and washed hillsides are overlooking a golden opportunity to stop erosion and increase the fertility of such land and secure a very profitable yield of fence posts, which is done within a surprisingly short time if such land be set in yellow locust lumber.

This plan has been tried out very successfully in many counties of this state and is one of the best plan is to cultivate the land the first year the locust sprouts are set. The sprouts should be set in rows and six feet apart and the sprouts set in the same manner in the rows, alternating the rows so as to make the line practically solid looking up or down the hill. The land is set out in this manner and cultivated the first year will make a remarkable growth. Many will be known in a clever crop and grassed, which will hold the soil and prevent washing until the locusts have made such a growth that they will hold the soil. The deepest gullies should be stopped with cedars or other brush with stone in the bottom of the brakes to assist in carrying off water underground, and, in severe washes, posts may be set and pieces of old wire fence utilized to advantage to make dams to hold the soil.

Locust trees are a sort of legume crop. They will improve the land immediately and diagnosis will make a wonderful growth in a locust grove, growing rankest under the body of the tree. Other grasses also thrive where locusts abound, thereby making the land one of the most desirable as well as the most valuable trees grown on a farm.

Properly handled, a locust grove will yield an abundance of the very best fence posts within ten to twelve years, though a better yield will be secured by waiting a few years longer. Posts from a set plat are usually straight and the trees reach a great height, making three and four post lengths to the tree. This being true it can readily be seen that land now considered worthless can be made to produce a crop worth many times the value per acre of the land so treated within a comparatively short time, paying the owner an enormous profit on his investment.

HOW TO GROW ALALFA

Method And Time Of Seeding

By P. G. Holden, Field Director, Agricultural Extension Department International Harvester Company

For a small patch of two or three acres, a very satisfactory method of getting a stand of alfalfa is to manure a piece of ground that can be worked and which is conveniently used for hog pasture. The ground should be plowed, fitted and sown to rape, early in the spring. This should be used for pasture during May and June. During the first week of July the rape stubble should be mowed down and the ground thoroughly disked, then plowed and again disked and sown to alfalfa. In sowing seed it should again be disked.

Any time during the last week of July or the first week of August the ground should be thoroughly disked and worked down so that it is well settled. One of the most common mistakes is in not disking the ground before it is plowed and in not making a firm, solid seed bed before sowing. If rape cannot be grown the latter part of July or the first of August, it is good practice to prepare the ground and sow the seed at once while there is sufficient moisture in the ground to start the seed and give the young alfalfa a good start.

If the weather is very dry it is a good plan to put the seed in with a drill or disk it in, to secure sufficient moisture to start it at once. When the ground has been disked and harrowed ready for seeding, do not wait; sow the seed, and harrow and disk in at once while the surface soil is moist.

Another method and one with some advantages over the others where the season is not too dry, is to grow a crop of winter wheat, barley, early oats, or early potatoes, and sow that crop with alfalfa.

As soon as the grain is ripe it should be cut, 15 or 20 inches of manure spread to the acre, the grain hauled off and stacked or threshed as soon as possible. The ground should then be thoroughly disked to mix the manure and stubble with the soil, plowed, and again disked and harrowed and well worked down to give a firm, solid seed bed. The ground should be left until about the first week in August, the seed being put in as described above.

Remember that if the ground is inclined to be dry the seed may be disked in to good advantage. When possible sow during the last part of July or the first part of August, as in the Corn Belt the chances for getting a good stand diminish rapidly after about August 10.

HOT CHISEL BEST FOR DOCKING LAMBS

During March and April, thousands of lambs will be docked by farmers and stockmen in the corn belt sections. A great many of these lambs will be from 30 to 60 days of age, according to the United States Bureau Experiment Station more that 50 per cent of lambs docked at this age have died from the knife for cutting off the tail. Prof L. J. Horlacher of Purdue University suggests:

"There are four main ateries in the lamb's tail. When the lamb is docked too close to the months of age a considerable amount of blood will be lost through these arteries if something is not done to stop the flow. When a hot chisel is used the heat will cauterize the arteries and seal them and closed so that there is no bleeding. The chief cause of set-back with docked lambs is loss of blood.

"The chisel should not be red-hot, as a wound caused by a red-hot iron heals slowly. If the iron is used when it is taken from the fire it should be permitted to cool until all of the red color has disappeared. If the iron is too cold the ends of the arteries will not be seared and the tail will bleed just as though it had been cut off with a knife. Very young lambs do not lose much blood and can be docked with a knife.

"To prevent trouble from flies and maggots it is best to treat the tails of all lambs docked at this time by painting a small amount of creolin or carbolic acid. This will keep the flies away and will help the wound to heal."

LIQUOR TAX UPHELD

Validity of the act of the 1926 legislature imposing an excise tax of 50 cents on each pint of distilled spirits sold as retail liquor was upheld by the court, of appeals last week.

Dover, Mason county, will vote soon on a $20,000 bond issue for the erection of a consolidated school building.

Prof. L. S. Rhodes has been re elected superintendent of the Flemingsburg city schools.

AMAZING SUCESS IS ACHIEVED BY HUSKY

Wonderful Medicine, Now Available In Carlisle In Great Demand Throughout Country

Husky, nature's great remedy, now being distributed in Carlisle through the Hopkins Drug Co., is achieving amazing success throughout this country and Canada. Although introduced in this section only a few weeks ago, more than 20,000 lifelties of this medicine have been sold throughout the Provinces of Ontario.

Husky, the premier preparation, is offered to the public by the International Products Co., of Lexington, and has been pronounced the greatest cure from nature's own plants by one of this country's best known chemists. Never has a medicine been placed on the market with more real merit behind it. The officers of the International Products Co., men well known in business circles in Central Kentucky have left nothing undone to make this medicine the best proprietary medicine on the market. A. R. Marshall, well known business man of Lexington, is president of the International Products Co. Dr. A. G. Payne, who has been very successful in this field for more than 20 years.

Here in Carlisle there is a phenomenal demand for Husky. Husky relieves stomach, liver, kidney and bowel ailments and accomplishes this such as indigestion, gas and sour stomach, headaches, dizzy spells, constipation, pains in back, limbs, nervousness, unsound sleep and weak, worn out feelings. They are many Husky users in Carlisle and Nicholas county that will tell you Husky gives this relief—Adv.

Flexible phonograph records have appeared in England and are said to be so elastic that they can be bent double, thrown to the floor and otherwise mistreated.

"BUFFALO BILL"

(Courier-Journal)

The visit of "Buffalo Bill's" daughter to the White House to invite President Coolidge to the opening of the Buffalo Bill Museum at Cody, Wyo., is combined with Wyoming's first celebration of a new State holiday—the birthday of William F. Cody.

Wyoming is not "Buffalo Bill's" native State, but it is becoming that the noted Westerner lived as a showman, holding open house at Cody, N. Y., until his death in 1917. Wyoming is now a town named in his honor—and there entertaining memorials of the pioneer days. Wyoming knows "Buffalo Bill" a debt for having been its chief publicity agent for half a century, and this debt it is just now paying.

Cody, Wyo., was born in Iowa in the, year the Mexican War began, six years later his father moved overland for the California gold fields, taking his family with him, but got only as far as Nebraska, where he shortly afterward died. As a boy of 11 Cody was a crack shot and fearless horseman. Before this age he began to make his way in the world. He first took a job as a guard for an overland freight wagon train. When only 15 he had already made a name for himself as a pony express rider. During the early years of the war he enlisted as a scout and a little gasoline or salt applied to the roots. This will usually kill them. Gasoline or salt should be applied directly to the freshly cut root. The use of coal oil instead of gasoline is liable to injure the surrounding grass.

A liberal application of grass seed should be sown on the lawn each year. Care must be used, however, to be sure that the grass is clean and free from weed seed.

Liberal applications of a nitrogen bearing fertilizer in the spring and summer will stimulate the growth of the grass and improve the appearance of the lawn. Nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia or tankage stems and stalks are good to furnish nitrogen. Tobacco stalks make a cheap supply of nitrogen readily available plant food. They should be applied to the lawn early in the spring, and then removed a soon as it becomes necessary to clip the grass.

Railroads of the country are using approximately $11,000,000 year in locomotive maintenance by treating the water used for steam to remove scale-forming colids, according to engineering authorities.

NEW HIGHWAY MAP

The State Highway Department at Frankfort has just off the press ten thousand copies of its new 1927 state road map and tourist guide. It is double the size of the folder published and distributed by the Highway Department last year, being twenty-four folder pages on one side, filled with concise tables, logs of principal routes, road rules and regulations, data as to points of interest, Kentucky scenery, etc.

On the reverse side is a Kentucky map thirty-two by fifteen inches, the base in light blue and the roads in red. The map, a work of art, has under it an inset, carefully drawn showing the location of the principal cities, towns and streets of interest in all the counties of the State. As an advertisement of Kentucky, nothing recently published is of greater value. As an attractive piece of work from the printer's and writer's point of view, and as a comprehensive aid to home and visiting tourists it is unsurpassed in excellence by any thing we have seen from any other state in the Union. The work is intelligent cooperation between the Department's drafting room and the state printer, it is claimed, that the work was done. Only a few of the maps are less than one third, of what it would have cost in any commercial house in the country. In lots of less than four copies, the map is free to the traveling public, upon request. For four or more copies up to one hundred, the rate is four cents each.

ELECTION CASE IN CO.

The Louisville election case is now in the hands of the court, of appeals as the records in the case were filed with the court last week. A truck was required to bring the records to Frankfort from Louisville.

The court sustained an agreed order made by Judge H. Eastman, attorney for Democratic contestants to advance docket and submit for hearing the contested Louisville election cases. The court also agreed to hear all the third three cases together and decide them as one.

Castleman also asked for three hour oral argument to be had for the first of the spring term beginning April 11. The court granted his motion for an argument but said the date would be set later.

In Shakespeare's time the prices charged for admittance to the English theaters ranged from one penny to twenty-five cents.