CHAPTER XI

The River Bridge.

It was two hours yet to opening time. He unlocked the front door of the hall, crossed the room to his office, unlocked the door, entered, locked it behind him, sat down at his desk, unlocked it, and pulled open a drawer in which he kept his stock of ammunition. Besides the boxes of cartridges and cleaning implements there were in it two cartridge belts and two Colt's revolvers. There was still daylight enough for his purpose, and Selwood, taking first his own gun and in turn the two guns in the drawer, began the task of taking down, cleaning, and assembling the three.

It gave him plenty of time to think. Warning had come—his defiance had answered it—at least, for John Selwood. He had been told what to expect; he had said how he should meet it; there remained only the question of how far twelve cartridges loaded into two guns expressly for this occasion would carry him after the opening shot.

It was too much to hope that he should live to fire them all, and he fell to speculating on how many loaded cartridges would be found in the two guns when they picked him up. It enraged him to think of being cornered by Vigilantes; and escape now was so easy—and always there was Christie in the background of his thinking. But his word had been passed—whether foolishly or not, was beside the question. He had told the "real estate boomers" where they would find him.

In the street he heard a beating of hoofs and a chorus of whooping yells from horsemen heading down-town on a drunken spree. Carpy's words came back to him: "It's Saturday night. All the Calabasas horse-thieves ride into town for a spree. They'll all get in. But they won't many get out."

He did not know the men—he only knew that in their company a skeleton horseman, astride a skeleton steed, galloped noiselessly ahead; that Death that night would slink, an invisible guest, in with these men as they lined up at the bar; unbidden, would sit that night with them at their tables and stake their evil lives against the caprice of frontier fate—as, indeed, he had already, for that night, staked John Selwood's.

He picked up, last of his job, the cartridge belt. It was too dark to see, but it was easy to feel with the fingers of one hand for the cartridges in the box, while in the other he held the belt and felt for the empty spaces to slip the brass slugs into place. And with the thrift of Robinson Crusoe, he emptied a handful of cartridges into his trousers pocket, rose, buckled the belt about his waist. As he did this, he heard a loud knock at the outer door. It startled him; then he remembered that he had told Scott to bring Pardaloe to him as soon as it was dark.

He walked to the front door; the two men were there. Bob Scott bared his tobacco-stained teeth as he smiled his report to Selwood. "They've put men on all the roads out of town except the upper river road. I guess the idea is to stop all the birds that try to fly the coop tonight. And they figured no one from Calabasas would be leaving town till pretty late, anyway." Selwood asked whether the team and horses were ready. Pardaloe had come straight from the barn. His eyes, set rather harder than usual with the prospects of the night, appeared closer, if possible, together, and glowed with a deeper light; while if suspicion could more completely characterize his manner, it seemed now heightened, in view of coming events. "They're hitched, John," he said darkly, "chewin' their bits in two and tearin' up the planks right now in the gangway."

"I suppose you know," said Selwood, addressing both men, "I'm going to take Dave Tracy out of town. He's my partner; I'll never see him hurt while I'm alive. He refused to go, as you know, Bill," he said to Pardaloe, "and he's bullheaded enough to put up a scuffle rather than be dragged out. No matter. Carpy put a sleepy dose in Tracy's coffee tonight. By this time he should be under; I hope he is. But he's got to go now, whether he drank the coffee or not. I won't see him strung up on a telegraph pole, if I have to kill him to get him out of town."

"How you going to get across the bridge?" asked Pardaloe grimly.

"I'll attend to that. You say the river road isn't guarded, anyway." Selwood addressed the words to Scott.

"It wasn't when I rode up from the west bridge. The trail will shake Dave some, but we can get over it if we can get to it."

Big Haynes loomed up out of the darkness. "What's up, boys?" he asked as he walked in and saw the three men in confab.

"We don't know yet," said Selwood. "But I'll be away for two or three hours. There's talk of trying to clean the town up tonight. Skillman is in Medicine Bend, and I leave you in charge of the place here, Haynes. I expect to be back before anything much happens. But if you have to run, get a good start—you're fat."

Haynes, fingering a gun as big as a toy cannon, looked hurt. "Who'm I going to run from, John? You're putting this place in my charge, till you get back?" he asked to confirm his understanding.

"I am."

"What time'll you be back?"

"If I'm not back by eleven o'clock, don't look for me."

Haynes straightened up. "I'll hold this place against all comers till twelve o'clock," he said composedly. "Give me a couple of good men," he added, nodding significantly toward Pardaloe and Scott, "and I'll hold this place against all the Vigilantes in Sleepy Cat!"

"I need a couple of good men, myself," replied Selwood drily. "I might send up Bull Page!"

Adding only a few details to his injunctions, Selwood, returning to his room, picked up a shot-bag full of loose cartridges, and leaving the place that embraced all his earthly possessions walked rapidly down to the barn, followed by Pardaloe and Scott. As the street door was opened by Selwood, McAlpin rose from the fringe of darkness.

"Things are fixed," the barn boss half whispered, as the three men en-

"Things Are Fixed," the Barn Boss Half Whispered.

tered the office. "Two men are watching the back door; they've got a couple [of t]en-gauge guns and plenty of buckshot cartridges—loaded 'em myself—five drams and plenty of buckshot. John Lefever has got six men over at the warehouse, all heeled, and more a-comin'. If they get us, John, they'll know we're here!"

The waiting team, freshly fed and watered, was hitched to the light wagon. Beside the wagon was an extra saddle-horse for Pardaloe; Selwood had mounted up. "John," whispered the barn boss, clasping Selwood's knee as he stood beside his horse, "what's the place to find you, if I need you?"

Selwood hesitated. "We're trying for the south trail up the river, but I doubt we'll ever make it. We'll either be up at the beaver dam, or, more likely, at Calabasas. If you come after me, try Calabasas first."

At a signal from Scott, who took the reins, McAlpin threw open the doors, and Scott, with Pardaloe at his side, carrying his redoubtable shotgun, and Selwood on horseback, clattered out of the barn.

Selwood, with a lantern, entered Tracy's tent. The old soldier had drunk his coffee. He lay heavily asleep. Pardaloe, waiting, peered inside. Selwood motioned to him. The wagon was backed close up to the door, and Selwood gathered up Tracy's belongings. Then, at a nod, Pardaloe picked Tracy, bedclothes and all, up in his arms and, with Selwood holding back the fly, carried him out and lifted him into the wagon.

The cot was lashed inside the wagon; the tent was struck and stowed beside it. In less than ten minutes the little cavalcade was headed as quietly as the restive horses would let them for the bridge, Pardaloe, his shotgun between his knees, staring into the darkness. Selwood pushed ahead on his horse to try the passage.

He reached the bridge only to be halted by two men, who stepped out of the dark on either side, covering him with shotguns.

Selwood halted his horse. "What is it, boys?"

"Can't cross this bridge."

"Why not?"

"Nobody can cross the bridges tonight without a bridge pass."

"Well, we've got passes—good on all bridges, trails, and boulevards—but they're not the kind of passes we like to use on decent men. We're crossing this bridge tonight, boys, but we're willing to play fair. How many of you are there?" asked Selwood unruffled.

"Plenty to hold this bridge."

"There are just two of you—if there were any more they'd all be poking their guns under a peaceable man's nose. Listen! There are four of us. If you say fight, it's a fight, but you haven't got a ghost of a chance. And you're doing nobody any harm in letting us take a sick man out of the fight uptown tonight. I'm going out over this bridge and coming back, myself, over this bridge inside two hours. I'll give you my word, I'm coming back."

He had talked only long enough to allow Pardaloe to crawl back over Tracy and out of the hind end of the wagon. Selwood told the guards, frankly, just who he was—they laughed at his claim to his identity; he offered to show them the sick man in the wagon—it was all in vain. He talked loud for a few minutes and irritated the guards; touched his horse enough with the spur to keep his feet shuffling, and Scott, trying to quiet his horses, kept them stamping and champing on the bridge planks. But all the while Selwood was making the noises, and all the while the guards stood their ground, his eyes were searching the circle of darkness to his right, where his eye, long practiced, followed a hulking object slinking slowly and noiselessly forward.

Creeping like a huge cat from behind the wagon on to the bridge; pausing for loud words or the impatience of the horses' feet; advancing, step by step, at the champing of their bits and the straining at their harness, Pardaloe crouched in readiness behind the nearer guard waiting only for Selwood to act.

"It's foolishness, boys, to keep poking shotguns into me," protested Selwood. "It would be better for you and better for me if you'd stand back. And any man that calls himself a friend of mine ought to be over TO THE LEFT by this time. If I'm shot I FALL TO THE RIGHT. Man!" he exclaimed, addressing the guard on his left hand, "you're so close I can smell the powder in your cartridge. Well, if we can't cross, we can't. It looks to me as if YOU'RE READY. And I'm ready. Go!"

With a lurch, sudden as thought, Selwood jerked his horse to the right and throwing his lines, keeled from the saddle to the bridge floor. As he did so, the toe of his left boot caught the barrel of the shotgun on that side with a blow that kicked the gun into the guard's stomach. One barrel exploded; the charge went into the air. In falling, Selwood, striking up with his hand the barrel of the second shotgun, threw himself bodily on the right-hand guard. The two men clinched to the ground, and the gambler pulling, in the struggle, the revolver from the breast harness, brought the butt down twice on the fighting guard's head. Pardaloe, who had placed himself, as directed, behind the left guard, butted him violently from behind, above the knees, grabbed both ankles, and as the guard's shotgun went off, threw him with a grunt backward clear over his own head. The man struck sprawling on the plank floor, and Pardaloe was on top of him before he knew what had happened. Selwood's horse reared and plunged at the discharge of the gun, but, fortunately, hit no one under foot. The struggle of the surprised guards was quickly over—neither had a chance against men practiced in encounter.

Selwood was first to speak. "Throw me a piece of rope, Bob," he said, astride his man.

"Don't waste no rope on these birds," growled Pardaloe, "dump 'em into the river!" He was really picking up his yelling victim to follow his own advice when Selwood intervened.

"Hold the man—and tie him," said Selwood, sternly, meantime trussing his own victim. "We may have visitors any minute—work fast."

Scott and Pardaloe with much grumbling, carried the crestfallen guards, tied and roughly gagged, well into the bushes at the left of the roadway. "Sorry to gag you this way, boys," explained Selwood, leaving them, "but I'll be back by twelve o'clock and turn you loose, if you don't have better luck. Next time, stand back out of reach, as I advised you to. Don't expect to stick your shotguns into a man's ribs and not get kicked."

Without losing an unnecessary moment, the gambler, recovering his trembling horse, mounted up, crossed the bridge—the wagon close behind—and struck through the brush to the right and into the old trail.

They had hardly entered it before the serious difficulty of making their way up the river was evident. The trail, heavily overgrown with brush, had become impassable by night, and the wagon track had been washed into countless gullies by the rains of years. He rode back trying to think out an escape from his dilemma.

"Dave has an old shack down at Calabasas. I hate to take him among the horse-thieves, but it's any port in a storm. There's a trail from Calabasas through the hills that comes out on the river just above the old beaver dam, and when I can get back to help, we'll get him to camp that way. The trick now will be to turn the wagon around. Unhitch the team and we'll do it by hand."

Selwood took the horses while Pardaloe and Scott, with many pulls, got the wagon to where the horses could handle it again, and the cavalcade struck across the Sinks on the Thief River road toward the famous water hole on the Spanish desert. An hour or so later, with good going, they had reached Calabasas—the haunt of men esteemed, of all men, meanest in the high country.

The holes in the canyons, the tumbledown shacks that sheltered these denizens of Calabasas were still as death when the wagon, guided by Selwood, by lantern, by Scott's instinct, and by main force, halted with as little noise as possible near what Selwood pronounced Tracy's cabin. Selwood got down from his horse and, calling to Scott for the dog, slipped Chloe's muzzle and held her on the leash. The mastiff whinnied and jumped at him, licking his hands as he caught her by the collar and led her toward the cabin door.

Selwood hoped that, with Saturday night and the constant probability that any squatter occupant was more likely to be sleeping there in the daytime than at night, the shack might be unoccupied.

Crawling on the ground and feeling his way to the door from the side, where he was partly protected by the sill log, Selwood got his hand on the lower part of the batten door. It hung, he remembered, on leathern strips, and it stood now in the night partly ajar, seemingly supported only by the upper thong. Chloe, his hand on her collar, pushed her nose into the opening between the door and the jamb and strained at the leash, but she did not growl. Selwood allowed her to crawl inside, which she did with great gusto, held her a moment at the leash's length, and then released her. He could hear the dog scurrying about inside, but knew at once the cabin was empty. Gun in hand, he went to the wagon. Scott passed out a lantern, and Selwood, returning, carefully pulled open the door and entered.

The lantern light revealed a rough table, a rickety chair, and a homemade stool. In the upper left-hand corner stood the double-decked bunk Tracy had built, and in which Selwood had slept the first night—and the only night—he had ever slept in Calabasas. There was coarse bedding in both decks. A rough rock fireplace stood at the lower end of the cabin. Beside the fireplace stood an empty box up-ended. Selwood knew well its use. Like a candle snuffer for a candle, it was there to set over and conceal instantly a fire on the hearth.

In a few moments the three men, by the light of the lantern, had cleaned out the place. The bedding was dumped outside, together with a battered frying-pan and coffee-pot and some canned goods. Kerosene from an handy can was poured freely over the bunk, rubbish was pushed on the hearth and lighted. And with Chloe blinking at the flames, Tracy, still asleep on the cot, was lifted from the wagon backed up to the door into the shack and placed in the corner farthest from the bunk and near the open fire. When Pardaloe and Scott had brought in light supplies for breakfast, Selwood directed the two men to go to sleep in the wagon.

Re-entering the cabin, he sat down beside Tracy. Selwood had been long too busy with life to think of death; but in Tracy's appearance it had seemed more than once of late to stare at him; tonight the old face looked more like death than ever.

The thought of Christie kept flaring, like the fitful flame on the hearth, in his heart. She would have listened to him, he felt, had he been anything but what old Dave was, a common gambler. And what had he to expect but a death such as this if he ended a life like this? Only, at best, a quicker death, a violent death at the hands of some other outcast like himself.

He looked at his watch. To make his rendezvous by midnight he must be on the way home. Home! He had spoken the word in his mind. What right had a homeless man to such a word. Without a woman to make it, there was in his lexicon no such word as home—he had known one home. He woke Scott—Pardaloe was snoring unmercifully—asked the Indian to water his horse, and gave him such instructions as there were to give in case he should not be back by daylight—namely, to run Tracy up river until things had quieted down in Sleepy Cat; and if they heard the gambling hall was burned to tell Tracy, Selwood had gone West.

He swung into the saddle with a light heart, for action is what the soldier, the adventurer, the gambler craves.

Half way into town, emerging from the breaks that skirt the valley of the Rat, he caught a glimpse of a red glare on the northern horizon. He had no need to pause or to surmise what it might be; the Vigilantes were abroad.

Selwood presently halted; he struck a match and looked at his watch; it was only eleven o'clock—something had precipitated the fight—he might be too late to make defense. The faint crackle of gunfire reached his ears—told him more than he needed to know. He quickened his pace; if he were too late to fight for the hall, there was company property to protect. But he had given his word to defend the hall, and wanted to meet the masked crowd where he had promised to meet them.

Reaching the river bottom, Selwood reconnoitered the bridge. Hearted though he was to go forward, he dared not risk crossing it. If the guards had freed themselves, or been freed, they would be eager to shoot from ambush. He rode slowly down the river some three hundred yards, located an old ford and, guiding his horse cautiously into the rapids, allowed it to drink, crossed slowly, headed the horse up the rocky bank, rode up under the bluff, found a break he could get the horse into, and rode out on the river bench, in full sight of the town.

No more than a glance was needed to give the quick-witted gambler the situation. Vigilantes were pushing into the River quarter below him, and burning as they went. But the gunfire, ceasing at times and breaking out sharply anew, told him they were meeting resistance.

He rode well outside the area of the flames and the fighting on the outskirts of the town. In the darkness he rode unmolested; indeed, encountered no one, and came out unobserved on the Falling Wall trail, where he could command the lower end of Fort street, which was on fire. Between him and the conflagration stood his gambling hall, but this lay below the brow of the hill in front of him.

Down Fort street, silent and completely deserted, he rode, wondering whether the smoke rising in the foreground included the ruins of his own building or others; and then, crossing the brow of the hill, he saw the gambling hall just below him.

To his amazement, it stood apparently untouched. Lights were burning inside. Through the partly shaded windows of his place he could see no one moving, nor could he hear any sound. This was cause for suspicion, if not a symptom of danger.

With as little noise as possible, he rode into the grounds north of the hall, dismounted, secured his horse, and with his hand on the grip of his holster gun, walked to the door of his office, in the rear of the building, slipped a key into the door lock and, standing to one side, pressed the latch and threw the door wide open.

Silence greeted the move. Selwood would have given much for a dog, but he had none, and, convincing himself that he might as well take a shot from the dark then as one in the light later, walked boldly into the room, struck a match, lighted the lamp, and closed the door behind him. The room was empty. Everything appeared as he had left it at dusk.

He threw open the door into the gambling-room. The lights were on—not a soul was in sight. But signs of disorder and evidences of hasty departure were everywhere. Glancing collectedly about, drawing rapid inferences from whatever he saw, Selwood looked at his watch. It lacked but a minute of twelve o'clock—perhaps the Vigilantes were coming back to face his threat and finish him and the hall together. As to Big Haynes and Haynes' defenders, he had never for a moment cherished any illusions; everything about the room indicated they had run like rabbits at the approach of danger.

He walked to the front doors. They stood wide open. He looked up and down the street; not a soul was anywhere in sight. Yet the hall, open, brilliantly lighted, stood silent and deserted; it was as if death had suddenly and completely wiped out its denizens—players, onlookers, dealers, everybody. He had returned to defend his place only to find that no one appeared to challenge its right to exist.

Puzzled at the situation, Selwood strode down the broad steps and started for the horse barn. He noticed that the barn lights were burning, particularly the stationary lanterns on both sides of the front door. At the moment he approached the front of the barn, in the shadow of its side a masked man, apparently a Vigilante, hurrying up street, encountered a man running out of the barn itself. The two almost collided. The man from the barn dealt the Vigilante a fearful blow across the head with a club.

The Vigilante, evidently a man of great strength, staggered, but grappled with his enemy, only to receive a second blow that would have felled any but the strongest. The handkerchief, symbol of the raiding party, slipped from his face to his neck, but, dazed as he was, he clinched with his assailant and struggled with him. Selwood, little as he liked the red handkerchief, liked a game fighter, and watched the struggle the dazed man was making against one evidently no better than a cowardly murderer. Though it might be one of his own men, Selwood liked less and less his manner of fighting, and saw, as the two men rolled, panting and cursing, toward him, that the man who used the club was fumbling for his knife.

It was too much to watch a murder. Selwood, with an indignant oath, took a quick step forward. The Vigilante was under, and, as he was rolled on his back, the gambler recognized Abe Cole, the blacksmith; at the same instant he saw the knife raised above him. Selwood, with a vicious kick, sent the knife hurtling across the driveway, and, grabbing the upper man by the collar, brought the butt of his gun down on the man's head and turned his face to the light to see who it was. He had only time to ascertain that the coward was none of his own men, when McAlpin came running out of the barn. In one hand he carried a lantern, and in the other a hatchet—the front and picture of a wild man. Selwood, gripping the throat of the coward, looked up at McAlpin. "Who's this man, Jim?" demanded Selwood sharply. McAlpin amazed at the sight of Selwood, was at no loss for words. "A firebug!" he cried, "Kill him! They're after horses. I caught him and he tried to murder me."

"Throw me a couple of halter straps or a piece of rope. You look to Cole," exclaimed Selwood. With a skull clearly club-proof, the fighting blacksmith was staggering to his feet. Cole recognized Selwood. "That was a close squeak, John, cried Cole. "He'd had a knife into me. I know the blamed thief. He's one of them river rats—kill him."

"Turn him over to your Vigilantes with my compliments," responded Selwood, rising from the man he had tied. "Why don't they come my way up the hill?" he asked of Cole, tauntingly.

"The orders is out not to burn you John—that's why. Look after this bird a bit, Jim"—Cole pointed to the horse thief and addressed McAlpin—"till I get help. We'll string him up."

McAlpin rubbed his hands in cheerful anticipation; Cole ran off, rubbing his head. Selwood spoke sharply to the barn boss: "What's become of Fyler?"

"The girl was over to see if they could get a team and a wagon, John. She was afraid they'd be after her father. I told her to come back for it—she didn't come. I drove it down to the store. The place was dark and locked up. They were gone—God knows where. I seen Bull Page. He's sober—scared to death for fear they'll hang him."

"Where are your hostlers?" demanded Selwood, upset.

"Out with them dashed Vigilantes—couldn't hold 'em back—not a man-Jack of 'em. Lefever's got his teamsters over in the warehouse and the bunkhouse."

The gambler hardly heard the answer. A panic had seized him. Too late he realized the danger to which Christie had been exposed—the danger to which he had left her.

He ordered McAlpin to put out the lights, close the barn, and shoot anybody who tried to get in. Down street he heard shouting; the Vigilantes were coming to get the horse thief. McAlpin, with all speed, was closing the barn doors. Selwood, stooping, picked up the red handkerchief that had fallen from Cole's neck, and, thrusting it into his pocket, slipped around the corner of the barn and hurried up the hill.

A moment later he stood alone in the center of the gambling-hall. His eyes, running over the room, fell on the shelf behind his desk. There stood the glass dome covering again the good luck shoe he had brought from the Crawling Stone, and to which he still stubbornly clung. He set aside the dome and thrust the shoe into his coat pocket. Turning, he saw on the wall the print of the padre. He pried it loose, folded and put it into a breast pocket, and, going back to the middle of the room, drew down the big center lamp.

It was a large, old-fashioned kerosene lamp, raised and lowered, in its shiny frame, on sticky brass chains and pulleys. Of all the lamps in the hall, the big center lamp was Bull Page's pride, and its glass bowl held a quart of kerosene.

The lamp was hot. The blaze scorched Selwood's eyes as he looked into it. He lifted the bowl carefully out of the frame and bal-

(Continued on Page Eight)

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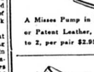
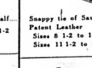


A Misses Pump in Blonde Calf or Patent Leather, sizes 11 1-2 to 2, per pair $2.95



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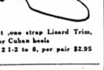

Patent one strap Lizard Trim, Low or Cuban heels
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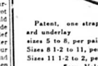

Patent, one strap, with lizard underlay
sizes 5 to 8, per pair $1.59
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11, per pair $1.79
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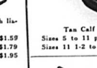

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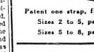

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Farm Organizations and Business Men in State Promoting Raising Of Better Livestock

Organizations of farmers and business men are actively cooperating with agricultural agents in many counties in Kentucky in promoting the raising of better livestock. Purebred sires are being obtained for farmers at reasonable prices and assistance given in other ways in putting the livestock industry on a more profitable basis.

Following a survey which showed that there were 141 scrub bulls in Pendleton county, a three day campaign resulted in 102 farmers promising to replace scrubs with purebreds. A scrub sire trial was held to arouse interest among stock raisers.

Campbell county now has but nine scrub bulls while two years ago there were 119 in the county. Plans have been made to run the last scrub out of the county this year.

A committee of farmers and the Jackson Kiwanis club are cooperating with the county agent in a campaign to free Breathitt county from scrub sires this year.

Boone county finished a campaign against scrub sires last month, and it is expected that the last inferior bull will be sold this year.

In Russell county 70 per cent of the bulls are now purebred, while two years years ago there were only t opurebred bulls in the county.

Union county gained national fame last year by anouncing to the world that it had chased the last scrub bull across its boundary. It was the first county in the United States to accomplish this feat.

SUGGESTS WAYS TO SAVE ORPHAN LAMB

Orphan lambs can be saved and made almost as profitable as other lambs, says Prof. L. J. Horlacher, who is in charge of the sheep work at the Kentucky Experiment Station.

If a ewe that has lost her lamb is available, an effort should be made to have her adopt the orphan. This may be done by placing the skin of the dead lamb on the orphan lamb; or milk from the ewe may be smeared on her nose and on the orphan lamb. Rubbing the nose of the ewe on the lamb is another method used.

If the orphan and the ewe are kept together in a pen for several days the ewe often will adopt the lamb. Sometimes the stubbornness of a ewe can be overcome by holding the orphan lamb while it sucks and until it becomes strong and more eager for feed. It may be necessary to tie the ewe, or place her so she cannot turn around.

Where no ewe is available to become a foster mother, an orphan lamb may be fed cow's milk. Cow's milk is not so rich as ewe's milk and therefore needs no dilution with water. If possible, the lamb should have ewe's milk for the first week. This may be provided by having it suck a ewe whose lamb is not old enough to take all her milk.

A tablespoonful of milk at each feed is sufficient for the lamb the first day of its life. Feed every two hours, and do not give a large amount of milk at one time until the lamb is three weeks old. By that time three feedings daily will be enough.

Lambs may be fed from a bottle or taught to drink out of a pan. Allow the lamb to suck one finger, and at the same time place its mouth in a pan of milk.

MORE MONEY FOR STANDARD LAMBS

Approximately $1 per lamb is the pay farmers receive for trimming and docking, according to statistics gathered from stock yards companies and packers. R. S. Matheson, who buys thousands of lambs for Swift & Company, recently stated that he would rather pay 14 cents a pound for ewe and wether lambs than 13 cents for mixed lots, and it is said that buyers expect to make even a greater difference in prices this season.

If lambs are trimmed the farmer is able to hold them until market conditions are right, R. C. Miller, a sheep specialist at the College of Agriculture at Lexington, points out. That in itself is a worth-while factor to consider. "In fact," says Mr. Miller, "the farmer who trims his lambs has all to gain and nothing to lose; the farmer who does not trim will not only receive less per head for his lambs when they go to market, but will likely have many lambs that will be thrown into the second class. No Kentucky farmer can afford to overlook the importance of trimming lambs."

SELF SERVICE

"I never feed tramps," the housewife severely informed the panhandler.

"I ain't asking yer ter, lady," he whined. "Jest gimme the grub an' I'll feed meself."

HOW TO GROW ALFALFA

Manure Essential: Lime Often Necessary

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

There is no one thing that will do more to insure success than from 12 to 15 loads of good barnyard manure to the acre. It is advisable to use lime and inoculate and it may be well to use phosphorus.

Lime can almost always be used to good advantage, and the benefits are especially striking on compact clay soils that have been cropped for many years.

Applications of acid phosphate, basic slag, or fine ground bone meal, are always beneficial but cannot be regarded as essential to success.

Inoculation never hurts, is generally beneficial, and often essential to the growing of alfalfa.

In regions where alfalfa has not been grown it is frequently found to be very beneficial to inoculate the ground by sowing three or four hundred pounds of soil secured from a field where alfalfa has been grown for a number of years; or where it is more convenient, artificial cultures such as "Nitragin," "Farmogerm," etc., may be applied.

Alfalfa seed may be either drilled, or sowed broadcast and harrowed in. The seed can be more evenly distributed if one-half is sown in one direction and the other half sown at right angles. It is always a good plan to sow the seed a little thicker around the edges of the field, as this portion of the field is more subject to injury from insects, foxtail, etc.

While it is the custom in the humid regions to sow twenty pounds of seed to the are, ten to twelve pounds is sufficient. If evenly distributed this will give from fifty to sixty seeds for every square foot, while one thrifty plant to the square foot is sufficient.

A well-prepared, firm, solid seed bed, plenty of good barnyard manure, and summer fallow to kill the weeds are most important. Then comes lime. Inoculation and phosphorus are frequently beneficial. Ground too wet for corn is not suited to alfalfa.

DIPPING THE REMEDY SHEEP SCAB SPREADS;

Sheep scab has spread in Kentucky in the last two years until present conditions are alarming, according to Prof. E. S. Good, head of the animal husbandry department of the Agricultural Experiment Station.

Prof. Good points out that a comparatively small amount of equipment and a little work will eradicate scab. Dipping is the remedy. A few sheep can be dipped in a barrel. Many farmers who own 25 or more sheep have their own dipping vat, either of galvanized iron or concrete. In some regions, where flocks are numerous and large, big community vats have been constructed.

The liquid in which the sheep are dipped should be from 100 to 105 degrees. Two types of dip are effective. One is made of 8 pounds of unslaked lime, 24 pounds of flowers of sulphur and 100 gallons of water. Manufacturers are making a nicotine sulphate dip that is much easier to prepare than the lime-sulphur solution.

Each sheep should be dipped for two minutes, by the watch. The head should be ducked for an instant as the sheep enters the vat and again as it leaves.

If a sheep is badly infected with scabies it should first be hand dressed by rubbing some of the dipping solution on infected spots with a corn cob, thus loosening the scabs. Care should be taken, however, not to draw blood. The animal should then be dipped for two minutes.

The dipping should be repeated in 10 to 14 days. Dipping will not only destroy the scab mite but will also kill lice and ticks. A good practice to follow is to dip sheep every spring and fall.

Prof. Good advises against dipping ewes heavy with lamb. It is better to wait until after the lambs arrive and then dip both ewes and lambs. Lambs, however, should be kept in the solution only a short time.

A young bride asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down: "Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl. Attention. Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.—"The St. Mathewes Booster."

"BLEST BE THE BRUSH THAT CLEANS"

(Sung to "Blest be the Tie that Binds")

Blest be the brush that cleans
Our teeth at morn and night;
The water and the paste, the means
To keep them clean and white.

And after each meal we eat,
And ere we sleep at night
Again we use the brush, the paste
This keeps them clean and white.

We share our mutual woes,
We share each others fun;
Oud tooth brush is ours, and ours alone,
We share this brush with none.

Blest be the brush that cleans
We praise it loud in song;
To use it well, at proper times
Will make us both well and strong.

—R. P. Keene, D. D. S. Chairman State Committee Oral Hygiene Owensboro, Ky.

Municipal golf courses are now operated by nearly 100 cities in the United States, with fees ranging from 10 to 15 cents a round in some places.

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at Oakland Mills at William Eubank's on
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1927
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1927
at 10 o'clock, the following property:

1 work horse, 8 years old, good one
1 Laurel cook stove
1 Dining table
1 kitchen table
1 safe, glass door
1 kitchen safe
1 sewing machine
1 refrigerator
2 rocking chairs
5 dining room chairs
1 victrola, Edison, 16 records
2 stand tables
3 bedsteads
1 porch swing
6 yards linoleum
Other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms cash.

Mrs. Anna Bell Shaw
Tom Jackson, Auctioneer.
3-31 2t*

STOCK FOR SERVICE

BILLIE, saddle horse of W. R. Galliher, will make the season at the stock barn of John Cronin. Billie is 15 hands and 3 inches high, good mane and tail, lady broke to ride or drive. His mother is a registered mare by old Bourbon Chief, out of Red Cloud mare, by W. T. Barlow's saddle horse, Billie. Is four years old, good style and bone.

One big jack with heavy bone and one young Percheron horse will also make the season at the barn of John Cronin, one mile from Carlisle on Upper Jackstown pike. All the above stock will stand at $10 to insure a living colt. Money due when colt comes, mare is parted with or bred to other stock. Lien retained on all colts until season money is paid. Care taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

John Cronin
W. R. Galliher
3-31 3t*

No shipper ever lost a penny selling cream Direct to Tri-State

Cream and Cans Guaranteed Against Loss or Damage

Gentlemen:
We have been shipping cream to Tri-State for over 12 years. Have received all our checks promptly, without a single exception.
W. W. WORKMAN
Hillsboro, Ohio

TRI-STATE BUTTER COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Tune in on the Tri-State Radio Program from WLW
Tuesday Evening, April 5
at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time
We are giving for our Friends A Medley of Old American Melodies by a fine Concert Orchestra

WALNUT GROVE HONOR ROLL

First Grade—Special honor, Carl Mattox, Floyd Mattox, Adeline Toadvine.
Second Grade—Honor, James Toadvine.
Third Grade—Honor, Charles Mattox.
Fourth Grade—Honor, Mildred Garrison, Ella and Fenton Mattox.
Fifth Grade—Honor, Jim Mattox.
Sixth Grade—Honor, Flossie Mattox.

Mrytle B. Parsons, teacher.

ISHMAEL HONOR ROLL

First Grade—Special honor, Iretta Earlywine, Charles Crawford.
Third Grade—Special honor, Fred Crawford, Avalyn Clay; honor, Hazel Conyers, Roy Crawford.
Fourth Grade—Special honor, Kathryn Clay.
Fifth Grade—Elizabeth Conyers, Elmer Crawford.
Seventh Grade—Brown Crawford.
Eighth Grade—Special honor, Earl Bowen.

Gladys Hollar, teacher.

PLEASANT VALLEY HONOR ROLL

First Grade—Special honor, Roy T. Sapp, Opal Tolliver; honor, Earl Hughes, Kenneth Flora.
Second Grade—Special honor, James Sapp; honor, Ruth Flora.
Third Grade—Honor, Harvey Sapp, Margie Campbell Lonzo Gray, Charlene Barton.
Fourth Grade—Special honor, Estill Hughes, Charlie Barton.
Fifth Grade—Honor, Margie Cray, Dorothy Tolliver, Irene Sapp, Marvin McCarty, Opal Gray.
Sixth Grade—Honor, Marguerite Hunt, Mary Throckmorton.
Seventh Grade—Honor, Permelia Throckmorton, Helen Barton, Retta Hughes, Elgan Humphries.
Eighth Grade—Special honor, Elizabeth Wilcoxsin.

Mrs. Mae Kenney, teacher

MT. ZION HONOR ROLL

First Grade—Special honor, Jesse Bussell; honor, Gertrude House, Quintilla Manear, Gilbert Ham.
Second Grade—Special honor, Lolo Vinson; honor, Lizzie Manear, Lena K. House.
Third Grade—Special honor, Sally Bussell, Irene Clavell; honor, Eugene Clavell, Eva Clavell.
Fourth Grade—Elgin Jackson, Paul Vinson, Elgin Ham, Avery Ham.
Sixth Grade—Special honor, Viola Farris, Aitkin Downing, Forrest Buzzard.
Eighth Grade—Special honor, Evelyn Farris.

Mary D. Capps, teacher.

BLUE LICK HONOR ROLL

Second Grade—Durward Curtis, Robert McConnell.
Third Grade—Special honor, Virgie Mae Dotson, Bradley Dotson, Thaddeus Selby.
Fourth Grade—Geneva Sibert.
Sixth Grade—Ruth Snapp, Ruby Snapp, Bradley Logan.
Eighth Grade—Special honor, Georgia B. Campbell; honor, Mildred Hickman.

WRIGHT HONOR ROLL

First Grade—O. T. Berry.
Second Grade—Edith Mae Brumagen.
Third Grade—Roy Berry, Edward Lawrence.
Fourth Grade—Oma Berry.
Sixth Grade—Allen Stone, Robert Berry.
Seventh Grade—Ermina Cundiff.
Eighth Grade—Marguerite Brumagen.

Hazel Roberts, teacher.

LEGLESS FARMER

(Hardin County Enterprise)

In the western part of Hardin county, near Vine Grove, lives Bedford F. Davis, 60 years old, who is a prosperous and successful farmer. This is true despite the fact that early in life Davis lost both legs. When Davis was 20 years old he fell under a moving train, which he attempted to board, and both legs were cut off at the knees. He walks on two wooden pegs which he made himself.

When he recovered, having no money and being the son of poor parents, he set out to work for himself. At first he grew small patches of tobacco and garden truck, which he could cultivate largely with a hoe. He saved his money and in a few years bought 20 acres of land. With great care he was able to train a horse to walk slowly and learned to plow.

Davis is a good judge of livestock and has kept as much as he could properly care for. For many years he has co-operated with his neighbors in farm work. He gets men who can walk better to do his tasks he cannot do and repays them in work he can perform.

Davis was married when he was 35 and has a family of six children. The children helped him about the farm. He owns 125 acres of land free from debt, has a nice home, good barns and plenty of farm equipment. He also owns an automobile.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT

Thomas Wade, Plaintiff
Vs.—Advertisement of Sale.
Carrie Duncan, et al., Defendants

Pursuant to an order in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the February Term of 1927, I shall proceed to offer for sale in Monday, April 11, 1927, same being regular County Court Day, at 1:30, or thereabouts, at the Court House door, in Carlisle, Kentucky, upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property:

A certain lot or parcel of land lying in Nicholas County, Kentucky, on the line of the Carlisle & Parks Ferry Turnpike Road and bounded as follows: On the South by the lot of Maggie Sharpe (Colored); On the West by said turnpike road; on the North by the lot of John Jones, (Colored); on the East by the lands of Thomas Hughes (colored). Said lot fronting on said turnpike road 60 feet, more or less, and running back the same width to the said Thomas Hughes line, and being all that lot of land lying between the property of said Maggie Sharpe and said John Jones, and being the same property conveyed to Thomas Wade, Plaintiff, by Barnett Wade, by deed dated March 19th, 1915, and recorded in Deed Book No. 30, page, 509, of the Nicholas County Court Clerk's Office. This sale is made for the purpose of recovering the sum of $500.00, due the Plaintiff, Thos. Wade, on a lien note with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from January 6, 1924, and the further sum of $89.45 court costs and $—— taxes on said property year 1927.

For the purchase price the purchaser with approved surety or sureties must execute bond, said bonds to be conditioned as the judgment directs and bear interest at the rate of 6 perecent per annum from date of sale until paid. Said bonds to have the force and of a judgment upon which execution may issue.

U. M. Swinford, M. C. N. C. C

NOTICE POULTRY RAISERS
R4-11-44
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, Capes and Limberneck.
PRICE 75c
Tureman & Son

Keep Fit!

Good Health Requires Good Elimination

To be well, you must keep the blood stream free from impurities. If the kidneys lag, allowing body poisons to accumulate, a toxic condition is created. One is apt to feel dull, languid, tired and achy. A nagging backache is sometimes a symptom, with drowsy headaches and dizzy spells. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. If you have reason to suspect improper kidney functioning, try *Doan's Pills*—a tested stimulant diuretic. Users praise them throughout the United States. *Ask your neighbor!*

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

NORTON'S BURLEY TOBACCO SEEDS

Norton's Kentucky Experiment Station ROOT ROT RESISTANT Tobacco Seed. $1.25 per ounce. 5 ounces, $5.00.

Norton's Improved Kelley Type Tobacco Seed. Plenty of weight and color. $1.00 per ounce.

Norton's Pointed Leaf Burley Tobacco Seed. Heavy Type. $1.00 per ounce.

Norton's White Burley Tobacco Seed. Heavy Type. $1.00 per ounce.

This is high grade seed. You can buy no better at any price.

R. L. NORTON
Box 164 Carlisle, Ky.

Renew Your Health by Purification

Any physician will tell you that "Perfect Purification of the System is Nature's Foundation of Perfect Health." Why not rid yourself of chronic ailments that are undermining your vitality? Purify your entire system by taking a thorough course of Calotabs,—once or twice a week for several weeks—and see how Nature rewards you with health.

Calotabs are the greatest of all system purifiers. Get a family package, containing full directions. Only 35 cts. At any drug store. (Adv.)

Most Complete Line Of Hardware
In Nicholas County

Full line of cook stoves, ranges and oil stoves, Chattanooga chilled plows, flat land and hill side. Disc and peg tooth harrows. Plow repairs

Wm. Howard & Son

REPAIR WORK

We can repair any make Sewing Machine, Phonograph Gun or Clock and guarantee

Quick Service Accurate Work

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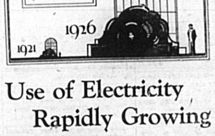
Our Cleaning Service will refresh and make wearable. for several months, clothes you are ready to discard

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

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



Use of Electricity Rapidly Growing

Manufacturers, business men and housewives in rapidly increasing numbers are learning the advantages of electricity over any other form of power.

During 1926 the output of electric current by the Kentucky Utilities Company and its subsidiaries increased 39.2 per cent, and during the last five years the increase in output amounted to 380 per cent.

That is a remarkable increase—greater for the period by 280 per cent than the average for the whole United States.

But Kentucky is seventh from the bottom in the list of states in the total generating capacity of its electric plants; far behind all its neighbors.

Production and use of electricity is an index of a state's progress and prosperity.

Kentucky Utilities electrical service will save you money, time, labor and delay—whether you use it in factory, store, home, or on the farm. Ask our local manager for details.

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED

DOG IS NURSING LAMBS

(Woodford Sun)

A female shepherd dog owned by Will Martin, on R. G. Williams' farm, on the McCowan's Ferry pike, adopted and is suckling two lambs that were cast aside by their mother. The dog, of her own choice, took charge of the lambs and they are flourishing.