SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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CHAPTER XVI

Face to Face.

With a good part of the town burned, most of the people in hiding, and with few provisions saved from the burned stores, Sleepy Cat lay stunned by its misfortunes.

From the cross-bar of the first telegraph pole planted in Sleepy Cat with grandiloquent words, hung two shutter reminders of the work of the reinforced Vigilantes. But sensational was the unheaval when it became known that Starbuck, organizer and brains of the exodus, had, together with Big Haynes, made his escape.

No explanations were forthcoming from the stage horn. It had happened —that was all. The man captured by Selwood was his own prisoner, it was said, and he was the person to feel most surprised.

Bill Pardaloe, when told that Starbuck was missing, stamped and snorted; but under the skillful ministrations of Buff Page was diverted from his noisy intention of heading a death chase after the fugitives, and was persuaded instead to go to bed.

The breakfast served that morning in Doctor Carey's Sleepy Cat hotel was unusual. At sunrise a barrel of salt pork was luckily found in, and rolled from, a dark corner of the stage warehouse, and, together with a barrel of flour and a sack of green coffee, commandeered for public need.

Not until he had assembled this provender could the lazy surgeon landlord get away to interview the padre, who, he was then told by Revell, had gone up to the railroad station to visit the wounded.

Carey opened the waiting-room door to look for his man and paused.

At the far end of the room, sitting on an up-ended keg, his back supported against the wall, Carey saw one of his much-bandaged Vigilantes, fanning over him with a cup of water while the wounded man drank was a man of advanced years, whose dark surname only identified him as one of that small but widely scattered band of men known to the Indians of every tribe of the West, from the Staked Plain to Hudson bay, as black robes.

"Padre," said the surgeon, coming up with blunt rudeness, "I'm glad to see you making yourself useful. If you want a job nursing, I'll hire you right now; I'm doctoring this outfit."

When the dark-robe smiled, his features lost their stern repose. "It would not be new work," he replied in a heavy foreign accent, "but I'm sorry to see such warfare, such bloodshed—and what about?"

"Padre, some of this Sleepy Cat blood needed to be shed—in fact, a good deal of it," observed the doctor evasively. "I'll tell you all about it. First, though, I want to ask you a few questions. Padre, about something that happened in this country a long, long time ago—even in thirty years. How long have you traveled this country, Padre?"

Carey was not a hard man to read. Single-minded, keenly outspoken, his honesty of intent was written on his open countenance, and the expression never reader of men before him perceived it all. The composed black robe narrowed his eyes, looked in cool part, with another. "How old are you, Doctor?"

Carey laughed and shook his head. "Thirteen hours after Padre—If I must say it."

"Then I crossed those mountains, first, a good time before you were born."

"Why, you must remember old Fort Pierre."

"I was here before Fort Pierre was built."

"Well, you must be one to remember so well about those early days. Padre. Here's a man—" Carey pointed to the wounded man—"who says you married him and then he ran away."

The Roper Massacre at Crawling Stone Wash.

"I did not know him."

"Never know his sons, Lieutenant Roper?"

"I never knew any of the officers at the fort."

"Were you ever there?"

"No."

The good-hearted surgeon began to grow unmistakably warm in his difficulties. "Well, then, you never married anybody at the fort?"

"Never."

"Was there any other black-robe through this country thirty years ago, Padre?" he continued with seeing hope.

The padre answered after careful thought. "No," said he.

"Dagone it!" exclaimed Carey, knitting his brows, but reduced in the clerical presence to his one effeminate epithet; "I can't see how it is—and Bob Scott swears you are the man!"

"What do you mean, my Doctor?"

"Did you ever marry anybody out here?"

"Many of the Indians, of course, my Doctor; sometimes a white man—a trader or a trapper, and an Indian woman—very rarely a white cougar, very rarely—usually on the steamboats. Once, camping on the river below Fort Pierre, I married a young army officer to a young white woman. But that poor man was killed soon after, ward—"

"In the Roper massacre at Crawling Stone wash! My God!" exclaimed Carey, the perspiration starting from his forehead. "That's the very story! He sets... Je padre incontinently by the arm. "Come!"

Before the two men reached the hotel the padre, urged in a brisk pace by his companion, had all of the story the doctor had. Selwood had brought Tracy up from the river to the hotel, made him comfortable in a room, and was walking down the stairs when Carey opened the front door of the hall and entered his companion in.

"He's got it!" cried Carey to Selwood, loudly, and before any one else could speak a word. "He's the man! He married them." Carey, in his excitement, caught the padre's arm with one hand to urge him forward, and shot the other like a semaphore out at Selwood. "He's got it, John," cried the doctor. "This is the man! He married them. He knows everything, Padre"—Carey turned to his companion and pointed to his friend—"that's their boy standing right there!"

Selwood had need of all his resources. He stood motionless on the lowest tread of the stairs. The miniature scanned the serious features before him with crossed and perplexed eyes. "Is this, then," he said, for Selwood made no attempt to break the silence, "is this," repeated the big man slowly, "the child of, my marriage of that young lieutenant so long ago?"

The gambler made no answer. Instead, he sat down on the stair and buried his face in his bandaged hands.

Selwood spent long hours that morning with the black-robe. He urged him to come up to the hotel and remain over night. But the old campaigner would not leave his Indians, and professed himself unwilling to risk sleeping in a room lest he take cold; he preferred to camp with his escort, who had pitched his tent down by the river—and could not be dissuaded. But he wrote out for Selwood such details as he could remember of the eventful night of the marriage of his father and mother, and gave it to him.

Next morning Carey dragged Selwood into his office, planted him in a chair, and sat down facing him, eager to hear all of the padre's story also. "I must go to the hotel," he said, to get it in full. Doctor Carey had a story himself.

"Jake," he chortled with zeal on Diamond Bridge's behalf, "I don't know what have you been doing—"

"I've been doing the civil general—build him the hotel—and I've proved all my claims to the LIT. Then I sold. Well, how you got to say to that?"

"What did he say?"

"What do you suppose he said?"

"The old sly dog!" cried Carey. "John, He's broke and penniless. That somebody planted a claim close to the last night and stampeded him completely. I told him about you and down he fetched—and he's been hanging around here ever since, waiting for you to get back. He's got a letter and burned it. Why didn't you tell me? It is it, Doctor?" Carey, excitedly, Should tell only a few people. Can't get it in him? Can't tell all to himself? Is that it, Carey? Could you beat that?"

"Now, John," continued the doctor, "I had him bring his things to the hotel. He's asleep now. After a while I'll go and see him. He wants to see you—"

Selwood shook his head. "I don't want to see him."

Carey raised his chin. "Don't be a mule; that's some of your old grand father coming out in you—not your mother. Some while later go up like a man and see the general—to tell you the truth, he ain't a long time for down here, even if he gets well of this wound—which I think he will."

Then, in Carey fashion, he sprang a further surprise. "How you feeling this morning, John?"

Selwood almost stared at him. This was a question the doctor never asked of anybody under any circumstances; Doctor Carey's patients were told, not asked, how they felt.

But Selwood was ready for him. "I'll ask a question, myself, Doctor. Did you come out here in a wagon train?"

"The first job I got west of the Missouri river," continued Selwood, "was driving a team of mules."

"Same as I, John—same as me."

"I was a youngster—and you know I wasn't a husky one. By the time I'd driven those mules a week, if the owner had known me on the bond I'd have thanked him for it. Every body in the outfit was dead afraid the Indians would get me; after the first week I was dead afraid they wouldn't. I had sneezed and coughed and snorted in that alkali dust till my nose and eyes and throat were plum burnt up. Then one evening, after the hottest, nonchalancest day I'd ever felt in my life, on the Platte bottoms—"

Carey nodded hard. "Hotter'n blazes on those bottoms, wa'n't it—" as somebody my school pupil, He was just about able to raise my head and look over the fodder ears. There, ahead of us—far, far away—I saw snow, the snow on top of the Rocky mountains.

"You're asking me, are you, how I feel tonight? If it wasn't just for one thing, I'd say I felt better than I've ever felt since that evening I saw that snow on top of the Rocky mountains."

"What's the one thing?"

Selwood shrank in a little. "You couldn't mend it."

"I know what's a matter with you. And, maybe, I can't cure you—but I, myself. But there's a little hussy up-stairs with her head as full of you just as your head is full of her. That girl can do a thing I can't do. Go upstairs, man, knock on her door, and if you can't see anything else clearly, tell her some of the good news you heard today. I gave her a hint. But she'd like to hear a few things straight from you—"

"Did she say that?"

"That and a—whole lot more." severed Carey, making his perversation violent, since he felt he had gone too far to retreat. "Go on, John, and have a face-to-face talk with brown-eyes."

Perspiration dewed Selwood's forehead. Encouraging him to promptly honeyed fashion, Carey got him to the foot of the stairs. He never did remember just how he got up the familiar flight that morning. But, once above, he had writ enough to turn toward his own room to consult the looking-glass about his hair.

What was his surprise to find the door of his room open and, looking inside, to see Christie smoothing up the counterpane on his bed. He stood perfectly still watching her. In a moment she had finished and, turning as she straightened up, she saw him in the doorway. She gave a startled little cry, and her face was a picture of intense confusion. "Oh!" she exclaimed, trying to speak and to laugh at once. "You can come right in! I'm all through. Margaret has gone, you know, and Doctor asked me if I wouldn't tidy up his room and yours just for this morning—I—no grants. He stood motionless, on the lowest tread of the stairs. The miniature scanned the serious features before him with crossed and perplexed eyes. "Is this, then," he said, for Selwood made no attempt to break the silence, "is this," repeated the big man slowly, "the child of, my marriage of that young lieutenant so long ago?"

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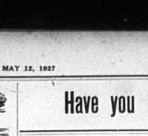


"They Almost Tried to Kill My Father."

Five minutes later Doctor Carey's loud whistle echoed up the hallway. Christie Fyler, in Selwood's arms, started like a frightened fawn. She tried to break away, and could not. "John!" she whispered frantically. "Some one's coming! Let me go!" With tear-brimmed eyes she looked pleadingly up. He would not release her. "He's downstairs," murmured Selwood reassuringly. "There's no body at all up here."

"You'll start your arms bleeding again, John," she whispered in alarm. "I can't get a breath."

"Christie!" Selwood looked down at her face; her head cushioned in the hollow of his arm. "I've got to tell you this, too—I'm dead broke."

She laughed—who as well as lovers can face the world broke? "I guess everybody is broke in Sleepy Cat, John. Then, besides risking your precious life for me, you've had a terrible misfortune—they burned your hall, didn't they, John? And you lost everything?"

He looked down at her, "Christie," he said seriously, "I suppose I'll be willing to prove property by letting you try that show on you to see if it fits?"

"No, it isn't necessary to bother you—I can try it on, myself."

"If you'll let me try it on you, I'll tell you a secret."

"Go ahead, then."

"I burned the hall, myself. Yes," he continued, as she looked at him alarmed. "What? Well it's gone now with it—and everything in it. All that's behind me, Christie!"

There was just an instant of breathless silence. Then she tipped up on her toes just as high as she possibly could and flung her arms as far as she possibly could around his neck, and smothered the rest of his words

(To Be Continued Next Week)

A PERFECT SUMMER

(L. C. Cones)

They say the sun as brightly shines
as in the years agone;
They say the grass is just as green
out on the shady lawn,
And that the birds are sweetly
singing up in the waving leaves
As when we sat together, dear,
among the sheaves.

It may be so. The bees are humming,
And the smell of the clover is rare
and sweet,
But memy's fingers at my heart-
strings thrumming
Wake a song of a joy that was too
fleet.

The glowing sunshine grows pale
around me;
The grass is faded, the bird song
faint;
I catch not the charm of the scenes
that surround me,
For thy voice answers not to my
heart's fone plaint.

The change is not in the sun's
bright shining,
The song of the birds, the hum of
the bees,
Nor in the charm of that old time was
not in reclining
On the laps of summer beneath the
green trees.

I know the bright sunshine, the birds
sweetly singing,
And I notice, too, with the old apple
tree;
But I wait with fond longing, to
hear those dearer close clingings,
That each summer time brings me
nearer to thee.

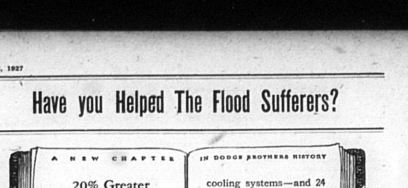
For the rhythm in the melody of
That raggy measure
Was the sound of thy voice, to me
more than dear,
And never can life's music so thrill
me with pleasure
Till thy murmuring tones fall again
on my ear.

So I trustingly yearn for a happy
home coming,
A heaven made perfect by thy
presence so rare;
For through the Elysium 'twould be
weary, lone roaming,
If thou wert not with me, its glories
to share.

The King and the Bandit

Johnnie Armstrong, the celebrated Scotch bandit, was seized and hanged by James V in 1529, when, with 36 of his band, he offered his services to the king to suppress the riots of the Marsh men.

Have you Helped The Flood Sufferers?



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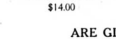

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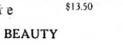

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Don't run the risk of ruining your next tobacco crop by trying to save a few cents on a bag of "just-as-good" fertilizer.

You may save a little in the beginning, but you may lose many dollars on a poor yield of inferior leaf in the end

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When you buy a bag of Armour's Big Crop Burley Tobacco Grower, you have the comfortable satisfaction of knowing that it contains all the elements, scientifically balanced, essential to the most profitable and successful growth of the Kentucky leaf and that it is sold at the lowest price at which the best tobacco fertilizer can be obtained.

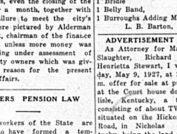
You will know that it is mechanically perfect, drillable and uniform and that every plant in the field gets its required amount of genuine sulphate of potash—the only form of potash that goes into Armour's. You can be certain that the proper amount of magnesium is available—thus preventing plant disease due to magnesium starvation—and that the ammoniates are properly balanced to encourage good growth and to give strength and stability to the plants, carrying them safely through should a drouth occur.

Play Safe—Stick to Armour's

And you will get in each bag of Armour's Burley Tobacco Grower, at the lowest consistent price, the benefit of many years devoted to the study of tobacco raising and the knowledge, experience, equipment and volume production necessary to produce the highe s grade of fertilizer best suited to growing the most profitable crop

Play safe—stick to Armour's.

CARLISLE COAL & FEED COMPANY



---Your, Harvest Will Prov th

BANKERS SHOULD PROMOTE DAIRY FAMMING

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

There are few farmers who do not know the importance of raising dairy cattle. Tre millions of acres of worn-out land are testimony to the need of conserving soil fertility and this can be accomplished only by diversified farming, the growing of legume crops, the raising of dairy cattle and other live stock and the placing of the manure back on the land.

Dairy cattle utilize cheap roughage, such as corn stober, fodder and straw, which usually goes to waste. Feeding the crops to dairy cattle and returning the manure to the land maintains the supply of nitrogen and other plant food elements.

This not only means more prosperity for the farmers and the community but it means continued prosperity, and bankers can perform no greater service to the people than to encourage and, when necessary, finance the growing of dairy cattle.

An educational extension department should be a feature of the activities of every banking institution. This should be in charge of a trained and experienced agriculturist, who should act as a farm adviser.

He should keep in close touch with the farmers, and in every way encourages the growing of dairy cattle. He should point out the increase profits that come from marketing grain and forage crops in the form of beef, pork, mutton or dairy products, and the importance of maintaining soil fertility. He should assist in organizing dairy improvement associations in the community; help the farmers in marketing dairy products; take a personal interest in the calf-club; be instrumental in forming calf, pig and poultry clubs and in interesting the boys and girls in raising live stock. And finally he could prove of assistance in the promotion of farm loans for financing those who desire to raise dairy cattle.

EVERY CHILD'S BIRTHRIGHT BUREAU VITAL STATISTICS

The laws of Kentucky undertake to guarantee to every child born within its borders the right to be born under condition that will not impose a handicap to give it an equal opportunity with every other child to survive and develop into a healthy, useful and productive citizen.

Likewise every child is entitled by law to have its privileges, rights and material welfare protected by the accurate and permanent record of birth properly prepared and permanently preserved by the State.

Would you not feel very badly if your own child was denied admission to the schools of another State, to which you had moved, because a certificate of birth for the child could not be presented? This has happened and untold anxiety and worry to parents have resulted.

Events and occurrences that used to be taken for granted must in this day and age be authenticated by legal proof.

The Federal Government is cooperating with, and assisting, Kentucky and the other 47 States in the U. S. Census Registration Area to the end that perfect birth and death registration may be secured and no citizen of the future be subjected to abridgement of his legal rights and privileges.

It is no small job to secure and record birth certificates for the 70,000 children born in Kentucky each year and requires the full collect cooperation of the parents, physicians, midwives, nurses and Local Registrars but Kentucky can be maintained at the head of those states securing satisfactory registration.

Kentucky has a model Vital Statistics law and the organization of Local Registrars is composed of nearly 1100 intelligent and active men and women who are outstanding in their communities.

The obligation placed on the Bureau of Vital Statistics and the State Registrar by the public demand for complete birth and death registration is such that in addition to giving of the very best that is in us we seek the cheerful and willing cooperation of all classes and where this is withheld by those directly responsible for preparing and filing certificates we would be recreant to our duty and disloyal to our State if we did not seek to enforce the law without fear or favor.

UNIQUE OPERATION

A fibroid tumor which weighed four pounds was removed from a three months old son of William Portwood at the Richmond hospital last week by Dr. Moss Gibson. The case is said to be very unusual, and it is not believed medical history records there being a tumor so large in a child so young. Dr. Gibson said that unless unanticipated complications develop the child will soon recover. Its appendix was also removed.

THE CARE OF THE HOME REFRIGERATOR

At this time of the year, when all sorts of equipment for the summer season is being overhauled and put in shape, it would be very wise to leave your refrigerator off the list. Other things may contribute to your comfort or recreation during the summer, but nothing is quite as important to your health and general well-being during the hot months as a good refrigerator that is properly taken care of, according to J. W. Read, manager of the Kentucky Dairies Company.

Most refrigerators are like most people—the better you treat them, the better they will serve you, Mr. Read continued. If the home refrigerator is to give you the maximum of efficiency it must receive intelligent care, suited to its construction and the work required of it. This is imperative not only on the score of economy, but because failure may result in serious family illness. The refrigerator guards the food of the family just as the chain of refrigerated railroad freight cars between the producer and the consumer take care of the condition of perishables at every stage of marketing.

After you buy wisely, wholesome products, your intelligence and your home refrigerator must keep them wholesome. The refrigerator must be scrupulously clean if the food for the family is to be in uniformly good condition. Spoilage is delayed and the original quality of the food is maintained if the refrigerator is really "on the job."

Here are a few suggestions to assist you in getting the best work possible out of your refrigerator:

Keep it in a cool place—as far away from the stove as you can get it, and where it will be accessible to the ice man.

See that it stands level on the floor; and attach to it a permanent drain, if you can do so.

Wash and clean it thoroughly, ready for the busy season that is ahead of it.

Keep it well iced—always one half to two-thirds full. If the ice gets low, the temperature rises, the walls of the refrigerator get warm again, and when new ice is put in, it has to do double work.

Do not put food in the ice chamber. The ice chamber is built to contain ice and not food. Every inch of ice surface is needed to cool and clean the passing air.

Wash the refrigerator once a week with a solution of soda—a cold water in which sal soda (about one tablespoon to four quarts of water) has been dissolved. Wipe with a clean cloth.

Put the milk, your ice in a paper or a blanket. Actual contact between the air to be cooled and the ice surface is necessary. A thick film of water on the melting ice prevents the cooling air from getting down the drain pipe. If the ice melts too rapidly it is because the refrigerator is not well insulated. Any properly insulated refrigerator, if well filled, will hold the ice from Saturday to Monday unless there is undue chipping for household purposes. If the refrigerator does not hold ice from Saturday to Monday it is good proof that it is poorly insulated or improperly used.

Keep the doors closed. Be sure that they close tightly. When placing or taking out food, work rapidly and close the door as soon as possible. Take a tray with you, and remove at one time as many things as you are going to need. Reducing the number of times that the door must be opened saves ice and maintains a more even temperature in the ice box.

CITY OF CHICAGO BROKE?

Chicago's pocketbook is flat, with the probability that the city would be nearly eight million dollars "in the red" by the end of the year, Mayor Thompson has informed the city council. Reduction of teachers' salaries, even the closing of the schools for a month, together with possible failure to meet the city's payroll, were ignored by Alderman John Clark, chairman of the finance committee, unless more money was forthcoming under assessment of big property owners which was given as the one reason for the present state of affairs.

MOTHERS PENSION LAW

Social workers of the State are reported to have formed a temporary organization to launch a campaign in behalf of a mothers' aid law to be introduced at the next session of the legislature. Their ultimate object is to put forth their children without being forced to send them to some home or institution. Other States have similar laws and sponsors of the movement believe it will be the part of wisdom and economy for Kentucky to make it possible for mothers to raise their children at home rather than turning them over to the State to give them a home."

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A Word with the Old Folks

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DOAN'S PILLS 60c

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

MORGAN JR.

The fine young saddle stallion formerly kept by B. D. Clay, Beautiful chestnut, dark mane, 15½ hands high, 10 years old.

Sired by Morgan, he by Dick Taylor, he by Piper's Ned Forrest, he by Sims' Ned Forrest. Morgan's first dam by Bentley, second dam by LeGrande. Morgan, Jr., is a good saddle horse. He was sired by a good saddler, his dam is a good saddler and he has saddle colts to show for themselves.

The above horse will stand at the barn of S. D. Clay, Ben Hur Station and Bethel turnpike, 1 mile from Sprout, at $10 to insure a living colt. Money due when colt comes, mare is parted with or bred to other stock without our consent. Will be kept with reasonable care, but not responsible should any accident occur.

At the same time and place a good Polled Angus bull. Service fee, $1.50, payable at gate. Privilege of rebreeding.

4-14 2t*

MRS. MARTHA CLAY

SHERIFF'S SALE

By Virtue of Judgment No. 1237 directed to me, which issued from the Clerk's Office of the Nicholas Circuit Court, in favor of W. F. Gaunce doing business under the name of Main Street Garage against Stanley R. Wiggins I, or one of my Deputies, will, on Saturday, the 14th day of May, 1927 between the hours of one o'clock, P. M. and four o'clock, P. M., at the Main Street Garage in Carlisle, County of Nicholas, State of Ky., expose to Public Sale to the highest bidder, the following property:

One Buick, seven passenger touring car, Number 722879, attached as the property of Stanley R. Wiggins.

The above described property will be sold to satisfy plaintiffs judgment of $150 with six per cent interest from June 15th, 1926, and further sum of $20.00 with six per cent interest from January 1st, 1927.

Terms: Sale will be made on a credit of Three months bond with approved security required, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from day of sale and having the force and effect of a Sale bond, this 25th day of April, 1927.

By L. B. Barton, Sheriff N. C.

ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE

As Sheriff of Nicholas County, Ky., I will offer for sale at public auction at the Court house door in Carlisle, Kentucky, on Monday, May 9, 1927, at 2 o'clock p. m. for cash the following articles:

2 pair of tugs,
One set of Breeching
3 Horse Collars,
1 Set of Hip Straps,
2 Collar Pads,
1 Bridle
1 Belly Band,
1 Burroughs Adding Machine.

L. B. Barton, Sheriff N. C.

ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE

As Attorney for Maggie Carter Slaughter, Richard Collins and Henrietta Stewart, I will on Monday, May 9, 1927, at 2 o'clock p. m. offer for sale at public auction at the Court house door, in Carlisle, Kentucky, a tract of land consisting of about TWENTY acres, situated on the Hickory Ridge Dirt Road, in Nicholas county, Kentucky, being the land formerly owned by John Carter, Colored. The sale will be made upon the following terms: One-half cash, balance to be paid in one year with interest from date of execution of deed.

U. M. Swinford, Attorney

STOCK MAKING SEASON

A draft stallion, weight about 1700 lbs., will make the season at my farm at East Union, at $15.

At the same time and place, a good Jack will make the season at $7.00.

Also a good Jersey bull. Service fee, $1.00.

Joe Reed, Phone 2006.

4-28 2t*

There's a joker in the "cheap" paint can!

"Cheap" paint *looks* like paint and *smells* like paint—and the low price seems to be attractive. But here is the two-sided "joker."

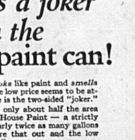
A gallon covers only about half the area covered by SWP House Paint — a strictly quality paint. Nearly twice as many gallons are needed. Figure that out and the low price isn't low at all.

Then it lasts only about half as long on the house—needs to be renewed oftener—costs over twice as much per year as SWP.

Come in. Let us tell you the whole story about real paint economy. We will save you money.

GUARANTEED!

SWP House Paint is guaranteed to look better, last longer, cost less per job and less per year than any house paint on the market.



See "Paint Headquarters"

Hopkins Drug Co.

Carlisle, Ky.

CROWN GASOLINE

THE CLAIM often made for other fuels—that they are as good as Crown Gasoline—obviously suggests that this product is the standard of quality in the oil industry.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

INCORPORATED IN KENTUCKY

1927 AUTOMOBILE ROAD MAPS *of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky and Mississippi may be had Free at any of our service stations.*

REASON ENOUGH

When we sell a man a used car we are naturally hoping that some day he will come back and buy a new car. Honesty aside, that alone seems reason enough for selling him a GOOD Used Car at a fair price.

MAIN STREET GARAGE

Carlisle, Kentucky.

A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT