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The swart faces of the Cree women defied the sharp scrutiny of the half-breed. Surprise, doubt, appeared to curb a desire to laugh at the question of the stranger. They met each other's black eyes in a quizzical look; then the elder of the two said: "Souci, the shaman, we have not seen. His sons are said to camp north of here on the Rabbit river."

The acute brain of Etienne strove to solve the riddle of the squaw's secret amusement. At last he decided that Joe Mokoman had won over their men to the free-trader, but why Souci had not appeared on the Ptarmigan was a mystery.

"Do you know the strait has closed? You can cross to Elkwan for the New Year's feast," he hazarded.

The women smiled. "We go to the trader at Seal cove with our fox pelts," said the old squaw. "There we get honest prices for fur—from the trader who always laughs."

It was evident that here Joe Mokoman had done his work well. Then Etienne cautiously began his countermining. His dark face set in a look of surprise and horror. "Did you not hear?" he cried.

"No!"

"Why this trader brought that face from the land of demons across the Big Water? He angered them. He is a sorcerer and bewitches those who bring him their pelts." Etienne hastily interpreted the conversation to Guthrie as he watched the effect of his bombshell on the startled faces of the squaws.

"He makes bad medicine?" gasped the women.

Savanne gravely nodded his hooded head, then added: "He has bewitched Joe Mokoman to betray the Cree hunters and bring them to his boat. Those who go will never love their wives and families again," he remarked with finality.

At the last the faces of the squaws visibly grayed. They chattered together excitedly. Etienne's explanation of the cause of the mutilation of McDonald had struck deep into the marrow of their superstitions. He hastily drove his advantage home.

"Saul Souci will tell you that the trader McDonald Ha! Ha! is a friend of demons."

"Saul Souci?" cried a squaw in protest. "He is a shaman and friend of the trader who laughs."

It was the turn of Savanne to have his mental balance jarred. Souci the friend of McDonald? What could they mean? But he was equal to the emergency.

"Souci, the friend of McDonald Ha! Ha! Mokoman tells that tale to the hunters because he fears Souci the shaman."

Disturbed though she was, the Cree woman laughed in Etienne's face. "Mokoman was here this morning—there are his sled tracks. One sleep ago he says Souci was at the schooner of the trader and they shook hands. Souci is the friend of McDonald Ha! Ha!"

"Mokoman lies!" stormed the startled half-breed, but the germ of a suspicion of the old conjurer's loyalty quickened in his brain. "Are there camps at the head of the river in the barrens?" he asked, keen to catch the Ojibwa and old Saul, the traitor, at their work.

"Yes, you will see them before the light dies, and there are more on the north fork."

"Remember," cautioned the puzzled half-breed, as he turned to his dogs, "the boat at Seal cove is full of demons—bewitched. Those who go will never look again with joy on their wives and children." And with this parting shot, the shrewd Savanne called "Bo'-jo'!" and joined his chief.

As they again took the river trail, from here on ice-hard from constant use by the teams of the hunters, Etienne gave Guthrie the gist of his talk.

"Old Saul—at the schooner? It's only a lie of that Ojibwa," objected Garth, unable to reconcile the old man's simplicity and directness with this deceit. "A lie to weaken the effect of Saul's coming to the island to work for us."

"Mebbe so, but I t'ink somet'ing ver' strange here. Dees camp ees near de shore—why has Saul not come here?"

"They may have lied. He may have been here," suggested Garth. Etienne shook his head. "No, he nevaire cum here or dey talk more 'bout heem. He ees medicine man and de squaw would talk mooch eef he cum."

"Well, let's see what the people above here say. Then we can compare the stories and judge better what to believe, and what our next move is. If Saul has turned 'yellow'—we're surely done."

Facing the man riding behind him, Etienne nodded. "Eef Saul work for de schooner, he weel tak' de Elkwan Cree wid heem." Then the lean features of the half-breed tightened. His small eyes closed to slits, as he viciously cracked his whip. "But dat ol' shaman weel mak' hees las' medicine," he rasped.

The hate in the face of the dog-driver was so intense that Garth objected: "You can't shoot him up for that, you know. It would only react on Mark and the children, and on me."

Etienne's mouth curled in an inscrutable smile. "No one but Saul [illegible] know who [illegible] been on de trail."

at the head of the river say."

In the scrub rimming the shores of the first lake from which the tundra undulated to the skyline, the men in quest of Saul Souci found the tipis of the hunters. It was a camp of three families and smoke from the supper fires already lifted above the spruce when the arrival of the dog-team raised a general alarm from the huskies fastened in the scrub.

"Kequay! kequay!" called Etienne, and a shock of black hair was thrust through a door flap, as a curious Cree emerged to meet the strangers.

"He's not from Elkwan," dropped Guthrie disappointed, as the Indian approached to shake hands.

"Allo, Achille!" And Etienne warmly gripped the hand of the Indian, who then greeted Garth. "Achille Laguerre from Kapiskau, and me, ol' fr'en'," announced the patently pleased head man to his chief.

We'll learn something now, thought the factor, as they drove the dogs into the spruce, fed them their frozen whitefish, and chained them separately to trees. As the December sun was long down and their tent lashed under the toboggan cover, Etienne ac-

Etienne Accepted the Hospitality of Laguerre's Smoke-Filled Tipi.

cepted the hospitality of Laguerre's smoke-filled tipi. There, with eyes weeping from the unaccustomed smoke, Garth ate boiled rabbit and lake-trout from the copper kettle hung above the fire, from which the wife and numerous children of Achille gorged in common. But the appetite sharpened by the ride up the valley in the keen air was impervious to the informality of Cree table manners and Garth's tin cup went back to the steaming stew and the tea pail with the regularity of his smoke-tanned host and hostess, until his belt warned of surfeit.

He passed to each of the Crees a twist of company nigger-head, and pipe smoke swiftly added to the opaqueness of the tipi air. Then Etienne, who had avoided the subject of Souci and the schooner in his gossip with the curious and perplexed Laguerre, opened with:

"You know de strait ees froze?"

Achille, who spoke English, gravely nodded. "You cum to de island. Eet mus' be so."

"Oou, mon ami. We are here. Eet ees enough. Why, Achille Laguerre," he went on, probing the small, half-shut eyes of the half-breed, "do M'sieu' Guthrie, and I, Etienne Savanne, cross de ice to mak' talk wid you?" Etienne paused and blew a cloud of smoke along the stem of his pipe, which his teeth gripped.

Achille grinned widely. "You cum to mak' fight for de fox," he chuckled.

"You are mos' smart man, ma fr'en,' but you mak' beeg meestake. We cum to tak' de fox back to Elkwan wid de peopl' for beeg tam at la bonne annee, New Year."

"Ah-hah!"

"You go to Kapiskau, Achille?"

The Indian slowly shook his head. "I go to de beeg boat. He pay beeg price for pelt."

Garth leaned eagerly forward to hear the counter stroke which Etienne was waiting to launch.

"Ah-hah!" For a space, the cracking of a spruce knot was the only sound in the tipi. Then Savanne began: "You not ver' smart man, Achille. You leesen to dat 'Jibwa Wabeno, Mokoman. Ah-hah, you not so smart man. . . . We tak' heem to dis island wid old Souci. You know why?" Etienne paused dramatically to relight his pipe. "So McDonal' put de devil into heem."

Nervously twisting her hands, the squaw of Achille stared at the speaker from awe-filled eyes. The stolid features of the half-breed reflected curiosity, doubt—but no fear.

"I put dat Mokoman undair de ice up de Elkwan—he mak' troubl' for us; but we weesh to have devil 'put een heem by McDonal' Ha! Ha!"

"[illegible] was here," dryly countered Achille.

"[illegible] Souci wid heem?" snapped [illegible] a bone, and Garth's [illegible] as he waited for the reply.

"No. Souci ees ovair de hill, [illegible]"

Achille's return.

The half-breed waited, spat into the fire, then said: "You hear dat?"

Etienne nodded. Now he would learn the truth from a friend who, in the old days of their comradeship had never lied; but, in his extremity he himself launched brazenly into outrageous fabrication. "We sen' old Saul to de schooner to talk wid de devil of McDonal'."

The self-possession of Achille fell from him like a leaf from a tree. "You sen' heem dere?" he demanded excitedly.

Etienne was relieved. He had pierced the armor of his friend—was at last making progress.

Amazed and delighted at the resource of his head man and wondering where his astounding imagination would further lead him, Garth watched the changing expression on the dark features of Achille.

"Ah-hah!" casually assented Etienne. "We know dis McDonal' Ha! Ha! mak' bad medicine an' de pore Injun who go to hees boat nevaire love dere familee any more, but travel far away and leave dem to starve—"

"Ahuah! ahuah!" wailed the terrified squaw, and launched in Cree a delirious outburst of entreaty and appeal.

Achille's attempts to sooth her hysterics succeeded only in increasing the lamentations of the superstitious woman. At length she calmed to a low moaning, which was joined by the wailing of the awakened children.

Under cover of the dusk of the tipi, sinewy fingers gripped Guthrie's stockinged foot. With the skill of a sorcerer, Etienne had planted the seeds of superstitious terror in the tipi of his friend. The work of Saul and Mokoman was rapidly being undone by the shrewd Savanne. Then voices outside announced the coming of the hunters from the neighboring tipis. Crowding through the doorflap of the snow-banked tent, three Indians from the Kapiskau river entered and sat down.

The fire was freshened and briefly Achille explained the situation which had aroused the fears of his wife. With the faces of stoics the men smoked, while the story of Etienne was repeated, but when they heard that Mokoman had been brought to the island with Saul because of the witchcraft of McDonald, they, too, lost their gravity and their calm. For that this mutilated stranger should be the intimate and crony of the spirits of darkness was not beyond the credulity of the impressionable Cree. And did not Achille vouch for this Savanne, his old comrade, from Elkwan? It was true, they argued, the big man with the unspeakable face offered high prices for fox pelts, but if he were in league with devils—as he might be with that leer, which never died—of what use would be the trade goods he bartered to those who left the ship mad with the medicine. And now that the women knew, there would be no peace. Still, Souci would know, and tell them. They would go to Souci, the shaman, who camped with his sons over the big barrens to the north. So it was left; and two gratified men from Elkwan rolled into their blankets in the tipi of Achille Laguerre.

CHAPTER VIII

The stars pierced the blue dusk forerunner of the stinging dawn when a dog-team pulled out of the black spruce and dwarf tamarack rimming the headwater ponds of the Ptarmigan and followed a trap-line trail up into the tundra which billowed away to the wind-whipped backbone of the island. On they hurried, the team and the wide-ranging Shot, for somewhere in the valleys of the Rabbit or the Canoe, Mokoman and the renegade Souci were seducing the hunters from Elkwan. And Christmas was but six days away—Christmas, with teams from the three winds drifting down the valley into Elkwan for the trade and the feast at New Year's.

There was little time to be lost if they were to win the hunters of Akimiski and lead them across the strait. So the five dogs took the uphill work at a trot, while the men trailed the sled.

In the middle of the morning the men left the trap-line and breaking trail ahead of the dogs, slowly climbed the last rise of the barrens. In places the lack of snow on the brittle heath made the work of the dogs heart-breaking. While the flat toboggan slid over the frozen tundra, the huskies, seeking a footing, constantly broke through. Shortly, their bleeding feet forced a stop while moccasins were lashed to their legs. But at last, panting dogs and men stood on the roof of the island.

Through the glasses Garth made out the white delta of the Elkwan, and his thoughts drifted to two women who had once shared his quarters there—two women who did not shrink at scars.

But it was bitter cold on the open ridge and the dog-team turned down, seeking the valley of the Rabbit, masked by intervening hills. Over the tundra the snowshoes packed the trail for the sliding toboggan, while the dogs ran where the hard snow on the heath gave them footing, and slaved, where they broke through the low bushes of the brushed barren when they threw their weight into their collars.

As the day advanced, the frost strengthened. A veil of haze slowly curtained the low-swinging sun, and the dog-team hurried on, for the night would fall in early afternoon, and to be caught on the high tundra by a wind meant swift freezing.

Still before them the endless hills lifted to the horizon with no indication of the break of a low valley, where timber would give them shelter and cooking fire. At noon it was evident that Etienne was worried. Never before had Garth seen his head man use the whip on his dogs as he used it that day; never in their journeys had the cardinal hood, circled with fur and rime, turned so often while the slits of the eyes of the half-breed studied the horizon.

"Beeg blow comin'. Mooch snow," he said.

"[illegible] we don, get off [illegible] [c]ountree before de win' blew, we ne[vaire] get off," was the quiet rejoinder.

"It's colder, already." And Garth took in the belt of his parka.

"De dog weel not travel mooch more. Dere feet are cut to pieces on dis frozen bush."

On up the next ascent the limping dogs, with breath trailing behind like ribbons of smoke, followed the trail breakers. Gaining the backbone of the ridge, the men stood with startled eyes looking north. Instead of the wide basin of the Rabbit headwaters with its scrub-fringed lakes, they looked across a treeless barren.

The grave eyes of Etienne met Garth's puzzled look.

"Those Indians lied."

"No," objected the half-breed. "We travel ver' slow. Eeet ees ovair dere." And he pointed to the far ridge.

"It will be dark when we hit it."

"One hour more light and de win' rise," muttered Savanne as he patted Castor, who lay at his feet, his steaming red tongue hanging from a mouth hung with ice. "You ver' tired, Castor? You mak dat ridge?"

The powerful leader got to his sore feet and whined as if he understood, but the listless team lay sprawled on the trail.

"It's come," announced Garth, as a curtain of snow drifted in from the northeast.

"We go! Up, mes enfants! Allons! Marche, Castor!"

An hour later, five dogs sheathed in white, plodding slowly behind two ghostlike shapes, reached the rim of the basin of the Rabbit headwaters. Dimly below them, through the pall of snow and gathering dusk, the men traced the scrub edging the lakes with shadow. As they stood in the rising wind as the dogs rested, night shut down, wiping from their eyes the goal they sought, as a sponge wipes clean a slate.

"I've got the compass direction, north, northwest," said Garth.

Etienne shook his snow-crusted hood. "Keep de win' on right cheek. So long cheek froze, we head right for de timber." He turned to the dogs, white as the snow they lay on. "Marche, Castor, mon brave!" And snapping his whip, he tugged at the harnesses until the reluctant brutes got to their feet.

Facing the drive of the wind, the team fought its way slowly down over the frozen tundra. With night the frost stiffened, and the needle-pointed barrage of snow crystals stung the faces of men and dogs like the lash of myriad whips. Heads down to avoid the agony, men and dogs swung away from the thrust of the wind, until the half-breed, straightening again, felt the bleat of the blizzard on his right cheek, and changed their course.

Often, unable to face the burst of edged torment on their noses, the dogs lay down, backs to the drive, refusing to move. Then, Garth and Etienne, lifting them to their feet, dragged the team and sled until the huskies again leaned into their collars. Blindly into the murk walling them in, plunged the tireless half-breed, leading the way to the shelter of the far timber and food. With face frostbitten from exposure in feeling for direction, hands numb from untangling with mittenless fingers the frozen harness of the dogs, Etienne plunged down the sloping tundra. His face buried in his hood and constantly fighting to save his numbing fingers, Garth followed. There flashed through his mind tales told at the post of Crees caught, as they were, on the high barrens, and found stiff in the snow. But, as he doubled against the drive of the blizzard, blinded, unable to see the man ahead; often swinging off the trail while, holding true, the canny lead-dog passed him with the team, Garth Guthrie never doubted that they would win to the timber and shelter.

Two grinding hours of slavery on lacerated feet into the pin-pointed fury, and turning in their harness, the spent dogs lay down, refusing to move. Numb to threats or urging, the heart-broken huskies, crusted with ice, had made their choice. Rather than the torture which flayed their faces, they would lie, backs to the barrage, while the withering wind slowly stiffened them to ice.

There was nothing the men could do. The dogs were done.

"I turn dem loose. We hunt de timber," Etienne shouted into Garth's hood. With his knife he slashed the dogs from their frozen harness, but the huskies lay while the snow beat over them, refusing their freedom. Shot, white-coated from nose to tail, gingerly muzzled the motionless shapes. Castor, alone, [illegible] the act by a feeble snap. Lifting their heads, and shaking them, Garth in turn called their names, but the numbness of the white death already was in their blood. Gently he lifted Castor to his feet, but the leader sank limply to the snow.

"Good-by, boys!" he called to the white shapes [illegible]. "You gave us all you had. Good-by!"

"Dey weel freeze in ten minute—nevair feel eet now," shouted Etienne, his voice breaking as he turned from a last word with his favorite Castor.

Shelter and fire! All the [illegible] food frozen under the sled cover, had left them. The windbreak of the spruce meant fire, warmth, life—but how far was the timber? With the ax from the sled the two men started, Shot at their heels. A hundred yards and Etienne stumbled, stopped—while Garth turned into him.

The man on his knees turned to the other. "De spruce—eet ees here!" His snowshoes had fouled a dwarf spruce on the edge of the timber. Swiftly now they plunged ahead, seeking the heavier growth. In a hundred yards, they were in thick bush.

While Guthrie scraped out a fire-hole with a snowshoe, Etienne gathered dry spruce twigs and started a fire; then slashed down saplings and soon had a comforting heat in the snow-hole behind the wind-break.

With the warmth the men rubbed the circulation into numbed hands and faces. But out on the tundra in the drive of the blizzard five loyal friends, [illegible] de drift.

With the Warmth the Men Rubbed the Circulation Into Numbed Hands and Faces.

Guthrie, with Shot alternately plunging ahead and returning to find his master, had gone but a short distance into the blackness with its shot-like hail of fine snow, when he found that he had drifted away from the half breed. Too dark to locate tracks in the snow which, filled at once with drift, he kept on with the wind on his left shoulder. Suddenly he missed Shot. He stopped and shouted, hoping the dog was near, but the airedale was lost, or had left him. Why?

Continuing down wind, counting his paces, at last Guthrie knew that he had passed the sled in the blind murk, so circled. Etienne had said the dogs would freeze in ten minutes—and he had missed them; lost the chance to save the huskies who had given him their all that grim December day.—Then a white body shouldered into his legs—Shot!

"Where did you go?" he shouted into the dog's ear. But the excited beast left him to plunge into the storm—then returned to seize Garth's mittened hand.

Following the dog for a space he stumbled against a mound in the snow—the sled! He groped for the heaps that marked the frozen dogs, but in vain. They were gone. Etienne! He had got them up into the spruce.

In his joy Garth knelt and hugged the ice-sheeted body of the great airedale whose tongue found his master's face.

Food!

The sled-load was untouched. Etienne had had but one thought—to save his dogs. So Garth slashed the frozen lashings and reached a grub-bag, tea pail and kettle; then started for the camp, following blindly the dog who nosed out the tracks of the team. The dull glow of the fire through the blur of snow led them over the last yards. There, on his knees, Etienne was working over his huskies' legs.

"Grub and a pail!" shouted Garth, as he scooped up snow for tea. "Good old Castor! You feel better now?"

The husky, sprawled near the blazing logs, lifted his tail in response.

"Dey moccasin save der feet," said Etienne. "Good t'ing dey cut feet on de bush so we put on de shoe."

"But how did you get them up to follow you? They were close to frozen when we left them."

Etienne grinned as he pinched and rubbed a pair of hairy paws. "De husky ees ver' smart feller. Dey were all tire out—but not start to freeze w'en we left dem. Een leetle tam, dey so tire and hungree, dey freeze. But Etienne tell dem dat supper start soon, and dey come to life, toute suite. Den I drag dem here."

"I'll go back for blankets," said the much relieved Guthrie, and with Shot, went to the sled and returned with robes, and the whitefish for the famished huskies.

Later, snug before their fire in the wind-break of the timber, two men and six dogs slept the sleep of exhaustion, while the norther drove across the white tundra.

* * * * * * *

Although the wind ceased and the snow ceased by noon of the following day, the crippled dogs held Guthrie to his camp. With his glasses he located the smoke of cooking fires in the scrub across the basin, and in the early afternoon Etienne slipped his moccasins into the thongs of his snowshoes and started for the camp of the hunters, while Garth, whose knowledge of Cree was limited, stayed with the dogs.

As Garth watched a boiling kettle of salt wavy, and bannock baking in a tilted frying pan, the dogs announced the return of Etienne through the dusk. Much depended upon what the head man had learned, and Guthrie probed the immobile features as the half-breed thrust his shoes in a drift and stepped to the fire.

"Well, what news?"

From the gravity of his expression it was clear that Savanne was struggling with a problem difficult and baffling.

"Ver' queer t'ing—ver' queer!" was the unresponsive answer as Etienne dropped his mittens on their neck thong to warm his hands at the fire.

"What is?"

"What dose Cree tell me. Dere are eight hunter wid camp een dis valley here; some from Elkwan and some from down de coast. I talk to dem all. W'at dey say ees ver' strange."

"Well, for heaven's sake shoot!"

"Souci has been here two—t'ree day back. He invite dem to the Canoe Riviere w'ere he mak' de beeg medicine."

"Did he get them to promise to take their fur to the schooner?"

"No! Mokoman, he talk to dem strong, too, but dey not know w'at dey do w'en I say de strait froze. Dey have mooch fox—silver, black and cross."

"They are going to Souci's powwow?"

"Yes, and hunter down de river—[illegible]"

"How far is it?"

"Not far—ten mile—mebbe more, ovair de hill."

Garth's mouth shut hard. "Well, Etienne, we haven't been invited, but we'll surely attend that party."

Etienne nodded. "But dees Souci, w'y he tak' de troubl' to do dees t'ing?"

"He's going to tell the hunters that the spirits are the friends of McDonald and they must take their fur to the schooner."

"I feex dat for heem. I tell de Cree ovair dere dat you and I watch de schooner at night, an' see fire come out of her an' de devil dance on de mast. I scare dose squaw so bad, one had de fit."

"How about the men?"

"Dey wait to see Souci—but dey are scare."

"Where is this Mokoman?"

"He has gone to de Canoe. He was not wid Souci."

"Well, we head for the Canoe at daylight. Will the dogs be able to travel? If not, we go without them."

"Ah-hah, de dogs can walk to de Canoe."

"We may not persuade the hunters to cross the ice with us, but we can make it hot for sorcerer Souci when he tries his mumbo-jumbo. Will he dare make his medicine when he sees us?"

Savanne scratched his head before replying. "Somet'ing een dis dat ees queer. Dey say Souci has not met Mokoman, an' he was here on de Islan' long tam. Dere was troubl', too, wid French companee, down de Rabbit."

"What kind of trouble—fighting?"

"Ah-hah! Dis Blackbeard run de French Cree ovair de ice—drive dem off de islan'."

"He did, did he? Well, that will cook McDonald's goose for next year. The government will have the police up here waiting for that schooner on her return. Run 'em off the island? Good! I only wish he'd try that with us. I wouldn't mind meeting up with Monsieur Breault of St. Johns."

Etienne drew a long skinning knife from his inside sash. "I would lak to cut dem whiskeer wid dis—ver' short, een de neck."

"I'll bet you would, you old knife-fighter! Like the job you did on One-Eyed Louis, up at God's lake."

Etienne squinted along the edge of the knife—then ran a thumb over it.

"Breault insult ma femme," he said quietly, and returned the knife to its sheath.

In the blue dawn the dog-team pulled out of camp bound down river to the west fork, which would take them north through a gash in the barrens to the watershed of the Canoe. The norther had left much drifted snow and the stiff legs of the huskies cut the pace to a walk. Shot, exuberant after his two days of enforced idleness, ranged to the front and flanks in search of ptarmigan, rabbit and mouse. Along the river, the broken-out drift in the old trail marked the hunters on their way to the rendezvous on the Canoe. It was evident that the Cree trappers in the north of the island were bound for the medicine lodge of the old shaman. Twenty to thirty hunters with a catch of at least one hundred foxes would gather to witness the necromancy of the conjurer. On the power of the old man's magic would depend the destination of twenty thousand dollars' worth of fox pelts. Whether Elkwan or the schooner at Seal cove was to enjoy a rich Christmas trade would be determined by the ability of Saul and his spirit coadjutors to nullify the superstitious fears aroused by the sinister rumors of the crafty Etienne. It would be a battle worth watching, thought Garth, keen for the meeting in the lonely valley of the Canoe between the grasping Cree who had betrayed him and the resourceful Savanne. But one condition he had imposed on the half-breed—that there should be no blood shed. They had come to Akimiski to save the trade, of the future, as well as the present, and under no circumstances was the head man to abuse or threaten either Saul or his sons. He, Guthrie, would have something to say concerning the long arm of the company in its future dealings with the man who had deserted to the enemy, but the command was—no fighting.

"W'at you do with dat Mokoman?" had demanded Etienne with a grimace.

"If he shows up at the pow-wow, and interferes, I'll leave him to you."

"I tak' good care of heem," grunted the other.

At the fork they left the main river trail to follow the branch leading north.

"Dey all go to Souci's party," laughed Etienne. "Four, five team pass here dis morning."

As the tender-footed huskies drew the sled at a walk or slow trot, Shot reveled in the game sign of the scrub along shore. On a foray into the timber, the trail of the snowshoe-rabbit, which had first lured him, was crossed by that of a more enticing fox. Keen with the lust for the hunt, Shot followed the trail back through the scrub and out into the open barrens on the shoulders of the valley. There, far from the river, he stopped. Before him the webbed print of snowshoes cut the fox tracks he followed. The dog sniffed curiously, but it was a vague, unfamiliar scent that the fresh trail carried. Slowly at first, then at a lope, he followed it down through the timber. As he neared the river the voices of Garth and Etienne drifted faintly in from the ice. The dog was puzzled. From his rigid war training he had learned silence when business was afoot. And this seemed business. By the hour, he had watched shell holes—from trenches—had patrolled forest, [illegible] in absolute silence. In some occult way the keen-witted dog sensed that again, there in the white north, far from Flemish battle fields he was at his old trade, guarding with quivering nostrils, eyes and ears tense, the safety of his master out there on the ice.

On he went, [illegible] in and out of the thick brush [illegible] a wolf. Suddenly the airedale [illegible] along the bush [illegible] Near the shore, in the thicket ahead was something dark, not [illegible]. The war dog [illegible] through the dusk, the airedale drifted up the trail.

Out on the river ice the voice of Garth called, "Here, Shot!" But the head of the dog did not turn. His small, terrier eyes never left the shape off the snow. He knew that the lean, brown barrel thrust before the dark body was a rifle—a maker of fire and death.

Three—four steps nearer, then gathering beneath him the steel springs which were the muscles of his legs, the airedale leaped. As Shot's fangs ripped into the shoulder of the Indian's capote, the rifle exploded. A bullet ricocheted from the frozen sled cover and whined away over the river. Two men dropped behind the sled, as the team stopped. Reaching up, Etienne wrenched his cased rifle from its lashings and fired twice below a shred of blue smoke hanging in the spruce, where an enraged dog silently grappled with an unknown enemy. But his fire was not returned. There, under the trees, an Indian frantically fought to turn his rifle on the maddened brute who had ripped parka to ribbons and hurled him backward to the snow. Parrying the snap of punishing fangs with a blow of his gun butt, the Indian gained his feet, to meet another lunge before he aimed his gun. Again the dog leaped, carrying the man with him. Fangs slashed at bared throat—a choked cry—the airedale's jaws shut on dark flesh—ripped—and the would-be assassin lay on the snow with a torn throat.

There Garth and Etienne found them, the airedale lying beside his kill. Etienne bent to stare, with an oath, into the features, knotted in their death grimace, of—Joe Mokoman.

"Ambush us, eh?" snarled the half-breed. "You do fine job, Joe Mokoman." And he spurned the body with the bow of his snowshoe.

"So he meant to get that fur if he had to bury us in the snow?" said Garth, turning from the ugly picture to his dog, still whining with the heat of battle. "Good old Shottie!" And the man hugged the hairy shoulders of his friend. "You tracked him down for Garth, didn't you, old comrade of mine?"

"He dam good dog, Shot, eh?" cried Etienne, slapping the shaggy back. "He know more dan some men; he know Joe, he hunt us."

"He thought Joe was a German sharpshooter, didn't you, Shot?" And seated on the snow, Garth rocked to and fro, rubbing the ears of his dog, soothing his excitement in the low notes of a language none but the wriggling airedale understood.

"Wal, we buree dis skunk een de snow and let m'sieu' fox deeg him out."

"That's all we can do. He must have heard from the traveling Indians we were bound for the Canoe and decided to stop us. Do you suppose that McDonald knows we are here and sicked him on us?"

Etienne shook his head. "He bin up dis end de islan', so de hunter say."

"I'm sorry this happened," said Garth. "There's no telling what kind of a tale they'll make of it. I wish a sled would show up so we could show our evidence."

"Eef we stay on Islan' after McDonal' hear hees man ees dead, we have to fight for sure."

"I'm not afraid of McDonald," laughed Garth, "but I don't want the Indians drawn into the fight. We're here for fur, not trouble, and I'll have to answer to my superiors for what happens. That's why I want you to be careful when we meet Souci. No fighting—understand?"

Savanne nodded. "De hunter know Etienne Savanne," said the half-breed with finality. "Dey weel not start troubl' wid heem."

"All right! Now let's make tracks for the Canoe and that medicine lodge of Souci's."

With their snowshoes, they heaped a mound of snow over the body of the skulker in the spruce, to be found by the lynx and foxes, and started. At noon the team turned down into the valley of the Canoe.

In the windbreak of the spruce on the shore of the frozen river, the men from Elkwan found the tipis of the hunters. From north and east and south had come the fox trappers with their families for the great medicine making of Souci, the shaman. The wigwams hummed with gossip of the crossing of the strait by the tall factor of Elkwan to fight for the trade with McDonald Ha! Ha! From valley to valley Mokoman had traveled, urging the hunters to go to the schooner. Black Breault, too, and Skene had visited many of the camps, but as yet the wily hunters had sold little fur, hoping by their seeming reluctance to obtain higher prices. Also, in the last few days, rumors, vague terrifying, had been adrift. A hunter from the Ptarmigan claimed he had been down to the hills above Seal cove and seen fire dancing on the masts of the boat at night; that black magic was being made by the man with the face of a mad wolverine. Another swore that his cousin, trapping on the Calling river, had been to the schooner and heard devil music from a box. An old squaw had already planted panic among the women with a story that bewitched hunters would leave McDonald's ship to desert their wives and children.

All this and more the industrious Etienne gathered from the gossiping Crees from the Elkwan while Garth made camp and fed and chained the dogs. His seeds, planted with such care in the camps of the Ptarmigan, and Rabbit, had indeed sprouted, were in fact already bearing fruit. The Crees were ill at ease—suspicious of these strangers who had come to the island with their guns and trade goods, and the conjuring of old Saul, that night, they hoped and waited for the advice and assurance that it would be safe as well as wise for them to carry their fox pelts to the schooner at Seal cove.

As for the old shaman, Etienne learned that he was camped down-stream, beside his medicine lodge, alone, preparing himself for communion with his confreres, the spirits [illegible]

THE CARLISLE MERCURY

VOLUME LX. ESTABLISHED 1867 CARLISLE NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1927 PUBLISHED THURSDAYS NUMBER 42

THREE BALLOTS FOR NOVEMBER ELECTION

State, District, School And City Officials Will Be Chosen

BOND ISSUE FOR CITY

Both city and rural voters will be handed two ballots at the coming November election. In addition to the regular ballot for State and district officers, voters in Carlisle will vote on the question $25,000 for the construction of a of issuing bonds not to exceed filtering plant and the election of a city council, and rural voters will elect two members of the county board of education, the terms of Fred Huffstetter and W. S. Gaunce expiring.

Next Monday is the last day for filing declaration papers with the County Clerk for places on the city ballot.

The Democratic and Republican tickets to be voted on November 8 are as follows:

Democratic—Governor, J. C. W. Beckham; Lieutenant Governor, James Breathitt, Jr.; Secretary of State, Miss Ella Lewis; Attorney General, J. W. Cammack; Auditor, Clell Coleman; Treasurer, Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell; Superintendent Public Instruction, W. C. Bell; Commissioner Agriculture, Newton Bright; Clerk Court of Appeals, W. B. O'Connell; Railroad Commissioner, James M. Clay, Representative, William McRohan; Circuit Judge, James C. Dedman; Commonwealth Attorney, T. E. King; Circuit Clerk, L. S. Hughes.

Republican—Governor, Flem D. Sampson; Lieutenant Governor, E. E. Nelson; Secretary of State, Mrs. F. D. Quisenberry; Attorney General, Miller Hughes; Auditor, John M. Perkins; Treasurer, John G. Rogers; Superintendent Public Instruction, Warren Peyton; Commissioner Agriculture, Tate Bird; Clerk Court of Appeals, W. A. Dicken; Railroad Commissioner, Tom Lauhon.

Two constitutional amendments will be on the ballot. The first amendment would give the General Assembly power to repeal the $5,000 constitutional limit of salaries for state officers and the second would provide for registration of voters in cities with population of five thousand or more and would also provide for voters unavoidably absent from their precincts on election day to cast ballots by mail.

CORN AND TOBACCO CUT

With the growing season almost ended, except for very late tobacco and some of the late corn, Kentucky's crop conditions October 1 indicated the production of a corn crop of about 63,482,000 bushels, compared to 101,277,000 bushels produced in 1926; and a five-year average annual production 1922-26 of 89,042,000 bushels, according to the October report of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. This state's tobacco crop of all types this season is etimated to be 226,366,000 lbs., compared to last year's crop of 358,568,000 lbs. The reduced acreage, much very late planting, and exceedingly irregular growth and quality all are factors in Kentucky's reduced production this year. The United States entire crop of all types of tobacco this season is estimated at 1,163,900,000 lbs., compared to last year's crop of 1,401,211,000 lbs.

Tomato Canning Plant Closes

Local Plant Closes Season After Packing Approximately 11,000 Cases

The Carlisle Canning Company has closed down the local tomato canning plant for the season. However, growers may still deliver tomatoes here as long as the crop lasts. The tomatoes now received here will be hauled to Paris.

The past season was unprofitable perhaps, both to the growers and the canning people, because of the shortage in the crop. Only about 11,000 cases were canned at the local plant this season, as compared with about 18,000 cases last year. The production last year totaled only about 82 acres, while this year 102 acres were grown.

Growers were late in getting out their crops this year and after the tomatoes were set out the weather was extremely unfavorable.

NOTICE IS FILED

Council Requests Clerk To Prepare Ballots For Bond Issue

The city council has filed with County Clerk John A. Westfall a notice of election to be held on Tuesday, November 8, at which time the question of issuing bonds not to exceed $25,000 for the purpose of installing a filtering plant and making other improvements in the water works system will be submitted to the voters of Carlisle.

The voters should not lose sight of this important question. Twice it has been submitted, the first time lacking a few votes of the necessary two-thirds majority. Last November the measure carried overwhelmingly but was declared void because of failure to publicly give notice of election.

In view of the fact that the bond issue would not increase the tax rate, which is now as high as the constitution permits, there is little doubt that the measure will carry almost unanimously.

Breathitt And Vinson to Speak

Candidate For Lieutenant Governor And Congressman To Speak Here Tuesday Night

James Breathitt, Jr., of Hopkinsville, Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor, and Hon. Fred M. Vinson, Congressman from this district, will speak at the court house in Carlisle next Tuesday night, October 25, at 7 o'clock, in the interest of the Democratic state ticket.

Mr. Breahitt is one of the most prominent young Democrats in Western Kentucky and is said to be one of the most able speakers in the state. He is speaking twice daily during the campaign.

Mr. Vinson is well known to voters of the district. He, too, is a splendid speaker and the public is invited to come out and hear them.

Dr. B. F. Reynolds, campaign chairman, has announced that other speakers will be heard here before the close of the campaign.

Dr. Banta Held On U. S. Charge

Lexington Physician, Native of This County, Charged With Violating Narcotic Act

Dr. James Dudley Banta, a native of Nicholas county, was arrested at Lexington by federal authorities last Thursday on a charge of violating the Harrison narcotic act and was held under $2,500 bond, which was executed. The case was set for trial in federal court at Richmond on November 14.

He was arrested on a warrant which charged that he made false statements in his application for a permit from the internal revenue department to dispense narcotics under the federal laws. Approximately four grains of narcotics were seized by federal agents when Dr. Banta was arrested. His bond was furnished by Dr. Joseph A. Stoeckinger and Ezra Owings, of Sharpsburg.

The federal officers claimed that Dr. Banta has a prison record for violations of the Harrison narcotic act, and he admitted to newspaper men that he had pleaded guilty to the charge and served two years in Illinois.

The charge against Dr. Banta is not concerned with the amount or method of dispensing narcotics, but his right to a permit in Kentucky. The warrant charges that he falsely swore that he was a regular and licensed practicing physician in Kentucky, when the state board of health refused to grant him a license. He claims that shortly after his removal to Lexington from Illinois two years ago he applied for a transfer of his license, and before any action was taken applied for a permit to dispense narcotics.

JURY INDICTS REMUS

George Remus, millionaire rum ring operator, [illegible] indicted by the grand jury at [Cin]cinnati last Friday on a cha[rge] of first degree murder in c[onnec]tion with the death of his [wife] who was shot and killed by [Re]mus as she was enroute to c[ourt] for trial of her divorce aga[inst] her husband. Remus will [illegible] be placed on trial the seco[nd] week in November.

CYNTHIANA GIRL KILLED IN CRASH

Miss Lillian Ross, Daughter Of Mr. and Mrs. Vic Ross, Automobile Victim

ACCIDENT NEAR PARIS

Miss Lillian Ross, 21 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ross, of Cynthiana, was killed instantly, and her companion, Harry B. Clay, Jr., of near Paris, suffered serious cuts and bruises about the head and body when the small roadster in which they were riding left the road and struck a fence post on the Winchester road, a few miles from Paris, early Sunday morning.

The accident occurred just west of the covered bridge on the Winchester pike. She was thrown from the machine and her head struck a fence. Her neck was broken at the base of the brain, her upper right jaw bone was broken and she suffered other injuries.

Her companion, Harry B. Clay, who was driving, probably was also thrown from the car, although he testified at the coroner's inquest Sunday afternoon that he had no recollection of what happened after he lost control of his machine as it left the bridge.

Turney Clay, a brother of the injured young man, returning home from Paris, came upon the scene a few minutes after the accident. His brother was not at the scene of the wreck and he took the young woman to the Paris hospital, but she was dead when he arrived. A search was instituted for Harry Clay and he was located at his home in a dazed condition. He was unaware of Miss Ross' death and had made his way to his home, the nearest house to the accident, and vainly tried to telephone for assistance.

DETOUR SHORTENED

Maysville Road Open After 5 O'clock And On Sundays

The detour on the Maysville pike, near Blue Licks, which has offered many obstacles to through traffic this summer, has been reduced to four miles and the main road opened after 5 o'clock p. m. on week days and on Sunday, according to announcement made Saturday.

The main road is to be opened about November 1, although construction will not be completed. Three miles of the main road is very rough and should be traveled slowly. The contractor is rushing work and if good weather permits will have the road in good condition when work suspends December 1.

Comments On Historical Issue

Mercury Receives Congratulations On Publication of Proceedings At Blue Licks

The Mercury has received many compliments upon the edition last week which gave a complete account of the celebration held at Blue Licks on August 19, the 145th anniversary of the battle between pioneer settlers and Indians.

Dr. W. D. Funkhouser, Dean Graduate School, University of Kentucky: "Congratulations on the Blue Licks supplement. It's a real historical document."

Mrs. Wm. T. Fowler, Lexington: "Please send me copy of Mercury containing account of celebration of Battle of Blue Licks. It was a notable event and it is a splendid thing for you to preserve the speeches and proceedings of the occasion."

Judge Samuel M. Wilson, Lexington: "I have just seen the Mercury of the 13th and congratulate you on having brought the full report of our celebration at Blue Licks on August 19th last. It is a splendid piece of work and should prove a lasting memorial, not only to the immortal heroes of the Blue Licks battle, but also to the public spirit of The Mercury."

Prof. Wm. S. Webb, University of Ky.: "The Mercury has rendered a distinct service to the State in this publication."

We have a limited number of copies containing an account of the celebration which will be mailed to any address at five cents each or they may be secured at this office.

1,429 Students In Rural Schools

Reports From All Rural Schools of Nicholas County Show Large Enrollment

There are 1,429 students attending the rural schools of Nicholas county, according to the reports submitted to Mrs. Eda S. Taylor, County Superintendent, at the end of the first month of the term.

Following is the enrollment of the schools:

Walnut Grove, 24; Headquarters, 28; Hooktown, 28; Morning Glory, 62; Saltwell, 24; Berterville, 53; Small, 17; Rose Hill, 23; Sugar Creek, 14; Crayton, 41; Barefoot, 24; Mt. Carmel, 20; Bald Hill, 11; Banta, 31; Stony Creek, 42; Goose Creek, 22; Pleasant Valley, 34; Ishmael, 23; Myers, 70; Cassiday, 39; Upper Licks, 30; Mt. Zion, 24; Bell, 22; Maple Grove, 29; Jordan, 17; Wright, 29; Miranda, 47; Henry, 16; Taylor's Creek, 54; Wilson, 32; East Union, 69; Blue Lick, 21; Ellisville, 32; Hildreth, 25; Locust Grove, 22; Cane Run, 29; Mt. Vernon, 13; Parks, 33; Judy, 30; Miller, 19; Moorefield, 93.

Colored schools—Henryville, 76; Moorefield, 23; Headquarters, 10.

George Bell Heads Legion

Annual Election of Officers Held By Nicholas Post Friday Night

George Bell, who has been vice commander of Nicholas Post No. 17, American Legion, for the past two years, was elected post commander at the annual election of officers held last Friday night. Other officers elected were as follows: Vice commander, Ernest Booth; adjutant, Ernest Ward; finance officer, Howard A. Dorsey; chaplain, E. E. Pfanstiel; historian, Lee Osborne; service officer, Marion Blair; publicity officer, Grimes Caywood; sergeant at arms, Cecil Scott; executive committee, R. L. Norton, John M. Wells and Frank Henry.

The post voted to unite with the city school in the celebration of Armistice Day with a program in the school auditorium. It was also voted to hold a dance at one of the warehouses on Armistice night.

Sunday School Meet Oct. 30

Annual Meeting of Nicholas County Sunday School Conference To Be Held at Saltwell

The annual Meeting of the Nicholas County Sunday School Conference will be held at Saltwell Sunday, October 30th. The following program will be given:

9:00-10:00—Sunday School
10:15—Devotional—O. R. Gaffin
10:25—Welcome Address—Arnold Mattox
10:35—Response—L. H. Small
10:45—Special Music
10:55—"Methodism in the S. S."—Rev. S. W. Dean.
11:10—"Missionary Work in S. S."—Miss Ruth Woodard
11:25—Sermon—Dr. C. C. Fisher
11:55—Business Session
12:00—Adjournment for noon
1:00—Devotional—Rev. Samuel Hollar
1:10—Song by school
1:20—Secretary's Report—Mrs. Ermine Ritchie
1:35—"What the S. S. Means to the Community"—Rev. I. S. Pineur
1:55—"The Greatest Asset To Our Church—The Youth."—Prof. J. W. Rogers
2:15—"The Teacher Should Be Equal to the Task."—Rev. Henry Martin
2:30—"The S. S. A Real School"—Rev. F. B. Jones
2:50—Special Music
Report of Committees.

Let every Methodist S. S. send at least one delegate with a report of your school.

Bring lunch boxes.

K. R. Kendall President
Mrs. Ermine Ritchie Secretary

Wilbur Parker, 25 years old, was taken to a hospital in Philadelphia last week to undergo an operation for the removal of five false teeth on a bridge which had lodged in his lungs. The teeth were swallowed by Parker while he was asleep six weeks ago and he has been seriously ill, not knoing the cause.

18 ARE INDICTED BY GRAND JURY

Inquisitorial Body Submits Report To Judge Dedman As Court Ends

BUILDINGS WELL KEPT

Circuit court adjourned for the term last Thursday, with the exception of two civil suits, which will be heard by Judge Dedman on Thursday, November 17. The trials of Floyd Price and Jay Pryor, charged with assaulting Myron Throckmorton, of Blue Licks, were continued until the next term of court. The trials were scheduled for Friday, the postponement being necessitated by the fact that attorneys on both sides were summoned to Lexington in the oil suits tried before Judge Cochran.

The grand jury submitted its report to Judge Dedman, in which 18 indictments were reported. According to the report the grand jury was in session sixty days and examined fifty-eight witnesses.

The names of the persons indicted were not made public, pending service of bench warrants.

The court house and jail were inspected and both found to be in good condition and well kept. However, some repairs are needed at the jail, and bedclothing and mattresses needed for the prisoners, according to the report.

THOUSANDS SIGN CONTRACTS

President Stone Believes 75 Per Cent Will Be Signed

Thousands of contracts have been received in the offices of the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association during the past week, according to announcement made by William Collins, chief of the field service division. An intensive canvass will be made throughout the district from now until the fifteenth of November, it was announced.

President Stone, who has been speaking in the interest of the sign-up, declared the low prices prevailing in North Carolina and the dissatisfaction of growers in that state, had caused hundreds of contracts to be signed. Mr. Stone expressed confidence that 75 per cent of the Burley crop will be signed up by November 15.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

His many friends in this vicinity will welcome the information that Dr. Robert Sattler, ophthamologist, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has resumed his practice in that city.

Dr. Sattler has, for some time, maintained his private hospital at 210 W. 12th st., Cincinnati, and recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of practice.

$100 Pledge To Hospital Fund

Mrs. Theodore Oppenheim, Former Carlisle Girl, Makes Large Contribution

A pledge of $100 by a former Carlisle girl and three pledges of $10 each for a period of three years came to The Mercury the past week in the hospital campaign.

Mrs. Theodore Oppenheim, of Coldwater, Ohio, in a letter to The Mercury, stated that she would pledge $100. This is the second $100 subscription made during the campaign, the other having been made by E. R. Bradley, millionaire race horse breeder. Mrs. Oppenheim before her marriage was Miss Anna Mathias, of Carlisle. Mrs. Oppenheim has never lost her love for her home town and its citizens. The Mercury has never sounded an appeal for funds for any worthy cause to which Mrs. Oppenheim has not responded. Appeals for funds for clothing for poor children, funds for the community Christmas tree and other causes have always been generously responded to by Mrs. Oppenheim, usually with the request that her name not be made public.

This splendid subscription should be an incentive to Nicholas county citizens who are financially able to do so to make similar pledges. The other subscriptions received are:

Emily Mathers Scott
Dr. T. P. Scott
Mrs. N. P. Scott
W. S. Dudley
Mrs. Ollie Tilton
W. A. Donavon

OLD TAX RECEIPT

127 Years Old Found Among Effects Of Late Dick Hunt

While searching among the effects of the late Dick Hunt recently, an old tax receipt issued to Levin Wilson in 1810 was found by his son, Odd Hunt, of near Moorefield.

Dick Hunt was burned to death several months ago in his home. He lived alone on his farm on Fleming creek, near Cowan. The farm formerly belonged to the Wilson family.

The tax receipt issued to Levi Wilson listed his property as 109 acres; 1 levy, 2 horses, on which he paid tax of five shillings and one pence. The receipt was signed by George Stockton, May 15, 1810.

The old receipt was brought to the Mercury office last week by Mrs. Odd Hunt.

Manila is very proud of a church of steel manufactured to order in Belgium and shipped to them in 1891.

3 Arrested By Federal Officer

Residents of Blue Lick Section Taken On Charges of Possessing Home Brew Beer

Loyd Selby, Henry Sampson and Floyd Price, young men of the Blue Licks section, were arrested Sunday afternoon by Prohibition Enforcement Officer W. C. Manning on charges of having home brew in their possession. They were taken to Lexington and later released on bond for their appearance in federal court.

Manning, in company with two officers from Mason county, were enroute to Lexington with two prisoners who had been captured in Mason county. As they were going along the road near the Blue Licks church, it is said, Selby, Sampson and Price were drinking the home brew. Manning halted and searched the machine of Sampson, parked nearby, and is said to have found a quantity of home brew in bottles.

Carlisle Defeats Cynthiana 19-6

Musketeers, After Getting Poor Start, Come Back Strong in Last Half And Win Game

(By John Parker Ross.)

Although playing the first half like Boy Scouts, the Musketeers came back in the last half and defeated the Cynthiana high school "Bulldogs" last Friday by a score of 19 to 6.

Cynthiana made 6 first downs, 5 of which [illegible] made in the first half [illegible] Carlisle's line was standin[g]. Carlisle made 5, 4 of [which] were made in the last half.

Cynthiana scored first, in the latter part of the second quarter. Shortly after Carlisle recovered a fumble on Cynthiana's 10 yard line and Earlywine raced over to tie the score. Both extra points failed. There was no more scoring until the first play in the last quarter, when Clark went through center for one yard and a touchdown, Clark making the extra point good. With three minutes to go Clark threw a fifteen yard forward pass to Earlywine, who raced fifty five yards for his second score of the game.

Cynthiana didn't seem to profit much by their scouting Carlisle in their game last Monday, they attempting numerous forward passes, all but two of which were incomplete and intercepted.

The Musketeers show a little improvement over the Flemingsburg mess, but will have to play heads up ball against the strong Maysie team here Friday. Maysie defeated the locals last year by a score of 32 to 0.

The line as a unit deserve mention on the way they played in the last half of the Cynthiana game and so does the entire backfield, especially Payne, who refused to be stopped.

Lineup.

C. H. S.		Cynth[iana]
Earlywine	L. E.	[illegible]
Huddleston	L. T.	Wigglesw[orth]
Kerns	L. G.	C[illegible]
Martin (c)	C.	I[illegible]
Durham	R. G.	R[illegible]
Snapp	R. T.	[illegible]
Griffin	R. E.	[illegible]
Clark	Q.	Hat[illegible]
Conley	L. H.	L. Hu[illegible]
Curry	R. H.	R. Hum[illegible]
Payne	F.	[illegible]

"EQUALITY FOR ALL" BECKHAM PLATFORM

Senator Stanley Declares This Is Battle Cry of Democratic Nominee

IN ADDRESS TUESDAY

"Equal rights to all, special privileges to none is the battle cry of our next Governor of Kentucky, J. C. W. Beckham," former Senator A. O. Stanley told an audience of 300 Nicholas county people at the court house in Carlisle Tuesday night.

Senator Stanley declared he expected to engage in no personalities during the present campaign, but that all of the Republican speakers had attacked him for supporting Mr. Beckham. "The Republicans brought Ed Morrow down from Washington," he said, "because he is a criminal lawyer and the Republicans need a criminal lawyer to defend their nominee, who has been charged by members of his own party as a common swindler."

"When Morrow made his opening address in the campaign he failed to say a word in defense of Flim Flam Flem, but took the whole campaign as a joke and pulled off a great vaudeville skit, with me as the butt of his jokes.

Senator Stanley declared he regretted talking about Flim Flam Flem, "because," he said, "he talks so much about himself." Senator Stanley declared that if every Republican in Kentucky would read the opening speech, Beckham would carry the state by 100,000 because, he said, "he never once mentioned whether he is Republican or Democrat, wet or dry, Jew or gentile." He never once intimated how he would raise any revenue or how he would spend it."

The Louisville Herald Post, whose editor claims to be a Democrat, is supporting Sampson, not as the Republican nominee, but as the tool of the Kentucky Jockey Club, to which he owes his nomination, Mr. Stanley said.

"I love the race horse and the industry, but when those horses turn their heels and attempt to destroy the Democratic party I favor killing every thoroughbred in Kentucky if necessary."

The Republican party injected the pari-mutuel issue into the campaign and now they are sorry of it, he charged. They brought up the issue with the hope of causing a split in the Democratic party but they are not meeting with success.

Senator Stanley declared that Mr. Beckham would carry Kentucky by not less than 40,000 majority at the November election. He especially appealed to the women of Kentucky to make a choice between Mr. Beckham, a high-class, Christian gentleman and statesman, and Flim Flam Flem Sampson, who stands charged by members of his own party with a heinous crime.

LIFETIME OF A WATCH

Experts say that the lifetime of a good watch is fifty years. In its daily duties, the balance vibrates 18,000 times every hour, or over 157 million times a year, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The hairspring makes a similar number of ticks come from the escapement. This is a marvelous record, considering the small quantity of "food" because whatever labors must be fed and the watch "lives" on about sixteen inches of spring every twenty-four hours.

Eastern Star Elects Officers

Officers Elected For Ensuing Year Are Installed at Meeting Held Monday Night

Officers chosen at the recent election held by Marie Chapter, Order Eastern Star, were installed Monday night. The officers are as follows:

Worthy Matron, Mrs. Walter P. Hazelrigg; Worthy Patron, Dr. G. T. Cowan; Associate Matron, Mrs. W. T. Murray; Secretary, Mrs. O. R. Gaffin; Treasurer, O. R. Gaffin; Conductress, Mrs. W. B. Bell; Associate Conductress, Mrs. Nelle Rankin; Chaplain, Mrs. W. T. Norton; Marshal, Mrs. Amos Stamper; Organist, Miss Mary Frances Fisher; Warder, Mrs. Henry Galbraith; Sentinel, George W. Taylor; Adah, Mrs. Frank Henry; Ruth, Mrs. John Westfall; Esther, Mrs. Claudia Bu[illegible]; Martha, Mrs. Grimes Caywood; [Elec]ta, Mrs. E. E. Pfanstiel.