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If any Carlisle merchant got every dollar that goes out of this county to the Mail Order Houses, he would soon be rich. How does the Mail Order House get cash in advance and the customer pays the freight?

They get it by DESCRIBING THEIR WARES. They make what have to sell attractive to the prospective buyer, be it only a tin bucket for a tack hammer.

Take a tip from the Mail Order Catalogue. Tell the people of Nicholas County what you have to sell.

Phone 98 and we will be glad to aid you with cuts and suggestions.

The Carlisle Mercury

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(Continued from page 1.)

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NOTICE

OF PUBLIC SALE OF ELECTRIC FRANCHISE FOR NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY

In obedience to an order of the Fiscal Court of Nicholas County, Kentucky, duly passed at the regular meeting of said court, held on the 11th day of August 1927 as County Judge of Nicholas County, Ky., I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest and best bidder for cash, a franchise for the construction, purchase, maintenance and operation in, along, upon and across the county highways, streams bridges and public places, a system of works for the generation, distribution, and transmission of electrical energy from points either within or without the limits of said county, including the right to erect and maintain towers, poles, wires, lines, conduits and all other apparatus necessary or convenient for the operation of said system or works in, upon, across along and under each and all county highways, streams, and public places in said county, as more particularly described in the order of said court authorizing and directing the sale thereof, which is on record in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court.

The following list of maximum rates apply:

The maximum lighting rates for rural communities and unincorporated towns shall not exceed fifteen cents (15c) per K. W. H. with a minimum charge of $1.70 per 550 watt connected load. Power rate Maximum rate of 7c per K. W. H. Minimum charge $2.00 per K. W connected load.

Said franchise shall be in force and effect from and after the time the same shall be granted to the purchaser thereof for the term of twenty years, and in making said sale no bid will be received for less than the cost of making said sale, including cost of advertising.

Said sale will be made at the Courthouse door, Nicholas County, Carlisle, Kentucky, at 10o'clock a. m. September 10 1927

Paul D. Darnall
County Judge of Nicholas County.
9 1 2t

Number of Hound Packs

There are 515 known packs of hounds in the world.

Sent on a Fool's Errand

By ANNA ABERCROMBIE

(Copyright.)

"SHE was spoiled in the making." So said her sisters, cousins and aunts—and others. That seemed to be the consensus of opinion in regard to Corinne Snow.

From the time she was a little girl she had also insisted upon having her own way, and as her parents found it easier to follow the line of least resistance, her daughter grew up a willful and disobedient child and very often a disagreeable one.

As she approached womanhood, she vented her moods upon the young men of her acquaintance. But because

When she was good, she was very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid,

and so very charming when she chose to be, they put up with her tantrums—all but one young man who had just moved into the town and whom Corinne had but recently met.

As usual, she proceeded to charm and then to manage him, but the latter didn't come to pass. It piqued her vanity not a little, and when, on one or two occasions, he made it plain that what she had in mind couldn't be done, she felt greatly chagrined.

Further she got take kindly to her appointments, and when anyone interfered with her plans, childishness came strongly to the fore.

March was drawing to a close and April was here in full. Still smarting under the last rebuke that Saunders had given her, she decided that the coming holiday was an opportune time to square accounts with him.

For two weeks it had rained almost incessantly, and at times the water literally came down in buckets-full. The effect of such downpours upon unmacadamized country roads may well be imagined.

On the morning of that day, Saunders heard a voice tell him over the telephone that a friend that his dog had run away and that he could be found at Mrs. Webb's home on Alder street, a small white cottage at the end of the village. The voice was that of Mrs. Webb was very deaf and not entirely responsible mentally, so that she might possibly deny having the dog, but Saunders thanked the person and said he would call for the dog that afternoon.

Corinne chuckled as she hung up the receiver. She could see him parking his car at the boulevard and trudging the full length of Salem street, as it was utterly impossible to get anything on wheels to pull through the mire. Of course, Saunders did not know that old Mrs. Webb's sense of hearing was such as to keep her from hearing at her would greatly irritate her nose and her disposition. Arguing with her was sheer lunacy, too. It prompted to be an unpleasant session, and the bounders would by no means emerge victorious.

Meanwhile he would be greatly worried by the supposed disappearance of his prize airedale.

She thought the joke was such a good one that she told several of her friends about it. In time it reached his ears, but he gave no sign of his acquaintance with the fact.

Several weeks passed and Corinne decided that at her dinner party she would let him know who had sent him on his fool's errand. Then they would all make merry at his expense and Corinne knew he hated to be laughed at. That would teach him a lesson. He would then understand that she was the kind of young lady to be slighted when should be regarded as important.

"It is riding over him a bit roughshod," she soliloquized, "but any bungling on a holiday should be accepted as good naturedly."

The trouble with the matter was that she liked him best of all the young men of her acquaintance. She had never had to be made even, then she would be kinder.

Accordingly she asked him to call, which he did. When he was about to leave, she said: "By the way, I am giving a dinner party on the evening of April 15 and I would very much like to come."

"Thank you, Miss Snow," he said. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure, but a previous engagement prevents my being here. You see, a very strange thing happened to me a few days ago."

Corinne felt the color leave her face.

"Someone, wishing to play a joke on me, told me on the telephone that my dog had run off. When I called at the home where I was supposed to have met his at the door. She had been sent for to take care of Mrs. Webb, who was ill.

"The nurse happened to be a schoolmate of mine and I had called her by appointments, and when anyone interfered with her plans, childishness came strongly to the fore.

"Of course I was delighted to see her, and we had a long talk over old times. Then I went to the Webb home and found that my dog had run away and that he could be found at Mrs. Webb's home on Alder street, a small white cottage at the end of the village. The voice was that of Mrs. Webb was very deaf and not entirely responsible mentally, so that she might possibly deny having the dog, but I thanked the person and said he would call for the dog that afternoon.

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Now **35c** lb.

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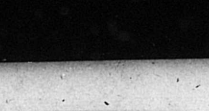
Old Dutch Cleanser	2 Cans 13c	Fab Soap Flakes	2 Pkgs. 19c
P & G Soap	8 Bars 30c	Catsup Scott County or Columbus	14-oz. Bot. 14c
Hershey's Cocoa	1-lb. Can 25c	Grape Juice	Pt. Bot. 21c

The Great **Atlantic & Pacific** Tea Co.

QUAKER MAID UNIT

Men Marooned

by George Marsh



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CHAPTER II

At daylight the challenge of the sirens waked the sleeping men. With light revet on nose and back, the dog skimmed through the lashed tent flap to break into furious barking.

"Shut up, Shot! Breakfast ain't prepared for breakfast," called Guthrie.

Presently, weighted down with his loot and a kettle of goose; then, to avoid the fying sand, aimed into the tent to eat.

"We ought to be starting for Elkwan, Etienne. I don't like to leave her too long, sick as she is."

The swart face of Etienne Savance grew grave at the mention.

"She nevaire see de snow once more."

"That's why I hate to leave her alone with old Anne. I'll never forgive myself if anything should happen to her."

"Mon ami, you have a heart of gold. Ze mission of Elkwan is ze mission of Anne."

The other shook his head. "Not this time. She live more long here than at Elkwan."

All day while the norther fayed the west coast, Guthrie and Etienne groaned and sailed great. In the afternoon, when the carbon had drifted back from the coast, the geese, freed from the salt by boiling, would be a welcome change from the fat bacon of the company's stores. The wind held into it a slight, but when the men turned out of their blankets at sunrise the blow was over.

At noon the goose hunters launched the canoe and driving her through a quarter sea, pushed down the mouth of the shelter of Akimiski Island. They were rounding the low headland of Elkwan point when Garth, slaving in the bow, was aroused by an exclamation from the stern man.

"Look! A boat!" Etienne pointed his dripping paddle across the yellow strait to the shore of the island.

"Where?" Guthrie stood up in the canoe, ignoring the question, demanded: "You're Hudson's Bay people?"

"Yes, we're bound to the Elkwan post, below here. You're lost your ship? Where did you leave her?"

Guthrie's glance shifted from the bearded spokesman to the girl at his side wearing a pea jacket and a sou'wester, below the brim of which fastened a plume of dark hair. As the boats swung together, she airdale, mane and tale stiff, growled menacingly at the strangers, but a low command from his master silenced him.

"Our schooner's ashore on the east side of the island. We left Fort George day before yesterday, and were off Cape Jones when the blow struck us. It crippled our rudder and drove us straight across the bay. We couldn't head into it."

"You were lucky to get ashore in that blow," said the surprised Guthrie. "Your boat must have put up a pounding on those rocks."

"It did, but we struck at high tide and managed to get most of our stuff off her. Then, this morning, we fell into the hands of a pirate."

"Pirate!" Guthrie exclaimed.

"Oh, Archie," protested the girl, "that's hardly fair. He said for what he took, and helped with the last of the stores."

"Who were they—where from?"

"They were in a little sixty-foot power schooner, the Ghost, St. Johns, and the leader was a red-headed ruffian with a mutilated face—horrible!"

The black eyes of Etienne Savance snapped as they met the backward glance of his chief. "McDonal', He! Ha!" said the half-breed with a grin that stopped his swart face with lines.

"What!"

"Nothing," nodded Guthrie. "Your pirate was undoubtedly the famous Laughing McDonald. The Indians call him 'McDonald Ha! Ha!' because of the—from that scar."

As he spoke, Guthrie was aware that the grave eyes of the girl were curiously studying him—the second man with a scarred face she had met since her shipwreck on the west coast. Instinctively he got the impression that those sober eyes had themselves looked on suffering—tragedy. The blood rose to his forehead at the scrutiny. "They think he's sort of a super. They've been hearing his reputation there; but," and he met the girl's startled look, "you say he's pirating infinity?"

"I think he did," she said, and as she turned the loose lock of chestnut under her cap, while the color deepened faintly at her temples, he wondered if she had read his thoughts.

"Treated us fairly," exploded the bearded man. "Well, I call that—"

"How many men were there?" hastily interrupted Guthrie.

"Four. There was Mr. Kalino, too—Was a big, bearded chap!"

"That's the wheel I took to be sailor."

Guthrie nodded to Savance. "That's the red-bearded whaler who brought him into the bay last year," he said; then continued to the girl: "Kalino had the house, sir, to meet the man who has stampeded the trade from the Whale river to Fort Churchill. He took fifty thousand dollars' worth of fur out of the bay last year."

"Hmm! Why didn't you drive him out—arrest him?"

Guthrie laughed. "Arrest him for what? He has as much right here as we. Then, you know, there are not many who would relish the job."

"Hallah the Job! Bah! I thought you for men were—"

The speaker was interrupted by a voice suddenly grown hard with impatience. "It's getting late. My name is Guthrie—this is my assistant, Etienne Savance. You'd better step that mast. You'll need the sail of you won't make Elkwan before dark."

"I'm Dr. Archibald Quarrier, sir, geologist. We've been prospecting for iron and copper on the east coast," snapped the other, visibly annoyed. "This is my sister, Miss Joan Quarrier. If we did you-sar we were blown off Albany?"

Guthrie smiled into the amused eyes of the girl, who seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of her brother.

"You're ninety miles from Albany. Your boat can't be beached like a canoe. It would depend on the wind. Then, as he glanced at the sun, dread of what he might find at Elkwan led Guthrie to finish abruptly: "Follow me into the river mouth. Our accommodations are limited, but you are welcome." And delivered of this lie, with a sweep of his paddle, he separated the boats.

"How about my stuff over on the island; It's very valuable?" called Quarrier after the retreating canoe. "You can send men for that and bring it to Albany?"

But the paddles of the new men, bearing Peterboro image and new paint, unless, the question ignored.

Beyond the river valley the smoke was smothering a sun veiled in haze when the Elkwan post appeared on the log landing below the huddle of buildings on the high shore, which was Elkwan. The problem of caring for the guests which the storm had brought Guthrie had been swiftly crowded from his thoughts by solicitude for those he had left at the post, a week before, when the necessity for beginning the last of their winter supply of geese had compelled his absence. He was overdue, and Anne was old and ignorant. He would never forgive himself—never cease to be haunted by the eyes of the doomed girl he had left in her office. Guthrie thought, than she seemed in the boat, and clearly made. The eyes which were almost black, he saw were brown. Young, too, she was; more than a year younger than her brother, and what hair!

As he led the way across the clearing he wondered how the presence of this white woman would affect the girl through the first weeks at the sanitarium had lent him deeper understanding of the frightened look in the eyes of the girl whenever of necessity he had left her, even for a few hours, in the care of old Anne. But always he had returned to find her and the joy in her wistful face had been fit recompense for his haste to turn back—to keep his word in a way of a half-breed, that he would be with her at the end.

Guthrie leaped up the cliff trail to his quarters. Opening the door he announced his coming in a voice that belied his fear.

"Back again! How's all my family?" A squat Indian woman shuffled into the living room, her wide mouth split into a swarthy face in a grin of delight.

"Ah! We glad you come!" Guthrie expelled a deep breath of relief. A voice from an adjacent room called fahthy:

"Dat's Ida! You come back! How long time?"

"Yes, Ninda." He bent over the cot where lay the wraith of a girl. In whose face, thin to association, great dark eyes stared forwhatsh as she smiled up to him in her joy.

Guthrie drew a chair to the bedside and took to his the hot hand which lay on the coverlet. The fever was on.

"It was the storm, Ninda—the wind. We could not travel, with the deep tan. She would not mind Ninda, then—she to whom agony and death had been commonplaces.

"I am glad—you will understand me. You are woman, and you were left with her at the end—free I'll not be free. I've promised her—"

As he spoke, the quizzical look of the girl seemed to rise off.

"I know. I will help you."

"Thank you."

Under a sky flushed with the rose of the northern fire, Joan Quarrier and her brother stood on the high shore of the Elkwan, whose far star-ring of havens. On guard before the low house, inside the stockade, was the great streaks, satisfied, since his responsibility that these people were at Elkwan with the consent of his master, Guthrie had permitted a deep dislike of the man with hairy face, who had dared attempt to rule the ears of the former mascot of the First battalion, Royal Mounteds.

"So there's a dying Indian woman at the house?" Quarrier was saying. "Is she the only one here for my health. I came back from overseas with gassed lungs."

"Ah, I see. Where was your home, may I ask?"

"Yon—you can't be a relative of Charles Guthrie's deceased?" Quarrier, uninterpreted, showed his interest suddenly aroused.

"Indeed, yes."

"You, a brother of Charles Guthrie?" Quarrier's incredulent eyes bulged in amazement at the factor of Elkwan.

"You are more flattering to my brother than to me," said Guthrie, joined Joan Quarrier in an amused smile.

"Then you're not staying in this country—this business, since you've regained your health?"

"I don't know. I rather like the life."

"Charles Guthrie is a member of the syndicate which sent me to the east coast to examine those iron and copper deposits. He'll be interested to hear from you at first hand."

Again the firm mouth of Guthrie shaped a faint smile.

"I'm not so sure of that. He's rather given up the life of a black sheep, you know."

"For staying up here, I presume?"

"Yes, for not coming home—this summer."

"Dat's Ida! You come back! How long time?"

"Yes, Ninda." He bent over the cot where lay the wraith of a girl. In whose face, thin to association, great dark eyes stared forwhatsh as she

Why Had They Been Sent Him at This Time?

the sailors, under the direction of Etienne, began unloading boxes from the heavily freighted craft.

"Yes, we didn't want to run short before reaching Fort Albany," replied Quarrier.

"But the excess weight will bother you on those ice-floes," Guthrie continued. "Doctor, I regret that I shall have to put you in the trade-house with your men. I have a spare bedroom for Miss Quarrier. You will eat at my quarters, of course."

"Oh," we don't expect much at a small trading post, Mr. Guthrie," replied Quarrier, magnanimously. "I presume you can make my sister comfortable. It's perfectly satisfactory."

The girl laughed. "As satisfactory as it can be for three months with a most uncomfortable two-by-five berth on a wobbly schooner. Mr. Guthrie," she said, "I know I shall rejoice in your hospitality."

She had shed her coat and sou'wester and Guthrie's eyes measured her with a quick glance. Rather, he thought, than she seemed in the boat, and clearly made. The eyes which were almost black, he saw were brown. Young, too, she was; more than a year younger than her brother, and what hair!

As he led the way across the clearing he wondered how the presence of this white woman would affect the girl through the first weeks at the sanitarium had lent him deeper understanding of the frightened look in the eyes of the girl whenever of necessity he had left her, even for a few hours, in the care of old Anne. But always he had returned to find her and the joy in her wistful face had been fit recompense for his haste to turn back—to keep his word in a way of a half-breed, that he would be with her at the end.

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DOAN'S PILLS 60c

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

Uncivilized People

Lying, cheating and theft are practically unknown among the Kalinos.

"We'll be hunting geese until cold weather drives them south."

"You've been hunting geese here, are you?" Why couldn't you go before you go on your hunt—tomorrow, in fact?" Archie P. Wade's sharp challenge of Joan Quarrier at the callous insistence of her brother was checked by the level tones of the factor.

"Because, at present, my duty is here, as you can see."

"Then the man, whose intimate knowledge of the inanimate had seemingly taught him little of men, laughed rawly!

"Very good! Yes, I suppose when you for people get yourselves into a mess of this kind," he nodded toward the door, "you feel you have to see it through."

Joan Quarrier rose from her chair, stunned by the stupid brutality of the remark—fearful of the retribution it deserved. Eyes black with anger, Guthrie glared at his guest, who, sensible of his mistake, grinned sheepishly, then doubled to the roots of his stiff hair. The muscles in the face of the factor knotted, the veins in the brown neck above the flannel shirt swelled with blood in his efforts at self-control.

"I'd went too far," Quarrier mumbled. "I don't mean, of course—But he was cut off short with!

"Your bed in in the trade-house! You know the way?"

The long arm of Guthrie pointed to the door.

For a space Quarrier stared into the cold eyes; then, stung by the outrage to his dignity, got to his feet in angry protest.

"What do you mean? You dare limit me—order me out of your house like an inferior?" But there was little of the face of the man whose arm still indicated the door which swung on the lumber from the geologist as wave is wrung from a rag.

"You'll hear from this—this conduct of yours. I'll report the grave imperiors," protested Quarrier, as he stormed out of the room.

Guthrie turned to the girl, who was regarding by shame-confused by an emotion which left her weak, clouded the face of the man who had left in a calm still thick with anger:

"I am sorry, Miss Quarrier—so sorry. He—went—too far."

"You were right—he was impossible," she agreed in a voice raw with disgust, with a slow nod of the dark head. "He had shown his true colors—I always failed to understand."

"I want to tell you about him."

She turned on him almost fiercely. "Does he think I, she was not understand?" she demanded.

For a space he searched her tense, white face; then replied, cryptically, "I have served with the wounded; it is enough."

He went to the door and whispered in old Anne. Then he began!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Bring on Danger

Luck is a thing which should be accepted as it comes and which should be treated intelligently. Good luck is the most dangerous because it is the most difficult to handle.—Rushville Republican.