Chevrons

By Leonard Nason

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS, D. S. C.

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Continued From Last Week

CHAPTER X

Home

From a little way south of Bordeaux almost to the Spanish border stretches a desolate waste of sand, forested with pitch pine. Shepherds live there and gatherers of pitch, and a few fishermen, and during the war the French established training camps for their Senegalese and Annamite battalions among the pines. The poorest, most out of the way, and the worst constructed of these camps was Le Corneau. Senegalese had been there, and after them the Russians, and after the Russians mutinied, had been subdued, and taken away, the camp was turned over to the Americans. Row after row of dirty, whitewashed huts, sand, black with the filth and dirt of its thousands of former occupants, a brick guardhouse with no windows, and the dreary stretches of the forest, such was the camp.

A man stood at the main gate of the camp in the early hours of the morning, watching the details going out to work and the companies being marched to drill. The man was Sergeant Eadie and it was the morning after his arrival at Le Corneau. It was cold, a damp raw wind that kept the thermometer hovering around the freezing point drove before it a cold rain, and the marching men bent their heads against it. What a useless thing an overseas cap was in a rain!

Eadie had breakfasted on sour hash and bacon, with a cupful of coffee grounds to wash it down with. He had slept in his clothes and overcoat, but even then he had been cold. First call for drill had blown, and the assembly, but Eadie had not assisted at roll call. He had been in the camp before and knew that it would be several days before his name would appear on the roster. He had also gone away from his camp the last time without the formality of a travel order.

"I think I'll do it again," muttered the sergeant. "It's cold, though, now, and the trains don't run to the front any more. Where would a guy go?" Yet why rush away? He had only been here a few hours. They might be going to send him home from here after all. Le Corneau was the artillery replacement camp for the A. E. F. and would be the logical place to send an artilleryman who had no outfit. He couldn't expect to go home all by himself like a returning tourist. And his name would be on the roster. He had been here ... seen his name on the order to go home. Yeh, but when? The whole A. E. F. was going home some day.

Eadie faced the other way and looked at the wall of forest across the road. The last time he had been here he used to go into those woods every day and lie up under the pines until the hour for drill was over. It had been summer then and warm. The pines looked dreary enough now, dripping with rain and swaying in the wind. Still the sergeant had better be getting under cover, for a man standing about with no evident purpose would be the prey of the first officer that went by in search of some one to cut kindling wood or dig a latrine, no matter if the man had as many stripes as a zebra on his arm. Eadie turned and moved out of the gate to the road, where he stopped to consider the best route to take.

"Get the h—l back inside that gate!"

Eadie turned. There were two horsemen there, that, riding on the grass beside the road, had approached without his hearing them. They were armed with pistols and had rifles in their gun boots.

"Gwan!" snarled the man again. "G—d d—n you, get the h—l back there! Where the h—l do you think you are, anyway?"

Eadie still looked at the two men. They were not military police, for they wore no brassards. They had campaign hats, with red hat cords, and must be a part of the permanent personnel of the camp. They had heavy, unintelligent faces and cruel mouths with tobacco-stained lips. One of the men spurred his horse toward the sergeant and kicked at him savagely with his spurred heel. Eadie turned and went back inside the gate. What good would it do him to stay in the road to resist those two brutes? The guardhouse, perhaps. Even suppose he buried a rock at one of them, the other would shoot him down. "Killed by accident," the casualty list would read. A fine ending to a military career. The mounted men looked at him a minute or two and then rode on.

"They're a fine pair o' birds, ain't they?"

Eadie turned. Another soldier stood beside him, a red-faced man, older than Eadie, and this man also wore the campaign hat that marked him as a member of the camp personnel.

"Them kind o' guys are springin' up all over France," observed the man without waiting for Eadie's answer. "The war is over an' they ain't afraid of bein' sent up to the lines any more. War is hell, but it ain't got nothin' on peace."

"I'll say," agreed Eadie. "I've seen hard-boiled M. P.'s in my time, but I always knew that under his hard boiled skin the M. P. was just a soldier trying to keep himself out of the guardhouse like the rest of us. But these two slave drivers! They're brutes, that's the word. Imagine Americans putting thugs like that to guard other Americans!"

"How long yuh been here?" grinned the other man.

"I've just come," said Eadie. "I was here last summer and went over the hill to get away. I'm going to do it again."

"Don't," said the other man soberly. "The guys that's A. W. O. L. is S. O. L. now. The first thing they do when they catch yuh is to pass yuh a beat in. There was a buddy o' mine that went up to Bordeaux an' hadn't more'n got off the train before they had him. He was in the Casino de Lilas a month, luggin' rails all day. Then he got sent down here an' got three months more for bein' absent in Bordeaux. It didn't make no difference that he was in the mill up there; he was gone a month an' that was enough."

"Well, what do they do with the men here now?" asked Eadie. "How long do they keep a guy here? They used to send up replacements every week, but they don't need replacements any more."

"They send wounded men here for classification," said the other. "A guy in A class goes back to his outfit. B gets duty in an office or gets a job in a camp like this, C gets convalescent camp, an' D gets sent home right off. You'll be goin' over in a day or two if you come in yesterday. The doc looks 'em over."

"Suppose a guy gets D class, how long before he'd go home?"

"Oh," said the other, "if you got D now you ought to be home for Fourth of July. How long did it take to get the A. E. F. to France? Nigh to two years. How they gonna get 'em home any quicker?"

"That's right," muttered Eadie. "It looks as if I was to spend some time in this hell hole after all. Well, how do they eat here?"

The other man's face darkened. "Well, I'll tell yuh," he said bitterly, "it would puke a buzzard!"

"I guess it's going to be a hard winter!" remarked Eadie sadly.

"It is that," agreed the other, "but if you go tryin' to get away an' get caught, it'll be lots harder!"

Eadie went back to the cold barracks. The huts were unheated and, in addition, open to any wandering breeze. The weather was just cold enough to be raw and uncomfortable, like a rainy day in late September at home. Men sat about on the double deck bunks, their hands plunged into their coat pockets and their heads sunk into their coat collars. They were all strangers to each other and no one felt like making friends with his next neighbor. Each wanted to be alone with his own black thoughts.

There were a lot of men in the huts, men marked sick in quarters, men awaiting drill, special duty men whose duty was not pressing for the moment, newcomers who, like Eadie, were awaiting classification.

A meager dinner of slum began the afternoon. After dinner the well men marched sullenly away to drill and the sick, lame, and lazy slunk back to the cheerless huts. Only once throughout the afternoon did anyone speak to Sergeant Eadie and that was when he decided to sleep, and removed his overcoat to spread over himself after he had lain down. A gloomy man on the next bunk noticed the gleam of Eadie's new wound stripes.

"Yuh got on two wound stripes?" inquired the gloomy man.

"Yes," replied Eadie.

"Yuh make two trips to hospital?" asked the other skeptically.

"Yes."

"Yuh get an order givin' yuh authority to wear 'em?"

"Horseteeth!" replied Eadie, lying down and pulling his overcoat over him.

"Yuh ain't got no right to wear 'em less yuh got an order," said the other man triumphantly.

"I'll show you the wounds if you want to see 'em!" snapped Eadie. "Who the h—l are you anyway?"

The other man grunted and relapsed into his coat collar without further reply.

The third day of his stay in Le Corneau Eadie was summoned to the company office and ordered to report to the hospital for classification.

"Suppose a guy is classified definitely," Eadie asked the clerk, "how long before he gets shoved out of here?"

"That depends on the classification. If he gets D or C he's liable to be here for some time."

"And A or B?"

"They get sent out pretty soon," said the clerk. "We're always getting calls for men."

Eadie thought deeply as he tramped across the camp to the hospital. Desertion from the camp was impossible, he had made sure of that. The roads were patrolled by cavalry, military police, and detachments furnished by the main guard. On the other hand, life in the camp was intolerable. It had been bad enough when he had been there the first time, but now the type of soldier had changed. Before, the men had been the average American, recruited from the Regular and National Guard divisions, volunteers, every one of them. Now the camp was filled with the scum of every nationality on the face of the earth, the dregs of the famous American melting pot that the long arm of the draft had stirred up. There were heavy-jowled, stolid Slavs, curly-headed Albanians and Greeks, round-headed filthy Russian Jews, Italians of the lowest sort, a crowd of men who scarcely spoke English, dirty, undisciplined, ignorant men who addressed an officer as "boss" and a sergeant as "Hey, Jack!" They lived and ate and slept like animals and the sight of them smacking and crunching their food would turn even a soldier's stomach. What then could a man do? To go over the hill meant disaster, and to stay was impossible. Still, there might be a way. A man that could make his way through the woods at night to enemy territory ought to be able to elude a few police. But where to go? Where was the outfit? The outfit!

"I'm going back, by G—d!" cried Eadie suddenly. "Why didn't I think of it before?" He walked on more briskly. But could it be done? He was still very weak, he slept every afternoon, and a walk from the barracks to the camp gate exhausted him. And how about home, where a man could take off his uniform and forget it all?

"Nix," said Eadie aloud. "I'm a noncommissioned officer of the Regular army and wherever my bunk is, is home to me."

He went into the hospital, into a large room full of men and he removed his clothes as the other men had. Three doctors stood in the circle of naked men, and the men went through various exercises, rising on their toes, extending their arms, bending down, all with the intention of displaying any loss of movement to the three doctors. Then the men leaped up and down in place for some time, and after that the doctors went about with stethoscopes listening to hearts and asking each man the nature of his wound. The doctor paused before Eadie and poked his scar with a stubby finger.

"What gave you that?" asked the doctor.

"Appendicitis," replied Eadie.

"Humm. They did a poor job on you. How do you feel?"

"Fine," replied Eadie.

"Want to go back to your outfit?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Put him down 'A,'" directed the doctor, and went on to the next man.

A week at Le Corneau! Was there any hell of battle to be compared to it? No. But the week finally passed and on the eighth day Eadie found himself acting first sergeant of a detachment of replacements for the Army of Occupation. They went away early in the afternoon in third-class cars and Eadie began his third journey to rejoin the battery. It was not like the old wartime trips, with a trainload of shouting, singing soldiers full of red wine and getting fuller every time the train stopped, with men falling out of cars and off the roofs and losing the train at stations and appearing at the next stop having caught an express, and finally disappearing for good. No, times had changed. Every station was guarded by an inflexible barrage of police. Where the tank cars full of wine used to stand unguarded there were now railway employees still in the blue of the army, and wise to all the tricks of the soldiers. No more was there that rough bon camarade spirit, the "soldiers all and to h—l with civilians," that Eadie had known. Every one was disgusted, every one was begrudging every minute he spent in uniform. At Metz the scene suddenly changed. The slouchy French in civilian clothes and army overcoat that crowded the station platforms disappeared and in their place appeared very snappy soldiers with bayoneted rifles, chasseurs alpins, tirailleurs, colonials in red hats, Senegalese, occasional British, and then, finally, Americans, alert, clean, well-dressed, shaven, shoes polished in spite of the mud, men to make another American weep tears of joy. Gone were the round heads, the curly heads, the dirty heads. Americans, well-kept, in new, finely fitting uniforms. Eadie took off his overcoat and looked critically at his own salvage blouse and breeches. Well, he would be paid at the outfit and then he was going to buy himself a new uniform, from putts to cap.

"How come you wear two wound stripes, sergeant?" asked one of the men in the compartment.

"I was wounded twice," replied Eadie coldly.

"Oh," said the other. The other men all grinned.

"It ain't nothin' to us," said a man in the corner, grinning, "only look out when you get to the outfit. I heard you tell the doctor you had appendicitis."

The next day the train rattled through suburbs that reminded a man vaguely of St. Louis or Indianapolis, clattered over a great iron bridge and came to a halt. The place swarmed with Americans. It was Coblenz, the headquarters of the Army of Occupation, a city famous as a resort and garrisoned by a Corps d'Armee before the war, the capital of the French Department of the Rhine under Napoleon, the capital of Rhenish Prussia under the kaisers, and now the capital of the occupied area. A great place, thought Eadie, a fine place in which time would not hang heavy on a man's hands. However, no such luck. Before he had done looking around, the sergeant had been marched out of the station and loaded into a truck. By virtue of his rank he rode on the seat, but the other men had to ride inside. The replacement detachment, it appeared, had been split up upon arrival at Coblenz, those for the Fourth division going one way, and those from the Third and Forty-second going another.

"What's the next stop?" Eadie asked the driver.

"Brigade headquarters," answered the driver shortly.

They rattled through the streets and finally came out into the snow-clad country. Eadie turned up the collar of his overcoat and shivered.

"How's the soldiering here?" he asked.

"Taint bad," replied the driver. "It's better'n it was in France. You a replacement?"

"No," said Eadie, "I was wounded."

"Where was you wounded?" demanded the other suspiciously, so that Eadie gasped at his vehemence.

"Why, in the Argonne!" answered Eadie, aghast. "At Montfaucon."

"Huh," grunted the driver, "you don't look it."

"Well, I was. I'll show you the wound if you want to see it."

"I don't want to see it," said the driver. "It ain't nothin' to me, only every goldbrick an' camouflager an' sick an' lame an' lazy gimmick that ever heard o' the Third division is comin' back now that the war's over. 'Lots o' beer an' frauleins in Germany, let's go,' they says, and they come outta their holes where they been all through the war an' comes back here with some line o' bull they was wounded or in hospital or somethin'. Huh! There's Frog Lecluir, he had functional disorders every time he heard a shell burst an' it got chronic on him. They sent him out. He's back now swellin' around with his chest out in a tailor-made uniform. His trouble don't bother him no more. They ain't no shell bursts here!"

Eadie made no reply and the truck covered several kilometers.

A peasant in a high-wheeled cart took a long time to clear the road and when the driver had finished swearing at him he turned to Eadie again.

"Another thing that riles me," said the driver, "is that these here Johns show up with their arms all plastered with wound stripes, and gold stars, and canteen medals on their chests and fourrageres and God knows what, and not a d—n one of 'em rates anything! Well, the provost marshal is out for 'em now. If a man ain't got an order for a stripe or a medal right in his pocket, he don't wear it."

"Listen," said Eadie. "What's the idea of popping off at me? I was wounded and back at the front again while you were still trying to make up your mind who the war was with. And I'm rankest sergeant of battery A of the Seventy-ninth and I can put any man in this division in the can, too. I was wounded right in back of the guns and the whole d—d first battalion saw me get it. Now! What do you think of that for gooseberries?"

"I wasn't sayin' nothin' about you," said the driver. "A man's got a right to speak his mind, ain't he? You got on two wound stripes, I seen 'em when you was puttin' on your coat. How the h—l can a man get two wound stripes between July and November and still get back to his outfit at New Year's?"

"One of 'em's for appendicitis!" said a voice from the back of the truck.

The driver blew his horn and shifted gears for a long hill.

Brigade headquarters was in a small town, a clean, whitewashed, low-eaved place, where stiff-backed soldiers marched solemnly down the street, coming back from drill; stern sentries with bayoneted rifles were everywhere, and stolid Germans looked curiously at Eadie. If he grinned back at them they smiled and chuckled and bobbed their heads with delight. At brigade headquarters Eadie gave his name and they sent him with an orderly down the street to a ration dump, from which a truck was soon leaving for his battalion, quartered in a neighboring town.

Again Eadie mounted the driver's seat, again the truck grunted and banged its way out of town and through the snow-covered fields. Eadie was alone and the back of the truck full of rations, so that his riding the seat did not proclaim him a noncom.

"What outfit yuh out of, buddy?" asked the new driver after a while.

"A," replied Eadie from his coat collar.

"Wounded?" asked the driver.

"No!" barked Eadie, "I'm a replacement."

"Funny," commented the driver, "you look a lot like a sergeant outta A that got wounded."

They passed a field where a mounted band was formed on white horses. The leader's saber glittered.

"Regimental call, adjutant's call," command came clearly across the snow. The saber dropped and the cold cry of the trumpets blared. Eadie's skin prickled. His band! That was his outfit's band!

"You c'n git off here," the driver said, slowing down the truck. "The P. C. is right down that street."

Eadie got down and then, pack in hand, looked around.

"By G—d, if it ain't him!" cried two voices simultaneously.

"I told yuh he'd never die," said a third. Eadie turned. Ham, Baldy and Short Mack fell upon his neck.

"Man, you always play in luck," cried Ham. "Here we been here two months an' through h—l an' just as they begin to let up on us a bit, in you come!"

"Come on down to the club," said Baldy. "The noncoms rate a special mess an' bein' all sergeants now, we can talk there easier than here. I been made since I seen you last. Did you have much of a time with that wound?"

"Tell the truth an' say 'no,'" advised Short Mack as they went down the street. "Tell the truth. It didn't no more than knock the wind out of yuh."

His comrades' good-natured raillery, though he affected to take it in good part, dampened somewhat the sergeant's joy in the reunion, and he fell into a reflective silence.

They entered a house a short distance down the street. It bore all the marks of a barroom, but inside was clean and warm.

A strongly built, blue-eyed girl appeared and grinned at the four men.

"Her mother's the cook," explained Ham.

"Vier bier!" ordered Short, sitting down at the long table.

"Schnell!" added Baldy.

"Wie gehts?" asked Ham. The three then turned their eyes questioningly on Eadie, as if to say, "Whaddyuh think o' that for German, kid?"

"And you birds all speak German now!" exclaimed Eadie with admiration.

"It was tough learnin' it," said Ham. "There was a time when if you batted an eye at a German, man or woman, the mill and a six months' blind for you. It's changed a little now. The orders is still on, but we got so we can beat 'em now an' then. You sure come back in a good time."

"Boy, you were lucky you didn't make the march into Germany with us!" cried Short. "No goldbricking behind the caisson then. We changed colonels just before we started and the one we got was rarin' to make us snap out of it. You'd never know some o' the officers, they got so hard-boiled over night."

"It makes a difference with a guy when he knows that there's no chance o' some one's easin' a bullet into him in the excitement o' the fight!" remarked Baldy.

"Shut up!" cried Short. "We was hikin' a hundred and twenty steps to the minute and marchin' at attention all the time, and washin' the carriages every night, full pack every man, showdown inspection Saturday, snappy salute, the mill if they caught you with your pistol belt off, not allowed to leave camp after dark, oh, boy!"

"It ain't bad now," said Ham. "Eadie, you're in luck. They're drillin' us as if they were gettin' ready for another war, but there's a new rumor out that we're goin' home, so maybe it won't last long."

"Eadie, you was always lousy with luck," remarked Short. "We used to think of you when we was hikin' through the cold rain, tired an' hungry, an' it gettin' dark an' the guns an' carriages to wash an' horses to water before we'd get any sleep, an' you snug an' warm in a white bed holdin' a good-lookin' nurse's hand!"

Eadie grunted. It was warm in the room and he arose and removed his overcoat. Then he sat down again, resting his arms on the table. The beer arrived, but no one drank. They were all looking at Eadie's sleeve. On his right cuff was the mark of stripes, such as one sees on the sleeve of a newly busted noncom. There were little bits of thread there and a tear where the knife had slipped.

"You ain't wearin' no wound stripes?" questioned Ham, after an embarrassed pause.

"No," said Eadie, reaching out for a glass of beer. "The whole outfit knows I was wounded." He took a draught of beer and smacked his lips. "All you get by wearing wound stripes is a lot of cheap conversation!"

[THE END.]

Another Serial Story Will Start Soon. Watch For It.

Chiropractic is Nature's Way Back to Health

W. G. COWAN
CHIROPRACTOR
Carlisle, Ky.

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

How Much Electric Service do you get For Your Money?

Most of you housewives who read this advertisement are overworked. Washing, ironing, sweeping, sewing, preparing meals, caring for the children, and doing a thousand and one other duties in the home, keep you hurrying from morning till night.

These household labors wear you out, ruin your health, steal your good looks, make you old before your time. Most husbands don't realize that housework is drudgery—although they are quick to grumble if things don't go smoothly.

But you can banish the hardest and most tiring of your housework by using electrical equipment and electric power to do it. The pictures at the left tell just how much electric service you can get for one dime. Consider these examples:

A week's wash for a family of five can be done in an hour and a half. At the average rate of 11c per kilowatt-hour for electricity, you can operate the washer three hours for 10c.

A five-room house can be properly vacuum-cleaned in an hour and a half (once or twice a week is often enough). At the 11c rate, you can operate the vacuum cleaner five and a half hours for 10c.

And remember, if you use more than a very moderate amount of current, your rate per kilowatt-hour is reduced.

* * * *

Compare the average cost of living today with what it was fourteen years ago—just before the World War began.

Taxes have more than doubled. Food costs 62% more. Clothing costs 57% more. Fuel costs 88% more. Furniture costs 108% more. Rents are 64% higher. These are government figures.

But the highest residential rate for electric service is 12% less than it was in 1914. Only the most careful economies have made it possible for us to reduce and keep down the rate in spite of the large amount we spend for improvements every year.

We aim to give our customers the lowest rates consistent with satisfactory service, the use of first-class equipment and steady growth. Please do not hesitate to let us know if your service is not satisfactory.

If you wish to learn to read your own meters we shall be glad to send an instructor to your home to teach you. Just telephone or call at our office.

*You can operate a Washing Machine 3 hours for 10c

*You can operate a Vacuum Cleaner 5½ hours for 10c

*You can operate a Sewing Machine 12 hours for 10c

*You can operate a 12-inch Oscillating Fan 13½ hours for 10c

*The figures above are based on an average rate of 11c per kilowatt-hour.

KENTUCKY UTILITIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

Nicholas Circuit Court
Judy Hill Plaintiffs,
Vs. Advertisement of sale.
Adda Reynolds Defendants

Pursuant to judgment and order of sale in the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled action rendered at the May term 1928, I shall proceed to offer for sale at public auction on Saturday, May 26th, 1928, at the Court House door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, it being the time and place directed in said judgment and order of sale, on a credit of six and twelve months the following described property, to-wit:

1st: "A certain tract or parcel of land lying in Nicholas Co. Ky. on Panther Creek, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake corner to J. M. Flora; thence with his line N 43 W 68.56 poles to a stake at a post corner to Thos. George; thence with his line S 40 W 100 poles to a stake corner to George in F. S. Stone's line; thence with Stone's line S 43¼ E 83.88 poles to a stake on Clay bank in Stone's line; thence N 46½ E 94 poles to a white oak and a black oak corner to Flora; thence with his line N 44½ W 28½ poles to a stake; thence N 45 E 6.25 poles to beginning, containing 54 acres, 2 roods and 8 poles." Being the same land conveyed to E. M. Hill by Ed Parsons, by deed recorded in D. B. 24, page 284, Nicholas County Court Clerk's office.

2nd: "A certain tract or parcel of land lying in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Cassaday Creek, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the north side of road corner to Rufus Flora; thence S 50½ W 68 poles to angle in stone corner to E. M. Hill's other land; thence S 48 W 16.68 poles to a set fence post corner to Taylor Bowen; thence down the hollow with said Bowen's line S 41¼ E 18.28 poles to a black locust tree; thence S 47 E 9.12 poles to a set fence post; thence S 54½ E 15 poles to a honey locust tree corner to Bowen and George Parsons; thence with said Parsons' line N 50¼ E 51.20 poles to a set stake corner to same; thence N 82½ E 16 poles to a set stake corner to same; thence N 71 E 13.68 poles to the east side of road corner to Henry Flora's heirs; thence with the east side of road N 37¼ W 12 poles; N 27 W 9 poles; N 42 W 34.80 poles to the beginning, containing 23 acres, 1 rood and 20 poles, legal measure," and being same conveyed to E. M. Hill by Wm. Buchanan, et als, by deed recorded in D. B. 31, page 46, said office.

But excepting out of and from said 2nd boundary of land the following described parcel:

"Beginning at an elm tree in the line of G. W. Parsons and E. M. Hill; thence with hollow on the left hand leaving the spring of water on E. M. Hill's side to a walnut tree; still in E. M. Hill's line; thence north with the fence to a stone in R. W. Flora's line near road; thence with said R. W. Flora's line east to R. W. Flora's line; thence south to said elm tree, the beginning, containing 3½ acres, more or less," and being same conveyed by E. M. Hill and wife to R. W. Flora, by deed recorded in said office in D. B. 31, page 435.

3rd: "A certain tract of land lying in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Cassaday Ceerk, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning on the north side of road corner to Rufus Flora; thence down the north side of said road S 22 E 6 poles; S 42 E 6.60 poles to the north side of road corner to Rufus Flora; thence S 52½ W 6 poles to a set stone corner to E. M. Hill; thence with Hill's line N 41 W 29.20 poles to a set fence post corner to same; thence N 51½ E 6.36 poles to a set fence post corner to same; thence S 48 E 17.12 poles to the beginning, containing 1 Acre 1 Rood and 3 Poles."

Being same land conveyed to E. M. Hill by Wm. Buchanan, et als by deed recorded in D. B. 30, page 598, said office.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a Replevin Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale according to law.

Bidders will be prepared to comply with these terms. A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid.

Wm. Conley, M. C. N. C. Ky.
I. B. Ross, Atty. for Plaintiffs

HOW TO STOP BOOTLEGGING

There is entirely too much bootlegging in this community. The offenders are "wise birds" and hard to catch. They are bold in their operations only when they think no officers are around. If citizens would do more co-operating with Sheriff Buckner and his deputies and less broadcasting about how the community is going to the bow-wows, conditions would be decidedly improved.—Shelby News.

Lady Passenger: "Could I see the captain?"
First Mate: "He's forward, Miss."
Lady Passenger: "I'm not afraid I've been out with college boys."

FORMALIN SOLUTION CURES CATTLE BLOAT

Bloating in cattle, when reached in time, can often be relieved by drenching the animal with a solution of half an ounce of formalin in a quart of water, says the Experiment Station of the University of Kentucky, which is receiving complaints this spring. After the animal has recovered, a second drench composed of a pound of epsom salts and half an ounce of ginger in a pint of tepid water should be administered. This treatment is being used with success in the Experiment Station's herd.

With bloat, as with many other conditions, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. When, in the spring, cattle are first turned on clover or other green feed, the change should be gradual. This is best accomplished by having the cattle graze for 20 to 30 minutes the first day on pasture, and increase this period each day until the digestive organs become accustomed to the green feed.

During the early weeks of spring cattle should not remain in the pasture over night nor be turned on pasture while dew or frost is on the grass. A good practice is to feed cattle a little hay or other dry feed before turning them on pasture. Watchfulness during a week or two when first turned on clover will prevent many cases of bloat.

KENTUCKY FARMERS USING MORE LIME

Reports received by the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky indicate that this may be a banner year in the amount of limestone spread on the land.

Four crushers are operating in Simpson county, where many farmers who never used limestone before are this year applying 25 to 100 tons each. One crusher will grind 500 tons at one setting.

The limeshed at Hawesville in Hancock county is doing a big business among farmers using limestone this year for the first time. Five carloads have been received at Lewisport, where business men and farmers are subscribing funds to build a shed.

One hundred and six tons of fine sacked lime were distributed in three communities in Harlan county in April.

Two hundred tons of limestone have been ground in Adair county this year.

One Morgan county dealer has sold 25 tons of lime in 100-pound sacks.

Eight farmers in four Allen county communities are demonstrating the value of limestone, leaving unlimed strips in the fields for comparison.

Bath county farmers will use twice as much limestone as ever applied in one previous year.

Seven crushers are operating in Jessamine county, affording farmers an almost unlimited supply of limestone.

Three hundred Russell county farmers will use lime this year for the first time.

Limestone

Accurate Weights

Grinding done on your farm. Our samples, tested by the University, show proper fineness of grinding

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PRACTICAL SHEEP TALKS

(By Richard C. Miller, Kentucky College of Agriculture.)

Many flocks become infested with ticks and lice. These parasites live on the blood they suck from the sheep's body. When present in large numbers, they cause a great deal of irritation, causing the sheep to bite itself and rub its body against fence posts, doors or other objects it may come in contact with, often producing sores, damaging the fleece and preventing the animal from developing normally.

Both ticks and lice are particularly severe on lambs and will often prevent them from developing into a profitable market product. In the case of infested flocks, the lambs will be infested to some extent before shearing but the greatest danger comes at the time of shearing, as when the fleece is removed from the ewes the ticks, and in some cases lice, go from the ewes to the lambs.

These parasitic troubles can be eradicated and controlled by dipping both ewes and lambs in a dip made especially for the purpose. These dips contain ingredients that are poisonous to the parasites but that are not strong enough to injure the sheep when properly administered. In using any commercial dip it is essential that the directions as given on the container for its preparation and use be followed explicitly.

Scab, even more severe than ticks and lice, is found in many parts of Kentucky. It behooves every sheep owner to be on the lookout for scab in his or other flocks near him. All suspicious flocks should be reported to the Live Stock Sanitary Board at Frankfort. Nicotine dips are being used quite generally in Kentucky for the control of scab and are very satisfactory for the purpose. A second dipping is necessary and this should follow the first within 12 days or two weeks.

Many farmers dip their flocks annually within a few weeks after shearing as a safety precaution, whether there are any indications of parasitic infestation or not. Some dip in the fall as well. In New Zealand the annual dipping of flocks is compulsory by law, and as a result not a case of scab has been found in that country in half a century.

CONFINE TURKEYS TO CLEAN GROUND

A simple method whereby turkeys may be raised free from blackhead and worms, two great sources of trouble, is to confine them to clean yards, says Prof. J. Holmes Martin, head of the poultry section of the Experiment Station of the University of Kentucky. Under ordinary conditions, he advocates yards and confinement.

The ground must be clean, that is, free from chicken contamination.

The only way one can be sure that they are on clean ground is to make them a yard and keep them in it all season.

Those who know that they do not have blackhead infection on their grounds, and do not import it, may "get by" by allowing the turkeys to run at large.

Do not make the confinement yards close to the farm buildings, but put them on bluegrass or other pasture land.

Do not use ground that was used for chickens or turkeys last year; move to clean ground.

If the poults are out in early May and properly fed they should weigh 20 pounds by Thanksgiving.

Circular No. 217, "Raising Turkeys," giving details on feeding, may be obtained from county and home agents or by writing to the Experiment Station at Lexington.

666

Cures Malaria and quickly relieves Biliousness, Headaches and Dizziness due to temporary Constipation. Aids in eliminating Toxins and is highly esteemed for producing copious watery evacuations.

Answers to Presidents Question Game Number 6

Which Appears on Another Page

1 Roosevelt.
2 Angelica Singleton Van Buren, daughter-in-law of President Van Buren.
3 Pierce had 254 votes to 42 for Gen. Scott, in 1852.
4 John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, in the First Congregational Church at Quincy, Mass
5 Wm. Henry Harrison, elected in 1840.
6 Lucretia Rudolph Garfield. She outlived her husband almost forty years.
7 Jefferson.
8 James M. Cox, of Ohio.
9 Hayes. In the controversy over disputed state returns in 1876 Congress set up an "Electoral Commission" which decided all of the contests in favor of the Republicans.
10 Garfield was 49 when he was assassinated.

It's made its way
By the way
It's made.

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"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me, I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fahy.

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Dorsey Bros. & Fisher
If It's Building Material
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Call 46-J

BRUCE SEXTON

This, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. Bruce Sexton, who possibly has had the most interesting business career of any merchant in Carlisle.

Born in Wolf County fifty five years ago, he entered the business of selling almost everything at the age of 23 years, on the large sum of $24.00. Today his stock would inventory at $18,000 and he turns it over (sells it) from four to five times per year, something that some merchants consider almost impossible. Last year, for instance, he did $81,000.00 worth of business. Not to be scoffed at, is it? The writer, in looking over his store, came to the conclusion that a young married couple could practically furnish their home inside his store building.

The slogan of this store is "The store that's always busy." And it always is. If you don't think so, step in and you always find everybody on their toes, anxious and ready to serve you.

The firm handles Delmonte, Campbell's and Van Camp's products, three of the best brands of groceries that the nation affords.

In 1896 Mr. Sexton started in business in Menifee County at a cross roads merchandise store. He moved from there to Bath County and had a similar store and location in that county. He moved from there to Bramblett, Kentucky, in Nicholas County and remained there for 17 years. His next move was to East Main Street in Carlisle and then from there to his present location.

He also handles Gold Seal, Congoleum, Wall Paper, Simmons Beds, Smith's Rugs, 10 and 15 cent paints and a full line of chinaware. 7 people are employed regularly and extra help for Saturday trade.

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We Can Furnish Your Home
Furniture, Rugs, Mattings, Linoleum, Screens, Curtains, Paints and Brushes, Kitchenware, China, Glassware, Etc.
From Top to Toe We Can Clothe You
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Salt Rising Bread
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Two Times
On Saturday
8c a loaf 3 for 23c
Carlisle Bakery

$10 IN PRIZES
1st Prize $5; 2nd $3: 3rd $2
For the most attractive booklet made from this series of cartoons
Everyone eligible except employees of the Mercury and their families.
WATCH EACH WEEK

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Keep in mind, when buying your new car, that more than three-quarters of all Buicks produced in the last twenty-five years are still serving their owners.
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