Kentucky Wheat And Rye Are In Good Condition

Kentucky's wheat and rye have come through the winter in good condition, slightly above average, but a little below their condition a year ago; pastures are needing warm weather; and the condition of the state's spring lamb crop is good; according to the April 1 crop and livestock report for Kentucky issued by the Louisville office of the U. S. Division of Crop and Livestock Estimates.

The condition of wheat in Kentucky April 1 this year was 82 per cent of normal while a year ago it was 84 per cent and the April 1 10-year average is 78 per cent. Rye condition in Kentucky April 1 this year was 84 per cent of normal compared to 88 a year ago and the April 1 10-year average of 81 per cent. Pastures of all kinds were delayed by cool weather during March, but still were 74 per cent of normal by April 1 this year compared to 72 per cent a year ago and 78 per cent the April 1 average.

Hired farm labor in Kentucky is 122 per cent of a normal supply, with demand only 53 per cent of normal, while a year ago supply of farm labor was only 114 per cent of normal and demand 58 per cent. The ratio of labor supply to demand for labor is thus 230% April 1 this spring compared to 197% a year ago. Farm wages are very low, even lower than a year ago, considering the average of the State as a whole. Farmers report average daily wages with board now 65 cents a day compared to 80 cents a year ago, and for month hands with board $13.00 average now compared to $16.00 a year ago. Without board, they report daily wages now 85 cents compared to $1.05 a year ago, and for month hands without board $19.50 a month now compared to $23.75 a year ago.

Daily milk production of 9.3 lbs per cow in herd April 1 compared with 9.6 lbs. March 1, 1933 and 9.8 lbs. April 1 last year. Daily egg production on correspondents' farms was reported at 53 eggs per 100 hens April 1 compared to 48 a year ago and 49 two years ago. Hens and pullets average 68 per farm compared to 61 a year ago and 60 two years ago. Chicks on hand April 1 were reported at only 28 per farm compared to 46 April 1, 1932, and 32 April 1, 1931.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

(Shelby Sentinel)

With the plant beds and preparation of soils well on the way, enterprising tobacco growers are turning their attention to later developments in the coming crop. The College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, is receiving many requests for plans and specifications for the new type tobacco barn ventilator, which growers used successfully last year.

The ventilator was designed by the agricultural engineering department at the college, from ideas secured from tobacco growers in western Kentucky. Tested in several counties last year, farmers using the ventilator, it is claimed, received $3.00 to $9.50 a hundred pounds more than where they cured tobacco by the common methods.

In Bourbon county, burley cured in old-type barns averaged $16.25, compared with $22 where barns were equipped with the ventilator. In Caldwell county, dark-fired tobacco cured by common methods averaged $11, compared with $17 for tobacco cured from ventilator-equipped barns. In Christian county the increase was from $3.50 to $13; in Daviess county from $11.30 to $14.25, and in Fayette county from $17 to $21.90.

Farmers equipping their barns with ventilators also used hygrometers and thermometers and regulated the humidity and temperature, and otherwise used the best known methods in curing. The ventilator is simple in construction, and can readily be installed in the construction of new barns or in old barns.

PENSIONS IN THE U. S.

The broad executive powers granted by Congress to President Roosevelt in the effort to reduce the great burden of pensions now resting upon the taxpayers of the nation have resulted in an extensive study of the whole question, the results of which are given in a recent article in the "New York Times." The United States has been paying more than $900,000,000 a year for the relief of war veterans, their dependents and survivors. This is equal to about one-eighth of the total cost of the Civil War, three-fourths of the cost of the Spanish-American War, including the Philippine insurrection and the Boxer Relief Expedition, and about one-fifty-fifth of the cost of the World War. The Civil War cost $8,500,000,000 to wage, according to testimony at a recent Congressional hearing; the Spanish War, $1,200,000,000, and the World War, $50,200,000,000. The number of men engaged was 2,213,365 for the Civil War, about 400,000 in the Spanish-American War and 5,019,874 in the World War. According to this study a summary of the figures for the Spanish-American War alone shows that in 1890 there were 200 pensioners on the roll; in 1932, despite the fact that it is estimated there are only 210,000 veterans of that war still living, there were 233,875 pensioners on the roll. The sums paid to veterans of this war increased from $4,624,094 in 1920, to $113,841,457 in 1932. It is evident from these figures of a war which occurred one-third of a century ago, in which a comparatively small number of soldiers participated, that if pensions were to grow in similar proportions in caring for the veterans of the World War, the sum would within a few years be greater than the present national income.

THE GARDEN

TOMATOES

(By John S. Gardner, Kentucky College of Agriculture)

The time to set tomatoes for the early crop is still several weeks off, but it will do no harm to get ready. One important detail to settle is the matter of varieties to use. In ordinary cases, there is no better variety than Earliana, for it is early, and, if a good strain is used, the quality and the appearance of the fruits excellent. It is a red tomato; for those who prefer a milder flavor, June Pink is recommended.

In gardens, however, where there has been difficulty and even failure in getting satisfactory yields of tomatoes, because of the wilt disease, Earliana will not serve, but a variety resistant to this trouble must be used. Two offer: Break O'Day and Pritchard, the latter sometimes called Scarlet Topper.

In order to get tomatoes by July 1, the plants should be 10 weeks old when they are set. The best way to produce such plants is to have started the seed in a hotbed about March 1, setting them in 4-inch pots in the same hotbed. Those who have not done this will use plants grown in their localities, or southern-grown plants. A way to make the latter plants bear earlier than they would, set May 15, is to get them now, and set 4 inches apart in a coldframe or in a mild hotbed over 8 inches of manure, where, in the month or so intervening they will grow almost to the size of hotbed-raised plants started in early March.

Tomatoes need all three food elements, but particularly nitrogen. If plenty of manure (a coat of 2 inches) is to be had, all that is needed is to balance the nitrogen it contains, with phosphorus, as with 16 percent superphosphate at the rate of one bag to a square of garden 100 feet on a side. It should be worked in to a depth of about 3 inches where most of the tomato roots be.

A more economical way to use fertilizer is to broadcast a small cupful over a space 18 inches square around where the plant is to be set and work it in.

If no manure, or, at least, not enough manure can be gotten, a complete fertilizer should be used instead of the superphosphate, at the same rate and in the same way. 2-8-6 is excellent, but 4-12-4 is better.

For midsummer tomatoes, the seed may be started now in a coldframe, and the plants set as soon as they have two true leaves. In ordinary gardens, no variety is better than Bonny Best, but in instances wilt is feared, Pritchard or Marglobe should be used.

For late summer tomatoes, and for canning, the seed should be started in a bed about May 1, and handled the same way as just described, for midsummer tomatoes. Where wilt is not a factor, Stone or Greater Baltimore are the varieties to use; wilt-resistant sorts are Norton or Marglobe.

Pests

Chief among tomato pests are the black fleabeetles, whose damage is to riddle the leaves, if in fact they do not entirely destroy them. They are controlled by spraying with 4-4-50 Bordeaux mixture made from the prepared Bordeaux most druggists and seedsmen handle, or it may be made of the original ingredients, lime, bluestone and water. Three sprayings are recommended while the plants are still in the bed, and three after they have been set in the open garden. The interval between sprayings is 10 days or 2 weeks.

JIM PUTS IN OVERTIME

Saturday's Lexington Herald has the following concerning James Kenton, member of the Lexington police department and a native of Nicholas county:

If any readers have any work to be done after hours, commonly known in union circles as "overtime," Patrolman James Kenton, of the Lexington police department, is the man to see. He loves it.

The Fayette county grand jury yesterday morning and afternoon made a tour of inspection of the various institutions in the city and county that are maintained by the state and county. The veniremen traveled in the police patrol piloted by Patrolman Kenton, who had made a special request of Desk Sergt. Speed Sherrow that he be designated to take the jurors on their jaunt.

At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the telephone bell jingled at police headquarters. It was Patrolman Kenton speaking from the Eastern State hospital. He already had worked an hour overtime and was seeking a relief.

Assistant Chief Austin Price and Patrolman Zac Carter took a relief machine and man to the hospital, but on arrival discovered that Patrolman Kenton had abandoned the patrol in a driveway at the hospital and was inspecting the institution with the grand jury. Assistant Chief Price and Patrolman Carter said they tried vainly for several minutes to locate Patrolman Kenton among the patients at the hospital, but were unsuccessful. They returned to police headquarters, leaving the jurymen in care of Patrolman Kenton.

The latter finished his detail at 2:45 o'clock and arrived at the station about 2:50 o'clock.

"Never again for me," Patrolman Kenton said. "I spoke out of turn when I requested that job, but I'd know better next time."

Carlisle paper please copy.

Ireland now has snakes, while Bermuda is said to be the only country free of such reptiles.

194 Home Baked Cakes Taken To Orphanages

Thursday morning at 2:35 a. m. H. C. Galbraith, Master of Dougherty Lodge No. 65, F. & A. M., George D. Scott, Grimes Caywood and Walter McQuithy left Carlisle with 194 of as fine home-baked cakes as ever left the county. The party arrived at Shelbyville about 6 o'clock and left 10 cakes, in addition to 3 boxes, each containing a cake, for Uncle Tom Brierly. From there we went to Anchorage and left the Presbyterian Orphanage eight cakes. From there to Lyndon where we left 40 cakes and found a fine breakfast waiting for us. Then we went to the Masonic Widows and Orphans Home and left 77 cakes. From there we went to Louisville and left six cakes at the All Prayer Foundlings Home, 16 at the Baptist Home, and at the Christian Home 24 cakes, and four cases of eggs from the Carlisle church and one from Blue Lick church.

Then the boys decided they wanted to see the city and parked the trucks, after which they walked it seemed to me like five miles, and the only thing we got out of it was a splendid appetite for dinner. We then went back to the Masonic Widows and Orphans Home and set out two sugar trees in the name of Dougherty Lodge and a redbud in the name of Hope Lodge. Superintendent Morris then took us to the dining room where more than 500 boys and girls were eating dinner, and to say that we did justice to that fine dinner was putting it mildly. After dinner we went back to the office where Mr. Morris had about 40 of the cakes we took on a long table. With about 20 little boys and girls each holding a cake, a photographer took the picture. As the rest of the group wanted the Master of lodge to look prettier than the others, they asked a little girl about 10 years old to comb his hair. I would not consent to that unless she would part it in the middle, and she consented. We then visited the widows home and met a number of dear old ladies who look forward to these cakes the same as the children. Coming back we stopped at the Old Masons home to see the old inmates. I asked the Superintendent if he was having any trouble with Uncle Jim Cameron, and he replied "only in keeping him from working too hard." From here we went to Versailles to the Methodist Home and left 10 cakes and found a nice dinner ready for us, which we all enjoyed very much. From here we returned to Carlisle, and I am sure the rest of the boys join me in saying it was the end of a perfect day. We hope that Dougherty Lodge will continue this for many more years.

H. C. Galbraith,
Master Dougherty Lodge No. 65

THE MISSION OF BEER

(Courier-Journal)

All along the line of business, people are reporting encouraging results from the legalization of 3.2 beer. There seems little doubt that the general attitude of the public has shown an improvement since the "suds" began to flow and therein lies a first step toward the return of confidence and the coincident return of prosperity. In Louisville, the turn of affairs has been typical of the trend in all parts of the country, and the general public here acknowledges the new order as a success.

Even in the face of increased activity in many lines of business and a sudden flow of taxes into the Federal, State and municipal treasuries, there is one other item of news that commands even greater attention. That news is contained in the report of Louisville and Jefferson County police officials on the number of arrests for drunkenness made during the past week-end, in comparison to such arrests on previous week ends. The week before the return of legalized beer, the period from 1 o'clock Saturday morning to noon on Sunday showed fifty-one arrests for drunkenness and six charges of drunk in an automobile. For the same period last week-end, after the advent of 3.2 beer, the arrests numbered only twelve for drunkenness and three for drunk in an automobile.

Such figures, not doctored or falsified for propaganda purposes, give real hope to those who are looking for the advancement of temperance in America. In Great Britain, in Sweden, in Canada, and many other countries where experiments have been made in liquor control work, one of the primary objectives in the fight for temperance has been to draw the public away from the consumption of hard liquor and to win them over to the use of beer, with a consequent decrease in the records of drunkenness and alcoholism. The campaign in this direction has had a signal success in Great Britain and a proportionate victory in some of the other countries where such efforts have been made.

America is now in a position to become a nation of beer-drinkers, rather than a nation preponderantly made up of hard-liquor drinkers, as was before prohibition and as it has been since prohibition. The psychological effect of bringing back beer to the public at this season of the year, and at the end of a long depression, has been most fortunate. It is of the first importance that beer should be properly handled under the terms of the ordinances governing its sale, and that it should be made as attractive to the public by being sold in decent, clean, orderly places. It is already beginning to win over thousands of young people from the habit of drinking home brew, moonshine, and alcohol diluted with fruit juices. That is the greatest of all the services it can render the country.

The U. S. Patent Office recently issued patent No. 1,900,000.

FOR STATE SENATOR

We are authorized to announce FRANK LEBUS as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for State Senator from the 30th Senatorial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

We are authorized to announce W. J. CURTIS as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Representative from the 70th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saurday, August 5, 1933.

FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK

We are authorized to announce HERDY MYERS as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Clerk of the Nicholas Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held Saturday August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce SPENCER PAYNE as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Clerk of the Nicholas Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce JEANETTE COX as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Clerk of the Nicholas Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held August 5, 1933.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

We are authorized to announce PAUL D. DARNALL as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce D. M. CURRY as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Judge of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday August 5, 1933.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce J. MILFORD BERRY as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Attorney of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saurday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce FOSTER V. COX as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Attorney of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

FOR COUNTY CLERK

We are authorized to announce MRS. BERTHA L. WESTFALL as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Clerk of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce JOHN F. SUGG as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Clerk of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary o be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

FOR SHERIFF

We are authorized to announce J. CLARKE LEER as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Nicholas county, with L. B. Barton as Deputy, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

FOR TAX COMMISSIONER

We are authorized to announce JIM WILL MARTIN as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Tax Commissioner of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

FOR JAILER

We are authorized to announce WILL OWINGS as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of Jailer of Nicholas County, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held August 5, 1933.

FOR MAGISTRATE

We are authorized to announce JOHN G. ALLISON as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the First Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5 1933.

We are authorized to announce Y. L. (Uncle Pete) ALLISON, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for magistrate in the Second Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE D. McLEAN as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Second Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce G. H. NEAL as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Third Magisterial district, subject to the action of the party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 6, 1933.

We are authorized to announce ED M. MYERS as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Third Magisterial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce JOHN DUNN as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Third Magisterial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce JOE F. WHALEY as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate from the Third Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce R. H. CROWE as a candidate for Magistrate in the Third Magisterial district of Nicholas county, subject to the action of the Democratic party in the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce D. W. BOOTH as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Fourth Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authorized to announce JAMES C. GILLISPIE as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate from the Fifth Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

We are authoried to announce R. H. HAMILTON as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Magistrate in the Fifth Magisterial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary to be held Saturday, August 5, 1933.

State Spent 20 Per Cent Less On Education In 1932

The state of Kentucky spent approximately 20 percent less for education in the calendar year of 1932 than in 1931.

Expenditures for the common schools, University of Kentucky and Teachers Colleges totalled $6,924,532.05 in 1932 as compared with $8,235,012.43 in 1931, a reduction of $1,410,480.38.

Financial support given by the state to the common school system was reduced slightly more than 13 percent in 1932 as compared with the previous year. There was distributed to the common schools $5,270,133.24 in 1932 as compared with $6,015,223 in 1931.

Expenditure of public money for support of the University of Kentucky and Teachers Colleges in 1932 were reduced more than 28 percent under the sum contributed for their operation in 1931. Disbursement of state funds for state institutions of education in 1932 totalled $1,654,398.81 as compared with $2,319,789.43 in 19391, a decrease of $665,490.62.

The state spent in operating the University of Kentucky last year $742,177.60 as compared with $1,063,055.88 in 1931, a reduction of $320,878.28.

State money expended in conducting Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College, at Richmond last year totalled $234,922.10 as contrasted with $322,015.97 in 1931, a reduction of $87,093.87.

Cost of conducting Western Teachers College, Bowling Green, in 1932 was $317,324.73 as contrasted with $470,291.23 in 1931, a reduction of $152,966.53.

Expenditure for operation of Murray and Morehead Teachers Colleges was the same, amounting in 1932 to $179,982.19 for each institution as compared with $232,213.16 expended by each school in 1931, a reduction in each instance of $53,230.97.

Sentence was suspended on George K. Rawlins, of Detroit, for reckless driving because he was on his honeymoon.

After being hurt three times in auto smashups, George Kedzie, of Palatine, Ill., sold his motor car and now walks three miles to the railway station.

A Showing of the New Cottons

(See Our Window Display)

Eyletts

in plain shades and two-tone patterns

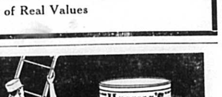
Matlasse Crepes

in plain shades

A wide variety of the newest shades and patterns in piece goods in our spring line.

R. T. Kirkland & Company

The Store of Real Values



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In Hanna's Green Seal Paint there is nothing but the finest and purest of materials. The high quality of this paint has been proven over a period of almost half a century . . . it is made to stand the tests of time, rain, sun, snow and sleet.

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Before you paint it will pay you to see us. Paints are our business and we are well equipped to serve you best.

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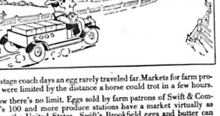
HANNA PAINTS

Patronize Our Advertisers. Try first to buy it in Carlisle

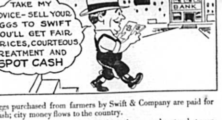
COME IN WITH YOUR EGGS—



In stage coach days an egg rarely traveled far. Markets for farm produce were limited by the distance a horse could trot in a few hours.

Now there's no limit. Eggs sold by farm patrons of Swift & Company's 100 and more produce stations have a market virtually as wide as the United States. Swift's Brookfield eggs and butter can —and do—go wherever consumer demand is good.

GO OUT WITH YOUR MONEY—



Eggs purchased from farmers by Swift & Company are paid for in cash; city money flows to the country.

Buying price quotations at the produce plants are close to what eggs bring in consuming centers over the country, less the necessary marketing costs on the way. Volume and efficiency make these costs low.

Swift & Company profits, over a period of years, have averaged less than half a cent a pound of all products and per dozen of eggs.

Swift & Company

Purveyors of fine foods

SELL YOUR EGGS TO SWIFT

BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods

By HAROLD TITUS

Copyright, 1932. WNU Service

CHAPTER X

It was at noon the next day that McWethy, the mill foreman, hailed John as he returned from dinner.

"Got a new job for you," he said.

"So?"

"Yeah. Barn boss. Ever run a barn before?"

"Never."

McWethy whittled off a chew of plug before he spoke again.

"Well," he said dryly, "I guess you're barn boss, anyhow." He stared through the dusty window a moment and then turned troubled eyes on the boy. "You most got yours last night, son. I heard you lay out Baxter. He hauled between days, but . . . I got just this to say"—grimly: "Watch your step! Until lately I've figured I was workin' for a white man but . . . things change, seem to. Or else wolves are slippin' off their sheepskins."

"And you don't want to talk because you're just playing a hunch. That's fine, Mac. I'll watch my step!"

That night a letter was waiting for John, postmarked Shoestring. Within was a single sheet of paper and written on it the words:

"Meet me in the same place.—N. B."

The sheriff was there before him, driving his team to keep them from cooling too rapidly.

"News!" he whispered. "Here . . . Here's telegrams and a flashlight."

John spread the sheets on his knees and snapped on the beam.

"Yeah. That come first!" Bradshaw muttered, leaning forward to see.

John read:

"North Star Lumber Co. subsidiary to Mid-West Forest Products stop Latter incorporated year ago in Michigan stop North Star statement excellent and carries comfortable cash balance locally."

"Now when I got that," Nat said, "I telegraphed right down to Lansing. Read what they say!"

"Mid-West Forest Products articles incorporated show Deman Hill pres. Paul Gorbel vice pres. Agnes Hill secy. and treas."

The paper shook in John's hand.

"Now Hill," said Nat, "is Gorbel's brother-in-law. This North Star company seems to be all in the family. What's the low-down, if it's any of my business?"

John told, briefly, what Marie had told him, and the sheriff whistled.

"Rimmin' your father all ways from the jack! If he ain't a crook!"

"Poor old Tom!" John muttered. "This'll hurt. If there has been anything he prided himself on, it was picking men. This is the first time I know of that he's gone away wrong. Finding it out'll be like poison to him."

"It looks, son, like you were doin' a whole lot to drain that poison out. What's happened here since you had your talk with this stenographer?"

The boy related yesterday's happenings and his change of work, and the sheriff grumbled in a rage.

"He's out to get you, Johnny!" he warned. "You do as McWethy says and watch your step."

John laughed. "H—l, Nat, we're just getting ready to spring the trap. Have you heard anything from the University?"

"Ain't time yet, I reckon. They say it takes about a week to get a stomach analysis and the mail, with that stomach in it, was just about timed to hit a two-day blizzard they had below that tied everything up."

"Do you think there's a chance he might get scared and jump?" John asked.

The sheriff pondered a moment.

"Not much chance," he said. "He's got too much at stake to jump before he's sure trouble is on his heels. No . . . he won't jump."

John itched to be at the bank records, to know what they might reveal, but he could make no move in that direction without exposing his entire hand. So he waited, performing his duties about the barn, spending his evenings in the recreation hall. Since his encounter with Baxter they had ceased their nudging, ceased gloating at sight of a rich man's son taking life as they took it. He was as much one of them as the son of the boss ever could be. They respected him.

It was Saturday night; another week was down. He was buying some necessary things when he met McWethy.

"Say, Gorbel 'phoned he'd bargained for another team to be delivered tonight or tomorrow," he said. "You'd gone when I come past the barn."

"All right; there are empty stalls. They can stand 'em in."

"Watchin' your step?"

"Every move!" And John grinned as the other twisted his head in grim approval.

He went to sleep dreaming of Ellen Richards, and woke with an empty feeling. . . . Hang on! he told himself. Hang on and keep going and you'll be able to show her how much of her trouble can be laid at old Tom's door!

He was out at four o'clock, wading through new drifts towards the barn to feed and water. This was Sunday. He would have little to do throughout the day; might even take to the swamp on snowshoes for a few hours to be alone with his problem, with his regrets and fears and hopes. . . . He felt particularly lonely as he walked.

The barn was silent; no one was about. He opened the door and reached for the lantern that hung inside and lighted it. The warm smell of the stable was strong.

He swung his lantern and looked to the left.

"Hullo!" he muttered.

A strange, black horse was standing there, halter rope dangling, eyeing him with head up. Coal black, night black, he was; a handsome creature, though the eye looked defiant.

One of the new horses, delivered last night, probably, and insecurely tied.

"Well, boy, enjoying liberty?" John asked, and slipping the lantern bail over one arm advanced, hand extended to catch the rope.

He should have been warned now, had the light been better. He could not see the tensing of the big animal's frame as he approached. He was wholly unprepared for the charge when it came.

With a squeal that stopped John's heart, with his lip flickering over the long, yellow teeth, with a greenish glitter springing to life in his eyes, the animal rushed him!

So quickly did it happen, so close the quarters, that John could not turn and run. To the left the outer wall blocked him, without niche or corner within reach to use as sanctuary. To the right stood other horses, and as the black squealed the one nearest danced and wrung his tail.

All in a flash. In a split second. John swayed backward, not daring to turn, and used the only weapon he had: the lantern. He swung it as the horse reared. Swung it the whole length of his arm and let it go full in the creature's face as he poised for the downward pitch that would mean broken bones and torn flesh.

The animal cried out as the lantern struck his nose. The glass broke with a crash and a tinkling; the light went out. John had a vague impression of the horse going sideways, over against a stall partition, as he quickly turned and fled.

He did not go far. Feet thudded behind him. The killer squealed again, and as John caught a stanchion in one hand and swung himself in beside another horse the black thundered on his heels.

"Whoa!" he cried, as the horse which gave him protection kicked. "Whoa, you!"

Against the faint glow from millyard lights that penetrated the dusty windows he could see the black there, stamping, crowding to get into the stall. The tied horse kicked again and squealed and lunged forward as the black's teeth nipped his hip.

John was up in the manger by then, trying to quiet the one horse as the outlaw backed away, stamping.

He stood, a bit shaky, stroking the snuffing muzzle in the darkness.

The black was standing there, waiting for him, he thought, waiting like a surly bear might wait for his quarry to emerge, stamping now and again.

The other horses were restless from the disturbance.

John slipped through into the feed alley, found a pitchfork, walked along to the far end of the building and crawled through the hay window into a box-stall, used for sick horses when occasion demanded.

He stood against the door which gave into the stall row, listening. Then, careful to make little sound, he slid it open. That done, he retreated to the feed alley again and moved along, trying to locate the strange horse. He found that the animal was now standing behind a vacant stall, head down, almost as though listening himself.

Cautiously John crawled through to the manger, standing erect, dragging the fork with him. Then he stepped

"Back, You! Get Back!"

down and with a quick stride, fork held before him, was in the litterway, confronting the black.

"You!" he cried, and leaped forward.

The animal squealed again. His hoofs beat the straw-padded floor as he gathered himself for another charge. And then he cried out in pain as the fork tines raked his face, as they prodded his chest, mercilessly.

"Back you! Get back!"

He could hear the savage teeth popping in the darkness, felt a fore-foot strike out at the torturing fork. But the animal reluctantly gave ground.

At the door of the box-stall John swung the fork sideways at the horse's head to turn him. The beast bit and struck. He made a stand, there, until John got the tine points against the neck and shoved, and with a scream the black yielded, turned into the box-stall and thundered to a far corner.

John had the door closed in a second, set the hasp in place and drew a deep breath.

"Now, . . . Something else to figure out!" he muttered.

The first of the teamsters trailed in as daylight drove back the shadows.

"Here, Tim; take a look at this pony, will you?"

The man came down behind the horses and John let down a window in the door of the box-stall.

"My G—d!" the man said. "That's old DeForest's renegade! What's that horse doin' here?"

John explained that the horse had been sold to Gorbel and had been delivered after quitting time last night.

"Gorbel bought him?" he demanded. "Cripes, that horse's been in this country for five years and DeForest's the only man who walks who can get near him and come away whole. You mean, Gorbel was thinking of buyin' him?"

John shrugged.

"That's the way I took it. Where does this DeForest live?"

"Three mile west and half a mile south."

"I guess, so long as I'm running this barn, we'll try to do without him. What say?"

"If you want me around here; or anybody else who knows that horse, you will! Why, it's a wonder he ain't killed a dozen men. And you handled him alone?"

Three miles west and half a mile south over sleigh roads, and an hour with DeForest: a long, haggling hour that got him nowhere. The horse trader, shrewd, truculent, was a hard nut to crack and his defiant story of an attempt at a sharp sale of undesirable property seemed to hold water.

Gorbel was spreading out dangerously, but he strengthened his defenses as he went and it would be difficult to prove that he was even remotely implicated in either of these attempts on John's well-being. It gave a man something to think about!

As John went slowly back towards town he saw two people on skis a quarter of a mile away. He watched them for a time and made up his mind that it was Gorbel with Marie. They seemed to be watching him, too, although because of the glare of an early March sun on the snow he could not be sure.

On Monday morning he stood for the second time in Paul Gorbel's office. The man turned on him a face that was lined now; hollows showed beneath eyes that roved a bit; eyes that had been so well controlled a fortnight before, so steady, so bland. But they would not obey the remnant of self-control that tried to direct the light in them this day. Uneasy eyes, they were, and the man's voice was slightly husked.

"You sent word by Mac Saturday night that you'd bought a new team," John said.

"Yes. DeForest came in and offered a bargain. I thought I'd let you have 'em tried out."

"Well"—dryly—"he just came in to take 'em back."

"So soon? You . . . you tried them?"

"One tried me."

"I don't understand."

"A horse was loose in the barn when I went in yesterday. He'd never been properly tied up."

He spoke dispassionately and watched for change in the face before him; but Gorbel held steady now.

"Well . . . I don't . . . I don't get you. Did you send the team back because the man was careless on a detail?"

"Don't stall, Gorbel!" John cried, and the other straightened as color whipped into his face. "Don't stall another syllable. I'm here because good luck was with me!"

Gorbel shoved back his chair.

"What's the idea?" he asked thickly, rising. "I don't like this, Belknap, whatever it may be!"

"No, you don't like it!" Rage, now, had young John; had his eyes and his voice and his gestures. "You tried to frame me with a man once, and with a horse next. You—"

"Frame you!" His voice was a snarl.

"—have known for years, likely, about DeForest's outlaw black. If you haven't, it's the one thing you haven't known about this country! Shut up, now, and let me talk!"—with a commanding gesture as Gorbel swung around the corner of the desk. "I found him loose in the barn. He tried to get me and didn't. My teamsters all knew about him; every man-jack of them knew that no sane man would buy the horse.

"I called on DeForest. You'd schooled him well, Gorbel. You'd probably schooled Baxter well, too, but I didn't bother trying to break him down!"

"Man, you're crazy! DeForest? An outlaw horse? Baxter? What the devil are you driving at?"

The rigidity went from John Belknap's posture and he laughed helplessly.

"You're good!" he said. "You're good, you toad! Why don't you try to fight like a man? You've guts enough to try murder, why don't you try it in the open? Why won't you let—"

"Look here! I'm d—d if I'll let any addled kid talk to me like this! I'm d—d if . . . Murder? Fight? Somebody trying to harm you and you're trying to hand the blame on me? That it? Now why in the name of heaven should I want to harm you?"

A quick warning flickered through John's anger. Roused as he was, Gorbel's craft had not deserted him. Prying, he was now, using the fertile field of high rage, when bars of caution are down, to discover what and how much John Belknap knew, and the boy drove back his temper and his contempt, striving to match cunning with cunning.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he said. "Not an idea to my back! But you don't want me here; you're trying to drive me out."

He thought a shadow of relief appeared in that face before him.

Gorbel let out a short breath of disgust.

"Drive you out!" he muttered, as though such an idea were the depth of absurdity. "Why, I haven't even remembered you were around the job a dozen times since you came in! But if you're not drunk, you're insane and there's room here for neither booze fighters nor madmen!"

"I'm fired, then?"

"Right now!"

John shrugged. "Your privilege," he said.

"And you'll get out of the company boarding house today!"

"Also your right."

"And out of Kampfest, too!"

"Steady, neighbor!" John's rage was passing; he was noting the anxiety in the other's tone now, as of one who presses rashly into a welcome opening. "Little too far, that. I'm staying in town, Gorbel. Things have been quiet in Shoestring since I came here. That was my principal reason in coming. . . . I'll be in Kampfest, watching my step. If you try me again . . . in person, please!"

He went out without another word, closing the door firmly, and Paul Gorbel, standing there, eyes on the door, let a hand lift slowly to his chin, fingers fumbling with the flesh there.

He stood so for a long interval. Then swiftly, a bit unsteadily, he crossed the room and locked the door. Fists rammed into pockets, he paced the room while moisture pricked out in tiny pearls on his face.

Fear was riding the man now, fear and desperation. Not fear of the possibility that John Belknap might be able to prove a case against him through either Baxter or DeForest.

Another fear gnawed at him, had been grinding him for days, and something about John Belknap's attitude made him feel that the lad was not thinking wholly of his own safety. He had had the manner of one who knows more than he tells, of one who is waiting, with all confidence, for a tremendous moment. . . .

And Nat Bradshaw had been a bit too casual the last time he came. His eyes had betrayed a flicker of guile when he talked of the fire in the Richards barn; and another time he had come he had gone from this office to the hot-pond where John Belknap worked!

For years Paul Gorbel's conscience had not troubled him; he had taken what he could take, by fair means or foul, escaping detection but piling up in his own heart a cumulative burden of fear. He had not admitted that fear even to himself until lately, and then, like a festering wound, it had commenced to swell and throb. It would not let him keep his mind on his affairs during daylight; it would not let him sleep.

Other nights he had thought that pounding in his ears was the heavy beating of his heart; last night it had been like the fall of collective feet . . . thudding in awkward measure as men marched in lock-step! . . . Last night . . . and young Belknap knew more than he had said. . . .

He halted in mid-room and looked about like one trapped. Then he went to his desk, opened a locked drawer, and slipped the pistol that lay there into his pocket. After a time he unlocked the door and went through the motions of functioning as a managing partner.

* * * * * * *

And over in Shoestring Ellen Richards was going through the motions of performing her daily tasks.

Evidence of strain was heavy upon her, a different sort of strain than that which had racked her when the man she now knew to be John Belknap came to her employ. Matters had eased in the woods; the Belknap & Gorbel operation on her railroad had slowed down on log production; her transportation facilities had been able to take care of both jobs handily; a reserve of logs was growing in her yard; the dark clouds which had hovered over her business affairs were seeming to lift.

But things had happened to her which robbed this turn of events of any joy; things which wakened her from sound sleep with heart racing, with a feeling of having called out in her dreams appealingly to the man who had come into her life and gone out of it again, leaving the job in order but life in chaos.

During waking hours she knew that she thought of John Belknap only with contempt, but at night, as she slept, he came to her in dreams, laughter mingling with the determination in his eyes, and she lived again those moments in the office at camp when she yielded impulsively to his arms, when she raised her face hungrily for his lips. . . .

Sweet, the dreams were! But she shuddered on wakening. To surrender her heart to a man who had deceived her, who had sworn allegiance only to undermine her worldly possessions, was unthinkable. And yet that heart remained untractable. Her mind persuaded, argued, badgered, even stormed, in certain moments, but when the mind dropped into deep rest that heart went its forbidden way.

Yesterday the woman who kept her house had declared her ill. This morning the old bookkeeper had eyed her over the rims of his spectacles and said one word: "Peaked!"

He left his high stool and drew his spectacles down low on his nose again.

"Ellen, you're comin' down with something!" he declared. "Sakes, but you do look peaked! You better go home an' rest."

Home? To lie there in the room where she dreamed tenderly at night of a man who was her worst enemy? Home? To live again and again those moments which once had been sweet but which now, even in memory, whipped the beat of humiliation to her cheeks?

Not home! A girl can't stay in the theater of heart-break when her nerves are rubbed raw and drawn singing tight, can she?

"Tell the barn to hitch up the drivers," she said. "I'll have them take me out towards the Mad Woman. A day or two at Wolf's is what I need, I guess."

And so she went, a light pack-sack and snowshoes stowed behind her, eager to be afoot and trudging the dozen miles that lay between the end of this road and the trapper's camp.

(Continued Next Week)

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PANTHER CREEK

Buddie Blount spent the week end with William Roundtree.

Mrs. Robert Maybrier and Mrs. John Wagoner visited Mrs. Jacob Wagoner Thursday.

Mark Hollar and son visited Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wagoner Saturday. Mr. Wagoner and Mr. Hollar went to Lexington to bring home Mrs. Hollar, who recently underwent an appendicitis operation.

Miss Dorothy Wagoner, of Eastern Teachers College, came Saturday to spend the week end with her parents.

Mrs. Ezekiel Laughlin and daughter, Miss Geneva, were guests of Mrs. Jacob Wagoner and Miss Dorothy Wagoner Sunday.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Snapp, twins, a boy and a girl.

BLUE LICKS

(Miss Alma Barnett, Correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson and children and Mrs. Sallie McConnell, of Piqua, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Mann.

Mrs. M. D. Reedy and two friends of Lexington, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Purcell, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rose and baby and Miss Elberta Henson were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barnett.

SCRUB GRASS

(J. P. Minton, Correspondent)

Sophia Minton spent the week end with Betty Bowen.

Mrs. Lucy McCarty and children spent Thursday with Mrs. Conway Tedder.

Mrs. Margaret Minton visited her daughter, Mrs. James Sadler, a few days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Minton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hendrix at Flora.

On account of the rain Sunday night Scrub Grass Creek was out of banks Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bowen are moving to Myers.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Walton visited Taylor Bowen Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Estill Jolly spent Sunday with Ed Cooper.

C. L. Tapp, Adrian Tapp and two brothers, of Millersburg, were here Sunday.

MT. CARMEL

(Mrs. Mike Heflin, Correspondent)

Miss Margaret Snapp, of Saltwell, spent from Friday until Saturday with Miss Thelma Feeback.

Eugene, Sam and Thelma Feeback, Mike Heflin and wife were guests of Matthew and Francis Taylor, at Barterville Monday night.

Mrs. V. G. Hawkins, Mrs. E. R. Barnett and daughter, Blanche, Mrs. Benjamin Barnett and two sons, of Cassidy, Mrs. Martin Heflin and two daughters were guests of Mrs. Mike Heflin Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Smith visited Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Gaffin Saturday.

Clyde Snapp and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Bettie Snapp.

Mrs. Ella Kendall visited Mrs. Pearl Feeback Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jones and two sons and J. H. Feeback spent Sunday with Charlie Feeback and family.

R. H. Hill and family spent Sunday with Ed Sosby and family in Harrison county.

Mrs. Margaret Caswell spent one day with Mrs. Ella Smith.

Uncle Taylor Feeback is recovering from a badly bruised side received in a fall one day last week.

Reynolds McDonald spent Sunday with Marvin Caswell.

Mrs. Minnie Snapp returned to her home Sunday after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Mike Heflin.

Edd Heflin, Mary Heflin, Mike Heflin and wife spent Sunday with Martin Heflin and family.

BUFFALO TRACE

(Lillie Gaunce, Correspondent)

Miss Wanda Butler, of Headquarters and Miss Naomi Gaunce, of Dog Walk, spent Easter Sunday with Miss Dorothy Haverfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mattox and daughter, of near Paris, spent Easter with her father and sister, Mrs. Chappel Ritchie and Mr. Ritchie and Jimmie Earlywine near Rose Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Gaunce, of Centerville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Kenney and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Keller Bowe, of Monroe, Mich., spent from Saturday until Monday visiting their relatives, the Toadvines and Bowes; also Mr. and Mrs. Pence, of Ohio, came with them and visited the Toadvines.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gaunce spent Sunday with her father, Elva Mattox and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Haverfield spent Sunday with Mrs. Addie Toadvine and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hill at Walnut Grove.

Ray Ritchie, of Rose Hill, spent Tuesday with his aunt, Mrs. Victor Gaunce and Mr. Gaunce and grandmother, Mrs. Bell Hollar at Headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowe, Jr., and family spent Monday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bowe at Buffalo Trace. Afternoon guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Haverfield and twin daughters and Lillie Gaunce.

Mrs. Bell Hollar, of Headquarters, is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. Viola Ritchie and family at Rose Hill.

Keller Haverfield spent the week end with his uncle, Sidney Bowe and Mrs. Bowe and family at Hooktown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sexton and son, of Little Rock, Mrs. William Hollar, of Saltwell, spent Easter Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gaunce.

Mrs. Stanley Gaunce, of this place spent Friday with Mrs. Ida Toadvine near Walnut Grove.

SALTWELL

(U. G. Mattox, Correspondent)

Miss Juanita Gaunce, of near Headquarters, spent from Friday until Monday with Lelia Mattox.

Jack Brunker and Chester Ray Mattox spent Saturday night and Sunday with Vaughn Mattox and family.

James M. Earlywine, of near here, is ill.

Rev. R. D. Huston filled his appointment at Wagoner's Chapel Sunday morning and dined with Clarence Herrington and family.

L. H. Small and family, of near Crayton, spent Sunday with Floyd Barlow and family.

E. Arnold Mattox, of Winchester, was here Sunday for a few hours visit.

H. A. Gaunce and family and J. H. Snapp and family spent Sunday with L. M. Feeback at Barterville.

U. G. Mattox and family, J. H. Brunker and family, of Morning Glory and Miss Juanita Gaunce spent Sunday with Vaughn Mattox and family.

Rev. R. D. Huston preached here Sunday evening.

H. D. Allison and family, of Headquarters, G. E. Ritchie and family of Steels Ford, spent Sunday with John G. Allison and family.

WALNUT GROVE

(Mrs. Martin Heflin, Correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Heflin, Ed Heflin and Mrs. Mary Heflin spent Sunday with Martin Heflin and family.

Mrs. Minnie Snapp has returned to her home after spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Mike Heflin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Turner and three children, Misses Helen and Ida Perkins, Mrs. Robert Cravens, Ray, Leon and Harlan Perkins spent Sunday with Claud Lynam and family.

Mrs. Raymond Taylor and Mrs. Mary Wiggins were visitors in Cynthiana one day the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wiggins and daughter, of Mason county, visited Mrs. Mary Wiggins Sunday.

W. M. Rankin, who has been ill, is able to be out at this writing.

MT. CARMEL

(Ethel Caswell, Correspondent)

Mrs. Stanley Feeback and son spent Monday with Mrs. Will Caswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Snapp and family spent Sunday with her mother, Miss Betty Snapp.

Miss Carrie Hill visited George Allison Thursday night.

Stanley Caswell motored to Danville Friday.

Uncle Taylor Feeback had for Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jones and sons and Jesse Feeback, of Hooktown.

Mrs. Louise Delaney spent Saturday wth Mrs. Etta Caswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wagoner and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Wagoner.

The senior class of Headquarters high school spent Wednesday in Lexington doing their commencement shopping.

Mrs. Will Caswell spent Friday with Mrs. Anna Mae Feeback.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Burden and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Gaunce were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snapp.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hill spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Platte.

MYERS

(Mrs. Jesse Parsons, Correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Swarts had as Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. Mack Crump, of Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Davis and two sons were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. Estill Jolly and family spent Saturday with Ed Cooper and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Boggess and daughter, of Norwood, Ohio, spent Easter here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fitzpatrick and family.

Miss Floris Fitzpatrick spent Saturday night with June Fuller.

JACKSTOWN

(Mrs. F. L. Auxier, Correspondent)

Miss Mary Elizabeth Sellers is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Hay at Latonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Smith were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bascom Banta.

Misses Pauline and Clarine Sexton were Thursday guests of Mrs. Joe Sexton.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kingsolver and son, of Winchester, and Norwood Auxier and son were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Auxier.

Billy Hamilton is on the sick list.

Several of the young folks of the neighborhood enjoyed an egg hunt at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Preston Sunday.

Mrs. Nannie Paton is the guest of Mrs. Fred Auxier.

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