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BELOW ZERO

A Romance of the North Woods

By Harold Titus
W.N.U. SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Tony Belknap, big timber operator, ordered by his physician to leave his lumber camp for a three months' trip abroad. Promises of advancement he has made to his men are broken. Accidents happen, men are broken for no apparent reason, and the young man is indignant. Paul Gerbel, Belknap's partner, whom John and other business associates of Belknap suspect, tells John of his plan of making Tony Father and his part without a complete understanding.

CHAPTER II

Now when a young man, fever hot with rebellion, at odds with his world, set upon, treated unfairly, finding his firmest trust betrayed, and to his surprise, steps off a train into a strange town and is hit in the mouth by a stranger, certain events are bound to follow. For one thing, the pressure of temper within him finds relief.

It was easy enough for young John Belknap to come to a decision as to what to do; easy enough to decide that the Mid-West headquarters, up in the wilderness, was as good a place as any for a young man going out on his own to present himself and ask for a chance. Easy, simple!

But not so easy to summon that rage which would wipe out the hurt. He had had his fondest hopes betrayed by the one human being he had trusted above all others. It cut and scourged, made him drive himself into a furious temper.

He had boarded a late train, packed over his shoulder, oblivious to the stares of people in the station, telling himself that he had been double-crossed, abused to a point which was intolerable. Through the remaining hours of the night he had tossed in his berth, betting that rage out up the disappointment and heartache. Today, on a less comfortable train, his ire mounted and as the cars rocked and bounced on northward over increasingly rough steel, he sat for long intervals without moving a muscle, the fire in his eyes growing, the darkness in his heart deepening.

Snow fell. Now and again some of it sifted down from the ventilators to the greasy rattan seats of the smoker. The brakeman came in and lighted oil lamps as waning afternoon brought sinister darkness. One more change now, and he would be on the Kampfest line. . . . But he was not going to stop at Kampfest!

He moved with a start, then, and his jaw muscles bulged. This was the route he had planned so long to take, but the destination was no longer what it had been in those years of planning. On through Kampfest, rather on for the better part of another hundred miles to Mid-West headquarters. "You're out of luck," the conductor said; "getting into Kampfest tonight. They got three cars off on a culvert and it may take 'em until noon to put their line open. Tell you what: the Junction boarding house's bright. You could go on to Shoesting where there's a good place to stay and come back in the morning in time to get the east-bound."

"Shoesting? Never heard of it."

"Spry little town." The conductor smiled politely as he adjusted the rack of his lantern. "If the branch hadn't got blocked this afternoon, you might've seen some big times there tonight. . . .

John did not heed this. He said, "Much obliged," and settled back in the corner of his seat with his wrath.

Soon the brakeman rose and sung out: "Shoesting!"

Buttoning his Mackinaw, slinging his packsack to one shoulder, John stood in the end of the car as they jolted to a stop. He was the only passenger disembarking, and when he pulled the door open snow swirled about him. Moving figures showed against the glow of depot lights.

A voice sang out sharply:

"That's him!"

He dropped to skin-deep snow on the platform, and a bulking figure moved to confront him.

"You'd better git back on the train," the man said. "You ain't welcome here!"

"Check him through!" someone called heavily.

"What's the big idea?" John snapped. "Who are you to—"

"We ain't here to argue, Jack! You git back aboard that car and keep your feet out of Shoesting and you'll be better off!"

The big man grasped his arm determinedly, and as John twisted to free himself he slipped. He flung out a hand to catch his balance and on the gesture, a stinging blow caught him full in the mouth.

An instant before, and despite his black mood, he would have argued; but that fist on his lips dropped a red curtain before his eyes, coagulated all the anger which had kept him hot for two days and a night; stirred reason from him. He crouched; he rushed. He was going to let he gang put him back on any train. He hoped into them, through them, until he had distance between himself and the car and then straightened, catching one a stiff blow on the neck that spun him about. He whirled and drove his fist hard into a belly.

Voices, then, sharp and profane. Someone stood him on his feet, and with an uppercut John dropped a man who charged in from the right. The taste of blood on his lips goaded him. He sprang on one with a rush, then kicked one's feet from under him, and the fellow fetched another, John struck and kicked and elbowed and ducked. His head rocked sideways from a blow, and he squirmed to one shoulder in spite of a sickening feeling of helplessness. They could have had him down and beaten to a pulp in one minute, if they'd used their hands. They were too mad, too eager to carry the fight; they got in one another's way, feeded off the blows of their fellows.

A man, charging him, checked and veered, and he had a fleeting glimpse from a blow, and he squirmed to free himself and ask a question. Then a stinging blow drove his head back against the seat. Someone stood him on his feet, and with an uppercut John dropped a man who charged in from the right. The taste of blood on his lips goaded him. He sprang on one with a rush, then kicked one's feet from under him, and the fellow fetched another. John struck and kicked and elbowed and ducked. His head rocked sideways from a blow, and he squirmed to one shoulder in spite of a sickening feeling of helplessness. They could have had him down and beaten to a pulp in one minute, if they'd used their hands. They were too mad, too eager to carry the fight; they got in one another's way, feeded off the blows of their fellows.

A man, charging him, checked and veered, and he had a fleeting glimpse of a smart figure on the edge of the group, shoving at his assailants, holding up a dissuading hand.

A voice, then, a girl's voice, was raised sharply:

"Stop! Stop it! Tiny, Ezra, Way-Bill! Let him alone!"

"The 'him' was beyond doubt John Meeke Belknap, but this young man was now in no mood to be let alone! The figure of the leader was before him, poised, waiting; perhaps in indecision at the sudden willing of spirit or intent among his fellows; perhaps waiting on this stranger who was so unwelcome in their midst. If the latter his wait was brief because as he kicked free from the impending hands John rushed him, striking out quickly with sheet, savage blows, glaring in his moment of even odds.

The man retreated slowly. Once he landed and jolted John severely, but this advantage worked against him because it tapped buried reservoirs of strength and fury and hard fists bore him backward into the glare that streamed from the open station door way.

A cry, then, as John, bareheaded, face set, burst into the light.

"Tain't him, Tiny! 'Tain't him!"

Now this Tiny might, in another instant, have had reason to claim that the about distracted John, did he care to lay upon an alibi. But even before the words were spoken the fog that gripped them, John found the opening he had been fighting for.

Full on the point of Tiny's chin his knuckles struck and the man's head sagged. The force of the blow rocked him backward and he crumpled. His head, falling to one side, crunched odily as it struck the wheel of a baggage truck.

John heard that sound and a tingle ran through him. He lurched forward, crouching as if to pounce upon his fallen adversary. Well enough he knew the big devil out, but he did not like that crunch! Hands clutched at his shoulder and a hoarse protest was in his ear.

"Let away!" John cried, shaking off the hands, heedless of the words, and dropped to his knees in the snow beside the fallen man.

"Hit his head!" someone cried, as they gathered closely about, a wall of legs damming back light from the doorway.

"Get back!" John snapped. "Out of the light, you!"

The voice of authority, that, and it cut through a rising mutter from the crowd, forced a falling back to let yellow light filter on the prostrate Tiny.

The man's face was bruised and bleeding. He lay lax, and when John raised one of the great arms it dropped back limply. The man breathed heavily, and apprehension mounted in the boy's consciousness.

"Get hold here!"—sharply. "Carry him inside where I can see!" And gently, easily, considering the man's weight, he slid an arm beneath the broad shoulders and raised the torso.

Others helped, for the most part wordlessly, and they shuffled into the waiting room with their burden, placing it carefully on the floor beside the stove.

John was heedless of the crowd that pressed close again. He removed the thick cap from Tiny's head and with quick, careful fingers rummaged through the stuff beneath. He encountered no great bruise, no depression. The cap had been ample protection; no fracture, perhaps not even . . .

Tiny stirred and groaned.

"Get me some snow!" John said, and he hefted a pail.

With his handkerchief he wiped blood from the man's chin, and when the snow came he took a great handful and held it against brow and temples.

Tiny grimaced and puckered his lips and stirred. He moaned next, and opened one eye and whimpered.

"What's' b-o-o-" he began, and the crowd stirred, as in relief.

John drew a deep breath, then, and looked up at the faces above him; weather-beaten, vigorous faces, they were, and as his eyes swept them they turned on him with curious expressions.

"He wants to know what the b—d" he began. "And that makes two of us. What the b—d does it—"

He broke short. He had settled back to his heels, searching those faces with a demand for explanation, when he saw her. She had stood beside him, looking down. Very small and slight of figure she was, and the face beneath the snug turban of beaver was as pale as those others were rough. Her eyes were dark and large and serious; more than serious, perhaps; perhaps deep trouble rode in them to go with the repressed line of her mouth.

She was looking full in his face, and as he broke his gruff question he inclined his head slightly as in recognition of a difference in apology.

He caught his breath. "Sorry!—to her. "I should say"—skipping his glance to the men again—"what's a stranger to think of being gauged like this?"

A slim, wiry man, who had squatted on the other side of the reviving Tiny, spoke.

"We was expectin' another party, chum," he said. "You're a match for him in size, but you don't the one we're lookin' for; this particular hard egg sent in to clean us out by old Tom Belknap?"

John's head jerked. He leaned tensely forward!

"What?" he demanded, a long-drawn word, stained with surprise; perhaps with something like shock.

"I said; we'd got news a certain party who's related b—d here was coming in to put a chunk under a corner. We aimed to get him back to Kampfest with bad news for old Belknap. Bein' entitled like we was, and bein' sore like we was, we mistook you for him. Not important, mebby, but true!"

John took a quick breath and let it out through his nostrils in an amazed whistle.

"Well, I'll be—"

He looked up again for the girl's face, as though an explanation lay there with her bright clarity this bewildering situation. She was gone. He stared at the others, but they were watching Tiny, who was being helped to a sitting posture by the smaller man.

"All right, Tiny?" the other asked.

The big fellow felt his chin gingerly and his head, and then shook it as if to chase off the fog which impaired his faculties.

"I'll be git away!" he asked.

A chuckle from the crowd then.

"Away, your grandma! There he sets, Tiny!"

The dazed eyes followed the gesture and then blinked slowly.

"I'll go—d, Way-Bill, 'tain't him," he said weakly.

"No, 'tain't."

"But this one . . . he's a stem winder!"

"Anyhow, that."

"Did if this one was him—"

"Then we'd have a lot more to worry about. Yes, sir, if old Belknap could hire 'em like you, chum"—to John—"then the company would hire somethin' to lay awake nights about!"

Tiny had been staring at John and now his gaze wavered as a man's will when he is overcome with embarrassment.

"— get up," he mumbled, and John helped him to his feet.

The boy's heart was pounding. Old Tom, starting that sort of trouble!

"All right, Tiny!" Way-Bill asked, and when assured that the late arrival seemed to be getting to be as good as new, he turned to John. "Guess it's due you to explain a little," he said, and John caught some vague change in the attitude of the group. The shuffling of feet, the murmurs, the look, stamped with surprise; perhaps embarrassment such as had marked Tiny's faltering gaze. "Stranger in this country?"

"Yes."

"Mebby you've heard of old Tom Belknap?"

"I have . . . once"—some of his words surging upward to mingle with high curiosity.

"Well, he's evident aimin' to run the Richards company, here, off the earth. He's done a plenty, but the last thing he thought up was to bring a hand named Barter to Kampfest."

Tiny stirred and groaned, the man's matter-of-fact words closely. He spoke as one some of himself, even as one reciting common knowledge.

"This Barter's a tough customer. He mixed it with our woods boss last week, teamed him off a car 'nd broke his hip. Tonight he was advertised to come over here 'nd clean out the town single-handed. Makes us pretty hot"—voice rising a trifle—"bein' that old Belknap only wants to close us down so's he can buy something' for little or nothin'. We done what, that is, you'd do for the stuff that hired you 'nd you know was fair 'nd square 'nd is a jack-pot. Only . . . we done it error."

A grim little man, he was, but had spoken with a fine spirit of loyalty. He now added: "I'm sorry, Tiny, here, sure ought to be awful sorry, and I guess everybody else feels like we do. I hope, chum, the feelin's aint too hard."

They rallied as a group will when an answer to an important question is done.

"Why, no. . . . I see how it is," John said, but blankly.

Mistaken for his father's hired bully! And old Tom trying to run this other company into a corner! . . . Old Tom, mixing it as, perhaps, an even older Belknap had done in the pioneer days? Was that a possible explanation of why he—young John—had been so carefully kept away from Kampfest, were things transpiring in this country of which his father was ashamed?

Like a white-hot thread the thought seared through his consciousness. If a fight was on here, waged by his father against a weaker competitor, . . . Now, might that not offer a greater vent, a more complete relief for his smoldering resentment than banking strangers with his fists? Until this moment his only possible vengeance on his father had been to run away, but now . . .

A man came in from outside, shouldering through the group, beating snow from a Scotch cap with his mitten.

"Here," he said, holding it toward John. "Here's your hat. I . . . I guess I knocked it off and . . . well, you see how it was!"

He was flushed and so evidently contrite that John smiled, and when he smiled the tension that had been in those men relaxed. The presentation of that cap was equivalent to a treaty gift, a token to heal a breach, a pledge and seal of friendship!

"Anything we can do for you now . . . after tryin' our best licks to do things to you?" Way-Bill asked.

"Why . . . I guess not. Thanks a lot." He was finding his poise, stifling the hot curiosity that might lead him into trouble, the temptation to learn this whole story, but to do it adroitly, so that he should not be somebody'll point off the hotel now. . . . . .

(Continued Next Week)

He Whirled and Drove His Fist Hard Into a Belly.

AN IDEA!

A C. Dunn: "Man, you certainly do keep your car looking neat! It's six months old and there isn't a scratch on it. How do you manage?"

B. X. Cump: "Oh, that's simple. I just make it a rule always to park between two other new cars."

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT
Jimmie Wong, Admr. etc., Plaintiffs,
vs: Notice of Sale in Equity
Clifton Metcalfe, etc., Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Nicholas Circuit Court in the above styled cause, the undersigned as Commissioner will on

MONDAY, FEB. 13th, 1933

at 2 o'clock p. m. or thereabouts, proceed to offer for sale at the court house door in Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, on a credit of six and twelve months, a tenable auction, to the highest and best bidder, the following described real estate:

So much as may be necessary to satisfy the indebtedness of the decedent, Richard Metcalfe, in the following described real estate: Tract No. 1. A house and lot in Pickerieville, Nicholas County, Kentucky, which is described as follows: "A house and lot situated in what is known as Pickerieville, in said county, on the east side of Main Street thereof, bounded by the properties of James Wilson, Mattie Carlisle and Ed Ross, and by said street."

This house and lot was inherited by said Richard Metcalfe from his mother, Williams.

The said Tract No. 1 does not bring sufficient amount to satisfy the indebtedness, he will then sell the second tract but the same is to be sold subject to any rights which any party may have in same, or parts of same, by way of single interest or fee for graves therein. Said Tract No. 2 being described as follows:

2nd: "A certain lot or parcel of land situated in Nicholas County, Ky., on the waters of Hinsby Fork Cr'ek, beginning at a corner of the colored cemetery in the Carlisle & Paris Ferry Turnpike road; thence with said road N 28 . . . E 23 poles to a point in said road opposite the house of the old Ameri Hazel Dixie Hotel; thence with the latter road N 41° W 24 4-4 poles to a stone corner to Wm. Wright; thence leaving said road and with Wright's line S 55° W 50-60 poles to a stone corner to said Wright; thence S 79 E 45-56 poles to the beginning. Containing 7 Ac'r's, 1 Rood and 32 Poles."

Being same conveyed to said Richard Metcalfe by Harry Kennedy and wife, by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Nicholas County Court in D. B. 17, page 212, but excepting therefrom the following:

Lot 100 x 50 feet, conveyed to James Devine by Richard Metcalfe, by deed recorded in D. B. 29, page 232, said office.

Lot 10 x 41 feet, conveyed off came by said Richard Metcalfe to Thomas Harney, by deed recorded in D. B. 30, page 363, said office.

And said T Arre Tract is also subject to certain exceptions for graves and graves sold off by said Richard Metcalfe.

One half the purchase price to be due and payable in six months from the day of sale and the other half to be due and payable in twelve months from the day of sale for which the purchaser or purchasers will execute to the said Master Commissioner their sale bonds of even date with said sale with approved security for the payment of the purchase money to have the force and effect of a replevin bond, bearing six per cent interest from date of sale until paid, upon which execution may issue if not paid at maturity.

Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. Indebtedness to be made as follows: $123.34 with interest from December 31, 1931. $134.90 with interest from 10-7-31. Cost of this action $———

A lien will be retained on the land sold until the purchase money is paid. Bonds payable to William Conley, Master Commissioner, Nicholas Circuit Court.

Wm. Conley, Master Commissioner, N. C. C.

I. B. Ross, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Production Of Petroleum In Kentucky Declined

Kentucky production of petroleum for 1932 as indicated in figures obtained from State Tax Commission shows a continued decline from that of 1930 and 1931 with some increase though in total value over that of 1931. This figure is still not much more than one half that of 1930.

The decline though is small and less than would normally be anticipated. An explanation of the rather active drilling is found in the shallow pay in a number of fields, making a reasonably attractive proposition where deep drilling is out of the question at present prices.

Noteworthy developments in the oil and gas game include the drilling in the Le Grande pool in the vicinity of Hart county, which has done much to hold the state production to a high level, the reopening of the Irvine region with its deep pools over the gas development in Knox county, and continued exploitation of the shale pay of the Pentontown field. Of interest has been the wildcatting in the Bluegrass. Commercial gas was found in the Lexington series (Trenton) along the Carroll-Gallatin counties line in 1931. Several, deep tests to the St. Peter and below were drilled during the past summer without encouraging results.

Dr. A. C. McFarlan, Director Bureau of Mineral and Topographical Survey, University of Kentucky, and State Geologist.

THE GARDEN

START YOUR 1933 GARDENING NOW

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

The time to begin the gardening season for 1933 is at hand. By that time it should be decided what is to be started, but rather arrangements made that when work can start there will be no delay.

For example, now is the time to insure a plentiful supply of manure, for adequate manuring is the basis for success in any garden. It is well to see to the manuring of the garden spot, now, before the pressure of other work on the farm begins and before other uses for that manure are thought of elsewhere. The garden should come first, for the garden spot is the most valuable piece of land on the farm. A 3-inch coat of manure is not too much.

Another thing to take up now, is making out a seed list. While it is true that in most localities there are seedsmen who carry a complete line of varieties, it is true, too, that if the matter of buying seed is put off until the seed is actually needed, many of the wanted varieties will be gone, and inferior substitutes may have to be used. Handicaps as a great part of the garden's success and satisfaction may lie in the use of the proper varieties, it is important that the seed be bought while these varieties may still be obtained.

Speaking of varieties, one can do no better than follow those whose past behavior has been satisfactory, or, if the use of new varieties is to be attempted, only those should be chosen that have been found satisfactory by neighbor gardeners. It will go to show on varieties that at one time were.

Although no two gardeners may agree exactly what a garden should include, there are staple vegetables that appear in all gardens, and although the list that follows may seem old to some readers, they may welcome being reminded. On the other hand, inexperienced gardeners, not so expert, may find the list quite helpful.

Beginning with beans, there should be at least one planting of Bo-Valentine or Tendergreen Greenpod, both varieties, but the rest of the bush beans should be of the stringless sorts. Full Measure or Giant Stringless Greenpod. To have a succession of cabbage, a good idea is for four gardeners to get 100 each of the following "frostproof slips" and divide them: Early Jersey Wakefield, Golden Acre, Copenhagen Market and Succession. The best carrot is Chantenay, the beets, Crosby's Egyptian, for early, and Detroit Dark Red for midseason. As for tomatoes there should be about a dozen Earliana, a dozen Bonny Beats, and a dozen Stone or Greater Baltimore, the Earliana and Bonny Best should have been raised in a hotbed, but the seed for the latter may be sown in the open about April 15, and the seedlings set in the garden about a month later. If trouble from wilt has been experienced, varieties that resist this disease should be used instead; the ones Break O'Day, Marglobe and Norton.

Gourmet should be the parsnip, and Sandwich Island, the salsify. Early greens should be White mustard, and Bloomsdale Long Standing spinach. For summer greens, choose Lucullus Swiss Chard and New Zealand Spinach. Although many gardeners depend on white dent varieties of field corn for their roasting ears, Adams Early and Bantam Evergreen are earlier, and in the opinion of the writer, better. Midsummer sweet corn is Country Gentleman, or the worm-resistant Howling Mob. Ruby King is the sweet pepper to use, and Black Beauty, the eggplant.

The above list is by no means complete, for there are "specials" in that all gardens should include. These, and a "garden budget" will be discussed next week.

ADVERTISING PAYS

While Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri newspaper, a subscriber wrote him saying he had found a spider in his paper and asking Mark whether this was a sign of good or bad luck. The following was the reply of the well-known humorist:

"Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was entirely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."—The Christian Advocate.

A meteorologist says that if all the glaciers in the world melted the seas would rise and inundate the cities.

Time Here To Move Strawberry Plants

The crownborer, the worst enemy of strawberry growing in Kentucky, will continue insect until about March 1. Therefore, plants can be moved until that date without great danger of transporting the pest, if they are dug and washed well and all dead leaves and other debris removed from them.

After digging the plants can be set at once or heeled-in on ground that is not near any strawberry field nor any of the other hosts of the crownborer. These, alternate hosts of the pest are wild strawberries and cinquefoil vines.

Where possible, new fields should be related between opposite sides of the farm, or as far as possible from old plantings, or the nearest than 300 yards.

In buying plants, orders should be placed with certified growers whose plants have been officially inspected and passed as being free from the crownborer and other dangerous insects and pests. A list of certified growers can be obtained from the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky.

The crownborer has caused big losses to strawberry growers in Kentucky, according to Dr. C. O. Eddy of the College of Agriculture. Many failures have been the result of growers failing to consider the control of this pest in their farm management practices. Clean stock, properly cured is simple. Further details regarding the eradication of crownborer may be obtained from county agents or the College of Agriculture.

Season Here For Pruning Shrubs

January is a good time to prune shrubs, especially early large growing plants as lilacs, mock orange and the bush roses, points out Leslie Elliott of the College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky. Dead wood can be removed at this season with little injury to the growing shoots of the plant. If the dead wood is left, the plants will present an unsightly appearance later on in the season. In some instances the branches may not be dead, but so old that the only growth is at the tip. New growth can be encouraged by removing some of these.

Japanese barberry is often so neglected that it becomes unsightly. It should be thinned to some extent at this time of the year, if it is to have the desired growth during the coming season.

Shrubs that are to bloom in the early spring should not be pruned severely. To do so removes the bloom. Thinning is preferable to severe pruning. While thinning lessens the bloom, it encourages the development of better form in the plant.

Remove dead stalks or old stems as near the ground as possible. Use a saw or long-handled pruning snips so that a good, clean cut will be made.

If shrubs are not doing well, an application of well-rotted cow manure now will stimulate growth. Remove grass and weeds from shrubs. This not only improves the appearance of the premises but also permits the soil to absorb more moisture.

AMONG THE COUNTY AGENTS

Two thousand capons are being finished in Carter county for the late January and February market. Prices received so far range from 12 to 20 cents a pound.

Martin county farmers owning early-hatched pullets reported good incomes during December, when eggs brought 35 to 40 cents a dozen.

The 25,000 pounds of korean lespedeza seed threshed in Nelson county will only partly supply the local demand for seed this year.

A 20-acre field on the farm of Bill Crider in Boyd county, heavily limed in 1931, returned four tons of alfalfa hay to the acre last year.

Casey county merchants report the largest sale in years of salt for meat curing.

Butler county farmers have sold nearly 14,000 worth of capons this winter.

Trimble county fruit growers reported that their fruit had escaped injury up to January 1. Prospects are for a good crop.

Clay county tobacco was of good quality and returned satisfactory prices. One farmer received $1,900 for his crop.

Farmers in three communities in Leslie county have been organized into associations to purchase purebred Angus bulls.

The North Rolling Fork community council in Boyle county held an all-day meeting when 140 trees and shrubs were planted in the community church and school grounds.

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Beautiful new fast color prints, 36 in. wide. No quilt pieces cut at this price. yard	12½c
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Large size Bath Towels, heavy weight, each	10c
Childrens fast color print dresses, age 7 to 14,	39c
Men's work socks, a splendid value, pr.	5c
Men's knit wrist cotton gloves, pr.	5c
Men's Blucher work shoe, plain toe, leather slip sole and leather insole, pair	$1.19

R. T. KIRKLAND & COMPANY, CARLISLE, KY., THE STORE OF REAL VALUES

YOU CANNOT BUY
Another Flour Of The Quality Of
White Rose
at the price at which White Rose is selling. When you buy a sack of White Rose you are getting the best flour on the market and in the long run it is more economical even than something much cheaper in price.
Ask Your Grocer For White Rose
CARLISLE MILL & SUPPLY COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

4 Extra-Special Values At HOWE'S

1—42-piece China Set, gilt edge, was $9.50	$7.00
1—30-piece China Set, regular price $7.00	$4.75
End Tables, walnut finish	.90
1—5-piece Breakfast Suite, green finish, with decorations, was $17	$15.00
Aladdin Bridge Lamps, were 4.50	$3.50

SAM T. HOWE & COMPANY Incorporated

Standard
Gasoline — Oil
for the motoring public
REFINED UP TO A STANDARD NOT DOWN TO A PRICE
E. A. SEAMOND'S AGENT

Repairing
OF ALL KINDS, ON
Watches
Clocks
Jewelry
All Work Guaranteed
J. M. PITMAN, JEWELER

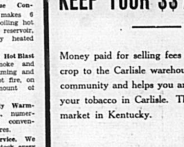
All Specials

Glycerin and Rose Water, 4 oz.	15c
Antiseptic, 4 oz.	15c
Witch Hazel, 4 oz.	15c
Hair Oil, 4 oz.	15c
Lilac Vegetal, 4 oz.	15c
Lemon Shampoo, 4 oz.	15c
Brilliantine, 4 oz.	15c
Quinine Hair Tonic, 4 oz.	15c
Bay Rum, 4 oz.	15c

CARLISLE DRUG COMPANY

Patronize Home Industry
Buy your soft drink needs from a home bottling plant. By helping a home industry you help your town and benefit your own interests.
CARLISLE BOTTLING WORKS

WHY POINTER RANGES ARE DOG GONE GOOD STOVES



Twin Flue Construction makes 6 lids hot, boiling hot. water in reservoir, and evenly heated oven.
Ventilated Hot Blast Linings smoke and soot consuming and quicker hot fire, on small amount of coal.
Big Roomy Warming Closet, numerous other convenient features.
Repair Service. We carry in stock every piece of repair you will ever need. An Important thing to consider when you buy a stove.
$32.50, $35, $37.50, $39.50 $45, & $59.50
C. R. KING

KEEP YOUR $$ AT HOME
Money paid for selling fees on your tobacco crop to the Carlisle warehouses stays in this community and helps you and all of us. Sell your tobacco in Carlisle. There is no better market in Kentucky.
Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co.
Jack Day, Manager

GROCERY BARGAINS
Where They Are Always Busy

Maxwell House Coffee, 2 lbs.	55c
Corn, Kraut, Tomatoes, Peas, Pork and Beans, Hominy, can	5c
Frankfurters, lb.	10c
Bologna, lb.	10c
Minced Ham, lb.	12c
Cheese, lb.	15c

SEXTON'S CASH STORE

L. G. A. Store
Always Have Specials At
TILTON'S FOOD MARKET
TILTON'S GROCERY

SPECIAL OFFER
On Subscriptions
THE CARLISLE MERCURY and THE LEXINGTON HERALD
Daily Without Sunday
$4.75
To R. F. D. Subscribers Only

The Lexington Leader	$5.00
The Cincinnati Post	$4.50
The Times-Star	$4.50

OUR WINTER STOCK MUST GO
Price is no object. Every article in our store, tobacco cotton included, going in this sale.
Our Big Special For This Week
LADIES WASH DRESSES, absolutely latest styles. These came in since Christmas. Worth $1.00
39c
CHILDRENS and School Girls DRESSES—Sizes 3 to 14, same material as above
29c
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It will make you money
The Best Tobacco Seed In The United States
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