Published Every Friday

Mount Vernon Signal.

Established 1887

VOLUME XIX. MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1906. NUMBER 49

U. G. BAKER
KING OF LOW PRICES

The Store that saves you from

20 to 50 PER CENT

On Your Purchases of

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

Furnishing Goods,

Groceries,

Queensware and Hardware.

CALICO—3½c, 4c to 4½ cents a yard,
LAWNS—at 50 cents on the dollar,
ORGANDIES—at one half price,
100 Ladies fine Corsets at 19 cents each.
All Summer Goods go, regardless of Cost.

Cut To The Red.

Our large stock of "K. K." Suits for men and boys.

Remember:—"K. K." {"Kwality Kount"} Clothing is the finest, best tailored, goods that have ever been shown in Rockcastle County.

It will pay you to come to Mount Vernon to-day, and get some of these Bargains.

Look at Our Windows

and see what a fine Hat you can buy for 49 cts.

"Nuf-Ced." Come and See.

U. G. BAKER
KING OF LOW PRICES

STATE NEWS ITEMS

KENTUCKY CLAY

Will Be Tested With a View To Introduction in the Arts.

Lexington, Ky.—T. B. Fisher, of Parkersville, Pa., is in this city for the purpose of investigating and testing a peculiar kind of clay, which, he says, is found nowhere except this part of Kentucky, and the entire deposit is contained in a belt about fifty miles in width and several hundred miles in length. The purpose to which Mr. Fisher expects to put this clay if the test is satisfactory is the manufacturing of a washing powder, and a large plant will be established in this city for the purpose of refining and purifying the clay. It is a well-known fact that in the mountains where this clay appear upon the surface the natives use it instead of lime for whitewashing their houses, using no refining process at all; but merely mixing it with clear water.

LITHOGRAPH OF ROOSEVELT

Shot Full of Holes By Mad Youth, Who Tells of President's Awful Deeds.

Hawesville, Ky.—After taking a pistol and going at midnight to a neighbor's barn and unloading the contents at a lithograph of President Roosevelt, Estill House, one of Hancock county's most prominent young men has been adjudged insane and taken to the Hopkinsville insane asylum. His insanity bears on only one point. He stated to a jury that President Roosevelt and one George Freeman have combined and have an electric machine which they apply to the top of his head and suck the brains and blood out of his head. House made two trips to the barn, both times unloading his pistol at the fictitious Teddy, and was taken home by neighbors. House talks sensibly on any other point. He is not expected to live.

A HOT CHASE

After Escaped Prisoner By Officers and Citizens Wrecked a Fair.

Richmond, Ky.—Jim Lakes, of Jackson county, who was arrested by General Deputy Collector Short, of Richmond, and Squire William Johnson, of Berea, on the charge of selling whisky without a government license at the Berea fair, broke away from the officers and created havoc at the fair. Fully 100 men joined in the chase. Tents were overturned, fences were broken down and many women and children were knocked down and injured before he was recaptured.

SACK OF PEARLS

Worth $12,000 Gathered in the Ohio and Wabash in Four Months.

Paducah, Ky.—Henry F. Kath, a pearl fisher, arrived here in his gasoline launch. He had several sacks of pearls with him, which, he says, are valued at $12,000. He has been fishing for pearls in the Wabash river and in the Ohio for about four months. He will go to New York to dispose of his treasure, and has presented Capt. Young Taylor, of the dry docks, with three large pearls to be made into hat pins. They are valued at $200.

A Clash Narrowly Averted.

Lexington, Ky.—A clash between whites and negroes was narrowly averted during the parade of several thousand negroes, who were participating in the celebration of the "United Brothers of Friendship and the Sisters of the Mysterious Ten," a negro order.

Seized With Cramps.

Louisville Ky.—Herman Schell, 23, an employe of the Menne Candy Manufacturing Co., was drowned while bathing in the river above the waterworks. It is thought that he was seized with cramps. Schell leaves a young wife and a six-months-old baby girl.

Milliners in Trouble.

Louisville Ky.—Creditors filed a petition in the United States court asking that the McIntosh Millinery Co. be adjudged a bankrupt. There are four eastern creditors, and the total indebtedness is $[illegible],015.02. Assets or liabilities were not approximated.

Asks For a Receiver.

Lexington, Ky.—Through Attorney A. J. Edge, the Wyandotte Cigar Co., of Louisville, has filed a petition in circuit court here asking for a receiver for the George B. Strader Co., conducting the Cafe Royal in this city.

Died of Heart Failure.

Owensboro, Ky.—Following a raid of the police on his saloon at an early hour in the morning for the purpose of breaking up a supposed game of poker, Scott McCormick died of heart failure.

Stamper Robbers Confess.

Olive Hill, Ky.—Promised leniency, Harrison Horton has confessed that he, with Matt Harve and Pat Collins, all of this county, robbed A. J. Stamper & Co.'s store here July 30 and shot Robert Blankenship, who was sleeping in the store.

Remarried in St. Louis.

Paducah, Ky.—Gus Ketchen and Fannie Singer, who eloped to this place and were married, were remarried in St. Louis. Guests at the wedding had to wait four hours until the rabbi verified the former marriage.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

BATTLE IN MOUNTAINS.

Effort Being Made to Arrange Truce and Get Martins to Surrender.

Sandlick, Ky.—A report has reached here to the effect that the sheriff of Knott county, with a posse of 20 men had a fierce battle with the Martin faction of the Hall-Martin feud, in which four of the outlaws were killed and two members of Sheriff Hays's posse wounded. The report did not contain the names of the killed or the wounded, saying that the officers had gone back to Hindman, failing to dislodge or capture any of the feudists who number some 60 men. Another report is to the effect that the fight occurred between the feudists themselves. The Martin faction is said to be led by W. Yates Martin and his two sons, Silas and Alexander. They are now retrenched at the home of Martin, on Beaver Creek, and Sheriff Hayes and his posse are in the neighborhood. Every effort is being made to arrange a flag of truce and get old man Martin and his two sons to surrender to the authorities, as they will not submit to arrest by force. Unless the Martins surrender Gov. Beckham will be asked to send troops to the scene of the battle.

COMMITTED SUICIDE

After Fatally Slashing His Wife With a Long Knife.

Catlettsburg, Ky.—Mrs. J. H. Brocker, the wife of a farmer, is dead here as the result of knife wounds inflicted, it is claimed, by her husband. They were walking together on the street when, without warning, Brocker, it is said, took hold of his wife with one hand, while with the other he pulled a long knife and commenced slashing her until she fell. Brocker then took from his pocket a bottle of tincture of aconite and drained the contents. A hearty meal eaten just before the trouble was all that saved his life. Brocker was arrested and will recover. A revolver also was found on him. Mrs. Brocker recently filed suit for divorce.

STATE MILITIA

Will Guard the Prisoners To Be Tried For the Broughton Murder.

Frankfort, Ky.—Gov. Beckham ordered Capt. Dishman's company, of Barbourville, and Capt. Longmire's battery, of Frankfort, to guard the prisoners Jesse Fitzgerald and Andy Henson, from Stanford to Barbourville and to protect them during their trial for the murder of Mrs. Broughton. The troops will be under the command of Col. J. Embry Allen, of Lexington, and Capt. Longmire will take a Gatling gun and 40 men.

BURST OF APPLAUSE

When the Judge Acquitted the Wife of Killing Her Husband.

Georgetown, Ky.—During the examining trial of Mrs. Ellen Graves, charged with killing her husband, Squire Hamrick was introduced to show her purpose in hunting him was not murder. He said she had asked him to help her search and he had gone to the saloon at her request. Vic James testified that the husband knocked defendant down a year ago. When County Judge Yates in an opinion full of pathos dismissed the defendant for lack of proof, the large audience burst into applause which the officers could not subdue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tranter Dead.

Covington, Ky.—Mrs. Elizabeth Tranter, 84, one of the oldest and best known families in northern Kentucky died at her late home on the Lexington pike. She was a sister of James Tranter, for many years connected with the rolling mill industry here.

Arrested on the Roof.

Louisville, Ky.—Patrick Henry Woods and Jeff Gilkey, charged with having made and sold whisky without a license in the vicinity of Balltown, Nelson county, Ky., were arrested on the roof of George Hillary Culver's residence, corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut streets.

Refused to Grant Bail.

Lexington, Ky.—A telegram from Irvine says that Circuit Judge Riddle refused to grant bail to John Smith and John Abner, charged with the assassination of Dr. B. N. Cox during the Breathitt county feud troubles. They will be held on the charge of murder.

Hit By Lighted Lamp.

Louisville, Ky.—Albert Murphy, colored, died at the University Hospital from the burns, it is alleged, he had received in being struck by a lighted lamp in the hands of Nettie Drane, colored, at her home, 624 Seventh street.

Arrested in Railroad Camp.

Madisonville, Ky.—John Cushionberry, a negro, was arrested by a searching party at a railroad camp east of this city. His captors declare they have been successful in capturing the negro who assaulted Miss Myrtle Fugate.

Paresis Ended His Life.

Louisville, Ky.—The remains of Theodore Z. Glover, aged 53 years, who was a son of Henry Glover, founder of the Louisville Tobacco Warehouse Co., were buried in Cave Hill cemetery. Paresis ended his life.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

H. H. WOOD, President, W. G. NICELEY, 1st, V-President, F. L. THOMPSON, 2nd, V-President, M. B. SALIN Cashier.

PEOPLES BANK,
[BRANCH CITIZENS BANK, BRODHEAD]
MT. VERNON, KENTUCKY.

We solicit the accounts of Firms and Individuals, guaranteeing careful, courteous treatment and prompt service to all our customers.

Protected by an absolute fire and burglar proof screw door safe and burglar insurance.

We pay 3 per cent. on all deposits of $100 or more when left with the bank and not checked upon for a period of six months.

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H. H. WOOD, W. G. NICELEY, W. J. SPARKS, J. W. RIDER, F. L. THOMPSON, JOE DICKERSON, G. T. JOHNSON, M. J. MILLER, L. W. BETHURUM, M. B. SALIN.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c. Cures Grip in Two Days.

M. M. FRAZIER POST NO. 127 G. A. R.

Comrades:—

The dues to the State Encampment for six months ending June 30th, are past due. The Q. M. General has called on me for our report. All who have not paid will please call on me and pay at the next regular meeting so I can send in the report.

Yours in F. C. & L.
W. T. SMITH, Q. M.

Comrades:

We are all interested in the success of our Order. So lets have a general turnout at our next meeting at 11 o'clock, Aug. 25th, 1906. The Q. M. will furnish us a lunch of soup, bread, etc., in abundance. Bring your wives.

D. P. BETHURUM, Adjutant. R. M. JOHNSON, Post Commander.

BRODHEAD.

Mrs. Walter Miller and daughter Miss Zella Sunshine and their aunt, Mrs. Granvill Leece, have returned from a weeks visit to relatives in Louisville and Jeffersonvile.—Mrs. L. A. Cass, of Louisville, is visiting her son, J. R. Cass.—Our night operator, Mr. H. L. Tharp, has been on the sick list and during his illness C. W. Jackson, of Pine Hill, filled his place.—Misses Clyde V. Wilmott, Cora Wesley and Lizzie Cable, and Fred Durham spent Sunday at Dripping Springs.—Joe Benton of Winchester, is spending a few days here the guest of Dr. Percy Benton.—Miss Alma McAfee, of Harrodsburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Hutcheson.—The fair begins next Wednesday and if you are not there you will miss the biggest one ever held in Brodhead.—John Smith, of St. Mary's, Ohio, is spending a few days with F. Francisco.—W. T. Evans and his estimable family have moved to our city We gladly extend to them a welcoming hand.—Miss Nola Keisling of Knoxville, is visiting Mrs. J. M. Clark.—Our new barber has arrived. Everybody must give him their work as we want to keep him busy.—Forest Swinford visited in the country from Saturday until Monday.—Joe Sowder and family visited Mrs, Ellen Mahaffey and Galen Rogers.—Mrs Dr. Percy Benton and daughter, Miss Willie, are visiting in Crab Orchard this week.—Mrs. Ellen Mahaffy and Mrs. Belle Henderson visited the country home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Painter Friday. They report a fine time having partook of an elegant dinner prepared by the hostess. Fruit of many kinds were served in the afternoon. They were shown to the "natural springhouse" with its rock bottom and top and clear sparkling water running through it. They retured at a late hour with many pleasant memories of having spent one good old fashioned day on Painter Hill.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act on the liver as well. Especially good for the treatment of Back-ache and Rheumatism. Sold by Chas. C. Davis Mt. Vernon.

WILDIE.

J. W. Parsons left here Monday for Richmond.—J. H. Brannaman left Tuesday to visit relatives in Lexington and Pleasureville for two weeks.—Miss Lava Fish returned from Berea Wednesday.—Mrs Frank Coyle has returned to her home in Berea after visiting her parents a few days.—Mrs. Ann Richardson has returned from Berea after spending a few days visiting.—A. W. Stewart made a business trip to Mt. Vernon Tuesday.—Judge P. D. Colyer was in our litte city first of the week selling goods.—F. L. Thompson was here Tuesday talking groceries to our merchants.—It is reported that George Johnson is going to Mt Vernon to go to rest.—There are several cases of fever in this part of the county.—Mr. W. H. Fish and wife were up from Paint Lick first of week visiting his brothers, A. T. and J. H. Fish.—J. C. Reynolds has pneumonia fever and is in a very critical condition.—Mrs. Julia Asbill, of Lexington, is here visiting her brothers, A. T. and J. H. Fish.—Our prospects for a good corn crop was never more promising than they areat present.—Mrs. Myrtle Tharp has returned to her home in Winston after spending two weeks here with relatives.—T. A. Stewart went to Richmond Tuesday to consult a doctor. Tom is in very poor health.—The Brodhead Fair is all we hear of now.—A. W. Stewart has sold his farm and timber land to some W. Virginia capitalist for a little over thirty two thousand dollars.

SUMMER DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN.

During the hot weather of the summer months the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, pastor of the first M. E. Church, Little Falls, Minn., writes; "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, Mt. Vernon Ky.

IN SELF DEFENSE

Mayor Hamm, Editor of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was fiercely attacked, four years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. 25c at all drug stores.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF KENTUCKY.

In the matter of V. C. Buckner } a bankrupt.

Stanford, Ky., Aug. 3, 1906.

A meeting of the creditors of the above named, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, will be held at the office of the Referee, Stanford, Ky. on the 13th day of August 1906 at 10 o'clock a. m., to elect a trustee for the estate of said Bankrupt, and for the transaction of other business as may come before the meeting. Comply with Sec. 57 of the Bankrupt Act concerning proof of claims, otherwise your claim can not be allowed.

J. N. SAUNDERS,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Why does the sun burn? Why does a musquito sting? Why do we feel unhappy in the Good Old Summer time Time? Answer: we don't. We use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, and these little ills don't bother us. Learn to look for the name on the box to get the genuine. Sold by Chas. C. Davis.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W Grove's signature is on each box. 25-cts.

W. A. CARSON
Painter and Paper-hanger,
Agent for HENRY BOSCH CO'S., line of
WALL PAPER, ROOM MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.
Let us make you an estimate on work before placing you order.
All Work Guaranteed.

MT VERNON SIGNAL

FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1906.

Published every Friday by
EDGAR S. ALBRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR $1.00

Advertising rates made known on application

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce
JUDGE JOHN W. HUGHES,
of Mercer County, as a candidate to represent the Eighth Congressional District in Congress, to succeed Hon. G. G. Gilbert, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
HON. HARVEY HELM
of Lincoln County, as a candidate to represent the Eighth Congressional District in Congress, to succeed the Hon G. G. Gilbert, subject to the action of the Democratic party

WE want to urge upon the Democrats of Rockcastle county the importance of bearing in mind the primary election to be held September 1st, to nominate a candidate for Congress. Talk it to your neighbor and send word to those you don't see, insisting upon them to go to the Congressional primary. The right of suffrage is one of the greatest privileges anyone can possess and any American citizen, who fails to exercise his right of suffrage, which was given to him by the blood of his fore-fathers, is not a true American citizen.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

It is announced from Indianapolis that Vice President Fairbanks will not make any political speeches during the campaign this fall.

The Hon. John D. White denies a rumor that he will withdraw from the race for Congress in the Eleventh district.

New Jersey Democrats are preparing to line up in the Bryan column for 1908. Every party leader of prominence in the State has declared for the Nebraskian.

Iowa Democrats in convention Tuesday at Waterloo nominated a full State ticket headed by Claude R. Porter for Governor, and pledged their support to William J. Bryan for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1908.

Some of the Republican leaders in Washington who are figuring on the political complexing of the next Congress conceed that the Democrats will gain thirty seven seats. The Democrats say this estimate is decidedly too low

A peculiarity of the Illinois new primary law is that a candidate may have a majority of the popular vote while his opponent captures enough delegates to win the nomination. Under the law the voter may express his preference and also vote for delegates, and these expressions are counted separately. This peculiarity will probably cause much confusion in the State convention.

NEWS ITEMS

A detailed statement shows that the indebtedness of Zion City amounts to nearly $5,000,000.

The production of oil in the Kentucky fields is maintaining a gratifying average despite the slump in the price of the crude product.

Myrtle Fugate identified Joe Cushionberry as the negro who attempted to criminally assaulted her. A large crowd gathered at the Madisonville jail and the negro was taken to Henderson for safe-keeping.

The J. C Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass., proprietors of the well-known Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Pills, etc. now give the formulas for all their medicines to the public. In this way, any one may know precisely all about the medicine he is taking This company is one of the oldest proprietary medicine houses in the world, and sells its medicines in every civilized country on the globe. In the announcement they make, they say they do not believe in secrets and have never believed in them. They believe that every one, who cares to know, should know all about the medicine he is taking.

WARNING.

If you have kidney and bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure, you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. For sale by Chas. C. Davis.

CALL
FOR CONGRESSIONAL PRIMARY.

1. A primary election is hereby called for Saturday, the first day of September, 1906, in all the voting precincts in the Eighth Congressional District of Kentucky, at the regular voting places, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting a Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress in said District.

2. All Democrats who are residents of said District, and who are legal voters on November 6, 1906, will be permitted to vote in their respective precincts, and are invited and requested to do so.

3. Every candidate who desires to have his name printed on the ballots to be used in said primary must deposit with the Chairman of this Committee on or before 12 o'clock—midnight—fifteen days before the date for holding said primary, the sum of seven hundred dollars, to be used in defraying the expenses of holding said primary election, and at the same time of making said deposit each candidate must give written notice to said Chairman that he desires to be a candidate at said election, and notice to the Chairman shall be notice to the Committee.

4. In all those counties having cities in which the law requires the registration of voters, the Democratic Committee of such counties, or the Chairman, thereof, is authorized to cause the names of Democrats registered at the last general registration, to be copied into separate books as is required by law.

5. Said election shall be held, in all respects, as required by law for holding regular primary elections, and a uniform ballot shall be used in every precinct; and the Chairman of this Committee is hereby authorized and directed to cause to be printed, bound and distributed to the various Chairmen of the County Committees the ballots for each county. He is further directed to purchase and distribute to the Chairman of the County Committee all the necessary paraphernalia for holding said primary election.

6. The Democratic County Committee of each county shall appoint the officers in each precinct to hold the election, and they are to be selected from lists furnished by the candidates at least ten days before said election; and to be as nearly equally divided as possible as to Judges, Cklesr and Sheriffs, among the various candidates. The officers of said primary election will, when the poles are closed, proceed at once to count the votes cast for each person for said office, and after counting the votes, they will return to the boxes, sealing up the boxes and the Sheriffs of the election precincts; will by the next Monday morning, carry and deposit the boxes with the chairman of the County committee, at the Court house in the respective counties. The officers of the election at each precinct will make a written statement of the number of votes cast for each person voted for; for the said office, and will place said statement in an envelop and deposit it in the respective ballot boxes.

7. The precint ballot box and all returns are to be made to the Chairman of the County Committee, and if he is not in the county, to the Secretary of the County Committee at the court house in the time required by law, to-wit within two days after said election.

8. And on next day after returns have been made, the County Committee shall meet and canvass the returns, and certify the same to the Chairman of the District Committe of the Eighth Congressional District, which District Committee shall, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the city of Nicholasville, Jessamine county, Ky, meet and canvass the returns, declare the result and issue a certificate of nomination to the succesful candidate.

9. The Secretary of this Committee is directed to give public notice of this election, as is required by law, and without delay.

10. In the event there is a surplus remaining, after defraying the expenses of said primary, it shall be returned to those by whom it was paid in, in the same proportion in which it was paid by them; and if there should be a deficit, then the candidates shall be assessed to supply such deficit. Provided, however, if no more than one candidate shall have complied with the conditions herein imposed, By August 19, 1906, then the Chairman of the District is directed to reconvene the Committee, as soon thereafter as practicable at Nicholasville, Ky., and to declare such candidate the regular nominee of the Democratic party for said office, and to issue to him a certificate of nomination, and the primary election herein ordered will not be held.

11. The order on the ballot in which the names of the candidates who may enter this primary shall be printed, shall be determined by lot.

12. No registration shall be required in towns or cities where no registration has yet been had under the general election law.

J. NORTON FITCH, Chairman,
LETCHER SAUNDERS, Secretary.

WHAT A NEW JERSEY EDITOR SAYS

Mt T. Lynch, Editor of the Phillipsburg, N. Y., Daily Post writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I can not say too much in praise of it."
Chas C. Davis.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

UNION COLLEGE,
CHRISTIAN COLLEGE IN SOUTHEASTERN KENTUCKY.
(Near the famous Cumberland Gap.)
FULL ACADEMIC, NORMAL AND COLLEGE COURSES.
UNSURPASSED MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.
Curriculum based on the University Senate of the United States. Elegantly furnished Dormitories. Tuition as low as consistent with the best advantages.
Special rates for ministerial students and chidren of ministers.
Faculty of Fourteen Graduates of Leading Eastern and Middle Western Colleges.
Write for Catalogue and full particulars,
PRESIDENT JAMES W. EASLEY, Barbourville, Ky.

AN AX WIELDED BY A DAUGHTER

UPON HER INHUMAN FATHER PUT AN END TO HIS CAREER.

Alf Scott Had Sought To Kill His Wife, When the Girl Went to Her Mother's Assistance.

Sereota, Miss., Aug. 8.—Goaded to desperation by repeated assaults on her mother by her father, Mamie Scott grabbed an ax from the wood-pile near the old homestead, and, running into the room where her father was beating her mother, she inflicted wounds from which he died almost instantly.

Alf Scott, the murdered man, was, it is said, a Spaniard, who was inhumanly cruel toward members of his family, on one occasion having tied his son to a bed post and beat him unmercifully. Scott became enraged at his wife and started for her with a long knife. His daughter picked up an ax and dealt him a terrible blow in the side. He turned on the girl and attempted to cut her, but the mother snatched the weapon from his hands, and he fell over dead.

Sympathy for the young girl, who with her mother and brother is charged with the killing, runs high, and at the preliminary trial of the three, held in Oxford, the mother and son were discharged, while the girl, who struck the fatal blow, had no difficulty in securing bond for $2,000, under which she is held.

FLOODS SWEPT THE VALLEY,

Doing Damage to Property and Live Stock Estimated at $500,000.

Ft. Worth, Tex., Aug. 8.—Several people are believed to have been drowned, hundreds were rendered homeless and $500,000 worth of property was destroyed as the result of a flood in south Texas, when the Colorado river was forced out of its banks by heavy rains. Relief trains are cut off, telephone and telegraph wires are down and the fate of the inhabitants of several isolated towns is unknown.

A story of the loss of property comes from the Concho country of the floods that are sweeping down the Colorado and Concho rivers. Nine inches of rain has fallen in that section during the past four days, and San Angelo, Ballinger, Brownwood and Menardville have all been isolated. A report from San Angelo says:

Terrible floods visited the Concho country, sweeping down the valleys of the north, middle and south Conchos, and devestating thousands of acres of land on which were growing crops, drowning unknown numbers of live stock and washing away bridges and culverts.

FOR LOVE OF HIS SON

A Father Goes To Jail in His Stead at Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8.—Not until he had been in jail 24 hours, serving a sentence passed upon him by a judge, was it discovered that Dewitt C. Clark was enrolled on records of the institution under the name of his son. An examination showed that the records were equally at fault in the police station and the court room. By a mistake of the officer who had been given a warrant for the son the father had been arrested. In order to save his son from punishment Clark had permitted himself to be locked up, had waived arraignment, and when brought up for trial had entered a plea of guilty.

Suicided on Mother's Grave.

Atlanta, Aug. 8.—Learning that a lunacy commission had declared her insane, Miss Ida Calhoun, beautiful 18-year-old daughter of a prominent family, secured her father's pistol, hurried to the cemetery, and, standing on her mother's grave, put a bullet through her heart.

Troops Awe Strikers.

New York, Aug. 8.—Vice President Nickerson, of the Mexican Central, stated that the strike has not yet interfered with the operation of any trains. The government has furnished troops to prevent any possible violence.

Switchmen Strike.

New Haven, Ct., Aug. 8.—Alleging that several of their number have been discharged without just cause by the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, about 200 switchmen in the yards here and at Cedar Hill have struck.

Denied it On the Scaffold.

Springfield, Mo., Aug. 8.—Edward Bateman, a negro found guilty of assaulting a young woman at Aurora last February, was hanged at Mt. Vernon. Bateman on the scaffold strongly denied his guilt.

Sentenced to the Gallows.

Stocktown, Cal., Aug. 8.—Mrs. Emma Ledoux was sentenced to be hanged October 19 next on her conviction of the murder of Albert H. McVicar, a miner, with whom she had been living as a wife.

A Bride and Groom Killed.

St. Joseph, Mich., Aug. 8.—Hiram B. Helmick and his bride of two weeks, while driving from Benton Harbor to St. Joseph, were ground to pieces beneath the wheels of an electrice car, which struck the runabout to which they were driving a skittish colt.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* — The Kind You Have Always Bought

Am better prepared than ever to test and fit the eyes with glasses Have all the latest appliances for testing. A fit guaranteed.

Do all kinds of watch and clock repairing. Make your old spec frames look like new. Repair your gold and silver rings etc. etc.

All kinds of machine needles and repairs kept.

Very truly,
S. C. FRANKLIN.

Sole Agents
For The
Hamilton-Brown
SHOES
Guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

Our Gentlemen's Shoe. Our Ladies Shoes.

This is the kind worn by George and Martha Washing. For STYLE and WEAR are unequaled. Every pair has the name of HAMILTON-BROWN stamped on them which means perfection

Our stock of LADIES HATS is complete and we are selling same at a very low price Come in and fit up your Girls with Hats that come from F. Krueger & Sons and you will save money and be sure of the latest styles.

GROCERIES we are selling for fun and not for profit. The best Flour at 65 cents a sack. The facts in a nut-shell are, buy of us and you will be sure to get good goods for little money. Space does not permit us to tell all, but if you come in our store we will, by experience, teach you that buying our goods means peace at home and good will toward us

Yours for trade,
F. KRUEGER & SONS.

Spring and Summer Goods At Bottom Prices.

Large Stock of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
LADIES TRIMMED HATS,
AND LADIES DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

We pay 12 cts. for eggs; 9 cents for hens; 12½ cents for hams and side meat.

Bring your dollar and get as much as you can carry home.

A. C. HIATT,
Hiatt, Ky.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Having sold my property, I will sell my entire stock of goods at COST

Sale will begin now.

All Goods must be sold in 60 days.

Including a Line of Winter Boots and Shoes just received.

NO JOKE ABOUT IT. WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY.

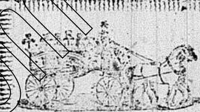
Private and Auction Sales Every Saturday.

FOR BARGAINS, COME NOW!

G. T. Johnson,
WILDIE, KENTUCKY.

Ayer's Pills — Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE



Willis Griffin
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Stock Complete. Can furnish on short notice Metalic Coffins and Caskets and have Embalming done. Fine Hearse attached.
ORDERS by wire Promptly Filled.
Phone No. 63.

JONAS McKENZIE

COME! COME!

WE invite all to come and see us. At my store you will always find a good selection of Dry Goods and Notions.

CLOTHING!

We carrry a full line of Clothing that will suit all sizes and ages. Our goodsare right and our prices are right.

Yours very truly,
Phone No. 83 JONAS McKENZIE.

JONAS McKENZIE

YOUR BANKING

No matter how small, no matter how large,
THE BANK of MT. VERNON
will give it careful attention. This message applies to the men and the women alike.

Remember we pay 3 per cent. interest on all deposits of $100 or more, when left with the bank and not checked upon for a period of six months or more.

OFFICERS:
C. C. WILLIAMS, Pres — W. L RICHARDS, Cashier.
J. T. ADAMS, Vice-Pres. — A. B. FURNISH, Asst. Cash

Fresh Meats
Always on Hands

We have recently put in a large refrigerator and are prepared to furnish our customers fresh meats at all times. Send us your orders which will be promptly filled.

ICE away s on hands for sale

S. B. RAMSEY,
IN BASEMENT OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

MARGIN IS CUT CLOSE

MT. VERNON SIGNAL

MT VERNON, KY. AUG. 10, 1906

79 Call up "No. 79" when you want to Communicate with SIGNAL. 79

L&N
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE.

22 north	1.24 p m
24 north	3:32 a m
23 south	1:24 p m
21 South	12:36 a m

JAS. LANDRUM, Agent.
Phone No. 58.

Entered at the Mt Vernon, Ky. Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

PERSONAL

G. M. Ballard took in the Berea fair last week.

Miss Bessie Mullins is visiting in Livingston.

Chester Landrum went to East Bernstadt Wednesday.

James Proctor was here from East Bernstadt Tuesday.

Mrs. Charley Henderson is with home folks here for a few days.

Abie Pennington is learning telegraphy under Agent J. A. Landrum.

Mr and Mrs W H Fish, of Madison county are with relatives here.

Roscoe Collier has returned from Louisville and will travel with his father.

Miss Sarah Baughman, of Stanford, is the guest of the Misses Thompson

Mrs William Fisher and son, of Tecumseh, Mich., are guests at the dormitory.

Miss Fannie Collier has gone to Louisville to keep house for her brother, John.

Mrs. Harry Spratt, of Hamilton Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. Mrs. Jasper Rickles.

Miss Risse Williams and her visitor, Miss Peebles, are spending a few days in Williamsburg.

Mrs. D. N. Williams slipped and sprained her ankle Tuesday which is giving her considerable pain.

Mrs Alfred Walden, of McKinney is visiting the families of her brothers, Dr. S. C. and W. A. B Davis.

Three of J. J. McCall's children have typhoid fever, we are glad to say however that they are better.

Mesdames James Maret and G. B. Lawrence returned several days ago from a visit to their brother, W. J. Newcomb, at Galveston, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hahn, of the Freedom section, will leave tomorrow night for Fort Wayne, Ind. to visit their daughter, Mrs. Minnie Cook.

W. C. Swinford has rented W. H. Baker's new residence in the western part of town, and expects to move here in the next few days. Later: Just before going to press we learn that Mr. Swinford will not come to Mt. Vernon.

J. W. Renner was in from Pongo Wednesday—and by the way we wish to add that Joe is one of the best citizens in the county—and told us that the situation for the Hon. Harve Helm looks good in his section of the county.

LOCAL

The Brown Memorial School opens September 10th with a corps of eight teachers.

The old part of the dormitory is undergoing repairs, and the new rooms and halls are being finished.

CLUBING OFFER:—Until further notice we will furnish the Signal and Weekly Courier Journal for $1 50 a year, or the Signal and Louisville Herald (Daily) for $2 00 Cash must accompany all orders under this arrangement.

With only one printer and in job work up to our ears, we have been for the past month, right in the middle of what we call a bad fix. Our experience for the past month trying to find a printer prompts us to say, that owing to the demand for printers, that it would be no mistake for more of our young boys and girls to learn the trade, even though they may not expect to follow it for a living. We will offer special inducements to the right kind of a boy in this office, to learn the printing business.

A. W. Stewart, of near Wildie, last week closed a deal with some West Virginia parties for his large boundary of land and timber on Clear creek. Mr. Stewart had some thing over twelve hundred acres of land and it is estimated that there is between six and seven million feet of number one timber on it. Price paid $32,000,00. It is very probable that Mr. Stewart will buy a farm in the Blue grass section.

KILLED:—John B. Coyle, a merchant and successful business man, located at Boone's Gap, was found on the railroad track between his home and Berea on last Saturday morning, his body mangled and torn to pieces. Mr. Coyle had been to Richmond and as the night train does not stop at Boone's Gap, it is supposed that he got off the train at Berea and started to walk to his home. Mr. Coyle was an honorable upright gentleman and his sad and untimely death was a great shock to his friends and relatives.

J. H. McKinney, one the prosperous and well-to-do farmers of the Freedom section, was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday. In discussing the "Good roads" question, Mr McKinney said there had been a material change come over him in the last year or two regarding the issuing of bonds for the purpose of building turnpikes. When the vote was taken five years ago, Mr McKinney said he strongly opposed the measure, but after having carefully studied the matter over, that he is as much for it now as he was against it then. He said he knew many others, who had also changed their opinions on this very important question and instead of being opposed to it are now ready, willing and anxious to cast their votes for the bond issue.

Remember the Brodhead fair next week. It is a county institution and deserves the patronage and hearty support of every citizen in the county. No one should value the fair according to the number or amount of premiums, which they receive, but according to what it is worth to the county as a whole and every one, unless it be some moss-back, will concede that the fair has been of untold value to the county. It has stimulated our citizens to a stronger effort to excel their neighbor in the raising of all farm products, which has been thoroughly demonstrated by the marked improvements each year over the former year in the exhibits in the floral hall. The floral hall last year was given up by many, who had attended other fairs throughout the state, to be one of the best, and there is every assurance that it will be still better this year. Don't miss it. A three days good time in store for every body.

On Monday evening, August the sixth, at the pleasant home of Miss Mat Williams, a reception was given in honor of Miss Fannie Sparks and her guests, Miss Bennett, of Louisville, and Miss Elgin of Maysville. About fifty guests were present, among whom were the Misses Albright and Barner, of Barboursville, Miss Peebles, of Alabama, Miss Baughman, of Stanford, and Miss Smith, of Franklin county. The occasion was a most enjoyable one, the plan of entertainment original and unique. The color effects were very pleasing, red and green prevailing everywhere: in the decorations, refreshments, souvinir cards and the booklets which were distributed among the guests. Frappe containing maraschino cherries was served on the pretty side veranda which was tastefully arranged as a cozy corner; Misses Bessie Sparks and Leila May Lovell presiding. Later on in the evening the guests, after registering, were ushered into the dining room where the color scheme was conspicuously carried out in the table decorations and the luscious red watermellon served on a bed of mint. In the center of the table was the half of a large mellon, the rind of which was carved into fanciful shapes and in the red meat waded diminutive pickaninnies in red costumes. On leaving the dining room each guest was given a red and green booklet in which he or she was requested to make a pencil drawing and give a description of their ideal of a husband or wife. Prizes were offered, first, for the best description and second for the poorest drawing: Miss Bessie Sparks was awarded first prize and Mr. A. B. Furnish second. Shortly afterward the guests took their leave with hearty appreciation of the delightful entertainment afforded them.

Next week is the Brodhead fair. Three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Don't miss it.

The examinations for county scholarships for Brown Memorial School will be August 18th, 1906.

The Rockcastle County Fair at Brodhead next week, beginning on Wednesday and lasting three days. Are you going?

NOTICE: All parties indebted to the estate of J. H. Sigmon, deceased, will please settle same inside of the next thirty days.

A. W. Stewart, Administrator.

We regret very much to have to announce to our readers, that the magazine section, will be discontinued for a few weeks, however we are glad to say that it is only temporary and in a few weeks will be included again, better and more extensive than in the past.

Mrs. Willis Adams entertained Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Fannie Sparks and her visitors, Misses Bennett and Elgin. About thirty guests were present, all of whom report a most pleasant evening. Delightful refreshments, which if prepared by Mrs. Adams could not be otherwise than the best, were served. The evening was spent playing games and promenading the halls and porches, which were brilliantly illuminated with Japanese lanterns, until the hour of eleven arrived and the happy young people made their departure, feeling very grateful to the hostess for the pleasant evening spent.

UNION SERVICES

To be held at Maretburg church on Saturday, August 19.

PROGRAM.

1. Song, by Maretburg choir.
2. Welcome address by Prof. S. E. Chandler.
3. Song, by Freedom choir.
4. Response to welcome address, Rev. Green Fish.
5. One song by each class.
6. One hour for dinner.
7. Song, by Brodhead class.
8. Sunday School address by Rev. A. J. Pike.
9. Song, by Mt. Vernon class.
10. Address, "Sunday School and Song Service" by Rev. C. C. Metcalf.
11. Responsive singings.

Let everybody come and bring full basket.

RESOLUTIONS.

We the teachers of Magisterial District No. 5, met at Union school house August 4, 1906 and adopted the following resolutions: Be it resolved,

1st.—That we extend to the people our sincere thanks for the courtesy and hospitality shown us.

2nd.—That we thank the choir for the excellent music.

3rd.—That we request the County Superintendent to enforce the law concerning all teachers not attending the Teachers' Association.

4th.—That a coppy of these resolutions be sent to the County Superintendent and to the Mt Vernon Signal and Citizen, Berea, Ky. for publication.

E. R. Gentry, D. B. Chandler, Miss Salle Thomas; J. W. Procter and J. W. Hencer, Committee.

INITIAL PERFORMANCE.

OF THE LYCEUM COMEDY COMPANY WAS WELL RECEIVED LAST NIGHT.

The Lyceum Comedy Company gave their opening performance last night at the Bowling Green Opera House. A large crowd assembled to witness "Slaves of the Orient," and in a few minutes after the doors were opened only standing room was to be had. This strong play was exceeding well executed. The company is good and Al S. Evans as Sammy Green, the "Bowery Boy," was the hit of the evening. He kept the audience in laughter during his parts. The specialties were good and of a higer and more expensive class than are generally seen with stock companies. The company will remain in the city for the rest of the week. A matinee will be given Saturday afternoon. The play to be presented to night is, "On the Stroke of Twelve," a strong sensational comedy.

This show will be at Brodhead during the Fair, August 15, 16 and 17.

LIVINGSTON

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Tubbs and family are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mullins at LaFallette.—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mullins returned to their home at Corbin after a pleasant visit here with relatives.—Miss Bessie Mullins is the attractive guest of Miss Cora Adams this week.—Mr. J. W. Baker is in Louisville buying goods.—Misses Lillie Thompson and Hallie Brown, of Preachersville, are guest of Miss Bertina Mullins this week.

Mr. Willie Mullins, of Corbin, spent a few days at home this week.—Mr. John Howell, L. & N. conductor, is at home with an attack of rheumatism—Mr. Claud Holdman has returned from a two weeks stay at Atlantic City.—Mrs. J. E. Woodall visited in Hazel Patch Sunday and Monday.—School opened here Monday with Mr. W. A. B. Davis as principal, Mrs. Fishback, intermediate teacher, and Miss Hellen Singleton, primary teacher. There is nothing to prevent a successful term of school.—Rev. Knox, of Winchester, filled Rev. Campbell's pulpit here Sunday.—The District Sunday School Convention meets at Pine Hill tomorrow (Saturday). There is quite a crowd of Sunday School workers going from here and all are assured of a good dinner.

Mr. Steve Carson and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Jellico, Tenn., were visiting relatives and friends here first of the week.—Mr. George Preston, of Corbin, is visiting relatives here.—Mr. John Preston, of Irondale, Ohio, is spending a few days with relatives.—Mrs. Kittie Neil, of Fork, Ky., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ford, and aunt, Mrs Sue Mullins —Mrs. Frank Clifford and family, of Carbondale, Ill., returned to their home Monday after an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ward.—Mr. Matt Hicks, who moved from here to Cincinnati about six months returned this week with his family to make this his future home. We are glad to have Mr. Hicks with us again Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rice and family, of Lebanon Junction are visiting at the home of Mr. Rice's father, Mr. Chas. Rice.—Mr. Richard Hamilton, of Lebanon Junction was in town Sunday.—Master Earl Rice, of Lebanon Junction, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Rice.—Miss Bertina Mullins entertained Saturday evening in honor of her guests Misses Thompson and Brown. The hostess entertained in her usual charming way. She was assisted by Miss Ella Stanley and Mrs. John Howell. Refreshments were served at eleven o'clock Those present were as follows: Misses Hallie Brown, Lillie Thompson, Clary Clifford, Lillie Clifford Bessie Mullins, Georgia McFerron, Mattie McFerron, Leila Sambrook, Ella Stanley, Cora Adams, Annabelle Dishon, Leila Argenbright, and Nora Burton. Messrs. John Johnston, Harry Lee, Horace Benton, John Donnelly, John Marsh, Mr. Akers, Harvey Henry, Reece Clifford, Garrard Burton, Mr. Whalin, Conn Asher and Champ Mullins.

Crazed by heat James Lupo, of New York, shot and killed his wife and then sent a bullet through his own brain inflicting a probably mortal wound.

A jury at Union City, Tenn., awarded Miss Lola Walker $21,000 damages for breach of promise against Col. Dick Edwards.

J. M. Speyer, a circus performer, has been sentenced to hang at Kansas City September 21 for the murder of his son.

A Mexican newspaper charges that the recently circulated handbills warning Americans to leave the country before Sept. 16 were circulated by an unknown American.

The members of the jury which will try B. F. French, John Abner and John Smith, charched with murdering James B. Marcum, were selected from residents of Lee and Powell counties. Atty. Byrd, of the prosecution, caused a sensation by declaring that the jurors chosen had "come here for the purpose of getting on the jury at all hazzards, just as most of the Hargis and Callahan jurors had done."

A world of truth in a few words: Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels. Contains no opistes. You can get it at Chas. C. Davis' Drugstore

IN GREAT DEMAND.

The demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrheoa Remedy here has been so great that I have scarcely been able to keep it in stock. It has cured cases of dysentery here when all other remedies failed.—Frank Jones, Pikeville, Ind. This remedy is for sale by Chas. C. Davis, Mt. Vernon, Ky

Shoes!

Shoes that are Shoes all through and through
Shoes that will give your feet a vacation
Shoes that will make your purse glad.

We Have Them
We Want to Sell Them
You Need Them
Lets Get up a Trade

The "PATRIOT" Shoe for Men $3.50

made by specialty workmen, cut out of the best leathers money can buy

Stitched with the best Silk Thread.

Soles best oak tanned Stylish Servicable and Comfortable. We have many styles of lasts, toes and leathers.

The "Patriot" has the "Star on the Heel" which guarantees the Quality.

The "PILGRIM" Shoe for Men $3

Another great specialty Shoe. Made by the same people who make the "Patriot" and is in every way the best $3.00 Shoe on the market. We carry it in styles enough to please you. The "Star on the Heel" is your protection.

"OUR FAMILY SHOES" for All the Family.

This line of shoes is made of best box calf, strong and sturdy as a battleship, comfortable as a glove. They will wear long enough to suit you no matter how much you "kick."

Mens..........	2.75	Womens..........	1.75
Boys..........	2.00	Girls..........	1.50

Star on the Heel means Quality.

The "PEER" Shoe for Men.

A Shoe that will wear like a steel rail. It is made of long wearing leather and the soles are put on to stay. One pair of the "PEER" will make you our friend. The "PEER" Will Cost You 275

It carries the Star—Therefore it's Better.

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"

FISHS'
CASH STORE,
Church St, Mt. Vernon.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

RENT PAYS FOR THE LAND.

FERTILE SECTIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST, WHERE LAND SELLS FOR $15 AND RENTS FOR $5 PER ACRE.

One of the remarkable things about Eastern Arkansas and Northern Louisiana is the fact that cultivated land rents for $5 per acre cash and can be bought for $7 50 to $15 per acre. It costs $6 to $10 an acre to clear it. Other improvements necessary are slight and inexpensive.

The soil is rich alluvial, or made. It produces a bale of cotton per acre worth $45 to $60. This accounts for its high rental value. Other crops such as corn small grains, grasses, vegtables and fruits thrive as well.

Alfalfa yields 4 to 6 cuttings, a ton a cutting, and brings $10 to $15 per ton.

In other sections of these states, and in Texas as well, the rolling or hill land is especially adapted to stock raising and fruit growing, and is very cheap, $5 to $10; improved farms $10, $15 to $25 per acre.

The new White River country [illegible] High, rolling, the water [illegible] naturally adapted to stock and [illegible] raising. Can be bought [illegible]

See this great country for yourself and pick out a location. Descriptive literature, with maps, free on request.

The Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain System will sell reduced round trip tickets on first and third Tuesdays of each month, to points in the West and Southwest, good returning 21 days with stopovers. For descriptive literature, time tables, etc., write to

R. T. G. MATTHEWS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky; or H.C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger & Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Kodol for Dyspepsia
Digests what you eat.

MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN

Represented by
ROCKCASTLE BRONZE CO.,
MT. VERNON, KY.

Samples of White Bronze, Designs, Literature, Prices, etc., at J. Fish's store. No cost to call up phone No. 109, from county points to talk Bronze matters.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's
New Discovery
FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS
Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

All The Latest
FADS AND FANCIES
IN
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY

The newest styles and latest creations from the East.

HATS
GILT BELTS
EMBROIDERIES
ORGANDIES
CAPS

Mrs. Cleo Brown.
MT. VERNON, KY.

TEN YEARS IN BED.

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys" writes R. A. Gray, J. P. of Oakville, Ind. "It was so severe I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available but found not one bit relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a Godsend to me." Chas. C. Davis.

VACATION.

For your summer outing allow us to suggest Colorado and Utah, famous the world for their cool and invigorating climate, magnificent mountain scenery and picturesque summer resorts, which are located along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande. "The Scenic Line of the World." Very low excursion rates and "Circle" tour tickets are on sale during the summer months via these lines to all the principal points of interest The Denver & Rio Grande, with its numerous branches pesetrating the great States of Colorado and Utah has some forty different "Circle" tours through the Rocky mountains, one of which is the famous 1,000 mile tour for $28.00, which comprises more noted scenery than any similar trip in the world, passing the following points of interest: La Veta Pass, Porchi Pass, Toltec Gorge, Indian reservations, Durango, Mancos Canon Rico, Lizard Head Pass, Las Animas Canon, Silverton, Ouray, Cimarron Canon, Black Canon of the Gunnison, Marshall Pass and the Royal Gorge. This trip can be comfortably made in five days but at least ten days should be devoted to it, so that one may view at leisure the principal sights. Tickets at very low rates are also on sale to Salt Lake City, Utah. If you contemplate a trip through Colorado or Utah let us send you some beautifully illustrated booklets, free. S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshine may last but a day and he prepares for the showers which are liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept on hand, as immediate treatment is necessary and delay may prove fatal. For sale by Chas. C. Davis, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

The Salvation Army headquarters in St. Louis were destroyed by fire. One man was killed by falling or leaping from the fire escape. The property loss is estimated at $50,000.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of billiousness and habitual constipation was a mystery till Dr. King's New Life Pills solved it for me." Writes John N. Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at all drug stores

UNNECESSARY EXPENSE.

Acute attacks of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no need of incurring the expense of a physician's services in such cases. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remed will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it. For sale by Chas. C. Davis, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

KENTUCKY FAIR DATES

Brodhead, Aug. 15—3 days.
Fern Creek, Aug. 14—4 days.
Vanceburg, August 15—4 days.
Columbia, August 21—4 days.
Shepherdsville, August 21—4 days.
Lawrenceburg, August 21—4 days.
Springfield, August 22—4 days.
Barbourville, August 22—3 days.
Guthrie, August 23—3 days.
Nicholasville, August 28—2 days.
Shelbyville, August 29—4 days.
London, August 29—3 days.
Florence, August 29—4 days.
Bardstown, August 29—4 days.
Somerset, Sept. 5—4 days.
Elizabetetown, Sept. 4—3 days.
Paris, September 4—2 days.
Monticello, Sept. 11—4 days.
Glasgow, Sept. 12—4 days.
Falmouth, Sept. 26—4 day.

GALVESTON SEA WALL

Makes life as safe now in the season the higher uplands. E. W. Goodloe, who resides on Dutton St., in Waco, Tex., needs no sea wall for safety. He writes: Have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption the past three years and it keeps me well and strong. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it is gone. Cured chronic Coughs, LaGrippe, Croup, Whooping Cough and prevents Pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at all drug stores. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

ONLY RAILROAD SOUTH EQUIPPED WITH AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BLOCK SIGNALS

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

AND

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

FROM

CINCINNATI TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES

South, Southeast, and Southwest.

HOMESEEKERS' TICKETS ON SALE FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAYS OF EACH MONTH TO MANY POINTS SOUTH.

For Information and Rates Address
H. C. KING, C. P. & T. A.,
111 E. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

W. A. GARRITT, General Manager.
W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A.,
Cincinnati, O.

5 DROPS

TRADE MARK

CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief—and while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, disposing of the poisonous substance and acid, relief comes at once.

DR. C. D. BLAND

Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been suffering for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs. I tried a bottle of "5-DROPS" and gathered from bottle! worst, and started in with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave me relief like that from "5-DROPS." I shall preserve it in my position for rheumatism and recommend it to all diseased sufferers."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, Write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit, as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, Dept. 20, 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

For all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels. A certain relief for croup and whooping-cough. Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey & Tar moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

The Red Clover Blossom and the Honey Bee is on every bottle.

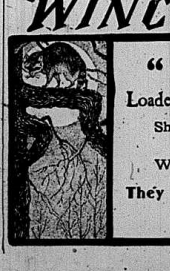
"Trade Mark Registered."

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold by CHAS. C. DAVIS.

WINCHESTER



"NUBLACK"

Loaded Black Powder Shells

Shoot Strong and Evenly,
Are Sure Fire,
Will Stand Reloading.

They Always Get The Game.

For Sale Everywhere.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

WANTED.—By Chicago wholesale and mail order house, assistant manager (man or woman) for this county and adjoining territory. Salary $20 and expenses paid weekly; expense money advanced. Work pleasant, position permanent. No investmen or experience required. Spare time valuable. Write at once for full particulars and inclose self-addressed envelope. Address, GENERAL MANAGER, 153 E. Lake St., Chicago.

THE END OF THE WORLD of troubles that robbed B. H. Wolf, of Bear Grove, Ia., of all usefullness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I would never have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of General Debility." Sure cure for all Stomache, Liver and Kidney complaints, Blood diseases, Headaches, Dizziness and Weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

ROCKCASTLE Real Estate Co.

MT. VERNON, KY.

FARM No 1.—This farm of 317 acres, located on Negro creek, near Brodhead, Ky., is one of the best farms in the county and will be sold at a bargain, the owner being unable to properly look after same, because of his health. The entire farm is under fence, 150 acres in cultivation, balance timbered, three houses on farm, good wells and springs, and plenty of good stock water. Also good orchard.

FARM No 1.—130 acres near Brodhead, well fenced, plenty good water, good orchard. Plenty timber for farm, good residence and one tenant house. Can be bought for $3,000; a great bargain.

FARM No 3.—50 acres of land between Brush creek and Scaffold Cane, 25 acres in cultivation, balance timber, two houses and well watered. Will sell cheap.

FARM No 4.—[illegible] acres near Crooked creek, good residence and almost desirable farm. Price $2,000; a bargain.

FARM No 20.—Three tracts of land in one body, consisting of 85, 51 and 145 acres, located on Clear Fork creek in Lincoln county, Ky., and about 6 miles from Crab Orchard, on Crab Orchard and Bee Lick road. These lands are located near the residences of George Hiles and George Gossett.

About 75 acres of this land is bottom land, and a good part of the upland, but level, and is good tobacco land. A bargain at $25 per acre. One third cash, the balance to one and two years.

A GAUGE BED CATCH FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and $1.00 Bottles.
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

CHAS. C. DAVIS

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair. But first of all, stop your hair from coming out. Save what you have. Ayer's Hair Vigor will not disappoint you. It feeds the hair-bulbs; makes weak hair strong.

"The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

There is nothing so pleasant as that bright, cheerful at peace with the world feeling when you sit down to your breakfast. There is nothing so conducive to good work and good results. The healthy man with a healthy mind and body is a better fellow, a better workman, a better citizen than the man or woman who is handicapped by some disibility, however slight. A slight disorder of the stomache will derange your body, your thoughts and your disposition. Get away from the morbidness and the blues. Keep your stomach in tune and both your brain and body will respond. Little indiscretions of overeating can be easily corrected and you will be surprised to see how much better man you are. Try a little Kodol For Dyspepsia after your meals. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, Mt. Vernon.

A homeless youth of New York stole a knife and stabbed the first man he met. The assailant attempted to rifle his victim's pockets but was prevented by reserves.

The demand for pig iron has strengthening in the Southern market to such an extent that another advance in prices is expected at an early date.

The official list of the Tennessee Democratic Congressional Committee for Congressional District No. 6 has been issued by the Executive Committee.

Don't drag along with a dull appetite, heavy feeling. You need a tonic. Try Wolfe's Little Giants. Big enough to cure. Only 25c. Mt. Vernon Drug Co.

Brodhead Marble Works

BRODHEAD, KY.

Grande and Marble Monuments and Headstones manufactured by

ALBRIGHT & FRANCISCO.

Also Agents for Iron Fence.

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BUY Stewart's Iron Fence

Cheaper than wood. Will last a lifetime. Highest awards World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

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Over 100 designs of Iron Fence shown in our catalogue. Low prices will surprise you. Call and see us.

AN IDEAL VACATION TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED—

Itinerary of Trip

Denver, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Garden of the Gods, Manitou, PIKE'S PEAK, Grand River Canon, Royal Gorge, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Salt Air, Marshall Pass, Black Canon and 6½ DAYS IN WONDERFUL YELLOWSTONE PARK

Cost of Trip

Expense of an ordinary trip of this nature has been fully considered and minimized so as to be within easy reach of all.

Special Sleepers Will Leave Louisville Night of July 25th.

For full particulars, Write J. H. GALLAGHER, 1907 Barret Avenue, Louisville.

PINE HILL.

Mrs. John Meadows and children spent several days here with relatives.—William Doan, after a very serious illness of fever is convalescent.—Master Elgar Cottongim is on the sick list.—Milton Pike, of Lebanon Junction was in town Saturday.—Mr. Lyons, of Lebanon was here shipping lumber last week.—Mr. A. H. Simpson and Mrs. James Simpson visited the family of W. C. Simpson.—A Sabbath school district convention is to be held at Pine Hill school house on August 11. All interested in this work are cordially invited to attend with thir lunch basket. One of the pleasant events was a woodlawn luncheon given by the Misses Sympson and McFerron. Guests present from a distance were, Mr. A. H. Simpson, of Nicholasville, Mr. Seward Marsh, of Berea, and Mrs. James Simpson, of Winchester.—Mrs. Nancy McHargue is visiting in Jellico, Tenn. Mrs. George McClure is in Lebanon Junction this week.—Another good man has been called from earth to heaven. In the death of John W. Sullivan, the Sabbath School and Christian Endeavor having lost a valued worker. While he walked among us, his life was an example of right living, and a daily exercise of the Golden Rule. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved wife and son. May the Lord be served comfort them.

Farmer Brown had apples green hanging on a tree
Johnie spied them—"I'll take two
One for you and me."
When I was over mother said: Now
run out and play.
Lucky he was that Cascaswamp was
in the hoop to-day.
Just what is in Cascaswamp is on
the bottle in plain English, 50 doses 25 cents. Sold by Chas. C. Davis, Leading druggist, Mt. Vernon.

Dr. C. C. Hendricks, of Atlantic City, N. Y., has filed suit at Pittsburg against Mrs. Laura Biggs Bennett, widow of R. M. Bennett, a former theatrical manager, claiming $299,038 for professional services.

HAY FEVER AND SUMMER COLDS.

Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops the most distressing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give you instant relief. The genuine is in a yelow package. Sold by Chas. C. Davis.

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The difference between Hitting and Missing is the difference between a sure and an insecure aim. Choose wisely—the contest! Get a STEVENS! Forty years of experience behind our tried and proved line of

RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS
Rifle Telescopes, Etc.

Ask your dealer to show you a STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, write us for a express prepaid, on receipt of price.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be furnished for 12 cents in stamps.

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Stanford, Ky.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A Happy Home

To have a happy home you must have children, as they are great happy-home makers. If a weak woman, you can be made strong enough to bear healthy children, with little pain or discomfort to yourself, by taking

WINE OF CARDUI

Woman's Relief

It will ease away all your pain, reduce inflammation, cure leucorrhea (whites), falling womb, ovarian trouble, disordered menses, backache, headache, etc., and make childbirth natural and easy. Try it. At every drug store in $1.00 bottles.

WRITE US A LETTER

Freely and frankly, telling us all your troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope). Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"DUE TO CARDUI

and nothing else, is my baby girl, now two weeks old," writes Mrs. J. P. West, of Webster City, Iowa. "She is a fine, healthy babe and we are both doing nicely."

SOUTHWEST

The Land of BIG CROPS and PROSPERITY

Are You making as much on your farm as you ought? No doubt you are making all you can. The trouble is the land costs too much. It takes too much money to buy a big farm, and so you are trying to make living on a small farm, or perhaps you are renting one and paying a good share of what you raise in rent. Wouldn't it be better to go where the price of good land is so little that you can own a big farm—where every acre of the ground is working for you and you raise is paying you good profits?

There are thousands of acres of fertile land in the Southwest along the line of the Cotton Belt Route that can be bought for from $3 to $10 in acre. This land is increasing in value each year.

SEE THE SOUTHWEST AT SMALL COST

A trip to the Southwest wood convince your best interests lay in settling there. The trip can be made at very little expense. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month you can purchase a round trip ticket to any point in the Southwest on any of the Cotton Belt Route at very low rates. Stop-overs will be allowed for you to examine any locality you are interested in.

Write at once for free copies of books describing this wonderful country and for full information about cost of tickets, etc.

L. C. BARRY, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, 82 Todd Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

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Diseases of Children A Specialty.

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Mount Vernon Signal.

MAGAZINE SECTION. MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY, KY., AUG. 10, 1906. Pages 1 to 4.

DIVA OF GRAND OPERA.

SIMPLE LIFE FOR MRS. JULIAN STORY WHEN SEASON IS OVER FOR EMMA EAMES.

Noted Singer Flies to Husband at Italian Home as Soon as Last Note of Contract Season Falls from Her Golden Throat.

There are thousands of Madame Emma Eames' admirers who, hearing her sing this season, will think they know her well. They will have seen her in the trailing robes of Juliet, or the simple gown of Marguerite; dark-skinned as Aida or fair and white as the young bride, Elsa. They will find in her a neighbor, giving plenty of heart and strength and personality to those who weep or thrill as they listen. Sympathy is meat and drink to the singer; but, in the spring when the big theater home of her triumphs is closed, Madame Emma Eames flies to Vallombrosa where sympathy awaits.

As soon as she reaches her Italian estate she becomes Mrs. Julian Story. It is the beginning of the simple life; of household duties and dairy superintendence; of the friendship of little chickens, new puppies and old ponies, of favorite flowers in a personal garden, and the companionship of a husband.

Mrs. Story was reared in New England; Mr. Story in Rome. They have a luxurious house in Paris, but it is this sunny mountain slope in Italy that awakens a responsive throb when the home longing is keen and the applause of the public fails to reach the heart.

OLD VALLOMBROSA MONASTERY.

Many years ago, W. W. Story, traveling for his health in Italy found the beauty of the Appenines to culminate in the stretch of land known as Vallombrosa. The monastery of the name, founded in the tenth century, was in the hands of a few monks. The scattering of the monastic order was the first of innovations. The locality, famed for its health-giving properties, offers peace and immunity from the world, in a few hotels and sanitoriums. Two or three American millionaires have erected summer homes on near-by hill tops and several families of the aristocracy of Florence spend the hot months here in feudal strongholds.

The shooting box of the ancient Medici family, where the American poet lived and died, is occupied by his daughter; and Julian Story, because the spot is endeared to him through his father's memory, has built on a farm of many acres a great square tower and hall. Campiglioni is the farm, and Torre Di Campigiioni is the home, which signifies the happy abode of art and good fellowship.

Mr. Story paints pictures, and spends his energy wherever his portrait commissions may take him while his wife is singing. To the visiting friend of the singer the 20 mile trip from Florence was a fitting approach to her beautiful retreat. The road which eventually led up to the terrace of Il Torre was tied in bowknots, and worked out like a puzzle. The puzzle was solved, however, and in the open living room or "loggia," Mr. Story gave me hearty welcome.

ENTIRELY DEMOCRATIC.

The girl who had been separated by professional etiquette from the great singer, looked forward with some apprehension to meeting a divinity in sweeping sun-embroidered velvet draperies. Soon Mrs. Story came out in a white duck skirt and a drawnwork shirtwaist.

"It's simply fine in you to come. Have some seltzer!" cried the lady. A hearty laugh from the group on the terrace broke in upon her greeting and made her call hastily: "Don't tell any stories about me. Let us go over there," she said, rising, "one can never afford to miss a good laugh, and German dialect is too rare on these premises to be slighted. I often wish that I had one of my own, or that Joe Weber, Lew Fields or Sam Bernard could hear some of the attempts at English that reach my ears during the opera season. As it is, I can only enjoy them for a moment and repeat them afterward to some one who can perpetuate the incident. Oh! we have droll times."

Mrs. Story has a keen sense of humor, and quite loses herself as she listens to a group of story-tellers. Unlike most strong personalities, she does not rob those around her of poise and ease, but possesses the rare faculty of bringing out the very best that is in them.

After dinner that wonderful evening music came in for its share. The last Wagnerian production to the popular songs of the season was the range. A fragment of "Tammany" was sung by that voice which will go down in history, and the chorus was taken up in many keys by the dinner guests. All had heard the voice before, but it was not Madame Eames of Grand Opera who sang. It was Mrs. Julian Story singing to her friends.

MADAME EMMA EAMES.
A Popular Favorite of Grand Opera.

(A 50)

From Above the Clouds.

The view of a storm-cloud from above is one of the most interesting sights ever beheld by man. According to a famous aeronaut, a storm view from that position has the appearance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above the storm-cloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray colored vapor.

JOHN WESLEY'S "POEM."

Representative J. W. Gaines, of Tennessee, Created Roars of Amusement in the House, During Closing Days of Session by Reciting "When Democracy Will Die."

"When the lions eat grass like an ox,
And the fisherman swallows the whale;
When the terrapins knit woolen socks,
And the hare is outrun by the snail;
When serpents walk upright like men,
And doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen,
And feathers are found on the hogs;
When Thomas cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze;
When the fish creep over dry land,
And mules on velocipedes ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride;
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls get to 'preaching' on time;
When the billy goat butts from the rear,
And treason no longer is crime;
When the humming bird brays like an ass,
And limburger smells like cologne;
When plowshares are made out of glass,
And hearts of Tennesseeans are stone;
When sense grows in Republican heads,
And wool on the hydraulic ram;
Then the Democratic party will be dead,
And this country not worth a ——"

In the Friends' burial grounds, in Salem, N. J., there stands the largest oak tree in the State and possibly the largest in the United States. It is now used as the "trade mark" of the New Jersey Forestry Association.

JUVENILE GARDENING.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION HAS A MODEL SCHOOL GARDEN OF A HUNDRED BOYS.

Practical Demonstrations by Department of Agriculture and Various States—Landscape Improvements and Beautifications.

Among the many novel features at the Jamestown Exposition is the garden work by school children. One hundred boys from the public schools of Norfolk, Newport News and Hampton, near the Exposition grounds, were selected by their teachers to carry out the plans for a school garden at the Exposition. Special trolley cars conveyed these young gardeners and their

THE 1000 YEAR OLD POWHATAN OAK.

teachers to the grounds, April 16, 1906, and under direction of Warren H. Manning, landscape designer of the Exposition, every boy was assigned to a small plot of ground in the garden and was given seeds to plant and instructions how to plant them. In these gardens are now growing beans, peas, parsnips, carrots, marshmallow, parsley and other vegetables. They are attended by their little gardeners and are kept clean and free from weeds, most of the boys taking a special pride in their gardens.

This is but a preliminary training for the schoolchildren in gardening,—a trial heat, as it were, for the race next year. The actual work is to be taken up at the Jamestown Exposition next spring.

PRIZES FOR BEST GARDENS.

Those who have made a success of their gardens this season will be given preference next year and will have their same gardens. The Exposition Company will give prizes or medals for the best cultivated garden on the Exposition grounds and the young gardeners will be given some valuable lessons in agriculture. The U. S. Department of Agriculture and some of the state departments will have experimental stations and gardens at the Exposition as object lessons to the young as well as older gardeners.

The young minds amongst the visitors which have a bent toward agricultural pursuits will have an opportunity to learn much of value in the way of tilling the soil. They will learn when to plant, what to plant and how to plant, to get the best results. They will also be given an opportunity to study soils and their treatment, and how to enrich and improve them. Tree planting and transplanting will constitute another phase of Uncle Sam's object lessons, as are done at other government experimental stations. At the St. Louis Exposition Uncle Sam's gardens and the children's gardens proved exceedingly interesting as well as instructive to the farmers who were wise enough to appreciate the benefits to be derived from them. At the Jamestown Exposition it is expected the Agricultural Department will broaden its scope of instructions in many ways and surpass its efforts at St. Louis.

WILD WOODS BECOME PARKS

The landscape gardening which has transformed a wild woods into one of the most beautiful scenic parks, will also serve as an object lesson to farmers and all who have grounds to beautify with flowers, shrubs and trees. More than a million plants and trees are growing on the Exposition grounds, many of which have been transplanted; others are native to the soil. Among the trees transplanted were several hundred old trees, some comprising an apple orchard, whose trees were removed and planted around the thirty-acre drill plain on the grounds. These and the pines, cedars, dogwoods and other trees have not suffered by being transplanted. Even trees which were hauled many miles over land and water and planted on the Exposition grounds are thrifty. They have all been handled under the guidance of landscape engineers. The work has been done scientifically and skillfully. The results are seen in the fine condition of the trees.

The arrangement of trees, flowers and plants of all kinds, in various parts of the Exposition grounds can be studied to great advantage by all landscape gardeners, and the unique fence of wire and flowering vines, is a study worth going miles to see, a magnificent model which every fence builder will find worthy of following. This fence is eight feet high, made of several strands of wire, and running over the wire in every direction, completely covering it, are vines of honeysuckle, crimson rambler, rose and trumpet creeper, making what seems to be an immense hedge of flowering vines.

HOME IMPROVEMENTS.

If the Exposition results in imbuing its many thousand visitors with the spirit of home improvement and with a determination to go back home and make of their own towns, or houses and grounds models of beauty and convenience, it will go far toward proving a national success.

Rustic benches and bridges, pretty walks under canopies of vines and flowers, shady lanes and streets and a thousand other interesting things at the Exposition are studies for the people, worthy of the most careful attention. It will not be an exposition of commercialism, but one showing the beauties of nature and the value of science in peace as well as in war.

RELICS OF JAMESTOWN.

Site of Exposition Battleground of Conflicts Between Early Settlers and Indians.

Of all the Smiths who have ever lived, Captain John is becoming the most famous, due to the prominence given to his doings, incident to the Jamestown Exposition. The romantic days of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith are vividly recalled by the old Indian and frontiersmen's relics which have been dug up in preparing the ground for the Jamestown Exposition. The site selected for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America was once an Indian village occupied by the Powhatans, the most powerful tribe of the early American Indians, who roamed over the country east of the Ohio River several centuries ago.

Near the State Exhibits Building stands a majestic live oak tree, the "Powhatan Oak," estimated to be nearly 1,000 years old, which was a favorite camping ground of the Indians before America was discovered by the Palefaces. Here were held councils of war when the only weapons in use were stone hatchets, stone war clubs, spears with stone points and bows and arrows. The arrowheads used were made of flint, chipped down to a cutting edge, almost as sharp as a knife, every arrow head representing many hours of hard, and patient toil. Scores of these flint arrow-heads are being found on the Exposition ground, in excavating for streets and buildings. Some of them are broken, perhaps by striking some foe of the Indians in battle or some wild animal—in those days the woods about Hampton Roads were alive with deer, bear and other animals. At Sewell's Point where these relics are found were fought bloody battles between the early English settlers and the Indians and, according to old Indian traditions, this was also the battle ground on which warring Indian tribes desperately contended for the right of domain, long before the occurrence of the historic event which the Jamestown Exposition commemorates. The valuable fisheries of what are now called Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, the beautiful hunting grounds along the water courses and the many attractions peculiar to this locality made this particular point of land very desirable, and for its possessions Indian tribes warred with one another. Now, after centuries have gone by and the old Indian nations that once controlled this region have passed away, their ancient battle fields have been transformed into a magnificent international exposition ground, just outside the corporate limits of the city of Norfolk, Virginia.

Want Industrial Training.

Resolutions were recently adopted at the closing sessions of the American Institute of Instruction at New Haven favoring the installing of industrial departments in every efficient school system. The institute also placed itself on record as holding that in view of recent developments of dishonesty in high places and of the increase of crime in different directions, it is the duty of the teachers to persistently train the American youth in honesty, integrity, and uprightness.

FARM HIGH SCHOOL.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCATIONAL METHODS IN THRIVING KANSAS TOWN.

Consolidation of the Sod-House Schools into a Large and Well Equipped High School—Students Imbibe the Spirit of Village Improvement.

Actual examples of successes—of things that already have been done—are more convincing than a thousand plausible arguments to prove what possibly can be done. The Department of Agriculture cites a case in Kansas, showing the practical operation of a county high school which has done much for Norton County, and which, if faithfully worked out in other instances, would give a tremendous impetus to any other county in any state.

Kansas has local option in the establishment of county high schools. As a result several sparsely settled counties or counties in which there are few large towns are supporting such schools. Norton County, which a few years ago was dotted with sod school houses, and which still has many sod dwelling houses, now supports a good county high school in the village of Norton, a town of 1500 inhabitants, located near the geographical center of the county. The high school building is of brick, 2 stories high, over a well lighted basement, and is located on the outskirts of the village, where land can be easily secured. The basement contains furnace and fuel rooms, lavatories, and a gymnasium. On the first floor is a physics and chemistry room, a natural history room, a music and art room, and the rooms of the business department. The second floor contains an assembly and study room and two recitation rooms. The apparatus and other equipment for the work in physics, chemistry, and natural history are exceptionally good for a small high school. There is also a good library and a reading room with current newspapers and magazines.

The expense of running the school in 1903-4 was $9,588, including $4,430 for teachers' salaries and $5,158 for buildings, grounds, and incidentals. This was a year when considerable sums were spent for furniture, apparatus, supplies, and additional land. The running expenses for the first six months in 1905 were $3,775. Heretofore five teachers have been employed, but this year there are six.

NO FARMING TAUGHT.

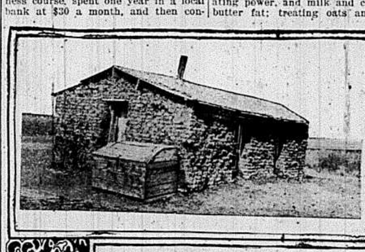
Previous to this year the Norton County High School has offered college preparatory, normal, business and general science courses, but no course related in any direct way to the leading industry of the county—farming. The county superintendent of schools said that his attention had been forcibly directed to this lack in the curriculum of the high school by the experience of a young man who came to the school from one of the many large farms in the vicinity, took the four-year business course, spent one year in a local bank at $30 a month, and then concluded that he would gain in both purse and pleasure by going back to the farm. Such a young man, and there are many like him in the Norton County High School, would have welcomed an agricultural course, and would have gone back to the farm much better prepared for the duties of life than he was with a business training. So the county superintendent of schools and the other members of the board of trustees decided that an agricultural course should take the place of the general science course, and hired a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College to teach agriculture and other sciences in the high school. Secretary Wilson of Agriculture, while making a trip through the "short-grass country," learned of the enterprise, became much interested in it, and in response to an appeal for aid sent a representative of the Office of Experiment Stations to Norton to help start it. The president of the Kansas State Agricultural College also responded to a call for assistance and made one of a party of four that toured the country for eight days in the interests of the new course of study. As a result, considerable interest was aroused in the proposed new work, a tentative agricultural course was outlined, and arrangements were made with the three farm implement dealers of the town to open their warehouses to the classes in agriculture and furnish experts to give instruction on the mechanics, care, and use of farm machinery.

STARTING IN AGRICULTURE.

The agricultural work of the course includes botany, with special reference to variation, development of species, hybridization, and the influence of light, heat, moisture, etc., on the plant; soils and tillage; plant physiology, farm crops, grain judging, and horticulture; farm accounts; farm management, including farm plans, methods of cropping, farm machinery and its care, and rural economics with special reference to the problems of a business nature that will be met on the farm; animal production and stock judging, and dairying. The teacher of agriculture reports that the implement dealers have given further evidence of their interest in the agricultural course by offering prizes aggregating $112 in value for a grain-judging contest, open to all young men in the country; and that these prizes have been supplemented by a $15 suit of clothes from a clothing dealer. Continuing, he says: "I am well pleased with the way the boys take hold of the work. Out of 70 boys we have 9 enrolled in the agricultural course, and I think most of the first-year boys will take it up when they get to it in the course. It is proving popular in the school and entirely free from the prejudice I had anticipated at the outset."

This is the nucleus of an important experiment in education. Norton is just in the edge of the great semiarid region of the Middle West. Agricultural practice in that region differs materially from that of the more humid regions on the one hand and from that of the irrigated districts on the other. The teacher of agriculture is thoroughly familiar with the agriculture of the region, and has but recently graduated from an agricultural college which is devoting much study to the problems of the hundredth meridian belt. The agriculture of this belt is extensive. Here one man works as much land as four or five men in the East; he cultivates three rows of corn at one crossing of the field, and does other things on an equally extensive scale. Improved farm machinery makes this method of farming possible. It is therefore of the greatest importance that much attention to farm machinery be given in the agricultural course at the Norton County High School. The cereals (corn and wheat) are the leading field crops, hence the importance of grain-judging contests and other school work relating to these great staples.

The county superintendent of schools has expressed the hope that the school may also do much work that will be of immediate practical benefit to the agriculture of the country, such as testing seeds for viability, or germinating power, and milk and cream for butter fat; treating oats and wheat for smut and potatoes for scab; spraying trees and garden crops for insect pests and diseases, and making plans for farm buildings, roads, water systems, etc. Such work could be done largely by the pupils at school or on the different farms on Saturdays. It would be educational and at the same time would make the farmers feel that they were getting some immediate tangible return for the taxes paid in support of the school.



THE LAST SOD SCHOOL HOUSE IN NORTON COUNTY, KANSAS.

COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, NORTON, KANSAS.

The Homer Pigeon.

The homer pigeon, when traveling, seldom feeds, and if the distance to its home be long, it arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water, and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

The White Company

A Sequel to "Sir Nigel"

By Sir A. Conan Doyle

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CHAPTER XV.

The Prince with his English and Gascon army moved swiftly southward in battle array and Sir Nigel having recruited his ranks with the two hundred members of the original White Company, from the woods near Montpezard, joined the army and received the honorable commission from the Prince, to push ahead into Spain and discover the location and strength of the Spanish and French army under King Henry of Transtamare. The little band wound through the passes of Navarre and into the rugged land of Spain.

Sir Nigel had with him Sir William Felton, Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, stout old Sir Simon Burley, the Scotch knight errant, the Earl of Angus, and Sir Richard Causton, all accounted among the bravest knights in the army, together with sixty veteran men-at-arms, and three hundred and twenty archers. Spies had been sent out in the morning, and returned after night-fall to say that the King of Spain was encamped some fourteen miles off in the direction of Burgos, having with him twenty thousand horse and forty-five thousand foot. A dry-wood fire had been lit, and round this the leaders crouched, the glare beating upon their rugged faces, while the hardy archers lounged and chatted amid the tethered horses, while they munched their scanty provisions.

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, I am of the opinion that we have already done that which we have come for. For do we not now know where the king is, and how great a following he hath, which was the end of our journey."

"True," answered Sir William Felton, "but I have come on this venture because it is a long time since I have broken a spear in war, and, certes, I shall not go back until I have run a course with some cavalier of Spain."

"I will not leave you, Sir William," returned Sir Simon Burley; "and yet, as an old soldier and one who hath seen much of war, I cannot but think that it is an ill thing for four hundred men to find themselves between an army of sixty thousand on the one side and a broad river on the other."

"Yet," said Sir Richard Causton, "we cannot for the honor of England go back without a blow struck."

"Nor for the honor of Scotland, either," cried the Earl of Angus.

"By Saint Paul! you have spoken very well," said Sir Nigel, "and I have always heard that there were very worthy gentlemen among the Scots, and fine skirmishing to be had upon their border. Bethink you, Sir Simon, that we have this news from the lips of common spies, who can scarce tell us as much of the enemy and of his forces as the prince would wish to hear."

All night they led their horses, stumbling and groping through wild defiles and rugged alleys, following the guidance of a frightened peasant who was strapped by the wrist to Black Simon's stirrup-leather. With the early dawn they found themselves in a dark ravine, with others sloping away from it on either side, and the bare brown crags rising in long bleak terraces all round them.

"If it please you, fair lord," said Black Simon, "this man hath misled us, and since there is no tree upon which we may hang him, it might be well to hurl him over yonder cliff."

The peasant, reading the soldier's meaning in his fierce eyes and harsh accents dropped upon his knees, screaming loudly for mercy.

"How comes it, dog?" asker Sir William Felton in Spanish, "Where is this camp to which you swore you would lead us?"

"By the sweet Virgin! By the blessed Mother of God!" cried the trembling peasant, " I swear to you that in the darkness I have myself lost the path, I——"At the instant, there rose the scream of a hundred bugles, with the deep rolling of drums and the clashing of cymbals, all sounding together in one deafening uproar. Knights and archers sprang to arms, convinced that some great host was upon them; but the guide dropped upon his knees and thanked Heaven for its mercies.

"We have found them caballeros!" he cried. This is their morning call."

As he spoke he scrambled down one of the narrow ravines, and, climbing over a low ridge at the further end, he led them into a short valley with a stream purling down the centre of it, and a very thick growth of elder and box upon either side. Pushing their way through the dense brushwood, they looked upon a scene which made their hearts beat harder and their breath come faster.

In front of them lay a broad plain, watered by two winding streams, and covered with grass, stretching away to where, in the furthest distance, the towers of Burgos bristled up against the light blue morning sky. Over all this vast meadow there lay a great city of tents—thousands upon thousands of them, laid out in streets and squares like a well-ordered town. High silken pavilions or colored marquees, shooting up from among the crowd of meaner dwellings, marked where the great lords and barons of Leon and Castile displayed their standards, while over the white roofs, as far as eye could reach, the waving of ancients, pavons, pensils, and banderoles, with flash of gold and glow of colors, proclaimed that all the chivalry of Iberia were mustered in the plain beneath them. Far off, in the centre of the camp, a huge palace of red and white silk, with the royal arms of Castile waving from the summit, announced that the gallant Henry lay there in the midst of his warriors.

As the English adventurers, peeping out from behind their brushwood screen, looked down upon this wondrous sight, they could see that the vast army in front of them was already afoot. The first pink light of the rising sun glittered upon the steel caps and breastplates of dense masses of slingers and crossbowmen, who drilled and marched in the spaces which had been left for their exercise. A thousand columns of smoke reeked up into the pure morning air where the faggots were piled and the camp-kettles already simmering. In the open plain, clouds of light horse galloped and swooped with swaying bodies and waving javelins, after the fashion which the Spanish had adopted from their Moorish enemies All along by the sedgy banks of the rivers long lines of pages led their masters' chargers down to water, while the knights themselves lounged in gayly-dressed groups about the doors of their pavilions, or rode out with their falcons upon their wrists and their greyhounds behind them, in quest of quail or leveret.

The leaders sat amongst the boxwood, and took counsel together as to what they should do; while from below there surged up the buzz of voices, the shouting, the neighing of horses, and all the uproar of a great camp.

"What boots it to wait?" said Sir William Felton. "Let us ride down upon their camp before they discover us."

"And so say I, cried the Scottish earl; for they do not know that there is any enemy within thirty long leagues of them."

"For my part," said Sir Simon Burley, "I think that it is madness, for you cannot hope to rout this great army; and where are you to go and what are you to do when they have turned upon you?"

"Nay," said Sir Nigel, "I have a plan by which we may attempt some small deed upon them, and yet, by the help of God, may be able to draw off again; which, as Sir Simon Burley hath said, would be scarce possible in any other way."

"How then, Sir Nigel?" asked several voices.

"We shall lie here all day; for amid this brushwood it is ill for them to see us. Then when evening comes we shall sally out upon them and see if we may not gain some honorable advancement from them. We shall have nightfall to cover us when we draw off so that we may make our way back through the mountains. I would station a score of archers here in the pass, with all our pennons jutting forth from the rocks, and as many nakirs and drums and bugles as we have with us, so that those who follow us in the fading light, may think that the whole army of the prince is upon them, and fear to go further. What think you of my plan, Sir Simon?"

"By my troth! I think very well of it," cried the prudent old commander. If four hundred men must needs run a tilt against sixty thousand, I cannot see how they can do it better or more safely."

"And so say I," cried Felton, heartily. "But I wish the day were over, for it will be an ill thing for us if they chance to light upon us."

The words were scarce out of his mouth when there came a clatter of loose stones, the sharp clink of trotting hoofs, and a dark-faced cavalier, mounted upon a white horse, burst through the bushes and rode swiftly down the valley from the end which was farthest from the Spanish camp. Lightly armed, with his vizor open and a hawk perched upon his left wrist he looked about him with the careless air of a man who is bent wholly upon pleasure, and unconscious of the possibility of danger. Suddenly, however, his eyes lit upon the fierce faces which glared out at him from the brushwood. With a cry of terror, he thrust his spurs into his horse's sides, and dashed for the narrow opening of the gorge. For a moment it seemed as though he would have reached it, for he had trampled over or dashed aside the archers who threw themselves in his way; but Hordle John seized him by the foot in his grasp of iron and dragged him from the saddle, while two others caught the frightened horse.

"Ho, ho!" roared the great archer. "How many cows wilt buy my mother, if I set thee free?"

"Hush that bull's bellowing!" cried Sir Nigel impatiently. "Bring the man here. By St. Paul! it is not the first time that we have met, for, if I mistake not, it is Don Diego Alvarez, who was once at the prince's court."

"It is indeed I," said the Spanish knight, "I trust that I am now the prisoner of some honorable knight or gentleman."

"You are the prisoner of the man who took you, Sir Diego," answered Sir Nigel. "And I may tell you that better men than either you or I have found themselves before now prisoners in the hands of the archers of England."

"What ransom, then, does he demand?" asked the Spaniard.

Big John scratched his red head and grinned in high delight when the question was propounded to him. "Tell him," said he, "that I shall have ten cows and a bull too, if it be but a little one. Also a dress of blue sendall for mother and a red one for Joan; with five acres of pasture-land, two scythes, and a fine new grindstone. Likewise a small house, with stalls for the cows and thirty-six gallons of beer for the thirsty weather."

"Tut, tut," said Sir Nigel, laughing. "All these things may be had for money; and I think, Don Diego, that five thousand crowns is not too much for so renowned a knight."

"It shall be duly paid him."

"For some days we must keep you with us; and I must crave leave also to use your shield, your armor and your horse. I have need of it this day, but it shall be duly returned to you. Set guards, Aylward, with arrow on string, at either end of the pass; for it may happen that some other cavaliers may visit us ere the time be come."

All day the little band of Englishmen lay in the sheltered gorge, looking down upon the vast host of their unconscious enemies. The sun had sunk behind a cloud-bank in the west before Sir Nigel at last gave word that the men should resume their arms and have their horses ready. He had himself thrown off his armor, and had dressed himself from head to foot in the harness of the captured Spaniard.

"Sir William," said he, "it is my opinion to attempt a small deed, and I ask you therefore that you will lead this outfall upon the camp. For me, I will ride into their camp with my squire and two archers. I pray you to watch me, and to ride forth when I am come among the tents. You will leave twenty men behind here, and as we planned this morning, and you will ride back here after you have ventured as far as seems good to you."

"I will do as you order, Nigel; but what is that you propose to do?"

"You will see anon, and indeed it is but a trifling matter. Alleyne, you will come with me, and lead a spare horse by the bridle. I will have the two archers who rode with us through France, for they are trusty men and of stout heart. Let them ride behind us, and let them leave their bows here among the bushes for it is not my wish that they should know that we are Englishmen. Say no word to any whom we may meet, and, if any speak to you, pass on as though you heard them not.

So saying, Sir Nigel mounted the white horse of the Spanish cavalier, and rode quietly forth from his concealment with his three companions behind him, Alleyne leading his master's own steed by the bridle. So many small parties of French and Spanish horse were sweeping hither and thither that the small band attracted little notice, and making its way at a gentle trot across the plain, they came as far as the camp without challenge or hindrance. On and on they pushed past the endless lines of tents, amid the dense swarms of horsemen and of footmen, until the huge royal pavilion stretched in front of them. They were close upon it when of a sudden there broke out a wild hubbub from a distant portion of the camp, with screams and war-cries and all the wild tumult of battle. At the sound soldiers came rushing from their tents, knights shouted loudly for their squires, and there was mad turmoil on every hand of bewildered men and plunging horses. At the royal tent a crowd of gorgeously dressed servants ran hither and thither in helpless panic for the guard of soldiers who were stationed there had already ridden off in the direction of the alarm. A man-at-arms on either side of the doorway were the sole protectors of the royal dwelling.

"I have come for the king," whispered Sir Nigel; "and, by Saint Paul! he must back with us or I must bide here."

Alleyne and Aylward sprang from their horses, and flew at the two sentries, who were disarmed and beaten down in an instant by so furious and unexpected an attack. Sir Nigel dashed into the royal tent, and was followed by Hordle John as soon as the horses had been secured. From within came wild screamings and the clash of steel, and then the two emerged once more, their swords and forearms reddened with blood, while John bore over his shoulder the senseless body of a man whose gray surcoat, adorned with the lions and towers of Castile, proclaimed him to belong to the royal house. A crowd of white-faced sewers and pages swarmed at their heels, those behind pushing forwards, while the foremost shrank back from the fierce faces and reeking weapons of the adventurers. The senseless body was thrown across the spare horse, the four sprang to their saddles, and away they thundered with loose reins and busy spurs through the swarming camp.

But confusion and disorder still reigned among the Spaniards, for Sir William Felton and his men had swept through half their camp, leaving a long litter of the dead and dying to mark their course. Uncertain who were their attackers, and unable to tell their English enemies from their newly-arrived Breton allies, the Spanish knights rode wildly hither and thither in aimless fury. The mad turmoil, the mixture of races, and the fading light, were all in favor of the four who alone knew their own purpose among the vast uncertain multitude. Another few minutes of wild galloping over the plain and they were all back in their gorge, while their pursuers fell back before the rolling of the English drums and blare of trumpets, which seemed to proclaim that the whole army of the prince was about to emerge from the mountain passes.

"By my soul! Nigel," cried Sir Oliver, "what have we here?"

"It is a prisoner whom I have taken, and in sooth, as he came from the royal tent and wears the royal arms upon his jupon, I trust that he is the King of Spain."

"The King of Spain!" cried the companions, crowding round in amazement.

"Nay, Sir Nigel," said Felton, peering at the prisoner through the uncertain light. "I have twice seen Henry of Transtamare, and certes this man in no way resembles him."

"Who are you, fellow?" he added in Spanish, "and how is it that you dare to wear the arms of Castile?"

The prisoner was but recovering the consciousness which had been squeezed from him by the grip of Hordle John. "If it please you," he answered, "I and nine others are the body-squires of the king, and must ever wear his arms, so as to shield him from even such perils as have threatened him this night. The king is at the tent of the brave Du Guesclin, where he will sup to night. But I am a caballero of Aragon, Don Sancho Penelosa, and, though I be no king, I am yet ready to pay a fitting price for my ransom."

"By Saint Paul! I will not touch your gold," cried Sir Nigel. "Go back to your master and give him greeting from Sir Nigel Loring of Twynham Castle, telling him that I had hoped to make his better acquaintance this night, and that, if I have disordered his tent, it was but in my eagerness to know so famed and courteous a knight. Spur on, comrades! for we must cover many a league ere we can venture to light fire or to loosen girth.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a cold, bleak morning in the beginning of March, and the mist was drifting in dense rolling clouds through the passes of the Cantabrian mountains. The Company had passed the night in a sheltered gully. Here and there, through the dense haze which surrounded them, there loomed out huge pinnacles and jutting boulders of rock: while high above the sea of vapor there towered up one gigantic peak, with the pink glow of the early sunshine upon its snow-capped head.

The camp was loud with laughter and merriment, for a messenger had ridden in from the prince with words of heart-stirring praise for what they had done, and with orders that they should still abide in the forefront of the army.

"The Lord Loring craves your attendance in his tent," said a young archer to Alleyne.

The squire found the knight seated upon a cushion, with his legs crossed in front of him and a broad ribbon of parchment laid across his knees, over which he was poring with frowning brows and pursed lips.

"It came this morning by the prince's messenger," said he, "and was brought from England by Sir John Fallislee, who is new come from Sussex."

Alleyne turned to the letter, and, as his eyes rested upon it, his face turned pale and a cry of surprise and grief burst from his lips.

"What then?" asked the knight, peering up at him anxiously. "There is nought amiss with the Lady Mary or with the Lady Maude?"

"It is my brother—my poor unhappy brother!" cried Alleyne, with his hand to his brow. "He is dead."

"By Saint Paul! I have never heard that he had shown so much love for you that you should mourn him so."

"Yet he was my brother—the only kith or kin that I had upon earth. Alas! alas! He has been slain—and slain, I fear, amidst crime and violence."

"Ha!" said Sir Nigel. "Read on, I pray you."

"God be with thee, my honored lord, and have thee in his holy keeping. The Lady Loring hath asked me, the priest, so set down in writing what hath befallen at Twynham, and all that concerns the death of thy ill neighbor the Socman of Minstead. For when ye [illegible] left us, this evil man gathered around him all outlaws, villeins, and masterless men, until they were come to such a force that they slew and scattered the king's men who went against them. Then, coming forth from the woods, they laid siege to thy castle, and for two days they girt us in and shot hard against us, with such numbers as were a marvel to see. Yet the Lady Loring held the place stoutly, and on the second day the Socman was slain—by his own men, as some think—so that we were delivered from their hands; for which praise be to all the saints, and more especially to the holy Anselm, upon whose feast it came to pass. The Lady Loring and the Lady Maude, thy fair daughter, are in good health. May all the saints preserve thee!"

"My fair lord," said Alleyne, with a flush on his weather-stained cheeks, "I love your daughter, the Lady Maude; and, unworthy as I am, I would give my heart's blood to serve her."

"By St. Paul! Edricson," said the knight coldly, arching his eyebrows, "you aim high in this matter. Our blood is very old."

"And mine also is very old," answered the squire.

"And the Lady Maude is our single child. All our name and lands center upon her."

"Alas! that I should say it, but I also am now the only Edricson."

"And why have I not heard this from you before, Alleyne? In sooth, I think you have used me ill."

"Nay, my fair lord, say not so; for I know not whether your daughter loves me, and there is no pledge between us."

Sir Nigel pondered for a few moments, and then burst out a-laughing. "By St. Paul!" said he, "I know not why I should mix in the matter; for I have ever found that the Lady Maude vas very well able to look to her own affairs. Since first she could stamp her little foot, she hath ever been able to get that for which she craved; and if she set her heart on thee, Alleyne, and thou o[illegible], I do not think that this Spanish king, with his three-score thousand men, could hold you apart. Yet this I will say, that I would see you a full knight ere you go to my daughter with words of love. I have ever said that a brave lance should wed her; and, by my soul! Edricson, if God spare you, I think that you will acquit yourself well. But enough of such trifles, for we have our work before us, and it will be time to speak of this matter when we see the white cliffs of England once more. Go to Sir William Felton, I pray you, and ask him to come hither, for it is time that we were marching. There is no pass at the further end of the valley, and it is a perilous place should an enemy come upon us."

Alleyne delivered his message, and then wandered forth from the camp, for his mind was all in a whirl with this unexpected news, and with his talk with Sir Nigel. Sitting upon a rock, with his burning brow resting upon his hands, he thought of his brother, of their quarrel, of the Lady Maude in her bedraggled riding-dress, of the gray old castle, of the proud pale face in the armory, and of the last fiery words with which she had sped him on his way. Then he was but a penniless, monk-bred lad, unknown and unfriended. Now he was himself Socman of Minstead, the head of an old stock, and the Lord of an estate which, if reduced from its former size, was still ample to preserve the dignity of his family. Further, he had become a man of experience was counted brave among men, had won the esteem and confidence of her father, and above all, has been listened to by him when he told him the secret of his love. As to the gaining of knighthood, in such stirring times it was no great matter for a brave squire of gentle birth to aspire to that honor. He would leave his bones among these Spanish ravines, or he would do some deed which would call the eyes of men upon him.

Alleyne was still seated on the rock, his griefs and his joys drifting swiftly over his mind like the shadow of clouds upon a sunlit meadow, when of a sudden he became conscious of a low, deep sound which came booming up to him through the fog. He shouted an alarm to the camp.

"It is a great body of horse," said Sir William Felton, "and they are riding very swiftly hitherwards."

The Company stood peering into the dense fog wreath, amidst a silence so profound that the dripping of the water from the rocks and the breathing of the horses grew loud upon the ear. Suddenly from out the sea of mist came the sound of a neigh, followed by a long blast of a bugle.

"It is a Spanish call, my fair lord," said Black Simon.

"By my faith, said Sir Nigel, smiling, "we may promise them some sport ere they sound the mort over us. But there is a hill in the center of the gorge upon which we might make our stand."

"I marked it yester night," said Felton, "and no better spot could be found for our purpose, for it is very steep at the back."

The whole Company, leading their horses, passed across to the small hill which loomed up from the mist. It was indeed admirably designed for defence, for it sloped down in front, all jagged and boulder strewn, while it fell away behind in a sheer cliff of a hundred feet or more. On the summit was a small, uneven plateau, with a stretch across of a hundred paces, and a depth of half as much again.

"Unloose the horses," said Sir Nigel. "Now order the ranks, and fling wide the banners, for our souls are God's and our bodies the king's, and our swords for Saint George and for England!"

Sir Nigel had scarcely spoken when the mist seemed to thin in the valley, and to shred away into long ragged clouds which trailed from the edges of the cliffs, and the sun broke through. It gleamed and shimmered with dazzling brightness upon the armor and head-pieces of a vast body of horsemen who stretched across the barranca from one cliff to the other, and extended backwards until their rear-guard were far out upon the plain beyond. Line after line, and rank after rank, they chocked the neck of the valley with a long vista of tossing pennons, twinkling lances, waving plumes and streaming banderoles, while the curvets and gambades of the chargers lent a constant motion and shimmer to the glittering, many-colored mass. A yell of exultation, and a forest of waving steel through the length and breadth of their column, announced that they could at last see their entrapped enemies, while the swelling notes of a hundred bugles and drums, mixed with the clash of Moorish cymbals, broke forth into a proud peal of martial triumph. Strange it was to these gallant and sparkling cavaliers of Spain to look upon this handful of men upon the hill, the thin lines of bowmen, the knots of knights and men-at-arms with armor rusted and discolored from long service, and to learn that these were indeed the soldiers whose fame and prowess had been the camp-fire talk of every army in Christendom. Very still and silent they stood, leaning upon their bows, while their leaders took counsel together in front of them. No clang of bugle rose from their stern rank, but in the center waved the leopards of England, on the right the ensign of their Company with the roses of Loring, and on the left over three score of Welsh bowman, where floated the red banner of Merlin with the red-boar's heads of the Buttesthorns. Gravely and sedately they stood before the morning sun, waiting for the onslaught of their foemen.

"By Saint Paul," said Sir Nigel, gazing with puckered eye down the valley, "there appear to be some very worthy people among them. What is this golden banner which waves over the left?"

"It is the ensign of the Knights of Calatrava" answered Felton.

"And the one upon the right?"

"It marks the Knights of Santiago and I see by the banner that the grand master rides at their head."

"You are right, for I can also see them. There is much Spanish blazoury also if I could but read it. Don Diego, you know the arms of your own country, and who are they who have done us so much honor?"

The Spanish prisoner looked with exultant eyes upon the deep and serried ranks of his countrymen.

"By Saint James' he said, "if ye fail this day, ye fail by no mean hands for the flower of the army of Castile ride under the banner of Don Tello, with the chivalry of Asturias, Toledo, Leon, Cordova, Galicia and Seville and, the knights of France and Aragon. If you will, take my rede, you will come to a composition with them, for they will give you such terms as you have given me."

"Nay, by Saint Paul, it were pity if so many brave men, were drawn together and no little deed of arms come of it. Ha! William, they advance upon us, and by my soul it is a sight worth coming over the seas to witness."

As he spoke the two wings of the Spanish host, consisting of the Knights of Calatrava on the one side and of Santiago on the other, came swooping swiftly down the valley, while the main body followed more slowly behind. The vanguard halted a long bow-shot from the hill, and with waving spears and vaunting shouts challenged their enemies to come forth, while two cavaliers, pricking forward from the glittering ranks, walked their horses slowly between the two arrays with targets braced and lances in rest like the challengers in a tourney.

"By Saint Paul!" cried Sir Nigel, with his eye glowing like an ember, "these appear to be two very worthy and debonair gentlemen. I do not call to mind when I have seen any people who seemed of so great a heart and so high of enterprise. We have our horses, Sir William; shall be not relieve them of any vow which they may have upon their souls?"

Felton's reply was to bound upon his charger, and to urge it down the slope, while Sir Nigel followed not three spear's-lengths behind him. It was a rugged course, rocky and uneven, yet the two knights, choosing their men, dashed onwards at the top of their speed, while the gallant Spaniards flew as swiftly to meet them. The one to whom Felton found himself opposed was a tall stripling with a stag's head upon his shield, while Sir Nigel's man was broad and squat, with plain steel harness, and a pink and white torse bound round his helmet. The first struck Felton on the target with such force as to split it from side to side, but Sir William's lance crashed through the camail which shielded the Spaniard's throat, and he fell, screaming hoarsely, to the ground. Carried away by the heat and madness of fight, the English knight never drew rein, but charged straight on into the array of the Knights of Calatrava. Long time the silent ranks upon the hill could see a swirl and eddy deep down in the heart of the Spanish column, with a circle of rearing chargers and flashing blades. Here and there tossed the white plume of the English helmet, rising and falling like the foam upon a wave, with the fierce gleam and sparkle ever circling round it, until at last it had sunk from view, and another brave man had turned war to peace.

Sir Nigel, meanwhile, had found a foeman worthy of his steel, for his opponent was none other than Sebastian Gomez, the picked lance of the monkish Knights of Santiago, who had won fame in a hundred bloody combats with the Moors of Andalusia. So fierce was their meeting that their spears shivered up to the very grasp, and the horses reared backwards until it seemed that they must crash down upon their riders. Yet with consummate horsemanship they both swung round in a long curvet, and then plucking out their swords they lashed at each other like two lusty smiths hammering upon their anvil. The chargers spun round each others, biting and striking, while the two blades wheeled and whizzed and circled in gleams of dazzling light. Cut, parry, and thrust followed so swiftly upon each others that the eye could not follow them, until at last coming thigh to thigh, they cast their arms around each other and rolled off their saddles to the ground. The heavier Spaniard threw himself upon his enemy, and pinning him down beneath him raised his sword to slay him, while a shout of triumph rose from the ranks of his countrymen. But the fatal blow never fell, for even as his arm quivered before descending, the Spaniard gave a shudder, and stiffening himself, rolled heavily over upon his side, with the blood gushing from his arm-pit and from the slit of his vizor. Sir Nigel sprang to his feet with his bloody dagger in his left hand and gazed down upon his adversary, but the fatal and sudden stab in the vital spot, which the Spaniard had exposed by raising his arm, had proved instantly mortal. The Englishman leaped upon his horse and made for the hill, at the very instant that a yell of rage from a thousand voices and the clang of a score of bugles announced the Spanish onset.

CHAPTER XVII.

But the islanders were ready and eager for the encounter. With feet firmly planted, their sleeves rolled back to give free play to their muscles, their long yellow bow-staves in their left hands, and their quivers slung to the front, they had waited in the four-deep harrow formation which gave strength to their array, and yet permitted every man to draw his arrow freely without harm to those in front.

On swept the Spaniards, over the level and up to the slope, ere they met the blinding storm of the English arrows. Down went the whole ranks in a whirl of mad confusion, horses plunging and kicking, bewildered men falling, rising, staggering on or back, while ever new lines of horsemen came spurring through the gaps and urged their chargers up the fatal slope. All around him, Alleyne could hear the stern, short orders of the master-bowmen, while the air was filled with the keen twanging of the strings and the swish and patter of the shafts. Right across the foot of the hill there had sprung up a long wall of struggling horses and stricken men, which ever grew and heightened as fresh squadrons poured on the attack. So for five long minutes the gallant horsemen of Spain and of France strove ever and again to force a passage, until the low wailing note of a bugle called them back, and they rode slowly out of bow-shot, leaving their best and their bravest in the ghastly, blood-mottled heap behind them.

But there was little rest for the victors. Whilst the knights had charged them in front, the slingers had crept round upon either flank and had gained a footing upon the cliffs and behind the outlying rocks. A storm of stones broke suddenly upon the defenders, who, drawn up in lines upon the exposed summit, offered a fair mark to their hidden foes. Johnston, the old archer, was struck upon the temple and fell dead without a groan, while fifteen of his bowmen and six of the men-at-arms were struck down at the same moment. The others lay on their faces to avoid the deadly hail, while at each side of the plateau a fringe of bowmen exchanged shots with the slingers and crossbowmen among the rocks, aiming mainly at those who had swarmed up the cliffs and bursting into laughter and cheers when a well-aimed shaft brought one of their opponents toppling down from his lofty perch.

"By Saint Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, plucking the patch from his eye, "I think that I am now clear of my vow, for this Spanish knight was a person from whom much honor might be won. Indeed, he was a very worthy gentleman, of good courage, and great hardiness, and it grieves me that he should have come by such a hurt."

"Nigel!" cried Sir Simon Burley, hurrying up with consternation upon his face. "Aylward tells me that there are not ten score arrows left in all their sheaves. See! they are springing from their horses, and cutting their solierets that they may rush upon us. Might we not even now make a retreat?"

"My soul will retreat from my body first," cried the little knight. "Here I am, and here I bide, while God gives me strength to lift a sword."

"And so say I!" shouted Sir Oliver, throwing his mace high into the air and catching it again by the handle.

"To your arms, men!" cried Sir Nigel. "Shoot while you may and then out sword, and let us live or die together!"

Then uprose from the hill in the rugged Calabrian valley a sound such as had not been heard in those parts before, nor was again, until the streams which rippled amid the rocks had been frozen by over four hundred winters and thawed by as many returning springs. Deep and full and strong it thundered down the ravine, the fierce battle-call of a warrior race, the last stern welcome to who so should join with them in that world-old game where the stake is death. Thrice it swelled forth and thrice it sank away, echoing and reverberating amidst the crags. Then, with set faces, the Company rose up among the storm of stones, and looked down upon the thousands who sped swiftly up the slope against them. Horse and spear had been set aside, but on foot, with sword and battle-axe, their broad shields slung in front of them, the chivalry of Spain rushed to the attack.

And now arose a struggle so fell, so long, so evenly sustained, that even now the memory of it is handed down amongst the Calabrian mountaineers, and the ill-omened knoll is still pointed out by fathers to their children as the "Altura de los Inglesos," where the men from across the seas fought the great fight with the knights of the south. The last arrow was quickly shot, nor could the slingers hurl their stones, so close were friend and foe. From side to side stretched the thin line of the English, lightly armed, and quick-footed, while against it stormed and raged the pressing throng of fiery Spaniards and of gallant Bretons. The clink of crossing sword-blades, the dull thudding of heavy blows, the panting and gasping of weary and wounded men, all rose together in a wild, long-drawn note, which swelled upwards to the ears of the wondering peasants who looked down from the edges of the cliffs upon the swaying turmoil of the battle beneath them. Back and forward reeled the leopard banner, now borne up the slope by the rush and weight of the onslaught, now pushing downwards again as Sir Nigel, Burley, and Black Simon, with their veteran men-at-arms, flung themselves madly into the fray. Alleyne, at his lord's right hand, found himself swept hither and thither in the desperate struggle, exchanging savage thrusts one instant with a Spanish cavalier, and the next torn away by the whirl of men and dashed up against some new antagonist. To the right Sir Oliver, Aylward, Hordle John, and the bowmen of the Company fought furiously against the monkish Knights of Santiago, who were led up the hill by their prior—a great-deep-chested man, who wore a brown monastic habit over his suit of mail. Three archers he slew in three giant strokes, but Sir Oliver flung his arms round him, and the two, staggering and straining, reeled backwards and fell, locked in each other's grasp, over the edge of the steep cliff which flanked the hill. In vain his knights stormed and raved against the thin line which marred their path; the sword of Aylward and the great axe of John gleamed in the forefront of the battle and huge jagged pieces of rock, hurled by the strong arms of the bowmen, crashed and hurtled amid their ranks. Slowly they gave back down the hill, the archers still hanging upon their skirts, with a long litter of writhing and twisted figures to mark the course which they had taken. At the same instant the Welshmen upon the left, led on by the Scotch earl, had charged out from among the rocks which sheltered them, and by the fury of their outfall had driven the Spaniards in front of them in headlong flight down the hill. In the centre only things seemed to be going ill with the defenders. Black Simon was down—dying, as he would wish to have died, like a grim old wolf in its lair with a ring of his slain around him. Twice Sir Nigel had been overborne, and twice Alleyne had fought over him until he had staggered to his feet once more. Burley lay senseless, stunned by a blow from a mace, and half of the men-at-arms lay littered upon the ground around him. Sir Nigel's shield was broken, his crest shorn, his armor cut and smashed, and the vizor torn from his helmet; yet he sprang hither and thither with light foot and ready hand, engaging two Bretons and a Spaniard at the same instant thrusting, stooping, dashing in, springing out—while Alleyne still fought by his side, stemming with a handful of men the fierce tide which surged up against them. Yet it would have fared ill with them had not the archers from either side closed in upon the flanks of the attackers, and pressed them very slowly and foot by foot down the long slope, until they were on the plain once more, where their fellows were already rallying for a fresh assault.

But terrible indeed was the cost at which the last had been repelled. Of the three hundred and seventy men who had held the crest, one hundred and seventy-two were left standing, many of whom were sorely wounded and weak from loss of blood. Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, Sir Richard Causton, Sir Simon Burley, Black Simon, Johnston, a hundred and fifty archers, and forty-seven men-at-arms had fallen, while the pitiless hail of stones was already whizzing and piping once more, about their ears, threatening every instant to further reduce their numbers.

Sir Nigel looked about him at his shattered ranks, and his face flushed with a soldier's pride.

"By St. Paul!" he cried, "I have fought in many a little bickering, but never one that I would be more loth to have missed than this. But you are wounded, Alleyne?"

"It is nought," answered his squire, stanching the blood which dripped from a sword-cut across his forehead.

"These gentlemen of Spain seem to be most courteous and worthy people. I see that they are already forming to continue this debate with us. Form up the bowmen two deep instead of four. By my faith! some very brave men have gone from among us. Aylward, you are a trusty soldier, for all that your shoulder has never felt accolade, nor your heels worn the gold spurs. Do you take charge of the right; I will hold the center, and you, my Lord of Angus, the left."

"Ho! for Sir Samkin Aylward!" cried a rough voice among the archers, and a roar of laughter greeted their new leader.

"By my hilt!" said the old bowman, "I never thought to lead a wing in a stricken field. Stand close, camarades, for, by these finger-bones! we must play the man this day."

"Come hither, Alleyne," said Sir Nigel, walking back to the edge of the cliff which formed the rear of their position. "And you, Norbury," he continued, beckoning to the squire of Sir Oliver, "do you also come here."

The two squires hurried across to him, and the three stood looking down into the rocky ravine which lay a hundred and fifty feet beneath them.

"The prince must hear of how things are with us," said the knight. "Another onfall we may withstand, but they are many and we are few, so that the time must come when we can no longer form line across the hill. Yet if help were brought us we might hold the crest until it comes. See yonder horses which stray among the rocks beneath us?"

"I see them my fair lord."

"And see yonder path which winds along the hill upon the further end of the valley?"

"I see it."

"Were you on those horses, and riding

Blurred

up yonder track, steep and rough as it is, I think that ye might gain the valley beyond. Then on to the prince, and tell him how we fare."

"But my fair lord, how can we hope to reach the horses?" asked Norbury.

"Ye cannot go round to them, for they would be upon ye ere ye could could come to them. Think ye that ye have heart enough to clamber down this cliff?"

"Had we but a rope."

"There is one here. It is but one hundred feet long, and for the rest ye must trust to God and to your fingers. Can you try it, Alleyne?"

"With all my heart, my dear lord, but how can I leave you in such a strait?"

"Nay, it is to serve me that ye go. And you, Norbury?"

The silent squire said nothing, but he took up the rope, and, having examined it, he tied one end firmly round a projecting rock. Then he cast off his breastplate, thigh pieces, and greaves, while Alleyne followed his example.

"Tell Chandos, or Calverley, or Knolles, should the prince have gone forward," cried Sir Nigel. "Now may God speed ye, for ye are brave and worthy men."

It was, indeed, a task which might make the heart of the bravest sink within him. The thin cord dangling down the face of the brown cliff seemed from above to reach little more than half-way down it. Beyond stretched the rugged rock, wet and shining, with a green tuft here and there thrusting out from it, but little sign of ridge or foothold. Far below the jagged points of the boulders bristled up, dark and menacing. Norbury tugged thrice with all his strength upon the cord, and then lowered himself over the edge, while a hundred anxious faces peered over at him as he slowly clambered downwards to the end of the rope. Twice he stretched out his foot, and twice he failed to reach the point at which he aimed, but even as he swung himself for a third effort a stone from a sling buzzed like a wasp from amid the rocks and struck him full upon the side of his head. His grasp relaxed, his feet slipped, and in an instant he was a crushed and mangled corpse upon the sharp ridges beneath him.

"If I have no better fortune," said Alleyne, leading Sir Nigel aside. "I pray you, my dear lord, that you will give my humble service to the Lady Maude, and say to her that I was ever her true servant and most unworthy cavalier."

The old knight said no word, but he put a hand on either shoulder, and kissed his squire, with the tears shining in his eyes. Alleyne sprang to the rope, and sliding swiftly down, soon found himself at its extremity. From above it seemed as though rope and cliff were well-nigh touching, but now, when swinging a hundred feet down, the squire found that he could scarce reach the face of the rock with his foot, and that it was as smooth as glass, with no resting-place where a mouse could stand. Some three feet lower, however, his eye lit upon a long jagged crack which slanted downwards, and this he must reach if he would save not only his own poor life, but that of the eight-score men above him. Yet it were madness to spring for that narrow slit with nought but the wet, smooth rock to cling to. He swung for a moment, full of thought, and even as he hung there another of the hellish stones sang through his curls, and struck a clip from the face of the cliff. Up he clambered a few feet, drew up the loose end after him, unslung his belt, held on with knee and with elbow while he spliced the long tough leathern belt to the end of the cord; then lowering himself as far as he could go, he swung backwards and forwards until his hand reached the crack, then he left the rope and clung to the face of the cliff. Another stone struck him on the side, and he heard a sound like a breaking stick, with a keen stabbing pain which shot through his chest. Yet it was no time now to think of pain or ache. There was his lord and his eight-score comrades, and they must be plucked from the jaws of death. On he clambered, with his hand shuffling down the long sloping crack, sometimes bearing all his weight upon his arms, at others finding some small shelf or tuft on which to rest his foot. Would he never pass over that fifty feet? He dared not look down, and could but grope slowly onwards, his face to the cliff, his fingers clutching, his feet scraping and feeling for a support. Every vein and crack and mottling of that face of rock remained forever stamped upon his memory. At last, however, his foot came upon a broad resting-place and he ventured to cast a glance downwards. Thank God! he had reached the highest of those fatal pinnacles upon which his comrade had fallen. Quickly now he sprank from rock to rock until his feet were on the ground, and he had his hand stretched out for the horse's rein, when a sling-stone struck him on the head, and he dropped senseless upon the ground.

An evil blow it was for Alleyne, but a worse one still for him who struck it. The Spanish slinger, seeing the youth lie slain, and judging from his dress that he was no common man, rushed forward to plunder him, knowing well that the bowmen above him had expended their last shaft. He was still three paces, however, from his victim's side when John upon the cliff above plucked up a huge boulder, and, poising it for an instant, dropped it with fatal aim upon the slinger beneath him. It stuck upon his shoulder, and hurled him, crushing and screaming, to the ground, while Alleyne, recalled to his senses by these shrill cries in his very ear, staggered on to his feet, and gazed wildly about him. His eyes fell upon the horses, grazing upon the scanty pasture, and in an instant all had come back to him—his mission, his comrades, the need for haste. He was dizzy, sick, faint, but he must not die, and he must not tarry, for his life meant many lives that day. In an instant he was in his saddle and sprung down the valley. Loud rang the swift charger's hoofs over rock and reef, while the fire flew from the stroke of iron, and the loose stones showered up behind him. But his head was whirling round, the blood was gushing from his brow, his temple, his mouth. Ever keener and sharper was the deadly pain which shot like red-hot arrow through his side. He felt that his eye was glazing, his senses slipping from him, his grasp upon the reins relaxing. Then with one mighty effort, he called up all his strength for a single minute. Stooping down, he loosened the stirrup-straps, bound his knees tightly to his saddle flaps, twisted his hands in the bridle, and then, putting the gallant horse's head for the mountain path, he dashed the spurs in and fell forward fainting with his face buried in the coarse, black mane.

Little could he ever remember of that wild ride. Half conscious, but ever with the one thought beating in his mind, he goaded the horse onwards, rushing swiftly down steep ravines, over huge boulders, along the edges of black abysses. Dim memories he had of beetling cliffs, of a group of huts with wondering faces at the doors, of foaming, clattering water, and of a bristle of mountain beeches. Once, ere he had ridden far, he heard behind him three deep, sullen shouts, which told him that his comrades had set their faces to the foe once more. Then all was blank, until he woke to find kindly blue English eyes peering down upon him and to hear the blessed sound of his country's speech. They were but a foraging party—a hundred archers and as many men-at-arms—but their leader was Sir Hugh Calverley, and he was not a man to bide idle when good blows were to be had not three leagues from him. A scout was sent flying with a message to the camp, and Sir Hugh, with his two hundred men, thundered off to the rescue. With them went Alleyne, still bound to his saddle, still dripping with blood, and swooning and recovering, and swooning once again. On they rode, and on, until, at last, topping a ridge, they looked down upon the fateful valley. Alas! and alas! for the sight that met their eyes.

There, beneath them, was the blood-bathed hill, and from the highest pinnacle there flaunted the yellow and white banner with the lions and the towers of the royal house of Castile. Up the long slope rushed ranks and ranks of men—exultant, shouting, with waving pennons and brandished arms. Over the whole summit were dense throngs of knights, with no enemy that could be seen to face them, save only that at one corner of the plateau an eddy and swirl amid the crowded mass seemed to show that all resistance was not yet at an end. At the sight a deep groan of rage and of despair went up from the baffled rescuers, and, spurring on their horses, they clattered down the long and winding path which led to the valley beneath.

But they were too late to avenge, as they had been too late to save. Long ere they could gain the level ground, the Spaniards, seeing them riding swiftly amid the rocks, and being ignorant of their numbers, drew off from the captured hill, and, having secured their few prisoners, rode slowly in a long column, with drum-beating and cymbal-clashing, out of the valley. Their rear ranks were already passing out of sight ere the new-comers were urging their panting, foaming horses up the slope which had been the scene of that long-drawn and bloody fight.

And a fearsome sight it was that met their eyes! Across the lower end lay the dense heap of men and horses where the first arrow-storm had burst. Above, the bodies of the dead and the dying—French, Spanish, and Aragonese—lay thick and thicker, until they covered the cold ground two and three deep in one dreadful tangle of slaughter. Above them lay the Englishmen in their lines, even as they had stood, and higher yet upon the plateau a wild medley of the dead of all nations, where the last deadly grapple had left them. In the further corner, under the shadow of a great rock, there crouched seven bowmen, with great John in the centre of them—all wounded, weary, and in sorry case, but still unconquered, with their blood-stained weapons waving and their voices ringing a welcome to their countrymen. Alleyne rode across to John, while Sir Hugh Calverley followed close behind him.

"By Saint George!" cried Sir Hugh, "I have never seen signs of so stern a fight, and I am right glad that we have been in time to save you."

"You have saved more than us," said John, pointing to the banner which leaned against the rock behind him.

"You have done nobly," cried the old free companion, gazing with a soldier's admiration at the huge frame and bold face of the archer. "But why is it, my good fellow, that you sit upon this man."

"By the rood! I had forgot him," John answered, rising and dragging from under him no less a person than the Spanish Caballero, Don Diego Alvarez. "This man, my fair lord, means to me a new house, ten cows, one bull—if it be but a little one—a grindstone, and I know not what besides, so that I thought it well to sit upon him, lest he should take a fancy to leave me."

"Tell me, John," cried Alleyne faintly, "where is my dear lord, Sir Nigel Loring?"

"He is dead, I fear. I saw them throw his body across a horse and ride away with it, but I fear the life had gone from him."

BELOW LAY THE GREAT SPANISH ARMY.

"Now woe worth me! And where is Aylward?"

"He sprang upon a riderless horse and rode after Sir Nigel to save him. I saw them throng around him, and he is either taken or slain."

"Blow the bugles!" cried Sir Hugh, with a scowling brow.

"We must back to camp, and ere three days I trust that we may see these Spaniards again. I would fain have ye all in my company."

"We are of the White Company, my fair lord," said John.

"Nay, the White Company is here disbanded," answered Sir Hugh solemnly, looking round him at the lines of silent figures. "Look to the brave squire, for I fear he will never see the sun rise again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was a bright morning four months after that fatal fight in the Spanish barranca. The sun was yet low in the heaven, and the red cows stood in the long shadow of the elms, chewing the cud and gazing with great vacant eyes at two horsemen who were spurring it down the long white road which dipped and curved away back to where the towers and pinnacles beneath the flat-topped hill marked the old town of Winchester.

Of the riders, one was young, graceful and fair, clad in plain doublet and hosen of blue Brussels cloth, which served to show his active and well-knit figure. He rode with lips compressed and anxious face, as one who has much care upon his mind. Young as he was, and peaceful as was his dress, the dainty golden spurs which twinkled upon his heels proclaimed his knighthood, while a long seam upon his brow and a scar upon his temple gave a manly grace to his refined and delicate countenance. His comrade was a large, red-headed man upon a great black horse, with a huge canvas bag slung from his saddle-bow. His broad, brown face was lighted by a continual smile, and he looked slowly from side to side with eyes which twinkled and shone with delight. Well might John rejoice, for was he not back in his native Hampshire, had he not Don Diego's five thousand crowns rasping against his knee, and above all was he not himself squire now to Sir Alleyne Edricsson, the young Socman of Minstead, lately knighted by the sword of the Black Prince himself, and esteemed by the whole army as one of the most rising of the soldiers of England.

For the last stand of the Company had been told throughout Christendom wherever a brave deed of arms was loved, and honors had flowed in upon the few who had survived it. For two months Alleyne had wavered betwixt death and life, with a broken rib and a shattered head; yet youth and strength and a cleanly life were all upon his side, and he awoke from his long delirium to find that the war was over, that the Spaniards and their allies had been crushed at Navaretta, and that the prince had himself heard the tale of his ride for succor and had come in person to his bedside to touch his shoulder with his sword and to insure that so brave and true a man should die, if he could not live, within the order of chivalry. The instant that he could set foot to ground Alleyne had started in search of his lord, but no word could he hear of him dead or alive, and he had come home now sad-hearted, in the hope of raising money upon his estates and so starting upon his quest once more. Landing at London, he had hurried on with a mind full of care, for he had heard no word from Hampshire since the short note which had announced his brother's death.

"By the rood!" cried John, looking around him exultantly, "where have we seen since we left such noble cows, such fleeced sheep, grass so green, or a man so drunk as yonder rogue who lies in the gap of the hedge?"

"Ah, John," Alleyne answered wearily, "it is well for you, but I never thought that my home-coming would be so sad a one. My heart is heavy for my dear lord and for Aylward, and I know not how I may break the news to the Lady Mary and to the Lady Maude, if they have not yet had tidings of it."

John gave a groan which made the horses shy. "It is indeed a black business," said he. "But be not sad, for I shall give half these crowns to my old mother, and half will I add to the money which you may have, and so we shall buy that yellow cog wherein we sailed to Bordeaux, and in it we shall go forth and seek Sir Nigel."

Alleyne smiled, but shook his head. "Were he alive we should have had word of him ere now," said he. "But what is this town before us?"

"Why, it is Romsey!" cried John. "See the tower of the old gray church, and the long stretch of the nunnery."

Ere Alleyne could answer there swung round the curve of the road a lady's carriage drawn by three horses abreast with a postillion upon the outer one. Within there sat a stout and elderly lady in a pink cotehardie, leaning back among a pile of cushions. None could seem more safe and secure and at her ease than this lady, and yet here also was a symbol of human life, for in an instant, even as Alleyne reined aside to let the carriage pass, a wheel flew out from among its fellows, and over it toppled with the horses plunging, the postillion shouting, and the lady screaming from within. In an instant Alleyne and John were on foot, and had lifted her forth all in a shake with fear, but little the worse for her mischance.

"I trust that you have taken no hurt, my fair lady," said Alleyne.

"Nay, I have had no scath, but I am much beholden to you, gentle sirs. Soldiers ye are, as one may readily see. I am myself a soldier's daughter," she added, "and my heart ever goes out to a brave man."

"We are indeed fresh from Spain," quoth Alleyne.

"From Spain, say you? Ah! it was an ill and sorry thing that so many should throw away the lives that Heaven gave them. In sooth, it is bad for those who fall, but worse for those who bide behind. I have but now bid farewell to one who hath lost all in this cruel war."

"And how that, lady?"

"She is a young damsel of these parts, and she goes now into a nunnery. Alack! it is not a year since she was the fairest maid from Avon to Itchen, and now it was more than I could abide to wait at Romsey Nunnery to see her put the white veil upon her face, for she was made for a wife and not for the cloister. Did you ever, gentle sir, hear of a body of men called 'The White Company' over yonder?"

"Surely so," cried both the comrades.

"Her father was the leader of it, and her lover served under him as squire. News hath come that not one of the Company was left alive, and so, poor lamb, she hath——"

"Lady," cried Alleyne, with catching breath, "is it the Lady Maude Loring of whom you speak?"

"It is, in sooth."

"Maude! And in a nunnery! Did then, the thought of her father's death so move her?"

"Her father!" cried the lady, smiling. "Nay, Maude is a good daughter, but I think it was this young golden-haired squire of whom I have heard who has made her turn her back upon the world."

"And I stand talking here!" cried Alleyne wildly. "Come, John, come!"

Rushing to his horse, he swung himself into the saddle, and was off down the road in a rolling cloud of dust as fast as his good steed could tear him.

Great had been the rejoicing amid the Romsey nuns when the Lady Maude Loring had craved admission into their order—for was she not sole child and heiress of the old knight, with farms and fiefs which she could bring to the great nunnery? Long and earnest had been the talks of the gaunt lady abbess, in which she had conjured the young novice to turn forever from the world, and to rest her bruised heart under the broad and peaceful shelter of the church. And now, when all was settled, and when abbess and lady superior had had their will, it was but fitting that some pomp and show should mark the glad occasion.

But alas! for plots and plans when love and youth and nature, and above all, fortune are arrayed against them. Who is this travel-stained youth who dares to ride so madly through the lines of staring burghers? Why does he fling himself from his horse and stare so strangely about him? See how he has rushed through the incense-bearers, thrust aside lay-sister Agatha, scattered the two-and-twenty damosels who sang so sweetly—and he stands before the novice with his hands outstretched, and his face shining, and the light of love in his gray eyes. Her foot is on the very lintel of the church, and yet he bars the way—and she, she thinks no more of the wise words and holy rede of the lady abbess, but she hath given a sobbing cry and hath fallen forward with his arms around her drooping body and her wet cheek upon his breast. A sorry sight this for the gaunt abbess, an ill lesson too for the stainless two-and-twenty who have ever been taught that the way of nature is the way of sin. But Maude and Alleyne cared little for this. A dank, cold air comes out from the black arch before them. Without, the sun shines bright and the birds are singing amid the ivy on the drooping beeches. Their choice is made, and they turn away hand-in-hand, with their backs to the darkness and their faces to the light.

* * * * *

Very quiet was the wedding in the old priory church at Christchurch, where Father Christopher read the service, and there were few to see save Lady Loring and John, and a dozen bowmen from the castle. The Lady of Twynham had drooped and pined for weary months, so that her face was harsher and less comely than before, yet she still hoped on, for her lord had come through so many dangers that she could scarce believe that he might be stricken down at last. It had been her wish to start for Spain and to search for him, but Alleyne persuaded her to let him go in her place. There was much to look after, now that the lands of Minstead were joined to those of Twynham, and Alleyne had promised her that if she would but bide with his wife he would never come back to Hampshire again until he had gained some news, good or ill of her lord and lover.

The yellow cog had been engaged, with Goodwin Hawtayne in command, and a month after the wedding Alleyne rode down to Bucklershard to see if she had come round yet from Southampton. On the way he passed the fishing village of Pitt's Deep, and marked that a little creyer or brig was tacking off the land, as though about to anchor there. On his way back, as he rode towards the village, he saw that she had indeed anchored, and that many boats were round her, bearing cargo to the shore.

A bow-shot from Pitt's Deep there was an inn a little back from the road, very large and wide-spread, with a great green bush hung upon a pole from one of the upper windows. At this window, he marked, as he rode up, that a man was seated who appeared to be craning his neck in his direction. Alleyne was still looking up to him, when a woman came rushing from the open door of the inn, and made as though she would climb a tree, looking back the while with a laughing face. Wondering what these doings might mean, Alleyne tied his horse and was walking amid the trees toward the inn, when there shot from the entrance a second woman who made also for the trees. Close at her heels came a burly, brown-faced man, who leaned against the door post and laughed loudly with his hand to his side. "Ah, ma belles!" he cried, "and is it thus you treat me? Ah, ma petites! I swear by these fingerbones that I would not hurt a hair of your pretty heads; but I have been among the black paynim, and, by my hilt! it does me good to look at your English cheeks. Come, drink a stoup of muscadine with me, mes enges, for my heart is warm to be among ye again."

At the sight of the man, Alleyne had stood staring, but at the sound of his voice such a thrill of joy bubbled up in his heart that he had to bite his lips to keep himself from shouting outright. But a deeper pleasure yet was in store. Even as he looked, the window above was pushed outwards, and the voice of the man whom he had seen there came out from it. "Aylward," cried the voice, "I have seen just now a very worthy person come down the road, though my eyes could scarce discern whether he carried coat-armor. I pray you to wait upon him and tell him that a very humble knight of England abides here, so that if he be in need of advancement, or have any small vow upon his soul, or desire to exalt his lady, I may help him to accomplish it."

Aylward at this order came forward amid the trees, and in an instant the two men were clinging in each other's arms, laughing and shouting and patting each other in their delight; while Sir Nigel came running with his sword, under the impression that some bickering had broken out, only to embrace and be embraced himself, until all three were hoarse with their questions and outcries and congratulations.

On their journey home through the woods Alleyne learnt their wondrous story: how, when Sir Nigel came to his senses, he with his fellow-captive had been hurried to the coast, and conveyed by sea to their captor's castle; how upon the way they had been taken by a Barbary rover, and how they exchanged their light captivity for a seat on a galley bench and hard labor at the pirate's oars; how, in the port at Barbary, Sir Nigel had slain the Moorish captain, and had swum with Aylward to a small coaster which they had taken, and so made their way to England with a rich cargo to reward them for their toils. All this Alleyne listened to, until the dark keep of Twynham towered above them in the gloaming, and they saw the red sun lying athwart the rippling Avon. No need to speak of the glad hearts at Twynham Castle that night, nor of the rich offerings from out that Moorish cargo which found their way to the chapel of Father Christopher.

Sir Nigel Loring lived for many years, full of honor and laden with every blessing. He rode no more to the wars, but he found his way to every jousting within thirty miles; and the Hampshire youth treasured it as the highest honor when a word of praise fell from him as to their management of their horses, or their breaking of their lances. So he lived and so he died, the most revered and the happiest man in all his native shire.

For Sir Alleyne Edricson and for his beautiful bride the future had also naught but what was good. Twice he fought in France, and came back each time laden with honors. A high place at court was given to him, and he spent many years at Windsor under the second Richard and the fourth Henry—where he received the honor of the Garter, and won the name of being a brave soldier, a true hearted gentleman, and a great lover and patron of every art and science which refines or ennobles life.

As to John, he took unto himself a village maid and settled in Lyndhurst, where his five thousand crowns made him the richest franklin for many miles around. For many years he drank his ale every night at the "Pied Merlin," which was now kept by his friend Aylward, who had wedded the good widow to whom he had committed his plunder. The strong men and the bowmen of the country round used to drop in there of an evening to wrestle a fall with John or to shoot a round with Aylward, but, though a silver shilling was to be the prize of the victory, it has never been reported that any man earned much money in that fashion. So they lived, these men, in their own, lusty, cheery fashion—rude and rough, but honest, kindly and true. Let us thank God if we have outgrown their vices. Let us pray to God that we may ever hold their virtues.

THE END.

COOL GARMENTS FOR COMFORT.

The Shirtwaist the Leader—White the Coolest Color.

Bertha Browning.

The month of August means a good many warm days and those who stay at home as well as the more fortunate individuals who enjoy the coolness of some resort need cool apparel. It has always been true everywhere that white proved much less warm beneath a scorching sun than a darker tone and the American woman has adopted it as her summer wardrobe this year. Everything which can be of white will be found much cooler and pleasanter to look upon than other colors and this means every article of dress. It is a scientific fact that white is the coolest, as black is the warmest color.

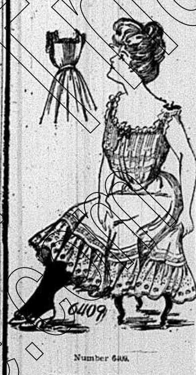
The fashion makers have supplied womankind with real summer dress this year. No more hot collars and fitted waists for summer wear but instead, neck wear of sheerest lace or material and loose comfortable-looking blouses suitable for all ages. The shirt waist is the real monarch of the field for general wear and this takes a very wide variety of forms, from the dressy and fussy waist elaborately embroidered and inset with lace to the real negligee shirt with its low collar and half-sleeves. The latter is a new comer this season and is favored by the girl who enjoys any sort of out-of-door sport. It is made of madras, linen, lawn and silk and prettily trimmed with flat collar, cuffs and tie of the same or a contrasting color.

Beside these shirts, there are very attractive little white flannel suits which may be worn on any outing, for tennis, or driving which consist of shirt waist and skirt in simple design. White appears in everything with black as a smart contrast. Black is promised a great prominence in the early fall but it seems to have anticipated its popularity to such an extent that it is gracing all smart costumes. When a suit is of white the hat and gloves are of black as well as the footgear. Numerous black and white malinette ruches and boas are being worn and look especially well on women, not too young.

COOL AND DAINTY NEGLIGEES.

Many very attractive negligees for house wear are quite simple to make and require but a small outlay to realize. These are of lawn and dimity which come in the most attractive designs. One pretty pattern slips on over the head. It has a square yoke cut out in square neck, and the lower portion hangs in full folds from the yoke. The sleeves are of elbow length and these too hang free from any band at the lower edge. The advantages of this are that it can be slipped on at a second's notice and no buttons remain to be fastened when it is once on. Then, too, it is immensely becoming to any wearer. The sack ends at the hip-line. Others are of the loose flowing variety edged down the front and about the neck and sleeves with soft filmy ruffles. These are of white lawn and Swiss. Dotted Swiss makes up into very attractive negligees as well as blouses for nice wear.

PALISADE PATTERNS.



Number 6409.

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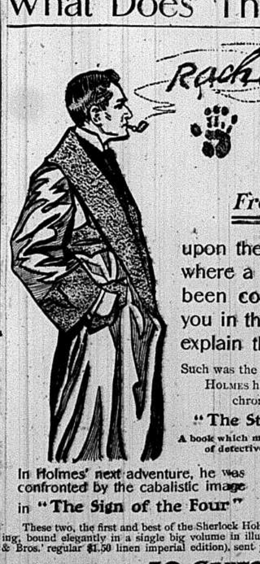

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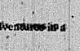

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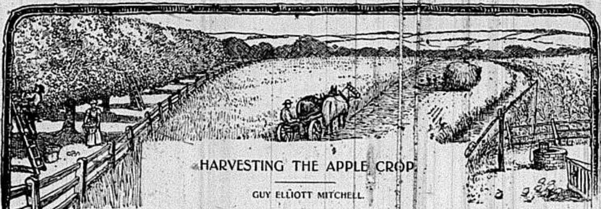


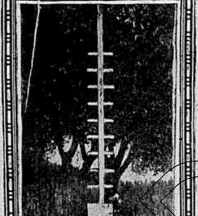
It is an easy matter to go out into the orchard, shake or pick the apples off the trees and throw or drop them into barrels for hauling to the town or cross roads grocery where the fruit may be exchanged for a bolt of muslin or calico, or something else needed in the house. But this is not very profitable. The progressive farmer has found that it pays to give strict attention to the sorting and packing of his crop in order that it may bring for him a much larger amount of money.

Just when to pick is one of the secrets of the trade which all orchardists do not appreciate. The time of picking red apples is commonly guaged by their color and that of yellow apples by the color of the seeds. The latter is the only reliable test of ripeness, for an apple picked just as the seeds have turned a light brown, and before they become dark around the edges, will be found to have not only full flavor, but the best keeping quality. But red apples are often left for some time after the seeds indicate maturity to allow them to put on more color, which they do rapidly under the influence of the bright days and frosty nights of autumn; and indeed this is the only way of obtaining color on fruit in the shady portions of the tree. Growers should bear in mind, however, that to defer picking after the seeds indicate ripeness, invites watercore and shortens the life of the fruit in storage, often to a serious extent with the midwinter varities.

TOO LATE PICKING

Much of the complaint recently lodged against the Jonathan because of rotting at the core, according to a report of the Idaho Experiment Station, is believed to be attributable to late picking. Unless this trouble is corrected the sale of this valuable variety is sure to be hurt. The purchaser is completely deceived by the perfect appearance of the fruit, not a sign of decay being visible until it is cut open, when the flesh for some distance about the core is discovered to be brown, radiating in narrow rays towards the skin, which, however, it seldom reaches. It is worse than a worm hole, for that can be cut out. A box containing even a few such specimens makes the consumer distrustful of the variety, while half or more sickens even the most enthusiastic friend of "Brother Jonathan."

Few farmers are considered capable of packing their own apples, as the statement is made that, as regards



SINGLE RAIL LADDER.
A Very Light Form for the Orchard.

seeing worm holes, their eyesight is deficient. Where there is a fruit union, the Idaho bulletin suggests that a rule should be adopted forbidding any members thereof from doing their own picking, but, they should profit by the employment of the same body of trained pickers successively at the various orchards. Even the isolated growers should endeavor to have a group of expert pickers, and employ the same ones, as far as possible, year after year. This is the way to build up a reputation that has a great cash value.

PACKING IN BARRELS

While the simplest method of packing apples is the old barrel of the east in which the bottom and top are faced, the apples in the middle being simply poured in, this is a slovenly, not to say deceitful method, for it requires no grading expert to sort out the best ones for facing. The Western box method, on the other hand, is more desirable, especially in cases where one wishes to cater to the fancy trade. One of the pretty points about the box package is that the exact number of apples contained therein is always known, and if stamped on the box as it should be, gives information much appreciated by the buyer. Of course this only applies where the packer adopts one particular method of placing the apples in the box.

A prominent orchardist made the statement that it costs money to step on a ladder in an orchard. This orchard owner finds that there is a waste of time in climbing up in order to reach the uppermost branches of the tree, so that it is considered advisable that effort should be made through pruning to start the head of the tree low and keep it low in order that the most profitable investment can be made out of the trees. It should be possible for several years to gather a large percentage of the crop from the ground or with a very low ladder. Nevertheless you can scarcely make a dwarf tree by any amount of pruning, and in every apple orchard ladders of some kind soon become a necessity.

HANDY TYPES OF LADDERS

Of all the numerous styles of ladders, some form of step ladder is best adapted to the orchard, whether the welfare of the tree is considered or the comfort of the picker. Any ladder which must be set against the tree is a constant menace to it. Probably the best type of tall step ladders is one having three legs, two comprising the legs of the ladder proper and the third acting as its support. It is easily set up securely on uneven ground and the wide spread of legs at the bottom makes it especially stable. For work on tall trees the Japanese style of ladder, in which the steps converge to a point at the top is easy to manipulate. Lightest of all the tall ladders is a single rail with pegs projecting from the sides, but it is least safe and comfortable for the user, and is not liable to become widely used.

Every picker has his own opinion as to the best style of receptacle in which to place the freshly picked fruits. Buckets, baskets and bags have their devotees, and some even go so far as to provide the pickers with coal scuttles. The latter, however, too strongly suggest pouring and such rough treatment is not to be thought of with apples any more so than with eggs. Where bags are used, as is commonly the case, they should be lined with burlap though this should not cause any relaxation of care in placing fruit in them. Bags are open to the objection that the fruit in them is easily bruised where the bag brushes against a limb or ladder. The usual form of packing does not admit of removing the fruit except by pouring, and this is objectionable. The bottomless sack overcomes this difficulty as it allows the fruit to roll from the bottom when the chain is released. Such treatment might do with oranges, but with apples—never. The average picker could never withstand the temptation to let them shoot from the bag the moment the foreman's back was turned.

THE IDEAL PICKING BAG

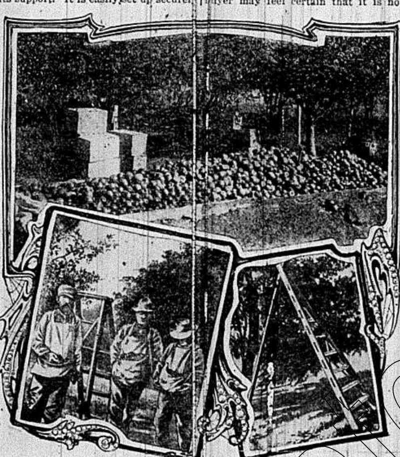
Perhaps the best picking bag is the apron bag. It is cheap, being easily made of a heavy grain sack, hangs in the most convenient position for filling and leaves both hands free. It

A SUBSTANTIAL THREE-LEGGER.

is so shallow that the first apples can be conveniently laid in it without dropping, and yet it holds all the wearer can carry, and finally cannot be emptied by pouring, unless the picker stands on his head. Clean boxes will help to bring better prices for apples, so that it is considered absolutely essential that the packer should use only boxes that are freshly made up of material that is white and clean. No man who takes pride in his business or cares for his reputation will pack fruit in old or soiled boxes. When these are hauled to market they should always be covered with a tarpaulin to keep off rain or dust. If box material is carried over from one year to another it should be carefully housed and covered to keep it clean and bright.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY

Two essentials of a perfect packing of apples are honesty and uniformity—that is the apples in the middle or bottom of the pack, whether it be a box or barrel, should be just as good as those on top and all perfect: all of an even size and properly colored and every package packed with the same degree of care and skill, so that the buyer may feel certain that it is not



APPLE SCENES IN IDAHO.
Picking Aprons and Ladders Designed by the Idaho Experiment Station.

a case of sight unseen. Attractive labels add much to the appearance of the boxes, and are a valuable means of advertising and building up a special trade. Whether labelled or not, however, the box should be marked on one end with the name of the variety and number of apples contained, and the grade, especially if the latter is anything but firsts.

HE SECURED TOP PRICES

That careful packing is as essential as good fruit may be gathered from a

SCENE IN AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD.
Drawn from a Photograph in Bulletin of Idaho Experiment Station.

story of a potato grower in Colorado a few years ago, when the crop of potatoes in the east was immense. Colorado had, as usual, raised many thousands of sacks, but found the price so low that it scarcely covered the freight charges. In the emergency "The Man of the Hour" appeared in the person of a grower who washed his potatoes carefully, put them up in neat 10-pound sacks with attractive labels and sent them on to Chicago. A very fancy price was asked, but the potatoes went off with a rush and netted the grower the highest returns he had ever received. Cases similar to this are known to most farmers. Very often the manner in which fruit and vegetables are put up has more influence on the price than quality itself.

Barnyard Manure.

For garden crops there is no fertilizer that will compare with good, well-rotted barnyard manure. In localities where a supply of such manure cannot be secured it will be necessary to depend upon commercial fertilizers, but the results are rarely so satisfactory. In selecting manure for the garden, care should be taken that it does not contain any element that will be injurious to the soil. An excess of sawdust or shavings used as bedding will have a tendency to produce sourness in the soil. Chicken, pigeon, and sheep manures rank high as fertilizers, their value being somewhat greater than ordinary barnyard manures, and almost as great as some of the lower grades of commercial fertilizers. The manure from fowls is especially adapted for dropping in the hills or rows of plants.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE VILLAGE.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE WITH NO TREES AND NO PLANTS IS AN ECONOMIC MISTAKE.

Government Bureau of Forestry Has Issued an Attractive, Illustrated Free Bulletin on School and Home Tree Planting.

Thousands of school houses entirely lack the simple surroundings that would insure beauty and contentment. We mean by this not a paucity in architectural design, but in the simple matter of beautification through planting, which, in many cases, can be attained by arousing the interest of the scholars themselves. Some city schools have no space for planting at all, although some contain a good arrangement of flower beds and shade trees. In the towns and villages, also, it is possible to point out many examples showing great care and attention. It is in the country, however, that the improved school ground is rarely found.

The ideal school ground; which should really be as much a part of the building itself, and where the pupils can be shown the wonderful operations of nature, serves two distinct purposes.

First, it becomes a technical laboratory, where the intelligent teacher can point out the marvelous chemical changes which occur with each appearance of the seasons—the starting of plant life, with the warm days of spring, the fuller growth of summer with its blossoms and fruit and the matured wood growth, when the leaves drop in the fall—a cycle in the plant's history and

Second, the influence that such study has upon the growing mind. With a reasonable amount of this sort of education, coupled with the three R's, the child will never develop the tendency to rip to pieces the shrubbery of his own home or dig out and trample under foot the young plants in the garden. Furthermore, he will likely take his school garden for his ideal, and use his influence to make the home yard its equal in appearance, if not its superior.

The object, too, of school yard planting is strictly utilitarian. School house, some of them splendid brick structures as well as sod house buildings, can be found which are absolutely devoid of tree or shrub planting. Both the winter winds and the summer heat operate upon them with unchecked violence. Why not plant trees and inaugurate the assistance of the pupils in so doing, which will not only act as wind breaks, but afford shade?

In connection with this subject the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture has issued a Farmer's Bulletin (No. 134) on Tree Planting for Rural School Gardens. This can be obtained without cost, by writing either Gifford Pinchot, Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or to your U. S. senator or member of Congress. It contains much information which is useful and outlines several practical plans for not only the beautification of barren school-grounds but for a primary study of forestry—tree planting and tree growth.

USE AND INFLUENCE OF TREES.

What a tremendous influence for good in every town, it would be, if every school boy and school girl should become interested in tree planting and shrub planting. Arbor Day has become a great institution. Its observance has resulted in the planting of millions of trees every spring. Suppose that it were universal, and that every child in every town should become as enthusiastic over the planting of a tree each year, and watching and attending to it, as he is over the observance of the Fourth of July, what a wonderful change, in a few years, would result in the appearance of most of our towns and villages.

Much can be done in the school toward making tree planting a success with the children. It is not enough that when Arbor Day rolls around a tree should be planted by each juvenile member of the family. Unless the youngsters realize that considerable care is required the first year or two, the trees will die, and unless they have been taught how to care for their trees, dead and dying specimens—failures—will distress and discourage the youthful mind, possibly beyond redemption. But with reasonable attention the poorest and the rockiest soils can be made to produce good trees.

A SCHOOL TREE NURSERY.

Certainly there could be nothing more fascinating than the starting of a tree nursery, of several good varieties, in each school ground. These nurseries could be started from the actual seed, acorns, beech nuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, seeds from fir cones, and the seeds of other trees thriving in the locality, and all these could be gathered by the children, and brought in and planted by them. Then after they had reached the proper age for transplanting, say two years, the class would, in an afternoon, visit a dozen homes, and participate in the transplanting of the seedlings, into their permanent locations. There is an inherent love for such things in the American youth. It is a wonderful thing, when you think about it, to take a bit of a seed, put it in moist soil, see it sprout, and then watch it through the progress of years come forth a tender shoot, grow into a sturdy sapling, and finally become a great tree, leaving forth each year and affording shade and comfort for the occupants of the home. If the young mind grows up among such scenes and amid such environment, it will prove a mighty factor in the material prosperity of the community.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

Lecturer Advocates Small Independent Homes, Each on a Acre of Land

An address on "The Significance of the Country Home" was delivered by Edward H. Chandler, secretary of the Twentieth Century Club at the recent graduating exercises of the School of Domestic Science of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. In advocating a deliberate system of training, nature study by means of school gardens, he said: Most important of all is the beginning of a national movement for the making of "homecrofts" or small independent homes with perhaps an acre to enable each family to find out the true values of rural life. It would be an absurd error to suppose that such homes are now lacking. There are multitudes throughout the land. What is new is that these homes are coming at last to their own. Instead of continuing to be the insignificant haunts of one's childhood, of which one who has risen to distinction is expected to be a little ashamed, they are being sought out as typical of the best in home life and as models to be reproduced in essentials with some adaptations to the new needs of the times.

FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

To grow up, Mr. Chandler said, with the flowers and shrubs and trees and to learn to care for the birds, squirrels, rabbits and domestic animals is a training whose influence on character can never be over-estimated. An acre of ground is enough for Nature's purposes if he who lives on it wishes to be her pupil and helper. The country home makes possible the simplicity of living and fosters true democracy. It is both noteworthy and somewhat pathetic that hosts of city dwellers should rush to welcome and listen to the prophet of the simple life who came to us from France. Yet he had no other message than that of the country home. Live among the real things of life in contact with elementary forces. Live above conventionality. Learn to be simple in your tastes and straightforward in your motives. Be a good neighbor and a true friend. This is the life which the country home fosters. There you may not have so much money to handle, but you do not need it. Ostentatious display kills the spirit of such a home. Democracy is talked of in the city but it is felt in the country. A town meeting is the highest type of democracy yet attained. There is a common interest which binds all country dwellers together. But who are so far separated and indifferent to each others' needs as the various tenants of a city tenement or apartment house?

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS.

Not all who live in the country realize its significance. Here and there is a decadent home and a degenerate family. But all over the world the strength of nations is found among those who have been fostered near to nature and have become free beings by working together in honest labor. This is a home ideal to be placed among the highest. There is little danger of its over emphasis. No matter what one's work or how heavily the burden of the city presses the determination to live on the home acre in the country may easily become almost the most powerful influence in making a successful life!"

Parking for the Town.

The town parks, or the town or village square are the lungs of its citizens.

If the town is growing, it is none too soon to start a movement to provide for the securing of ample town parking. The land is increasing; when the town has doubled and has become a small city, it will not be so easy to secure sites, readily accessible to the people, without paying an exorbitant price. Secure first the land; it is not important that a large amount of money should be at once expended upon its beautification, possibly it needs but little, since nature may have made it more beautiful than can man. It is not necessary that it should be transformed into carpet beds of flowers and trimly kept lawns. If it affords sunlight and a green relief of grass and trees for the eye, it becomes a civilizer and an equalizer, for the poor as well as the wealthy, a resting place where a man may forget, for the time, some of his struggles and his anxieties in a contemplation of what God has made.

The park should be kept, in fact, as natural as is consistent with its use as such. It is never too early, however, to secure its site, with a view to the building up of the community, when land values will necessarily increase.

Distribution of Immigrants the Solution.

If there were only some practicable way of distributing immigration more equally among all the ports of the country the congestion and segragation phases of this problem would be nearer solution. It can be accomplished in but a small degree, since it will only be done if answering an economic demand, as in the case of the Galveston-Bremen service. Wise and well organized effort to induce immigrants to pass through the large ports by finding and insuring them employment in the interior and by informing them of opportunities elsewhere, will do much to improve conditions. The self-interest of states, many of which maintain immigration agencies, might also be brought more generally into play to attract the industrious and ambitious new comers to their farms and smaller towns.

Improving School Grounds.

In Rochester, N. Y., the school authorities grade and sod the school yards, while the shrubbery and other planting is by private effort in conjunction with the school children. Ample land is furnished for decorative playground purposes, and most exemplary results have been obtained.

Poor Chance in the Cities.

Life in a metropolis makes young children sharp, but not clever; it often destroys their chance of ever being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally; it makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm; they are apt to grow blase, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; and they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.

JOB OFFICE WANTED.

I WANT TO LEASE—A good job or newspaper office in live town of 1500 or over. I will pay monthly rental (in advance each month), until January 1, '07, when substantial payment will be made. Address A. I. Boreman—Colo, Iowa.

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