

# TAX NOTICE

I will meet the Tax Payers of the Third and Fourth districts at the following places:

Irvington	Aug. 30
Webster	Sept. 1
Lodiburg	Sept. 5
Stephensport	Sept. 7
Chenault	Sept. 11
Mooleyville	Sept. 12
Frymire	Sept. 14

to collect your taxes

**S. W. Bassett, D. S.**

## For Safekeeping

The vaults of this bank are an ideal depository for business men and others who appreciate the advantage of a checking account with a strong bank. Our courteous and accurate service, and the security afforded, make such a connection a real business convenience. Won't you come in and see us about starting an account?

**THE FARMERS BANK, :: Hardinsburg, Ky.**  
J. D. SHAW, Cashier.

## RURAL TELEPHONES

Mr. Farmer, are you interested? If so, call on the manager of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company and have him explain the special "Farmers Line" rate.

**CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
(Incorporated.)

## The Aftermath

of being a spendthrift is rather unpleasant. It usually means poverty to the man who throws his money away wastefully.

Better let us take care of it for you in the vaults of this bank

We pay interest on time deposits.

**FIRST STATE BANK, :: Irvington, Ky.**  
J. C. PAYNE, Cashier

### KILL OFF THE RATS.

It's a Mighty Big Job, but Black Death Looks on and Waits.

"The pneumonic plague is due to the marmot. The marmot lives in the Lake Balkal region. Kill it off—and it can easily be killed off—and the pneumonic plague will disappear forever."

The speaker, a bacteriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, resumed: "The bubonic plague is due to the rat. Kill the rat off and the bubonic plague will disappear. But to kill off the rat!"

He made a gesture of despair.

"A litter of rats," he said, "numbers thirteen. Of these six will be does. A doe rat will have her first litter at the age of three months and thereafter another litter every six weeks all through the year, winter and summer alike. Thus if every member of these litters survive the progeny of one pair of rats in a year would number 25,000.

"They don't number that, of course, but they number something like it, and if our millionaire philanthropists don't help us to exterminate our parasites—our rats and mice, our cats and dogs—if they don't help us to exterminate all animals save those that are of direct value to us—why, some day another black death will nearly, will perhaps completely, exterminate civilization."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### NOTICE

Breckinridge Circuit Court.  
R. L. Newsom, Executrix Plaintiff  
against  
Breckinridge Bank, etc. Def'ts.

All persons having claims against the estate of R. L. Newsom, deceased, will appear and prove their claims before me, the undersigned Commissioner and receiver on or before the first day of September, 1911. This is the tenth day of July, 1911.—Lee Walls, Commissioner and Receiver.

### Seemed to Give Him a New Stomach.

"I suffered intensely after eating and no medicine or treatment I tried seemed to do any good," writes H. M. Young-peters, Editor of The Sun, Lake View, Ohio. "The first few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gave me surprising relief and the second bottle seemed to give me a new stomach and perfectly good health." For sale by all dealers.

### Easy Enough.

Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago to take the cars east on his way to rejoin his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped on the steps of a car, but was stopped by an Irishman with: "Ye can't go in there."  
"Why not?" asked the general.  
"Because them's a leddies' car, and no gentleman 'll be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan sate in that car over there if yees want it."  
"Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"  
"Oh, yer staff!" was the reply. "Go take the sate and stick yer staff out of the windy."

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

### NOTICE.

Please do not ask us to send you the News without paying for it, cash in advance.—John D. Babbage.

**We Do Neat Job Work**

# The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1910.  
By Anna Katharine Robins

### CHAPTER XIII.

ON IT WAS WRITTEN—

**S**WEETWATER'S night's rest had not benefited him. He had seemed natural enough all through the lengthy conference, but a half hour later any one who knew him well would have seen at a first glance that his spirits were no longer at par.

When at 2 o'clock he entered the clubhouse grounds it was without buoyancy or any of the natural animation with which he usually went about his work. He wandered down on the golf links. Taking out his watch, he satisfied himself that he had time for an experiment and immediately started for Cutbert road. An hour later he came wandering back on a different line. He looked soured, disappointed. When near the building again he cast his eye over its rear and gazed long and earnestly at the window which had been pointed out to him as the one from which a possible light had shone forth that night. There were no trees on this side of the house—only vines. But the vines were bare of leaves and offered no obstruction to his view. "If there had been a light in that window any one leaving this house by the rear would have seen it unless he had been drunk or a fool," muttered Sweetwater, in contemptuous comment to himself. "Arthur Cumberland's story is one lie. I'll take the district attorney's suggestion and return to New York tonight. My work's done here."

Yet he hung about the links for a long time and finally ended by entering the house and taking up his stand beneath the long narrow window of the closet overlooking the golf links. With chin resting on his arms, he stared out over the sill and sought from the space before him and from the intricacies of his own mind the hint he lacked to make this present solution of the case satisfactory to all his instincts.

What was that he saw in the vines—not on the snow of the ground, but halfway up in the tangle of small branches clinging close to the stone of the lower story, just beneath this window?

He surely could see—something that glistened, something that could only have got there by falling from this window. Could he reach it? No; he would have to climb up from below to do that. Well, that was easy enough.

With the thought, he at once rushed from the room. In another minute he was beneath that window; had climbed, pulled, pushed his way up; had found the little pocket of netted vines observable from above; had thrust in his fingers and worked a small object out; had looked at it, uttered an exclamation curious in its mixture of



"A VIAL," HE EXCLAIMED.

suppressed emotions and let himself down again into the midst of the two or three men who had scented the adventure and hastened to be witnesses of its outcome.

"A vial," he exclaimed, "an empty vial, but"—holding the little bottle up between his thumb and forefinger, he turned it slowly about until the label faced them.

On it was written one word, but it was a word which invariably carries alarm with it.

That word was poison. Sweetwater did not return to New York that night.

"I regret to disturb you, Arthur, but my business is of great importance and should be made known to you at once."

Sullen and un mollified, the young man thus addressed eyed apprehensively his father's old friend, placed so unfortunately in his regard, and morosely exclaimed:

"Out with it! I'm a poor hand at guessing. What has happened now?"

"A discovery—a somewhat serious one, I fear; at least it will force the police to new action. Your sister may not have died entirely from strangulation. Other causes may have been at work!"

"Now, what do you mean by that?" Arthur Cumberland was under his own roof and in presence of one who should have inspired his respect, but he made no effort to hide the fury which these words called up. "I

should like to know what devilry is in your minds now. Am I never to have peace?"

"Peace and tragedy do not often run together," came in the mild tones of his would be friend. "Mr. Ranelagh's assertion that he found Miss Cumberland dead when he approached her may not be, as so many now believe, the reckless denial of a criminal disturbed in his act. It may have had a basis in fact."

"I don't believe it. Nothing will make me believe it," stormed the other, jumping up and wildly pacing the drawing room floor. "It is all a scheme for saving the most popular man in society. But you haven't told me your discovery. It seems to me it is a little late to make discoveries now."

"This was brought about by the persistence of Sweetwater. He seems to have an instinct for things. He was leaning out of the window at the rear of the clubhouse—the window of that small room where your sister's coat was found—and he saw, caught in the vines beneath, a little bottle, an apothecary's vial. It was labeled 'Poison' and it came from this very house."

"How do you know that vial came from this house?"

Dr. Perry looked up, astonished. He was prepared for the most frantic ebullitions of wrath, for violence even, or for dull, stupid, blank silence. But this calm, quiet question of fact took him by surprise. He dropped his anxious look and replied:

"It has been seen on the shelves by more than one of your servants. Your sister kept it with her medicines, and the druggist with whom you deal remembers selling it some time ago to a member of your family."

"Which member? I don't believe this story; I don't believe any of your"—He was fast verging on violence now.

"You will have to, Arthur. Facts are facts, and we cannot go against them. The person who bought it was yourself. Perhaps you can recall the circumstance now."

"I cannot." He did not seem to be quite master of himself. "I don't know half the things I do; at least, I didn't use to. But what are you coming to? Are you going to call it suicide? You can't, with those marks on her throat."

"We're going to carry out our investigations to the full. We're going to hold the autopsy, which we didn't think necessary before. That's why I am here, Arthur. I thought it your due to know our intentions in regard to this matter. If you wish to be present you have only to say so; if you do not you may trust me to remember that she was your father's daughter as well as my own highly esteemed friend."

Shaken to the core, the young man sat down.

"My duty is here," he said at last. "I cannot leave Carmel."

"The autopsy will take place tomorrow. How is Carmel today?"

"No better." The words came with a shudder. "Doctor, I've been a brute to you. I am a brute! I have misused my life and have no strength with which to meet trouble. What you propose to do with—Adelaide is horrible to me. I didn't love her much while she was living, but if I could have saved her body this last humiliation I would willingly die right here and now and be done with it. Must this autopsy take place?"

"It must."  
"Then tell them to lock up every bottle the house holds or I cannot answer for myself. I should like to drink and drink till I knew nothing, cared for nothing, was a madman or a beast."

"You will not drink." The coroner's voice rang deep; he was greatly moved. "You will not drink, and you will come to the office at 5 o'clock tomorrow. We may have only good news to impart. We may find nothing to complicate the situation."

Arthur Cumberland shook his head. "It's not what you will find"—said he, and stopped, biting his lips and looking down.

Twenty-four hours later, in the coroner's office, sat an anxious group discussing the great case and the possible revelations awaiting them. The district attorney, Mr. Clifton, the chief of police and one or two others, among them Sweetwater, made up the group and carried on the conversation. Dr. Perry only was absent. He had undertaken to make the autopsy and had been absent for this purpose several hours.

Five o'clock had struck, and they were momentarily looking for his appearance, but when the door opened, as it did at this time, it was to admit young Cumberland, whose white face and shaking limbs betrayed his suspense and nervous anxiety.

The door opened again and the coroner appeared, looking not so much depressed as stunned. Picking out Arthur from the group, he advanced toward him with some commonplace remark, but desisted suddenly and turned upon the others instead.

## Life Saver

In a letter from Branchland, W. Va., Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman says: "I suffered from womanly troubles nearly five years. All the doctors in the county did me no good. I took Cardui, and now I am entirely well. I feel like a new woman. Cardui saved my life! All who suffer from womanly trouble should give Cardui a trial."

## Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

50 years of proof have convinced those who tested it, that Cardui quickly relieves aches and pains due to womanly weakness, and helps nature to build up weak women to health and strength. Thousands of women have found Cardui to be a real life saver. Why not test it for your case? Take Cardui today!

"I have finished the autopsy," said he. "I knew just what poison the vial had held and lost no time in my various tests. A minute portion of this drug, which is dangerous only in large quantities, was found in the stomach of the deceased, but not enough to cause serious trouble, and she died, as we already decided, from the effect of the murderous clutch upon her throat. But," he went on sternly as young Cumberland moved and showed signs of breaking in with one of his violent invectives against the supposed assassin, "I made another discovery of still greater purport. When we lifted the body out of its resting place something besides withered flowers slid from her breast and fell at our feet. The ring, gentlemen—the ring which Ranelagh says was missing from her hand when he came upon her and which certainly was not on her finger when she was laid in the casket—rolled to the floor when we moved her. Here it is. There is one person here, at least, who can identify it. But I do not ask that person to speak. That we may well spare him."

He laid the ring on the table, not too near Arthur, not within reach of his hand, but close enough for him to see it. Then he sat down and hid his face in his hands. The last few days had told on him. He looked older by ten years than he had at the beginning of the month.

The silence which followed these words and this action was memorable



"THE KING, GENTLEMEN."

to everybody there concerned. Some had seen and all had heard of young Cumberland's desperate interruption of the funeral and the way his hand had invaded the flowers which the children had cast in upon her breast. When at last Arthur looked up it was with a dazed air and an almost humble mien.

"Providence has me this time," he muttered. "I don't understand these mysteries. You will have to deal with them as you think best."

Turning away, he made for the door. There was in his manner desperation approaching to bravado, but no man made the least effort to detain him. Not till he was well out of the room did any one move; then the district attorney raised his finger, and Arthur Cumberland did not ride back to his home alone.

To be continued

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Head aches? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

## DR. H. J. BOONE

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