THE MERCURY

Established 1867

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

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Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance)	$2.00
Six Months (in advance)	1.00
Three Months (in advance)	.45

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1925

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."
—Tennyson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The tumult and the shouting of the seekers after office is tumultuous and exciting to many who take it seriously, as this is written. Somehow one wonders why it is exciting, but it seems to be gained that neither gambling, racing, cockfighting, nor the last of the prize ring moves men, and women, as these days, to forget all else in an overwhelming berserker rage to win. In fact the friendly non-seeker or agt to get a sword-thrust or so as he stood peacefully on the side-lines moving one to heartfelt agreement with the late Judge Mulligan, in his statement concerning the intensive quality of politics, in Kentucky.

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As witness, in the "unpleasantness" now going on between blood brothers of the party of Thomas Jefferson, The Mercury has sat on the side-lines without shouting a shout for either side, yet we have been kept busy avoiding sundry "rushes" and "foul tackles." Being loth to all violence, seeing wood and saying nothing in a primary election of Democrats is no easy matter for a newspaper. However like we have "done our dernders," and when "rosy Dawn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top" on the Run-day which will follow next Saturday, we doubt, despite the result of the balloting, we shall greet that lady with sigh of heartfelt relief.

* * *

And the Lord willing, we mean to go to the "mountains," as we call them, concretely, for they are but "knobs" and the beginnings of the Cumberlands. But they are very beautiful and peaceful and a Sunday spent under the shade of the chestnuts overhanging the great rocks, frequently the bed of a rushing torrent, but usually dry and where dinner may be smoked over an impertured stove, is going to be our antidote for the fever of too much politics.

* * *

Recently the Lexington Herald published an editorial on the beauties of Oil Springs, a really lovely spot, just over the hill from our home, this Sunday eating place, Hollywood Springs. There is a rambling old building at Oil Springs and usually an excellent dinner and feeding in old fashioned bed rooms to be had. The curative properties of the waters there are remarkable and no doubt were known to the Indians, as the Herald states. The place has been known to the people of Clark and Powell and Montgomery for many, many years and many writers are the stories of some cures which have been effected there. Some day the beauties of the spot and the value of the waters will be capitalized and advertised.

* * *

But somehow we prefer our own Hollywood, "over the Mountain." Here a cold and really wonderful sulphur water trickles into a little basin, lower from the solid rock. The hill rises sheer over the spring and from its summit one may look out upon gently rolling fields, the beginnings of the Bluegrass. Here we cook dinner upon the rocks, and one has not tasted bacon until one has speared the fragrant morsel on a willow switch and cooked it over a wood fire. Nor does the most practised connoisseur of coffee know that delightful beverage until he has tasted the ambrosia which a "hoeping tablespoonful to the cup" mixed with water from the little basin under the hill can produce. Boyhood memories add to our zest for this spot, no doubt, memories of an asperity whetted by liberal potions of sulphur water, of fried chicken and old ham and a leg of mutton, of hot biscuits and strawberry preserves, all of which and more graced the table on camping trips we made there years ago. And then there was a rock bass which once defied our efforts there. He lay in a small pool just below a miniature waterfall and we finally trapped him to take a "soft crew," a huge pink fellow, after minnows and flies had failed. He left us, we remember, rather suddenly, shaking the water from his silvery sides and taking the hook and the spliced strands of a snood with him. That fish grows larger as the years pass and if the writer is ever so fortunate as to achieve the days of "chimney corner" it will have become a leviathan no doubt. It was a nice fish though, if we do say it.

* * *

Standing upon the steep cliff-side of the hill over the spring, with the last pastures of the Indian Old Fields to his left and the gently rolling country before, we have always liked to believe that Daniel Boone first looked upon the tablelands of Kentucky and that musing upon the wonders of Gulliver's Travels, which he had read by the light of the camp-fire the previous night, he named the rocky creek below him Lullibegrud. Those who know but little of the old pioneer stood on Pilot View knob and first viewed the promised land, They are right, no doubt, but we prefer to cling to our childhood illusions, which help enhance life, and be gainsaid few being left to folk, as the writer of time spins on.

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No doubt you would be disappointed with our Hollywood. Perhaps you would prefer with no strong a potion of memories. But if you have looked "over a wood fire," if you love the murmur of a gay waterfall, the dark smell of mouldy leaf carpets, and the quiet of primeval woodlands; if meeting the Maryland Yellowthroat and the Summer Tanager is an adventure to you, then some day you may wish to join us in "taking the waters" there.

* * *

Mr. Bryan dies suddenly and the secret of it all is known to him, so it only may be known by those who have passed beyond that "bourne from which no traveler returns." A remarkable man, a great American, in the best sense of the designation of his convictions always. Frequently wrong leading futile hopes, he died as he lived, fighting for what he believed to be right. We may disagree, we often have disagreed with the man who champions his beliefs with such tenacity, but we must accord him our admiration. May his soul bring to him peaceful rest in his long home."

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The Lexington Herald says, quite truly, we believe, that the importance of the visit of President Coolidge to be held on the Experiment Station farm on August 5-6, cannot be exaggerated. The Mercury hopes that the farmers of Nicholas will manifest interest in their own business to attend these meetings in our county agent. If, as has been said, "alfalfa is the golden appearing of many who are looking for a cash crop that will replace part of the tobacco they have been depending on," then this visit to the Experiment Station is a golden opportunity for every farmer to visit, hear and see, which may mean dollars in his purse.

* * *

What will we do with the money to come from the boutteeuse crops, or the Mr. Sterling Advocate and Democrat puts its very question by reply ing: "Pay taxes." One wonders if there will ever come a time when we will pay taxes, any taxes, willingly. Naturally excessive taxes are to be opposed without compliance or rebellion, but neither we think will moderate and just taxes be paid grudgingly. Certainly all taxes are a feeling that he is being done out of something that belongs to him, for which he receives no return. We are all of us, seemingly, too close to that time when government was in the hands of the individual, might was right and the strongest arm and most cunningly made stone hammer prevailed. It seems to The Mercury that the meetings of educating people as to why taxes are paid and to for what would happen if no one paid them, might be valuable.

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"Roast men with dressing" appears in the menu of a dining palace in a nearby city, which specializes in specialty of poultry in its bill of fare. It is an innovation that appals. Roast men are common enough. Ash are roasted and carried man. But the grilling is generally done without the advantage of any kind, unless one would call the genteel drowning down, which usually accompanies the instauration, a garnish. —E. S. Fitzhugh, in Wilmore Enterprise.

Why not? And one wonders if a fear of jumping into the frying-pan has rendered this really charming bachelor, "pas shy," so to speak. They tread either toeltsome delicacies, do the dear things, beside their husbands and knowing the fondness of Col. Fitzhugh for a good dinner, one marvels at the restraint the dear old fellow has exhibited in the face of the blandishments of the cute and coy marvels.

* * *

Says the Cynthiana Democrat:

The Elizabethtown News Tuesday, in its columns on the front page somewhat similar to this column, remarked that the editor was tired writing such personals and if he knew readers were tired, too, he would quit. Here is a reply Friday:

"I see in Tuesday's paper that you say you are tired of writing the editorial comment in The News, and that if your readers are tired, too, you will quit. I am sick and tired of reading such bunk. Leave it out and give us something worth reading."

The News was foolish to play with dynamite. We do not invite an expression on "Pert and Personal" and if we receive how tired. But if anyone wishes to improve the column, we invite him to do so.

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We'll venture to say that no one has tried harder to imitate Mr. Jim Allen's "pert and Personal" column than we have, (which is not cousin,' but French for "local"), in our efforts to fill columns of this kind, in our opinion.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

(Kipling)

When Earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall rest
It—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Peace;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They are!

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

THE QUAIL

By Zella Wigert

Agricultural Extension Department, University of Kentucky, Lexington.

No bird is more popular than "Bob White," as the quail is known to equal. We are learning now how exaggerated. The Mercury hopes that the farmers of Nicholas will manifest interest in their own business to attend these meetings in our county agent. If, as has been said, "alfalfa is the golden appearing of many who are looking for a cash crop that will replace part of the tobacco they have been depending on," then this visit to the Experiment Station is a golden opportunity for every farmer to visit, hear and see, which may mean dollars in his purse.

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30 Years Ago

Thursday, August 6, 1895

Carlisle Band under leadership of A. A. Duncan engaged to play at Ewing Fair this year.

Walter S. Potts sustains painful injuries when a fall which he was driving attacked him.

James Dunn, L. & N. conductor, knocked from his train by a cattle guard near town, sustaining painful injuries.

Senator J. C. S. Blackburn speaks to the largest crowd ever seen in the court house in Carlisle, on Saturday afternoon.

Dan Mitchell, Malcolm Repke, Sanford Carpenter and Oscar Hamm among Nicholas county people who took premiums at Shelbyburg Fair last week.

William Carter narrowly escapes drowning while attempting to ford the river near Blue Lick Springs. He was washed from his buggy and but barely was drowned.

Married—Miss Julia Ockerman and Mr. John M. McLean, both of this county, on August 5.—Miss Margie Maher and Mr. James Mitchell, both of this county, on August 7.

Died—Mrs. Sallie Bell, at her home near Headquarters, on August 5.—Mrs. John O'Connell, 57, at her home in this city, on August 5.—Mrs. B. H. Smith, 73, at her home near Jacktown on August 4.—Mrs. Mary Monger, 75, at her home in this city, on August 5.

QUOTES LAW ON PRIMARY

(Shelby News)

The State Attorney General issued a statement at Frankfort Tuesday, in which he made plain the law governing the Democratic primary to be held August 1st. In substance his follows:

Primaries are limited to members of parties. Disfranchisement from a primary does not prevent voting in November. Voters who have participated in the ballot of the Democratic ticket, but who cast full ballot the Republican ticket, thereby forfeited their right to participate in the Democratic ballot in the coming primary. Voting the Republican ticket thereby automatically became members of that party until the next November election. Voters are not eligible to participate in the selection of Democratic nominees during the period.

In conformance with the law, six voters who are unopposed or having voted against one or more of the Democratic nominees in November will be challenged and required to swear before the following oath before a Democratic ballot is issued to them.

Oath—State of Kentucky, County of Shelby, ss: I do solemnly swear that I am of the age of more than 21 years; that I shall be 21 years of age on the date of the General Election of 1923.) that I have not voted the Republican ticket at the November election of 1923.) that I have not voted the Republican ticket at the November election of 1923.) that I have not voted the Republican ticket at the November