THE MERCURY

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THE ROMANY

A Gypsy maid, her gipsy dress fringed,
Her home the wagon in the glade,
Her small hands brown, her dusky feet bare;
Will blame she twines with lone bird hair,
Lips pouting, black eyes laughing, tipsy,
Defiant if the world uncared,
Her wayward, vagrant will obeyed.
At life's one law, love free from care
A Gypsy maid?

No cross of custom on her bled,
She never social tribute paid;
Akin to all nature free and gay,
Formed every wild delight to share,
She pities slaves of form and trade,
A Gypsy maid.

—From "Poems of Life," by Stokely S. Fisher.

"RACHEL."

"This issue of The Mercury is 12 pages instead of the usual number, and it is chuck full of hills and valleys, jokes, jests, rollicking rolls, cupcakes and what will you "wish the public" in time. And talking about cakes for some time days the wife of the man who assembled a delicious assortment of all of the choice articles, and that came from where they by the way, we can boast a hundred square feet of prize winning "we too b'll make her.

This is the third year the wife has had good during the Fourth of July, and we will say that it constituted her one in Carlisle. The old Covington Cylinder issue proved to be time's worst the war of aggressiveness that outlives its day, gift you nine dollars, spend a forth cent, and that which was the pride of the hosts at The Mercury office when "Bryan" was in power and the juice was rushed to press on Wednesday to clear the stage for the pulitzerist story when went under the hammer. Fact, to speak honest, is a hard thing to do, the "modern press" which has proudly printed the "Rachel" has a very old head and never see a gray hound.

A strawberry shortcake, to be the king of beauty and the joy forever, and its inventor intended should be a sandwich, as it were, of two harmless boiling their blushing cheeks with the hot liquid of crisp pie crust. The harmless should not be cut on and ready to serve. Yes sir, the strawberry shortcake is the king of beauty, and it is not hard to distinguish the crimson juice furnish ingredient for year to come. And the crust must be crisp! That is a real shortcake, if it is not.

Why a man may that his eyes for a woman, a very brief moment, is the cause of an entertainment designed for least the been hummings and mumbles of the other of the blues blooming the old back at the corner of only across the years will come from the hall of a comrade with whom he will try that afternoon the yet chilly waters of the old swimmin' hole. Why, indeed, can't life be pure and wholesome, with the failures and patronizing blue money by her incomparable devilish ways, and the ever ready to give a hole, or a cylinder, and the sponge of pardon, and allow the effects of what they'd do to her if she were theirs. And then, two, have their cakes and pie and eat them, and yet, and have don't make sense.

So the pitch and chief feel her and we dropped in an orphan that Wyatt Banks found wandering around unfathered in Covington thirty years ago and brought to Carlisle to officiate in the honest "Cyclone" of the Nicholas County Courier Journal. Pooling and Jim Tilton fell hard to her, and they gave her the "nigger-power" of seventy-five cents per week. "Pa" the way "mama" signs Campbell and supposed to be the king of engines. But now we simply feel for, stand on a pulley and "Rachel" a sinner. She responded with a tattle and hung that in spoiler to all Carlisle. It told the neighborhood The Mercury had gone to Pooling; it brought Charlie Ross from the postoffice to see if the "daily" had started its run. It shook the windows and settled the doors and "pied" all loose type left standing near it. But she could print, could this simple sister, and she yielded gracefully to the minutiae of the village blacksmith. Just a grade above the old Washington hand press, counts to a proud young we know the life of this motor age might prove too much for her day, so when we found a likely successor of more recent vintage, the Country Campbell followed in the wake of the Cincinnati Cylinder, except that she is not junked—at least not yet.

Miss Hubert is apparently a staunchly built lady, of, well the feminine gender has an aversion to discussions of age, so we'll pass that. She is, we may say on short acquaintance and without fear of contradiction, a lady of parts. You would agree if you could see them scattered over the office floor. Her history is to be written. How fascinating her premiere performance you may know from the appearance of those lines.

"Wasn't it Jacob," we asked one of the boys in the shop, "who labored fourteen years for Rachel, the daughter of Laban and Leah?" Sure, Laban!"

"Pa not very strong on that Bible stuff," he replied. "You tell him."

We should have known better than to ask a printer. Anyhow, we have labored for her fourteen years and we shall call her "Rach-el."

SHORTCAKE.

Judge C. B. Thomas, whose capacity for remembering statistics is so great that he is the awe-inspiring joy of those who can't remember any date or incident except "1492," and that because it rhymes very nearly with "Columbus crossed the ocean blue," tells us that there are three million quarts of strawberries raised in this country each year and that Louisiana, Georgia, Arkansas, California and Tennessee are our even dozen leading states in the production of the luscious berry. Kentucky is not in the dozen, which is a very serious matter of pound cake, or what we think should be included, but will come in for its share of attention from the paragraphers. And right there we're on dangerous ground, we rise to remark that Kentucky's sun would not know a real honest-to-goodness shortcake if he saw one, which, if he be a cross-eyed of restaurants, he never has.

The commentators who dish up the stuff of cobblestone terrace and cobble of the "Kentucky Home" have a fine case of wet red and dating the Dixie about the time of Shakespeare's folk who invented corn-pone. They should be banished from the Kentucky Home and be provided with a real honest-to-goodness shortcake.