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DAYS

(Karle Wilson Baker)

Some days my thoughts are just cocoons—all cold, and dead, and blind,
They hang from dripping branches in the gray woods of my mind;

And other days they drift and shine—each free and flying things!
I find the gold-dust in my hair, left by their brushing wings.

FIDDLERS OF FIELD AND TREE

Have you noted the calm which comes with Nature's middle age, the drowsy August days? Many feathered songsters of spring and early summer grow voiceless, for love time, nesting and the cares of family are over. The cheery vireo which rang to the evening song of the cathird, when the red cheeses hung in festoons about a nest of fledglings, is silent now. The chatter of martins grows faint and early-hatched colonies begin to droop year. Whisperings of the Change, there, too faint for human ears to note.

But if the days are being drained of bird songs now, the nights have become vocal with the chorus of the insects. Fiddlers of the grass and trees, there is a harmony, yet not a song, the voiceless chorus being produced by the rubbing of wings, the drawing of a leg bow like across a fawning violin. All through the summer's night the chorus drones in a cadence grown soothing, so used have the ears of country dwellers become to these insect musicians.

Throughout August and early September the cadence of the tiny fiddlers swells, diminishing gradually as the musicians drop out one by one, until a sprinkling frost silences these valiant "fingers" of the fields and trees. It is their swan-song and Nature's assurance that they sing under the hot August sun, through the silvery moonlit August nights, softly fiding, fading softly, sweetly, until only the plaintive, creaking lullaby of the frail little tree-cricket is heard as Nature rings down the curtain on her Symphony of Summer.

FLABBERGASTING GEORGE.

"Words are women, deeds are men," wrote George Herbert in the seventeenth century.

But then George was not gifted with prophetic foresight to look a few centuries ahead. The old boy had not learned that the "female" of the species is more deadly than the male." Though surely he had had, with the other gay young blades of his day, experience to prove Mr. Kipling's verity.

George didn't know Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen and Mrs. Ferguson. And George couldn't possibly, by any stretch of his imagination, have gotten a mental concept of Gertrude Ederle.

If he had, he wouldn't have written that line, for our bouncing bobber's daughter, in unobtrusively swimming the English channel and incidentally smashing to smithereens the records of the five score men who had performed the feat, has shown that woman can be the "deadly" sex, proving old George a wordy accuracy after all.

Nah for "Fradie!" We, for one, are sad afraid that the sex will become a race of athletic Amazons, because they begin to excel at sport heretofore reserved for the male. Not so long as the Universal Mother puts magic into the eyes tips of baby fingers. And not so long as line is made and clothes cloth and ribbons to wear and there be mirrors to look in. Chances are our Gertrude is as much interested at the finding of a partner-lorly attractive Paris bonnet as she is over her heroic forty-mile swim.

SO THIS IS PARIS

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

Redolent with the acrid breath of the stock yards, the chilling blast of the usual Chicago reportorial ignorance has swept across the proud little villages which nestles so peacefully at the confluence of Stoner and Houston creeks. And we of the "hills," we of the manhunted-about land of the blackberry and the cotton-tail rabbit, are distressed for our neighbor.

Right rapidly has the quarrel it all these years at the metropole of a country upon which God must have smiled in joy at the perfection of his handiwork. For more than a century she has sat serene, queening it over the perfect beauty of rolling fields, of peaceful woodlands, in which the copper kettle grazed. From the purple seed pods of her lush pastures have sprung valiant swards of bluegrass in far distant States and other climes and from the fruit of her waving corn fields master craftsmen, decades ago, extracted a mellow fluid, imprisoned in its amber depths the warmth of summer sunlight and gave the world Old Bourbon. Also the fleetest fickleness of fame!

For comes a bright young man of the Chicago Herald-Examiner with the assurance of youth and an ignorance of geography delightful to infantile, and refers to our neighbor Paris, capital of that country in all the glittering galaxy of the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky which knows herself to be the "rock upon" is the impregnable God of Country, as a "Mountain town!"

We are distressed for you, our sister! Deeply we resent with you the infamy that anyone would heap upon you. For such slander there may be no excuse. And yet—Ah, no! it can not be; for of a verity this bright young man of the Herald-Examiner is not familiar with the world outside the purlieus of the City of Wind and Wing Shots. And still, automobiles do take one places there days and we would, if may be, mitigate the error of a member of the craft, so—ah—short in all kindness, sister, could it have been purchase that our bright young reporter has at some time flivvered down this way and approached you from the East, over that stretch of (just between us, you know) macadamized malformation, pseudo-asphalum, corduroy trail or what will you, between the Middletown pike and the bridge? Yes, we fear it did try to make that Chilcott Pass in a flivvey, Chicago manner, it doubtless scrambled the youth's reportorial brains.

At least old dear, we want you to know that we are sympathize over here in Nicholas.

A VALIANT FIGHT.

In the current number of Field and Stream, there is an editorial by Ben Wallace, chief of the editorial staff of the Louisville Times, on "The Impending Tragedy of Cumberland Falls." The editorial is well worth reading and the photographs of Cumberland Falls give the reader some conception of the beauty of the Falls and its surroundings.

The Courier-Journal and Times continue to fight valiantly against the proposal to destroy one of Kentucky's most beautiful bits of natural scenery and to Mr. Wallace goes the credit for courage, lovers of the out-of-doors in other States to add their protests.

What effect the puny objections of the public will have is to be seen. More than a month ago we were informed that permission to dam the Cumberland at the Falls was "as good as given." We hope our informant was misinformed, but the big monied boys usually get whatever they set out to get. If a bit of God's handiwork in Kentucky is in the way, so much the worse for it.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Apropos of the admission of Samuel Insull, head of a gigantic system of "public utilities," furnishing electrical current, that he contributed to a fund to elect a United States Senator in Illinois the sum of $172,000, the Harrodsburg Herald says:

It strikes us that the Mr. Insull claim of men now now the men to be feared in America. According to our American idea of freedom and independence, Mr. Insull, is no slacker, is entitled to more than his vote and personal influence.

All of which is quite true, we think, despite the fact that such contributions of rich men are made in every election and have been made in every election for many years. That, we think, is responsible for the what-is-the-use attitude of the average man toward politics. It's rotten, but what's to do?

The Herald continues:

Mr. Insull and his associates ought to know that such acts will cause grave suspicion of anything he may be a factor in. Some will go so far as to fear that his Senator may be influenced with a hue favorable to any favors Mr. Insull might want at the hands of the government.

Many will go so far as to entertain that fear, neighbor. They will not only entertain it, they'll harbor it. And again we ask you, what's to do?

LE'S GO HUNTIN'.

"Now comes the delicious but spotive blackberry from the good country of Nicholas. In days gone by the blackberry was seldom allowed to do its stuff. The poor thing was always in some sauce or other. Mr. Volstead changed all that. Under his supervision the qualities of the blackberry have been recognized.

"Give me time," says the blackberry," and I'll get into mush, and sugar, and I'll make every rabbit in Nicholas county into a grinty bear."

"Will the Herald continue." asks Ardery, in Cynthiana Democrat.

We're trying to persuade some of the boys to try the experiment if offer applying the treatment to our rabbits the measure is successful, we want you to dig up a high-powered rifle and come over, old top, and hunt bear. We'll go back to Paris with you and have a try at the game in the surrounding mountains.

POEMS THAT WE LIKE.

LOVES PERPLEXITIES

I'd like to praise your wondrous eyes,
And roll them bright Italian skies
In brown of white Carrara.
I'd like to praise your lashes dark,
Each like a fine quotation mark—
But I cannot mean my heart.

I'd like to sing about your hair
That seems to have a Titian flare
Sometimes, and I'd like to call
Strange golden gleam, with reddish rays,
Then sometimes coals my ardent praise—
Because it might be bronze.

Oh, Lady Fair, I am in doubt;
Please tell me what it's all about,
Nor answer me with shrug—sir!
Yes I praise, just you alone,
Or do I also chant and drone
The beauties of your draggin?

Beatrice Ashley, Vandergrift.

A SONG TO A TREE

(By Edwin Markham)

"Give me the dance of your boughs O tree,
Wherever the wild wind blows:
And when the wind is gone, give me
Your beautiful repose.

"How easily your greatness swings
To meet the changing hours;
I, too, would mount upon your wings,
And rest upon your powers.

"I took your grace, O mighty tree,
And shall seek, many a day,
Till I more worthily shall be
Your comrade on the way."

SWEET AFTON

(Robert Burns)

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream!

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lowing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and I me

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!
Flow gently, sweet Afton disturb not her dream!

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 13, 1896

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. John Sparks, of Headquarters, on the 8th, a son.

———

Died—Mrs. Henry Gray, at her home near Carlisle on the 11th. Mrs. Levi Kerns, 82, at her home near Geneva on the 8th.

———

E. L. Casey, veterinarian, who has been located here for several months, moves to Cynthiana to reside.

———

James Henry, of near town suffers dislocation of the shoulder and other injuries when he steps into a hole on his farm.

———

Republicans meet at court house today and recognize committee with James H. Collins chairman and James W. Herndon secretary.

———

While at work at the Parks Ferry mill Monday, Richard Dunn received the loss of finger on his right hand and the remainder of his hand is badly crushed.

———

Petition signed by large number of voters of the county filed with Judge Tilton asking that a vote be taken in Nicholas and voting turnpikes for Nicholas and voting thereon at the November election.

———

Following appointments from Nicholas county attending Congressional convention held at Maysville: H. H. Hanson Kennedy, J. P. Norvell, H. C. Lair, J. W. Bryant, Jr., Dan Mitchell, W. L. Piper, William Lair, C. M. Wise and G. E. Keller.

———

Married—Miss Mamie Bradshaw and Rev. S. H. Sadler, both of the Little Rock vicinity, on the 11th.—Miss Adelaide Shepherd and Charles H. Campbell both of the county, on the 11th.—Miss Ella Taylor and Mr. Wallace Campbell, both of the county, on the 12th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 14, 1884

Carlisle's new live [illegible] arrived yesterday and is now in use.

———

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bell, near Headquarters, on the 8th, a daughter.

———

Dr. F. M. Wilson, of Colorado, to become associated in dental office of Dr. Allen Reed.

———

Mrs. Frederick Graeter badly burned when she accidentally overturned a kettle of coffee.

———

Robert Kincaid suffers painful injuries when he is caught between wagon and gate post near his home Monday.

———

At a meeting of the city school board Tuesday, F. A. Crosby was elected principal and Miss Sue Tate its assistant principal of the city school.

———

Rev. W. M. Harkins, Rev. J. B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pettis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bigstaff, Mrs. Conway attending state convention of Christian church in Paris.

———

State Board of Equalization reduces assessment on town lots and farm lands in Nicholas county 10 per cent and increases assessment on personal property three per cent.

———

Following Nicholas county stock owners who presented to Congressman Carlisle bill taxing Texas cattle: Dr. Dennis Dorsey, J. Lewis L. Donnell, Nat Rails, Mason Johnson, Sanford Carpenter and George Kennedy.

PUREBRED RAM A NECESSITY

(Practical Sheep Talks by Redard C. Miller, Kentucky College of Agriculture.)

The mating season for the 1927 ewe flock will be upon us within the next few weeks. Success in the production of a profitable home crop next spring will depend to a great extent on the kind of ram used.

The old adage that the ram is half the flock is more true than it ever previously stood for good breeding should be considered. There are few farmers who have not a reputation for producing strictly high class sweepstakes. It is also better to be direct from a breeder than be buy from a trader. The breeder has an interest in the farmer and in the ewes he buys and will stand behind them.

Beware of "purebred but not registered" sheep. Too often these animals are not purebreds. Registered purebreds are the cheapest in the end. Even then if one be unacquainted with the requirements of good breeding he had better have some reliable breeder select a ram for him. Some reputable sheep breeds are worse than good grades. One can not be too careful in the kind of ram he uses to lead a flock. Good sheep men are strong, masculine, well-developed purebred rams. Experience has taught them it pays.

Hampshires, Southdowns, Shropshires and Cheviots are popular breeds in Kentucky. Some of any of these breeds will prove satisfactory if good individuals are selected.

BAREE

Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WNU Service

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fully as fond, and almost as wide as he was long. Nature can produce no more jovial creature that is born lazier than a baby bear, unless it is a baby bear; and Uncle would have taken first prize at any bearer baby show in the world. His three companions were a bit smaller. They chase waddling from behind Uncle will low, making queer little chuckling sounds in their throats, and Baree knew that they were his brothers. They were fat and fuzzy, and mighty friendly looking to Baree, and they were begging a maiden, with pit-a-pat of joy.

But Baree did not know the mystery breathed. And then, suddenly, Uncle turned on one of his companions and bowled him over. Immediately the other two were on him, and for four little bearers rolled and over, kicking with four pairs of feet and tearing with their talks, and all the time Uncle sat on his haunches and looked on with a wise, fatherly look. Then he got up on his feet. He forgot where he was—forgot everything in the world but those playmates. He was a bear, for the second all the hard training nature had given him was lost in the joy of being a bear. He was no longer a fighter, no longer a hunter, no longer a wanderer. He was a puppy, and in him there rose a desire that was greater than life itself. He wanted to be with his playmates. He had the little chance and risk and joy! He wanted to be them. If such a thing were possible, that he had lost his mother and his home and that he had been having a mighty hard time of it, and that he would like to stay with them and their mothers and fathers if they didn't care.

In his throat there came the least little chirp. It was so low that Uncle and his playmates did not hear it. Then were remarkably long

Betty Rose took the other cub in her lap and fondled him as she would have fondled the softest kitten. Baree's eyes were glued upon her. He was trembling in anticipation. He was so close to her that he could feel her little body because suddenly she was so warm and soft.

"Herbert" said Rose, stopping her caressing for a moment to look at Baree, "don't you think we should name this little fellow Jack? Jack is such a good name for a bear, and he looks so much like a little Jack-bear. Don't you, Herbert? Jack—Jack—Jack—