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HEMP FIRES

(A. B. Shropshire)

When the reddening of the sunset dies,
And the dim gray steals along twilight skies,
Then things come back of the long ago,
When I watched the hemp fires' steady glow.

Oh, years of my life, how you've drifted away,
Like the smoke from the fields all hengers and gray,
But the impress of time, like the fire on the field,
Has burned in my thoughts till forever they yield
To the time and the place of the long ago,
When I watched the hemp fires' steady glow.

Oh, heaven lights on the hills far away!
Oh, shimmering lights at the close of day!
How you bind me, hold me fast
To that faithful, deathless past,
When from the old home-yard of the long ago
I watched your steady glow.

THIS, THAT AND 'TOTHER.

A page from the Diary of a Country Editor.

Awoke early, despite the fact that it is a late holiday and I might be tired, but can be almost natural, that when one will one won't and when one can't one could. Which thought the venerable Robert John Jones, I think it was, set down in his writings. "When I was young," said he, "and had to pump, I did not empty river sugar pians, but growing old and possessing the pump I find that I have lost my taste for the sweetness." Which seems to me is a warrant somewhat for the goings on of the young these days, over which we of adverse generation do mizack and hold up our hands in amazement, forgetting that if our past were "an open book," it might be deemed the prerogative of the moth. For each generation is much alike and the youngsters do but snatch at life which endles and compts them nightly to enjoy.

A big awhile passing, and the world still and lost after the rains. And right only I miss the center of my purple mutton, who left their cozy home so unexpectedly that I failed to observe their preparations for journeying as I had intended. And I by listening to the chimes, if that may be, for it seems to me that there is a still note, a hush about his August that a well nigh muted. Almost one may hear the quiet breathing of Nature, resting quietly, majestically in the completion of her formality. Quietly, soothingly she moth, her children of leaf and blossom, of crops ripening under the sun, swelling in the moist earth. And throughout the still nights the little winged musicians of the grass and leaves fiddle a crooning lullaby to these lusty infants of the Universal Mother, growing, growing through the moonlit nights, growing under the golden sunlight of peaceful afternoons, making ready for the Harvest.

And yet with all the powerful beauty of this, the month of Sunflower's prime, I do mark the chimes of the trees and note mightily the evening song of the catbird in my cherry tree that was want to sing so lustily when about the business of love and motherhood. Even the chirp of the rowdy sparrow is weak and only the clear call of the wren's bubbles and rings with the joy of life and love that was to all the feathered folk in early spring. Thus feathers make fine hinds! rants the old adage and true I think, for our friends of the air are so still and silent when they moult.

At length up and road the morning papers and I note that Bob Fontbit, who is an artist of much worth at the making of news, when news refuses to "break," has found a young woman who raises snakes and who does some she prefers a snake theft the home to any man. Which is really news office off, if the universal is news. For that a lion these days do prefer snakes to men is just bedeviling. The true one does see them going about with perfect-rankes' and lounge-lizards to boot, but those be, bifurcated and baggy of trousers, and cruel seldom nor yet on their knees, save to pray at African golf. And I do think this young woman must be worth with her young man. But perhaps she is a mythical lass, as was Bob's turkey that the boy rode to school. And so interested in this turkey-horse did a great city newspaper become that it sent a staff photographer to get a picture of this bird. "Lordy mercy!" said Bob. "You're too photo. Those people moved yesterday—way up in the mountains!"

Thinking of Bob's turkey and his snake-raising girl I am reminded that Fulton, the barber, does tell me that he will away to Florida, come the winter and his wife willing, if it takes every cent out of his coal basket. And I do think he will do wonders with shaving and trimming millionaires in the Land of Florida. For he could entertain them with his experiences in frozen Alaska and of how he did bring the first mosquitoes to this country, a pair large as sparrows, and did train them to bite the heads of the bald and return to his hand. And he could tell them of the race he rode, when his mount bolted and scudded a mile, without him hanging to the top branches, of how he was held up by highwaymen now dirk night and how he repulsed them, holding his bottle in his teeth, his knife in one hand and pistols in the other two. All of which would be something new, to the city folk, for Fulton is without a peer in the realm of impromptu fiction, since Bryan Morehouse was gathered to his fathers. Yet he will go, for he has been telling me for fourteen years that he will be leaving soon.

To the office, where at this, that not 'tother and presently comes Howard Collyer and he fell to work as though it were a week day. Lord forgive us! and do tell and not until nearly five o'clock, Grimes Caywood, the scrivener, hung up his vacation and work always coming in briskly as soon as a member of the force is absent. Home tired and go for a ride in the cool, where a pretty lane where the wild rose festoons the old store fences and elm trees arch over the road. And the cool of fall is the evening air and I note that blackbirds are flocking and soon an early frost will begin to critizy on trees and pastures that I never saw more beautiful before. And I would fain enjoy it more, this wanderous beauty of the August end—does Fain would I wander down through the purple into weeds of a pasture I once knew and skirt a field of corn and come at last to a pool, rocky of bottom, blue grass growing to the waters edge, and slip off the garb of civilization in one quick movement and feel the stimulating chill of the swimming hole that I, too, like a thirst in boyhood on summer wound.

Alas, one can't get back to the pool I'd wash he some. And yet it is so well, perhaps, for maiden was the Dreamer blue and the Dreamer of the pool we remember might be just a stagnant puddle to the hind brutish. Imperial Troy, someone has written, was but a wind fire upon a wind-swept hill.

Yet, the out-of-doors is fair enough these summer days. Lord Byron, and I wonder he was away to the fields, could hills pay them a visit.

So to bed and see I fall asleep some some lines from Richard Lovelace:

I have need of the sky,
I have business with the air,
I will no end get me away
Where the hawk is wheeling
The clouds are by.
And the slow clouds go by.
And I will get me where
that glass
The clouds are they pass.
I will get me away to the woods.
So to sleep.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS

Robert J. Breckenridge, writing in the Lexington Herald, thinks lots of Kentuckians are running from Nature, resting quietly, majestically in the completion of her formality. Quietly, soothingly she moth, her children of leaf and blossom, of crops ripening under the sun, swelling in the moist earth. And throughout the still nights the little winged musicians of the grass and leaves fiddle a crooning lullaby to these lusty infants of the Universal Mother, growing, growing through the moonlit nights, growing under the golden sunlight of peaceful afternoons, making ready for the Harvest.

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POEMS THAT WE LIKE

THE BETROTHED

(Kipling)

"You must choose between me and your eight." Breach of Promise Case, circa, 1925.)

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought over a bet of a shirt,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Lorangas, there's calm in a Henry Clay;
But has peace an hour is finished and thrown away?

Throw away for another as perfect
and ripe and full of the juice?
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—grey and
door and old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold

And the light of Days that have
Been the dark of the Days that
Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket—
With never a new Havana to light it's charred and black to the socket!

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a while.
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wildly smile.

Which is the better portion—a hundred aga bought with a ring,
Or a haven of kindly hesitate fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors running and silent—
comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to cover a cloud beside?

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close,

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a Native passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they are ploughed harvest is empty will send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their manners, nor food for their mouths with me,
So long as the gulls are vanting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy my luck to the side of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to say she has married a Mandarin
The sum little whompering Love and the great gold Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth clear,
But I have been Priest of Cabanas, a matter of seven year!

And the gloom of my bachelor dinners
Is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Pleasure
ship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future
that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the morrow is the Will-o'the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through the
journey or leave me bogged in the mire?
Some a puff of tobacco—can cloud shall I follow to Joful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider another—
Maggie, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are waiting to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I hold by my first-seven vows;
If Maggie will have no rival, I have no Light for Spouse!

PRAYER

Dear Lord, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly today
Ward their hearts of weariness,
Sorrow—weight
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again!
And with all the needy
Oh, divide, I pray
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

30 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 27, 1896

Joe Gardner suffers painful injuries when he falls from bicycle.

Mrs. L. B. Blue suffers painful injuries when she falls at her home near Jackstown Sunday.

Democrats meet here Monday and organize Bryan Club and authorize appointment of organizers in ever precinct in the county.

Memorial erected by Daughters of American Revolution in Bryan Station unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Sunday. Large number of local people attended.

Mrs. Jennie Dacres and Mrs. Nannie Brown Kennedy entertain their up-town friends at a delightful chaperone party Friday night.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Reg H. Smith, of Headquarters, on the 14th, a son, weight, 8 lbs. Name, James A. Spencer, of Carlisle, on the 22nd, a son.

Berry Stewart, Henry Fiser, Will Ross, Coburn Tarenum and Lexington Clark, of Carlisle, left Days fishing trip at Muckinaw last week.

Died—Jesse Alexander, at his home in the country on the 21st., Mrs. G. W. Wilson, at her home near Bethel on the 23th—Mr. Pat Bowden, formerly of this county, at his home in Flemingsburg on the 23th.

42 YEARS AGO

Thursday, August 28, 1884

New church at Saltwell to be dedicated.

Prof. Lockhart, of Carlisle, is open school for boys in Mt. Sterling.

Residence of R. J. Callihan, near Upper Lake, robbed of about $100 in money by unknown person.

Nicholas County Colored Fair to be held at Carlisle September 9-12.

W. W. Smedley takes position as travel-salesman for Jerry Smith, firm and will travel through Kentucky.

Mrs. Hayden Simpson, of Carlisle, badly injured when her horse runs away, throwing her from buggy near Bethel.

12 thoroughbred horses and mares from Kentucky, left for Denver Colorado, stables at Abdalla Park at Cynthiana, Sunday.

Married—Miss Annie Berry, of Harrison county and Mr. James Cummings, of Carlisle, at the home of bride on the 21st.

Died—Dr. King Elbert, at his home near Moorefield on the 23rd, Mrs. John M. Buck, at their home near Carlisle on the 23rd—Mrs. Sam Summers, 22, at her home Pleasant Valley, on the 23rd.

POSSIBLE REASONS

(Louisville Times)

Attempting to defend Samuel Insull, the Chicago Journal of Commerce, which must be more sophisticated than its name indicates it is as being, asks why, if Mr. Insull had a sinister purpose, did he issue the annual report of the Commerce Commission, when it could of state to the Hoof Sections, into the United States Senate, where he could hardly help but Insull in the utility business it detests.

Possible reasons might be (1) a desire to confuse the issue, or (2) knowledge that where Statesmen are concerned Tariff Legislation Government is the regulator of hydro-electric power, Government is a Senator here and there and million ownership is a shot in the locker; (3) knowledge that the question of State's rights and state sovereignty of hydro-electric power projects, and the Jerom-collier Senators will be needed, and that their cost may be—Government