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A CHERRY TREE IN BLOOM

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom—
Until there comes, each showery spring,
A cherry-tree in bloom;
And Christ who died upon a tree
That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me,
In blossome, everywhere.
—David Morton

THE MEMORIAL AT BLUE LICK

In his account of the battle at Blue Licks, McClung writes, in his "Western Adventure:"

"From the battle-ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the winge of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat."

This historian relates also, that when Colonel Logan reached the battlefield, the bodies of the slain Kentuckians lay unburied where they had fallen.

"Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground when the bodies of the dead had become so much swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize the features of the most particular friends. Many corpses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected by order of Colonel Logan and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit."

Mr. W. J. Curtis, a member of the committee that will select the site of the Memorial at Blue Lick this week, informs The Mercury that the rock piled around the graves of these valiant Kentuckians was hauled away to be used for building a road some fifty years ago, and that the spot at which the burial took place is definitely known, by reason of this fact.

No more fitting spot it seems to us, than this, on which the intrepid pioneers paid the penalty of their rash courage, might be found to erect a monument to their valor.

DREAM ON, NEIGHBOR.

The Maysville Independent believes that the question of prohibition should wet politics no longer, but should be settled once and for all by an election at which "politics is barred."

The Independent indulges in dreams, we fear, though who may say that the realization of such a dream is not too far distant? Such a problem that is quite as much a thorn in the flesh of the body politic as it was in the days of the legally open and admittedly indefensible saloon?

The "barring of politics" in the consideration of a question of moralsand personal habits, sought a consummation devoutly to be wished, and quite as desirable, in our way of thinking, as the barring of mortal questions from politics, would be an extremely delectable achievement. Politics has a way of creeping in wherever votes are to be cast. The deciding of delicate questions includes politics and this unwelcome guest has been known to obtrude itself into gatherings of the most worthy intent. Who has not seen the ugly head pop up in the councils of pupils of grammar school, students in colleges, in women's clubs, civic bodies, among "humanistic" and splitters and well intentioned members of non-partisan leagues? Who can not, at least once in a while, see it slyly peep into the bosom of worship and set the brethren to reaching for each other's throats instead of for t'other cheek? Politics is a guest that comes unbidden where occasions are to be answered by counting noses or casting ballots and throw him out as you will, he slips back again.

But more power to the Independent's pen and plan, even if it be too sweet a vision of the rational settlement of a vexing question. For our Maysville neighbor is not far wrong, when it says:

"It is the bane of this country, this wet and dry question, worse than dog leg liquor in its effect, because it furnishes a hobby horse on which demagogues representing both sides of the question may ride." These cheap statesmen are constantly taking advantage of it and side-stepping their obligations to their constituents. Any unscrupulous individual or organization can get dangerous enactments through by setting up a backwash of the temperance question."

But alas! neighbor, in your realization that this question is made to serve as a hobby horse for demagogues, you are hoist with your own petard, so to speak, and your election, purged of politics, becomes more difficult of accomplishment. For these lads of practical politics are veritable "men on horseback," who stick like leeches to the backs of their good equine hobbies. They have proven most dependable mounts in the free-for-alls, in which office and the emoluments thereof is the purse, with honor and prestige and perquisites added. 'Twill be hard to pull one from t'other or t'other from one. Yes, you'll find it difficult to unseat these riders for last! how they do love a good hoss. And then, once unseated, so many of them will ride hors de combat—statesmen dragoons afoot. And that would be a sorry sight. For wise sheers the infantry, when the cavalry sweeps by!

THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

Being a Page from the Diary of A Country Editor

Up mighty betimes, for me, and found it more alluring and bright, though cool. And after breakfast to walk in my yard and look at the robin among the white blossoms of my plum tree, very cunningly wrought and shaped with mud and twigs and lined with grasses, but open to rain and sun. Remember his sheltering boughs above. And wonder why she did not choose the apple shelf, nicely roofed and painted and offered rent free to robin or phoebe these two years past, but set it down to the perversity of the sex, after the manner of puzzled males, to watch my purple martins, three of which are come to me and one, I think, a last year's tenant, for he does bobble briskly around the perches on his house