

The Green River Republican.

VOL. XX.

MORGANTOWN, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1906.

NO. 47.

DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER.

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and L" Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

LONG before daylight one could hear the sloping of the wind. Its caravan, now reaching eastward to mid-ocean, was nearly passed. Scattered gulls hurried on, like weary and belated followers. Then suddenly came a silence in which one might have heard the mutter of their feet, falling, their shouts receding in the far woodland. The sun rose in a clear sky above the patched and ragged canopy of the woods—a weary multitude now resting in the still air.

The children were up looking for tracks of reindeer and breaking paths in the snow. Sunlight glimmered in far flung rays of the frost king. They lay deep, clinking as the foot sank in them. At the Vaughn home it was an eventful day. Santa Claus—well, he is the great captain that leads us to the farther gate of childhood and surrenders the golden key. Many ways are beyond the gate, some steep and thorny, and some who pass it turn back, with bleeding feet and wet eyes, but the gate opens not again for any that have passed. Tom had got the key and began to try it. Santa had winked at him, with a sneaking eye, like that of his mump when she had sugar in her pocket, and Tom thought very sodium. The boy had even felt of his greatcoat and given a good look at his boots and trousers. Moreover, when he put his pipe away, Tom saw him take a chew of tobacco—an abominable thing if he were to believe his mother.

"Mother," said he, "I never know Santa Claus cleared tobacco."

"Well, maybe he was Santa Claus dressed up," said she.

"Might 'a' had the toothache," Paul suggested, for Lew Allen, who worked for them in the summer time, had a habitual toothache, relieved many times a day by chewing tobacco.

Tom sat looking into the fire a moment.

Then he spoke of a neighbor Paul and he had discussed secretly.

"Joe Bell's he tol' me Santa Claus was only 'roundish' rigged up 't' fool folks an' hadn't no relatives at all."

The mother turned away, her wife crying for an answer.

"I hadn't meant to 'a' told mother," Tom said Paul, with a little quiver of reproach and pity. "Tutus so, anyway we know 'atin' to."

He was looking into his mother's face.

"Tutus so," Paul repeated with unbroken confidence.

"Mins't believe all ye hear," said the widow, who now turned to the doubtful Thomas.

And that very moment Tom was come to the last gate of childhood, wherein are the black and necessary words, "Mustn't believe all ye hear."

The boys in their new boots were on the track of a panther. They tried to prove only at the foot of the stairs.

"They'll kill him!" one of them implored.

"Just walk around the tree once," said the mother, "an' you'll scare him to death. Why don't ye grease your boots?"

"I'd take the scrub tree, an'" said Paul, looking down thoughtfully at his own pair.

"Well," said she, "you'll have one tree if you keep on. No hunter would have boots like that. A lard foot makes a still gun."

That was her unflinching method of control, the appeal to intelligence. Poetry singing thoughtfully, the locket in her hand. She had kissed the sacred thing and hung it by a ribbon to her neck and bathed her eyes in the golden light of it and begun to feel the subtle pathos in its odd message. She was thinking of the handsome boy who came along that far May day with the trove and who lately had returned to her teacher at Linley school. Now he had so much dignity and learning, the blood in him not unlike so well and fit he had no longer any care for her. She quivered to think how she had wept over his letter and kissed it every day for weeks. Her dream was interrupted presently by the call of her brother Tom. Having cut the frost on a window-pane, he stood gazing out. A man was approaching in the near field. His figure shone to the root top-mounting hills of snow and sank out of sight in the deep hollows. It looked as if he were walking on a rough sea. In a moment his canes rattled over the board fence on a patch of snowdrifts.

"It's Mr. Trove, the teacher," said Paul, who quickly began to shake his burns.

At the door stood open and arrested the young man, loosening his snowshoes and dung them on the step and came in, a fox tail dangling from his cap.

He shook hands with Dolly and her mother and lifted Paul to the ceiling. "Hello, young man," said he, "it's one o' t' sort, how many are two?"

"If you're speakin' of new boots," said the widow, "one is at least fit for me."

The schoolteacher made no reply but stood a moment looking down at the boy.

"It's a cold day," said Paul.

"I like it," said the teacher, lifting his broad shoulders and smiling first with his hands. "I've been house-keeping. The dome of the sky is all swept and dried. There isn't a cob-

with the roll and took their names of which there were thirty-four.

"I believe I know your name," said Trove, smiling, as he came to Poly Vaughn.

"I believe you do," said she, glancing up at him, with half a smile and a little move in her lips that seemed to ask, "How could you forget me?"

Then the teacher, knowing the girl or her eyes, became very shamed as he clasped over the books she had brought to school. He knew it was going to be a hard day. For a little he wondered if he had not been foolish, after all, in trying a job of element and so perkins. If he should be thrown out of school he felt sure he would ruin him—he could never teach fully in the place again:

As he turned to begin the work of teaching it seemed to him a case of do or die, and he felt the strength of an ox in his heavy muscles.

The big boys had settled themselves in a truck corner side by side, a situation too favorable for selector. He asked them to take other seats. They complied silently, and with hesitation. He looked over books organized the school in classes and started one of them on its way. It was the primer class, including a half dozen very small boys and girls. They shouted each word in the reading lesson, learned in silence with other and gave voice again with unabated energy. In their pursuit of learning they bayed like hounds. Their work began upon this legend, learned it well and quickly—it was to be a playroom.

There was a recess of one hour at noon. All went for their dinner pails and sat quietly, eating bread and butter, followed by doughnuts, apples and tea.

The young men had walked to the road. Nothing had been said. They drew near each other. Tom Linley looked up at Joe Beach. In his face one might have seen a cloud of sympathy that had its silver lining of amusement.

"Powerful?" Tom inquired soberly.

"What?" said Joe.

"Powerful?" Tom repeated.

"Powerful? Jimmy's come?" said Joe significantly.

"Why didn't you kick him?"

"Kick him?"

"Kick him?"

"Jim—dumb—" said Joe with a look of sadness turning into contempt.

"Be right," the other inquired.

"Scarf?" Na-a-w.

"Joe scorns fully."

"What was ye, then?"

"Paralyzed—seems so."

There was an outbreak of laughter.

"You was join' t' help," said Joe addressing Tom Linley.

A moment of silence followed.

"Tom inquired, sparing for what it was."

"Yes, help."

"You was sicked 'fore I had time."

"Didn't dast—that's what's the matter—didn't dast," said big Joe, with a tone of irrevocable injury.

"Wouldn't a' been nighly fee a million dollars," said Tom soberly.

"Why not?"

"Tawn's safe, that's why."

"Fraid o' him, yo' coward!"

"No, frain' o' you."

"Why?"

"It's a one o' yet feck had hit a feller when ye come in again in that wall," Tom answered slowly. "There wouldn't a' been nuthin' left uv him."

All laughed loudly.

Then there was another silence. Joe broke it after a moment of deep thought.

"Like t' know how he seen me," said he.

"Tis cur'us," said another.

"Guess he's one o' them preformers like they have 'at the circus," was the opinion of Sam Beach.

"See on take a pig out o' his hat las' summer."

"Pint o'ir 'at square," said Tom Linley, "not just eggzactly."

"Gosh! B'leve I'll run away," said Joe after a pause, "ain't no fun here for me."

"Bitter not," said Archer Town; "not if ye know when yer well off."

"Why not?"

"Wn, he'd see ye wherever ye was an' do sumthin' to ye," said Archer.

"Trobly he's heard all we been sayin' hehe."

"Wdn, I ain't said nuthin' I'm ashamed o'," said Sam Beach thoughtfully.

A bell rang, and all hurried to the schoolhouse. The afternoon was uneventful. Those rough edged, brawny fellows had become serious. Hope had died in their breasts and now they looked at it as if they had come to its funeral. They began to examine their books as one looks at a bitter draft before drinking it. All every subject the teacher took a new way not likely to be hard upon tender feet. For each lesson he had a method of his own. He argued for the interest of the class and caught it. With some a term of school had been a long sickness, lengthened by the medicine or books and the surgery of the beech rod. They had resented it with ingenuous deviltry.

The confusion of the teacher and some incidental fun were its only compensations. The young man gave his best thought to the correction of this mental attitude. Four o'clock came at last.

The work of the day was over. Worry with its frown all sat waiting the teacher's word. For a little he stood facing them.

"Joe Beach, you may take your seat," said the teacher in a kind of parental tone.

"Geography starts at four," he continued, beginning the recitation. "Who can tell me where is the Linley school home?"

A dozen hands went up.

"You tell," said he to one.

"It's here," was the answer.

"Where's here?"

A boy looked thoughtful.

"Now," said Joe Linley's cow pastur'

surprised presently.

"Will you tell me?" the teacher asked, looking at a bright-eyed girl.

"In Faraway, N. Y." said she glibly.

"Linley," said the teacher.

"I'll take that," said the teacher in a lazy tone. He was looking down at his book. Where he was facing the class, he could see

the boys without turning. But he had not turned. To the wonder of all, he spoke to Tom Linley. "You was handling a stick of power to me Beach. There was a little pause. The young man had indeed rose and walked nervously down the aisle.

"Thank you,"

said the teacher as he took the message and flung it on the fire unread.

"Faraway, N. Y.," he continued on his way to the blackboard as if nothing had happened.

Tom nodded.

"I'll give you some grammar and we'll have a game. Good night."

(To be continued.)

DR. PIERCE'S Malted Cocoa

Hot Cocoa with Delicate Flavor

Malted Cocoa is prepared by scientifically combining the cocoa of the choicest cacao bean and the best of malt. The malt aiding digestion, and the fat of the cocoa having been predigested, the flavor of the cocoa experienced after drinking the beverage is more delicious than a most delicate and nourishing beverage is produced, which is perfectly pure and will not distress the most delicate stomach.

At the Linley schoolhouse something had happened. Coming no sooner allowed its head than it was bruised like a serpent, brawny muscles had been easily dislodged, boldness had given ground, conceit had begun to ebb. A serious look had settled upon all faces. Every scholar had learned one thing, learned it well and quickly—it was to be a playroom.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. B. MOREHEAD Editor and Manager

THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1906.

For Congress

HON. A. D. JAMES.

Of Muhlenburg County.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce Harry Lincoln Myers as a candidate for the Legislature from this district, subject to the action of the Republican can primary to be held Nov. 6, 1906.

We are authorized to announce M. J. Johnson as an independent candidate for the Legislature from this district. Election, November 1907.

"Have you sent your dollar?"

Lost, strayed or stolen, Republican nomine for Congress?

Where is A. D. James, recently nominated for Congress?

James and Richardson are both lost. Let's get two more or less off the election.

Have you sent your dollar for the Green River Republican and the Louisville Herald?

The Jim Richardson-Breckham dog tax goes into effect September 15, so get you \$1 ready or kill your dog.

Our old Town is now on a parity with old man Bill, Tom and Jim. Each has a poll tax and no exemptions from either, and the fund all goes to the "graffers" at Frankfort.

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR DOLLAR?

TO REPUBLICANS:

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book, and all documents issued by the Committee.

Help us achieve a great victory.

JAMES S. SHIRMAN, Chairman
P. O. Box 2663, New York

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GRADUATES SECURE POSITIONS

All graduates of the Nation School of Telegraphy secure positions. Address, The National School of Telegraphy, Bowling Green, Ky.

Men Past Sixty in Danger

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and cures many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." For sale by A. T. Dockery.

Owing Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headache, stomach trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturer refund your money. What more can any one do? For sale by A. T. Dockery.

TELLING ON THEMSELVES.

If you want to know the ways of the putrid government at Frankfort read the speeches of Hays and McCready. The Republicans have claimed all along that "graft", theft and robbery were the prevailing tendencies of the so-called Democratic administration at Frankfort, and these men of advanced rank in the Democratic party have volunteered to testify against the gang and show things worse than the most extreme radicals ever claimed. That the treasury was being attacked we all knew, but we little dreamed of the wholesale robbery that was going on. The figures are appalling! It is shown that an extra \$500,000 is being collected by the sheriff and paid into the treasury.

The tax rate is 50 cents and by a twist of the wrist it is 55 in this country, and too, they have added a dog tax and an extended, unabating, wide spreading, never ending fireance tax.

These two will amount to \$1,000,000 per year; yet these same fellows come around and ask you to vote for them, to endorse them.

To make you forget their iniquities they yell "poor Gobell," "assassination," "I am a Democrat," and blind you with this mantle of hypocrisy.

Well, such are the conditions in Kentucky. When will it end? When will the people awaken to a sense of their duty as citizens? We bide the time with misgivings and impatience.

How About This?

We read the following in a short article written from Morgantown, Ky., on August 26, in regard to the crops, etc., of our county and published in the Hartford Herald:

Representatives of the Farmers' Society of Equity are getting the farmers here to sign a contract agreeing to deliver their tobacco at Greenville.

The writer did not give the reason for Butler county farmers delivering their tobacco at Greenville. It seems that this would be an inducement to the business interests of their own county and that of the business men of Morgantown, many of whom are friends and some of their members of the Society of Equity.

Of course we may not properly understand this move with reference to the delivery of tobacco, but it does seem that satisfactory arrangements could be made for the delivery of tobacco here at home without the expense and trouble of hauling it so far. We feel confident that the business men of Morgantown, if given a chance, would cheerfully make every arrangement for the housing and caring for tobacco at this point that could be made at Greenville.

Great game and little fishes what serve! Is it a wonder to sensible

people that the Republicans would

be clear of Butler after securing such an awful dose? —Warren County Courier.

Bowling Green is trying to get gay. She is talking about Butler again. She applies it to the Republicans, this time, but a few years ago she was piling it on the Democrats much harder. Col. W. A. Helm was compared

to a "burttailed" horse, when he was a candidate for congress, and W. R. Gardner was d—d a fool by the same gang that now continues its trade of abuse.

Well, we have long had a "pent-up" feeling, and out of respect for a few good people there we have failed to speak the truthful words that would have sounded harsh. But here's to you. "Say on, MacDuff, and d—d be him who first cries enough."

Hay Fever and Summer Colds
Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tarr as it stops difficult breathing immediately and relieves the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is in a yellow package. For sale by A. T. Dockery.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing properties of Finsen make it superior to family salves. Sold by Will T. Kittinger's drug store.

You can see the poison Pine-oxides clears out of the kidneys and bladder. Single dose at bed-time will show you more poison upon rising the next morning than can be expelled from the system in any other way. Pine-oxides dissolve the impurities, lubricates the kidneys, cleanses the bladder, relieve pain and do away with backache speedily, pleasantly, permanently.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Good Business Opportunity.

R. M. Humphreys has a good farm and stock of General Merchandise for sale at Logansport, Ky.

Institute Notice

The Butler County Teachers' Institute will convene Monday, September 10, 1906. All persons teaching, or who contemplate teaching during the present school year, must attend the full session of five days unless prevented by sickness or otherwise.

The Institute will be organized at the Union Church in Morgantown, Ky.

H. B. Drake, Sept.

Uncle George Sweet Dead.

Rev. George Sweet died at home, Kickpond, Warren county, last Thursday, and was buried at Galloway's Mill.

Mr. Sweet was for years a member of the Christian church and was loved and respected by everyone.

A number of children survive him.

Centennial

Butler County's One Hundredth Anniversary

Celebration suggested Early

Morgantown, Ky.

Mr. Editor:
As progress is the most wonderful thing of the age, and time must be taken by the forelock or it is forever gone, a thought that is good should be expressed; so I will express one thought. This may be a little premature, nevertheless here it is:

Our county will be one hundred years old in 1910, or in other words 100 years since its organization. I think we should celebrate its one hundredth anniversary. Old Butler is a great and grand old county. We have thousands of acres of land that is not in cultivation, both bottom and hill land. We have timber, coal, probably other matter. We have communication all over the county by telephone and reaching to other counties and states. We can get the news from all over the world in a short time. We also have good roads, fine men, sweet women, thoroughbred horses, nice cattle, large hogs and running dogs. Our county is dotted over with towns and villages; framed houses have taken the place of the old log houses; wire fencing has taken the place of the old rail fence; the rooster and binder or the place of the reap hook and scythe; and the old groundhog thresher is no more.

Progress has put those old slow things in the background. They are no more. Old Butler has taken some long and great strides in progress. Now if we had a railroad we would have things going our way.

I could write more but I've heard it said, "The fewer the words the better the prayer." —Nick Peay.

With a warning born of desire the Republican of Butler county, very deliberately remarks:

Say brother Republicans, here is just one thing that may as well be understood now. From all the rules of politics, of fairness and right Butler county should have a place on the next State ticket if she wants it. But, er, the banner Republican county in the State, has mutely submitted to being ignored as long as seemed best for the interests of the party, but her loyalty should certainly by this time win her a place on the State ticket. We have the timber, abundance of the best, and the slate makers had as well keep this in mind.

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people that the Republicans would

be clear of Butler after securing such an awful dose? —Warren County Courier.

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Local News.

Don't argue with a fool.

See the nice line of neck wear at J. A. Tanners' store.

Who will get the horse and buggy at the basket dinner here on the 14th.

Watch that label on your paper. Then what?

More, the prophet says this is going to be a hard winter and the people are going to suffer terribly.

Yes, it is the basket dinner here on the 14th of Sept when we will all have the time of our lives.

Attend the Commercial Club meeting at the Court house next Tuesday night. A big time expected. Maybe some railroad news will be sprung.

If you want the Courier Journal or the Louisville Herald; or the Globe-Democrat, or any other paper, weekly or daily, we can save you money.

Plenty good things in view for September. Violin Recital, Monument Basket Dinner, Horse Show. All good! Take 'em all in!

The many friends of Dr. F. D. Kelley will be glad to learn that he is most pleasantly and profitably situated in a good practice at Fulton, Ky.

This is the year, the month and the week when the editor must once more remind his delinquent subscribers how badly he needs that dollar.

To refuse a paper at the post office is simply a cowardly way of insulting the editor, and to thus refuse it when indebted to it only doubles the insult.

Liveryman C. V. Balmer gave the young people a gay ride to Eliza Springs and Uncle Mart Blanotte Sunday. About 20 youngsters were piled in the wagon and from all accounts they did have a time.

The backbone of Summer was broken last Tuesday morning, when after sweltering for a week or two we all came near freezing to death in bed. Because we had forgotten to put on that extra quilt.

Well, you know none of us are going to miss that Violin and Piano Recital by Mr. Percy Fullinwider and Miss Dixon to be given here for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Sept. 3d.

See or write H. M. Humphreys at Logansport, Ky., if you want a bargain in a stock of general merchandise and a good farm.

Ladies don't forget that nice dinner that you are going to donate to the Soldiers' Monument. Put it up to a pretty hat or basket and somebody will bid high on it.

If you are superstitious about the number 13 you had better give us your quarter dollars, for on each one are 13 stars. 13 letters in the scroll of the eagle's beak, 13 leaves on the olive branch, 13 arrow heads and 13 letters in the words, "quarter dollar." Now it's not safe to keep them so just bring them in and get credit on your subscription for the full amount.

Ladies, you know the way to reach most young men is through their appetites, as their stomachs are the tenderest part about them at noon. So prepare a nice box or basket for the Monument Picnic.

Ladies, what the Monument Committee asks of you to prepare a box or basket is very small but it will mean much for the Monument. Then there will be plenty people here from far and near who will buy your boxes for their stomachs' sake.

Friends, please remember that when we discuss the subscriber's paper because his time has expired we don't mean that he is not good for debts or that we are afraid to credit him but just means that it is our business rule to stop papers when time expires, like most all other successful newspapers do.

Farms in our county continue to sell at very good prices. Real estate men report plenty of buyers, but the list of farms on the market for sale grows smaller and it is more difficult now than formerly to find suitable farm property that can be bought cheap. Our land has not yet reached the top price in the opinion of well posted men.

Manager Kittinger has just put in an extra operator set at the Cumberland Telephone Exchange and the business has grown to such an extent two operators are kept busy at the switchboard all the time. The growth of this exchange has been most remarkable. When Mr. Kittinger took charge of this exchange in Nov. 1904 he started with only six subscribers, now they have 197 subscribers and are getting more as fast as they can get to them.

PERSONALS

What the Newspapers say About Mr. Fullinwider.

Cincinnati Enquirer—The surprise of the evening was the wonderful violin playing of Percy Fullinwider in the "E minor concerto by Rode." He has a beautiful rich musical tone, a graceful style and a remarkable intonation technique.

Cincinnati Times Star—The solo part of the beautiful E minor concerto by Rode, was handled in a masterful style by Mr. Percy Fullinwider.

Lexington Leader, Feb. 19, 1896—The Woman's club, Friday afternoon presented Mr. Romeo Gorno pianist, Mr. Percy Fullinwider violinist, and Mr. Oscar Ergott vocalist. Mr. Fullinwider's rendition of Debussy's concerto in A major, was truly wonderful.

This concerto with its many modes and technical difficulties gave him a chance to show all sides of his art. The tender pathos of the Andante, the brilliant first movement, the tremendous oaths, all were handled in a masterful style. He finished in a whirlwind of applause, and was forced to play an encore. He responded with the air for G string by Bach.

This beautiful work held the audience breathless, the tones were as tender and emotional as a human voice. Mr. Fullinwider will bring a special accompanist for his Morgantown engagement.

Mr. H. E. Kives and son are in the country this week, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tanner, near Sugar Grove.

Miss Nellie Johnson and Thelma Ward, left on the Str. Chaperon, Sunday for Mammoth Cave remaining over until Wednesday to take in both routes.

County Clerk Tom W. Sneath, and his estimable lady, has returned from a visit to relatives at Central City and Greenville.

Hugh Willard left last Thursday night for Bowling Green where he will be engaged in selling Aberdeen coal.

Mr. B. F. Fischer and wife were given a very agreeable surprise last Sunday at which time a reunion of the family had been planned to occur. Without their knowledge, as previously arranged, their children, brothers, sisters, and their families and their brothers and sisters-in-law and families, numbering over one hundred, gathered at Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Fischer's residence near Cromwell, each family bringing a well-filled basket. The day was spent in feasting, and discussing reminiscences. It was a happy occasion. Sheriff R. B. Martin and family, Hartford, were in attendance.—Hartford Herald.

Mrs. J. W. McCracken and daughter, of Evansville, are visiting her brother, T. A. Jenkins, of this place. Miss Anna Hayes, of Rochester, visited Miss Clover Morehead the latter part of last week.

Mrs. G. H. Davis, who has been visiting at Calhoun for some time, returned home Friday night.

Aunt Martha Carson has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. R. Voss, to Bowling Green.

Aunt Margaret Kuykendall, of Little Muddy, left last Tuesday for Bowling Green to visit her son J. E. Kuykendall and also the family of G. R. Voss.

Chas. Loving Neel is out on a hunt this week.

Subscriptions are coming in for the Horse Show. Good!

Dr. W. H. Cherry is having his horse-trained for the Show.

Who will be voted the most popular school Ma'am at the basket dinner here on the 14th and get the \$5.00 gold piece.

We heard one man say he had \$5.00 to spend to elect the most popular telephone operator at the basket dinner.

An Established Institution.

The Bowling Green Business University is an established institution. Write for catalog and particulars. Address: Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky.

Quilters' number attended the Mammoth Cave Excursion last Sunday on St. Chaperon numbering about 55 aboard from Morgantown and was pronounced a success and everybody was well pleased with the excursion.

In Great Demand.

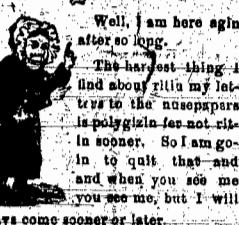
The graduates of the Bowling Green Business University are in great demand and are to be found in every place holding the best paying positions. Write for catalog and particulars. Address: Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky.

We were favored a few days ago by the heirs of B. J. Stewart with an order for 1000 feet of timber for sale.

There is no better way of building up our town than giving to our home business men our entire and exclusive patronage. The more we help each other the more we help the town.

Light. Robert Moore was in our office last Thursday and as usual left with us some of the all essential for subscription and job printing.

Aunt Sockey.



Well, I am here again after so long.

The hardest thing I find about writing my letters to the newspaper is getting in for not to go sooner. So I am going to quit, and when you see me you see me, but I will always come sooner or later.

The weather has been unusually hot & I havn't much time to myself trying to keep cool. I have worn out all my permeter fans & fan and think I will go up to town soon to see if some of those stores keepers won't give a old person a fan or 2.

I always hate to go up to the store for I mos' always run up on Joe when on the streets an' don't want to see him, he has bin sorta mighty shacklin' here lately, offering to give his corn feed beans away to other widow when he knows I am just a starvin' for 'em.

Well, we ought to all be a thankful lot or begin for the refreshin' rations and the bountiful crops we hav this year. Did you ever see the like? Why, I hav got enuf big pumpkins that just come up and growed in my back lot to do me all winter and make all the good yeller-pumpkin pies that me an Joe or sum other good ol' man eat.

But speakin' the cold shivers run over me, for the chills is comin on and I always hate to see it. Joe is goin to get excited and say things he ort not to say. He is so thustastic for his party and dont care what he says.

Yea, I am doin' splendid well this year. I hav got abundance of everthing and hav' canned an preserved things in the alnt shucky room on the place to put them. Did you hav good luck with your cannin?

All the widow and girls in my neighborhood hav promis Uncle Bob Hunt that we would fix up a box or basket of good things to eat to take to town Sept. 14th and deliver them to Uncle Jim Kives to sell for the benefit of the Soldiers' Monument. I will tie a little red string on the end of my box so Joe will know how to bid when it was offered for sale and I am goin to put somethin in that will be too good for anybody to eat but Joe. And Joe will make somebody pay high for that box if they get it.

Two or three evenings ago I moved my chair up to my favorite window that opens towards my old home down in the country, and I got said sum folks say when they git glutin' sad but I did git said and said all that lookin' away and dreamin' dreams. I saw the same soft banky clouds hangin' over exactly the same spot where they use to hang in the northwest and I saw same cliffs and bluffs and jump-offs in the clouds that I use to see when I was a child and I just wished that I could lay back in the soft cottony cloud and float away off yonder to glory. And I can go to somethin' about them clouds and things. Did you ever stop to think how old fogyish Nature is anyhow?

She sticks to old-time wornen Morgan town. Did you ever think that you had the happy privilege of lookin' on the same fair moon that lighted the lonely steps of our dear Savior over the sweet fields of Jules, the same sun warms us that warmed life into the earth when the Master said "let there be light." The same dews freshen and batify the old fashioned roses in my back yard that glistened on the roses of Sharon before the feet of the Savior long, long ago.

So it somehow makes me happy to know that there are some things that still and fashion have not changed, some things that still connect the sweet old long ago with the rushing, gushin' present day. But I am gettin' too deep.

This is a free country and we can live as we please as long as we live right, without regard to the past, present or future. So let them have their styles and their fashions, but give me health and a clear conscience and plenty good eatin', amen.

They are paying a man to come to Morgantown to advertise the Ohio County Fair. Why not get a more courageous and make our Horse Show a grand success.

Stimulation Without Irritation.

This is the watchword. That is what Orion Laxative Fruit Syrup does. Cleanses and stimulates the bowels without irritation in any form.

During the summer kidney irregularities often caused by excessive drinking or being overeaten. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. For sale by A. T. Dockery.

CASTORIA.

Perfume.

Castor Oil.

Yellow Jacket.

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Sunny Dale, Ky.

Editor Republican:

As I am an old Butler country girl, I will drop you a few lines from Sunny Dale.

Our little town is on a boom.

Mr. Vivian Ferguson has bought a lot and is going to erect another store.

The railroad is coming right along.

We would be glad to be in your town on the 14th, but we suppose Uncle Bob Hunt will bring us the horses and buggy, as he is a truthful man.

Three cheers for the Republican and Aunt Sockey.

S. Elizabeth Lee.

Ten Years in Bed

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes E. A. Gray, J. P., of Oakville, Ind. "It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney cure was recommended to me."

Well, we ought to all be a thankful lot or begin for the refreshin' rations and the bountiful crops we hav this year. Did you ever see the like? Why, I hav got enuf big pumpkins that just come up and growed in my back lot to do me all winter and make all the good yeller-pumpkin pies that me an Joe or sum other good ol' man eat.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charl H. Fletcher*, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this.

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are-but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paracetic, Drags and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

No. 2 Folding Brownie



Price,
\$5.00

A wonderfully capable and accurate camera built on the Kodak plan. Good enough to satisfy experienced photographers, yet so simple that children can use it.

PICTURES 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches.

Loads in daylight with film Cartridges.

Fitted with meniscus lens, and shutter with iris diaphragm stops.

Full description in Kodak Catalog FREE at any photographic dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

The School That Teaches Photography, By Mail.

We teach the person who now makes chance snap shots, to hand the finisher rolls of film composed of perfect exposures.

We teach the beginner who desires to develop and finish, to do it right.

We teach the amateur short cuts to artistic landscape work and at-home portraiture.

We teach professional photography from A to Z.

Write us today for free illustrated book.

American School of Art and Photography, J. B. Schriever, President, 293 Washington Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Send 10c for our big 25c catalogue of Camera's and Photographic Supplies.

WORMS! VERMIFUGE!

For 20 Years Has Led All Worm Remedies.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

For sale by A. T. Dockery, Morgantown, W. Va.

ROYAL JOKERS.

Monarchs Whose Humor Was More Strange Than Refined.

Alfonso VI, of Portugal, revelled in practical jokes called jokes on his subjects—a favorite form of enforcement being the waylaying and assaulting of passengers, flying into the coaches of his nobles and scattering religious processions at the point of the sword. Charles IX, of France had a favorite trick of hiring young thieves to relieve his guests as they sat at table of their swords and jewels, "laughing loudly as he witnessed their success or saw the unconsciousness of the victims or held their surprise and indignation after they had been despoiled."

Queen Christina of Sweden was in her element when she could snatch the chair away as some dignified official or portly court lady was about to take a seat and found infinite entertainment in dressing herself as a peasant and making love in disguise to the young ladies of the court.

Frederick William I of Prussia used to spend manyurious hours at the Tobacco club, where his chief delight was to make his guests the butt of his practical jokes. A favorite victim was Jacob von Gundling, an eminent scientist, whom on one occasion his majesty ordered to read aloud certain abusive articles about himself which the king had sent to the daily papers, while by his side was placed a monkey dressed in exact imitation of the professor which he was compelled to embrace as his brother.

FRESH AIR IS LIFE.

And it Is Just as Necessary at Night as in the Daytime.

Air is a life preserver. It is the particular friend of man, and he who barricades the doors and windows against this life saving friend gives a cordial invitation to disease and death to enter.

Open the doors and windows and let the sunshine in, and let wind blow through the rooms every morning, for they are disinfectants performing labor of a sanitary nature.

Breathe long and deep. Fill the lungs to their utmost capacity with pure air several times each day and keep the home well ventilated night and day, and remember that when night comes on all the air you have in or out of the house till the next morning is "night air," and you cannot bottle the day air enough within the sleeping room to last through the night, so by all means let the air circulate through the room and thus keep a fresh supply of the life giving element constantly with you.

More fresh air is required during sleep than when awake, for increased quantities of poisonous products are given off from the lungs and skin at this time, so each respiration renders the air in an unventilated room more unfit to be breathed again.

Keep the windows sufficiently open so the fresh "night air" can come in from one side and the impure air can go out through the other.

Tombstone Inscriptions.

A visit to the West Cemetery at Litchfield, Conn., round the following interesting inscriptions on tombstones there:

"Here lies the body of Mary, wife of Dr. John Buel, Esq. She died May 4th, 1768, at 40, having had 13 children, 101 grandchildren, 274 great-grandchildren, 22 great-great-grandchildren, totaling 336 to survive her."

Another: "Sacred to the memory of Inestimable worth of Unrivaled Excellence & Virtue, Mrs. Rachel, wife of Jerome B. Woodruff & daughter of Norman & Lois Barber, whose ethereal parts became a seraph May 21, 1835, in the 22nd year of her age."

Editorial Remarks.

A friend of mine, a London editor, controls two daily papers and a farm in Warwickshire. There is a legend that the members of his staff who seek his special graces buy the editor's eggs. "Do you know," one of them, greatly daring, reported to have said to him, "two of your eggs I had yesterday were not what you might call truly ripe?" "Indeed!" said the editor grimly. "And that article of yours in yesterday's issue didn't seem to me quite new laid."—Illustrated London News.

Love's Commandments.

4. Thou shalt have no other love but me. 2. Trust me all in all or not at all. 3. Thou shalt not dull me with satiety. 4. Wound me not with cruel words. 5. Thou shalt not bind me with fetters. 6. Guard me as the jewel of thy soul, for once lost I can never be regained. 7. Thou shalt not mistake thy fancies for me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Benefit of Contract.

"Do you think that industry is essential to happiness?"

"A little," answered the easy going person. "If a man had never done any work he would never realize how much comfort there is in having none to do."—Washington Star.

All For Him.

"Your flower seems to have a will of her own."

"Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm the sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.

In the Family.

"That watch he carries was his great-grandfather's."

"Indeed! His great-grandfather's? I know I've often seen it at his uncle's."

Credit.

"No Advantage." Kweter. You know they say, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." (Hamlet.) Yet most of us continue to be poor relations, right down the ledger.

A hundred years ago the best physician would give you a medicine for your heart without stopping to consider what effect it might have on the liver. Even this good day cough and cold medicines invariably blind the bowels. The Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup with Honey and Tar acts on the bowels—drives out the cold—clears the head, relieves all coughs, cures and strengthens the mucous membranes of the throat, chest, in grand bicarial doses. Held by W. T. Kittinger, druggist.

ALL CHILDREN

at birth inherit a predisposition to bodily ill and ailments—more or less serious.

The stomach and bowels are the most prolific sources of illness.

They are the hotbeds of disease.

They are the hotbeds of disease.