



ANTY DRUDGE

Mrs. Earner — "Don't these automobile covers look fine? You remember how soiled they were, and you told me to send them to a cleaner? Well, I asked a cleaner how much he would charge and he told me \$7.50. Just then along came Anty Drudge and said she'd show me how to save \$7.45. I was afraid to let her try at first, but she persuaded me, and here they are! It only took a couple of hours and wasn't a bit hard!"

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

Fels-Naptha Soap may not save you seven hundred and fifty pennies every day in the year, but it saves you many dollars every year, if you count the hard, tiresome work it relieves you of and the pleasure and profit you can get from the extra time it saves for you.

It works best in cool or lukewarm water.

Follow the directions on the Red and Green Wrapper. Better buy Fels-Naptha by the car, Philadelphia.

reply, "We do light housekeeping because we dislike boarding."

Never scold children, but soberly and quietly reprove. Do not employ shame, except in extreme cases. The suffering is acute; it hurts self-respect in the child to reprove a child before the family; to ridicule it, to tread down its feelings ruthlessly, is to awaken in its bosom malignant feelings. A child is defenseless; he is not allowed to argue. He is often tried, condemned and executed in a second. He finds himself of little use. He is put at things he doesn't care for and withheld from things which he does like. He made the convenience of grown up people and is hardly supposed to have any rights except a corner as it were; he is sent hither and thither, made to sit down or stand up at everybody's convenience, but his own; is snubbed and catechised until he learns to dodge government and elude authority, and then whipped for being "such a liar that no one can believe him."

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause that provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories that you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible the disagreeable things of life—they will come; but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything bad from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things that are lovely and lovable.

Women should grow more devoted and men fonder after marriage if they have the slightest idea of being happy as wives and husbands. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to the great number of divorces. Yet many a man will scold his wife who would never think of breathing a harsh word to his sweetheart, and many a wife will look glum and morose on her husband's return who has only smiles and words of cheer for him when he was her suitor.

We have seen parents careful to train their little ones to say "thank you" and "excuse me" but forgetful to teach them to lend a helping hand, or do a kind act for one in need.

Kindness is better than politeness, and industry better than great learning.

WEST VIRGINIA ITEMS OF NEWS.

The Logan County Teachers' Institute will be held at Logan the week of August 17th.

A program of unusual interest has been arranged.

Dr. Barbe, Supt. Thomas C. Miller and Mrs. Jeanette Duncan are the instructors scheduled for Logan.

This year's institute promises to be one of the best in the history of the County.

Coupon Force Reduced

The clerical force of the Chesapeake & Ohio coupon commission has been further reduced as its work is now drawing to a close, and only seven clerks, stenographers and auditors are employed now. It is probable that the force will be still further reduced in a few days. It formerly required twenty-five office rooms for the transaction of the business attending the claims of coupon holders, but they have been rapidly abandoned of late until only seven rooms are used now.

B. H. Oxley, a member of the commission stated this week that coupons are still being offered for redemption at the rate of about 175 packages a day.

Barboursville, who until recently could boast of her first records, was again visited by a conflagration Monday night when the store house and its contents, belonging to G. W. Clay, was burned to the ground.

Mr. Clay and family who lived over the store had a very narrow escape with their lives as they had not been rescued longer than five minutes when the building fell with a crash. They were rescued by means of a rope clothes line suspended from the upper front porch, the stairway in the rear being entirely cut off before the fire was discovered. The three small children were rescued by being thrown from the front porch above and caught by those on the ground.

So intense was the smoke that they could not be seen until they had almost reached the ground. Not even their wearing apparel was saved.

Thornburgs Will Hold Annual Reunion

The annual reunion of the Thornburg family will be held at Camden Park on Friday, August 28, according to announcements which was made Saturday.

The Thornburg family is one of the oldest and largest in this section of the country, and the annual reunion which have been held for many years, always draw a large attendance from the tri-state region.

A definite program has not yet been arranged for the reunion this year, but it is now in process of formation.

Captain John Thornburg, of Point Pleasant is president of the reunion association, Miss Addie Thornburg, of Huntington, secretary, and Mrs. Robert Thornburg, of Huntington, historian.

Aged Minister Takes Young Wife

Huntington, W. Va.—Great surprise was occasioned among the friends of Rev. C. H. Lakin, a veteran minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Miss Nora Quinlan when it became known they had been married. Mr. Lakin is seventy-six years old and his bride is thirty-six years younger.

Mr. Lakin retired from active ministerial life a few years ago after many years of service in the West Virginia conference. He is the father of James S. Lakin, president of the state board of control.

David Smith, Able Seaman

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Captain Williams of the United States navy having had quite a long term of sea service was ordered to the command of one of the finest naval stations on the New England coast.

Miss Nellie Williams was in the heyday of youth, and visions of all sorts of pleasures danced in her head, the principal of which was flirting with the young officers with whom she would be thrown into contact. Her mother rejoiced that she would be able to introduce her daughter into society, which she could not have otherwise done because neither her husband nor herself had any fortune, and she was obliged to live a retired life.

But no sooner had the captain assumed command and his family been installed in the best quarters at the station than Miss Nellie must needs spoil it all by casting to the winds the most sacred traditions of the service. Of all the officers at the station, including several midshipmen of a suitable age to interest a girl of seventeen, not one succeeded in sufficiently engaging her attention to save her from bestowing not only it, but her whole heart, on an enlisted man.

No one can tell what a girl between fifteen and twenty is going to do, and when she does it no one can stop her. The difference in the navy between an enlisted man and an officer can best be illustrated by comparing a bramble bush with a pine tree. There are in these times many fine young men among the United States tars, but the grandson of a millionaire can no more overstep this sharply defined line between officer and enlisted man than can the cook in the galley.

A girl of seventeen is as easily caught as the stupidest fish that swims, and no one can tell who will catch her. Miss Williams one day went aboard a ship docked at the yard. And there she saw the young man who caught her. What it was in him that caught her no one could tell. True, he was a pretty boy, but there were other pretty boys who wore officers' uniforms, while the young man in question wore the sailor's cap, the blue flannel shirt with broad collar and the trousers tight about the hips and loose below the knee of a common sailor.

Now, Captain Williams, who found no difficulty in commanding his station, consisting of many strong men, found himself unable to discipline his daughter. He threatened, if ever she was caught speaking to the youngster again, to send her away. She made promises, but they were not kept. He would have ordered the sailor—David Smith was the name on his ship's roster—away from the station, but Miss Nellie's infatuation had become known and such action would be considered using official power to serve private interests, and the captain was very sensitive on such a point. Moreover, he feared that if he "put on the screws" his daughter might run away with the tar. This would not only be her up to a common sailor, but a deserter.

How, when and where the tar and the captain's daughter contrived to hold their meetings no one knew. At least no one would tell. They had many adherents among the sailors, but none among the officers or their families. Finally it became apparent to Captain and Mrs. Williams that something must be done, and one morning Miss Nellie was informed that she was to be taken back to the quiet home.

There was nothing to do but submit, and what had promised to be such a fine thing for them ended in disappointment. And all this on account of Miss Nellie's having fallen in love with a common sailor instead of an officer.

One day Captain Williams received from Washington the discharge papers of a sailor named Howard Singleton. The discharge had been granted by the secretary of the navy at the request of the British minister. The case was brought to the commander's attention by the officer having the care of discharges because there was no such person as Howard Singleton at the station.

"Make inquiry for him," said the Captain; "he may have enlisted under an assumed name."

The officer retired and soon after returned with David Smith, able seaman. The captain, who knew him well, having had an interview with him concerning his daughter, looked at him in astonishment.

"Is your name Singleton?" asked Captain Williams.

"It is."

"Are you a British subject?"

"I am. My father is Sir Charles Singleton, a shipbuilder on the Clyde in Scotland. He builds ships for the British navy. I am to enter his service, but thought it better to learn something of warships by serving awhile on one of them. In the British navy I could not have preserved my innocence, so I chose the United States service."

"Ahem! And you go from here to Scotland to enter your father's works?"

"I do. But after consultation with my father I shall return for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"To ask the hand of your daughter."

"Um," mumbled the captain. "Perhaps you'd better see your father about that."

Singleton went home, returned and took Nellie Williams back to Scotland with him.

How Mr. Harding Conducted the Defense

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

"Mr. Harding," said Captain Wainwright, handing his glass to his first mate, "what do you think of that thing over there?"

"I think," said Harding, "that it is one of those devilish Chinese pirates that infest these waters."

This dialogue occurred on the American tramp steamer North Star in the Java sea, a region dreaded by mariners for the villainous characters who infest it.

"What do you think of our chances in case they attack us?" asked the captain.

"That depends on our ingenuity. We can't sink them before they reach us. We'll have to prevent their boarding us if we can, and if they board us we will have to fight them for our lives."

"How can we prevent their boarding us?"

"By so manning the points they attempt to climb that they can't get on deck. One American sailor armed should be able to keep off three Chinese from climbing a perpendicular ship's side. But excuse me, captain. I see that the villains are pointing for us; I must go below and order up the arms."

Harding left the captain peering at the junk. It was a small vessel, smaller than the North Star, but its deck was literally swarming with copper colored fiends ready for loot and murder. It had no ordnance of any caliber; it had been armed and equipped by men who had no special means to equip it, and, as Harding said, relied on taking such ships as it could overpower by boarding.

Soon after the first officer had gone below the men began to bring up guns, pistols and cutlasses and distributed them, with ammunition to fit, along the bulwarks.

"Where's Mr. Harding?" the captain demanded of one of the men. "What's he doing below when we're in peril for our lives?"

"He's in the engine room," was the reply.

At that moment a diabolical shout went up which diverted the captain's attention from the delinquent Mr. Harding. It was a bloodthirsty cry of triumph. The pirates, having come near enough to the North Star to make sure that she had no means of sinking her adversary, were in a very hilarious state. Their junk was a tolerably good sailer, and the wind was fair to enable them to bear down on their enemy. The North Star, though a steamer, was a tub and could barely do seven miles an hour.

On came the junk, her murderous crew dancing and shouting and chattering and brandishing their weapons. The captain of the North Star was so terrified that he took no action whatever, but the second officer, Mr. Melgga, was quietly arranging the men in groups along the bulwarks and giving them their orders. There were a few hand grenades in the stock of explosives, and Melgga ordered them on to the forecastle, where it was expected the Chinamen would attempt to climb the bowsprit chains, for the North Star was part steamer and part sailer. The crew was divided into two sections, the one forward, the other aft.

"Why are you leaving the ship clear for the devil's amidships, Mr. Melgga?" yelled the captain. "Don't you suppose they've got sense enough to come aboard where they have the least height to climb?"

"It's Mr. Harding's orders, sir."

"Harding's orders? What's he doing giving orders from the engine room?"

Again the captain's attention was distracted by a yell from the pirates, who were right under the North Star's stern. There was a volley from the men posted there, and a grapping hook that was thrown and caught on the gunwale was cast off.

Then the Chinamen were seen taking to their boats with the evident intention of stringing the fight out so far that the little crew of the North Star would not be able to keep them off from all points at once. A boat load of men well armed and with hooks and rope ladders attacked the stern, another the bow, while a boat was sent on each side.

At this time Harding, dragging a hose, and the fireman, dragging another, came up the companionway.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the captain.

Harding had no time to reply in words, but he did reply in action. Two or three of the Chinamen had climbed up the unprotected port side, and one of them had a leg over the gunwale. Harding let drive at him with a half inch jet of steam from the boiler, and he went back over the side, doubtless glad to get into the cold water below.

At the same time the fireman opened up on another party about to jump down on to the deck on the starboard side. Both Harding and the fireman, having cleared the gunwale, carried the nozzle to the side and, pointing the stream downward, gave a death scald to every one in the boats below. The bow and stern being well protected by legitimate arms of warfare and the sides being impregnable against a jet of hot steam, the pirates withdrew.

Harding, who had saved the ship by his admirable foresight and resource, became the idol of the crew, while all respect for the captain was gone. When the North Star sailed again from an American port Harding was her master.

PROGRAMME

For the Sunday School concert to be held at the East Creek school, August 22nd, beginning at 10 o'clock.

Devotional exercises led by Bro. Thomas, and prayer by Bro. George Rogers.

Song.

Welcome address by Bro. Eli Ratcliff. Response by Leonard Bowling.

Song.

Recitation by Carrie Ratcliff.

Quartet by Ruby Cooksey, Hazel Nipp, Dennis Cooksey, Arthur Jordan.

Speech by Isaac Cunningham. Subject, "Sunday Schools of 1700 and the Present Time."

Recitation, Charley Fanson.

Recitation, Jay Cooksey.

Noon.

Speech by Bro. M. M. Harmon. Subject, "Relation of the Sunday School to the Church."

Song.

Motto bearers, Freta Fanson, Ruby Smith, Eulah Arden.

Recitation, Norma Pennington.

Song by the Sunday School boys and girls.

Speech by Sister Chloral Kitchen. Subject, "Boys and Girls of the Teen Age."

Response by Isaac Cunningham.

Recitation by two girls, "Casting Bread Upon the Waters," Bertha Cooksey and Hazel Arden.

Song.

Recitation by Hazel Nipp.

Motto bearers, Bert Smith, Elmer Smith, Claude Ratcliff.

Song.

Recitation, Otis Bowling.

Recitation, Ruby Cooksey.

General discussion on Sunday School work by all present.

Song.

Benediction by Bro. J. H. Thomas.

Dinner on the ground. Everybody cordially invited to come, and bring some one with them and lend a helping hand for the advancement of the Lord's cause in Sunday School work.

Committee.

J. M. COOKSEY, BETTIE NIPP, NORMA PENNINGTON.

There is scarcely any cloud without its silver lining. Mrs. Pankhurst and her sister anarchists have not burned a priceless treasure of art since the war began.

TRAYSER PIANOS.

So many talents are wasted and so much enthusiasm has but a transitory result for want of a little patience and endurance, but the spirit that prompted George L. Traysor to build his first piano in Indianapolis was not characterized by such qualities. His determined will, his energy and patience won success, and the Traysor piano which he placed upon the market in 1849 has been improved upon as experience and expert knowledge dictate until today it is an instrument with a distinctive and established demand.

Combining a rare inventive skill with the experience gained through his apprenticeship in the factories of Germany, he succeeded in perfecting an instrument to a degree appreciated for its quality of tone and improved action by contemporary musicians.

Eventually the plant was moved from Indianapolis to Ripley, O., and later to Maysville, Kentucky, but because of limited facilities and lack of adequate accommodations, his further progress demanded affiliation with men of wider experience and capital. Mr. James M. Starr, of Richmond, Indiana, purchased an interest in the concern, moving the plant to that place in 1872.

Although the Traysor piano carried off honors at frequent expositions, there were so many difficulties encountered from the very beginning that no rapid progress was made until the year 1872, when a permanent basis for future growth was established. The Starr Piano Co., the manufacturers and distributors of this product, have spared neither energy nor expense in perfecting this instrument and placing it in the front rank of public esteem.

Their plant at Richmond, Indiana, besides being one of the largest piano factories in the most complete in the world, is a possible device which might lead to greater efficiency in placed at the command of the builders. Workmen skilled in the use of tools and understanding the theory of piano construction exercise the greater care in putting their knowledge into actual practice. The use of carefully selected and prepared materials and the most up-to-date machinery, are other important factors in the manufacture of this instrument.

Because of its rich, resonant tone and responsive action, the Traysor piano has won for itself a reputation as an instrument for school and concert work. The fact that it has for years withstood the severe test of ten hours practice a day in hundreds of musical colleges, the hardest use to which a piano may be placed, is instrumental in proving no piano in the world is constructed more scientifically or with greater durability and musical effectiveness.

A musical instrument that meets the requirements of the modern American home, however, is the Traysor Player-piano. This is not an ordinary player-piano but the combination of an instrument, embodying every feature of the Traysor piano and the Starr type of piano mechanism. In every respect this is a first-class player mechanism, thoroughly protected by patents. All of the expression which makes playing artistic is produced by means of the controlling devices. That mechanical exactness so objectionable on many players has been entirely eliminated in the Traysor player-piano.

Rarely does a musical instrument meet with such decided approval of the purchasing public. If you have spent years in mastering long difficult pieces and have reached a high degree of perfection in technique; if you appreciate and enjoy real music; or if you lack the technical ability to play even the simple pieces of popular favor, you can not help consider it a treasure compared to which its cost is most insignificant. The Traysor player-piano is a sparkling fountain of entertainment that places at the direct command of every one all the music of the world.

For Sale by ELIJAH B. BROWN, Henrietta, Ky. Dealer in HIGH GRADE PIANOS. Write him to call and see you.

VAN LEAR.

took coal at this place is now and every man that they can get at work now.

They have a steam shovel at work, day and night, at the coal.

Plenty of work here now, night and day.

The company has made a stock law. Plenty of peddlers at this place. Frank Clark and William Marcum are loading coal.

Emma Marcum made a trip to Louisa last week to visit her daughter.

Landon Marcum still goes about the house with two crutches.

Bud Collins has moved to Paintsville.

Ernest Stanley, a motorman at No. 1 mines, got his leg broken last week.

P. M. Marcum and James Pinson were in Paintsville Tuesday.

THE LAD.

IN MEMORY.

William Russell Childers was born July 14, 1914, died July 17th. He leaves a father, mother and two sisters to mourn his death. He was laid to rest in the Dixon graveyard at Fairview, there to wait the Resurrection morn. Jesus will soon come and call his sleeping saints from their resting place to eternal glory.

We will tell the pleasing story when we meet William Russell in glory, and we keep ourselves all ready for to hail the heavenly King. A FRIEND.

It is not the high cost of living that hurts, it is the cost of living high.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

A HOME THAT WILL PLEASE THE WHOLE FAMILY.

If you are looking for that kind of a home where life will be a pleasure, the days of drudgery past, come to Sciotoville, Ohio. It is a pleasure to farm on smooth land; it is a pleasure to drive on good roads; it is a pleasure to have the best of schools eight months in the year, good churches and Sunday Schools handy, and it is a real pleasure to haul off a load of produce and get the cash for it at the best market in the Ohio valley from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh. I have a fine list of farms for sale—the very choice farms in the country, and at prices that are reasonable—some with the best of terms. You need not be out of a home and pay rent if you can pay a small payment down then the farm will pay for itself. Land produces well here; you can raise any crop here that can be raised in Kentucky. I have some of the best stock farms in Southern Ohio. Fine Blue Grass farms at reasonable prices. Some good poultry farms for sale. Also dairy farms. If you want a farm better write me to meet you at Sciotoville. I do not live in town, so be sure and write me four days before you start. Come on No. 15 on N. & W. Always if you write me I will be at the station. Don't stop till you see me. I will meet you any day except Sunday. Don't delay! I have been gathering up the best farms of the country all winter long. You will be out nothing after you get here. If you write me I will do all I can to help you. Then if you buy I will help you get a team and proper farming tools. There is always some teams placed in my hands for sale; cows, chickens and everything you need. I have special arrangements with a wholesale furniture store that if you buy a farm from me you get all you need for the house at wholesale prices and save the middleman's profit. You see I am looking after your interests as well as looking after selling the farms. A number of good locations for stores, blacksmith shops, grist mills, some with good trades already established, it will pay you to buy a farm from the man that looks after all your interests as well as his own. If you have money to invest buy a farm and rent it. Land is going up every day. I have many calls for farms by men that want to rent. Get in line and see me before you buy. I have the best lot of farms ever was offered for sale in Scioto county. Write at once! Don't delay! Remember I have horses and rigs and will meet you rain or shine. Address all letters to

FRED B. LYNCH, R. D. 1, Box 50, Sciotoville, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE.

300 acre farm at mouth Cherokee, Lawrence county, Ky., known as the old Graham farm; 200 acres under fence, 100 acres timber, enough to keep farm for 100 years; between 50 and 70 acres bottom land that partly overflows from back waters and very rich; yields from 60 to 80 bushels corn to the acre. A 6x30 foot barn, good 1-room cottage, porch 12 feet wide, two-thirds way around house, 8 miles from railroad at Webbville. Daily mail by hack. Apply to T. P. MOORE at Louisa, Ky., or to see farm go to tenant. tf-1-15

FARMS FOR SALE.

Farm, 18 acres bottom land, 7-room dwelling house, on river, railroad and county road, close to church, school and stores. Plenty fruit trees. Good garden.

Farm, 65 acres, mostly in grass; house and barn, young orchard; three miles from Louisa. \$1500.00.

Farm, 50 acres, one mile from Fort Gay, W. Va. On railroad and county road and river. Good land. No house. Price \$1000.

About 35 acres fertile river bottom land, one-half mile below Fort Gay. Also 100 acres adjoining Fort Gay. Good grass land, six or seven acres of it level. Price \$2,000. tf-3-6

F. H. YATES, Louisa, Ky.

FARM FOR SALE.

Good farm of about 500 acres near railroad and river, in Lawrence Co., Ky. Timber and coal. Grass, tobacco land; barn; large amount of new ground; good buildings. Write BIG SANDY NEWS office for particulars.

FOR SALE.

A farm of over 1200 acres, fronting on Tug river for nearly two miles, in Lawrence county, Ky., opposite Webb station on N. & W. R. R. Fine river bottom, creek and hill lands, including all mineral. Large amount easily cleared and cultivatable. Title good. Address FRED W. WALKER, Woods, Ky., or R. T. BURNS, Louisa, Ky. 5-27