

BIG LINER ARABIC SENT TO BOTTOM: 32 LIVES ARE LOST.

New York, Aug. 19.—A revised list of the survivors of the Arabic, compiled from cable reports, shows that Miss Bruciere and Edmund Woods are the only Americans unaccounted for.

London, Aug. 20 (12:10 a. m.)—The Star Line steamer Arabic, on her way from New York, was torpedoed by a German submarine at 10:30 p. m. on Thursday morning south of the Azores.

Passengers Missing. Passengers are reported neither any of those not accounted for by the Americans has not yet been reported.

Details Are Lacking. Details of the sinking of the Arabic are lacking, but that the loss of life is not greater is due to the fact that the weather was fine and the steamer was a German submarine zone.

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tion this incident. Warfield Lee, of this city, is familiar with the incident and occasionally relates it to his acquaintances.

He tells the story as follows: "Light Horse" Harry Lee's wife was in very ill health in 1899. The family physician had pronounced that his ailment and knowledge of medicine could not save her life.

On the seventh day the sexton went into the mausoleum to lay flowers on the casket and sweep the floor for the day before had been quite rainy and the shoes of those following the distinguished woman to her final resting place dropped considerable mud.

While sweeping the old sexton heard a weak far-off sounding voice call "Help." The sexton could not account for the voice unless it were from the dead, and he soon was without the walls of the mausoleum.

Plunging his sweeping, he walked to the casket to strew the flowers over the lid. Again he heard that weak, far-off voice calling "Help." He was standing directly over the glass of the lid looking into the face of the supposedly dead woman and he saw her lips quiver.

Mr. Lee has been a resident of Catlettsburg for nearly 40 years. In his sixty-seventh year he enjoys excellent health that he attributes to his remarkable physique, acquired through the hardships he underwent in the four years of war.

Warfield Lee is a descendant of the woman who was laid away for dead. His father was Samuel Lee, who had an estate in Rockingham county, Virginia at the outbreak of the Civil war.

That he had some thrilling and narrow escapes during the war is at once seen in the bullet holes that scar his body. The lightest scar he carries is on his throat, made when a cavalryman almost severed his jugular with a sabre.

Many horse owners at this season of the year find that their horses are troubled by sores which resist usual methods of treatment, and which in this respect differ from ordinary wounds.

Frequently the first indication or appearance of the trouble is a small lump resembling a grain of skin beneath the skin. In a few days the skin sloughs off over the spot, leaving a raw surface.

Numerous methods of treatment have been resorted to in this connection, with varying results, and frequently no improvement is noted until the approach of cold weather.

Not infrequently a valuable stallion becomes affected in which case the genital organs may become involved and incapacitate the animal for breeding purposes.

For all such children we say with unmistakable earnestness: They need Scott's Emulsion, and need it now. It possesses in concentrated form the very best elements to enrich their blood.

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Fate of the Brig Ivan

Togo is the southernmost island in the Cape Verde group, situated in the north Atlantic. I was there in a bark which had brought lumber, hardware, agricultural implements and other stuff, and on our arrival we found the brig Ivan already at anchor.

The commander of a Russian man-of-war on a cruise has more power than the czar at home. The latter must at least have some excuse to send a citizen to his death.

Several of the crew on the Ivan were tried up and flogged in plain view of us on the first day of our arrival, and it wasn't long before we learned that the brig was a floating hell.

One dark and rainy night, while I was standing anchor watch on our craft, one of the Russian sailors swam off to us. He had come for a talk. He knew nothing whatever of geography and could not tell in which direction any coast lay.

It was a week after when we got ready for sea, bound for Rio Janeiro. We had no idea of ever hearing from the Russians again, but when four days out we ran across a New Bedford whaler named Scott, which gave us some exciting news.

Just at sunset the brig fired a gun for us to heave to. There was an ugly cross sea running, and we doubted if they would lower a boat.

The young lady put her gloved fingers into her portmanteau, took out a five dollar gold coin and dropped it into Jack's begrimed hand.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ashmore." "Why, Mr. Meriweather!" "Fortunate, wasn't it, that I came upon you yesterday when you broke down?"

"You don't mean—" "Yes; I am the mechanic who rescued your machine and brought you home."

"Heaven's," exclaimed the lady, biting her lip and coloring, "and I paid you for—" Jack flipped with his thumb the coin she had given him which he had converted into a fob, saying:

"Here it is. I have earned it, and I mean to keep it in memory of the service it was my happiness to do you."

Miss Ashmore blushed and as soon as she recovered her composure said: "A good automobile mechanic should also be a good driver. Perhaps I may hire you for my chauffeur this afternoon?"

"Not for hire this time. One moment will suffice, but I shall be happy to serve you, all the same."

The two got into the car and sped away. "Not for hire this time. One moment will suffice, but I shall be happy to serve you, all the same."

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INCOGNITO

Jack Meriweather was a howling swell. Being rich he had nothing to do except amuse himself. But amusement with him must be taken out of doors. He was devoted to tennis and baseball—in fact, all athletic sports.

Mr. Meriweather was also fond of autos, having several in his garage, and he kept them all in order himself. He had plenty of tools, and whenever anything in the machinery of one of his cars broke or became disarranged he would don his overalls and fix it.

Jack did not change his overalls or wash the smudge off his face or hands, but started down the road looking for all the world like a greasy mechanic.

"Would you be so kind as to examine my machine and tell me what's the matter with it?" she asked. Jack pulled his machine to the side of the road, alighted and looked for the trouble.

"I can get a rope at one of these farms hereabout," suggested Jack, "hitch your machine to mine and take it to my shop. Then as soon as I can duplicate the rod I will put it in for you."

"I wish you would," said the girl. "I'll pay you for what you do." Jack re-entered his machine, ran down the road a bit to a farm house and returned with a stout rope. Then, having hitched the two machines together, the girl got into hers to steer it.

"Could you have it there by 4? I usually go for a drive at that hour." "I have no doubt of it."

Jack enjoyed the part he was playing and, expecting that Miss Ashmore would recognize him if he put on good clothes, drove her home as he was. When he left her at the door she said: "If you will tell me how much the bill will be I will pay it now."

"I think the price of the rod to replace the broken one will be about \$3. I shall have to charge by the rules of the union, 70 cents an hour. My time on the job will be about three hours. Call it all \$5."

The next afternoon at precisely 4 o'clock an automobile drew up at Miss Ashmore's door. She heard it and, assuming that it was her machine, she went out dressed for a drive.

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Be a Weekly, Not an Annual, Visitor to the House of God

GO TO CHURCH if you wish to adore God! There are any number of men in the world today who declare that they do not need to GO TO CHURCH. They say that they are leading good lives; that they are honest and God fearing.

This appeal is directed to these men. Isn't it fair to assume that the Supreme Being demands more than obedience from his followers on this earth? Is it enough to obey the laws of God? Doesn't God want love? Doesn't he want adoration? Where and how can a man adore the Creator if not in church? The church is the earthly home of the Supreme Being. It is in church that he will be found.

A MAN MAY BE RIGHTEOUS AND JUST. HE MAY BE GOD-FEARING. HE MAY LIVE UP TO EVERY LAW OF GOD AND OF THE LAND. BUT HE MUST DO MORE IF HE WISHES TO OBTAIN SALVATION. HE MUST GO TO CHURCH. HE MUST BE MORE THAN A QUARTERLY, A SEMIANNUAL OR AN ANNUAL VISITOR TO THE EARTHLY HOME OF GOD.

It is not enough that you obey God. You must love God. There is no better way of proving your love than by GOING TO CHURCH. GO TO CHURCH next Sunday!

STORY OF THE MOONLIGHT SCHOOL.

In a forceful and impressive manner, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, chairman of the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, charmed an Elizabethtown audience Wednesday evening at the Masonic Temple with an address on "Moonlight Schools."

Mrs. Stewart was presented by H. A. Sommers as "the most distinguished woman in Kentucky," and responding to the introduction, graciously acknowledged the co-operation of the County School Superintendent, Mr. J. A. Payne and of the Woman's Club of Elizabethtown, in this movement which has as its ultimate end the eradication of illiteracy from the state.

"The moonlight school movement," said Mrs. Stewart, "had its inception in America. The Playground movement started in France and the Montessori movement in education in Italy, but the land of the brave and the home of the free saw the birth of the moonlight school. I am also proud," she continued, "that the first moonlight school was not opened in the East, where culture and precision are in their essence; nor in the North, where progress goes at a galloping pace; nor yet in the West, where efficiency is first to be considered."

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Mrs. Stewart next pictured the helpless condition of the illiterates in Rowan county, and related three incidents which inspired her to inaugurate the moonlight schools. One, she said, was an illiterate old woman for whom she had carried on a correspondence with the woman's daughter, reading the latter's letters and answering them. "This went on for several years," said the speaker, "until one day the old lady came into my office, her face aglow as I had never seen it before. 'Well do you want me to read your letter,' I inquired, and to my utter amazement, she answered proudly, 'Now, I can read. I've just learned it. Some times the clerk would be up, and it would be three or four days before I would know what my daughter said, and all the time it seems like there was a great wall twixt me and my Nellie, so I just learned how to read and write.' To my great surprise and delight," said Mrs. Stewart, "she showed me a letter which she had written her daughter."

These, with two other similar incidents, Mrs. Stewart said, furnished the inspiration for the moonlight school movement in her home county of Rowan.

Speaking of oats the other day, some one remarked that the crop this year was in excess of any year he had known of, and this reminded of the variety of oats raised by our friend, John F. Cooper, of Mason, which is the largest and most prolific oats ever seen hereabout. It is doubtless a new variety, as the sample brought us shows both the straw and head three or four times larger than the ordinary oats grown in this section. Everyone that has seen this sample says it is far ahead of anything in the oats line they have ever seen.—Mt. Olivet Tribune.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL Kentucky State Fair LOUISVILLE

September 13th to 18th, 1915

Biggest Saddle Horse Show in the World Fine Exhibits of Horses, Cattle, Swine, Sheep, Poultry, Field Seed and Grain, Horticulture, Women's Handiwork, Student's Judging Contest, Farmer Boys' Encampment and Baby Health Contest.

Trotting and Pacing Races Each Day... Clean Midway and Display. Remember every added RU helps to make doing better for you. Reduc