

Gettysburg.

Mrs. M. A. Myers had Covington friends for guests yesterday.

The loss of C. B. Burns in the burning of his grain elevator was adjusted today in an amount aggregating nearly \$5000, and while it helps in making good his loss, it lacks considerable in equalizing the loss he sustained on account of the fire.

Bob Russell's daughter and her family of Union City were his guests for several days the latter part of last week and over Sunday.

The grain caught in the fire of C. B. Burns' elevator is still burning and might prove dangerous if not put out.

P. B. Miller and wife were the guests of D. Moul's family at Pleasant Hill yesterday.

During the writer's visit at Pleasant Hill yesterday he took a stroll over a portion of the country lying along the banks of Stillwater lately devastated by the flood, and the ruin wrought is astounding and difficult of description. In a bend of the stream a straightening process was indulged by a stream of water taking its course through a millrace and worked out a channel as large and more perfect than the original stream at other places.

This is only an argument for straightening our water courses. What man may fail to do will be done by natural processes. Let improvement proceed in this as well as other needful ways and dangers of flood will be largely eliminated and the dangers incident overcome. Ruin and devastation were visible everywhere, and while the sight was interesting it failed to hold a prospect desirable. It will require very much time to cover the marks of the flood and some will never be removed from sight—they have come to stay and to serve as preceptors for coming generations, and lucky it will be if salutary lessons may be gained from them. These natural sources of instructing, while valuable, are appalling in their operations and lessons.

Our farmers are busy with their spring work and already a considerable number are done planting corn. A very large area of oats has been planted and is growing nicely. The wheat crop is promising and good returns are expected, if exempted from blighting influences.

Fishing just now seems very attractive and the small boy is plying the vocation almost daily, and the man largely on Sunday. I suppose the latter is hardly aware that fishing on Sunday is prohibited by statute, under a fine not exceeding \$20. Besides, if this were not so it shows such little regard for the law and the Sabbath. Our older people and parents ought to teach the rising generation the sacredness of our institutions and conform to wholesome laws and obedience to human and divine law. Remember

the Sabbath to keep it holy ought to be a paramount matter with good people.

The tariff bill, with a large horizontal push downward, and free sugar at end of three years and free wool from start, passed the House by a very large majority—more than two to one. Yet not all the Democrats supporting, nor yet all the Republicans and Progressives opposing it, and now it has to run the gauntlet of the Senate to become a law. The meager Democratic majority in the Senate and the uncertainty of every Democratic senator's support of free sugar and wool renders the situation and the prospect of the Underwood bill passing that body in its present form somewhat doubtful. Yet the Democratic bosses give assurance that it will finally pass without material alteration. President Wilson is standing firm on the House frame of the bill, and announces with positive assurance there will be no compromise allowed. The tariff must be changed to conform to his will. The mandate has gone forth and no temporizing will be tolerated. We will see what we will see, and see who is the greater. Big work will be done causing to bring all in line if possible.

Our people are all standing on tiptoe to see what will be done at our County Sunday school convention to be held at Union City Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Our people are wide awake and a large delegation from here will be there.

Rev. Ashman of Pleasant Hill will deliver the oration here on Decoration Day. It goes without saying that this place will have an occasion equal to any of its predecessors. Everybody come.

May 19. MOB

For the Weak and Nervous

Tired-out, weak, nervous men and women would feel ambitious, energetic, full of life and always have a good appetite, if they would do the sensible thing for health—take Electric Bitters. Nothing better for the stomach, liver or kidneys. Thousands say they owe their lives to this wonderful home remedy. Mrs. O. Rhinevault, of Vestal Center, N. Y., says: "I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest of gifts. I can never forget what it has done for me." Get a bottle yourself and see what a difference it will make in your health. Only 50c and \$1.00. Recommended by Wm. Kipp's Sons.

The Bench's Distinction.
A long-winded attorney was arguing a technical case before one of the judges of the superior court in a western state. He had rambled on in such a desultory way that it became very difficult to follow his line of thought, and the judge had just yawned very suggestively.
"With just a trace of sarcasm in his voice the handsome attorney ventured to observe, 'I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court.'"
"My friend," returned his honor, "there is a considerable difference between trespassing on time and encroaching upon eternity."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Program for Memorial Day.

The following is the program for Memorial Day exercises in Greenville, on Friday afternoon, May 30, 1913:

Column will be formed at 1 o'clock p.m., ready to move at 1:15 o'clock.

Greenville Band, leading, East Fifth street, right resting on Broadway.

Militia, Co. M, O. N. G., rear of band, East Fifth street.

Decoration committee and the school children, West Fourth-st., right resting on Broadway.

Women's Relief Corps, rear of school children, West Fourth-st.

Members of Grand Army of Republic and ex-Soldiers, West Fifth street.

Carriages with orator of day, South Broadway, right resting on Fifth street.

Carriages and other vehicles of citizens, South Broadway.

At stated time, the column will move in procession north on Broadway to the Greenville cemetery, and at its entrance the Greenville Band, militia and school children will open ranks. The Martial Band, Relief Corps, Grand Army and ex-soldiers will march through the open ranks and enter the cemetery, the Greenville Band and militia following and after entering proceed to and form around the soldiers' monument and square. The school children upon entering will be conducted at once to their respective divisions and decorate the graves.

The following program will then be carried out at the monument:

Reading the roll of deceased soldiers by Comrade J. L. Bascom, while their graves are being decorated.

Reading of Lincoln's Address at dedication of Gettysburg cemetery.

Music, Greenville Band.

Services by Jobes Post, No. 157, G. A. R.

Services by Women's Relief Corps.

At close of above exercises the procession will re-form, as in march to Trainer's Opera House, West Third street, where the memorial address will be delivered.

Order of Exercises:
Song, Leftwich Quartette.
Invocation, Rev. Wm. Pieffer, First Baptist church.
Music, Quartette.
Oration, Col. J. Gordon Taylor, Cincinnati, O.
Music, Quartette.
Benediction.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Her Other Self.
"You're in love with a blond," remarked the fortune teller, "but after you marry her beware of a brunette, who—"
"No danger," remarked the patron. "It's the same woman"—Ladies' World.

Money that Goes for Travel.

We live in an age of wanderlust. Previous generations spent their money on costly clothes, on horses and gaming, on armor, on castles; we spend ours on the vehicles for moving about.

More than \$250,000,000 a year goes for automobiles. The number of passengers carried on railroads has progressed from 492,430,865 in 1890 to 971,683,199, nearly double, in 1910. In ten years the number of Americans traveling abroad has more than doubled. In 1900 120,477 arrived home after trips to foreign parts; in 1910 there were 243,191 who made the journey and returned. Additional evidence could be adduced to show that "to keep on the move" rapidly is becoming the average man's idol.

The wholesomeness of travel within reasonable limits is evident. Doctors prescribe a change of scene for their patients; employers reward faithful workers, grown rusty by too long confinement at a desk, by giving them a trip; church congregations inject a new snap and vitality into the pastor's sermons by taking up a purse and financing a journey. Everywhere it is recognized that efficiency cannot be long maintained unless the individual occasionally gets the stimulus of change.

Frequently a vacation is anything but restful, often being a mad rush from place to place in an effort to crowd the maximum of excitement into the short week or two weeks set aside from the fifty-two of the year for recreation. Yet when men and women return from such strenuous outings really re-created, with fresh viewpoints, with increased interest in their work, and an added snap in the doing of it, the excitement which would seem to be a drain on the system is shown to be an invigorator.

The increase in the use of motorcars and the larger aggregate of money spent in travel thus is shown as an evidence of progress. Gradually we are learning that there is no greater menace to ability than sameness and no greater stimulant to talent than variety. The money which goes for travel is an investment that pays real dividends.—Bowling Green Sentinel-Tribune.

Wonderful skin Salve,
Bucklen's Arnica Salve is known everywhere as the best remedy made for all diseases of the skin, and also for burns, bruises and boils. Reduces inflammation and is soothing and healing. J. T. Sossaman, publisher of News, of Cornelius, N. C., writes that one box helped his serious skin ailment after other remedies failed. Only 25c. Recommended by Wm. Kipp's Sons.

Conserving Energy.
"Yes," said the old man, "and my strength is falling somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get halfway around I have to turn and come back."—Woman's Home Companion.

Slaughter of Birds to End.

The loud call has been heard and answered and the indiscriminate slaughter of birds is about to end. The federal government has stepped in and has said that nowhere in this country may migratory game and insectivorous birds be killed, except under such rules and regulations as the government may lay down.

Included in the agricultural appropriation bill (McLean bill No. 6497) which President Taft signed an hour before he ceased to be president, is this provision: "All wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons and all other migratory game and insectivorous birds which, in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any state or territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the government of the United States, and shall not be regulated or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided."

Ornithologists say that some of the wild life mentioned in the legislation is practically extinct, as a result of the slaughter that has gone on for a century. For instance, it is pointed out, only one wild pigeon is now known to exist in this country. It is in a park at Cincinnati. Persons of middle age can remember when, during the migratory season, wild pigeons were so plentiful in Indiana that it was common sport for men and boys to bring them to earth through the services of decoy pigeons and kill them by the hundreds and even thousands with clubs. There were times when the pigeons in their flight north or south shut out the sun for hours at a time. Pointing to stories of this sort, men who urged the federal legislation that has been enacted, and who will insist on the rigid enforcement of the law, express regret that the federal government did not step in years ago and give its protection to migratory bird life.

Best Medicine for Colds.

When a druggist recommends a remedy for colds, throat and lung troubles, you can feel sure that he knows what he is talking about. C. Lower, Druggist of Marion, Ohio, writes of Dr. King's New Discovery: "I know Dr. King's New Discovery is the best throat and lung medicine I sell. It cured my wife of a severe bronchial cold after all other remedies failed." It will do the same for you if you are suffering with a cold or any bronchial, throat or lung cough. Keep a bottle on hand all the time for everyone in the family to use. It is a home doctor. Price 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Wm. Kipp's Sons.

Try the Journal a year, or one of our clubbing offers.

When Things Hummed

After the Ball Was Started It Rolled Rapidly.

By AMY HARRIS.

"Now, then, Hannah, things are going to hum!"

It was Aunt Judith Wellman who spoke. She had arrived from Indiana for a visit with her sister in Michigan, and the pair had been talking for the last hour on the veranda, while Farmer Henderson was doing up the chores at the barn.

"What do you mean, Judith?" was asked.

"I mean several things. I mean that I have never heard of a case like it. Your Minnie has been old enough to marry for these last three years, and you've let a feller dawdle around here and make sheep's eyes at her and keep all other fellows away and yet hasn't asked her to be his, and may be three more years doing it. I call it a mean shame. When I say that things are going to hum I mean that somebody has got to toe the mark mighty soon or get out. You and Elisha ought to have put your foot down long ago."

"You wouldn't do anything to embarrass Minnie?" pleaded the mother.

"That's according. I guess the embarrassment will all be on the other side, however. Embarrassment is all right in a girl, Hannah, but it shouldn't be carried too far. Both of us were embarrassed when we were girls, but we weren't so much so as to kill our prospects of getting married. We knew when our beaux had hung around long enough. Has Minnie ever given this chap a jog?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Have you or Elisha ever given him a jog?"

"Never!"

"Then it remains for Judith Wellman to do it, and she's right on deck, with both elbows stuck out. It won't be a week before we'll know whether Joel Davis means business or is just sitting around like a lump on a log."

"But you won't—won't!"

"I don't know what I'll do, except to decide the case one way or other, and you needn't ask questions. I don't believe in folks getting married within a week, and I don't believe in courting for half a lifetime. A fellow either wants a girl or he don't. If he does let him take her; if he don't let him stay off and give some one else a chance."

Minnie Henderson was twenty years old and a recognized belle for ten miles around. Everybody was agreed that she would make somebody a good wife. She had been "keeping company" with Joel Davis for nearly three years. Joel was a bachelor of twenty-seven, living on the next farm west. He was steady, sober and industrious, and everybody said that he would make some girl a good husband. But Joel was also bashful and retiring. He was in love with Minnie, to be sure, but that very fact made him tremble in her presence. A hundred times over in the last two years he had resolved to propose, but on each and every occasion his courage had oozed out of his fingers' ends. He felt that the time must and would come, but whether it would take an earthquake or a cyclone to bring it about he wasn't sure.

It was three days before Aunt Judith saw Joel. She liked his looks, and that changed her plans somewhat. She hadn't been going to say a word to Minnie, but now she changed about and opened fire with:

"Well, I am astonished! So that's the feller that has been hanging around here for half his lifetime and will probably die of old age on your father's doorstep!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'hanging around,'" retorted Minnie, with a blush and a toss of her head.

"Why, coming over here two or three times a week to talk about grasshoppers and tater bugs. I am surprised at you. What can you see in such a feller to encourage him? I suppose he knows pumpkins from squashes, but I'll bet a big apple that if you asked him when the pilgrim fathers landed he'd fall off the veranda. Minnie Henderson, if you are the girl I take you to be you will send that feller packing this very evening."

"You misjudge him, aunty. He does not push himself forward, but—"

"I've got eyes in my head," snapped her aunt. "It never takes me over five minutes to size up a man. Joel Davis is an 'it'! He'll always be ten days behind the Fourth of July. It's a wonder your father and mother have allowed it."

Minnie choked down a sharp answer and went off to her room to cry, and Aunt Judith sauntered into the kitchen to say to her sister:

"There, now, I've got the thing started, and you and Elisha have got to turn in and help me. Minnie will cry and then get mad and then see Joel, and there'll be a wedding before you know it. Don't you weaken when the time comes."

Next day Joel came to the house to bring back a bushel basket he had borrowed. Minnie was upstairs and Aunt Judith hiding behind the door, so it was left for Minnie's mother to say:

"Joel, I've been wanting to speak to you for some time. I don't think you ought to come here as often as you do."

"W-what?" gasped the lover as he turned very red.

"Your coming here so often keeps

other young men away and does not give Minnie a fair chance. Of course she has no thought of marrying you, so it isn't right to waste her time on you."

Joel stared with open mouth, but to save his neck he couldn't say a word in reply. After making several vain attempts he walked off. On his way home he turned aside and climbed the fence to speak to Farmer Henderson, working in his field. Minnie's father had been posted and was waiting for his opportunity. Joel had stammered out that it was a hot day and that corn seemed to be looking up and that he was afraid that one of his cows had the hollow horn, when Elisha finished billing up a hill of corn and slowly said:

"Joel, they say that there's going to be a heap of windmill and wire fence men along here this fall, and if any of 'em want to board with me for a week or two I shall take 'em in."

"W-why?" asked Joel.

"Well, there's Minnie, you know. It's time she was thinking of getting married. Some of those windmill fellows are scarier than chain lightning and well off to boot. I've always kinder thought I'd like one of them for a son-in-law."

"Mr. Henderson"—began poor Joel, but he had to halt at that. The change in the attitude of the farmer and his wife brought a great fear to his heart and started chills up and down his back.

"Minnie ain't looking for a husband, you know. She don't have to do that, but when the right feller comes along I guess a match will be made. A piano agent the other day asked me if she was engaged, and I told him there wasn't anybody around here good enough. Yes, it's a purty hot day, Joel, and I shouldn't wonder if tomorrow would be hotter."

Joel didn't do any work the rest of the afternoon. He simply sat and thought. The result was that when evening came he headed for the Henderson homestead. He was going to see Minnie and find out what had happened. It was Aunt Judith who was at the gate when he came up, and she didn't lost any time, saying:

"Young man, I guess you've heard of me. I'm Minnie's aunt. Walk along the road with me while I talk to you. You don't want to force yourself upon a family where you are not wanted, do you?"

"Has something happened?" he anxiously asked.

"Well, Minnie's father and mother have got their eyes open at last. She has been promised so much that they realize she can make a good match. I don't care to tell you what the sewing machine man said today, but you can bet it was something nice. You know you ain't just the sort of man the Hendersons want for a son-in-law. Minnie may like you in a way, but when it comes to real love that's another thing. If I was you I wouldn't waste any more time here."

"But I love Minnie!" blurted out Joel, as he was driven to desperation.

"But if she don't love you what are you going to do about it? Better give the thing right up and look for some other girl. Going home, are you? Well, good night. Try and think I have told you this for your own good."

Next day a farmer's little girl brought Minnie a note, and half an hour after receiving it she was down in the hickory grove talking with Joel. When she returned to the house she looked pale and acted in a nervous manner, but she was not questioned. Soon after supper she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Aunt Judith and Elisha and Hannah winked at each other. At 9 o'clock the house was quiet. At 10 Aunt Judith entered the spare bedroom, where husband and wife sat waiting, and said:

"Well, it's over with. Joel came to the gate and whistled softly ten minutes ago, and Minnie, who was all dressed, slipped downstairs and joined him. He had a buggy down by the barnyard gate."

"And—and—" gasped the mother as she began to sob.

"Hannah Henderson, don't be a goose. They'll drive to the preacher's and be married and be back here before the breakfast dishes are washed. Joel's got a wife, Minnie's got a husband, and you've got a son-in-law, and that's all there is to it."

The Heat in Lake Como.
Every one knows how beautiful the Italian lakes are and how luxuriant is the vegetation on their banks. This is due in a large extent to the heat absorbed in summer by the water, stored up and given out slowly in cold weather. A calculation has been made by a scientist named Verceill. He estimates that Lake Como has an area of 137 square kilometers and an average depth of about 600 feet. In some places the depth is twice that. During midsummer this mass of water absorbs each bright day an amount of heat equal to that produced by burning 34,000 tons of coal. This storing up of heat goes on from the end of February until the water reaches its highest temperature in August. From that time on the water gives out heat to the surrounding stones until spring comes again, so that it is no wonder that this region is a toral paradise.—Exchange.

Why She Cried.
The children had been reminded that they must not appear at school the following week without their application blanks properly filled out as to names of parents, address, date and place of birth.

On Monday morning Katie Barnes arrived, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "What is the trouble?" Miss Green inquired, seeking to comfort her.

"Oh," sobbed the little girl, "I've forgot my excuse for being born."—Delineator.