

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

JACKSON COUNTY

Sinking Valley, Feb. 12.—There is quite a bit of sickness in this vicinity at present.—There will be a holiness meeting at the Logsdon schoolhouse, Sunday.—Turner and Alton Abner, who have been gone to Richmond for some time, have returned to their home.—Ernest Hammond from Clover Bottom was in this vicinity on business this week.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gentry, a baby girl.—Mr. and Mrs. Myrl Laihart's baby is very ill.—Fred Abner and Ida Hammond were married on the 9th. We wish them happiness and success thru life.—Marcus Isaacs and Mid Laihart were dinner guests of Jasper Isaacs, Sunday.—Andy Ballenger filed his appointment here, Sunday.—The officers have made a raid in this part of the county. They found a band of moonshiners near Rock Lick. The sheriff arrested Joe Cauanough and Jim Moore and took them to McKee, put them in jail, and kept them till they gave bond. We sure do appreciate Mr. Laihart's work in this part of the county.—Andy Isaacs visited his sister, Mrs. J. B. Kindred at Panola, Monday, who is very ill with dropsy.—Good luck to The Citizen and its many readers.

Kerby Knob

Kerby Knob, Feb. 13.—Rev. E. T. Cornett, having been called as pastor for Kerby Knob church, sends his first appointment for February, fourth Saturday and Sunday. All come out and hear Brother Cornett, as he is an able speaker.—Mr. and Mrs. Jim Moberly, who have been near Richmond, Madison county, for the last two years, have recently moved back to their old home at this place.—A baby girl weighing twelve pounds arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Thomas on February 2nd. Its name is Edna Lois Thomas.—Geester Norvell moved last week on Joe Coffee's place beyond Southfork Creek.—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Johnson and the twins, Berlin and Christine, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Click, Sunday.—M. J. Smith and Boyd Combs came in Saturday from a drumming trip.—Aaron Powell had a clearing Saturday and got a good day's work done.—Bertha Powell, who has been making an extend visit with her sisters, Mrs. Tom Powell and Mrs. Hiram Lakes, in Indiana, returned home, Friday.—Sol Hammond and family are planning to shortly move back to their home on Clear Creek.—Fred Abner and Ida Hammond were united in marriage Thursday. They have the best wishes of their many friends.—John Beuge is building an addition to his dwellings.

Bond

Bond, Feb. 13.—We are having some very fine weather and farmers are making good use of it by plowing and preparing for their crops.—Albert Powell has sold his stock of general merchandise at this place to a Mr. Ward, who will take possession about March 1. He also traded his property at this place for a 200 acre farm in Clay county.—J. T. Brewer sold a good cow last week for \$45.—The little son of Robert E. Taylor is very sick at this time. Pus has gathered in his side from pneumonia, and he will have to be operated on.—Several of the men from this vicinity have been cutting timber last week to build a new church house at the Green Hill Baptist Church.—The home of Charley Taylor, two miles below Bond, with almost its entire contents, was consumed by fire Friday, February 3d. Mr. Taylor has the sympathy of this entire community, as the family has always been the most ardent supporters of every benevolent undertaking of any one in this community.—Rev. H. L. Ponder baptized 14 converts in Pond Creek, two miles west of here, Sunday, February 5th. Brother Ponder is an able minister, and the Green Hill Baptist Church is prospering under his care.—Aunt Mary McIntush is very sick at this writing with something like gripe. She is a good

neighbor and one of the oldest residents of this community.—The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom McQueen died of whooping cough and pneumonia and was buried yesterday. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Carico

Carico, Feb. 13.—There was thunder and hail in these parts Saturday night of last week.—T. J. Faubus bought a nice mule from Scott Tusey last week.—Mrs. Willie Spivey is very poorly at this writing.—Mrs. Cytha Parker of Camp Dixie, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Angel, of this place, at present.—Mr. and Mrs. Curt Steel's baby was buried last Friday. We do sympathize with the bereaved parents.—Lawrence Smith bought a young mule from Hampton Smith last week.—The sheriffs are making the boys move out or be arrested in these parts.—We are having cool weather at present.—The little son, Lester, of Mrs. Mary Himes, is very poorly at this writing.—Henry Ford is planning on moving back to his old place shortly.

MADISON COUNTY

Slate Lick, Feb. 12.—We are having some real spring weather at this writing.—Professor Dix with other friends from Berea were out today and gave us a treat which was enjoyed greatly by the children, as it showed the Life of Christ from the cradle to the grave. We hope he comes again.—Richard Parks and daughter, Mrs. H. J. McGuire, visited his daughter, Mrs. James Hudson, Sunday. She has been sick for some time.—Mrs. Thena Rutherford, who has been sick with flu at her sister's, Mrs. W. D. Parks', is able to be out again.—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Smith is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCord and family of Paris spent the week-end with their parents at Slate Lick.—Mr. and Mrs. E. N. McCormick, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Parks were guests of Mrs. E. N. McCormick, Sunday.—Mrs. June Fowler was shopping in Berea, Saturday.—Mrs. W. D. Sparks called to see Mrs. Hanson, Saturday, who is very ill.—Mrs. H. M. Snyder is out again, after a severe cold.—Word has been received here that James Burnett, who is away for his health, is on his way home.—Mr. Owens, the oil man, was thru these parts last week and says they will go to work as soon as the weather permits, which, from all appearances, will not be long.

Christmas Ridge

Christmas Ridge, Feb. 12.—We are having some fine farming weather at this writing. Some of our farms are busy plowing and fixing to sow their tobacco beds. Some are sowing clover.—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kelce are spending a few days at Red Lick.—Mr. and Mrs. Clint Carrier are visiting with her brother, Mr. and Mrs. George Bratcher, over Sunday.—M. A. Logsdon of Panola is visiting in this part for a few days.—W. M. Bratcher is spending a few days in Covington with his niece, Mrs. Richard Thacker. He expects to visit in Ohio and several other parts before he return home.—Johnnie Kelley of Dreyfus spent Saturday night at J. W. Bratcher's.—J. W. Bratcher is adding a new porch to his tenant house.—Mrs. Sam Kelley's sister, Laura Gay, spent the day with Mrs. J. W. Bratcher.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Powell and children spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bratcher.—Miss Bessie Nealy visited at J. W. Bratcher's, Friday evening.—Harden Kidd has sold a bunch of shoats to R. M. Ramsey at ten dollars a hundred pound.

Big Hill

Big Hill, Feb. 6.—Sunday-school every Sunday at Big Hill schoolhouse.—Miss Clara Green began her subscription school Monday 6, at Big Hill.—James Bundrew from Indiana is visiting relatives here.—M. D.

Settle is slowly improving.—Seth Asbury occupies the house vacated by Floyd Guthrie, who moved to Berea.—Quite a number of young folks spent Sunday, February 5, at Mike Parker's.—February 13th Rev. Cornett filled his regular appointment at Pilot Knob church, Saturday and Sunday. Sunday-school at Pilot Knob schoolhouse every Sunday evening at 2 o'clock.—Philip Hayes has been spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. J. G. Harrison, in Berea.—Miss Ada and Flossy Johnson spent Sunday with Miss Lucy Hayes at Big Hill.—Mrs. J. H. Wilson's baby died of pneumonia last week and was buried at Pilot Knob cemetery. Mrs. Wilson and family have the deepest sympathy of the community.

Bark Road

Bark Road, Feb. 13.—We have been having plenty of rain for the past week.—Mr. Pittman's boy, who has pneumonia, is no better.—Tommy Fenny of West Irvine visited June Lain Saturday night and Sunday and then returned home.—O. C. Carr of Panola visited Mrs. David Kindred last Friday.—Mr. and Mrs. James Denny visited Willie Lain Saturday night and Sunday.

Wallaceton

Wallaceton, Feb. 13.—Misses Clara Bowlin and Dora Gentry, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wallace and Miss Kate Baker visited Mrs. Jas. Wallace, Sunday.—Miss Fannie Kidd spent the week-end with friends in Wallaceton.—Mr. and Mrs. John Guinn and family, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Kindred were the guests of Mrs. Jas. Guinn, Sunday.—Mrs. Morris Calico and baby visited Mrs. Ben Calico of near Cartersville, Sunday night and Monday.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wallace and son were the guests of her sister, Mrs. Nath Evans, Saturday night and Sunday.—Floyd Estridge, who is attending school at Berea, was not able to go the past week on account of a severe cold.—Miss Ava McWhorter of Paint Lick attended church at Wallaceton, Sunday.—Mrs. Jas. Guinn spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. John Guinn.—Dan Botkin and wife visited his father, Lewis Botkin, Sunday.—Mrs. Morris Calico and baby, Misses Emma Wallace and Addie Henry and Mrs. Mollie Elkin were the guests of Mrs. E. E. Wallace, Sunday.

Blue Lick

Blue Lick, Feb. 13.—Valentine Greetings to Citizen. "I love to send a Valentine, It's such a chance to say How very much the thought of you Is in my heart today."

—The weather man, after having the groundhog corroborate his predictions, is still "way off." The humorists of America are seeing the funny side of the situation and "laughing in their sleeve." The "worm may turn."—One of the most unique and enjoyable social events of this season was the celebration of a golden wedding at the home of Squire Johnson. Having just completed and moved into his elegant new residence, the guests, about forty in number, were comfortably entertained. Numerous baskets of delicious viands were brought in by friends and relatives and another red letter day was added to the calendar of uncle Squire and aunt Diana. It is quite an unusual feature that parents celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of a marriage have no grandchildren. Their three sons still live at home unmarried.—Frank Campbell and family are visiting relatives in Jackson.—Alice Lewis is staying with Mrs. John Johnson.—Susie Wilmot was called home to see a sick sister.—Sunday-school has suspended until spring. When Christian influence loses its hold in a community the whole fabric is in danger.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ballinger, and Miss Anna Proctor of Wildie are visiting at John Johnson's the week-end.

Bobtown

Bobtown, Feb. 13.—Rev. E. T. Cornett filled his regular appointment at Pilot Knob church Saturday and Sunday. The service will be at 2:30 p. m. on every second Saturday. Remember this and be there on time. Sunday-school at this place is progressing nicely. Everybody invited to attend and take part at 2:00 o'clock. Professor Hirschey gave a very interesting talk Sunday evening. His subject was, "Watch the Lilly Grow." On Sunday, the 19th, will be "Father and Son Day." A program has been arranged and a part of Berea orchestra will be here and contribute much to the enjoyment of the meeting. So let everybody come out and enjoy the evening, beginning promptly at 2:00 p. m.—Mrs. Hudson Powell is improving his farm that he recently bought from E. J. Begley.—We are glad to have such a hustler in our community.—Most everybody is busy planning for their crops and some are sowing tobacco beds.—Ab-



Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

CHAPTER I.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland in watching the "Breeders Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil War, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness.

CHAPTER II.—In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey was not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his two pronounced dislikes were arithmetic and "Recitations." In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness at the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominated "Teacher's Pet."

Dora was a non-partisan. The little prig was so diligent at her books she gave never the slightest sign of comprehending that there had been a fight about her. Having no real cognizance of Messrs. Bender and Milholland except as impediments to the advance of learning, she did not even look demure.

CHAPTER IV.

With Wesley Bender, Ramsey was again upon fair terms before the winter had run its course; the two were neighbors and, moreover, were drawn together by a community of interests which made their reconciliation a necessity. Ramsey played the guitar and Wesley played the mandolin.

All ill feeling between them died with the first dust of spring, yet the thinking they made had no charm to soothe the savage breast of Ramsey whenever the Teacher's Pet came into his thoughts. He day-dreamed a thousand ways of putting her in her place, but was unable to carry out any of them, and had but a colubine satisfaction in imagining discomfitures for her which remained imaginary. "Just once!" he said to Fred Mitchell. "That's all I ask, just once. Just give me one chance to show that girl what she really is. I guess if I ever get the chance she'll find out what's the matter with her, for once in her life, anyway." Thus it came to be talked about and understood and expected in Ramsey's circle, all male, that Dora Yocum's day was coming. "You'll see!" said Ramsey. "The time'll come when that ole girl'll wish she'd moved out of this town before she ever got appointed monitor of our class! Just you wait!"

They waited, but conditions appeared to remain unfavorable indefinitely. Perhaps the great opportunity might have arrived if Ramsey had been able to achieve a startling importance in any of the "various divergent yet parallel lines of school endeavor"—one of the phrases by means of which teachers and principal clogged the minds of their unarmed auditors. But though he was far from being the dumb driven beast of misfortune that he seemed in the schoolroom, and, in fact, lived a double life, exhibiting in his out-of-school hours a remarkable example of "secondary personality"—a creature fearing nothing and capable of laughter; blue eyed, fairly robust, and anything but dumb—he was nevertheless without endowment or attainment great enough to get him distinction.

He "tried for" the high-school eleven, and "tried for" the nine, but the experts were not long in eliminating him from either of these competitions, and he had to content himself with cheering instead of getting cheered. He was by no manner of means athletic, or enough of anything else, to put Dora Yocum in her place, and so he and the great opportunity were still waiting in May, at the end of the second year of high school, when the class, now the "10 A," reverted to an old fashion and decided to entertain itself with a woodland picnic.

They gathered upon the sandy banks of a creek in the blue shade of big, patchy-barked sycamores, with a dancing sky on top of everything and gold dust atwinkle over the water. Hither the napkin-covered baskets were brought from the wagons and assembled in the shade, where they appeared as an attractive little meadow of white nappery, and gave both surprise and pleasure to communities of ants and to other original settlers of the neighborhood.

From this nucleus or headquarters of the picnic, various expeditions set forth up and down the creek and through the woods that bordered it. Two envied boy fishermen established themselves upon a bank up-stream, with hooks and lines thoughtfully brought with them, and poles which they fashioned from young saplings. They took mussels from the shallows, for bait, and having gone to all this trouble, declined to share with friends less energetic and provident the perquisites and pleasures secured to themselves.

Albert Paxton was one person who proved his enterprise. Having visited the spot some days before, he had hired for his exclusive use throughout the duration of the picnic an old rowboat belonging to a shanty squatter; it was the only rowboat within a mile or two and Albert had his own uses for it. Albert was the class lover and, after first taking the three chaperon teachers "out for a row," an excursion concluded in about ten minutes, he disembarked them; Sadie Clews stepped into the boat, a pocket camera in one hand, a tennis racket in the other; and the two spent the rest of the day, except for the luncheon interval, solemnly drifting along the banks or grounded on a shoal. Now and then Albert would row a few strokes, and at almost any time when the populated shore glanced toward them, Sadie would be seen photographing Albert, or Albert would be seen photographing Sadie, but the tennis racket remained an enigma. They were six-

teen, and had "been engaged" more than two years.

On the borders of the little meadow of baskets there had been deposited two black shapes, which remained undisturbed throughout the day, a closed guitar case and a closed mandolin case, no doubt containing each its proper instrument. So far as any use of these went they seemed to be of the same leisure class to which Sadie's tennis racket belonged, for when one of the teachers suggested music, the musicians proved shy. Wesley Bender said they hadn't learned to play anything much and, besides, he had a couple o' broken strings he didn't know as he could fix up; and Ramsey said he guessed it seemed kind o' too hot to play much. Joining friends, they organized a contest in marksmanship, the target being a floating can which they assailed with pebbles; and after that they "skipped" flat stones upon the surface of the water, then went to join a group gathered about Willis Parker and Heinie Krusemeyer.

No fish had been caught, a lack of luck grossly attributed by the fishermen to the noise made by constant advice on the part of their attendant gallery. Messrs. Milholland, Bender, and the other rock throwers came up shouting, and were ill received.

"For heaven's sakes," Heinie Krusemeyer demanded, "can't you shut up? Here we just first got the girls to keep their mouths shut a minute and I almost had a big plekerel or something on my hook, and here you got to up and yell so he chases himself away!"



"For Heaven's Sakes," Heinie Krusemeyer Demanded, "Can't You Shut Up?"

Why can't nobody show a little sense sometimes when they'd ought to? A fish isn't gon' to bite when he can't even hear himself think! Anybody ought to know that much!"

But the new arrivals hooted. "Fish!" Ramsey vociferated. "I'll bet a hundred dollars there hasn't been even a minny in this creek for the last sixty years!"

"There is, too!" said Heinie, bitterly. "But I wouldn't be surprised there wouldn't be no longer if you got to keep up this noise. If you'd shut up just a minute you could see yourself there's fish here."

Ramsey leaned forth over the edge of the overhanging bank, a dirt precipice five feet above the water, and peered into the indeterminate depths below. The pool had been stirred, partly by the inept pokings of the fishermen and partly by small clods and bits of dirt dislodged from above by the feet of the audience. The water, consequently, was but brownly translucent and revealed its secrets reluctantly; nevertheless certain dim little shapes had been observed to move within it, and were still there. Ramsey failed to see them at first.

"Where's any ole fish?" he inquired, scornfully.

"Look!" whispered the girl who stood nearest to Ramsey. She pointed. "There's one. Right down there by Willis' hook. Don't you see him?" Ramsey was impressed enough to whisper. "Is there? I don't see him. I can't."

The girl came close to him and, the better to show him, leaned out over the edge of the bank and, for safety in maintaining her balance, rested her left hand upon his shoulder while she pointed with her right. Thereupon something happened to Ramsey. This touch upon his shoulder was almost nothing, and he had never taken the slightest interest in Milla Rust (to whom that small warm hand belonged), though she was the class beauty, and long established in the office. Now, all at once, a peculiar and heretofore entirely unfamiliar sensation suddenly became important in the upper part of his chest. For a moment he held his breath, an involuntary action—he seemed to be standing in a shower of flowers.

"Don't you see it, Ramsey?" Milla whispered. "It's a great big one. Why, it must be as long as—as your shoe! Look!"

Ramsey saw nothing but the thick round curl on Milla's shoulder. That curl was shot with dazzling fibers of sunshine. He seemed to be trembling.

"I don't see it," he murmured hoarsely, afraid that she might remove her hand. "I can't see any fish, Milla."

She leaned farther out over the bank. "Why, there, goosie!" she whispered. "Right there."

"I can't see it."

She leaned still further, bending down to point. "Why, right th—"

(To be continued)

THE COOK SMILES

The cook is all smiles,
The bread is light and gay,
A sack of Potts' Gold Dust Flour
Made them get that way.

For Sale By All Grocers

R. L. POTTS & SON Whites Station, Ky.

Phone 156-3

(Continued on Page Six)