

# Billy the Buck

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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Splendid was the exhibition of strength and agility we looked upon:



He outdid the wildest of our pitching horses for a half minute.

but, alas, its poetry was ripped up the back by the cutaway coat, the plug hat and the unrelated effect of those long, bare red legs twinkling beneath.

Indirectly it was the plug hat that ended the battle. At first it Jimmy-Hit-the-Bottle felt any emotion, whether joy, resentment, terror or anything man can feel, his face did not show it. One of the strangest features of the show was that immaculately calm face suddenly appearing through the dust clouds, unconscious of storm and stress.

At last, however, a yank of the deer's head—Jimmy had him by the horns—caused the plug hat to snap off, and the next second the deer's sharp foot went through it. You will remember Achilles did not get excited until his helmet touched the dust. Well, from what the cold, pale light of fact shows of the size and prowess of those ancient swaggers, Jimmy-Hit-the-Bottle could have picked Achilles up by his vulnerable heel and bumped his brains out against a tree, and this without strain, so when the pride of his life, his precious plug hat, was thus maltreated his rage was vast in proportion.

His eyes shot streaks of black lightning. He twisted the deer's head sideways and with a leap landed on his back. Once there he seized an ear between his strong teeth and shut down. We rose to our feet and yelled. It was wonderful, but chaotic. I would defy a moving picture camera to resolve that tornado into its elements of deer and Injun. We were conscious of curious illusions, such as a deer with a dozen heads growing out of all parts of a body as spherical as this our earth, and an Injun with legs that vetoed all laws of gravitation and anatomy.

Poor Billy Buck! He outdid the wildest of our pitching horses for a half minute, but the two hundred odd pounds he had on his back told he couldn't hold the graft. Jimmy wrapped those long legs around him, the deer's tail in one hand, the horn in the other and the ear between his teeth, and waited in grim determination. "Me-ah-nan!" said the deer, drooping to his knees.

Jimmy got off him. Billy picked himself up and scampered to the other end of the corral, shaking his head. The Injun straightened himself up, making an effort to draw a veil of modesty over the pride that shone in his eyes.

"H-nh!" he said. "Fool deer tackle Tatonka-Sutah!" ("Tatonka-Sutah," or Strong Bull, was the more poetic title of Jimmy-Hit-the-Bottle among his own kind.)

He then gravely punched his plug hat into some kind of shape and resumed his work.

We pitched in and bought Jimmy a shiny new plug hat, which will lead me far afield if I don't drop the subject. Well, he was master of Mr. Billy Buck. When he entered the corral the deer stepped rapidly up to the farther corner and stayed there.

Now came the broadening of Billy's career. A certain man in our nearest town kept a hotel near the railroad depot. For the benefit of the passengers who had to stop there a half hour for meals and recreation this man had a sort of menagerie of the animals natural to the country. There were a bear, a mountain lion, several coyotes, swifts, antelope, deer and a big timber wolf, all in a wire net inclosed park.

It so happened that Steve met Mr. D., the hotel proprietor, on one of his trips to town and told him what a splendid deer he had out at the ranch. Mr. D. became instantly possessed of a desire to own the marvel, and a bargain was concluded on the spot. Billy by this time had shed his horns and was all that could be wished for in the way of amiability. We tied his legs together and shipped him to town in a wagon.

the world in three days and rested from the fourth to the seventh inclusive had it been necessary—thought he knew something of the deer character. "That beautiful creature, with its mild eyes and humble mien, hurt any one? Nonsense!"

So he had a fine collar made for Billy, with his name on a silver plate, and then led him around town at the end of a chain, being a vain little man who liked to attract attention by any available means. All worked well until the next fall. Mr. D. was lulled into false security by the docility of his pet and allowed him the freedom of the city regardless of protest.

Then came the spectacular end of Billy's easy life. It occurred on another warm autumn day. The passengers of the noon train from the east were assembled in the hotel dining room, putting away supplies as fast as possible, the train being late. The room was crowded, the waiters rushing. Mr. D. swelling with importance, Billy entered the room unnoticed in the general hurry. A negro waiter passed him, holding two loaded trays. Perhaps he brushed against Billy; perhaps Billy didn't even need a provocation. At any rate as the waiter started down the room Billy smote him from behind, and dinner was served!

When the two tray loads of hot coffee, potatoes, soup, chicken and the rest of the bill of fare landed all over the nearest table of guests there was a commotion. Men leaped to their feet, with words that showed they were no gentlemen, making frantic efforts to wipe away the scalding liquids trickling over them. The ladies shrieked and were fearful over the ruin of their pretty gowns.

Mr. D. on the spot instantly quieted his guests as best he could on the one hand and berated the waiter for a clumsy, clubfooted baboon on the other. Explanation was difficult if not impossible. Arms flew, hard words flew, the male guests were not backward in adding their say. Then, even as I had been before, the colored man was vindicated.

Suddenly two women and a man sprang on top of the table and yelled for help. Mr. D. looked upon them open mouthed. The three on top of the table clutched one another and howled in unison. Mr. D.'s eye fell on Billy, crest up, warlike in demeanor, and also on a well dressed man backing rapidly under the table.

A flash of understanding illumined Mr. D. The deer evidently felt a little playful, but it would never do under the circumstances. "Come here, sir!" he commanded. Billy only lived to obey such a command, as I have shown. But this time Mr. D. recognized a difference and went about like a crack yacht. He had intentions of reaching the door. Billy cut off retreat. Mr. D. thought of the well dressed man and dived under the table. Those who had stood uncertain, seeing this line of action taken by one who knew the customs of the country, promptly imitated him. The passengers of the eastern express were ensconced under the tables, with the exception of a handful who had preferred getting on top of them.

Outside three cow punchers who chanced to be riding by were perfectly astonished by the noises that came from that hotel. They dismounted and investigated. When they saw the feet projecting from beneath the cloths and the groups in statuesque poses above they concluded not to interfere, although strongly urged by the victims.

"You are cowards!" cried the man with the two women. The punchers joyfully acquiesced and said, "Slick 'em, boy!" to the deer.

Meanwhile the express and the United States mail were waiting. The conductor, watch in hand, strode up and down the platform.

"What do you suppose they're doing over there?" he asked his brakeman. The brakeman shrugged his shoulders. "Ask them punchers," he replied.

The conductor lifted his voice. "What's the matter?" he called. "Oh, come and see! Come and see!" said the punchers. "It's too good to tell!"

The conductor shut his watch with a snap. "Five minutes late," he said. "Pete, go and hustle them people over here. I start in three minutes by the watch."

"Sure," said Pete and slouched across. Pete was surprised at the sight that met his gaze, but orders were orders. He walked up and kicked Billy, at the same time shouting: "All aboard for the west! Git a wiggle on yer!"

The man owed his life to the fact that the deer could get no foothold on the slippery hardwood floor; otherwise he would have been gored to death. As it was, Billy tried to push, and his feet shot out. Man and deer came to the floor together, the brakeman holding hard. The passengers boiled out of the hotel like a mountain torrent. The punchers, thinking that the man was in danger, sprang through the windows and tied the deer. Pete gasped his thanks and hustled out to catch his train. No one was left but Billy, the punchers, the waiters and Mr. D.

"This your deer?" inquired the punchers of the latter. "Take him out and hang him. Don't shoot him. Hang him!"

"All right," replied the punchers. They took Billy out and turned him loose in the deer pen.

"Reckon the old man 'll feel better about it tomorrow," they said. And it came to pass that the old man did feel better, so Billy was spared. Perhaps if you have traveled to the west you have seen him, a noble representative of his kind. Well, this is his private history, which his looks belie.

THE END.  
The family of the late Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has turned over to the institution the scientific medals and decorations of one sort or another that had been presented to him from various parts of the world in recognition of his researches.

## A GOOD IDEA OF SPACE.

It is given by a Contemplation of the Star Sigma Draconis.  
Stars or planets are said to be "fixed" when they are separated from us by a distance so great that a change in their orbits makes no perceptible difference in their positions, even though such "fixed" bodies may travel an orbit 100,000,000 miles in circumference in the course of a year. These "fixed" stars may be only a few paltry millions of miles away or they may be billions or even trillions of miles from the pygmy planet upon which we have our being. The most distant of all the stars, as far as astronomers know, is the fixed star Sigma Draconis, which is separated from us by a distance so great that millions and billions of miles are only as inches and feet compared to the miles which intervene between our earth and the sun. Astronomers are noted for their propensities for indicating stellar distances with robust and well developed strings of figures, but in the case of Sigma Draconis the distance is so great that figures fail to give any conception whatever.

Light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles per second, and, reckoning the day at twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes and four seconds in length and the year at 365 1/4 days, an astronomical light year will equal 5,864,006,148,330 miles. The above figures, which represent the distance which light will travel in a year, when multiplied by 129 give us the distance to Sigma Draconis, or, in other words and figures, that star is 129 light years, or 756,000,000,000,000,000 miles, from us! If Sigma had been blotted out of existence before our Revolutionary war began, its light would still be shining as though the star were yet in place!

## THEY ARE VERY UGLY.

The Korean Women Are the Homeliest in the World.

I think the assertion may safely be made that the women of Korea are the most unattractive in the world. One of my chief occupations during my stay in the little Hermit Kingdom has been making a diligent search for a passably pretty face. I have failed to find one. It is not that they haven't pretty eyes. They have—eyes of softest brown and gentlest expression. It is not that their features are coarse or irregular, for, while this may be true of many, it is not by any means true of all, and I have caught glimpses of as delicately molded features at Seoul as in any other part of the world.

But the Korean woman is just ugly. She may have fine eyes, she may have a pretty little nose and mouth and other features that in themselves are not at all unattractive, but as she is put together and as her mental life has made her she is ugly.

One doesn't ordinarily see much of the women of the better class in this strange little land; but, being admitted, as I have been, to the imperial palaces and several houses of high degree, I have been at least able to receive impressions. The women who are to be seen on the streets of the cities are usually slaves or servants of a low order; but, whatever they are, they, each and every one of them, look as if they had hurried out into the street without taking time to dress themselves properly.—Ladies' Weekly.

## A Moorish Legend.

A certain sultan one morning commanded his prime minister to take a census of all the stupid people in his empire and let him have the correct list. The vizier set to work, and at the head of the list, which was a very long one, he placed the name of his sovereign. The latter happened to be in a good humor and merely inquired how he came to merit that distinction. "Sire," the minister replied, "I have entered you on the list because only two days ago you entrusted large sums of money, for the alleged purpose of buying horses abroad, to a couple of men who are entire strangers and who will never come back again." "Is that your opinion? But suppose they do?" "Then I will erase your name and place theirs at the head of the list."

## The Turk.

The Turk practices no trade, engages in no commerce. They have a proverb which says, "The Frank has science, the American commerce, the Osmanli majesty." But, as majesty won't fill stomachs, those who do not serve as soldiers strive to become functionaries, and the men of the small villages, falling in this, do nothing, and the work of the fields and house falls upon the shoulders of the women. One chronicler states that occasionally the man of the house crochets a stocking or mends the baby for a short period.

## Making It Easy For Him.

"I must warn you, Bridget," said Mrs. Nuritch, "to see that the peas are thoroughly mashed." "Mashed, is it?" remarked the new cook in surprise. "Yes; Mr. Nuritch is so high strung, you know, they make him nervous when they roll off his knife."—Exchange.

## Domestic Bookkeeping.

"And what's your reason for increasing the servants' wages, pray?" her friend asked. "Because my husband complained that my dress and millinery bills equaled the household expenses, and I want to show him they do not."—London Tit-Bits.

## Had Him.

He—Isn't dinner ready yet? She—No, dear, I got it according to the time you set the clock when you came in last night, and dinner will be ready in four hours.—Harper's Bazar.

## After Identification.

Detective—Could you identify the man who bunked you? The Victim—Identify him? I'll do a good deal more than that to him if I ever get near enough.

# JANES

## REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES & LOANS

Good 4 room house on Harrison St. between 17th and 19th in Fountain Park on 50 by 165 ft. lot at \$1025 cash.

Lot on Tennessee St. between 8th and 9th at \$375 cash.

Some bargains for colored people in homes on monthly payments:

See This.  
Good 4 room house on lot 40 by 165 ft. on South Side of Madison St. between 13th and 14th, only \$500, of this \$50 cash and balance in monthly payments. Get home with your rent money.

Have other houses to see on same class payments as low as \$650.  
New, nice, 4-room house with hall, front and back porches, bath and hot and cold water connections, shade trees, 50 foot lot on North Madison street between 16th and Fountain avenue in Fountain park. Excellent home at \$1,800.

Four-room cottage in first rate condition on North Seventh street at \$950.

Thirteen-room house, lot 90 by 173 feet to alley, 2 bath rooms, sewer connections, hot and cold water throughout, all modern equipments can be used as single or double residence. Location best residence section of city. Nos. 419 and 421 N. Seventh street. Price \$5,500, only \$1,500 cash and balance on 4 years' time.

412 South 9th St., 6-room cottage at \$1700.

418 South 9th St., 6 room cottage at \$1800.

Excellent rental investment, two houses, 5 and 3 rooms, corner lot, sewer connections, houses nearly new, no repairs needed, rents \$25 month at \$2,000.

712 Goebel avenue, 4 rooms in good fix with stable at \$1200.

New, 2 story, 7 room house, nice and well appointed, Ft. Ave., corner lot, fronting on Lang park at only \$2750.

No. 503 Fountain avenue, N W corner Harrison and Fountain avenue; very desirable location; six-room cottage, in excellent condition. Water inside. Price \$3,000.

Two pieces of land, 10 1-2 acres each, one near Wallace Park; best bargain of its class to be had about the city. Price \$125 acre. One-third cash and balance in one and two years. Other offer is about 3 miles out on Cairo road. Excellent dry land and first-class site; frontage on road for residence. Price \$850.

Some fine offers in farms near the city which will rise in value rapidly. Details given on inquiry.

A few more lots unsold in the Terrell Fountain Park addition at \$25 each on payments of \$25 cash and balance \$5 per month. These are the best monthly payment lots now to be had about the city and will soon be gone. More future rise in value in these lots than any you can get for homes.

One Madison street Fountain Park corner lot at \$600. Last chance for a corner lot in that addition at such a price.

Nice 9-room N. 5th house in four blocks of postoffice; on easy payments, at \$4,000.

For Sale—Six-room cottage, on S. E. corner 7th and Harrison; lot 57 ft. 9 inches by 165 feet; stable, servants' house; on long, easy payments. Only \$500 cash. See me for details and get home in best residence part of north side.

Chance for colored people. Have half dozen houses for sale at prices \$500 to \$1000 on very easy payments. Small cash and afterwards by the month.

Now is the time to get small places for country homes. Can sell nice lots from 5 acres up in very desirable location, near electric cars.

9-room house, 5 blocks from post-office, north side, sewer connected, in best part of city, at \$3,500, of this only \$500 cash, balance \$30 month.

Three houses on N E corner 6th and Ohio streets which rent at \$33 a month. Price \$2500. Fine investment.

No. 1141 Clay street; new, 5-room brick cottage, water inside, one of nicest cottages to be found. Price \$1800; only \$50 cash, balance payments of 1, 2 and 3 years.

Joining 1141 have 67 feet vacant which will sell alone or with the brick cottage. Easy terms.

Don't forget that I have at all times plenty of money to loan on farm mortgages at six per cent interest ten years time.

First-class business property on both Second and Third streets near Broadway. Best chance to be had in this line of investment. Ask for details.

## W. M. JANES

ROOM 5, TRUSHEART BUILDING, Old Phone 997-Red. PADUCAH, KY.

## CHAPERONE

Recovers Money Loaned Girl While Traveling in Europe.

The court of appeals has decided the case of Mrs. L. H. Cowling against the estate of the late S. N. Leonard, of Eddyville, in favor of the plaintiff. Mrs. Cowling acted as chaperone for a party through Europe several years ago, and in the party was Miss Sallie Leonard, of Eddyville whose trip cost her \$1,800. She ran short and was advanced \$600 from Mrs. Cowling. The latter sued to recover it and won in the state court. The defense took an appeal but lost. Miss Leonard is known here where she has often visited relative.

## FORD DENIES.

Charges That He Slapped or Abused His Wife.

C. M. Ford, who was charged with striking his wife, denies that he abused her by word or deed. "I went to her home three nights ago," he said. "We are separated and I wished to trade cooking stoves with her. The one I proposed to give her was worth much more than the one she had. She ordered me out of the house. I did not slap her. I did not even make threats to her. I am willing to go before any court in the county and prove my innocence."

## Public Sale of Franchise.

Paducah, Ky., May 7, 1906.

I will offer for sale, at the city hall door, on the 30th day of May, 1906, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock a. m., a franchise for operating a street railway in the city of Paducah, in accordance with an ordinance recently passed ordering such sale, and in accordance with the terms and conditions reserved in such ordinance.

The city reserves the right to reject all, and all bids.

O. B. STARKS, Acting Mayor, City of Paducah, Ky.

### For 10 Days Only

Blue serge coat and pants	\$25.00
English flannels, coat and pants	20.00
Irish linen pants, all colors	5.00
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