

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMBERLAIN, Editor and Owner.

THE TOWN OF HAY.

The town of Hay is far away, The town of Hay is far, Between its hills of green and gray Its winding meadows are.

A road leads from the town of Hay Forth to a world of din, And winds and wanders far away, And many walked therein.

A hillside in the town of Hay Is slanting toward the sun, And gathered 'neath its headstones gray Are sleepers one by one.

A DUST BLIZZARD.

BY PHILIP V. MIGHELS.

As white as marble and as flat as the top of a table, the great Round-rock desert stretched away from the edge of the thick-growing sagebrush of Barren valley to the grayish mountains east and north.

A road that curved its narrow way through the sagebrush skirted the desert on the west. By the side of this stood a cabin, back of which were fenced inclosures, traversed by an irrigating ditch that wound its way out of a distant mountain ravine.

As the evening of a certain day in early winter descended, a man came slowly down the field to the cabin. Throwing aside his hat, he slowly prepared a meal, set the clumsy table for two, and waited.

The darkness came down, the hours went by, the dinner grew cold. When nine o'clock had come he went without, to raise a long, far-reaching call. Away off sounded an answering whoop.

"Well, Leo, lad," said the elder, "I began to think you were out for the night in the Big Flat timber."

"To tell the truth, I nearly was," the boy replied, as he drew his chair to the table. "I didn't know how late it was and the darkness caught me just as I left the summit."

"No, that's why I came so near to being lost, for of course I couldn't see anything when once I got in the trees. But there is always a wind comes up through the Dead Bear gorge that one can smell—rather a cold sort of a smell."

"You didn't walk along the edge of the gorge?" exclaimed his brother.

"Oh, no; I'm not so foolish. I just got my bearings every time I smelt that colder air; and further down I could smell the tamaracs—there's only one bunch of them in the wind from the west. Then I struck the creek, and next our ditch, and then I was all right."

"Smelled your way home, hey? I guess you'll do," remarked the man, regarding him with affectionate eyes.

then he could never get back the claim. "Oh," groaned Frank, "to think of it! All our work on the ditch! All the fields we've grubbed of brush! Two poor creatures trying to make a home and a spot of green by the side of this desert, and our ditch as dry as a bone at the end of the very first season! It's maddening."

"Without the water," Leo replied, "the place isn't fit to live in. The lawyer said we'd picked out a piece of ground about as desperate as any on earth."

"So we have," rejoined the brother. "We've never made a ranch of it to be proud of, and a station for the traveling teams that would bring us lots of money just as sure as the desert is flat. But, lad, the jig is up."

"Well, we're not the fellows who can't strike out again, anyway!" said Leo, consolingly.

"Right you are; shake!" said Frank; and the brothers joined hands. A week had passed. From a sky that was wild with scurrying clouds blew a piercing gale that utterly transformed the valley; for the gusts swirled down on the desert and raised a dense and awful dust as thick as a fog or a blinding snowstorm, and nearly as choking as the fumes of sulphur.

As this blizzard of dust was at its height a man came madly driving up the road in a buggy, behind which a saddle-horse was being led by the bridle. Leo and Frank came forth as he stopped before the door.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," wildly cried the man, in evident distress. "I implore your aid—I beg of you to help a wretched parent—my son is lost on the desert—he is ill, out of his mind. He escaped us at our lunch—only for a moment, but that was enough. He is gone—we have searched and called, but the dust has made us blind and nearly dumb—it is awful—is there—"

"Where were you when your son was lost?" demanded Frank, interrupting.

"On the Bidwell road?" said Leo. "Yes—oh, yes—but hurry, gentlemen—for the sake of a father—I beg of you—"

"Who is with you?" Frank abruptly inquired.

"My foreman," hastily answered the man, rubbing his dust-reddened eyes. "He told me that some one was living in this horrible place—my name is Hardicut—we were on our way—"

A gust of wind cut short his speech, and wrapped him about in a cloud of alkali dust that for a moment shut him completely from view.

"Hardicut!" breathed Leo to his brother, "and we've got to help him!"

"Yes, and at the risk of life," Frank replied. They looked, each in the face of the other, and were glad to find each other right and human when their enemy came to the door of their cabin for aid.

"It wouldn't do for both to go," Leo rejoined, in a hurried whisper, "and I know the desert best. Good-by, old man, if we don't happen to—see each other again!"

"Oh, little Leo, lad!" said Frank, as if his brother had been a child again, and their hands came together for a fervent, silent clasp.

Leo stepped swiftly to the buggy, unfastened the horse and vaulted astride the saddle. "You'd better stay here, Mr. Hardicut," said he, "or you can wait in the rig at the Sulphur Spring. Don't go back to the pass again—the wind is going to be worse—no time to be lost." Then he wheeled his horse.

"Good-by, Frank," he called, and Frank's reply went out on the wind like a wail.

through the drifting, stifling dust and was gone. No sooner had he struck the dreaded edge of the desert than a gruesome thought arose in his mind. The hungry coyotes would be sure to find the boy who was lost!

Now began a terrible search, well-nigh hopeless. Getting his bearings by the direction of the wind, Leo first pushed forward and then to right and left, across the gale, listening ever for a sound to give him guidance.

An hour, two hours, he wandered to and fro. His mouth began to dry, his lips to crackle; his hair and ears were filled with the poisonous powder; his clothes were white and heavy with it.

At last on the wings of the hurricane his signal came—a blood-curdling combination of howling and diabolical laughter, prolonged and weird—the cry of the coyote. Then came the answer of another, followed by a dismal duet that sounded like the chorus of a dozen.

With his hair bristling Leo strode on. The shifting of the wind for a time deceived him, but suddenly, through a rift in the clouds of dust, he caught sight of the creatures. There were four or more, gaunt, bony, hairless forms with straight-up ears and grinning faces—for the alkali kills their hair and leaves their parched, uncleanly hides painfully bare and tightly stretched over skeletons meagerly clothed with flesh.

They were circling about a prostrate heap on the ground. As Leo leaped in their midst he struck one on the side of the head with his fist, so desperate a blow that it lay stunned. Catching it up by the hind legs before it had time to recover, he swung it like a giant club to beat back the others. Hungry and savage, but essentially cowardly, they stood their ground only for a moment. Leo was master of the field.

But the worst was to come. The lost boy, fallen on his face, exhausted, was quite unconscious. His eyes ran with tears from the biting dust; his mouth was open, and was dry and hard. Leo caught the frail form in his arms and headed about, in the teeth of the gale. He had scarcely gone 100 yards when a whirlwind swirled about them, and left the stout young fellow dazed and uncertain. He thought the wind had shifted; if it had—God help them!

The fury of the storm had certainly increased; it drove the choking alkali like a blast of sand. Laden as it was, Leo found it impossible to breathe through his nose alone, hence his mouth was soon in a terrible state. He feared he should perish in that awful atmosphere. To add to the terror of it all, his feet now and then broke through the dampened crust, and he floundered heavily.

Finally darkness began to descend. In this extremity he thought, in his desperation, of a singular thing. Laying down his burden he cleared his throat and his nostrils as best he could, turned face to the wind, elevated his head and deliberately sniffed at the flying dust. There was no result; his heart sank. Then the wind slowly veered a trifle to the south—and he hoarsely shouted for joy.

The powerful odor of the sulphur spring was borne on the breeze; they were saved. One more hour of mighty struggling, and he had reached the cape-like projection of fertile land, and had wet their mouth and faces with the pungent but wholesome water. And Hardicut himself, who had raced the back again a dozen times, came tearing through the brush like a maniac to take them home. The fearful ordeal was over at last.

The next morning the sick boy, who was singularly improved, though still a little delirious, was carefully nursed and placed again in the buggy, to be hurried away.

"There is no reward too great for you to ask and receive," said the father to Leo, as he left the cabin. "If there is anything in the world—"

"I thank you kindly," said the dignified young fellow, "but the Borrowers boy would rather not accept a reward for a plain duty."

"The Borrowers boys!" gasped the man, as he drove away from the cabin where the sturdy brothers were standing.

Two days later Frank came in hastily, exultant. "Leo," he cried, "the injunction is dissolved—the ditch is full of water. They are going to let us live!"

He needn't have worried. "Esmeralda," he said, hoarsely, "I am waiting for your answer."

"Oh, forgive me, Tom. I was thinking."

"What were you thinking of?" "I was thinking how I would have my wedding dress made, dear."—Odds and Ends.

MEDICINAL PLANTS.

Properties That Aid the Physician Described by Prof. Jelliffe.

Huge, richly colored stereoscopic pictures of blossoming plants and flowers illustrated the closing lecture of the Columbia university popular course, delivered by Prof. Smith Ely Jelliffe, on a recent evening, at the American Museum of Natural History. His subject was "Medicinal Plants," and a large audience listened with evident pleasure. He traced the development of the science of botany from the primitive period, when doctors were botanists, pharmacists and physicians, to the present day, when the pharmacist has become the expert middleman, whose skill in compounding the medicinal virtues of plants and exact knowledge of drugs have rendered it unnecessary for the physician to bother his head about botany.

First of these, he said, is the May apple that grows in abundance along shady streams and along the fences of cultivated fields all the way from Canada to Florida. Aside from its beauty of bloom and its pulpy yellow fruit, it has a medicinal price in its root from which are manufactured podophyllin pills. The foxglove, too, that grows in stately clusters in old-fashioned gardens, has a virtue in its leaves that was known as early as the sixteenth century. From it is made digitalis, a drug of great merit in the treatment of heart trouble.

The yellow-flowered, hairy weed henbane, that grows here and in Great Britain, has different and distinct medicinal properties in its root and leaves. The extract of its leaves is administered to quiet maniacs in asylums. The root has an opposite effect. Belladonna, or the deadly nightshade, yields to the pharmacist the poison known as atropine, an overdose of which will produce delirium. A good many allied species of the plant grow here, although it is not indigenous to the soil. It belongs to the same family as the potato. Well-known cases are on record, by the way, of poisoning from the eating of raw or very young potatoes, which seem to contain some of the deadly properties of the belladonna. Atropine is also obtained from the thorn apple, a very common poisonous plant which grows in vacant lots, and is recognized by its prickly burr, and a white flower, resembling the blossom of the morning glory. The drug it yields has been known to the Hindus from the most remote time, under the Sanscrit name of dhatuon. It appears that it was often used to produce insanity in persons in high station when it was feared that their brains in normal condition would prove better than the ruling sovereigns. Belladonna and its alkaloids, although a menace to children who are liable to eat its berries, is prized by oculists for its property of dilating the pupil of the eye, and by physicians for its quality of paralyzing the nerves in neuralgia and contracting the blood vessels in cases of inflammation arising from colds. Atropine is a perfect antidote for the poisonous mushroom.—N. Y. Sun.

Sweeping with Wind. In some of the Chicago railway yard compressed air brooms are employed for sweeping and dusting the carpets and upholstery of the cars, and the results are said to be satisfactory. The compressed air is led from a power house through an underground pipe, to which a hose is attached in the car yard. Affixed to the end of the hose is an iron nozzle as long as an ordinary broom handle, and having at its extremity a fixture of brass about a foot broad, and furnished with a long slit, through which issues the compressed air at the rate of 75 cubic feet a minute. The dust does not stay long in front of that current.—Youth's Companion.

Valuable Pair of Trousers. An old pair of trousers worth more than \$100 is not seen every day. A slack-wire walker in London has an article of this kind which he would not exchange for a £20 note. They are made of 25 complete skins of the South African antelope, and are in some places three inches thick. The first requirement in performing on a wire one-fourth of an inch in diameter is to wear well-padded garments of an indestructible material.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two thousand five hundred cab drivers in London own the cabs they drive.—Altogether there are about 15,300 cab drivers in London.

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1 cent Playing cards, red, part perforate..... 30 cents
1 cent Proprietary, red, part perforate..... 10 cents
1 cent Telegraph, red, imperforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate..... 5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate..... 5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate..... 5 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate..... 5 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Playing cards, blue, imperforate..... 50 cents
2 cent Playing cards, orange..... 10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate..... 15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate..... 15 cents
3 cent Playing card, green, full perforate..... 25 cents
3 cent Playing card, green, part perforate..... 15 cents
3 cent Telegraph, green, imperforate..... 10 cents
4 cent Playing card, violet, perforate..... 50 cents
4 cent Certificate, violet, part perforate..... 10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate..... 10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate..... 15 cents
6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate..... 50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate..... 15 cents
20 cent Bond, imperforate..... 10 cents
20 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate..... 50 cents
20 cent Probate of Will, imperforate..... 70 cents
20 cent Foreign exchange, green, full perforate..... 50 cents
31 Life Insurance, imperforate..... 50 cents
31 Manifest, imperforate..... 50 cents
31 Mortgage, full perforate..... 50 cents
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1 30 Foreign exchange, orange, im.ate. 3 00
1 50 Foreign Exchange, maroon..... 4 00
3 00 Inland Exchange, imperforate..... 5 00
5 00 Probate of Will, imperforate..... 7 00
20 cent Probate of Will, imperforate..... 30 00
1 30 Blue and Black..... 1 50
1 40 Blue and Black..... 2 00
5 cent Black and Green, proprietary..... 5 cents
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The Page Wire Fence In Bourbon. MILLERSBURG, KY., May 4, '96. MESSRS. MILLER & COLLINS, Agents, Paris, Kentucky. Gentlemen:—I have had the Page Woven Wire Fence on my farm for about eighteen months and am well pleased with it. It has proved to be all that is claimed for it. It turns all kinds of stock and is as tight as was the day it was put up and has stood some severe tests. A horse of one of my neighbors fell across the fence a few months ago and was not taken off for several hours but when taken off the fence went back to its place all right with the exception of a few staples. During the storm of April 24th a good-sized tree was blown across the fence and bent it down to the ground. As soon as the tree was cast off the fence went up all right and was as good as ever with the exception of one broken wire and a few staples out of place. I am so well pleased with the fence that I am going to put up more of it right away. Respectfully, WM. BECRAFT.

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