

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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HOW SCROGG'S WON THE REWARD.

BY L. FRANK BAUM. (Copyright, 1897.)

Filling the space between two large building blocks was a little, one-story office. It was flush with the sidewalk, and upon the large window was painted, in red letters,

MR. DICK ROGERS, CITY BILL POSTER.

"Mr. Dick Rogers" was himself seated behind the window, a big cigar in his mouth, his feet resting upon the confused mass of papers which littered his desk, and his eyes fixed intently upon his morning newspaper.

From amid the stream of passing vehicles a handsome carriage drew up before the door. Mr. Rogers looked over the top of his paper and watched a gentleman step out upon the sidewalk, followed by a servant bearing in his arms a huge package. This the servant placed upon the table, and returned to the carriage.

"I have come once more to employ your services, you see, Mr. Rogers," said the caller, in a quiet, dignified voice.

"Just so," responded the bill poster, with a nod. "So another year is up, eh? Mercy me! how time flies. I'm gettin' to gauge time by your visits, Mr. Lawrence; you're as regular as clockwork. Let me see—this is the sixth year, ain't it?"

"Yes, this is the sixth year. How many times more I shall be obliged to come to you God only knows. I think I should have already abandoned the attempt were it not for my poor wife's sake."

His voice trembled a little and he turned a rather appealing and deprecatory glance upon the unmoved face of Mr. Rogers.

"Never say die, sir," remarked the bill poster, cheerfully. "I s'pose you'd like 'em out right away?"

"If you please."

"Got a boy at liberty right now." He walked to a rear door, opened it partly and shouted:

"Scroggs!"

"Yep!" answered a clear voice.

"Bag, bucket and brush!" roared Mr. Rogers.

"Right ye are!" came the reply, seemingly from a distant apartment.

Mr. Rogers closed the door and returned to his chair.

"Scroggs'll do the job beautiful," he remarked.

"Are you sure he's reliable?" asked Mr. Lawrence, anxiously. "I am almost afraid to trust this to a mere boy."

"That's Scroggs' strong point—he's reliable. Hain't been with me quite a year, but I'd trust him anywhere. Never neglects a likely place, an' never comes back till the last sheet is posted. That kid'll make a great man one o' these days. I shall always give him your job after this, for I know you'll like his work."

Mr. Lawrence sighed at this intimation of the fruitfulness of his efforts, and the two men sat silently until the door was burst open and a boy of about ten years entered. He wore a bill poster's white jacket and trousers, very much spotted and soiled, a small cap was set far back upon his curly head, and in his hand he bore a canvas bag and a flat paste-bucket with a brush sticking out of the side.

"Here y' are, Dick," he announced.

"Prompt as a biscuit, ain't he?" asked Mr. Rogers, casting an admiring look at his small assistant. "Now, Scroggs, this gentleman is very particular about his work. They're quarter-sheets an' easy handed, an' they're to get in every likely spot you can find."

"Specials, eh?" said Scroggs, as he stooped over the package, cut the cord and began filling his canvas bag with the sheets.

"Very special, my boy," said Mr. Lawrence, earnestly. "You'll not neglect the work, will you?"

Scroggs straightened up and regarded him with a look of pained surprise.

"D'ye know what they calls me, sir? Why, it's 'Scroggs, the Reliable!' I'm proud o' that. When I turns up my toes, sir, I'm a-goin' to have this out on my tombstone: 'Here lies Scroggs, who never missed a stick!' An' I won't neglect your work, 'cause why? 'Cause it would spile the matter on the tombstone. Them air bills'll go up full count an' all right."

He slung the bag over his shoulder and the paste-pot upon his back. Then he bobbed his head at the two gentlemen and passed out the door.

"A strange boy," said Mr. Lawrence, musingly, "and very young for the paste too heavy for him?"

"Bless ye, no!" replied Mr. Rogers. "Scroggs likes pastin'. He stops so often, you see, he don't mind the weight. It were a lucky day for me when old Scroggs, the blind man, died, an' I got that boy. I'd noticed him leadin' that old man around as keener as a kitten, an' I says to myself, a kid as'll take that pains with his old dad has good stuff in him—an' I were right. He's sharper'n chain lightning' too."

Mr. Lawrence settled his bill and re-entered his carriage. The bill poster re-lighted his cigar and watched the equipage as it rolled away.

"That duck's on a reg'lar wild goose chase," he reflected, "but that's no business o' mine. I expect he'll be a reg'lar customer for years to come."

Meanwhile Scroggs pursued his way up one street and down another, leaving a trail of bills wherever he went. They were odd-looking bills, he noticed, with great black letters at the

top and considerable descriptive matter at the bottom. Scroggs could not read; he merely knew when the letters were right side up, but that was quite enough for his purpose. He was quick to see a conspicuous position where a bill could be noticed by the general public, and he never let a good space escape him. Here was one in especial, the broad front of a deserted shop, where the remains of various old bills still fluttered. Scroggs posted three bills in a row upon the front, and then sat down to rest a minute and admire his work.

"They're all 'zactly straight," he murmured, complacently, "an' jest the right distance apart."

Two men, passing by, stopped and read the bills curiously. Then a woman paused to read, and another man, and still another. Several boys joined the group, and soon there was quite a little crowd inspecting the posters.

Scroggs smiled; it pleased him to think his work was so effective.

"Five thousand dollars!" remarked a fat man to no one in particular; "that's a pretty stiff reward."

There was no reply, and he passed on, his place being quickly filled by another. For the first time Scroggs began to wonder what the bills were about. Usually he was indifferent to the purport of his advertisements, but the remark of the fat man led him to suspect these bills were more important than usual. And the gentleman had told him they were special—very special.

The group slowly melted away; only the boys remained, slowly spelling out the printed words. Scroggs looked at the boys critically, and decided he might venture a question.

"What does it say?" he asked.

"Can't yer read?" demanded the biggest boy.

Scroggs shook his head.

"Well, then, listen," said the boy, patronizingly, "an' I'll read it out for yer."

He followed the lines with his finger and read aloud, slowly, and with some difficulty, as follows:

ENTICED OR STRAYED From his home, No. 2013 Wellington avenue, on June 2, 1896, Kenneth Keith Lawrence, familiarly called "Trotty." Age, four years and two months. Dark brown hair and eyes; large for his age; able to tell his name, but perhaps not his residence. Wore at the time of his disappearance a white dress with blue sash, blue flannel jacket and straw sailor hat. Was last seen upon the sidewalk in front of said residence listening to the music of a hand organ played by an old Italian. The above reward will be paid for information leading to the recovery of said Kenneth Keith Lawrence, and all prosecutions will be waived.

JOHN KEITH LAWRENCE, 2013 Wellington Avenue, September 12, 1896.

"There ye have it," continued the reader, "an' I wish it was the kid. Folks as can pay \$5,000 reward must have money to burn, an' no mistake."

Scroggs made no reply; with hands thrust deep into his pockets he was staring blankly at the bills before him. The boys passed on, but still he stood thoughtfully regarding the printed announcement, and paying no heed, for once, to the fact that half his bills remained unposted.

Another little crowd collected about him; Scroggs retreated across the sidewalk, and sitting down upon his paste-pot rested his head upon his hands and continued to think deeply.

"Another Charlie Ross Case," a man was saying in front of him.

Scroggs suddenly arose and swung his paste pot over his back.

"I'll do it," he muttered, "no matter what comes of it. Why, it's the rummest go I ever heard tell of, an' I s'pose I might as well win that \$5,000 as any-one!"

Down the street he marched, and before he had gone a block his face had lost its grave expression and he was again whistling merrily. It was a long walk to Wellington avenue; miles and miles it seemed to Scroggs, and after he had reached the avenue he found that he was still a long distance from No. 2013, and the further he walked the more imposing and grand were the residences that lined the street. Finally he paused before a large, handsome building, set well back in the midst of a carefully trimmed lawn, and stared thoughtfully over the iron gate.

The boy tried hard to decipher the bright brass figures upon the gate, but finally he nodded his head and muttered:

"This is the place, all right; I'm sure o' that."

Carelessly shifting his bill bag to the other shoulder he opened the gate, walked resolutely up the broad walk to the front door, and rang the bell.

The tall servant in severe black who opened the door looked at the miniature bill poster in amazement.

"Mr. Lawrence in?" demanded Scroggs, meeting the man's gaze smilingly.

"Yes, he's in; but I don't think you can see him."

"Oh, yes I can," returned the boy. "You jest tell him I'm Scroggs, an' I've come to see him 'bout that kid."

"What kid?"

"The kid as was lost."

"Come in," said the servant, with alacrity; that was the message he did not dare to ignore.

Scroggs entered and sat down in the big hall while the servant departed to speak to his master. The boy eyed the grand furniture with a perplexed air, and then, impelled by some recollection of what was fitting, removed his cap and thrust it into the pocket of his jacket. As he did so Mr. Lawrence entered and hurriedly approached him.

"You are the bill poster's boy," he said, after a start of recognition; "I—I thought it was some one else. What is it, my lad—is anything wrong about the bills?"

"Not as I knows of," replied Scroggs, looking up earnestly into Mr. Lawrence's face; "I thought I'd come an' tell you 'bout the kid—him as was lost, you know."

Mr. Lawrence sank back into a chair with a white face.

"What do you know of him?" he asked, in a quick, agitated voice.

"I know everything," responded Scroggs, with a grin. "I'm the kid."

"You!" cried the man, springing to his feet; "impossible! What do you mean, boy?"

"Now, don't you get excited," said Scroggs, coolly; "jest set down agin an' listen, an' I'll tell you all about it. You see, I couldn't read the bill myself, nor knowin' how, but I got another boy to read it, an' the minut he said 'Trotty' I knew it was me. 'Cause why? Trotty's my name, sir. An' I allus knew I belonged to somebody, 'cause I never belonged to old Scroggs, but for the life o' me I couldn't remember who it was."

By this time Mr. Lawrence was trembling violently and striving to penetrate the boy's dirt-begrimed face in search of familiar features; and now, suddenly, the truth came to him in a mighty wave that swept away all doubt.

"Come with me," he cried, and taking the child's hand, led him up to his own private room.

"I must be sure I am right before I speak to my wife," he thought; "disappointment might kill her."

He carefully washed the grime from Scroggs' countenance, brushed back his curly hair, and then, holding the rosy face firmly between his two hands, he gazed upon it earnestly, studying every line of the boy's expressive features. There was a world of yearning and tenderness in the father's face, and suddenly he bent down and kissed Scroggs softly upon his forehead.

"Tell me about it," he said, gently.

Scroggs appeared both bewildered and embarrassed at the warmth of his reception, and was at first at a loss how to begin; but after a moment's thought he said:

"'Twere all on account o' that name o' Trotty. When I lived in this house," he continued, his eyes roving familiarly around the room, "you used to give me a cane to ride on—a cane with a bird's head on the end."

"Yes; an eagle's head!" interrupted Mr. Lawrence, eagerly.

"Well, I rode that cane all over the house, upstairs an' down, an' so you an' the lady—was that my mamma?—you an' she used to call me Trotty, O' course, you know, I can't member everything, for I must a' been a pretty small kid then; but when I heard that bill read it seemed to bring back lots o' things as I'd forgot all about. I member one day a man comin' round with a music organ, an' I follered him, ridin' on my cane an' not noticin' where I was goin'. By 'n' by I got tired, an' I was gettin' dark, an' I cried for my mamma. An' then the grinder give me a ride on his organ, an' took me home with him."

"Next day he promised to take me home, but he didn't do it. He took off my dress an' put some pants on me, which he said was more proper for a man; an' I thought so too. An' then we went way out into the country an' walked a good many days, and he allus said he was tryin' to find my home. One day we come to a town where there was a blind man named Scroggs, an' the grinder sold the cane with the bird's head to the blind man. I cried when he took the cane away, an' after we had gone up the road a ways I turned an' ran back to the town. I 'pected the grinder would chase me, but he didn't, an' when I got to the town I found the blind man a walkin' with my cane. He wouldn't give it up, but he said if I would come with him an' lead him back to the city he'd find my folks for me again. So I went with him, an' he was pretty good to me, was Scroggs. An' he said I got more penies for him than he ever got before, an' that I'd better stay with him an' see the world."

"Well, after awhile we come back to the city, an' we lived here ever since. I s'pose if Scroggs hadn't been blind he'd a' read your bills an' give me up, 'cause he liked money pretty well; but neither o' us knew as anybody was huntin' for me. 'Bout a year ago Scroggs died, an' I went to work for Dick Rogers, postin' bills. Everybody called me Scroggs an' thought I belonged to the blind man, but I allus membered as my name was Trotty, an' I've got the cane, sir, over to Dick Rogers' place."

Mr. Lawrence listened attentively to this story, which Trotty told very simply and earnestly. When it was ended he took the boy tenderly in his arms.

"Thank God, my darling," he said, "that we have found you at last!"

A few minutes later, when Trotty had shyly released himself from the embrace of his sobbing but delighted mother, who had recognized her boy at the first glance, he remarked, casually:

"I s'pose there's no use postin' the rest o' them bills?"

"No," said the father, with a smile, "the bills have fulfilled their mission."

"But the \$5,000 reward?" asked the boy, anxiously.

"Why, really, Trotty," replied the happy father, as he bent down and kissed the bright face, "I believe you've earned that reward yourself!"

What Pleases a Woman.

It places her to call her a sensible little woman.

It places her to be called a well-dressed woman.

It places her to be told that she is fascinating.

It places her to be told that she improves a man by her companionship.

It places her to depend on some man and pretend she is ruling him.

It places her to be treated courteously and with respect and to be talked to reasonably.

It places her to be treated sensibly and honestly, to be considered and questioned, and not to be treated as a butterfly, with no head nor heart.

It places her to be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way, to lead her and take care of her.—London Answers

SOUGHT STONEWALL JACKSON.

Evidently Thought He Still Played in the Brass Band.

The Stonewall Brigade band of Staunton, Va., which participated in the Grant day ceremonies, made things pleasant for the guests of the Windsor during their stay. Concerts were held every evening in the lobby of the hotel. Among those who enjoyed the concerts were the president and his party, Gen. John B. Gordon and Congressman Farish C. Tate, of Georgia. It was a first-class band, uniformed in dazzling blue with white fleece-trimmed capes and hussar caps. The programme each evening contained, besides operatic and classical selections, several old-time favorite airs and southern melodies. The band is an old-time organization, although most of the members are now young men. Stonewall Jackson once played a cornet in the band, and perhaps that accounts for the fact that the leader played a cornet while directing the players.

The first concert was held on Monday evening, when President McKinley arrived. It was a big success, and afterward the members of the band crowded around Gen. Gordon and shook hands with him. A well-dressed man with a sandy mustache sidled up to one of the spectators, and, pointing to Gen. Gordon, said:

"Is that Stonewall Jackson?"

The spectator turned toward the questioner with a quizzical look, but, noticing that the man was apparently in earnest, said, with a smile:

"No. I'm trying to find out who he is."

Congressman Tate, who was talking with Gen. Gordon, left him for a moment, and was buttoned off immediately by the sandy-mustached man.

"Excuse me, sir, was that gentleman Stonewall Jackson that you were talking to?"

The congressman glared at the sandy-mustached man, apparently undecided whether he was the subject of a northern affront or not.

"No, sir, it was not," said the congressman.

"Well, when will he arrive?" queried the sandy-mustached man.

The guileless expression of the questioner caused the congressman to smile as he said:

"My dear sir, a short course of United States history would do you a world of good."

The congressman then walked off. The sandy-mustached man was last seen receiving an explanation from the hotel clerk.—N. Y. Sun.

THE SEASON'S HATS.

They Look Like Gorgeous Walking Flower Gardens.

Two or more varieties of straw are frequently used in one hat. An assortment, of course, of rough straws is all the vogue. Chip is also in demand, and a glistening straw called silk fiber. Straws of more than one color are used in making a single hat.

The brim is frequently one tint of straw and the crown another. A few of the brims are made of bands of straw alternating with puffings of tulle or silk.

Crowns are all eccentric as to their shape. Some emulate a Tam O'Shanter in shape, others resemble an hour-glass, or look like a jam pot turned upside down. Many of them are made entirely of spangles.

Flowers are used lavishly on the new hats—either in big bunches or in wreaths encircling the crown. Agrettes are much in favor, and bows and rosettes or ribbon veiled in tulle. Accordion-pleated chiffor is also used as a trimming.

The colors are startlingly brilliant. Until July all the shades of purple and violet will be worn. Bright red is a spring and summer color this year. Leaf-green and forget-me-not blue are a favorite color combination, as well as violet and scarlet. Hats in three or four shades of one color are much the fashion. French hats of shirred tulle silk will be worn for early spring, and many tulle hats during the summer.

The sailor is here again, but it is so much trimmed that all its old-time severity of style is now a thing of the past.—Philadelphia Times.

How to Broil Shad.

Split a well-cleaned shad down the entire back, remove the backbone and season with one tablespoonful of salt; brush the fish over with a little melted butter or olive oil, let it stand 30 minutes, then put the fish on a broiler with the flesh side down; place over a clear, moderate fire and broil 15 minutes; then turn and broil five minutes on the skin side. Dress the shad on a warm fish, mix one tablespoonful of butter to a cream, add the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and one teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley; spread this over the fish, garnish with parsley and one lemon cut lengthwise into six pieces. The broiling can be done nicely on a gas broiler.—St. Louis Republic.

Serving a Fricassee Fowl.

A fricassee fowl should always be put upon the platter in one way, says a cooking teacher, so that the server may know where to find the different parts, and there may be as little as possible of the splashing of gravy in the living about of an exploring carving-fork. Put the back in the middle, says the authority, and the breast on top of it. Cross the drumsticks, and lay them at either side, with the second joints at the ends. The wings should be placed outside these. If two fowls are served, the arrangement is simply repeated at the other end of the platter.—N. Y. Post.

How to Keep Pies.

When pies are to be kept over until the second day after baking it is a wise plan to brush the undercrust with a beaten egg, then to put the tin or dish in the ice half an hour. After putting in the filling of the pie bake quickly. This will keep the crust from getting soaked.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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H. F. HILLENMEYER, Lexington, Ky. (20oct)



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WRITE FOR CIRCULARS. The New Home Sewing Machine Co., CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA. (20c) S. A. L. O. V.

COOK & WINN, Paris, Ky.

U. S. REVENUE STAMPS WANTED

I want to buy for cash the following U. S. Revenues, either canceled or uncanceled, at 50 percent of face when stamps are sent in good condition:

- 1 cent Express, red, imperforate..... 50c each
1 cent Express, red, part perforate..... 50 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, imperforate..... 50 cents
1 cent Playing Cards, red, part perforate..... 50 cents
1 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate..... 10 cents
1 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate..... 10 cents
1 cent Bank Check, blue, part perforate..... 50 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, imperforate..... 5 cents
2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Certificate, orange, full perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate..... 10 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..... 10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate..... 15 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, imperforate..... 10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, part perforate..... 10 cents
3 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate..... 10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate..... 50 cents
5 cent Express, red, part perforate..... 50 cents
5 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate..... 50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate..... 50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate..... 50 cents
25 cent Bond, imperforate..... 50 cents
50 cent Bond, imperforate..... 50 cents
100 cent Foreign exchange, green, imperforate..... 50 cents
100 cent Life Insurance, imperforate..... 50 cents
100 cent Manifest, imperforate..... 50 cents
100 cent Mortgage, full perforate..... \$1 25
100 cent Passage Ticket, imperforate..... 1 50
100 cent Foreign exchange, orange, imperforate..... 5 00
100 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate..... 5 00
100 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate..... 5 00
100 cent Probate of Will, imperforate..... 7 00
100 cent Probate of Will, imperforate..... 30 00
1 30 Blue and Black..... 1 50
1 60 Blue and Black..... 2 00
1 60 Black and Green, proprietary..... 5 cents
1 60 Black and Green, proprietary..... 5 cents
1 60 Black and Green, proprietary..... 5 cents
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I also wish to buy old canceled postage stamps and stamped envelopes of any and all denominations from 1840 to 1875 for which I will pay liberal prices. Address T. L. GREEN, County Clerk, Mt. Olive, Ky.

NOTE: The above named stamps can be found on Deeds, Mortgages, Notes, Receipts, Agreements, Bank Checks, etc., from 1840 to 1875; also on Proprietary Medicines, Matches, etc.

The foregoing offer is genuine—made in good faith, and will be carried out to the letter in every instance when I receive the stamps I have mentioned in good order. Holders of Mt. Olive Deposit Bank or any official of Robertson county.

T. L. GREEN, County Clerk.

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HOW IT IS MADE. The large steel wires forming the horizontal bars are first coiled around a 1/2 inch rod, thus practically becoming COILED SPRINGS their entire length. These are securely tied together by 10 cross bars to the rod. The cross bars are best quality of annealed wire (galvanized), wrapped three times around each horizontal bar.

ITS ADVANTAGES. Being a SELF REGULATOR it is ALWAYS ready for business, slacks up for 30 below as cheerfully as it takes a new grip for 90 in the shade, gently, but firmly persuades a runaway team to reconsider its action. An unruly bull is safe as a canary in its cage; it saith unto the festive hog, "thus far shall thou go." The fierce wind and drifting snow pass by and it heeds them not. There is no terror in the locomotive spark. The trespasser is not led into temptation, and the rail stealer's "occupation is gone." The hired man and the lagging tramp, alike scorn it proffered shade. Like the model housewife, when well supported, it is always neat and tidy.

THREE POSTS TO THE 100 FEET. Economy is not our sole object in placing posts for farm fences at the unusual distance of 30 to 30 feet apart. Farmers say, "the closer the posts the better the fence." That may apply to common fences, but depending largely on its elasticity we prefer the long panel. For cemeteries, lawns, yards, etc., they should of course be nearer, 1