

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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PLEASANT WORLD OF BOOKS.

There are those who find their happiness in strolling near and far. As if perchance their birth had been beneath some errant star. The trackless desert beckons them, they scale the mountain peak. And ever just beyond them see some gladness coy to seek; For me, I sit beside my fire, and with benignant looks From dear familiar shelves they smile, my pleasant friends, the books.

A SYNDICATE OF THREE.

BY LEWIS MASON. [Copyright, 1897.]

WHEN the great mutiny broke out there was no end to the princes and nabobs in India, and without exception, all were rich. The Honorable East India company had honorably deposited some from power and had bought off others; but from highest to lowest they still had their palaces and retinues and retainers. A few of these potentates threw their fortunes with the British, but the great majority cast their lot with the rebels or affected a neutrality almost as dangerous. No doubt many of them sacrificed all their wealth to help along the cause; but there were others who transferred their treasure to safe places, and let it remain in concealment until long after peace had been proclaimed. Under a military edict all hidden property became loot for the soldiers, and scores of them were enriched by their findings.

It was ten years after the close of the war that I landed in Delhi, and the search for hidden treasure had long been given up in that district. I had a number of friends among the English officers in the Tenth native infantry; and one night, as I sat smoking with Maj. Trainor in his quarters, he suddenly turned on me and said:

"You saw me in the bazaar to-day talking with a native?"

"Yes."

"That man was for a year or so in command of the 400 soldiers in the retinue of the nabob of Jumna, as he called himself. The place stood over in the hills, and the nabob leaned towards our side for a few weeks—that is, until he got his treasure safely away. Then he went over to the rebels, bag and baggage, but he made a mess of it. Inside of three months he was killed and his force scattered; and a dozen of his followers who found their way back after peace was proclaimed, were hung in short order. This man, whom we used to call Col. Bounce, arrived here only to-day; and do you know, I believe he has an eye on that treasure. He insists that I am mistaken in his identity, and that he was never in this part of the country before; but I know I am right."

"What do you propose?" I asked.

"That we find the treasure ourselves. You were going up the country. Just settle down here for three months, and I'll make a millionaire of you. The nabob of Jumna was not as rich as soze, but his treasure house held a king's ransom. As things are dull now, I can get a leave of absence for three months. Capt. Gordon can do the same. We three will then form a treasure-hunting syndicate; and if you don't wear some of the dead nabob's rubies and diamonds out of India I'm no prophet."

Capt. Gordon was called in, and the syndicate duly organized. Unlike most other syndicates, little or no capital was needed for it. The major was satisfied that the native had returned with but one object in view. The first idea was to arrest him, and frighten him into giving up the secret. This could probably have been done five years earlier, as the British did not stick at trifles when a prisoner was obdurate; but the days had gone by when a confession might be forced. It was finally decided to leave him at liberty and watch his every movement; and this plan was set in motion the next morning.

Capt. Gordon had a Ceylonese servant who had often shown his smartness in

looking after things; this fellow was given orders to find "Col. Bounce" and stick to him. Inside of half a day he reported that he had picked up his man, and we felt quite certain that within a week we should know more about the treasure.

We missed it by not rating the "colonel" high enough. He didn't look overintelligent, but we had a fox to deal with. He loafed for about a week, spoke freely of his past to the captain's servant and finally sought, and obtained employment with a native jeweler. As soon as he had done this we three packed off to the hills, leaving the servant on watch. The nabob's palace had been blown up and was a mass of ruins, but we were not at all interested in that direction. The place had been explored again and again, and without luck. We had to do some figuring and then regulate our movements accordingly. First, we took it for granted that the nabob had run off his treasure. In so doing he would have to take at least half a dozen men into his confidence. As commander of his forces, "Col. Bounce" would certainly be one. The wealth had not been taken to the city, nor had it been turned over to anyone for safe keeping. It had certainly been buried somewhere, and the hills offered many advantages over the open ground. It was more than even chances that the treasure had been walled up in a cave or cavity of some sort, and that within six or eight miles of the palace.

As a beginning to active operations we drew a map of the locality and divided it off with lines radiating like the spokes of a wheel, the ruins being the hub. Each man was to take a line and follow it by compass a distance of six miles—then cross to another and return to the hub. As the lines were only ten rods apart, according to our scale, it would be easy to inspect every foot of the ground passed over. There were days when the heat was too great to move, and at the end of three weeks we had finished only a quarter of the work. It was then decided to change the plan and let each man search as he would; but a fourth week passed, and we were just where we were at the start.

We would have given up now but for a flying visit from the captain's man, who reported that "Col. Bounce" had quit the place and left the city. He had purchased a horse and a quantity of provisions, and there was reason to believe that he would show up in the hills and seek the treasure cave. We at once moved our camp and set a watch for the man. Two days later he showed up and went into camp about a mile away. He had no reason to suspect our presence, as we were supposed to have gone north for tigers; but he was playing for a big stake and would take no chances. Our men had an eye on him day and night for ten days before he moved. To some root hunters he ex-



THERE WAS A RATTLE OF IRON AGAINST STONE.

plained that he was camping out for his health, and he did little but sleep and eat. We had to hang about the camp to be ready to take up his trail, and the call came at an unexpected hour. One night at midnight he rose up and started off along the hills to the north, carrying in his hand what our men took to be a stick. Instead of following him the spy came to arouse us, and of course we realized that it was no use searching in the darkness.

Something came of the movement, however. The spy hastened back to find the man just returning. His walk had lasted while the other had run four miles and talked with us for five minutes. That would mean not much more than a mile out. He had no stick in his hand on returning; and was evidently much elated over something. The spy saw him take from his luggage a stout English satchel and carefully inspect it; two or three times he rose up and seemed on the point of leaving camp again. He slept no more that night, but walked about uneasily; and when the report was made to us we knew that he had found the cave and was about ready to appropriate the contents. He must be got rid of, for a day at least, and if he had not overreached us in the end I should blush with shame over the job we put up.

The captain's man was instructed to watch for the patrol on the highway at the foot of the hills, and to report that "Col. Bounce" had conspired with him to burn a public building in the city. This plan was carried out, and the "Colonel" was arrested and taken to town; he was only well away when we took up what we believed to be his

trail of the previous night. We had not yet searched in that direction. After going half a mile we dropped into a ravine, and as I made a slip and threw out a hand and clutched a bush there was a rattle of iron against stone. In another minute I had drawn out a short crowbar, and then we felt certain that the cave was in the ravine. This was what our spy had taken for a stick, and it had been brought along to work at masonry.

It was the major who found the cave, and it was his broken leg that lost us the treasure. As we walked down the ravine, carefully scanning the rocky walls, he slipped on a wet stone and pitched forward against a bush. The bush was uprooted and he swayed and fell, and his first cry was that the cave was behind it. So it was. A stone which must have required the services of six or eight men to lift had been cemented into the mouth of a cave of some sort; and but for the bush the seams would have been plain to any eye on the lookout. So anxious was the injured man to learn the contents of the cave that he insisted on our beginning work at once. This we would not hear to, and making a rude litter we bore him back to camp. Then I set out for Delhi and a surgeon, and it was mid-afternoon before we landed our patient in the hospital.

Then Capt. Gordon and I made all speed back to camp and the cave. His horse had been left there but was missing, as was also some bedding and provisions. We made for the cave on a run, fearing the worst, and neither of us were surprised that it had been opened and rifled. This was all I had to bear, but the captain had more. In a few hours he learned that his trusted servant had been working in concert with "Col. Bounce." He had watched us as well as him; and on the way to town he had retracted his charge, and the pair had been kicked and set at liberty. The Ceylonese had fitted himself out at his master's expense, and though the pursuit of him was long and expensive he was never captured. What the amount of the treasure was we could only guess; but with the breaking of the major's leg the syndicate of three went out of business and had no profits to divide.

REMOVE HATS IN CHURCH.

Organization Formed at Indianapolis Accomplishes Its Purpose.

The other Sunday the women's circle of the First Baptist church of Indianapolis, Ind., attempted an innovation by uncovering their heads during religious services, but only a few responded, and it was spitefully said that those who had elaborate and costly exhibits of the milliners' art treated the request with contempt. The next Sunday the women's circle won a notable victory. Much proselyting was evidently done during the week, for as each lady entered her pew she carefully removed



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

No man ever gets quite as close up to God as he does when his little child is sick. A man who will admit that he is sentimental has no more of it about him than a frog. The average woman goes to her grave remembering what girl gave her the cheapest wedding present she got. A girl's idea of a lovely married couple is one that always gives a party on the anniversary of the day they first met. When a girl who has pretty feet lies down in a hammock she always goes to lots of trouble to cover them up—and doesn't. You can never tell how a girl looks at the breakfast table by the way she looks when she sits out on the porch in the evening.—N. Y. Press.

A NEW DISH.

Mrs. Pneumonia—I'll have two pounds of that sage cheese, and I'll have a pound of impunity, too. Grocer—Marna? "One pound will be enough, I guess. Dr. Kiddle says that sage cheese can be eaten with impunity; but then, you know, I may not like impunity."—Boston Transcript.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.

Boil a cauliflower till about two-thirds done; let it get cold, then break it in branches, and lay them neatly in dish. It is then ready for the dressing.—Good Housekeeping.

BEYOND ARGUMENT.

He Felt Convinced There Was Only One Thing to Do.

"Have you anything to do?" asked the attache of the freight yard of the man who had lounged in with his hands in his pockets. "No." "Want anything to do?" "No. But I want the money, and I suppose I'll have to do something to get that."

"You're a workingman, aren't you?" "Yes." "Well, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to step around and do something without thinking so much about money—just for the sake of advertising your business? People might get the impression that you're a millionaire and be afraid to apply for your services."

"Look here, mister. I don't want any advice, I'm just beginning to get straightened out from the last advice I took. I've been getting the worst of it for years, and simply because I listened respectfully and took things for granted. I don't say that I've been swindled by capitalists, but I do say that it was underhanded to take advantage of my carelessness the way they did."

"Where did you come from?" "Chicago."

"Didn't they pay your wages there?" "Yes; they paid my wages all right. They didn't want to excite any suspicion, so they gave all the men their money every salary day. That was simply to keep them from suspecting anything."

"Were you overworked?" "No. I didn't have any more to do than I could attend to with comfort. But it's the principle of the thing that I am thinking about. I don't like to be deceived. I wouldn't have known anything about it if a friend of mine who was out on a strike hadn't come and explained it to me."

"What was it he told you?" "He exposed the way I had been misled, with a whole lot of others. If I had my way there'd be a boycott declared against the newspapers for starting the cry: 'Go west, young man.' There isn't anybody that can convince me it wasn't a put-up job to get something for nothing. The friend of mine who is out on a strike sat down and figured it out and showed me that when it's noon in Washington, it's only 11 o'clock in the morning at Chicago. I ain't one of the dilly-dallying kind. I didn't have any words, but soon as I found that out I went to the boss, got the pay that was coming to me and came straight to Washington, where quitting time comes exactly one hour sooner every day.—Washington Star.

A MEANINGLESS CUSTOM.

No Real Sociability in the Purely Formal Call.

In the fashionable call there are empty formalities of talk, there is sometimes gossip of a kind that poisons the mind of the woman who peddles it and the woman who receives it. In this horrible fashion of "calling," nobody is really glad to see anybody. If we have friends whom we really desire to meet, we go quietly where they are, or have them come to us, when we have an hour to spare, and both of us are refreshed and made happy. But when a woman makes a formal call she puts on a stiff, uncomfortable manner that goes with the gown. If she has any sense she is horribly bored by the performance. If the woman she visits has any sense, she is bored even worse. The system is a relic of those oriental ages when women were kept in seclusion, and visiting one another was the only outlook they ever got of the world. Now it is different. Women are not kept like Chinese and Turkish females any more. They can go where they please. Why, then, should they continue the Turkish and Chinese system? Do they know how much precious time they are thus wickedly wasting—time that might improve them mentally and physically—time that would keep them abreast of all the movements for the progress of mankind? There is no real sociability in it; there is nothing in it but vanity and waste of time.—Housewife.

Dainty Wraps.

Summer wraps have a variety in form this season which ought to furnish a suitable model for every style of figure; but, making a satisfactory selection seems to be quite as difficult as ever. There are round capes ruffled with silk lace and chiffon; mantles, peleries and mantillas, coats and jackets of every imaginable shape; but the dominant style in London is a close, short jacket with cape sleeves. The French garment of this kind is loose, yet cut to reveal the lines of the figure, and handsomely embroidered with gold. It is fastened at one side like the fashionable bodice, and the cape sleeves are of lace with loops of satin ribbon. Round, short capes of black taffeta, covered with hemed or pink ruffles of the same silk are very much worn, and do not require an expert hand to make them. Pretty capes, too, are made with a deep, square yoke of jetted satin, and wide knitted ruffles of black chiffon or lace on the edge. Little ostrich tips are used in the ruff of the neck, which is very full, and wider at the back than in front. Ruffles of black shiffon, covering a taffeta foundation, make a pretty wrap, with knots of black satin for a finish.—N. Y. Post.

Falling Walls at Fires.

There are several kinds of falling walls, and the fireman of experience knows them well, and what to expect from each. There is one kind that breaks first at the bottom and comes down almost straight, somewhat like a curtain. This makes a big noise, but is not very much to be dreaded. Then there is another that bulges or "buckles" in the middle at first, and makes a sort of curve as it descends. This is a little more serious than the first, and has caused many fatalities. Then there is the one that breaks at the bottom and comes straight out, reaching clear across the street, and remaining almost solid until it strikes, and, as an old fireman once remarked: "That's the kind you want to dodge." This kind of "falling wall" has caused more of the deaths in the department than any other danger the firemen have to contend with. It has killed horses as well as men, and destroyed apparatus; and it is so rapid in its descent, and covers so much space, that to escape it the men have to be quick, indeed.—Charles T. Hill, in St. Nicholas.

Took It.

"I didn't know that your folks took the Fowler, Johnnie." "Yes, ma'am, we've been taking it ever since the Poolers moved away." "Did you subscribe for it then?" "No, ma'am; the Poolers forgot to stop it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAN MOVE ANYTHING.

Marvelous Feats of the Modern Methods of Pushing.

There are certain men working quietly in various parts of the United States who could if they chose to do it, move the Pyramids, pick up the Egyptian obelisks, or lift a modern skyscraper from its caisson bed and carry it across the street. There are not many such men, yet few, if any, ponderous objects exist in the world which they will not attempt to move intact for a consideration. In the directory these men are called house movers, but they are entitled to a designation of far greater dignity, for some of their achievements are numbered among the great engineering feats of the world. Within the past few months the house movers have experienced an unwonted activity. Some really creditable and in some cases stupendous feats have been performed. The moving of Lovering hall at Johns Hopkins university was one of these feats, the moving of an upper New York house 14 blocks along the public highway was another, and the very recent moving and resetting of a tall smoke stack at Manhasset was a third.

One of these house movers declares that there is no building, however heavy, however bulky, which cannot be lifted from its foundations and conveyed any distance. This means, of course, without any damage to the building itself; that the very ornaments on the mantel pieces, the bric-a-brac in the cabinets will in no way be disturbed, that the window glass will not be even cracked, that the home life of the family occupying the moving house will be undisturbed. Such is absolutely the fact. It is not necessary for the occupants of the building to temporarily change their quarters; to take the castors off the bedsteads, nor to pack up all the perishable articles in the house. It is on record that an old tall clock which was in a house which was moved in Westchester county, N. Y., never stopped running all during the progress of removal. On the other hand there seems to be no limit to the mover's capabilities as far as weight is concerned. The Brighton Beach hotel, which was placed on 150 flat cars and moved 600 feet, weighed 5,000 tons. The weight of the recently moved railroad station at Mott Haven, N. Y., is 1,700 tons. This building was composed entirely of brick and stone and the weight is very unequally distributed, a central tower alone weighing 500 tons. To be frank, these feats take all of the wonderment out of the raising of the pyramids and obelisks, inasmuch as the most primitive tools are used by the engineers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HARNESSING THE TIDES.

One Instance in Which the Power Has Been Successfully Applied.

Various plans have been suggested at different times for the utilization of the energy developed by the rise and fall of the tides, but the intermittent character of the power has usually prevented any satisfactory solution of the problem. There is, however, one instance in which tide power has been quite successfully applied in a very simple manner. Along the river front at Liverpool there is a tendency for the accumulation of silt against the dock walls, requiring occasional dredging for its removal. Instead of using scoop dredges, this mud is removed at different periods by the use of tide power in the following manner: Along the base of the dock wall is laid a pipe, perforated with holes, directed outward, this pipe being connected with the interior of the dock system, and suitable valves being provided to permit or check the flow of water. When the tide is very low, and consequently the head of water measured from the surface in the docks is at its greatest, a sudden opening of the connection permits a rapid flushing action by the water escaping through the holes in the pipe at the base of the walls, scouring out the mud and driving it out into the river to be carried away. As the tides at Liverpool average about 25 feet or more, it is evident that this simple form of dredging apparatus may be very effective, and as the time chosen for using it may be selected when the supply of water is greatest, it does not interfere with the regular use of the docks. Ultimately, no doubt, the introduction of practical and economical forms of power storage will render the equalization of tide power commercially practicable, but at the present time this example serves to demonstrate the fact that solar and lunar attraction, as expressed by the tides, have been harnessed in a small way at least.—Cassier's Magazine.

HUMAN HAIR GROWTH.

Prof. Exner, of the Vienna Medical society, treating of the functions of the human hair, remarks upon the somewhat curious fact, that writers have hitherto occupied themselves mainly with speculations as to the circumstances which have led to man becoming denuded of his hairy covering—the hairs, however, being not only degenerated organs, but having also to fulfill some functions. There is a group, says the professor, such as the eyelashes and the eyebrows, for instance, which are sensorial organs, possessing tactile functions, and, moreover, serve as a protection to the eyes; and in places where two integumentary surfaces are in contact, they act as rollers and facilitate the gliding of the integumentary surfaces on each other. Further, there is no doubt that the hair of the scalp protects the head against external cold, and also prevents the loss of heat through very low conductivity of the hair cylinders and of the cushion of air intermingled with them.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

IT WAS AN EVEN THING.

The irate father had overtaken the eloping couple, but he was a little too late. A complacent clergyman had tied the knot. "Sir," said the irate father, "this is simply outrageous. Can you forget that she is my only daughter." "I'll tell you what I'll do," returned the groom, who always wanted to do the right thing. "I confess I didn't think of it at the time, but I will agree never again to forget it if you will also kindly remember that she is my only wife." Everyone agreed that it was a fair proposition, but somehow it didn't seem to soothe the old man's temper to any appreciable extent.—Chicago Post.

USEFUL ART.

Teacher—What is a synonym? Bright Boy—It's a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one.—Boston Transcript.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Rev. Henry Rupp, the oldest active clergyman in Illinois, now in his ninety-third year, is still strong and vigorous, and preaches every Sunday.

—The golden jubilee of Beloit college will be celebrated on June 24. A bust of Dr. Aaron Lucius Chapin, who was president of the college for 36 years, will be unveiled, and addresses will be made by many distinguished men.

—Brooklyn presbytery on May 29 released Rev. Dr. C. C. Hall from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Brooklyn, and in doing so adopted resolutions testifying to its appreciation of his qualities as a Christian gentleman, his devotion to high scholarship and to truth, and of his unbroken fidelity as a preacher.

—In a glowing speech commemorative of Queen Victoria's long lease of power, Dr. Parker, of London, declared the other day: "We do not celebrate the queen's long reign, but the queen's good reign." With a fine independence, Dr. Parker added: "We owe much to the queen, but the queen owes much more to us. Let her close her splendid reign by restoring to God the titles 'Head of the church' and 'Defender of the faith.'" This passage was greeted with loud cheers.

—The impracticability of some pious souls is well illustrated by a conversation which once passed between Dr. Creighton and another English bishop regarding a man for whom they wanted to do something. The bishops spoke at length about his virtues, and detailed his good qualities, they considered what he could do and what could be done for him, but at last one of them heaved a sigh and remarked: "He is as good as gold, and he will go to Heaven; but he is no use."

—Rev. Dr. William H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States senate, sailed for England recently with his daughters. He is a frequent traveler over the Atlantic and is well known in religious and social circles in the British isles. He has a number of pulpit engagements this summer. Until the United States senate adjourns his post will be filled by President McKinley's pastor, Rev. Dr. Hugh Johnston, Vice President Hobart kindly consenting.

UNCLE SAM'S FORETHOUGHT.

Officials Making Ready to Observe the Sun's Total Eclipse in 1900.

The United States government is already preparing to take observations of the total eclipse of the sun which is to take place on May 28, 1900. Observation stations will be established along the path of the total eclipse and experienced astronomers in the service of the government will be sent down to take the observations and make the astronomical calculations which it is expected will be so valuable to science and to astronomy.

These observations will be for the purpose of determining the best points at which to establish the permanent stations, where the final observations will be taken during the eclipse of 1900. The path of the total eclipse will extend in a direct line from New Orleans to Norfolk, Va., and will pass through Georgia in the locality of Macon.

Blank report sheets have been sent to all the weather bureaus in the vicinity of the path of the eclipse with the instruction to the weather man to secure the services of capable and intelligent men to take the observations and register the results in the sheets made for the purpose. The exact condition of the sky, of the sun and of the whole heavens will be marked down in the sheets every morning of the month when the observations are being taken, and all of the sheets when filled out will be sent to Washington and carefully graded. The permanent observation stations will be established at the points where the first observations taken receive the highest percentage.—Atlanta Constitution.

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