

THE BOURBON NEWS. (Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

THE OLD KITCHEN PUMP.

I'm a-livin' with my darter, in the city, miles away From the old New England homestead, west of Narragansett Bay; And she brought me up one evenin' a tall new-fangled drink, With a straw arisin' from it, and the color of it pink. It did me good, I'm sartin, for it didn't do no harm, And I guess 'twas full of magic, for I saw the dear old farm As plain as blazin' sunshine, and the hill we call "The Hump," And a boy a-drinkin' water from the old kitchen pump. That pump was just plain iron, and that thirsty boy was me, A-drinkin' and a-drinkin', and as dry as dry could be; The pump was always handy, and when a pump is high, And a small boy is contiguous, the boy is always dry. 'Twas on my left in goin' out, my right in comin' in, And to miss a drink, I always felt, would kinder be a sin. There was water in its innards and a gurgle and a thump; So I always drank to music from the old kitchen pump. Though I'm livin' in the city, with my darter, rich and smart, I'm still a plain old farmer, and a thirsty boy at heart. But each year, as I grow older, my thoughts go 't'other way, And I see a little sperrit boy at sperrit work or play. I want to be that little ghost a-standin' by the sink, I'd like to tiptoe down once more, at night, to get a drink; I must see just one more sunset, from the hill we called "The Hump," And have one more drink of water from the old kitchen pump. —C. B. Mathewson, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

REBELLION OF LUCINDA BOWERS.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

[Copyright, 1897.]

LUCINDA BOWERS looked at the little invitation card, and rebellion arose in her heart.

"I don't care," she said, "I'm going." All the Ohio village of Valley City knew that afternoon that Lucinda Bowers was buying a new dress. Margaret Elton had seen her purchasing the organdie at Dochester's that morning. Ben Sturgis met Ruth Ames, on his way home to dinner, and told her just what kind of paper pattern he had sold to Lucinda.

Mrs. Benson, who had issued cards for a lawn party on the following Thursday, could hardly have been expected to know who composed "society" in Valley City, and who was beyond the pale—though several well disposed persons, when they heard that old Sam Bowers' daughter had been invited, would have put in a word in the right direction had the list been submitted to them.

"Mrs. Benson means well," remarked Widow Simpkins, "but she judges more by a pretty face and a lively tongue than by 'family.'"

"I should be very grateful," said young Mrs. Benson to Lucinda, "if you would help me with the ice cream and cake at the party next week."

Wherever Lucinda went, it was expected that she should look after the comestibles which Valley City called "refreshments." She dispensed the "layer" cake at the strawberry and ice cream social; she filled the candy bags at Christmas time; and attended to the commissary arrangements at the annual Sunday school picnics. Indeed, Lucinda Bowers had been a burden bearer from her childhood. She paid the rent and clothed her brothers and sisters from the wages which she earned as a school teacher. She led the Christian Endeavor meetings when nobody else would do so. She fanned the faint spark which still remained in the Women's Missionary society, and kept the sewing circle from disintegration.

It seemed as though Lucinda Bowers had always been old. As a matter of fact, she was hardly 25. She might have been pretty if she had given more time to sleep and less to care and worry.

While the whole town was busy discussing the addition to Lucinda's wardrobe, the young woman was busy at work upon her first new dress in two years. The organdie was slipped over an old skirt of blue silk which had belonged to her grandmother. A few bits of lace, a few lines of tucks, a girle of blue silk ribbon, and the dress was done.

"I suppose," remarked Lucinda on the evening of the party, as she looked at herself critically in the cracked mirror of the old walnut bureau, "that it's wicked for me to spend this money on dress when Johnny may need a new pair of shoes before long. I wish I wasn't so rebellious, but I can't help it."

The Benson lawn party is still famous in the social history of Valley City. The ambitious young matron who gave the entertainment was not content with the grass plot which surrounded her own pink cottage. She took the lawn belonging to her neighbor as well. Showers of wild flowers hung from the old cherry tree in the center of the lawn. Chinese lanterns shone from the fir tree, and a genuine "Rebecca's Well" gave forth the most wonderful lemonade—lemonade fortified with the flavor of pineapples and oranges.

"Yes," said Mrs. Benson in reply to the gentle inquiry of Widow Simpkins, "I got the receipt at my home in the east. It is very popular there."

She did not think it necessary to say that this marvelous sherbet was compounded by Lucinda Bowers. Neither did she consider it of any use to tell

her guests that the arrangement of tables under the old cherry tree was suggested by the young woman in the blue organdie.

The fame of those "refreshments," which were served on the night on which Mrs. James Jerome Benson sprang into social prominence, still lives. The "angel food," a species of sponge cake, was really the best which had ever been served in Valley City. Even to the present day the matrons of that town are wont to say: "I'd like to entertain, too, if I could make such 'angel food' as Mrs. Benson had at her lawn party." Mrs. Benson has never explained that Lucinda made the ambrosial confection which was served at her tables on that memorable night.

The divinity who brought order out of the chaos of ice cream freezers and cake stands, was arrayed in blue organdie. Lucinda Bowers, principally because she was not aware of the fact, was positively pretty that night. Her cheeks were flushed, her eye sparkling. She directed the band of white clad young girls who carried about the ice cream laden saucers and handed the tiny coffee cups to the guests.

The attention of those who were there on that evening was divided between the "angel food" and a literary lion from New York. He had not been much of a lion when he went away from Valley City many years before. Widow Simpkins remembered him as a red-headed, bare-footed boy, who trudged over the hills with his bucket of blackberries to sell. Since those days, however, William Dorrance had traded bags of wool and sides of bacon for a college education. Subsequently he had wandered to strange lands, and in one of his pilgrimages had unearthed a long buried city.

It was not the city which was of so much importance, but a pavement, in a wonderful state of preservation, which showed that civilization was at least 2,000 years older than any previous history revealed. So William Dor-

"how you used to hunt arrow heads along the creek?" "Yes," he replied, "and I remember that it was at your suggestion that I started to explore an Indian mound. I was just ten years old. I believe that it was then that I acquired my taste for archaeology."

"I think," replied the girl, "that we found a sheep's skull and a mussel shell. I am sure that you owe your career to me."

"I have often thought so," said the man. Valley City was busy talking the next day. Then the young women began to act. They liked each other none too well, but all combined against a common foe. Here was one, not even recognized in the social register of the little town, who had presumed to attract the attention of a distinguished explorer.

This coalition of social powers at once began an active campaign. There were drives to the Rock house, and Lucinda was carefully excluded from the list of guests. Prof. Dorrance, as the drives were arranged especially for his benefit, could not very well refuse the invitations. There was a dance at Dr. Hyde's, and the name of Lucinda Bowers appeared on no dancing card. The professor was there, for Mrs. Benson, who was a remote relative of his by marriage, insisted that he must attend.

"I rather think," said Margaret Elton to her mother one morning, "that the professor has forgotten all about our young friend of her grandmother's skirt."

But the young women of Valley City who composed what was known as the "set" received invitations that afternoon which caused them to open their eyes in astonishment. Miss Lucinda Bowers was to give an afternoon tea. If the brass ball had suddenly fallen from the cupola of the courthouse, Valley City would not have been more astonished.

"I didn't suppose," said Widow



"AND THE GIRL IN BLUE?" ASKED THE EXPLORER.

rance, returning from the dusty plains of the remote east, had written a book which caused all previous chronologists to hang their heads. Valley City cared little for antiquity, but here was a man who had not only written a book, but was talked about in the daily papers as a great assyriologist and explorer.

William Dorrance seemed to have no very definite idea why he had come back to the little village. He had made himself believe that he wished to photograph some of the old places which he had known in his boyhood. He had gone with his camera to the old mill, to the little house where he was born, and to the cabin on the outskirts of the village which marks the spot where the first white man made his home in Bottle county. Yet William Dorrance was not satisfied. It seemed to him that he had missed something which he had unconsciously come to seek.

"Mrs. Benson," he asked, "who is that young woman over there, in the blue gown?"

"You seem to have been exploring among the 'layer' cakes," replied Mrs. Benson. "That is Miss Bowers, a young lady who has kindly consented to assist me this evening. By the way, professor, have you met the Misses Fletcher? They're charming girls."

"And the girls in blue?" persisted the explorer.

Nobody knew exactly what happened, but a few minutes later another young woman was dispensing "angel food" and others directed the ice cream lingade.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Widow Simpkins.

"How little taste," remarked Margaret Elton, "these men of science have. Still, that blue organdie isn't so bad considering the fact that it's slipped over a blue skirt of about the year one."

Lucinda Bowers went home that night escorted by Prof. William Dorrance. For the first time in her busy, work-a-day life, she had what the village young people called a "beau." The woman and the man who walked along the low hedge before the Mrs. Bowers' yard did not talk of "angel food," nor yet of buried cities. They spoke of a place way over beyond Kinney's hill, where the blackberries grew and the papaws flourished. They talked, too, of the days when the hand of the frost king was laid upon the persimmon, and a crystal sheen glistened upon corn and pumpkin—of the days when they trudged over the field with sacks of un-hulled walnuts, speculating, as they walked, upon the length of time which would be required to rid their small fingers of the unsightly stains.

"Do you remember," asked the girl,

Simpkins' daughter, "that the girl had three silver teaspoons in the house?" The young women of the "set" took counsel together over the matter, and decided to go to the tea. Of course none of them had ever invited Lucinda to a tea; but feminine curiosity is mighty, even in Valley City.

That Friday afternoon found 15 modestly dressed young women in the little house in which dwelt Mrs. Bowers and her five children. There was no silver teapot, and the silver spoons were worn yellow in places; but the napkin on the little tea table was of snowy whiteness, the tea gave forth a grateful fragrance, and the "angel food" was of marvellous flakiness.

"I'm so glad," said Lucinda, as she toyed nervously with the edge of a hemstitched napkin, "that you have all come to-day. I have known you girls since we were children. I have something to tell which I want you to know first of all. I am to be married next month to Prof. Dorrance."

The young women crowded about her and congratulated her, loudness of tone making up for lack of sincerity.

"I suppose," said Lucinda to her mother, after the guests had departed, "that it wasn't Christian for me to exult over them that way; but somehow when things go so far I rebel, and I can't help it."

Already Rewarded.

The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect:

A countryman armed with an immense club, presented himself to the president of the society and claimed the first prize. He was asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president. "But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter. "What had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflected an instant and then said: "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded." —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Mme. Miolan Carvalho's statue by Merrie has just been placed over her grave in the Pere-la-Chaise cemetery. She is represented as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," her most celebrated part.

—A scientific boxer may be either a pugilist or an undertaker.—Chicago News.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

Romantic History of the Famous Russian Nihilist.

Prince Krapotkine, the nihilist agitator, is a remarkable man with a remarkable history, and the nihilists are fond of asserting that he has a better title to the throne of Russia than the present czar. He is directly descended from the ancient house of Rurik, which ruled Russia for centuries before the present Germanic dynasty of Romanoff came upon the throne. He was educated at the colleges of the pages in St. Petersburg, to which only the sons of members of the imperial court are admitted, and afterward studied at Leipzig, Heidelberg and Zurich, proving his superior scholarship at each university. Upon his return to Russia he was assigned to scientific work under the government and shortly afterward became secretary of the Imperial Geographical society. A few years later he entered the service of the court as grand chamberlain to the wife of Alexander II.

While he was at Zurich Krapotkine became infected with socialism and joined the Society of the International. But he concealed his views and his relations and served at court for more than ten years without being discovered. During the latter part of this period he was in active communication and participation with the nihilists in St. Petersburg and is said to have planned the unsuccessful plot to assassinate the emperor in 1866. All this time he managed to preserve his confidential relations at the palace, was actually in charge of the person of the empress, looked after all her private affairs, employed and discharged her servants and attendants, had constant access to the apartments of the emperor and was in his presence almost daily. But this sort of thing could not last forever. A successful raid was made upon a nihilist assembly and to the consternation of the court and the amazement of the whole empire, the notorious Borodin, the most dangerous and influential agitator in all Russia, for whom the police had been searching for years and who appeared and disappeared as if by magic, when his disguise was stripped off, proved to be Prince Krapotkine, the trusted servant of the czar and the steward of the czar's household.

Because of his imperial lineage, Krapotkine was not executed with the rest of the conspirators, but was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the citadel of Sts. Peter and Paul. There he lay in a dungeon until it was thought he was dying, when he was removed to a hospital in the city, from which friends assisted him to escape. It was the habit to haul wood into the courtyard of the hospital in the fall of the year, when the gates were kept frequently opened to admit the wagons. The physicians having ordered that Krapotkine should have plenty of air and outdoor exercise, he was allowed to walk in this court, attended by a single nurse, his physical weakness being such that no one thought he would attempt to escape. But it appears that one of his attendants was bribed. Through him an arrangement was made to have a drosky and swift horses outside the gates, and one day, when they were opened to admit a load of wood, Krapotkine and the nurse slipped out, entered the vehicle and were driven to a place of concealment, from which they finally succeeded in escaping to London.

Krapotkine has since been foremost in the councils of the nihilists, and his rank and record have given him great influence. His speeches in this country, however, have not added to his reputation. I heard him in New York, where his audience was small and indifferent. His address read well, but was delivered without any force and in a tone of voice that was not audible to many in the hall. In his early days he was famous for his dramatic and inflammatory speeches, but now he is an old man, feeble and almost decrepit, and has entirely lost the fire of his youth.—Chicago Record.

SURE SIGN OF PROSPERITY.

Old Clothes Cleaner Knows When Everybody Else Is Busy.

"Queer, isn't it?" said the clothes cleaner to his customer, "but my business indicates the depression or prosperity of trade. When times are booming I do not have the same kind of custom that I do when they are dull. Then people bring their clothes in here and ask me to make them look as good as new."

"How does your business average this season?" asked the customer.

"It is very promising," said the cleaner, as he routed a moth family from the package before him, "but that does not indicate a hard winter, but that people have learned a lesson of economy from past reverses. The indications are that the wearers of those garments are not hard pressed. I have found money, handkerchiefs, gloves, theater checks, lots of stuff in pockets that last season came to me as empty as a last year's nest. Do you want this opera glass cleaned?"

"Great Scott, no!" said the customer, taking it back. "I forgot all about it's being in my pocket. Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Another straw that shows which way the winds blow is this. Young men who bring their garments here to be renovated are not half so particular about the creases in their trousers as they were last season. Why? I suppose they have a new nail at home. Oh, yes, business signs like those are very important. Here is the check for your goods."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Mean Muselman.

Jay Green—Lyman Sawyer is the meanest man in the county! Go-fry him, he's a durned sight worse than a pirate!

Josh Medders—Is that so? Why, I never knew him to do anything worse than to be everlastin'ly fiddlin'.

"That's it! He asked me to give him my honest opinion of his fiddlin', and when I did so he had me arrested for usin' profane language!"—N. Y. Journal.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. 1898. will enter the coming year prepared to give to the reading public that which has made it famous for the past quarter of a century—contributions from the pens of the great literary men and women of the world, illustrated by leading artists. A brief glance over its prospectus announces such reading as

OUR PACIFIC PROSPECT. THE COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF AN ISTHMIAN CANAL. THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PACIFIC DOMAINS. RODEN'S CORNER—THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR. by Henry Sorrow Meadman, author of "The Sowers." Striking novelties in short fiction will be contributed by such authors as W. D. Howells, Richard Harding Davis, Brander Matthews, Frederic Remington, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and others. There will be a series of articles on THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE EUROPE, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ART AND THE DRAMA ARMIES AND NAVIES STUDIES IN AMERICAN SOCIETY AMERICAN CHARACTER SKETCHES. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Sub. \$4 a year. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Pub's, N. Y. City. Send for free prospectus

HARPER'S WEEKLY. JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION. during 1898 will present to its readers a faithful pictorial representation of the world's most interesting and important news.

THE NEWS THAT BECOMES HISTORY. National and International Politics. Social and Economic Questions. Industrial Enterprise. Art and Literature. LONG SERIALS AND SHORT STORIES. THE RED AXE. THE ASSOCIATED BRITISH NATIONAL FAME, and will be illustrated. OWEN WISTER. HOWARD FYLE. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. MARY E. WILKINS. DEPARTMENTS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES. THIS BUSY WORLD. LETTERS FROM LONDON. A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD. In the interest of the Weekly, Caspar Whitney is on his way around the world. He will visit India and then proceed to Europe to witness the sports of Germany and France. Do. a copy sent for free prospectus. Subscription \$3.99 a year. Postage free in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York City.

HARPER'S BAZAR. a thoroughly up-to-date periodical for women, will enter upon its thirty-first volume in 1898. During the year it will be as heretofore

A MIRROR OF FASHION. Paris and New York Fashions. A Colored Fashion Supplement. Cut Paper Patterns. A Bi-Weekly Pattern Sheet. LONG SERIALS AND SHORT STORIES. WILD EEL. RAGGED LADY. DEPARTMENTS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES. OUR PARIS LETTER. THE LONDON LETTER. CLUB WOMEN. HUMOR. There will be a series of articles on Etiquette, Music, the Voice, Art, the Play, Women and Men, Leaders among Women, Gardening, Housekeeping, Life and Health, Indoor Details, etc. 10c. a Copy. (Send for Free Prospectus.) Sub., \$4 a Year. Postage free in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York City.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE. SOME OF THE STRIKING FEATURES FOR 1898. THREE SERIAL STORIES. THE ADVENTURERS. FOUR FOR A FORTUNE. THE COPPER PRINCESS. In addition to the three long serial stories, the publication of which will continue during the entire year, there will be short stories of every kind, of which it is only possible to mention a few titles here.

ARTICLES ON SPORT, TRAVEL, ETC. Elephant Hunting in Africa. First Lessons in Tiller and Sheet. Editor's Table, Stamps and Coins, Photography. Short Stories, Sketching, Photography. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, N. Y. City.