

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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BEACON LIGHTS.

The Great Finisterre Light the Gift of a Woman.

The great Finisterre beacon, which is to throw its rays from the coast of France far over the dangerous sea, is interesting enough in itself—in its wonderful construction and its marvelous power. But it gains a new interest from the circumstance that it is paid for by a legacy to the government of France, a woman's memorial to her father. The legacy amounted to \$60,000, and is attractive from its strangeness. With the exception of the light which the United States is soon to put on the tower of Barnegat, the Finisterre light is incomparable with any other. It is housed in a solid, imposing light-house close to the old beacon; and when the big bull's-eye lens has intensified its flash it throws over the water a light that is calculated at 36,600,000 candle-power. This, it is claimed, is a greater power of illumination than the four largest beacons in England combined, and it is calculated that if the surface of the earth were flat it could be seen for 100 miles. As it is, it only falls below the horizon for the sailor in the cross-strees at a distance of 21 nautical miles. The light which is used is of itself of 6,000-candle power; it flashes for one second and is in eclipse for five. It is expected that the Barnegat light will duplicate that at Finisterre in each particular, and a land lubber can hardly see why we should ask for more than that. Romance and poetry have dealt very tenderly, as, of course, they should, with the flashing lights of the rock-bound coast, and it would sound like high treason, inhumanity, or something dreadful, to suggest that to the idler on the rocks they are generally too small to be beautiful and too monotonous to be charming. But when one is at sea, it is a very different matter and the light has more of concern, watchfulness and affection than ever romance or poet has told of it. Night after night an unheard cheer for the Scilly lights rolls over the water from Atlantic liners; night after night Fire Island light is America's first smile of welcome to laden ships, and the opposing lights of France and England, with their vari-colored flashes, make one feel as though his great vessel were led through the dangerous passage with each hand in one of a watchful nation. It is a reassuring and pleasant thought, and all this among travelers who have little to fear comparatively.—Rochester Post-Express.

STARVING IN THE LAND OF GOLD

Johannesburg Filled with Men Unable to Make a Living.

By late mail from South Africa comes a melancholy story as to the distress at present existing at Johannesburg, revealing a state of matters well calculated to stop the rush to the Rand. Writing on the subject under the heading: "Starving Johannesburg," a recent resident says: "They are coming in crowds; you can't stop them. It is utterly useless to attempt to do so. Shoals of letters have been written to the home papers by prominent men in all parts of Africa pointing out the difficulties which exist at the present time in making a living, much less making a fortune, in the Transvaal. Editors have devoted leading articles to the subject, advising people to be careful before relinquishing a moderate certainty in the old country for a most perilous uncertainty in South Africa. But it is all useless. Advice falls to the ground unheeded, and the cry is: 'Still they come.' Johannesburg at the present time is in such a condition as few other cities ever presented. Trade is paralyzed, business of all descriptions is at a standstill, mines are closing down daily; many of the most prominent are just keeping the fires burning; thousands of people are absolutely starving, and during all this the government is shifting and dodging the all-important question, knowing full well that the prosperity of the country depends on their acting in the only way that common sense could suggest, and yet held from acting in that way by distrust of the uitlanders. At the present time it is calculated there are 10,000 people out of employment in Johannesburg and district. Among this number are men of all professions and trades—intellectual, honorable men, who could fill any responsible position, but who, owing to the present crisis, are unable to obtain even the humblest kind of employment. A walk around the parks in Johannesburg will give some slight idea of the present distress—the groups occupying the benches, their pallid drawn cheeks and lack-luster eyes, the hopeless way in which they glance at the passers-by, all tell their own tale."—London Telegraph.

Loss of Ancient Treasures.

Shortly before the war between Turkey and Greece broke out it had been intended to transfer to the Central Museum at Athens various ancient Christian manuscripts and other treasures stored in the churches at Tyrnavora and elsewhere. Delay proved fatal. During the war these treasures were all destroyed by fire or carried away—Chicago Inter Ocean.

By Right of Precedence.

Brainard—Wonder how the donkey evah came to be selected as the emblem of—er—stupidity? Skullard—Weally couldn't say, old chap; must have been before our time.—N. Y. World.

A Dish of Worms.

One of the choicest delicacies in Jamaica is a huge white worm found in the heart of the cabbage palm. It tastes, when cooked, like almonds.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

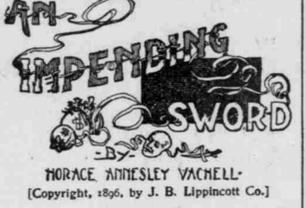
THE LITTLE BOATS.

You who sail over the sea in ships, Tall ships, and strong ships, and ships of renown, When you go down It's the talk of the town; But nobody knows When the little boat goes, And the fishermen drown.

Lost or run down off the banks in the fog—Blinding, blank fog, on the fathomless sea, Only the fright Of a cry in the night, Of the steamer's black side, And the boat's crew have died, Ere you knew them to be.

Driven and wrecked by the surge on our coasts— Poor, little boats in the wild winter's gale, Poor frozen men Who shall never again Turn the white faces Back to the places From where they set sail.

Scant is the livelihood snatched from the long Is the labor, and hard the men's lives, Many are lost. What is the cost? Nobody knows When the little boat goes, But the children and wives. —C. K. Duer, in Collier's Weekly.



MORACE ANNESLEY WACHELL. (Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Hot blood flows in the veins of the Livingstons. I prefer peace, as I have said elsewhere, but my ancestors were men of action—soldiers. What followed must be attributed to atavism. At any rate I pulled out my pistol and clapped the muzzle to the head of Demetrius. "Take hold, you scoundrel, or, by heaven, I pull the trigger." He looked steadily into my eyes and obeyed. Between us, with infinite difficulty, we dragged the still senseless Burlington from the perilous cave, and thence to a place of safety. Here, perplexed and perspiring, we rested. "There is not another house within two miles," said I. "We cannot take him home. Demetrius, I'll stay here, while you—"

"Miss Gerard is coming, sir." We were close to the cottage, not 300 yards at most from the veranda; but what subtle instinct had sent the girl in search of us? She approached and gazed pitifully into the face of her father. With the quick apprehension of a woman she had grasped the truth. An accident to a stranger? Badly hurt? He must be carried at once to the house. The coachman could gallop for a doctor. "Pardon me, if you will order the carriage I will take this gentleman to the doctor myself."

"What!" she cried, "take him away—to his death, perhaps? We are not savages." Her eyes flashed indignation and scorn. "I shall take him to the doctor," I returned, curtly. "Mr. Livingston," said she, "you forget yourself most strangely. My mother and I would blush to turn a wounded dog from our doors. I speak for her—in her name. Ah, how stupid of me to stand chattering here!"

She sped away in the gloaming, deaf to my entreaties. "Miss Gerard always has her own way," remarked the Greek. "So it seems," I said, dryly. He glanced at the face of Burlington. Assuredly Miss Nancy had her father's chin and mouth. "You knew," I blurted out. "I knew," he answered, quietly, divining my meaning. "You might have told me." "I had no such instructions."

He closed his lips, and with them further discussion. I decided to wait for assistance. Miss Nancy, whose heels were nimble as Atalanta's, soon returned. "Here is brandy," she gasped, "and a pillow. John" (the gardener) "will be here to help Demetrius, and the coachman will go for the doctor. Mr. Livingston, mamma wishes to see you now. Will you return with me?"

"As soon as John comes." A frown flitted across the smooth forehead of the Greek. He saw that I mistrusted him, and resented it. "I wonder who he is," she said, softly. "A handsome man, and a gentleman. Give him some brandy, Mr. Livingston."

"I dare not till the doctor comes. His pulse is not falling." Presently John joined us. With creditable ingenuity he had improvised a litter, which he brought in a barrow. Having helped to place the wounded man upon this, I hastened forward with Miss Nancy. The others followed at a snail's pace; for Burlington was no lightweight, and I warned them that any jolting might prove fatal. "Mr. Livingston," said the girl, as soon as we were out of earshot, "I told you the other day there was a mystery here. Then it was guesswork on my part. It is guesswork no longer. My mother's seizure this afternoon was in some way connected with this stranger. When I told her what had happened, she said: 'Don't bring him here, Nancy; don't bring him here.'"

"Your mother's wishes—"

"Have been overruled by me. This poor man must and shall stay here till we learn the extent of his injuries." "You have taken upon yourself a great responsibility," I replied, gravely. "Ah! you disapprove?"

I thought I marked a shade of anxiety in her tones. I did not reply at once, for the words of a great and kindly writer were bubbling up in my mind: "Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it comes from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace." The lobes of Miss Nancy's brain were well developed; but her heart—God bless her!—was big enough and passionate enough for a dozen ordinary maidens. And this, according to the writer aforesaid, is as it should be. "I see that you disapprove," she continued, piqued by my silence. "Your eyes are blurred," I replied. "You have obeyed, Miss Nancy, the dictates of your heart; and heart, nine times out of ten, proves a better guide than head."

Mrs. Gerard received me in the parlor. "Will he die?" she demanded, anxiously. "He has had an awful fall, Mrs. Gerard. And this prolonged insensibility argues the gravest internal injuries." She covered her face with trembling hands. Once, long ago, she had loved this man, had given him that divine gift, a girl's immaculate heart; and now, as the tears trickled through her slender fingers, I knew that she had turned back the tear-stained pages of the book of life and was rereading, tenderly and reverently, the sweet story of her youth. O memory, "active mother of all reason," what mad pranks thou playest!

"Nancy is right," she said, presently. "I cannot turn him away." "He is quite harmless, now." "Yes, yes. The doctor will soon be here?"

"Within an hour." "Nancy is attending to everything. I cannot—"

"It is not necessary that you should," I interrupted. "Mrs. Gerard, try to think of something else. Save your strength. It may be needed later."

"He was not responsible," she wailed. "His father before him was—well, not mad, but very eccentric. And he had been working like a slave for weeks, sitting up, writing, till three and four in the morning. That, and his terrible jealousy, wrecked his reason."

"Happy days are in store for you, Mrs. Gerard. This cruel anxiety which has preyed upon you and Mr. Gerard is now at an end. You will be able to take your proper place at his side. He needs you." She smiled pathetically. "Mr. Gerard can stand alone."

The coarsest ear might detect a discord. The conviction flashed across me that the second marriage had proved as disastrous as the first. I had no right to judge Mark Gerard; but from what I had seen of the man I was ready to pronounce him no fit mate for the gentle woman beside me. My heart ached for her.

Of course I said nothing of what had passed in the Pirates' cave. She esteemed and trusted Demetrius; and the facts would have shocked her inexorably. It was important, however, that I should seek light and find it. At present I was in the dark. "Demetrius," I remarked, carelessly, "is a faithful servant. How did you come by him?"

"Surely Mr. Gerard told you?" "He told me little or nothing." She seemed surprised, but answered my question. Mark Gerard had picked up the Greek in New York, where he had found him running the streets, absolutely destitute and starving. He had given him a liberal education, and, when he was old enough, employed him as a confidential servant. Demetrius had proved honest, intelligent, and extraordinarily receptive. Gerard liked plastic servants, and he molded the lad to suit himself.

"Demetrius," faltered Mrs. Gerard, in conclusion, "has been with me ever since that awful time. Nearly 20 years he has given up to me. Mr. Gerard has paid him well, but money cannot cancel such obligations. Have you talked much with him?"

"He won't talk with me, Mrs. Gerard." "He is remarkably well informed—in his way, quite a metaphysician." "His philosophy," I remarked, "does not temper his hostility to me."

"Hostility?" she repeated. "That is too strong a word. He is jealous, I dare say, because you have supplanted him, in a sense; and the poor fellow was not brought up as a Christian. You know Mr. Gerard's views. Demetrius is a pagan. When you understand him better, Mr. Livingston, you will appreciate him."

"I have no doubt of it." Burlington was needing my attention, so I said no more. My immediate departure from the cottage was not canvassed, and I gladly left the matter in abeyance. With my hand on the handle of the door, I asked one important question. "Shall I send a telegram to Mr. Gerard?"

She hesitated, scanning my face with troubled eyes. "Yes," she answered, wearily. "I suppose so."

Her thoughts were straying in another direction. "And you won't quarrel with Demetrius?"

"So, after all, my foolish man's face had betrayed me. "As for Demetrius," I answered, "I shall remember, Mrs. Gerard, how much you owe him, and if ever the chance presents itself, pay a portion of the debt."

CHAPTER V. When does a man—a young man—begin to take himself seriously? Obviously, when he realizes that the integrity of the human rope may depend upon the soundness of a single strand; that the smallest bolt in a mighty bridge may not be withdrawn or suffered to rust without disastrous consequences; that he, insignificant mortal, may make or mar not only his own life, but the lives of others. These platitudes are proclaimed hourly from 1,000 pulpits; but the practical application of all teaching must come from within, not from without.

The doctor, a country practitioner with average brains and a capital "bed-side" manner, made a careful examination of Burlington and murmured two words: "Cerebral concussion."

"Prognosis," he continued, rubbing softly his pince-nez, "is quite out of the question at present. The severe shock to the nerve cells and the fibers of the brain may produce violent symptoms. Upon the other hand, a really serious lesion may not have taken place."

Demetrius, who was present, listened attentively. "Mr. Burlington," he observed, quietly, "is subject to fits of violence." "Eh?" said the doctor; "what?" "To fits of violence," the Greek repeated. "He's a very dangerous man; at times insane."

"But incapable of hurting a fly, now," I observed. The doctor pursed up his lips and adjusted his pince-nez. His mannerisms had begun to irritate me. "Is this—er—the Mr. Burlington, the author?"

"Yes." "Indeed! A singularly handsome man. But this—he touched lightly Burlington's head—"indicates a somewhat unbalanced mind."

"How long will the coma last?" "I cannot say. Possibly 48 hours. He may come to himself in ten minutes."

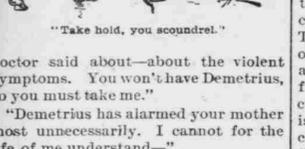
Demetrius drew him aside. "Are you certain," he whispered, impressively, "that he is absolutely unconscious—senseless?"

The doctor regarded his questioner attentively. "That is a very strange remark, sir." "I know the man," Demetrius replied. "He is not malingering," returned the doctor, with emphasis. "Of course he must be watched. I'll send a responsible nurse. Meantime you can feed him; but no stimulants. I'll call the first thing to-morrow. I have a most important case; but send for me, if necessary."

When the door had closed behind his portly person I turned to Demetrius. "Why did you ask that question?" "Mr. Livingston, if you had seen this man's work at Red Gulch you would understand. He has the cunning of a fiend."

His voice quavered; and his eyes, the eyes of a frightened animal, sunk before mine. My suspicions swelled to certainty. The Greek was a coward. And I, knowing the facts, felt sorry for him. "I saw him fall full six feet onto the back of his head. He ought to be a dead man."

"Yes," the Greek repeated, "he ought to be dead." I dismissed him. Presently Miss Nancy entered the room and seated herself beside me. To my remonstrance she turned a deaf ear. It was already late, and I told her frankly that she ought to be in bed. "I shall watch this night with you. Demetrius has told mamma what the



doctor said about—the violent symptoms. You won't have Demetrius, so you must take me."

"Demetrius has alarmed your mother most unnecessarily. I cannot for the life of me understand—"

"A woman," she interrupted, deliberately ignoring my real meaning. "Of course not. As for Demetrius, he has done his duty. I propose to do mine. You can talk or go to sleep, just as you please. For my part, I should prefer to talk. It can't hurt the patient, and will serve to pass the time."

She settled herself, smiling, in the chair. "The doctor," she continued, "is an old woman, but I like him because he is an optimist. He thinks Mr. Burlington will get well. Oh, I do hope and pray that this may be so. You see, I feel that Mark was really responsible for the accident. The poor man must have seen the boy's tracks in the sand and followed them out of curiosity into the cave. Then he naturally wondered how Mark left the cave, and tried to follow the same road. And it is so interesting to think that he is the Burlington. I've read some of his articles and one of his books, and I'm ever so sorry for him."

"And why?" "Because it's plain—to a woman—that he has been the under dog in the fight. Not that he ever was whipped." "You are catholic in your tastes," I observed. "You like the doctor because he is an optimist, and Burlington because he writes a lot of morbid, materialistic rubbish. I know a third person who is cultivating a wholesome and cheering style. He, possibly, is outside the pale of your sympathy."

"He probably doesn't need it." "He wants an allopathic dose, to be taken immediately."

This was true. Flopping about in a quagmire of perplexity, I realized my dependence upon others. "Go to your goddess," she said. I had forgotten the goddess, and smiled. "Ah, you have had a surfeit from her."

"No, my goddess feels as you do. A lame dog limping over a stile is a sight that never fails to fill her pretty eyes with tears, but—"

"A big, lazy mastiff blinking in the sun makes her want to poke him up with a sharp stick. Your goddess is a sensible woman. It is not sympathy your mastiff wants, but a square meal."

"That is very true," I admitted. Under the pressure of circumstances I had missed my dinner. My chance shaft struck the target. Miss Nancy jumped energetically from her chair and fled. When she returned, a tray, handsomely garnished, testified to the accuracy of my aim.

"Here," she said, laughing, "is your bone, poor doggie." I attacked with vigor some cold chicken. "Your mother," said I, "knows that you are here?"

"A most violent assumption," she returned, coolly. "My mother, as you suggested, should be spared all worry. I'm here on my own responsibility."

"Mr. Gerard will come to-morrow." "And you think he will be angry. I can assure you you are mistaken. Mark is the apple of his father's eye. He looks upon me as a vegetable of no consequence, a sort of pumpkin."

Her indifference was pathetic. "We have not seen him," she murmured, "for more than six months. He may stay with us for six hours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOAH WITH A VENGEANCE.

He Looked After the Live Stock and Neglected His Wife. The rain had been coming down almost in a cloud-burst for several days, and the gulches were filled with rushing torrents. The Ozark mountains lay in a mist, dense as a fog on the banks of Newfoundland. Word came to town that many of the lowland dwellers were in need of help, and rescue parties were organized. In one of the hollows the rescuers met another Noah. He was seated upon the roof of his house, with a pig, hens, roosters, ducks and turkeys.

"Come on; get into the boat," shouted one of the rescuers. "Not unless you take the stock." "Well, pass it along."

The stock was quickly transferred to the boat and then Noah got in. The party were about to leave, when the old fellow said: "Hold on! I most forgot. There's the old woman!"

"Where is she?" "Up in the barn yonder. I was so busy getting up the stock that I didn't have time to take her."

They roved over to the barn, and there, sure enough, was his wife, so overcome with cold that she could hardly speak and had to be almost carried into the large flat boat.

"Anyone else around here?" sternly asked one of the rescuers. "We've got about all the live stock. There's one pig, too heavy for me to carry to the roof. He's around somewhere, if he ain't washed out. Don't you think you might look around for him a bit?"

But the party rode away, paying no heed to the sinful Noah's solicitude for his live stock, and thoroughly disgusted with his indifference for his better half whom he left to look after herself.—Detroit Free Press.

The Holy Grail.

The procession of the Holy Grail of Bruges, as it is called, is one of the most interesting and imposing annual ecclesiastical pageants seen in this country. The tradition is that in 1147, during the second crusade, Thierry of Alsace, count of Flanders, became possessed of a portion of the Holy Grail, of which Jerusalem was the proud holder. When he returned home in 1148 he entered Bruges in triumph and presented his treasure to the Chapel of St. Basil, now called the Chapel of the Holy Grail. The present festival is always a popular one with the people, both high and low, and thousands flock into our quiet town from all parts of the country. A peculiarity of the procession is that it is conducted in single file. The proceedings commenced at ten o'clock by the celebration of the grand mass in the cathedral, at which the papal nuncio officiated on this occasion. To the Order of Chauvines is given the duty of carrying the relic. At two o'clock the clergy mass themselves in the Place du Borg, where a temporary altar is raised. In front of the altar stood the papal nuncio, the Holy Grail in his hands, and near him the archbishop of Bruges, while around were grouped the different clergy in their various orders and degrees, the prelates resplendent in costly vestments. The populace fall on their knees, and the sight is impressive in the highest degree.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Change in His Queen.

A captain in a regiment stationed at Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which as one would naturally expect, "the image and subscription" of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half crown." The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagger. What's wrong with it?" "You luke at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagger, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a right, sir, it's a right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen w' whiskers on!"—Answers.

A Place to Pause.

"I once," said the colonel solemnly, "I once and only once, had all 13 trumps dealt me." "Er—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested the candid friend. "No, sir!" roared the colonel; "no, sir; I was not the dealer!" "Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?" And a terrible silence ensued.—Crypt.

Too Sure.

Johnnie Masher—So you refuse to marry me? Nellie Chaffle—I positively do. "Well, I was never more surprised in my life, and the worst of it is I felt sure of your accepting me that I've gone and bought the cloth for a dress suit to be married in."—Tammany Times.

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