

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
BRUCE MILLER, Jr.

THE LUMP FISH.

Ungainly in Shape, But Beautiful in Color—A Specimen Now at the New York Aquarium.

Among a number of fish lately received at the aquarium is a lump fish, from Gravesend bay. The lump fish is ungainly in shape and clumsy in action, but its coloring makes it beautiful.

LIFE PATHS.

It's a wonderful world we're in, my dear. A wonderful world, they say. And, best they be who may wander free.

For smooth is the road for the few, my dear, and wide are the ways they roam; Our feet are led where the million tread.



PART VI. CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back on his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey. "Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not so much!" and he snapped his fingers.

"So saying, he stepped back a little way and there sat upon a tree-stump and began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor, sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind; when Capt. Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

"I will own that I here began to weep," "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeited anyway, and I should have been dead now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die—and I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you nor the squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risk, and she lies in North inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water. At half-tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor. "Rapidly I descended to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence. "There is a kind of fate in this," he observed when I had done. "Every step it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter! and talking of Ben Gunn, why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried; "Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure, and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further; look out for squalls when you find it!"

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you give me that there chart, I don't know now, do I? And yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut, and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I leave the helm."

"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or I give you my word, I'd tell it to you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond, for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain, or I'm mistaken! And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope; Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury." Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, nor if you was my mother," he cried.

couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, nor if you was my mother," he cried. "Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek for it, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-by, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE TREASURE HUNT—FLINT'S POINTER.

"Jim," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it to you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite of fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk. They had lighted a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even then not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Silver, eating away, with Capt. Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Ay, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his own at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece of news, and thank you to him for that; but it's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime, once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life—he, a cripple, and I, a boy—against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the behavior of my friends; their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable ejection of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver: "Look out for squalls when you find it;" and you will readily believe how little taste I found in a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure had anyone been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him, one before and one behind—besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Capt. Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbled odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea-cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all the world I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened, some carrying picks and shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the "Hispaniola"—others laden with pork, bread and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water, and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and, besides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they would be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out—even the fellow with the broken head, who should certainly have kept in shadow—and straggled, one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddled, unbailed condition. Both were to be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus: "Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N. E. "Skeleton Island, E. S. E. and by E. "Ten feet."

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spy-glass, and rising again toward the south into the rough, cliffy eminence called the Mizzen-mast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted thickly with pine trees of varying heights. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Capt. Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by readings of the compass.

Every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were half-way over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till they were there.

We pulled easily by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage, landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spy-glass. Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, marsh vegetation greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony underfoot, and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, in deed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented bloom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the furthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't have found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top." Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is a good sea-cloth."

"Ay, ay," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in nature!"

Indeed, on second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps of the birds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top pint of Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read duly E. S. E. by E. "I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the pole star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder, if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This

ow—and straggled, one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddled, unbailed condition. Both were to be carried along with us, for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

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is one of his jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six were alone here; he killed 'em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Ay, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Ay, ay," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint war'n't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver. "There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling around among the bones, "not a copper doit nor a bacey box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmate, but if Flint war'n't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"I saw him dead with these here dead-lights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead—ay, sure enough he's dead, and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever speerit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Ay, and that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now he holler for the rum, and now he sung 'Fifteen Men' were his only song mates; and I tell you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was mair hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' up as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed the cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the woods, but kept side by side, and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

Albert Gets Her Into a Serious Row with the Housegirl. A youngster who is the only son of indulgent parents living in Avondale has a French maid, whose business it is to talk to him in French at all times. In fact, she has to, as her knowledge is limited when it comes to speaking English.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building the town hall of Windsor, a fidgety member of the corporation—so the story goes—insisted that the roof required further support, and desired the architect to add more pillars. In vain did Sir Christopher assure him that the danger was imaginary—he knew better. The alarm spread, and the great architect was worried into adding the desired columns. Years passed, and in later times, when architect and patron were dead, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by two inches, though this was not perceptible to anyone below. By this ingenious expedient did Sir Christopher pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.—Leisure Hours.

An Ornament to the Profession. Plankinton—I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer? Bloomfield—You bet I have. He owns the property now.—Tit-Bits.

Give It a Chance. She—Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean. He—So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet.—Boston Traveler.

Domestic Gifts. "What is a genius, mamma?" "A genius is a man who can get what he wants out of the ice chest without upsetting the milk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Table with 2 columns: Station Name and Time. EAST BOUND. Live Frankfort, Arr Elkhorn, Arr Switz, Arr Stamping Ground, Arr Duval, Arr Georgetown, Live Georgetown, Arr Duval, Arr Newtown, Arr Centreville, Arr Elizabethtown, Arr Paris.

Table with 2 columns: Station Name and Time. WEST BOUND. Live Paris, Arr Elizabethtown, Arr Centreville, Arr Newtown, Arr Georgetown, Live Georgetown, Arr Duval, Arr Stamping Ground, Arr Switz, Arr Elkhorn.

Table with 2 columns: Station Name and Time. GEO. B. HARPER, C. D. BERCAW, Gen'l Supl., Gen'l Pass. Agt., FRANKFORT, KY.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY. TIME TABLE. EAST BOUND. Lv Louisville, Arr Lexington, Lv Lexington, Lv Winchester, Lv Mt. Sterling, Arr Washington, Arr Philadelphia, Arr New York.

Table with 2 columns: Station Name and Time. WEST BOUND. Arr Winchester, Arr Frankfort, Arr Shelbyville, Arr Louisville.

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SOLDIER'S LIFE EASIER.

His Means of Protection, Weapons and Food Are Much Improved of Late Years.

Although soldiering would seem to be a more perilous business than it ever was before, in consequence of the greater force, rapidity and range of weapons, and the higher power of explosives, the result may show that modern battles are not more deadly than were those in the civil war, since an attempt has been made to counteract the destructive forces by stouter protections in forts and by a system of tactics that replaces the old solid formations with something like the skirmish order of former times. It may be also that the troops will fight at further distance, allowing for the longer carriage of bullets and shells.

But of one thing we are certain. If the perils of war have been multiplied the comforts of the camp have been increased until they are a partial offset. Clothing is stouter, if the millers choose to make it so; camp outfits include cooking apparatus that can be carried on the back of one man; the canning of meats, vegetables and fruits, the desiccation of other articles of food, and the general cheapening of many things that were luxuries a few years ago make it possible to live in camp almost as in a hotel. The substitution of aluminum for iron in utensils is another advantage, and in general there is a tendency to both lightness of outfit and extension of properties contained in it.

In addition to the articles provided by the government in its clothing and ration allowances, the man with a gun is now allowed to buy and have pipes, tobacco, soap, writing materials, pens, basins, blanking brushes, silk handkerchiefs, matches, towels and an addition to his menu in cheese, canned goods, dried fruits, deviled ham, preserves, white sugar, lime juice, Worcester's sauce, pickles, jam, ginger, spices and cranberry sauce. Rum is discontinued in hot countries, for it encourages sunstroke and intensifies other troubles peculiar to the climate. A sutler who should set up a claret punch and ice cream shop in a camp would become a bondholder in a few months.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Girls Aspire Higher. Mr. Sweet—Yes, boys are more ambitious than girls. They are never content until they get a locomotive.

Mrs. Sweet—But a girl isn't contented even with a diamond necklace worth twice as much as a locomotive.—Jewelers Weekly.