

MASTER'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY AND REAL ESTATE.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT. M. A. Hardman, et al., Plaintiffs, vs. Wilson H. Ingers, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 1st day of July, 1898, and the amended orders therein, I will sell publicly on the premises on

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898, the following described personal property to-wit:

1 Eagle brick machine, about 7,000 pallets, 3 picks and shovels, 3 to 5 dozen brick molds, 4 trucks, 3 mud barrows, 3 brick barrows, 1 mule, 1 2-horse wagon and harness, 1 cart and harness, a number of small tools, such as wrenches, etc., 7 racks, 1 water box, lot of gas pipe 2 re-presses, 1 gun belt.

Also the following real estate located in Paris, Ky.: Beginning at one on the margin on Lillieston Ave.; thence N 37 8' E. 149 feet to 2; a stake; thence N. 89 10' W. 50 feet to 3; thence N 31 E. 171 feet to 4; thence S. 89 1/2 W. 239 feet to 5; thence N 71 E. 293 feet to 6, a point at fence post edge of stone fence; thence with stone fence down Houston creek S. 46 1/2 E. 200 feet to 7, an elm tree; thence at right angles N. 49 1/2 E. 44 feet to 8, in the centre of Hamilton creek; thence with the centre of said creek as it meanders S. 38 1/2 E. 269 feet to 9; thence S. 26 6' E. 239 feet to 10; thence leaving the creek and with the margin of Lillieston Ave. S. 58 W. 170 feet to 11, an angle in street; thence S. 88 1/2 W. 56 feet to the beginning, containing 2.49 acres.

Said sale will be made upon a credit of six months for the personal property, and the real estate will be sold upon credit of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money for all of which said purchase money the purchaser or purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good and approved surety, payable to the undersigned Commissioner and bearing interest from the day of sale until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum having the force and effect of judgments

EMMETT M. DICKSON, Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

H. C. HOWARD and HARMON STITT, Attorneys.

MASTER'S SALE OF Bourbon Co. Land

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT. D. E. Fisher, Plaintiff, vs. John Fisher, et al., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of sale rendered in the above styled cause by the Bourbon Circuit Court at its June term, 1898, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder at the Court house door, in Paris, Kentucky, on

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit:

A tract of 3 acres, 1 road and 13 1/2 poles of land lying on the waters of Hinkston creek in the county of Bourbon, State of Kentucky: Beginning at a stone corner to Smith, thence N. 21 E. 14.6 poles to a stone corner to Glenn, then N. 88 1/2 W. 36 1/2 poles to a stone in Glenn line, thence S. 2 1/2 W. 14.6 poles to a stone in line to Smith, thence S. 88 1/2 W. 36 1/2 poles to the beginning, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's debt, interest and costs.

Said sale will be made upon a credit of six months for the purchase money, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bond payable to the undersigned, Master Commissioner, to be approved by him bearing six per cent interest from day of sale until paid. Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the plaintiff, D. E. Fisher, against the defendant John Fisher, for the sum of \$116.67, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the 9th day of April, 1891, until paid subject to credit by the sum of \$10.00 paid May 18th, 1896; \$14.00 paid August 18th, 1896; \$15.00 paid November 25th, 1896; and \$10.00 paid May 15th, 1897, and the costs of this suit amounting to \$56.50 making the total amount of debt, interest and costs on the day of sale the sum of \$174.72

EMMETT M. DICKSON, Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

C. ARNSPARGER, Attorney.

L. H. Landman, M. D., Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,

TUESDAY, JULY 12TH, 1898 returning every second Tuesday in each month.

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INTO THE LIGHT.

Gladys Wallingford threw herself down on her couch, burying her head deep in the cushions redolent of pine.

She had never been happy for more than a moment since her father died. She had been strangely like him, almost lanky, with white skin and big, heavy lidded black eyes and marvelous blue black hair, and he, big, bronzed major of the Fifth-India and Africa, had fairly idolized her, showering upon her susceptible, passionate little heart fond, foolish admiration and joyous pride. He died when she was 9, and, although she had changed but little in 10 years, now she was told she was swarthy, a bean pole, not fit to be seen in a drawing room. For it must be understood Major Wallingford had left a window and two other daughters, older than Gladys, all three beauties after one style—petite, blond, pertly attractive. The income was limited, and to the youngest daughter had been allotted, by common consent, all the small, disagreeable duties of the household, along with the odds and ends of clothing from her sisters' wardrobes.

She got up and lighted a lamp. "I must be very self possessed and determined," she went on as she bathed her hot face. "They mustn't catch me at a disadvantage." So she dressed herself carefully, putting on her one decent frock, and when she lifted the portieres and entered the drawing room a few moments before the dinner hour even her mother started a bit at the picture she made. The creamy white gown with its gold belt and collar, her white face with large, lustrous eyes, the masses of hair coiled on her daintily poised head—it came to Mrs. Wallingford with a shock of surprise that her youngest daughter was beautiful.

"Gladys, I had a letter from Mrs. Brinsley-McKay today," Gladys looked up. She was surprised at her own audacity.

"And what has that to do with me?" she asked. "A great deal," answered her mother. "She is your godmother, a very rich and a very eccentric old lady, who sends almost in the form of a command an invitation to you to visit her. She suffers from gout and has taken a house at Bath for the season. I suppose she wants you as a sort of companion. You might come in for a very nice little legacy if you play your cards well."

Gladys almost shivered at the words. Gladys Wallingford on the Monday following the receipt of the invitation left her mother's house to pay her visit to a total stranger, and in due course they received a telegram to the effect that she had arrived safely at her destination.

Before the end of the week there came a letter from Mrs. Brinsley-McKay.

"With your permission," it said, "I will keep Gladys awhile longer. She suits me exactly—her father's perfect image in voice, in carriage, in thought. I leave for London again before long, and as Gladys has never seen a season there it will be a treat to her. As you have so many girls, you will be able to spare one of them to an old woman like me, won't you?" And one morning Gertrude and Juliet awoke to find their sister the most celebrated beauty of the year. She was presented at court; she went to the best houses, for her hostess knew every one that was worth knowing in all sets; her name was continually linked with royal beauties.

So it was not until nearly a year had gone by that Mrs. Wallingford one morning received a telegram saying that Gladys would be home at 7 o'clock. The two girls didn't want to go to the station to meet her, but curiosity at last mastered them, and at 7 o'clock the three stood, each one in her best gown, waiting for the express train from London. They couldn't help the rapid beating of their hearts as the train pulled up. There they saw the tall and radiant sister step out of a first class carriage and come toward them, two well gloved hands extended, a smile on her face. All envy died out of their breasts. She seemed beyond even that, too big, too gloriously beautiful. Her generosity, her seemingly complete forgiveness of their former selfishness and cruelty, set them an example of the magnanimity such as their petty souls had never before conceived.

They were all chatter, all questions. They demanded detailed accounts of her doings of the last year.

"Tell us from the very beginning," they said, and so she told of her arrival at Bath, of her "precious godmother," of her London season, but so modestly of her success that they would never have guessed her triumph from her account. They talked until late into the night, getting nearer to one another than they had ever been.

"I'm so tired," she said at last. "Won't you come to my room and let me get my clothes off? We can talk so much more comfortably in wrappers."

Her maid had already unpacked her boxes, and the room was filled with photographs and signed sketches and exquisite bits of glass and embroidered silks, clever men's offerings to a beautiful and gracious woman. Gertrude was looking at the silver which fairly loaded the dressing table. "And who is this?" she asked, turning toward her sister and holding up a large enameled frame with the picture of a marvelously handsome man looking from it.

Gladys dropped her eyes just a moment, and then, raising them, she walked straight and buoyantly to her mother, took her in her arms and kissed her closely several times. Her voice was low and alluringly sweet when she spoke again.

"He is Lord Stansbury," she said, "and if mother will give her consent I will marry him in the fall."—Chicago News.

Witchcraft in Bavaria. The oldest mention of witchcraft in Bavarian law is the imposition of a fine of 12 shillings (about 20 cents) upon persons who injure the harvests by magic arts. In addition to this fine the sorcerer is also made pecuniarily responsible to the owner for loss of property. Penalties of a like character were also inflicted upon such as forecasted future events, produced storms or caused horses and cattle to disappear by means of diabolical machinations.

In Ardeo's "Life of Corbinianus," the first bishop of Freising, it is related that as he was one day riding up to the castle he met an old woman reputed to be a witch, accompanied by men bearing meat and one of them leading a live animal. On asking whence they came and what they were doing, he was told that the duke's son had been vexed by demons and that she had healed him. This information so excited the wrath of the bishop that he leaped from his horse and gave the old hag a sound beating. He also took away the gifts which she had received for her services and distributed them among the poor at the gate of the city. This incident occurred between 718 and 734.—Professor E. P. Evans in Popular Science Monthly.

HER CRUSOE.

When Edgar Carroll and Irene Hayne opened again their troth with the solemn earnestness of lovers in the hour of parting, either would have staked existence on the other's truth.

For three years Edgar's letters came, bearing messages of love which seemed so real that Irene could almost fancy them uttered at her side instead of coming from the other side of the world.

At last Irene came that set her heart in a flutter and caused a brighter light to sparkle in her eyes. It spoke of her lover's speedy return. Success had crowned his efforts, and at last he might stand without blushing in the presence of proud old Walter Hayne and speak his mind freely.

Then there was an interval in which no letters came. Months passed and still no tidings. Irene's letters remained unanswered. At last she could not even hope. Her lover must be dead. She could never believe him faithless. Her cheek grew paler and her step less elastic, and anxious friends began to shake their heads and hint of falling health.

Her father's fears became alarmed. Physicians counseled travel and change of air. The experiment was tried, but without perceptible benefit.

During the absence of Mr. Hayne and his daughter a stranger had taken up his abode in the place of their residence.

Who or what Mr. Newcome was or whence he came nobody pretended to know, yet every man, woman and child was ready to vouch for his respectability. He was a bachelor and lived alone, rarely appearing in society, yet often enough to avoid the appearance of shunning it.

His habits of seclusion were soon measurably abandoned. He was constantly meeting Irene first by seeming accident at the house of such friends as she was accustomed to visit, then by direct calls upon herself.

At one of these interviews the conversation turned upon Australia, where Mr. Newcome had spent some years. In the course of it he mentioned a name which caused Irene to start.

"Edgar—Edgar Carroll! You know him, then?" she managed to say, with effort. "He was my most intimate friend," replied Mr. Newcome, with seeming carelessness, at the same time scanning keenly her agitated face; "that is, until he married."

"Married!" "It was considered a good match, I believe," Mr. Newcome added, pretending not to notice the effect of his words. "The lady was a wealthy colonist's daughter—an only child and all that."

The blow fell with cruel force. For a moment Irene's faculties were stunned. Some months later, when Irene's father hinted that Mr. Newcome had asked permission to become her suitor, and that his own sanction had been already given, he was agreeably surprised at the manner in which the announcement was received.

By sacrificing herself she could save her father's fortune, and, for herself, what did it matter now?

It was the evening before the wedding day when Mr. Newcome had called to pay his last visit as a wooer.

Irene's face was paler than usual, and her father was more disturbed, but her father was in too high spirits and Mr. Newcome too polite to notice the change. They were in the midst of an agreeable chat when a visitor was announced, who insisted on seeing Mr. Hayne alone.

In no gracious mood Mr. Hayne passed into an adjacent apartment, whence excited voices were soon heard.

At the sound of one of them both Irene and Mr. Newcome started to their feet.

"So the villain is here!" exclaimed Edgar Carroll, thrusting open the door. But Irene's white face met his angry gaze, and he stood motionless.

Newcome for the moment had believed himself in personal peril and had shrunk back coweringly, but a moment's reflection assured him that, in the presence of Mr. Hayne and his daughter, he had no cause for fear.

"In the distant land to which we had both gone in quest of gold this man and myself became friends. We shared the same tent and had no secrets from each other. In treasure seeking I proved the more fortunate of the two, and my gains had already reached the point I had proposed they should attain when my friend suggested a visit to some unexplored islands of which he pretended to have heard rumors and of whose wealth we might become the sole possessors.

"We fitted out a small vessel and after a voyage of several days anchored off a thickly wooded island. Leaving the crew on board, my friend and myself went ashore and began our search. In a secluded spot I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind and left for dead.

"On regaining consciousness I found myself alone. I ran to the shore, but the vessel was no longer in sight.

"One day I descried a sail in the distance. The sight made me wild with joy. I shouted and signaled and by every means in my power sought to make my presence known.

"But still the ship held her course. Frantic with despair, I rushed into the waves, determined to swim toward her while strength held out, when at length she shortened sail, and I saw a boat lowered from her side.

"I conducted my deliverers to the treasure I had found. There was enough for us all. I returned to find myself robbed of my precious gains, whose place of concealment was known only to myself and him who had sought my life to get possession of them. But the loss I regarded as a trifle. I was now the possessor of true the amount."

Irene Carroll is a happy wife now and never happier than when listening to a chapter from the adventures of her own Robinson Crusoe.

Might Have Been Worse. Father (severely)—My son, this is a disgraceful state of affairs. The report says you are the last boy in the class of 22.

Henry—I might have been worse, father. Father—I can't see how. Henry—There might have been more boys in the class.—Boston Traveler.

Her Best Impression. "What office does your husband hold in the lodge?" "He's the secretary."

"Recording or permanent?" "Permanent, I guess. He's held it 16 years."—New York World.

The Maiden's Prayer. Gus Borem—My father made a great point of teaching us to leave the room gracefully.

His Victim—Oh, I wish you'd do it now! I should so like to see you.—Harper's Bazar.



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