

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.] Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners.

A BOX FOR SHIRT WAISTS.

How to Make One—An Ultra Smart Pincushion—An Idea in Table Centers.

Now that the shirt waist forms an integral part of every woman's wardrobe a box for holding them without crushing becomes a necessity. These may be made at home by anyone, with a little ingenuity. A soap or cracker box, which may be obtained at the nearest grocery store, affords the foundation. This is covered inside and out with pretty figured cretonne, using an interlining of any old soft material on hand.

The ultra smart pincushion is a roll that can be spanned between the thumb and first finger, but it lengthens indefinitely sometimes, reaching out the full limit of the dressing table from right to left. It is of rich silk, delicately embroidered or hand-painted, and finished all round with double and even triple frills of silk and lace.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had killed for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip. It is this meeting that the following chapter describes.

Table centers are no longer the newest things, certainly, but they are still much used and are made of all kinds of material. The soft cream silk, fluffed into billows, edged and crossed with trails of smilax, with sprays of roses, either all of one color (though varying in shade) or harmonizing in tint, laid on it, would look exquisite with the silver lamp, especially if you had a rather high basket filled with roses loosely arranged as if falling out of it, a trail being wreathed round the handle and kept in place with a deftly tied bow of satin ribbon for the center piece.

BURNT WOOD AS AN ORNAMENT

It is Very Easy to Acquire the Knack of the Art Useful—How It is Done.

The decoration of wood by the application of heated irons is an art of long standing, and many interesting examples of old work are occasionally to be found. For a trifling sum a complete apparatus may be bought, which includes a platinum point that is kept heated while the work is in progress, not by electricity, as many suppose, but by fumes of benzine, which is supplied by pressure on a rubber bellows which is connected by tubing to a bottle half filled with benzine.

Simon and Lobster Pie. Take a small can each of salmon and lobster, drain the liquor into a farina boiler, add a tablespoonful of each of flour, vinegar and anchovy sauce, half a teaspoonful each of pepper and grated lemon peel and a cupful of milk. Place the salmon and lobster in a pie dish with a few pieces of butter, pour over the sauce when slightly thick, and cover with a thin paste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Mashed potatoes or rice may be used for a cover, instead of the paste.—Good Housekeeping.

Flaxseed Tea. Cover a handful of the whole seed, which has been carefully cleansed, with boiling water, and let simmer for two hours. Strain off the liquor, and add to it a little lemon for flavoring, and the usual quantity of sugar.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE UNWRITTEN LETTER.

The streets of the city seemed filled with delight. And glad with the babble of joy, Gay voices of pleasure made merry the night.

And dwelt in the thoughts of a boy, The sweet distress in that ocean of strife Were hid in its sparkle and foam, And youth found no time in the laughter of life To write to the loved ones at home.

He loved them, ah yes! for he knew they were true And would serve him in sickness or health, No task but their hands would most joyfully do To aid him in want or in wealth.

But oh! 't was forever and ever too late To write to that mother again. —Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING. [Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.] SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had killed for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip. It is this meeting that the following chapter describes.

They were running swiftly down grade now, following the windings of the San Mateo, but she made a rush for her section, grabbed the handsome silver-mounted bag that lay just within reach, and with bowed head and bent form was hastening on, when the forward trucks struck a sharp curve, the big car gave a sudden lurch that tumbled her into the section directly in front of the blissful couple, and sprawled her ignominiously upon the front seat.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

And still Merriam could not speak. "What is it, Randy?" she whispered, after a moment's anxious study of his face. "You look so—unlike yourself."

"Why, she's a blonde with—I only got a glimpse, Randy—she's a blonde with light hair and blue eyes. She might be pretty. Why, dear?" And the dear came so timidly.

"I thought—I had seen her before, but it's impossible—absurd. Go on and tell me what Mrs. Grafton wrote you, sweetheart. Never mind the capsized blonde just now."

And Randolph Merriam, for once in his life, was utterly at a loss what to say or do. He could hardly speak. He could hardly breathe. "Floy," he finally said—and his tone was strange and cold—"this is Mrs. McLane, of New York, an old—acquaintance," then turned away as Mrs. McLane effusively, delightedly bent over that she might shake hands with the bride.

It was early evening—too early for twilight effects, yet the shadows were falling thick on Florence Merriam's wedding-day before the setting of the glowing sun.

CHAPTER III.

because it was his turn for field duty, and because so many officers wished to go to the fair that it was out of the question as to expect anyone to offer to take the detail for him. The detachment would be in the field at least three months, possibly four. Harrison, consequently, was the bluest man at Sedgwick, and said more hard things about government surveys, and more improper things, than could well be recorded here.

Everybody had been congratulating Merriam on the final receipt of what the lawyers didn't "scoop" of his little legacy, and for two weeks he had been as happy as Harrison was miserable. Then, to the utter amazement of everybody, just the day before it was time for the command to start it was announced that Harrison's application for leave had gone forward approved, and that Merriam had asked for and been granted the luxury of a three or four months' jog through the roughest and most forbidding of mountain ranges. He had even got the colonel's permission to go ahead and wait for the detachment at the old mission on the Santa Clara, and had started late at night, accompanied only by an orderly. People couldn't believe their ears, and the post commander rejoiced in the possession of a secret even his wife couldn't coax out of him—the conscienceless, crabbed old crank! as one of his garrison, not subject to court-martial, described him.

The adjutant had to admit that Merriam had been closeted with the K. O. nearly half an hour, and had looked black and blue both, but no blacker, no bluer, when he came out than when he went in. No, he did not think that anybody else had complained of Merriam's owing him money. He did not think anybody had had a word to say against him. The old man had simply sent for the adjutant right after the interview and remarked: "Mr. Blossom, you can tell Mr. Harrison he may submit that application for leave and I'll forward it approved. Mr. Merriam has my consent to take that escort in his stead." But hadn't he told anybody? Didn't any question know? were the very natural questions asked. No. Merriam's one intimate and chum in his regiment was Bill Whittaker, and Bill was away up at Santa Fe at the time, a witness before a general court-martial. Merriam was a frequent visitor at the Haynes' quarters, and everybody knew that in his own regiment he had no warmer friends than Capt. and Mrs. Lawrence Hayne, of the Riflers, and Merriam had had a long talk with Hayne before calling on the colonel. But no one who knew either Hayne or his charming wife ever thought of trying to extract from them information as to other people's personal affairs. Old Buxton, the dragon-of-the-old-army-sort of a lieutenant colonel, did try to pump the captain, but was most coolly and civilly snubbed for his pains. Buxton was a man Hayne never spoke to except in the most formal way. There had been some trouble between them ever so long ago, when Hayne was a young second lieutenant and "Bux" the senior captain of the—th cavalry. The softening touch of time had effaced much of the bitterness of that old, old story. Hayne had twice been stationed at the same garrison with Buxton, and found it awkward to preserve the rule of nonintercourse with a field officer who was frequently in command, so he spoke respectfully and courteously to his senior whenever they met, but the courtesy was as cold and the meetings as rare as he could make them. Bux, however, "bore no malice," as he said, and was quite ready to be magnanimous and forgive Hayne for what had transpired in the past, but then Buxton, not Hayne, had been the offender. Indeed, Buxton was a pachyderm on whom snubs had little effect. He believed Hayne knew why Merriam had asked for his most undesirable detail, and so importuned him with eager inquiry—all to no purpose. Harrison blissfully went on to Chicago and Merriam out to the Mesquero, and was no more heard of or from for several weeks. Then the news came that he was seriously ill with mountain fever at the cantonment on Catamount creek, and Bill Whittaker was hurried thither to take over the command.

In a week there came a letter from him to Capt. Hayne, and this was what it said: "I found the dear old boy convalescing, but woefully limp and weak. Tremaine says he was wild as a loon when the men brought him in. They saw that he was burning with fever for days, and begged him to go to the cantonment for medical attention, but he bade them mind their own business and obstinately stuck to the work. The gentlemen of the survey soon saw that he was going flighty and, later, delirious, and they took the responsibility of telling the sergeant he must be sent thither. They made a fore-and-aft litter by lashing saplings together, hitched on a couple of pack-mules, roped Randy inside the thing, and made a four day march of it. Luckily, Tremaine had a capital medical officer and Randy a splendid constitution. The fever had a big start, but Dr. Wells and Tremaine's people were utterly devoted to him, and pulled him through, but you never saw such a living skeleton. Dr. Wells says he will mend rapidly now, as he eats about six square meals a day and is hungry between times. Mrs. Tremaine nursed him like a mother, Heaven bless her! and now Miss Florence reads to him by the hour."

And at this point in Whittaker's innocent missive, Mrs. Hayne, who was clinging to her husband's arm and reading with him, suddenly looked up in his face and said: "Oh, Lawrence! wouldn't that be—almost ideal?" "Floy" Tremaine, as she was called in the regiment, was an only child, born and reared in the Riflers. Two years of her life had been spent in the east at school, but with that exception it had known no companionship or association outside the garrison that was the temporary home of her father's company. An open-air, joyous, healthful life it was, admirable for nerves, arteries and digestion, yet destructive to complex-

ion, for at 15 Floy Tremaine was as brown as a Navajo, when they took her to St. Anne's to school, where she was promptly dubbed "the Squaw." The first six months there, despite the fact that her mother was near at hand, took a good deal of heart out of Florence and some of the prairie tan from her face. Her big, soft brown eyes grew even more eloquent and pathetic, and her pretty mouth gained some wistful lines about its sensitive corners. She did not take to city girls, nor did they to her, until her father came in on leave, and, noting the change in his precious child, took counsel with an old Manhattan friend, ordered a swell riding costume forthwith, and bade her join the class at Dickel's academy—not that she needed teaching to ride, but the exercise and open air to be had in the daily demure canter in the park. One or two of the girls were quite dashing horsewomen, and excited the envy and admiration of their classmates by the ease with which they took the conventional leaps at the hurdles and bars; and when one of them, flushed with triumph, after receiving the compliments of the master, reined up beside our silent Florence, on a rainy afternoon when their ride had to be had within doors, and rather patronizingly queried: "Ah, don't you do something of this sort out on the plains, Miss Tremaine?" Florence reddened a bit and said: "The children do sometimes," which led to prompt inquiry as to her meaning, and the explanation that the cavalry horses and even the Indian ponies would take such obstacles in their stride and hardly rise to the leap at all. Asked to illustrate, she put her bay at the hurdles, clearing them like a bird; then, turning to Miss De Ruyter, she said: "You noticed even this horse hardly had to spring. Now if Mr. Dickel will let me have the bar a foot higher I can show you where he has to exert himself a bit;" and she did, and no other one of the girls dared attempt it. Then she asked to have her saddle removed and rode her horse over the hurdles bareback, and when he was going at an easy canter about the ring amazed the class by leaping lightly off and on again, her slim, strong young hands grasping the mane, yet never dragging upon the rein. This made her envied, but hardly envious, for the erstwhile champions of the school gave it out that she had been a "child wonder" in some far-western circus. It wasn't until Flo's second year at St. Anne's that she began to find either friends or appreciation there. When she left at the close of that second year, there was one set at least among whose members she was well-nigh worshipped. She had not finished the course. She needed at least one

more year, said the teachers, but it couldn't be. Tremaine had listened to the tempter, invested his scant savings in a Colorado mine that for one year gave dividends galore, and then—gave out. There could be no separate establishment maintained on the pay of a captain of infantry, who was keeping up a heavy life insurance. Florence and her mother were recalled to the Riflers, and, to still further promote the economy demanded by their misfortune, Capt. Tremaine begged to be allowed to go to the cantonment on the Catamount, relieving with his company a like force that had been there in exile over a year. People at regimental headquarters thought it absolutely heartless in him to take Mrs. Tremaine and dear Florence to such a desert, so near the Navajos to the north, and so exposed to danger from predatory bands of Apaches from across the Arizona line. But neither Mrs. Tremaine nor Florence shared their views. Floy was to have her books, her birds, her horse; her mother could direct her reading, and as for companionship, there was Mrs. Lee, the wife of their first lieutenant; she was barely 25, and a charming young matron; and Jimmy Crofton, their junior sub, was engaged and would soon bring his bride out to join. She didn't doubt that they would have a perfectly lovely time, hunting, fishing, exploring in the mountains, and riding races down the Catamount. Florence's face would glow with enthusiasm; it would become transfused, radiant—yes, almost pretty, said some of the ladies—so proud did she seem to feel at sharing her father's lot. So, though few agreed that Florence was a beauty, all decreed that she was a trump, a fond and dutiful daughter, a sweet, sunny-natured child, who would make a lovely woman and wife one of these days. "Only," said Mrs. Hayne, with a world of tenderness in her tone—"only I hope it may be the right man. Girls with those big brown eyes love so deeply."

The cantonment turned out to be something of an Eden as an army post. Four companies had once been stationed there, so there was lots of room, but after the last lot of Apache marauders had been translated to the shores of the Atlantic, matters aboriginal quieted down in Arizona and western New Mexico. The cavalry were needed elsewhere, and could not easily be supplied at so isolated a post; so the two troops were marched back to the valley of the Bravo, and then, soon after Tremaine moved thither, it was decided to recall one of the two infantry commands maintained there; that sent

Capt. Thompson back to headquarters, and left only the Tremaines, the Lees and Dr. Wells, for Jimmy Crofton's fiancée's father had got him away on detached service; and this was the commissioned society left at Catamount when Randy Merriam, borne in a litter delicious and wearing the willow for Fanny McLane, was brought in to be nursed and coddled back to health again, and Tremaine made ready for him a big, airy room under his own roof.

Not for six weeks was Randy able to ride again, and states have been lost and won in less. There is little need of dwelling on the progressive stages of the unpremeditated siege. Billy Whittaker got there comparatively early in the game, when convalescence had just begun to be assured—when Florence, shy and soft of voice, was just beginning the daily readings aloud to her patient—readings which, as such, began soon to shorten, though reader and audience remained long and longer in each other's presence. By and by the book was but a superfluity. It lay unopened in her lap, as she sat, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, beside the hammock wherein her hero pined away, and the anxious mother noted how, little by little, the girl's soft, silvery tones would become hushed—how his voice, deep and strong again, yet tender and subdued, would take up the thread of some old, old story; and one day in alarm she fled to her husband's study, for Florence was weeping in her room.

"Do not interfere by look or word," said that wise man. "He will be well enough to rejoin his fellows in the field next week, and they'll soon get over it; if they don't—they can get married. That will put an end to it."

"But think," persisted his better half, "it's Florence I'm troubled about. It's she who may not soon get over it. Her's is a deep—"

But here the captain arose and amazed his wife by taking her in his arms and speaking with a choking sob in his voice: "Don't talk of it, Dot!" he said. "I'm the one to blame. I never thought of Browne as anything but a child until three days ago. I've been praying you wouldn't see it—that there'd be nothing more to see, but—" and here the gray stubble about the captain's mouth began to twitch and work convulsively, and he had to stop.

TRACKING THIEVES.

How Malefactors Are Run Down in India.

In India the great enemy of thieves is the kholi, whose name signifies "searcher," or "tracker," and whose business is to track criminals by their footprints. These trackers are trained to their calling from youth, and become exceedingly expert. They are an especial terror to the cattle-stealers, who, in the parts of the Punjab adjoining the Indus and other large rivers, where much grazing is carried on, are very plentiful. They match their cunning against that of the tracker, but they have to be very clever to throw him off the scent.

One of their tricks is to catch a buffalo, drive it into the river and, clinging to its tail, guide it in the way they desire to go. By this means they are quickly carried down the current, and leave no tell-tale footprints. But the ruse is not always successful, for the reason that the tracker thinks nothing of distance, and is likely to come upon the tracks farther on, when the thief is forced to leave the stream.

A good tracker will follow a thief, yard by yard, for a hundred miles, and come up with him in the end.

In one instance a burglar was thus tracked until the searcher reached the lockup of a village 80 miles from the starting-point. Inside the building was the man he had set out to find. The police of that place had observed a suspicious-looking character walking about, carrying a small bundle, and had promptly locked him up. An examination of the bundle brought to light jewelry worth several hundred rupees.

One particularly good tracker was especially useful because of his local knowledge. He was engaged to find a burglar who had carried off some jewelry. As soon as the tracker saw the trail he said: "It is so-and-so. Go to his house in yonder village and you will find him." The officers went, and came upon the thief in the act of breaking up the jewelry.

In one instance the tracker's skill almost condemned an innocent man. Two sheep belonging to a government official had been stolen, and the footprints were found to be those of a man employed to look after the public gardens. The man was arrested, but when the track was followed up it was found to end opposite the police barracks, where the skins of the sheep were discovered. As it seemed unlikely that a thief would deposit his booty under the very eyes of the police, a further investigation was made, and it was eventually proved that the sheep had been taken by the police, who, to throw the trackers off the scent, had stolen and worn the gardener's boots.—Chambers' Journal.

A Qualified Juror. "You look troubled," said a St. Louis man to a neighbor. "I am bothered about that boy of mine." "What's the matter with him?" "He is so stupid he can't learn to read and write, and doesn't seem to have good sense. What will become of him when he grows up?" "I wouldn't worry about him. He will be all right. He will have a steady job on juries at \$2 a day. That's more than many a bright young man can earn."—N. Y. World.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

Used to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear earrings. I suppose now you'll have to have your ears bored. Miss Ennuj—I'm used to that.—Tit-Bits.

H. A. SMITH, DENTIST.

Office over G. S. Varden & Co. Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

GEO. W. DAVIS

DEALER IN Furniture, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses, Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing. MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT AND BLACKSMITH SHOP FOR SALE.

I DESIRE to sell my house and lot, with blacksmith shop, at Jacksonville, Ky. I will sell for half cash, balance in twelve months. For further particulars, address, or call on BENJ. F. SHARON, (130ct-ft) Jacksonville, Ky.

SPRING 1898.

TREES! PLANTS! VINES!

The Bluegrass Nurseries offer everything for Orchard, Garden, Lawn. No Agents. Strawberry and general nursery catalogue on application to H. F. HILLENMEYER, LEXINGTON, KY. Telephone 273.

CARL CRAWFORD. ALVA CRAWFORD.

CRAWFORD BROS., Expert Barbers

Shop corner Mam and Fifth Sts.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for East Bound and West Bound, listing stations like Lv Louisville, Ar Lexington, Lv Lexington, Ar Winchester, Lv Winchester, Ar Mt. Sterling, Ar Washington, Ar Philadelphia, Ar New York.

Trains marked thus * run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change. For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on F. B. CARR, Agent L. & N. R. R., GEORGE W. BARNEY, Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

The COAST LINE to MACKINAC

TAKE THE D&E TO MACKINAC DETROIT PETOSKEY CHICAGO

2 New Steel Passenger Steamers The Greatest Perfection yet attained in Boat Construction—Luxurious Equipment, Artistic Furnishing, Decoration and Efficient Service, insuring the highest degree of COMFORT, SPEED AND SAFETY.

TOLEDO, DETROIT & MACKINAC PETOSKEY, "THE SOO," MARQUETTE, AND DULUTH.

LOW RATES to Picturesque Mackinac and Return, including Meals and Berths. From Cleveland, \$48; from Toledo, \$45; from Detroit, \$43.50.

EVERY EVENING Between Detroit and Cleveland

Connecting at Cleveland with Earliest Trains for all points East, South and Southwest and at Detroit for all points North and Northwest. Sunday Trips June, July, August and September Only. EVERY DAY BETWEEN

Cleveland, Put-in-Bay & Toledo Send for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, S. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.

The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

The Shortest Line and the Best Service between Cincinnati and the Summer Resorts of the Great Lakes.

C. H. & D. RY TO MICHIGAN

AND THE GREAT LAKES. 3 Trains Daily between CINCINNATI and DETROIT.