THE BOURBON NEWS.

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DOGS' LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Some Curious and Amusing Cases Which Illustrate Their Peculiarities.

Animals, like human beings, have been known to exhibit strange antipathies toward certain persons and things, dogs, perhaps, more so than any other of our four-footed friends.

That famous canine, Oriel Bill, of Oxford, was for a time such a violent hater of postmen that it was not safe for any uniformed letter carrier to approach the Mitre, where Oriel Bill held undisputed sway. Accordingly arrangements had to be made for all missives to be left at an adjoining house by the postmen in order to save their feelings—physical as well as mental—and the dog from venting his curious aversion upon them.

The same precaution had to be taken in the case of another but less famous canine. Until a postman was foolish enough to throw a stone at this animal without the least provocation it was on good terms with all the letter carriers who called at the house. After that, however, a furious hatred of her majesty's postal servants took possession of this previously amiable cur, and when it had severely bitten one of the postmen they all refused with one accord to deliver letters at the house.

The owner of the dog complained to the British post office authorities, but the latter supported their subordinates in the attitude they had taken up, and in the end the complainant arranged for his letters to be delivered at a place where there was no canine that delighted to bark and bite.

At a hotel in a west of England town there is a dog which exhibits an intense dislike for soldiers. What are the why and wherefore of this feeling toward our gallant redcoats it is impossible to say, but the sight of one has the same effect on this eccentric canine as a red rag has on a bull. The consequence is that the dog has to be kept severely under restraint, so that soldiers can come and go without running the risk of losing a portion of their anatomy in the process. What makes this antipathy toward them all the more remarkable is the fact that the animal shows a decided partiality for policemen.

A terrier belonging to a friend of the writer will run a mile at the sight of a siphon. When it was considerably younger than it is now its owner deluged the dog with a siphon of soda water, and ever since it has exhibited a mortal dread of a siphon, full or empty. The remembrance of that unexpected bath is evidently responsible for this extraordinary aversion.—London Tit-Bits.

BALLET DANCERS' LONGEVITY

Some of the Most Famous Performers Have Lived to Be Septuagenarians and Octogenarians.

The longevity of the ballet dancers evidently has a more substantial foundation than the jokes of the humorists who have found so much to amuse them in the persistency with which the premieres cling to their profession. A European statistician has been devoting himself to a study of the eminent in that art, and his investigations seem to establish the fact that they are an unusually long-lived lot. The famous Carlotta Grisi is living now at the age of 77, and one of the ballet dancers at the Opera in Paris is 70. But he is a man. Amalia Ferraris is still teaching at the age of 78 in Paris, and seems likely to continue that work for some time to come. Fanny Essler was 74 when she died, and Taglioni had passed her eightieth year. Rosita Mauri, the popular premiere at the Opera, in Paris, is over 50 and has begun to talk of retiring.

Some of the more famous dancers of earlier times, commencing with the first of the profession, succeeded in reaching the following ripe ages: Pecourt, 76; La Camargo, 60; Noverre, 83; Vestris, the elder, 79; La Guimard, 63; Gardel, 82; Vestris, the junior, 82; Mazilier, 71; Blasis, 70; Perrot, 82. La Cerito, one of the greatest favorites of her day in Paris, and much admired once in this country, is living in retirement in Paris at the age of 78. The oldest in this list was Noverre, who stood among the greatest in the art during the middle of the eighteenth century.

Compared with these veterans, our own Bonfanti, who is now teaching in this city, seems in the first flush of her powers. The only ballet dancers who come to this country in these days are not likely to be long remembered. There are very few of them, and those we see are not eminent. Nor are they much appreciated. The practical disappearance of the old-fashioned spectacular plays has resulted in the passing of the premiere. After these pieces ceased to have their interest for New Yorkers they remained popular "on the road," and there were always several of these companies traveling about and presenting one or two well-trained European dancers. But they have also come to an end, and with them the tarletan spirited piroquetters dropped finally out of sight.—N. Y. Sun.

When It's Necessary.

"Here's an article for women," he said, "on 'How to Make Yourself Attractive to a Man.'"

"Before or after marriage?" she inquired, thinking it was about time to have a little sport with him.

"After, of course," he replied, promptly. "No woman ever loses the knack until after she marries."

No doubt he was, as she said, "a mean old thing."—Chicago Post.

A SYMPHONY.

Little maid! Little maid! I heard your voice calling
Away back in the years of my boyhood's first dreams:
It sang in the lisp of the shy waters falling
In sun-dimpled ripples in wild woodland streams.
It piped in the call of the bird of the meadows
And laughed in the lilt of the bird on the wing;
It lurked in the drowsily whispering shadows
Of green-arbored summer and light-hearted spring.

And then, maid of mine, when my boyhood departed,
And its dreamings gave place to the bright quests of youth,
I still heard the call of my love, tender-hearted,
Far up on the pathway of progress and truth.
It is well that at last you are sitting beside me;
Yet, through the long years I had known that a place
By your side, dearest heart, could not long be denied me;
That soon, love, my eyes would behold your dear face.

They say that I met you and won you, not knowing
That your voice in my heart was my childhood's first song;
And that song in my heart, dearest love, is bestowing
A blessing that shields me from weakness and wrong
Little maid! little maid! may I hear your voice calling
Away down the hills and the vales of the years;
May its song on my heart be, oh, tenderly falling
When life's journey ends in the valley of tears!

—Chicago Record.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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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 jilted 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.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V. — Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow when she would be sure to have many other callers.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Some of the fair widow's calls were returned almost immediately, the Merriams' among the first, although the Merriams were not among the first to welcome her arrival. As luck would have it, Merriam was out on some troop duty. Mrs. Merriam saw her coming, accompanied by Mrs. Grafton, and fairly flew upstairs to her room instead of first giving instructions to her servant, as an older soldier of society would have done. In consequence the Chinaman admitted her caller to Floy's pretty parlor, and went in search of the lady of the house. Mrs. Grafton seated herself in an easy-chair, but Fanny flitted rapidly from point to point, scanning pictures, books and bric-a-brac. "John" presently reappeared, smiling vacuously.

"No can see. She sick, velly," he sturdily reported.

Mrs. Grafton looked concerned; Mrs. McLane annoyed.

"I'm sure I saw her on the tennis court not an hour since," she muttered to her hostess, as, after proper expressions of sympathy and regret, they regained the roadway.

"Well, she hasn't been looking well for some days," said Mrs. Grafton, "and it's quite possible she is ill."

The schoolmates had been housed together only a few days before Mrs. Grafton became convinced that Fanny's devotions were rapidly waning, that with recovering health and bloom and spirits the crying need for the one dear friend to lean on had vanished. Less and less grew the hours of confidential chat. More and more was the late disconsolate widow becoming interested, not to say absorbed, in the details of garrison life. Freeman, formerly of the —th, but now a squadron commander at Sedgwick, remarked that the lady was "beginning to take notice uncommonly early," and Minturn, with whom she was quite ready to walk and even to visit the tennis court, was heard to ask if they never had such things as half-mourning hops. Whittaker, who was sulky about something and preternaturally stately as a consequence, reminded him that Mrs. McLane was still in deep mourning—full mourning—to which a cynic in shoulder-straps who happened to be present replied that he only wished that other fulls could be as lightly worn. "She may have been in the depths of woe before she left Chicago, as Mrs. Grafton declares she was," said Mrs. Buxton, a lady with years of experiences, "but she's bravely over it soon enough. She'll be dancing next." And this unchristian, uncharitable remark was called forth by the sight of the lady going to ride with Whittaker—Whittaker, who at first could hardly be induced to call, and who now could hardly be induced to believe it time to go.

And of course, before she had been at the post a week everybody knew that this was the woman to whom Merriam was at least believed to be engaged two years before, and that added to the thrilling interest of the situation. For a little while it had been quite a problem how to entertain her. She didn't go to dances or dinners. She could, perhaps, ride and play tennis, but tennis she did not care for. Riding was unpleasant, because there were no winding wood roads, no elastic turf. The mesa was pebbly or sandy by turns, the canyon narrow, the roads dusty. Ladies' lunches, very, very quiet and informal, she consented to attent, but she did not care for lunches. The women presently declared she did not care for women.

The men, especially Minturn and Whittaker, had early become devoted to her, and there could be no doubt of her powers of fascination. The gunner and the trooper grew cold and constrained in their manner toward each other, and Whittaker quit going, as go he used to day and night, to Hayne's or Merriam's. The colonel's wife, dying to be hospitable, had urged a little, quiet home dinner. "Just yourself, your friends, the Graftons and Merriams, and, say, Mr. Minturn." Mrs. Grafton assured the kind army woman that Mrs. McLane would not think of accepting. Mrs. McLane amazed her hostess by eventually saying yes.

Since the Tuesday evening of their call, not once had the Merriams held conversation with the widow. She called, as has been seen, and Mrs. Merriam had to be excused. Mrs. Merriam used to love tennis, but quit the game as soon as Mrs. McLane began coming to the court. Mrs. Merriam, who used to love to ride with Randy, had discontinued it a day or two after that alleged illness, as though to carry out the illusion, but by the Thursday she again appeared in the saddle and galloped out upon the mesa by her husband's side. Returning, they met Mrs. McLane just starting out with her gunner friend, and the ice had to be broken. The stylishly habited widow beamed on both, begged Floy to let her know at what hour they would ride next day, as she adored it of all things, and next day Floy's horse was reported "dead lame," and she would ride no other. When Mrs. Colonel's invitation came for that utterly unlooked-for dinner, the Merriams were cornered, for Floy, though looking sallow and heavy-eyed now, was not really ill and could urge no excuse. Garrison dinner "bids" must be answered as promptly as those in city life. "We've got to go dear," said Merriam calmly, "so send our acceptance."

"I won't go," said Floy to herself, as she penned and signed the little note, and when Saturday came she was too ill to leave her bed. Mrs. Hayne came to minister to and sit with her. The Freemans were bidden instead, and Mrs. Freeman could have stamped her pretty foot in vexation, for neither she nor her lord thought it the proper thing for Mrs. McLane to be going to dinners so early in her widowhood; besides, there were other reasons.

The dinner came off, however, and was a dismal feast with a dramatic conclusion.

As has been shown, only twice had Mrs. McLane had speech with Merriam during the seven days, and both times it was in presence of his wife. The Graftons, Haynes and Freemans were delighted with him as a consequence, and rejoiced in secret over her. But not a whit did the widow show disappointment or discomfiture. She was amply entertained, apparently, with the increasing devotions of Minturn and Whittaker, and the latter spent two miserable hours this Saturday evening in jealous contemplation of his own outcast lot and Minturn's presumable bliss. Yet the colonel could not have both to dinner, so Mrs. Colonel was allowed to decide, and her preference was for the artilleryman. The Graftons went with rather bad grace, Mrs. Grafton warning her guest that the whole garrison would be talking of her inconstancy, but, as Ned Parry remarked on a previous occasion, Fan had had her own way ever since she cut her first tooth, and did not propose to be ruled now.

"Almost the last words Mr. McLane whispered," said she, indignantly, "were to implore me not to waste my youth in vain lamentation. 'Life is too short to be spent in tears,' were his very words," and evidently the widow was here in full sympathy with the expressed or reported views of the dear departed. She went. She looked uncommonly pretty in a gown of deepest, most somber and most expensive crape. She sat at the colonel's right, and made eyes at him all through dinner, leaving Minturn on her right to sulk and scowl and seek comfort in the commandant's champagne. Fanny herself partook not too sparingly of this seductive fluid, and was sparkling with animation and good spirits when, just before coffee was served—just as the trumpets were sounding tattoo out on the moonlit parade, a servant came and whispered to the master of the house.

"Tell him I'm at dinner and can't see him now."

The servant vanished, then reappeared, bent and whispered again.

"Tell him I'm at dinner and won't see him now," said the colonel, not unwilling to impress on his fair guest the idea of his professional importance and personal force. The servant bent and whispered again, whereat the colonel changed color and glanced up uncertainly in the troubled face of the messenger, then as uncertainly around the table, his eyes only for an instant meeting those of his guest.

"Will you excuse me a moment, my dear?" he said to his wife, and left the table and the room.

Conversation went on somewhat constrainedly. Mrs. McLane, intent on fascinating the colonel, had rather ignored the rest. Minturn was plainly in the sulks, and Mrs. Colonel, with anxiety in her eyes, was plainly listening to the hurried talk in the outer room. Presently in came the servant. Would Capt. Grafton please join the colonel in the parlor, and, wondering, Grafton went.

"It's that dreadful telegraph operator," said Mrs. Colonel, in a low, troubled tone. "It's some bad news. Indian outbreak, probably, or he'd never be so insistent."

Then all conversation seemed to drag, and people only spoke in monosyllables or hazarded some guess as to what could be the matter.

But it wasn't Indians. It wasn't warfare. It was only the soldier telegrapher at the post, who bore with him a message which the operator at the Junction had received positive instructions from the eastern manager to deliver at once and report delivery and get an answer. It was for Mrs. McLane. So there was nothing for it but to call her, and with sudden panic in her eyes she hurried into the parlor, shrank for a moment from the proffered dispatch—then, with an effort at self-control, took it, tore it open, read with dilated eyes, lifted her hand to her face as though in bewilderment and dismay, staring into vacancy as she did so, and then suddenly, without a moan, without a sound from her lips, went down in a limp heap upon the bearskin rug whereon she stood, and the ladies rushed to—but could not—revive her.

Full half an hour they labored over her. The messenger had dashed for the doctor and brought him to the scene. Grafton had rescued the paper just as it seemed about to flutter into the fireplace, folding and stowing it away in his coat pocket, and not until after ten did she seem to recover consciousness, not until near the sounding of taps could they bear her home, and then the messenger came back. The operator at the Junction said they must have report of the receipt of the message, and some answer; this was imperative. Grafton appealed to the doctor. The doctor said Mrs. McLane was only semi-conscious, and could answer nothing. "She is your guest, man. Read the dispatch and reply as best you can. Whatever its contents, they have shocked her seriously."

And so finally Grafton read the message and could fathom only a portion of its meaning.

"Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M."

CHAPTER IX.

Three days after the colonel's dinner, Mrs. McLane was pronounced sufficiently well to take the open air, but did not not look sufficiently well, in her own opinion, to take the hint. Nor did Mrs. Grafton too eagerly urge. By this time the hostess was fully convinced that Fanny was far from being the frank, confiding creature she had pictured herself to be; that she had come to Sedgwick with other purposes in view than that of seeking the sympathy and counsel of her erstwhile schoolmate; that she was concealing from her, to whom she once longed to unbosom her every thought, some vital and thrilling circumstance, and, worst

She rushed out after him.

of all, that Capt. Grafton now knew what it was, and wouldn't tell. This perhaps, was almost unpardonable. In vain had Mrs. Grafton insinuated, inquired, insisted, and finally implored. Her husband was gentle, but obdurate.

"I know nothing, Harriet," he simply said. "I do, perhaps, conjecture, but all I conjecture is derived from that dispatch, the contents of which should be seen and known only by your friend the—your friend and once-upon-a-time bridesmaid. If she choose to tell you, well and good, but I cannot."

But he told Mrs. McLane what he had read without telling what he conjectured, and then furthermore told her what he had done—wired to Aunt Charlotte that her niece was prostrated by the receipt of her dispatch, and might not be able to reply for several days, so Aunt Charlotte was existing without further knowledge of the condition of her niece as placidly, let us hope, as was her niece without further knowledge of the condition of her uncle.

It was on this third day when the doctor left, after saying Mrs. McLane ought to go and take a drive or a ride, that Grafton wrote to her a few words reporting that he had read Aunt Charlotte's dispatch and replied to it as above stated. This note he sent in by Annette. Mrs. Grafton was receiving sympathizing callers at the moment, and the captain bade Annette say that if he could be of any further service Mrs. McLane should let him know. Presently Annette returned with a note.

"I am so distracted," it said, "so friendless, I do not know what to do. You are the only man upon whose counsel I can depend, but even that is denied me, for Harriet has turned cold and unkind. Because I cannot tell her the secrets of others she thinks me false to our old friendship, and she has changed to me so much that were I able to travel I should go at once, only how could we explain? Oh, I long to tell you the whole story, but I cannot! I must not! and I must not do that which might increase her suspicion—" But here Grafton began to frown angrily. He read no further, though there were half a dozen lines on the following page, but tossed the whole thing into the open fireplace, tramped right upstairs and tapped at the guest room door.

"Can you come to the door a moment, Mrs. McLane?" he asked.

There was the sound of sudden rush and rustle within, then her light footfall, the clack of the doorknob, and her voice, low and sweet.

"You startled me so," she said, through the inch-wide aperture that appeared, but left her invisible. "I dreaded that it was another telegram. Oh, I'm not fit to be seen, but—"

"I don't w—I don't need to see you, Mrs. McLane," said he, stoutly. "We can converse perfectly well, as Annette is below stairs. All I wish to say is this: If I can be of service—in sending off any letters or dispatches to your friends, command me. But really, Mrs. McLane, there is no need of telling me anything about the matter."

"But I have to, Capt. Grafton," and the door opened a bit wider. "I must have your advice. I must do something right away, and you're the only one who can help me."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to come here at once," said he, and, suiting action to words, started for the stairway.

She rushed out after him, dishevelled, pallid. "Oh, I cannot tell Harriet," she cried.

"Then, Mrs. McLane, you cannot tell me."

For a moment she looked at him in amaze.

"I will wire for your lawyer, Mr. Parry," he went on calmly. "He can advise what I probably could not."

"He cannot advise as you can, captain. It's a matter he knows nothing about. I've got to see Mr. Merriam, and he avoids me even worse than you do, than—in fact, everybody does now that I'm in deep trouble," she wailed.

"I am sure Mr. Merriam will come to you if there is anything of importance," said Grafton, gravely. "I will see him at the stables, and the call is sounding now."

"Oh, not to-day—not to-day. Tomorrow, perhaps, but not to-day. I really cannot see him just yet. I'm so unstrung—and he mustn't let her—his wife, know. She'll never rest till she's worried it all out of him."

"He will let his wife know," said Grafton, calmly, "and is wise in so doing, but she will not be apt to make inquiries." Then he turned and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GENEROUS DUCHESS.

She Was a Good But Careful Dispenser of Charity.

It is generally agreed that the dominant note of the character of the late duchess of Teck was her amiability, but that term does inadequate justice to the heart from which it sprung. She was charity itself, and a wonderful organizer of charitable relief on a large scale.

It is said that she gave out of her own pocket a good fifth of the annual amount granted to her by parliament, and a story, vouched for by the St. James Budget, shows that she knew how to give on a small scale; to be generous in mind as well as with money.

There were to be some festivities at White Lodge, the Richmond residence of the duchess, and an invitation was sent to the secretary of a charity in which the duchess was interested. By a later post the young lady received a letter from a friend, asking her to a tennis party which was to be held the same day.

Next morning both invitations were acknowledged, but the replies were carelessly put in the wrong envelopes. The duchess opened the letter in which the writer declared to her friend that she was very sorry she could not come to tennis, because "Stout Mary" had asked her to White Lodge, and she was bound to go.

The day duly arrived, and the frank young lady was warmly welcomed by the duchess, who afterward took her aside and laughingly said:

"My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posting your letters, and never forget that you do not know who will read what you write. Don't apologize. I have forgiven you."—Youth's Companion.

How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods. He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the equinoxes and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother. Anyone who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above-mentioned days will have hell as his portion.—Hindoo Manners.

The Middle-Aged Man.

"I wonder," said the middle-aged man, "why we take life so hard. At the very best we have only 75 or 100 years of it, and yet we fume and fuss and worry all through it. I think of it, sometimes, here I am—well, say 50, with maybe 20 years yet ahead; the cold chances are against my getting so many, but take a hopeful view and say I've got 20. But that's a mighty short time, heh? But just think of frittering away that time in worry! When I think of these things I make up my mind that, by cracky! I will not worry any more; and, oh, I think I take things more philosophically than I used to. But let some little thing come up; I don't fly all to pieces over it, maybe, but it drags and grinds. And only 20 years to live! What a waste of time! What poor, miserable critters we are!"—N. Y. Sun.

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TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

	†	†
Lv Louisville	8:30am	6:00pm
Ar Lexington	11:15am	8:40pm
Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm
Ar Winchester	11:58am	9:23pm
Lv Winchester	9:15am	6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm
Ar Washington	6:[illegible]am	3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7.05pm
Ar New York	12:40n'n	9:08pm
Lv Mt. Sterling	8:30am	5:50pm
Ar Winchester	9:50am	7:05pm

WEST BOUND.

	†	†
Ar Winchester	7:30am	4:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am	5:20pm
Ar Frankfort	9:11am	6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville	10:01am	7:20pm
Ar Louisville	11:00am	8:15pm
Lv Winchester	6:55am	2:50pm
Ar Lexington	7:35am	3:45pm

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