

THE BOURBON NEWS

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.) Published every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner. SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

SONG OF UNKNOWN HEROES.

Let me sing a song for the hero Who fell unnamed, unknown— The common soldier, lying Beneath no costly stone— Who fought where the foe was strongest And, after the day was done, Was merely among "the missing" Nine hundred and sixty-one.

AT THE FLORIST'S

That is the Place Fond Man Betrays His Weakness.

THE girl in the Broadway flower shop—the girl with the wavy chestnut hair and the very white hands that are acutely observed and mentally applauded when she pins the blithe carnation to the masculine coat lapel—lapsed into a reverie of words the other afternoon.

"I do feel so sorry for men sometimes," she said, in a tone that was not at all sorrowful. "The poor things are so very amusing and yet so unconsciously pathetic that—well, do you know, I often think that few of them, saving your presence—nothing personal—are, what I call it—exactly right—all there—correctly adjusted—properly geared—on straight—"

"For why?" "O, they do such funny things, and they are such very, very easy money. My little brother taught me that, and I can't help it. They are so extremely tractable before you know, and, from what I hear, so utterly fractious after, that it's a wonder to me they—"

"Before and after what?" "Why, the church affair of 'Lohen-grin' music, weeps and rice, of course. True, I only know of the fractiousness of the after from hearsay, but I have been here for two years, and I do know the tractableness of the before like I don't know my catechism. O, they are so dead easy!" and the flower shop girl with the wavy chestnut hair picked up a loose strand of the same and deftly tucked it behind her left ear.

"All of them, you know, are more or less mentally unhinged during the before stage," she went on. "But a man who came in here during the noon hour on a day a couple of weeks ago—I waited on him, for the proprietor and all of the girls except myself had gone for luncheon—had about the worst case of



"ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE THEM." It I've yet seen. He was such a sensible, fine-looking man, too—a giant from the west, with a bronzed face and that fine prairie way of talking, like he knew he wasn't in church and didn't have to whisper or mumble his words—so many New York men do that dreadfully nowadays, don't they?—and big, strong hands, and that sombrero style of dress that makes you think of the Harry Castlemon and Ned Buntline stories that you read when you were little.

"Well, he walked up to the counter like a man does when he goes into a cigar store, and his eye caught sight of the bunch of bride roses that I was swaddling up with white ribbon. "How much are those?" he asked me. "Fifteen dollars a dozen," I told him. "How many dozen just like that have you got in the shack?" he inquired. "About ten dozen," I replied. "All right—I'll take 'em," he said, and then he began to look at the other flowers. When he saw a vase of American Beauty roses as big as double chrysanthemums he asked me: "What is the figure for these?"

"Two dollars apiece," I told him. "Put about 50 of 'em with the others," he said. "Then he came to the tray of violets. "How much?" he inquired. "Dollar a hundred," said I. "Got plenty of them?" "Thousands." "I'll take about 2,000 of 'em," he said. "Anything else?" I asked him. "Well, I don't know," he said, rubbing his chin like a man in a quandary. "That do you think?" "Well, I said, 'you've already bought quite a few flowers, you know.

THE TWO JEWELERS.

A Little Thing That Turned Fortune Toward One and Kept the Other Down.

"It is curious," said Col. Calliper, "how slight a thing may influence a man's whole future. In a town I lived in once, that later grew to be a thriving and prosperous city, there were two jewelers with such shops as you would expect to find in a place of a couple of thousand inhabitants; doing more business in watch and clock and jewelry repairing than they did in selling things, one doing about the same amount of business as the other, and each of them just about making a living and maybe just a little more. That's the way they were going along when a newcomer, a man of wealth, bought land in the town and built him a fine house and settled there," says the New York Sun.

"These new people had more or less tinkering to do, of course, and they tried both of the jewelers to see which they liked better, before settling on one, and it was hard for them to decide; they liked 'em both; both did good work and were both pleasant men. But presently something happened that made the head of the house come at once to a definite decision.

"One of these jewelers had in his window a clock which the man of the newly-arrived household used to consult in passing; he found it a good time-keeper and he came in fact to rely upon it for the correct time, and have rather a friendly feeling for its owner; in fact, so far as he was concerned, as between the jewelers, he was becoming unconsciously a strong partisan of a man with a clock in his window; when, going by one day, and looking in at it as usual, he saw that it had stopped! The jeweler that had placed that clock in the window, thus inviting confidence in it, and through it in himself, had forgotten to wind it.

"That settled it with the newcomer, who was a precise man, who had made his money by scrupulous and exact attention to business; and he at once threw his weight for the other and turned the scale in his favor; it was in front of his door only that the carriage of the newcomers was there after observed to stop. Their example had more or less influence, and more and more people went there, especially from among the new inhabitants. The jeweler himself to whom trade had thus come was a shrewd man who did not fail to take advantage of his opportunities. He doubled his stock and attended to business and went in for what trade there was in the community. The town grew to be a city, and he grew with it, and got rich. The last time I was there, and this was only a few years ago, he was a prosperous merchant, with a fine big store beautifully stocked and doing a fine business. In a small store on a side street, I saw the man who had forgotten to wind the clock, with a magnifying glass over his eye, bending at work over a watch on a workbench in front of him in the window.

"Occasionally, even here in this big town, I see in some watchmaker's window a clock, put there as a guide to the public and as an advertisement of the business within, that has been permitted to run down; I saw one, in fact, this morning; and that's what brought to my mind, as it always does, the story of the two jewelers."

"Had I but known at the time of your wedding—" he began. "Wedding," said the regular customer. "I don't believe I quite—" "Surely, your marriage has been quite recent?" the proprietor said, and then an exceedingly well-bred chuckle came from our regular customer.

"I'll give you the order to decorate our house when we celebrate our silver wedding early next year," he said, between very broad smiles, and then he went out. He has been in every day since with his orders for flowers for his wife, and—" "And, therefore, presumably stands in need of a guardian?" "Have I not just been telling you that he is married? And then the poor sillies—I mean the young ones in the before stage again—d'ye know they really and truly believe the girls when the girls tell 'em that they 'press every flower you send me in my copy of Tennyson?' Actually believe every word of it, they do! They never stop to think that no volume of Tennyson as big as the Doomsday book has ever been published. 'How'll they press?' is the question that lots of the poor, deluded things ask me when they are picking out roses to be sent to the onliest ones. O, so easy!"—N. Y. Sun.

"Motherly Solitude. A woman employed at a Yorkshire factory took her five-year-old boy to the hospital and asked the surgeon to look at his hand. By some freak of nature his finger and thumb had interlocked, causing him great pain at times. "Why didn't you come here earlier, my good woman?" said the surgeon, in a tone of sharp reprimand. "The little chap has evidently been suffering from this extraordinary defect since the day of his birth. If you had brought him soon after he was born I might have done something for him, but I very much fear I cannot now." The woman, aware that she was sadly to blame, but loth to take the full responsibility, immediately turned upon her unfortunate offspring. "Dost ta hear what the gentleman says, Tommy?" she cried. "Tha ought to 'ave mentioned it five years sin', Oih've no patience wi' folk 'at suffer an' say nowt."—London Spare Moments.

"Same Old Thing. Smiles—What are you doing for a living now, old man?" "Giles—Breathing,"—Chicago Evening News.

"Not That Kind of Record. Mrs. Wunder—Here's an item about a girl who can sing any song on record. Mr. Wunder—She must be a phonograph."—Baltimore American

PORTO RICANS IN BATTLE.

They Are Great Fighters and Are Capable of Defending Their Island.

An old corporal's standard of conduct for soldiers is sometimes quite different from that applied by the rest of the world. To him the principal virtue of a soldier is obedience; he is to obey first, and be brave afterward. A story told by Gen. Roy Stone, U. S. V., who was in Porto Rico during Gen. Miles' invasion of the island, and was afterward a member of the Porto Rico commission, illustrates this distinction, says Youth's Companion.

Gen. Stone undertook a raid toward the northern part of the island. At first his campaign partook of the nature of comic opera. It began with the capture of a large town supposed to be defended by Spanish volunteers, Gen. Stone's force consisting of a signalman, three soldiers and six war correspondents, heavily armed, all traveling in carriages buried in flowers. Farther on the work became more serious, and the places of the correspondents, who had to go back with dispatches, were taken by a company of Wisconsin volunteers and some regular cavalry.

Near Lares Gen. Stone was joined by a detachment of 75 native Porto Rican mounted riflemen. These were sent, under an old corporal of United States cavalry, to alarm the Spanish at Lares, and then to join Gen. Stone's command at Arecibo.

They did their work well, but somewhat too promptly, and the next morning marched straight into Arecibo on the unguarded Lares road. Finding no Americans there, but Spaniards instead, they marched quickly out on the Utuado road before the Spaniards could form to attack them.

On that road they found a strong Spanish outpost, and taking it by surprise and in the rear, scattered it into the cane-fields after a skirmish. On arriving at Utuado the corporal reported his exploit somewhat sheepishly and shamefacedly. His command had failed in obedience, and his plan of battle had not been carried out.

"How did the Porto Ricans behave in the presence of the Spanish?" asked Gen. Stone. "Shamefully, sir, shamefully!" answered the corporal. "No discipline at all. They disobeyed my orders to hold back, rushed straight at the enemy and cut off my fire!"

Subsequently these impetuous Porto Ricans, who, perhaps, did not understand the corporal's English any too well, were used as the nucleus of the Porto Rican battalion which was organized by United States officers, and which has proved so excellent a corps that orders have been issued for the organization of another similar battalion.

Gen. Stone says that if the Porto Ricans had resisted the Americans, instead of assisting them, there would have been very great difficulty in conquering the island; and that, if the United States should be engaged in a foreign war, we may, if we treat them with justice, depend almost entirely on the people of Porto Rico for the defense of that island.

CASK IS NEVER EMPTY.

"The Bride in the Cellar" in European Wine Districts is Always Kept Full.

All really excellent champagne is the result of judicious blending. Time was when each big vineyard owner had his own cellar and his own brand. But it has been found advantageous to sell the raw wine to dealers, who make one district supply what another lacks, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But there are still a few provincial establishments that cling to the old ways—crowning with a wreath of flowers—the first tubful of ripe grapes, and keeping "the bride in the cellar" full from year to year. The bride, be it understood, is a special wine cask, filled with the first running of the press. More accurately, it holds the juice which drips away before any pressure is applied. Wine from it is never sold, but used upon high days and holidays, passed about as a gift, or devoted to the comfort of the sick and the poor.

Something akin to the bride exists in the German free cities. Each of them has a wine cellar, and in each cellar there is a cask always yielding wine, but never empty. Any burgher is entitled to demand a bottle of its contents when he marries, when his first son is christened, and also when the son is 21. If the son is adventurous, or the burgher himself, for that matter, he gets another bottle from the cask when he comes home from far countries.

But there is an official specially charged to see that whenever a bottleful is drawn out another bottleful of as near as possible the same quality at once goes in. And thus it happens that the city cask is never empty.

A Crown Factory.

Birmingham, England, is the only place in which manufacturing crowns is an industry that may be said to flourish. The trade is principally with Africa, where the numerous kings have come to regard a crown as a far more elegant emblem of royalty than the stoppage hat which they formerly affected. A serviceable crown, gaudily decorated, with imitation precious stones, may be purchased for quite a small sum.

The Rose and the Thorn.

Servant (radiant)—Your first patient is waiting outside, sir. Doctor—One? How is that? I thought I heard two men coming in. "The second was the landlord with his bill. He's been waiting for the patient."—N. Y. World.

SHIP DID NOT BURN.

Warship Sunk as a Test by the British Navy.

Battleship Majestic Destroys the Belle Isle After Cannoning Lasting Only Nine Minutes—Purpose of the Experiment.

An interesting admiralty experiment was carried out the other day off Selsea-Bill, near Portsmouth, England, with the view of setting various naval gunnery questions. An old turret ship, the Belle Isle, was selected for the purpose. It was built in 1878 at a cost of about \$1,200,000, has 12 inches of armor on its sides, nine inches over its bulkheads, nine inches over its gun positions, and from 16 to 9 inches of deck plating.

The Belle Isle was moored completely equipped with torpedo and splinter nets, etc., as it would be in action, and the British first-class battleship Majestic, carrying four 12-inch guns, 12 6-inch quick-firers, 18 12-pounders, 12 3-pounders, and 8 smaller rapid-fire guns, steaming past the Belle Isle at seven knots and at a distance just under a mile, treated the Belle Isle as an enemy and opened fire with all guns.

The firing lasted nine minutes. The experts' examination showed that the shots of the Majestic had riddled the Belle Isle. It was a complete wreck inside, the shells having pierced its lightly armored and unprotected portions. But they did not pierce the thick armor with which the warship had been specially fitted for the experiment.

In a statement made in the house of commons later the first lord of the admiralty, George J. Goschen, said that to the extreme surprise of the naval men the Belle Isle did not take fire, although she was reported to have been in flames six minutes after the firing began.

He explained that the spectators, being at a distance from the warship, were misled by volumes of steam and lyddite smoke. Mr. Goschen added that there was a slight smoldering in one cabin of the Belle Isle, but that otherwise the woodwork, although shattered in every direction, was not consumed by fire to any degree.

The experiment was instituted specially to see whether the woodwork of the Belle Isle would burn as the woodwork of the Spanish ships destroyed by the Americans had burned.

BUYS A MANSION.

Champion Jim Jeffries, the Pugilist, Becomes Owner of the Famous McKane Residence.

The famous McKane residence at Sheepshead Bay is to pass into the possession of James J. Jeffries, the pugilist. For some time it has been rumored that the champion was contemplating a residence at Sheepshead. The other day the family of John Y. McKane left their home, it was said, permanently. Though the price to be paid is not known, \$25,000 is an approximate value.

The champion will, it is said, utilize the house at present as a summer residence and will entertain his parents and some other relatives there. The house was built by McKane 25 years ago for his own use. It is one of the most pretentious in Sheepshead. It stands on a plot 150 feet by 200 and is surrounded by trees. The house itself contains 22 rooms. It is fitted with every modern improvement. Jeffries will take possession at once.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for CINCINNATI, June 16. Includes items like CATTLE, CALVES, HOGS, SHEEP, LAMBS, WHEAT, OATS, RYE, MESS PORK, LARD, BUTTER, etc.

Table with market prices for CHICAGO. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD, etc.

Table with market prices for NEW YORK. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD, etc.

Table with market prices for BALTIMORE. Includes items like WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD, etc.

Table with market prices for LOUISVILLE. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD, etc.

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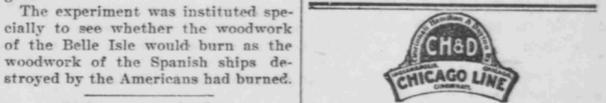
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