

THE BOURBON NEWS. (Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

OUR MEN OF PURPOSE.

What has the country boy to say Of country boys that "made their way" The brown lad, standing at the stile, Nods toward the homestead with a smile...

Managing a Sick Husband

WELL, if she treats him like that I won't answer for the consequences," replied Mrs. J. Matrimonial Bliss, laying down her lace work...

an entirely sociable creature, he seemed to find pleasure in sitting alone and glowering a good deal, and when I assumed a more cheerful air than usual he tried to explain himself by saying, in the weird vernacular of downtown, that the street had cold feet.

"The last familiar phase that always leads to some sort of an attack with my husband is when he, as mild a man as ever paid bills or dismissed tipsy cooks, began to—excuse me, Miss Emily—but to curse things. Then I knew John was ill, and the crisis came when he got into a perfectly towering rage with the end of a palm leaf that tickled his nose while he sat reading his Sunday paper. I apologized for and removed the palm, and when the racking headache developed I lightly suggested the hot weather, a touch of possible malaria and invited the doctor in to tea.

"Well, the long and short of it was John spent four days in bed, and I bundled off the children and covered myself with glory trying to keep my lord in spirits, and at the same time in his room. We never once let on it was measles; that would have hurt his dignity, so the doctor and I talked on a basis of incipient typhoid, brought on by Cuba and overwork, and alarmed him into obedience, while I kept up his courage by wondering at his superb constitution. Poor Jack, he was scared into fits at the sight of his temperature, for, manlike, once persuaded he is ill, he glooms over the future, and I could easily have given him a serious setback by watching him with pained, anxious eyes, by tiptoeing around the room, tickling his poor pulse, pleading with him to eat, hushing all normal, familiar sounds, and begging him every ten minutes to tell me how he felt.

"Treatment of that sort drives a man either in a rage, out of his bed, or puts him into alternate nervous chills and fevers of sheer fright. The proper nursing for one's husband is to make his sick room look cheerful and agreeable, walk around as if there was nothing to be afraid of and speak in a pleasant, buoyant tone of voice. Gloat over his splendid resistive powers when he gets down in the mouth, for no man likes his constitution to be impugned any more than his honesty or his courage, and by proving to him that, though it suffers terrible strains, it comes out always ahead, you can flatter and stimulate him to his great benefit. When the time comes for the nasty dose allow him to dedicate it with all the naughty words in his vocabulary. It helps him, he thinks, and then, when it goes down with a whoop and a gurgle and more language and facial contortions, assure him you don't see how he does it, that being a woman you would faint over the ordeal, and then he lies back, feeling himself strong, even in his weakness.



"I'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH IT WITH MY JOHN."

"As to feeding a sick husband, I don't think there is a bigger mistake than to pester him with requests as to what he would like, to wait at his loss of appetite and to get up untempting invalid dishes. Men are sociable creatures, and if John is taking any solid food at all I dine and lunch and tea and breakfast with him. If I eat with him he doesn't feel as if he were being dieted, and, to tell you the truth, barring a few really injurious things that the doctor may put on the menu expurgatorious, I always feed my sick man on the best and most various the market can afford. We've had some really jolly meals on the counterpane.

"The last and most precious sacrifice a wife can make to her ill or convalescing lord is to yield her point in argument. Now, I don't mean a high and noble fortitude when he grows absurdly angry over some foolish trifle, or a pained Christian silence when he contradicts or stiffens himself to refuse his medicine. That attitude irritates, but I mean when he takes some strange but harmless notion in his head, contrive if possible to let him have his way, and when anything must be talked over yield to him the rich and rare delight of accepting his view. Yield slowly, for he will want to thoroughly enjoy the sweets of victory, but yield nevertheless, and in after days you can resume your old, original, obstinate position, and he won't contest it with you."

"It's a pity," remarked Miss Emily Lonely, as the lunch gong roared through the hall, "that you couldn't give some of that really sensible advice of yours to our little friend out there moping so tearfully under the lawn tent."

"Oh, she will find it out by and by," assured Mrs. J. M. Bliss, rising with hungry alacrity. "There is no school for sharpening woman's wits like joining the big class in matrimony."—Globe-Democrat.

No American Merchants There. In the whole of Venezuela there is not an American dry goods store, this branch of business being controlled almost exclusively by German, French or native Venezuelans.

'T WASN'T MARK TWAIN.

How an Audience Took an Unknown Temperance Lecturer for the Famous Humorist.

Mark Twain is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which denotes that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact, writes Will M. Clemens, in Ainslee's, that an audience will be in a laughing mood when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, Hon. Demsham Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: "Intemperance is the curse of the country." The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received "yes" for an answer. Then he said: "Rum slays more than disease!" Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: "It breaks up happy homes!" Still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on. "We must crush the serpent!" A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. "What I say is Gospel truth!" he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?" "Yes, ha, ha! It is intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! Go on!" replied the roving man. "This is an insult!" cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of: "Go on, Twain!" Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing, and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too, and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom.

HOW ZULU WOMEN SEW.

It is a Great Distance from Those Primitive Maids to the Sewing Circle.

The skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needlewoman. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other, says Stray Stories.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work or do anything else who can possibly help it), and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly compared with an English needlewoman, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is dampened with water before she commences, and as the damp thread and hide dry out it brings the work very closely together. This is carefully attended to, and the work is not allowed to get dry until finished, when the seamstress lays it flat upon the ground, pulling it this way and that, and mixing and arranging the hair for several hours, until, the skin being generally dry, it is impossible to find the joint or hem with the naked eye.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Attention Needed by the Big Beasts in New York's Central Park.

The elephant, as is familiarly known, is a vegetarian; it eats hay, and grass and grain, and that sort of thing, and the amount of fodder it consumes is in proportion to its bulk. And not only is it thus a large eater, in accordance with its size, but its appetite is continuous; it would eat all day if it were permitted. A good, big elephant might get along on 150 pounds of suitable food in a day, or it would eat 500 if that amount were provided for it. A knowledge of the elephant's peculiarity in this respect enables those who have occasion to take it to board, as circus and menagerie people, to keep it at less expense than could those not acquainted with it who should try to give the poor beast all it wanted to eat, says the New York Sun.

When grass is conveniently obtainable the cost of an elephant's keep may be materially reduced; as it is, for example, in the case of the two big elephants in the Central park zoo. These eat in summer part hay and part grass, the grass being of that cut in keeping the park in order. The elephants have a habit of throwing hay over their bodies to protect themselves from annoyance by flies and mosquitoes or other insects. "A good many people think," says Elephant Keeper Snyder, "that his thick skin must save him from being bothered by such things, but as a matter of fact the elephant is as sensitive to such attacks as many much thinner skinned animals."

Leaning over the railing in the elephant house in Central park the other day, talking elephant with Keeper Snyder, was a tall, stalwart sailor man of Uncle Sam's navy; the ribbon around the broad-topped hat that he wore tilted rakishly, being stamped in gold letters, with the name of the big battleship Kearsarge. The big sailor man was interested in elephants; he had been where they grow and had seen hundreds of them in swimming together in a river. For the sailor man's benefit Keeper Snyder stepped back between two of the cars in the front of the inclosure in which Tom, the larger of the park's two elephants, is kept, and made him kneel, which he will do at the word; and when he was thus down, and his back was within reach he took a broom and swept off from the elephant's broad back the thick of the hay there was upon it.

This sweeping off the elephant's back appeared to please at least one of the visitors in the elephant house very much; this visitor saying he had seen folks sweep houses and steamboats and stores and sidewalks and a great many other things and places, but that that was the first time he had ever seen anybody sweep an elephant.

And yet, as every showman knows, sweeping the elephant is, in the case of elephants held in captivity for show purposes, not only a common thing to do, but it is a regular part of the daily duties of the keepers who have the care of them. If a show had a herd of elephants or one or two elephants, and it gave a street parade before the opening of the show, the last thing done about the elephants before they came out into public view would be to sweep them off. And the same thing would be done before each performance; before they went on into the ring they would all kneel and be swept. Whoever has attended the circus must have seen elephants pick up a lot of dirt from the ground and fling it up on their back, a common thing for them to do; but they don't come on that way; they come on spick and span, in accordance with an established custom of the business.

They do just so with the elephants at the zoo in Central park. The menagerie is opened to the public in the morning at a fixed hour, before which time all preparations have been made, and, everywhere, everything is in order. The last thing done in the course of these preparations in the elephant house is to have Tom and Jewel, the two big elephants there, kneel and have their backs swept.

Why the Oyster Crop Fails. It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous—the "saddle rocks," for instance—have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years, and in many cases become absolutely worthless, in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble, and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish. For this trouble the depletion of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or it will perish, is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and, at the same time, the inflowing tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

One Definition. "What is an agnostic, grandpa?" "Why, it is a man who doesn't believe in doctors until he is sick."—Moonshine.

HOGS DIG BRITISH GOLD.

Treasure Buried in Revolutionary War Found in South Carolina.

Jeff Richards, a negro tenant on the plantation of R. L. Wallace, near King's mountain, in York county, S. C., has discovered, or rather his hogs discovered, a quantity of gold believed to have been buried by the British officers before going into battle at King's mountain. How much was contained in the iron box cannot be ascertained, as Mr. Wallace is keeping Jeff from talking, but it is known to be a rich find. The dates on the coins show that all of it is over 125 years old, and this is the reason for supposing that it was buried during the revolution. The money is in one and five-guinea pieces. After confining some "woods" hogs in a pen built on the bank of King's creek Jeff Richards went to feed them. The pigs had gone to rooting deep and Jeff's eyes fell on yellow spots in the upturned mud. He took the gold to Mr. Wallace to ascertain the value. Then a further search was made and the rusty iron box, from which some of the gold had dropped, was unearthed. It was heavy with the weight of gold.

WILL WINTER IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Potter Palmer Planning to Give Notable Series of Social Entertainments.

Letters received in New York city from Mrs. Potter Palmer, whose social success in Paris has been gratifying to friends, announced that she will make her home in New York city next winter and will give a series of social entertainments which promise to be the most notable she has ever attempted. Mrs. Palmer writes she has leased Beaulieu, W. W. Astor's villa at Newport, where she passed the summer two years ago. She is already planning for a series of big summer entertainments.

Mrs. Palmer is negotiating for a winter house in Fifth avenue. She wants one already furnished, as she does not care to bring any furniture from Chicago. While Charles T. Yerkes was in Paris she tried to obtain his house, but Mr. Yerkes was not ready to give her an answer until he returned to New York. Mrs. Palmer also tried to rent the house which Howard, Gould has taken for the season.

HOWE SHUT OUT.

Mistake in the Count Leads to Report That Inventor Had Secured Place in Hall of Fame.

According to Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken, of the New York university, an error was made by the counting committee in the canvass of votes sent in by the 100 Hall of Fame electors by which 53 votes were credited to Elias Howe instead of 47. The mistake arose through counting 11 check justices as supporting him, when the correct number was 11. Failing therefore, to receive 51 votes, the name of Elias Howe is not included among those to be inscribed this year. This reduces the roll of names to 29, and leaves 21 vacant panels to be filled two years hence. The official count will be published in a few weeks in the Look of the Hall of Fame.

Up to Stay.

The price of coal took the elevator when it went up, but, says the Chicago Record, it will leisurely walk down the stairs coming back.

In-Famous.

The Chicago Tribune has discovered that Uncle Sam himself, being much alive, can have no place in his own Hall of Fame.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods in Cincinnati and Chicago. Includes items like CATTLE, CALVES, HOGS, SHEEP, LAMBS, FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, BUTTER, APPLES, POTATOES, and TOBACCO.

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