

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

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SONG OF THE SURGING SEA.

There is deep soul-satisfaction in the singing of the sea— Huge tinted billows as they run and gambol wild and free; The flashing lights which glance like silver arrows tipped with gold. The panoramas full of power before the eye unrolled; The frescoed sky's grand canopy so nobly arched above; With hues from bright flamingo red to pearl tints of the dove. The perfect picture proof and pledge of God's unmeasured love. Bright rainbow colors flashing out through showers of jeweled spray. Translucent sea tints soft embossed on shadows of cool gray. Reflected skies which lend the lake heaven's glories mirrored deep. To lave in emerald depths where water eaves their vigils keep; And sometimes surface lines which seem a nautilus's streaming hair. Sometimes the wavelets lapping love when skies and seas are fair. With changing marvels rich and strange revealing beauties rare. Then when the storm rings out full-luned its diapasons strong. Where shout the maddened waves which dance in circling throb and throng. The keen winds whistling choruses which keep majestic time. While forest echoes make response and swaying branches chime. There music makes its home amid the voices of the waves. Which sometimes grieve in monotone above drowned sailors' graves. Or dance with demon laugh and shriek when'er the tempest raves. The sea, the sea, how wide it is, how mighty and sublime. As though within its bosom beat the restless pulse of time. As though eternity were made a watery expanse. O'er which roamed free the restless tides of fate and circumstance; A theater for drama grand, where strong life never sleeps. Where God above a universe His ceaseless vigil keeps. And measureless infinity dwells in the mighty deeps. Here is a thing no common thought may ever arch or span. Yet one presenting wondrous thoughts and secrets unto man. Rebuking puny doubts which crawl like insects on the sod. To challenge with small buzz and sting the majesty of God; Poor, poor indeed, is he who stands blind, deaf and untaught. Before these lessons rimmed with truths by Nature's voices pealed. Oblivious of great mysteries unveiled and thus revealed. I. EDGAR JONES.

John Morris' Headstone

By Mrs. Charles C. Marble.

It was a disagreeable duty, but Nathaniel Craft felt he owed something of outward respect to a life-long friend, such as John Morris had been, so he donned his best black coat and went to the funeral. If numbers and the undisguised grief of men and women stood for anything, then must John Morris have been beloved. As the first spadeful of earth rattled upon the coffin, and the solemn words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" were impressively spoken, every heart there thrilled, every heart overflowed—except one. In Nathaniel Craft's eyes no suspicion of moisture could be discerned; no one would have been more surprised than himself if there had been. I doubt if he could recall to mind the time when a throb of either tenderness or sorrow had brought a tear to his little, bead-like eyes. Surely he had shed none when those same words were spoken above his wife's grave. Why should he?—Had he not felt a sense of relief that her burial was the last expense to which she could put him? Her little patrimony had attracted him, not herself. He did love that nucleus upon which he had built a respectable fortune. Thoughts of stocks, bonds and investments only ever made his heart glow. To lose them would wrench it; that would be grief indeed. Possibly in that case tears of anger and disappointment might fill his eyes, but not one tear of sorrow at the loss of any human being, not one. His wife had been extravagant—poor soul!—and her son and daughter, he was pleased to say, followed in her footsteps! People who knew Nathaniel Craft smiled inwardly when he made that assertion, inwardly, of course, for was not Nathaniel Craft rich, and are not the indifferently well-born, as well as the indifferently well-to-do, always toadies? "Craft by name, and mean by nature," that was what all men said of him, all men, as well as the two who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Only yesterday had he overheard his daughter May, in a tempest of grief at her refusal of a "trifle," she called it—as though money in any shape could be a trifle, much less the whole of a five-dollar bill—had heard her call him an "old curmudgeon, too mean to die," to which his precious son had answered, "that people who are not wanted here were generally not wanted in the world to come." So they wanted him dead! He had no fatherly feelings to shock—as he thought—but somehow the red blood mounted to his shriveled old face, and he had gone about his business that day with a half-heartedness which surprised and vexed him. When alone in his office at dusk, his mood changed, however, and in the place of that soreness about the heart came a glow of anger which he intensified by mentally enumerating the considerable sum which those ungrateful children had cost him. "I shall disappoint them," he muttered as he unlocked the ponderous safe in his office, "I shall disappoint them."

With bent brows and a bitter smile upon his lips, he broke the seal of a certain document and proceeded to read it. "Not now," he said, reflectively, "the gray twilight deepened into night, 'but to-morrow; I'll alter it to-morrow,' replacing the document and locking the safe as he spoke. The next day, as we have seen, he stood beside the grave of his friend John Morris. Something akin to a sneer curled his lip at the signs of grief about him. "Most of these people," he thought, "doubtless look for a bequest under the will. They weep out of respect for the dollars,"—he broke off here to calculate the probable worth of the dead man's estate. Not a large one certainly; how could it be? For had not John Morris more than once mildly told him that his greatest ambition had been to lay up treasures in Heaven? That to him the accumulation of a million or more dollars meant the loss of competence or hope, nay, possibly, the lives of hundreds of human beings; that a bottle of champagne represented a tear wrung from as many wretched, starving creatures as it cost dollars; that from the canvas, made worth the ransom of a king by the painter's art, peeped forth wan-faced little ones, wolf-like, famished faces of men and women; that from rare, useless bits of the potter's skill, dripped drops of blood wrung from toil-worn hands; from the anguished brows of the widowed, the fatherless and orphaned? "Widows and orphans, forsooth," thought Nathaniel Craft, as he recalled these, to him, Quixotic notions, "why should not women and children labor for their daily bread? I labor! It's more to their credit, I'm sure, than waiting for dead men's shoes. Um! Dead men's shoes!" His mind would revert to his own children and the words he had overheard—"He's too mean to die!" and then he fell to wondering if the dead were conscious of the rattling of the clouds upon their coffins; of the friendly tear, the sob of grief, the sighs of farewell from their loved ones. "I'll not attend another funeral," he resolved on his way to the office. "Die! Why I have no intention of dying, no symptoms of dying, nor have I time for such thoughts. They distract me, indeed, when my mind should be upon business. Let me see! Homebreak Central closed at 87½. No doubt it has advanced while I have been wasting the morning. 'Twill more than likely break before night. Good time to sell—" and in this way Mr. Craft became himself again. The next and several succeeding days saw a flurry in the "market," and he forgot, in watching the "ticker," everything else but the rise and fall of stocks. That document in his safe, the unfiled speeches of his children, everything in the mad rush and whirl of Wall street. The flurry was now over, Mr. Nathaniel Craft beamed—as near as a heartless man can beam—with undisguised satisfaction. Thousands upon thousands he had rolled up during the storm—the storm which had wrecked so many of his colleagues—and hence was he correspondingly happy. "I can afford to indulge in a little extravagance to-day," he mused, "and—and at the same time show my appreciation of the mercies extended toward me." Nathaniel Craft sometimes felt that way when he had escaped the perils of the "street," safely landing as hostages many a valuable wreck. "I—let me see! I think I shall buy some simple flowers for John Morris' grave. I'll have my card attached, of course, so it will not be money thrown away. I was never one to hide my light under a bushel," he chuckled, "as John was in the habit of doing. They say he left most of his money to the poor, and none to relatives who did not need it. H'm, well, my money, I'm determined, shall serve to perpetuate the name of Nathaniel Craft, Esq. A church, or institution of some sort, far excelling any structure of the kind in this city. Why, bless me! a frown obscuring the beaming smile upon his face, "I had forgotten that little matter," and the next moment he had opened the safe and withdrawn that document again. A chilling air from the interior greeted him as he did so. He shivered a little, and fancied he detected an earthy smell, such as a newly-made grave gives forth. In imagination he heard elods falling upon boards which resounded hollowly, saw his own face with an exultant smile, mockingly gazing upward upon the dry eyes of his own children, upon the indifferent faces of the merely curious. The thought was not a pleasant one for even such a man as Nathaniel Craft. "He's too mean to die." The remembrance of those words drove any softening feelings from his heart, and a few moments later certain parts of that document lay in the waste basket torn into shreds. The remaining portion he restored to the safe, with a grim smile upon his lips, and the next morning he was on his way to the florist. His face wore its usual cold expression, as, while later, he entered the cemetery of Greenwood. The solemn tolling of the bell at the entrance disturbed him. "A piece of extravagance," he muttered, "for the living must pay the toll." From toller to "ticker" went his thoughts, from ticker to stocks, from stocks to prospective millions, and then—but here was the newly-made grave of his friend, John Morris. "Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, "a headstone already! Well, I must say I commend its simplicity. Suitable, indeed, for a man who left his all to the poor." ("I'm afraid Nathaniel Craft sneered a little just here.") "H'm, let me see," reading easily the bold type of name and dates, "I must get out my glasses for what follows. A silly verse by some driveling idiot, I presume—"

ah! 'To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.'" Twice, thrice, he repeated the words, slowly, thoughtfully. The bell had ceased tolling, and presently he became aware of a voice near by solemnly repeating the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he die, yet shall he live." A singular trembling of the limbs seized Nathaniel Craft, so that he was fain to seat himself. Heavy dew rested upon his brow. An unseen hand was toying with his heart-strings. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die—here! To believe in Him is not to die—there!" And believing, he knew, meant something more than faith. "He that soweth little shall reap little. . . . While we have time let us do good to all men! . . . Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." Sabbath after Sabbath had he listened to these words seated in his luxurious pew, but they had possessed no significance for him. Even these stocks and bonds occupied his thoughts most of the time. Mr. Gold, across the aisle, he felt, was instituting a corner in coffee for the coming week. Mr. Rash, who had lost heavily by the collapse of the Comptoir d'Escompte the last—such were his general thoughts. Dr. Divine's discourses were remarkable efforts, no doubt, but was he not merely earning his salary, and a pretty comfortable salary at that? And so Nathaniel Craft found it to his interest to appear regularly every Sunday in his pew—with certain exceptions. Collections for the poor and the missions, both home and foreign—how he hated them! And Christmas, too—fugh! "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." For him those sculptured words lived to-day. Like a revelation the barrenness of his life, past, present and future, arose before him. "While we have time let us do good to all men." There was yet time for him. A week ago he had sneered at the thought of human affection. Even these withered roses which strewed the graves he had deemed but vanity's offering. To-day, with a flush of shame, he stooped and removed the card from his own. Self was sinking from sight. It was now a tribute, indeed, to the dead, to the man who had lived worthily of that inscription—not to the living. John Morris could feel no pride in either case. Before leaving that grave, Nathaniel Craft gathered a few of the withered leaves upon it. "The ashes of these, John," he said, aloud, "shall make my heart blossom anew. The fruits ye will know when next we meet; farewell!" But the barriers of such a nature were not to be broken down at once. It was months, indeed, ere he lived with any higher object than by freely giving of his hoarded treasure to deserve that inscription upon his friend's tombstone. The overflow came, however, in time, and one day Mr. Craft called his children—who had long marveled and rejoiced at the change in their father—into the room which had once been their mother's own. To each he handed a slip of paper. "That you may not wish me dead," he said, huskily, "I shall hereafter strive to make you happy. In return I ask only for your love and respect." And then he told them of those words regarding him which he had overheard, words which he confessed had stung and angered him; of the codicil to his will he had in consequence destroyed; a codicil, which in a moment of tenderness one day he had been induced to make in their favor, revoking in a measure the original instrument. "I thought I should exult in my grave over your disappointment," said he, and then followed the history of that memorable day in Greenwood. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," he repeated, "and my desire henceforth is not only to live in the hearts of my children, but in the hearts of the suffering and unfortunate of mankind."—Union Signal.

FAMILY HONESTY.
False Conceptions Which Frequently Lead the Young Into Error.
There is no greater mistake than that which parents are constantly making when they allow their children's notions of what they should do to be formed on the basis of what some other family can afford, says the Home Magazine.
We want our young folks to be gratified. We are half ashamed to have been so unsuccessful in life, as to be unable to gratify them. Our pride comes in, and we often fancy we are keeping our children from cares with which they ought not to be burdened, when we are simply unwilling they should know our own great struggles and our small success.
Many a girl goes through her expensive and often useless education, and, afterward, through years in society, spending more money, wearing better clothes than she ought, simply because she never knew the truth concerning her father's affairs. Mother manages so to supply her wants; mother goes over the accounts with a harassed and overburdened man, and the bills are paid, and more bills contracted, and the young girl enjoys her luxuries in happy unconsciousness of cost. Under the same severe strain upon his father many a dashing youth pursues his easy way through college, hardly guessing that the burdens which his young, strong shoulders are spared, are pressing heavily upon his father's life.
Under this false conception of the family resources, college boys and society girls alike come to feel indulgence to be a right. When the truth finally makes its way to their knowledge, it meets with as much indignation as surprise. They feel defrauded of a birthright, when in fact there was never any birthright or any other right to luxurious living. There was only the overweening pride and weak indulgence of parents who could not deny them, and could not bear to have them know they ought to be denied.
At the very outset this false sense of family life should be resisted or overthrown—if already it has taken hold of the home it should be overthrown. Every child of suitable age should be made to understand just what amount of money can rightfully be spent. The young folks, eager to begin their work in the world, and to fill their own place, will begin all the better for a closer relation to the life of the home, and a closer knowledge of its small worries and its trifling joys.
Before they become engrossed, either as men or women in the world outside, is the time to make them thoroughly familiar with the world within. Let the college youth find his way into the hiding place of his father's anxieties and hopes and cares. He has been the petted child; make him the trusted friend. Let him feel that some of the planning for the welfare of those younger than himself, some of the thought as to the comfort and protection of mother and sisters, is transferred to his heart, and that henceforth the father shares his business life with him. Let his mother get acquainted with him and make him her assistant and friend.
And what the son becomes to both parents, should the daughter be as well. Both should know the family life in detail; its resources and its needs, and together in nine cases out of ten, if really trusted, they would unite to uphold the parents' hearts and hands. There is nothing more destructive to youthful character and to home happiness than this separation of interests that begins with the school life. There are difficulties in overcoming the evil results of this drifting apart, but if the matter is rightly managed by parents the young folks will take the larger share of the effort, and count it only a part of the fun. Young folks are born reformers. If you doubt it give them a fair chance at the reconstruction of their own home.

"Now Don't Get the Blues."



When a cheerful, brave and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous. Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing. Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine." But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established. Her doctor has made a mistake. She loses faith; hope vanishes; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness. Mrs. Pinkham has relieved thousands of women from just this kind of trouble, and now retains their grateful letters in her library as proof of the great assistance she has rendered them. This same assistance awaits every sick woman in the land.

Mrs. Winifred Allender's Letter.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have received from your wonderful remedies. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I was a misery to myself and every one around me. I suffered terrible pain in my back, head, and right side, was very nervous, would cry for hours. Menses would appear sometimes in two weeks, then again not for three or four months. I was so tired and weak, could not sleep nights, sharp pains would dart through my heart that would almost cause me to fall. "My mother coaxed me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had no faith in it, but to please her I did so. The first bottle helped me so much that I continued its use. I am now well and weigh more than I ever did in my life."—MRS. WINIFRED ALLENDER, Farmington, Ill.

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