

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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

OUTLOOK.

When they were young, And first the stars together sung, They looked into each other's eyes With sweet surprise, For they were very happy in the skies. Now they are old, They sing no more, and some are cold, And all are sorrowed where they go, Since all do know That youth is pleasure and that age is woe. Still, roaming space, They fully hope they yet may trace A greater orbit, larger day, Wherein the ray Of some new sun shall dominate their way; And that its power Shall bid them bud again and flower, If not through that delightful heat Which once did beat Upon them, young, with yet a force more sweet; Whose strength, sublime, Is as eternity to time; And feeling which, renewed, reborn, No more forlorn, With music they may charm the perfect morn. And so may we, Crowned placid in the storms that be, Still hove and strive for grander things— For stronger wings With which to gain the more celestial springs. —Chicago Daily Record.

A Night of Mistakes

YOUNG Mr. Winkle and his wife had just arrived in San Francisco from the country. After some days' search for a suitable house Mr. Winkle selected a large, old, two-story building standing in neglected grounds. It was No. 601 Blank street. He contemplated opening a boarding house. Young Mrs. Winkle thought that a neat sign inscribed "Table Board, Home Cooking," would prove an irresistible attraction to the homeless public. So they moved in forthwith. That evening they felt very lonely in the great, hollow rooms, which were strewn with their household goods like the debris left by a freshet. It was ten o'clock before they were able to fire up in the stove and brew themselves a cup of tea. "Ophelia, dear," said Mr. Winkle, as he seated himself on a trunk with a cup of the mild beverage in his hand, "we don't know a soul in the city, and, of course, we shall lead a very quiet and uneventful life at first. But we must be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances." At that moment there was a ring at the door bell, and Mr. Winkle took the lamp and went to the door. In a few moments he uttered such an exclamation of astonishment and dismay that his wife flew to his side in deep alarm. Lying on the veranda close to the door, wrapped in an old blanket, was a little baby, fast asleep. "Goodness sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Winkle, carefully picking up the little stranger. "Where did it come from, Erastus?" "Somebody has abandoned it," said Mr. Winkle. "I've heard of such things before. Well, I suppose we'll have to take it in for the present." "Of course we will," chirped Mrs. Winkle. "The sweet little wootsy-wootsy. It's fast asleep." She cuddled it in her arms and carried it in, and Mr. Winkle followed, feeling rather pleased than otherwise. Mrs. Winkle carefully laid it on a pile of loose bedding and ran to look at it every two minutes. Mr. Winkle cheerfully continued his task of arranging the furniture. There was another emphatic ring at the bell, and Mr. Winkle uneasily hurried to the door. A very tall man in livery stood there with a huge basket on his arm. "Mrs. Travers sends this basket to you with her best wishes. She's just got back from the east, and she wants you to know that she hasn't forgot you," recited the man, lowering his burden and setting it inside the door. "There must be some mistake, sir," replied Mr. Winkle. "I'm not acquainted with Mrs. Travers." "Perhaps you ain't, but there's no mistake," said the man. "This is No. 601, and I s'pose Mrs. Travers knows what she's about. I'm her footman, my name is Shafto and I obey orders, that's all. Good evening, sir." The giant footman departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Winkle peeped under the white cloth that covered the basket. It seemed to be full of cakes, jellies, sweetmeats and delicacies of every sort. "There must be some mistake about it," gasped Mr. Winkle. "Why didn't I ask him where Mrs. Travers lives? However, we will not touch it, of course. The matter will be explained to-morrow, no doubt." Shafto, the footman, went ponderously down the street. Under a corner lamp he came upon 15 men, evidently a brass band, as they all carried instruments. The leader was anxiously searching in his pockets. "What the devil was that number?" he growled. "It's lucky the young fellow wrote it down for me. I've got it here somewhere. O, here it is," and he produced a crumpled bit of paper. "601. That's the number plain enough, but that chap is an awful poor writer. Let's see, we're all here except bass drum and cymbals. Potts is working over in Oakland, but I sent him the number, so I guess he'll find us all right. Come on, boys. The young fellow said he'd be waiting for us at the place." "Are you going to 601 on this street?" asked Shafto, who had never got over his boyish admiration for a brass band. "I've just come from there, I'll

go with you and show you the place and hold your torch for you." When they arrived at No. 601 they looked in vain for the young fellow who had promised to be awaiting them. It was dim moonlight and the street was quiet. They stole noiselessly into the grounds and peered about, but there was no one in sight. "I guess he's got tired waiting and gone in the house," whispered the leader. "It's pretty late and we might as well strike up. We won't wait for Potts." So the torch was lighted and given to the willing Shafto, the band men grouped themselves, and soon their cheeks were bulging as they blew "La Fiesta" march from their blaring horns. As the last strains died away a loud husky voice burst upon them: "Darn my skin if that ain't real good, boys! That's the genuine article, sure's you're born." Looking around, the musician saw a short, stubby man leaning over the gate. He wore a fur cap and a blanket coat. "That's the fust music I've heard fur years, boys," he said. "I'm Bill Spelt. I've jest got back from Alaska. I made my pile and dug out fur 'Erisco. This music makes me feel real good. Give us another tune, boys." The leader looked at the house. A light was bobbing about like a will-o'-the-wisp from window to window, but no one came out. Presently the martial strains of a popular march jarred the window panes. "Bully, boys!" ejaculated Bill Spelt, as the brazen notes ceased. "That's the meat and drink and 40-rod whisky all in one. Boys, I see a saloon down the street, and—" But at that moment the front door opened and Mr. Winkle came out with a lamp in his hand. Mrs. Winkle's dim form appeared behind him. He peered to the right and left like a hen in the dark. "Gentlemen," he began, tremulously. "I do not know to what we are indebted for this great honor. You have made a mistake, haven't you?" "No mistake at all, sir," replied the leader, with a snicker. "That is 601, ain't it?" "It's all right," replied Mr. Winkle, with despairing politeness. "We're hardly situated so as to entertain you as we would wish, but you're welcome. I assure you—very welcome." Just then a small, shrill wail floated upon the still air. "O, my goodness! They've waked the baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Winkle, and she vanished like smoke. "Thunder!" cried the leader, aghast. "Never mind, gentlemen," said Mr. Winkle, with untiring courtesy. "It's not our baby, you know. Some one abandoned it on our doorstep this very evening. A very singular thing." "Trot him out!" burst out Bill Spelt, stepping forward. "I hain't hardly seen a kid fur years, pardner. I've been up on the Yukon diggin' gold, and I jest got back. It was tough, pardner. But I was a scoopin' in the nuggets jest the same. Can't I see the kid, pardner?" "Certainly, friend," replied Mr. Winkle. "Come in. All come in, gentlemen." "Well, we've waked up the baby, and I guess we can't do much more damage," said the leader. So they all went in and stood around amongst the wreckage in the big parlor, and Mrs. Winkle brought in the baby, who blinked at the light and stretched out its little arms toward the shining brass horns. "Darn my skin!" roared Bill Spelt, in high delight, as the baby's tiny hand clutched his big rough fingers. "See the little toad! There's the makin' of a miner, boys. He kin almost handle a pick a'ready. I've got something here fur the kid." He thrust a hand deep in his pocket and pulled out a heavy buckskin bag, from which he poured a handful of gold nuggets. Selecting half a dozen of the largest he gave them to Mr. Winkle. "Keep 'em fur the little feller," he said. "It's a little present fur him. And now I guess we'd better go. Me and my friends here has got a little business to attend to down the street." "We are greatly obliged for this pleasant call," said Mr. Winkle, somewhat hazily. "I see 'twas a surprise to you, sir," said the leader. "But a joke is a joke. I thought the young fellow was here, but I s'pose he'll be around to-morrow and explain it all and have the laugh on you." "Who?" asked Mr. Winkle, hopelessly puzzled. "Why, the young fellow that hired us." Mr. Winkle said no more. It was too much for his troubled brain. Bill Spelt, Shafto and the band filed out. In the yard, they halted and played "Peek-a-Boo." Then they all went down the street to the saloon where Bill Spelt threw a twenty at the bartender "for a starter," as he said. Meanwhile several blocks down the street a well-dressed young man was impatiently waiting at the gate of a residence set in beautiful grounds. Beside him stood a man with a bass drum and cymbals. "What has got the rest of the band?" exclaimed the young man in a suppressed and angry voice. "I don't know, sir," replied Potts. "I was working in Oakland, and our leader wrote to me to come, and set me the number where to meet 'em. He's a terrible careless feller, but I don't see how there could be any mistake." An hour passed. No band appeared, and the young man was fairly dancing with impatience and rage. "I'll thrash that idiot of a leader," he burst out. "To play me a trick like this, when he knows it's a serenade, too!" Just then another young man came up the street, quietly slipped in the gate and stole around the walks under one of the side windows. He carried a

guitar in his hand. The first young man almost foamed with indignation. "That's Jim Barker," he growled. "He's going to serenade her. Think he can slag, the conceited puppy! Come on, I'll fix him!" The obedient Potts followed the angry young man through the grounds until they were only a few paces from Jim Barker, who was tinkling in a preparatory way upon his guitar before singing. He seemed somewhat disturbed by the proximity of such an unwelcome company, but presently he lifted up his voice in a sweet and tender love song. "Now, play! Play! Work those cymbals for all they're worth," whispered the first young man, furiously. Potts had his pay to earn. Instantly the big drum boomed, and the cymbals crashed with a fearful and deafening sound. There was a half minute of this uproar, and then a startling silence. Barker turned upon Potts and his employer with pardonable anger. "You interrupt me again in that way, Joe Woods, and I'll put your head through that drum," he said, with suppressed fury. "Ho, ho! What would I be doing all that time?" sneered Woods. Barker turned away and again tinkled his guitar. Again he essayed his love song. But he had hardly uttered three words when, "Boom! boom! clang! crash!" went the drum and cymbals. Barker quietly laid his guitar on the grass and pounced on Woods like a catamount. There was a lively and vigorous fight. Occasionally one or the other went down, which event Potts duly signalized with a triumphant thump of his instruments. Suddenly a shrill, quavering voice broke upon this sanguinary scene. It was the old housekeeper. "For the land's sake, boys, what are you up to? Miss Beatrice and all the family have gone away to Sacramento for a week, and it's a good thing she isn't here to see your disgraceful carryings-on. Go away home, now, and behave yourselves. Ain't you ashamed?" When Woods and Barker reached the street they paused. "Say, Jim," said Woods, frankly. "I didn't do just right, but I was pretty mad. I hired a band to serenade Miss Beatrice and they all went back on me except this faithful drummer. But we're both badly sold, it seems. Let's shake." They shook hands and parted. Woods and Potts walked up the street together. As they were passing a saloon a troop of men with brass horns came pouring out, jovially and hilariously. "Darn my skin!" said a stout, husky man. "This is real good. I'm glad to have met ye, boys." Woods and the leader met face to face. "Confound you!" thundered Woods, "what do you mean by going back on me in this way?" "I didn't go back on you," returned the leader. "We went to the place and you wasn't there." "You never went near the place." "Well, here's the number you gave me in your own handwriting: 'Blank st., 601,'" said the leader, producing the crumpled bit of paper. Woods took the paper, glanced at it and burst into a sarcastic laugh. "Why, you moon-eyed galoot," he said, "you had it upside down. It's '109 Blank st. Look at it!" "Thunder!" cried the astounded leader. "I just glanced at the number by a street lamp. And that writing of yours looks about the same either way." Further recriminations were interrupted by a wild-eyed man who came rushing down the street. In his arms he held a bundle from which there came a lusty wail. It was the unfortunate Winkle. "Hello, partner!" shouted Bill Spelt. "Has the kid got the colic?" "Merciful heavens!" ejaculated poor Winkle. "This is another one! You were not gone half an hour when the doorbell rang and we found this Where's the police station—the jail—the engine house—anything!" A big policeman came hurrying along. He had espied the fleeing Winkle in the distance and had given chase. The appalling facts were related to him. "Where do you live? What's your number?" he asked. "601," replied the shivering Winkle. "Why, that's the old Foundling asylum," said the policeman. "They've just moved into their new quarters, and I s'pose the parties that left the kids didn't know about the change." Loud and long was the laughter of the crowd, for they were mellow and ready for mirth. "Why, I guess that's what my basket was intended for," said Shafto. "Darn my skin!" roared Bill Spelt, as he again drew out his sack of nuggets. "This little chap shall have the next largest." The next day the babies, the nuggets and the big basket of delicacies were transferred to the new Foundling asylum, and Mr. and Mrs. Winkle moved.—Boston Globe.

FUNNY FOLKS

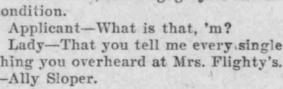
Fems aine Diplomacy. "How do you get on with your new neighbors?" "Very nicely," answered Mrs. Blykins. "We pursued our usual programme, and as soon as they moved in sent over and asked to borrow their washtubs, flatirons, gas stove and baby grand piano." "But you have all such things yourself." "Of course. What I wanted to do was to head them off."—Washington Star.

To Get It Off His Hands. "Here's five cents," said the sharp-featured woman. "You'll go and spend it for whisky. You know you will." "Madam," responded Tuffold Knutt, lifting his weather-beaten remains of a hat with impressive dignity, "I ask you not to believe nothin' of the kind. I'm goin' to spend it fur havin' me hands manicured."—Chicago Tribune.
Perfectly True. "You disapprove of some of the conventional fictions?" "I do," answered Miss Cayenne. "And yet I have heard you exclaim to a number of people: 'I am delighted to see you!'" "The remark was perfectly true in each case. I shouldn't care to be blind, you know."—Washington Star.
His Punishment. "Is it true," asked the college president, "that you painted the door of the department of chemistry black?" "I admit it," replied the sophomore, frankly. "Then go. Never darken these doors again!"—Philadelphia North American.
Found Out. "I always believe," said the grocer, "in weighing my words well." "Yes," said the man who was getting the sugar, "and I always notice that you do considerable talking around the scales when you're putting things up for me."—Chicago Times-Herald.
An Endless Chain. "E'en now of four years hence we talk And soon in phrases past The prophets will exert themselves Upon four years from that."—Washington Star.
POOR CONSOLATION. Mr. Poorshot—I didn't hit him, but I bet he is scared like the deuce!—Fliegende Blaetter.
Wants Too Much. Prosperity crawls inch by inch; But man is such a dunce He wastes his breath in grumbling. For he wants it all at once. —Chicago Record.
Shows Originality. "Well, Smith's wife is a sensible woman, after all. She doesn't ask you that time-worn interrogation: 'Is my hat on straight?'" "What does she ask you?" "Is my hat on crooked?"—Yonkers Herald.
The Flatterer. Mrs. B.—But I can't go to the reception. I have worn my best dress to three parties already. Mr. B.—Pshaw! The dress doesn't make a bit of difference when you are in it to look at, dear. She went.—Philadelphia Bulletin.
Undeniable Evidence. O'Hoolahan—O'Callahan, do yez believe that 13 is an unlucky number? O'Callahan (sadly)—E'gorrah, yis! Faith Oi've been unlucky ever since Oi hod moy thirteenth birthday!—Brooklyn Eagle.
Much the Same. Mrs. Hayseed—Did you go to hear the howling derishes while you were in the city? Mr. Hayseed—No, but I went to Cousin Miranda's, and she's got twins.—N. Y. Weekly.
Hit or Miss. "You must have had a good time on that trip." "Fine. Whenever we hit anything we took a drink to celebrate the event; and whenever we missed we took a drink for consolation."—Puck.
Huxley's Opinion. Belkins—Prof. Huxley says an oyster is a far more complicated piece of machinery than the finest Swiss watch. Mifkins—Oh, well, he probably ate too many at once.—N. Y. Weekly.
Believed in the Theory. Mrs. Bacon—Do you believe the moon shining on a person will make him silly? Mr. Bacon—I guess so; you know I proposed to you in the moonlight, dear.—Yonkers Statesman.
The Brute. She—I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening. He—You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.—Indianapolis Press.

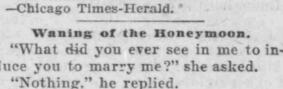
The Subject Aroused Her. "Up to Jim Blodgett's, eh? Tley say Jim's wife isn't much of a talker." "She isn't? She kept me until after 12 o'clock and never gave me a chance to get in a word edgewise." "What was she talking about?" "About the chances she had to get married before she met Jim."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Accomplished His Wish. To be a big gun Was what he desired, So first he got loaded And then he was fired. —Judge.
WANTED TO HEAR THE LATEST. Lady (to applicant for place)—Mrs. Flighly doesn't give you a very good character; in fact, she says you listen at keyholes. Well, I'm willing to overlook that, and engage you on one condition. Applicant—What is that, 'm? Lady—That you tell me every single thing you overheard at Mrs. Flighly's. —Ally Sloper.
That Little. Man wants but little here below, As has been said before; No matter what the fates have brought, Or high or low his earthly lot, He wants a "little" more. —Chicago Times-Herald.
Waning of the Honeymoon. "What did you ever see in me to induce you to marry me?" she asked. "Nothing," he replied. "What!" she cried, indignantly. "Oh, it isn't your fault," he replied soothingly. "I evidently had visions, and I ought to have consulted an oculist at the time."—Chicago Post.
Dear Little Thing. Miss Pepprey—Still dreaming of Miss Buddilipz, eh? Cholly—Aw, yes. That wozny mouth of hers! It fills my mind to the exclusion of all else. Miss Pepprey—What a delicate compliment! But is it really so small as that?—Philadelphia Press.
Know All About It. "He claims to be very systematic—says he's as regular as a clock." "He is." "You know him, then?" "Yes, I know him, and I also know something about clocks. He's as regular as one of those 90-cent alarm clocks."—Chicago Post.
The Next Day. Jack—Who is that fine-looking girl that just bowed to you? Tom (glomily)—Oh, she's my sister. Jack—Why, old chap, I wasn't aware that you had a sister. Tom—I didn't know it myself until last night.—Chicago Daily News.
What Could She Mean? Miss Homeleigh—Well, after all, beauty is only skin deep. Miss Gabbey—Yes? Isn't it a pity you are so thin-skinned?—Baltimore American.
A Type. Mr. Jones—I'm afraid Mrs. Brown sacrifices her comfort to her appearance. Mrs. Jones—Yes; and sacrifices it in vain.—Puck.
On Its Trail. "They put the dollar before the man!" The speaker loudly cried. "And then the man goes after it." The audience replied. —Puck.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE. Farmer Halbrick—Hinkelspeel, that was a foolish idea of yours to build two houses when you only use one. Farmer Hinkelspeel—Not 'tall; you see, ven der comes a prairy fire py and sweeps away one house, I have de odder one left.—Chicago Tribune.
Economy Is Wealth. Extravagance is just a sin. No wise young man can doubt it; It's easier to live within your means. Your income than without it. —Philadelphia Press.
Chemical Wonders. "You know beauties are not made to order," said the sweet girl. "Some blondes are!" retorted the cruel youth, glancing at the eye bottle. —Chicago Daily News.

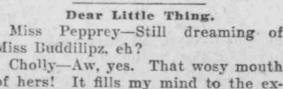
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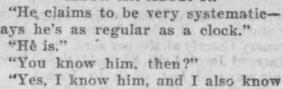
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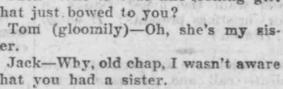
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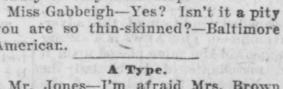
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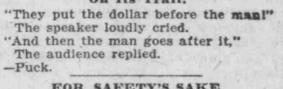
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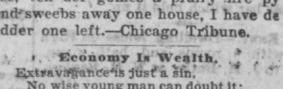
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She—I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening. He—You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.

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Table with columns for EAST BOUND, WEST BOUND, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS. F.M. A.M. 8:40 Lv. Frankfort, Ar. 11:20 7:10 Lv. Lexington, Ar. 10:25 8:10 Lv. Richmond, Ar. 10:25 8:20 Lv. Maysville, Ar. 10:25 8:30 Lv. Winchester, Ar. 10:25 8:40 Lv. Richmond, Ar. 10:25 8:50

RAILROAD TIME CARD. L. & N. E. R. ARRIVAL OF TRAINS: From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:10 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS: To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m. To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:48 p. m.; 10:16 p. m. To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m. F. B. CARR, Agent.

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