

J. S. WILSON D. T. WILSON. JAS. S. WILSON & BRO., BANK ROW, NORTH SIDE COURT HOUSE.

COAL.

We have just opened up a coal yard and have on hand an elegant lot of coal. BLUE GEM, MIXED CANNEL, and other cheaper coal.

VEHICLES.

Our stock of vehicles is complete. We wish to call special attention to our DEPOT WAGONS and ROAD WAGONS. We also carry a complete line of PIANO BOX BUGGIES, PHAETONS, SURREYS, etc., in the best makes. All guaranteed.

RUBBER TIRES.

We are putting on the best rubber 2 wire tires in the market and as no vehicle is complete without rubber tires, come in and let us put them on while you wait. It adds greatly to the life of all vehicles to have rubber tires to say nothing of the comfort one derives from riding in a rubber tired vehicle.

FARM WAGONS.

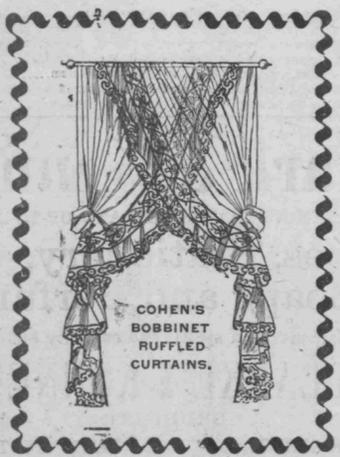
We feel confident we have the best lot of farm wagons made, such as AVERY, STUDEBAKER and MITCHELL. We also keep cheaper grades.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

We have a complete stock in this line. We sell the celebrated AVERY DISC PLOW that will pay for itself in one year, in breaking forty acres, by bringing you an increased yield. We also sell the most popular plow—THE VULCAN. It has a light draft and does nice work. We are also agents for the HOOSIER DRILLS and Keep in stock CORN HARVESTERS. In fact anything the farmer needs we try to have for him. We also have some choice SEED RYE.

J. S. WILSON & BRO., PARIS, KY.

TEHRE IS NOTHING



THAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE, THAT WILL ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

Lace Curtains.

And did you know, that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things. New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperies! New Wall Paper and Carpets.

J. T. HINTON,

The Fruits of War.

Not long ago I visited the town of Novara, in northern Italy. There in a wheatfield the farmers have plowed up skulls of men until they have piled up a pyramid 10 or 12 feet high. Over this pyramid some one has built a canopy to keep off the rain. These were the skulls of young men of Savoy, Sardinia and Austria—men of 18 to 35 years of age, peasants from the farms and workmen from the shops—who met at Novara to kill each other over a matter in which they had very little concern.

Further on Frenchmen, Austrians and Italians fell together at Magenta, the hue of the blood that flowed out under the olive trees. Go over Italy as you will there is scarcely a spot not crimsoned by the blood of France, scarcely a railway station without its pile of French skulls. You can trace them across to Egypt, to the foot of the pyramids. You will find them in Germany—at Jena and Leipzig, at Lutzen and Bautzen and Austerlitz. You will find them in Russia at Moscow, in Belgium at Waterloo. "A boy can stop a bullet as well as a man," said Napoleon. And with the rest are the skulls and bones of boys "ere evening to be trodden like the grass."—Popular Science Monthly.

Queer Turkish Fish. April 19 is the great feast day of "Balukli," or place of fishes. This is a small church situated outside the walls of Constantinople, and it enjoyed no particular reputation before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. At the time of the invasion, however, a monk was cooking some fish there when a messenger came and told him that the Turks had entered Constantinople. The monk did not believe the story and said he would sooner believe that the half-cooked fish would jump back into the water. As he spoke the fish jumped back into the water, and since then the place has had a great reputation for its healing powers.

A church has been built over the spring dedicated to "Our Lady of the Fishes," and on this day a regular pilgrimage takes place from all parts of the town. Many sick are carried thither, and many miraculous cures are reported. The truth of the story is proved by the presence in a large marble lined tank in the church of the lineal descendants of the half-cooked fish. Any one who does not believe has only to look in the water, and he will see them, brown on one side and white on the other, swimming about at their ease.

Sea Bathing. A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is harmful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water, if his skin is well reddened and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for 15 or 20 minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.

A Pot Wallpaper. The parliamentary register for 1890 showed that there was then only one pot wallpaper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a pot wallpaper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "pot wallpaper" is literally one who boils a pot and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England where, before the passage of the reform bill of 1832, the qualification for suffrage was to have boiled (wallpaper) his own pot in the parish for six months.

A Curious Tree. There is a curious combination tree in West Stockbridge, Mass. It is primarily a maple which measures, a foot from the ground, 12 feet 3 inches in circumference. Fifteen feet from the ground there are one or two birch limbs growing, and higher up are currant and raspberry bushes which bear fruit each year. It is not stated whether the sugar made from its sap has a raspberry flavor, or the birch bark a currant color and taste, or the berries a spicy tang of birch. It is very old and has fair to stand for many years longer.

His Manners All in a Bunch. The laundress' little boy is being strenuously brought up "by hand." "Why, mum," she said despairingly, "if I pounced that boy black and blue I couldn't learn him his manners. Here, Willie!" to the urchin, who was looking confusedly at some pennies given him by the mistress. "What do you say to the lady?" Willie looked troubled. Then, "Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; please, thank you, excuse me," he said breathlessly, remembering all his "manners" at once, the occasion evidently being great.

There's Etiquette in All Trades. A lady who imprudently explained to a fishmonger the other day that her purchase was intended for the cat's dinner was a little hurt at receiving it wrapped up in a newspaper. "I understood as it wasn't for yourself, mum," replied the fishmonger loftily, "we never wraps up in brown when it's for cats!"—London Chronicle.

The Human Jav. The human jav is very loosely socked in the skull, so that it is often dislodged by the mere act of yawning. Not being intended for biting purposes, offensive or defensive, no attention seems to have been paid by nature to making it fast.

It is easier to keep well than get enoed. Dewitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never grip, but promote an easy gentle action.—W. T. Brooks.

The Prayer Before Gettysburg.

General Daniel Sickles told a story illustrating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism. After Sickles had been wounded at Gettysburg he was removed to Washington, and the president called on him at his hospital. When the general described the battle and the awful slaughter, "Lincoln wept like a child." "While the two armies were converging," said Lincoln, "I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that if we were to win the battle he must do it for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load lifted from my shoulders, and from that moment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall beat good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well."

"The doctors do not say so." "I don't care, Sickles, you will get well," persisted the president. And that afternoon, General Sickles goes on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon followed.

A Miller's Monument. A big millstone monument over a modest miller's grave is a unique sight near Graytown, O. The millstone is located in the center of an old burying ground and can be seen a mile away, coming down the hill. It marks the last resting place of a happy miller of the old school, who knew not the cares or worries of a rising or falling grain market, but who ground his corn and wheat for his neighbors and lived contentedly on his small profits.

Chiselled on the back of the monument is this poem: A MILLER'S MONUMENT. Beneath this stone a miller lies, Who left his work to his wife and boys. Of modern ways of making flour And hence passed many a happy hour. He was not used to the noise of the mill, Nor on Chicago's movement wait. He did not care for foreign trade, He sold his neighbors all he made. Cables and telegrams were rare; The markets did not make him aware. His soul was his head, his slumbers sound. He envied none, he was content And died contented.—Cincinnati Star.

Matrimony in Gilbert Islands. Women of the Gilbert Islands being merely regarded as cattle or any other property, writes Arthur Inkersley in The Overland Monthly, the matrimonial knot is easily tied and just as easily untied. If a man fancies a girl, he seizes her by the hair of the head, wherever she may be, despite her protestations, and drags her away to his home. Her resistance is not often serious, the pretense of refusal being due to the coquettishness inherent in the sex. When the couple reach the house of the groom, a wedding feast is furnished forthwith, to which all the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom are invited. But an acceptance of the invitation implies the contribution of some viands to the entertainment. Matrimony is attended by no further ceremony than this. When a husband grows weary of his wife, he simply orders her to leave him, and if she does not he turns her out of doors.

Never Let the Road. An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Brodderin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap of ups and downs, specially down, when I lived de church. I stole chickens and watermelons, I cussed, I got drunk, I shot craps, I slashed odder coons wid my razor, and I done er sight er odder things; but, tank the good Lawd, brodderin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion!"—Blue Ridge (Ga.) Post.

The Moving Plant. A very queer plant belongs to the pea family and is called the "moving plant" on account of the manner in which its leaves turn around of their own accord or go by jerks without being touched or in any way disturbed. Sometimes only one or two leaves on a plant will be affected; at other times they will all perform jumps and gyrations simultaneously. It is observed that the movements are most energetic when the thermometer marks about 80 degrees.

Why France Lags Behind. Frenchmen do not want to rule; they want to live. The pursuit of life, of laughter, of charming sensations, of intelligent apprehensions, of individual developments of character—it may all be more important, more vital to human existence than the preoccupation with oneself and others, to make laws and to fight.—Stevens' Glimpses of Three Nations.

The Single Thought. "Ah," sighed the fond mother, "two souls with but a single thought!" "Yes," echoed the patrifamilias, "and less than one dollar, I don't know how they're going to make it. Mary, unless—er—perhaps that single thought they've got is that papa's going to put up for two."—Denver Times.

In the Dumps. There was once upon a time an Egyptian king, so it is said, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. His name was Duhops. The memory of his tragic history is perpetuated every time we say we are "in the dumps."

Accommodating. Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man? Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over, and I'll try to make room for it. Those famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Risers compel your liver and bowels to do their duty, thus giving you pure, rich blood to re-perkate your body. Are easy to take. Never grip.—W. T. Brooks.

Notice To The Public. Buck Freeman, the up-to-date barber can always be found and will remain in his barber shop on Main street, ready to wait on you. Call and try his bath rooms. Everything at his shop is strictly first-class. I HAVE one of the best established trades in the city from the simple fact that I run the best barber in town. Hot and cold baths always ready. CARL CHAPFORD.

The Old Fashioned Boy.

At a little dinner of a few old timers in the city the other night one of the speakers said: "What has become of the old-fashioned boy, the one who looked like his father when his father carried the sort of pomposity which was like the divinity that begged a king in the time when kinship was in its break of day, the boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears, the boy whose trousers were made over from his father's by his mother or aunt or grandmother, the boy whose hair had a cowlick in it before and was shorn off the same length behind, the boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers and who expected between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together, the boy who wore boots run down at the heels, the boy who never wore handkerchiefs or a roundabout coat, the boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue, the boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world and that he could have been president if he had wanted to be, the boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home?"—New York Sun.

Virtue of the Mafia. Among the Mafia "onesti" is the great virtue. "This virtue is said to be possessed by those who have bookkeepers or a roundabout coat, the boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue, the boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world and that he could have been president if he had wanted to be, the boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home?"—New York Sun.

Geographical Distribution of Hair. The geographical distribution of the hair over the habitable world is, as regards the color, very precisely definable. The xanthosome or light haired races are to be found north of latitude 48 degrees, which cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of northern Germany and a great portion of Russia. Between this parallel and latitude 45 degrees, including northern France, Switzerland and part of Piedmont and passing through Bohemia and Austria, there is a sort of debatable land of more or less dark brown hair, and below this line we come gradually upon the Melanic races. The people of Europe therefore present in the color of hair an almost perfect gradation, the light fawn of the colder latitudes deepening imperceptibly into the blue black of the Mediterranean shores.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Queer Land Tenure. Some of the land tenures in England are very curious. A farm near Broadhouse, in Yorkshire, pays annually to the landlord a snowball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas. The manor of Poston is held by a rental of two arrows and a loaf of bread. An estate in the north of England is held by the exhibition before a court every seven years of a certain vase owned by the family, another in Suffolk by an annual rental of two white doves.

A Great Relief. Mrs. Catterton—I thought I would come and tell you that your Harold has been fighting with my Bobbie and settle the matter if I could. Mrs. Hatterton—Well, for my part, I have no time to enter into any discussion about children or quarrels. I hope I am above such things. "I'm delighted to hear that. I'll send Harold over on a stretch in an hour or so."—Harper's Bazar.

Many Just Like It. "Those new neighbors humiliated me dreadfully today." "How?" "Why, they sent over to borrow our Bible; said they had forgotten theirs when they moved. And I'm almost sorry I let 'em take it." "But why?" "Because doesn't look as if it ever had been used."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ornamental Deer. One of the first things to attract the attention of Baby Clarence was grandpa's hatrack, made of a pair of deer horns. One afternoon when he was 3 years old his papa took him to Captain G's park. "When relating the incidents of the trip to his mamma on his return, he exclaimed, "And, oh, mamma, I saw a deer, and he had a hatrack on his head!"—Current Literature.

Vengeance. Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tade and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him? Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Ladies and waiting maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them. Ezecems and Skin Eruptions. Remick's Eucema Cure and Remick's Pepsin Blood Tonic will cure the most bilious case. At W. T. Brooks.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat. Bridge Whist. The Passenger Department of the C. & D. Ry. has just issued a beautiful set of rules on "Bridge Whist," which will be mailed on request. Enclose two cent stamp. Address "Bridge Whist Advertising Department," C. & D. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Drones in a Beehive.

To the drones nature has certainly been very bountiful. They are very large and strong, have a helmet made of enormous black pearls, two lofty quivering plumes, a double of iridescent, yellowish velvet, a heroic tuft and a fourfold mantle, translucent and rigid. While the workers have 12,000 facets to their eyes, the drones are gifted with 28,000; while the workers have 5,000 olfactory cavities in their antennae, the drones have over 60,000. While the workers are laboring for the benefit of the community the drones sail off every bright morning into space, irresolute, glorious, and tranquilly make for the nearest flowers, where they sleep till the afternoon freshness awakes them. Then, with the same majestic pomp and still overflowing with magnificent schemes, they return to the hive, go straight to the cells, plunge their heads to the neck in the vats of honey and fill themselves tight as a drum to repair their exhausted strength, whereupon, with heavy steps, they go forth to meet the good, dreamless and careless slumber that shall fold them in its embrace till the time for the next repast—Masterlinck's "Life of a Bee."

Bullfighters Afraid of Cows. It will probably not surprise our readers to hear that most Spanish bullfighters object to fighting cows. The real reason may, however, astonish them. A sportsmanlike objection to persecuting a female animal has nothing whatever to do with it. The fact is that the average torador is sincerely afraid of a cow. And he has good reason. The cows of the half wild breed used for the arena are much quicker in their movements than are the bulls. Their horns are more pointed and more formidable. They do not lower their heads to the ground, as their great and charge like a locomotive upon the rails, but are alert and ready to follow every movement of their persecutors. Their was-like tactics have been adapted not to blind, bovine frontal attacks, but to the strategy of active and cunning beasts of prey, of which the human bullfighter is only a feeble mimic. If these cheap idols of the Spanish populace would face young and active wild cows which had just been robbed of their calves, they might perhaps forestall the butcher, or they would, at any rate, do something to earn their laurels.—Pearson's.

An Editor and a Golden Hair. One beautiful morning an editor found a golden hair lying between the pages of a manuscript," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The moment he reached the page it gracefully fluttered out. Flushed with excitement, the editor caught it. It was not his hair, he argued, therefore it was not his property. Then, again, he thought, the owner probably lost it and might need it. So he put it back. He was a methodical man, and he replaced it exactly as he had found it. He was not many days older when he received a letter proving by the very hair he had so deservingly caught and conscientiously replaced that he never had read or even opened the manuscript of the writer. Could anything have been a clearer case against the editor? Most certainly not. It was conclusive and final, don't you see?"

A Little Drama. In the morning a workman kissed his wife and children and went to help a hundred others tear down a building. During the day he slipped and fell. Then came an ambulance and a hospital and then a bit of black craps on an obscure floor. His children went on without their father. His wife, whose life had been bound up in that of her husband, grew pale and died. Helplessness killed the little ones. Yet in speaking of the accident men said: "It was not so bad. Only one man was killed."—Chicago Journal.

Frogs as Scavengers. Frogs are fine scavengers, destroying great quantities of decaying animal substance in springs and brooks and keeping the water pure, thus proving themselves most worthy of kind treatment and preservation. They devour, too, great numbers of insects, including flies and mosquitoes. In spite of their queer shape, they are remarkably expert jumpers and swimmers, and many a boy has learned from them both how to play leapfrog and how to swim.

Displaying His Caution. "I notice he was unusually formal and circumspect in his behavior," she told her dearest friend, "and I thought at first I had offended him in some way." "Had you?" "Oh, no. As soon as Brother Willie came in and got the phonograph he had inadvertently left on the table everything was all right again."—Chicago Post.

His Repairs. Landlord—But the agreement was that you should make your own repairs. Tenant—That's all right, but I expect you to make the repairs of the house.—Boston Transcript.

The Child at Play. Play is the means whereby individual powers are acquired. It is the apprenticeship for the work of life. A little child at play is "at his lessons."—H. B. Drummond's "The Child."

Absent Right. No man should ever make excuses to a woman who loves him. Let him say he is sorry and loves her, and she will make the excuses and accept them too.—New Lippincott.

Question Answered. Yes August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied that there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Prize Almanac.—W. S. Brooks.

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