

The Bourbon News.

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PARIS, KENTUCKY.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Two and by two fly the doves through the timber. Past the red sunset's far lines; Fast the tall, sentinel pines; Dip the long willow-tips, yellow and limber, Down where the dark water shines, Glowing in hollows, where floats the bent sickle, Schmitz-like of the moon; Where the round sand-eddies ebb; Down where the sinuous brook-currents trickle, Dripping through rock-niches hewn. Two and by two go the reapers together, Figures in daisy relief; Bearing the scythe and the sheaf; Where the keen stars of the Autumn weather Perfumes each blossom and leaf. Two and by two stoop the doves to the willows, Where the wind's whisperings pass Through the wet weeds and the grass, Down where the river its still bosom pillows, Gray and transparent as glass. Two and by two drift the bronze upland plover, Bird-shapes thro' mist-spaces blown, Over the meadows new mown; And I and the night, like a lass and her lover, Meet in the twilight alone. —Ezra M. Gaffey, in Woman's Home Companion.

The Boy and the Woman.

By A. Myers.

IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM. "WHAT'S a fellow to do, Doctor?" "Do? You blithering idiot. Go home if you can't give it up." "No names, Doctor dear. Shure it's meself that hasn't got the passage money." "Where's the £200 you had last Monday?" "Tom Griffiths blew a silent but significant ejaculation out of his cigarette, and lay back with a smile in the doctor's leather armchair. "She's devilish pretty," he said, after a moment's silence. "That's the word," responded the doctor, cynically. More silence, filled up by energetic puffing. "Can't think why you bother your head about me, Doc." "Can't think why I do, except—that I've seen such a lot of chaps—go the same way." A flush mounted to the lad's face. He rose and turned his back—a strong muscular back—to his friend. "Well, tra-la-la." "Where are you going?" "To the Devil, Doctor dear." And the door closed softly.

AT THE DEVIL'S. "You're late, Tommy." For answer he drew a low chair up beside her. "May I smoke?" She held a lighted match to his cigarette. He puffed for a moment, then drew the hand to his lips. "You're looking awfully fit to-night. What's that thing you've got on. I haven't seen it before." "That's the New Creation. Flamand's. She says I'm the only woman here who could wear it. It's copied from a print of Louise de la Valliere." Tommy didn't know who Louise de la Valliere was, so he nodded wisely. "Did you have a hard day?" "No. Licked 'em easily. Why didn't you come?" "Who was there?" "All the pretty women. They'd have looked ugly beside you." She smiled. "I am pretty, am I not? That's why you like me, isn't it?"

He drew an end of the loose lace about her neck and kissed it. He was perilously near her face, but she did not move except for the faintly accelerated pulsation of her breast. "Doc wants to send me home." She smiled bitterly. "Out of my way!" "Why do you let him malign you, Fleurette?" An undercurrent of controlled passion escaped him. "They—I—we're none of us fit to tie your shoe-lace."

"You're silly now, Tommy. Don't idealize. I don't pretend to you. They—pay for my silks. Don't you?" The sentences came with difficulty. She let her fingers slide along her skirt, smoothing the soft folds. She laughed into his eyes, but there was a tiredness in hers that hurt him. "I love silks—and—scent—and—flowers—and luxury. They're meat and drink to me."

"And we pay for them—and jolly glad to get the chance, too—to have the pleasure of looking at you," he said hotly. "And—to kiss me—sometimes." "I dare swear," he said indifferently. "A man would be a fool not to try."

"But—you never have, Tommy." Her voice was very low. He flushed red. "No, dear." And then Fleurette did a funny thing. She put her arms round the boy's neck and kissed him on the lips. He didn't move. "I love you, Tommy, I love you!" "I believe you do, my dear." His voice was husky, but he disengaged her arms and she smiled again into his eyes. "You have the most reason to doubt me—and you believe in me. Incredible!" "I must go, Fleurette."

"You've only come." "I'll come again to-morrow—if I may." "And to-morrow, and to-morrow. And Doc will send you home after that, and it will be good-bye." "Fleurette." "Tommy." "I can't give you silks and cushions and flowers." "And—I can't do without them—dear."

III. IN THE CONSULTING-ROOM. "Hallo! Back again?" The doctor hadn't moved from his placid position, save in the shifting of a big tome which lay open at his elbow. "Yes, I'm restless. Give me an opiate." "Not I. Look at this diagram of the battle of Omdurman."

"Oh, d—m Omdurman." "Quite so, quite so. Have a drink. The whisky's behind you, brandy to the left." "Doc, that girl's as good as they're made." "Quite so, quite so. They've all said so. Never knew one that wasn't." "I tell you, Doc—"

The doctor flicked some ash off his waistcoat. There was a pleasant flavor of cigar-atmosphere in the room, homely and pervading. "It's serious, then." "Devilish serious." "Well, ask her to marry you." Tommy laughed. There was a curious strain in his voice. "She wouldn't, Doc." "Have you tried?" "Yes." "By Jove!" The boy buried his face in his hands. "She's fond of me," he gulped out. "She's fonder of the Devil."

"No, only of silks and things—dolls and sweets." "Did she tell you so?" "Yes." The doctor whistled and finally brought out his first remark: "My boy, go home." "Yes, yes, I will, I will. I'll go home—home."

IV. A FAG-END OF CONVERSATION ON THE "PHILOMEL." "What's the run going to be to-day, Jack?" Jack nodded his bald, grey-fringed head wisely. "Ye maun consult the second engineer. He knows more about it than I do."

"Hullo, Fabert, we're just talking about you. Come and give us a tip." Fabert lounged up to them. "Can't I say that, chap Griffiths—by Jove—I never saw such a chap. Ten whiskys and it's not 11 o'clock yet, and as fit as a fiddle. Pity, isn't it?" "He's going home. Shipped out, and I should reckon shipped back. Something about a girl. The best of them isn't worth the spoiling of a boy like that. I've half a mind to try and pull him in. Stick tight and preach the 'gum' and 'prove yourself a man,' and all the rest of it."

"He's too deep in now. He'd think it an awfully good joke, and have the whole ship down on you, Saint Fabert." Fabert sighed. "I'm sorry for the lad." "He'll get over it. They all do. What will the run be? 384?" "Haven't the ghost of an idea." He lounged off again, and the man who had accosted him lit a cigarette. "Never can get anything out of that chap. He's so close and so selfish."

V. TO THOMAS GRIFFITHS. New Year's Day. Dear Tommy—Your letter reached me in the middle of a supper party with your pal Timothy and the Vyners girls. At the next table was Mrs. Palgrave. When she was Nelly Pellett she was grateful to me for my cast-off gowns. She cut me dead. I was tremendously amused, and we drank her health. Good champagne, Tommy. Why weren't you there? We also drank yours, and then—I don't know why—but mine suddenly tasted all wrong. Best Perrier-Jouet, too! Then, in comes the Prince. He had been to my place, and Milly told him where we were, so he brought up my letters. One was yours, the other a provoking bill from Flamand, who refuses to make my new tea-gown until her "little account" is settled. Little account, indeed! £74. I couldn't help letting a tiny tear drop on the Prince's glove, and he swore he'd wipe out the debt with his blood. But I'd sooner have cash. And I lent him the fifty I borrowed from you the other day to pay a debt of honor, so I know he hasn't got any. I'm sending you by the same post £30 of the amount you lent me. How did I get it? Well, I was lucky at the races on Saturday, and if something comes off before next Wednesday—I won't tell you what, as it's a dead secret with the Prince—I'll hand you over the balance next week and clear off Flamand too. Oh dear, how I want money—and how I love you, Tommy dear. I laugh and joke with Tim and the others, but my heart is heavy. Timmy calls me. He asks me to sing "Du fragst mich toglich" and "Ich liebe dich," and I sit down to the piano; but instead my fingers play "Ich grolle nicht," and I find the tears getting into my eyes. Heigh-ho! Are you playing the good brother in Ireland? Taking Molly to the rectory to have tea with the one and only curate, and piloting Norah Malone through the mazes of croquet? There isn't any Norah Malone? Oh, yes there is, but maybe she goes by another name. She's small and round, with innocent blue eyes and a pouting mouth, pink and white all over, and sunny hair. Have you told her yet that it's like wisps of gold? Jealous? Of course I'm jealous, Tommy dear. But I think you'd like oysters and champagne like we had on

your birthday—do you remember how Tim spilt the mayonnaise over my new gown?—better than wishy-washy tea and bread and butter and the prettiest ingenue ever created by Pincro and company. Come back, and I'll invite you again, and give you a lovely cushioned chair all to yourself, and love-reveries and cradle-songs and sing-songs—oh yes, especially love-songs—to you till you shut your mouth with kisses—what am I saying? No, no, let us be careful, and cold-surtout cold. But one little kiss does not matter, does it? Just before one goes out into the night—which is so callous, so indifferent. And so I bid you farewell, Tommy dear. Hope for a letter next week. It will mean my luck is in. Your Fleurette.

VI. CHEZ PAPA. "It's no good, Dad, I've stuck to it six months and it's killing me by inches. I'll have to go." They were seated in the big book-lined library. Thomas Griffiths, senior, upright in his red leather chair, calm and dignified, observed his son from beneath acute, shaggy eyebrows. "So I see. It's the young blood again," he sighed. "I thought you had sown your oats, but it seems there's still a plentiful crop."

"Indeed, dad, you're wrong. I'll be as steady as the Incheape Rock, but—I must get away. I'm choking." "Can't brook restraint. Home ties—what are they? Brittle as paper, solid as water. My son!" He turned over the leaves of the "Graphic" with a large paper-knife, and let his eyes rest vacantly on the pictures. Suddenly he spoke again. "Of course, there's a woman. Will you tell me who and what she is?" The roots of Tommy's hair blushed a quivering red. "There's no woman," he said, after a pause. "And before the cock crows ye shall deny me thrice! O love!"

Through the stained-glass window fell shafts from the westerling sun. Long shadows lay across the thick pile carpet, the face of the old man gleamed like the emotionless sternness of a sculpture in the dying light. "You are choosing, Thomas," he said at last. "My way or thy way. There is no going back. My fortune goes to your sister if you thwart me. I can allow you nothing any more." "I can't stick it, dad," he repeated doggedly. "I'm sorry to cross you, but the fever's in my blood. The battle-cries drown the voice of agriculture."

"You are not in the army?" "The battle-cry of life, dad, of the world—the struggling—the swimming to shore, the huzzas, the champagne. I must get back to it, sink or swim." Mr. Griffiths rose. "I don't speak your language Thomas. I belong to the old school, I suppose. You have gone beyond me. Unless you change your mind before to-morrow week our ways lie apart. Do not seek to alter my decision. You know my—shall we call it—obstinacy? Good-night."

Upstairs in the boudoir of his dead wife Thomas Griffiths, senior, unlocked an escritoire. Drawing out a miniature of a little lad in a Scotch suit, he held it to the light, while diagonal lines from nostril to mouth deepened into ploughed furrows. "He should have been named Absalom," he said bitterly.

VII. FLEURETTE. A familiar knock drew Fleurette bolt upright. She waited breathlessly. The door handle was impatiently turned and a sunburnt man stood bareheaded in the middle of the room. "Tommy!" Tommy didn't say anything. He devoured her with his eyes, from the sober serge gown to the bangleless wrists. "What does it mean, Fleurette?" She laughed, but the blood flared in her cheeks. "What an awful time since I've seen you? I believe you've grown."

"What does it mean, Fleurette?" "What does what mean? Don't be so silly, Tommy. You look as if you were going to eat me." "Tell me, please." "Don't you like it?" Tommy spoke slowly. "No, I like the gew-gaws, frills and things. Where are they?" "I've changed—tired of them. I'm capricious. You haven't said you're glad to see me."

He looked at her with such intensity that she stirred uneasily. "Come and tell me all you've seen and done. I've been hungering for you." "Is that true?" "Of course not. Do you think I should say so if it was? I want to be polite." They sat down, and a strained silence fell between them. Tommy broke it diffidently. "I've got a billet with a chap who came out on my boat. He's on 'change.' A speculator, rich as Croesus. I get £30 a month and prospects."

"It will keep you in tobacco." "I'm not sure. It will give us oysters once in a way." "I don't like oysters any more, Tommy." "It will buy an occasion fichu." "I—don't like fichus." "It will let us ask Tim and the Prince and Milly—"

"Milly's married, and—I haven't seen Tim or the Prince for six months." Tommy got up and paced the room. "Then what in the world's to prevent us—to prevent you—to prevent me—"

HE WANTED SHEEPS.

With Which to Engage in the Game with Antes and the Klitty. A young Frenchman, recently arrived in this city, found himself in a pleasant boarding house in Michigan avenue, where most of the boarders were of long residence and were well acquainted—almost as members of a family, says the Chicago Chronicle. The Frenchman was a bright, intelligent, gentlemanly fellow, and was taken into full fellowship soon. One night a little poker game was started—a "penny ante" game, or something of the kind. The Frenchman took to it very quickly, and found it very fascinating. The next day he determined to purchase for himself a poker outfit to take back with him to France when he should return. So he went to a large department store and asked if they had some "sheeps."

"Upstairs," said the polite clerk, "in the toy department." The young man went up two floors and again asked for "sheeps." "Over in the far corner," said the floorwalker. When he reached the counter to which he had been directed a young woman to whom he made known his wants showed him a number of wooden sheep with wool fastened on them. "Pardon; eet ees not zese I want. I weesh 'sheeps.'"

"Well, these are certainly sheep," said the young woman, "and they are very good sheep." Then a new idea came to her, and she added: "Of course, if you want something cheaper, you will find some tin animals over at that other counter," pointing across the room. "But it is not 'sheeps' I want, but 'sheeps.' I want not 'sheeps' ze animals, but 'sheeps' to play wiz."

"My dear sir, these are 'sheep to play with!'" The poor man was growing distressed, when a second girl came to the rescue. "I know what you want," she said, "come with me." He went with her, and she piloted him over to a counter on which were piled miniature ships, yachts, and so forth. "There you are!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "But eet ees no, not zis! It is 'sheeps' zat I want."

By this time it began to be the general impression on the floor that the man was crazy, and this was strengthened by his explanation that he wanted the "sheeps" for his "aunties!" "They must keep a boarding house," whispered one girl to another, "and he has mistaken this for a grocery."

But a sophisticated man overheard the Frenchman's last remark, and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I think I understand what you want—poker chips, isn't it?" "Surelee! Sheeps for pokeair! Zat ees eet!"

HIS BLUFF DID NOT WORK. Called for "Pickled Elephant" But Took Cheese Sandwiches Instead. Stories of Yankee shrewdness have always been widely circulated, but when one gets ahead of a Yankee there is very little said about it, especially on the part of the man from the north. Several days ago a hotel-keeper at a small station on one of the roads running out of Memphis put the laugh on a drummer from the north in a very good way, and the traveling man was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The drummer arrived at the hotel about eight o'clock in the evening, and fearing that he would not be able to get any supper he asked the landlord what he could get to eat, relates the Memphis Scimitar.

"My friend," said the hotel keeper, "I can give you anything from a pickled elephant to a broiled canary bird's tongue for supper to-night." The drummer looked at the man, and, thinking that he was jesting, decided to call his bluff. "All right, my friend," said the drummer; "I'll take some pickled elephant."

"Very well," said the host, "I'll go and get it." He was gone about five minutes and when he returned said: "All right, sir; supper will be ready in a moment. You'll have to take a whole one, as we don't carve them after dark." The drummer decided that he was not very hungry, and took some cheese sandwiches.

The Mission of Good Homes. We have spoken of the curse of snobbery. The surest and quickest way to crush it out of American society is to teach our children to value others and estimate their own worth by what they can produce that is useful and do that is beneficial to others. And that their business in life is not to see how much pleasure they can get, but how much they can give. Instead, therefore, of weakly clinging to our children and making them weak by pampering them in the home, let us feel that our part or theirs is not done until we have taught them to be strong to bear and forbear, to do for themselves and carry help and cheer to others. Let us not hamper their careers with our vain regrets at their leaving us, but help them in all upward, onward tendencies.—Home Magazine.

Prepared for the Emergency. She—Faith, it is very sudden! He—An' it is time yez want to think it over? "Och! Not a bit! Sure, I thought it would be suddint!"—Puck.

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