

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

THE WIFE BEHIND THE PURSE.

You may talk about your heroes—of the man behind the gun. Of the gallant boys in khaki—bless 'em all!

Though Bill is very loving, still he's careless of the cash. And Jack's all right when not upon the spree; But both upon a Saturday are given to be rash.

Now Jack and Bill may grumble if she keeps them short of beer. And hints that they might smoke a little less; But she's got a reason for it, and a good one, never fear.

LADY CONNIE'S PLUNGE.

Usual Conditions of a Romantic Rescue Were Reversed. But Both Were Happy.

BY CLO GRAVES.

"WHAT chance!" gasped Lady Connie, taking her fair, disheveled head out from among the cushions of her boudoir lounge and drying her tear-stained eyes with an absurd little gossamer handkerchief.

"None at all," said her friend, a rather plain, sensible young woman, with sporting tastes and tailor-made garments.

"Yet, she's over 30—and makes up!" said Lady Connie, viciously.

"Men prefer women over 30," said Molly Verdon, sententiously, "and I am inclined to believe that they lean to make-up."

"Her waist is at least six inches larger than mine," Connie persisted.

"She is of the voluptuous and redundant type, I grant you," returned her friend; "but men like that, too."

"Capt. Lorriker gave men the box when he came home inviolated from Africa, and—"

"You got so chummy?" "He—he was laid up at his aunt's in Belgrave square, and—I visit there, you know—"

"Or, you did just then, and you used to drop in and spend the mornings and the afternoons and sometimes the evenings, reading and singing and playing to the wounded hero." Molly made a little bit of a grimace.

"It was only Christian charity," said Lady Connie with dignity. "He had a splinter of a shell in the muscles of his ribs on the right side—"

"And little Connie thought that an arrow, skillfully implanted in the left side might serve as a counter-irritant." Molly exhaled a thin blue cloud of Turkish vapor and smiled at the water colors upon the wall.

"Almost; only he gets awful attacks of cramp, and turns blue—"

"Does he?" "Every now and then. It has something to do with the water in South Africa. He vows he will never drink another drop as long as he lives."

"It's the kind of oath you ran really rely on a man's keeping. But, tell me one thing. While you were playing, not sister, but cousin of mercy, where was the Le Quesne?"

"In the Riviera. And Fred—I mean, Capt. Lorriker—admitted to me that there had been what he called a slight entanglement, and promised to steer clear of such things for the future."

"And you believed him? Goose!" "And then," went on Lady Connie, rising to her feet and beginning to walk up and down her sanctum, her pale draperies trailing, her gold hair disheveled, her cheeks and eyes flaming with indignation, and her fingers nervously wrestling with the clasp of her Egyptian silver girdle; "then she came back. O, it was degrading! She just held up one of her fingers—gave him one look, and—"

"I thought the rules separated the sexes at feeding time?"

"Nominally. But after the soup they draw the curtain that divides the ladies' restaurant from the gentlemen's grill, and—"

"Fusion is the word. I should like of all things to see it. Why did you never ask me before?"

"Because I never joined until I went in for swimming," retorted Lady Connie.

"And now you're one of the cracks, aren't you?" "I've won some races and gained a bracelet for the high dive."

"Does she—I'll call the Le Quesne the Ogress, because she has such an endearing little way of crunching eligible young men up, body and bones—does she nate?"

"Swim? Like a bladder of lard!" said Connie, disgustedly. "Wallowing is the word for it. See here!" She puffed out her fair cheeks and waved her arms and gave, on the whole, a not too exaggerated imitation of the aquatic frolics of the lady in question, and Molly shrieked with laughter.

"Women are never humorous unless they're jealous," she said, wiping her brimming eyes when the performance was over.

"Jealous? Do you suppose—?" Connie was beginning, when the other cut her short.

"Jealous? Of course you are! And, if you want to cut out your hated rival—do it in the water. Don't you have aquatic show-off days, when the male club members race in the big swimming bath, and the women sit in the balconies and bet on the favorite, and vice versa, when the women splash and the men look on?" Molly's eyes twinkled as she stooped to whisper in Connie's ear. "Pull her under—duck her—make her appear an idiot when Freddy Lorriker is looking on, and she may hold up her finger until she perishes, after that, without getting him back. Trust me! I know men!"

"Oh, you dear, darling, clever thing!" screamed Connie, falling on her friend's neck in raptures. And they went together to the 'Dips' club, and lunched at the very next table to Mrs. Le Quesne, and she was very kind and condescending to Lady Connie—so much that Lady Connie would have given worlds to be able to hurl a couplet at her rival's head and challenge her to a duel with pickle forks.

Then, just before the second course, the curtains dividing the gentlemen's grill from the ladies' restaurant flew apart—and Freddy Lorriker arose and drifted with the tide in the direction of his enchantress' table.

"There's your little girl, Tippy!" said the enchantress, who had nicknames for all her victims, as she haughtily motioned the captain to an opposing chair. "Looks washy and loveborn, doesn't she? O, you cruel man!" She shook her finger playfully.

"Hang it, Nita!" protested the slave, turning as scarlet as his mustache—poor Connie called it "auburn"—"you're too bad! She—she heard what you said, I'm sure she did."

"And then?" The enchantress arched her artfully darkened eyebrows.

"O! and then—you know jolly well," growled the miserable Freddy, whose power of repartee was as limited as his power of resistance, "she'll be hurt. You women are so jolly fond of hurtin' one another!"

But the eyes that met his next minute were untroubled—the face of Lady Connie perfectly serene. "How do you do?" she nodded to the captain. "Are you quite well again, and shall we see you at the bi-monthly Frog Match?"

"Frog Match" was the newly invented term for a club swimming contest. "O, yes!" returned Freddy brilliantly. "That is—I hope so! Though I've no cause to be very fond of water—after South Africa."

"But there are no dead horses in our swimming bath!" said Lady Connie, "and the high dive is the best anywhere. Twenty feet deep that end, you know. Do try it one day, Mrs. Le Quesne! It's perfectly heavenly! You run right out to the end of the board, poise yourself, shut your eyes, and down you go, like a—"

"Stone!" suggested Freddy Lorriker.

"Like an arrow," corrected Lady Connie. Then she gave a little nod to the enchantress and another to Freddy and tripped away, leaving two images before the mental vision of the warrior, one being a fair, slender form clad in clinging garments of pale blue and white, with a jaunty cap on its golden hair, poised for a swallow-like flight; the other that of a brunette of rather efflorescent personality and pronounced embonpoint, balancing awkwardly on the end of an elastic plank. He writhed a little at this, and excused himself by saying that he had a twinge of his African cramp.

"Little cat!" thought Mrs. Le Quesne, noting the labored lie and reading Freddy like a book. And being a clever woman, she then and there formulated the mental vow never to enter the club swimming baths under any possible circumstances.

The next frog match was for male members, ladies being present on the balconies overlooking the swimming bath by invitation.

"So I must wait for my revenge," she said to Molly Verdon, as they sat together, leaning on the gilt balustrade and watching the aquatic gambols of the sterner sex.

"There is the Le Quesne," said Molly, "kissing her hand to a man in a striped mauve swimming suit. Ah, it is Capt. Lorriker!"

"And he's going in for the 30-yards-under-the-water race," said Connie, anxiously.

"Do not be anxious," said her friend. "Capt. Lorriker is not inclined to be apoplectic, like that stout man in the guards. I feel really anxious about him. Why, he is puffing and blowing already, like the sea lion at the zoo."

"Ah, they are off!" cried Mrs. Le Quesne, as the four competitors launched themselves upon their sub-aquatic journey. The guardsman came up to the surface snorting hideously, before he had accomplished three yards; two of the others gave in about the middle of the course, but Freddy held on and won amidst applause.

"And the prize is a diamond frog—and he will give it to her!" thought Lady Connie, viciously dinting her red underlip with one small white eye-tooth. "Oh! if I could only tempt her in next ladies' frog match. . . I would. . . I don't quite know what I'd do, but. . . it should be something that should break her spell upon him and bind him to me forever."

She did it in another minute. Never was such a lucky chance, as Molly Vernon said.

"Because Freddy, foolish Capt. Freddy—flushed with triumph and the smiles of the enchantress, who meant to have the diamond frog—Freddy essayed the high dive."

"O, I wish he wouldn't!" moaned Lady Connie, as her beloved swarmed up the ladder that led to the elastic platform that overhung the deep end of the bath.

"Why not?" snapped her friend, unsympathetic for once.

"Because of his wound," moaned Connie, "and the cramp—that awful South African cramp! Suppose he swallows some water and it isn't quite nice—"

"Ugh!" said Molly shuddering. "And that brings it on. You know he has sworn off water since that South Africa—"

Splash! Freddy had done the high dive. "Capital!" cried all the spectators.

"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Le Quesne, applauding from her balcony. "And what a long time he is stopping under water, too! I had no idea Tippy could show off like that."

"He'll pop up now," said the guardsman.

But Freddy did not pop up, and a horrible moment went by. Then a man shouted something and Mrs. Le Quesne tittered and then screamed.

For before any of the paralyzed club members had roused to action Lady Connie had risen, torn off her hat and jacket, sprung upon her chair, stepped from thence to the broad ledge of the balcony and dived. The slight figure cleft the water of the swimming bath immediately over the spot where Capt. Freddy had gone down, and in a breathless minute a dripping golden head emerged and half a dozen swimmers leaped in to help the plucky maiden land her insensible burden.

"She's got him in her mouth!" cried the guardsman, "like a young Newfoundland."

She had, in fact, seized Capt. Freddy by the collar of his striped swimming jacket with those strong, white teeth of hers, when, between the agonies of cramp and the asphyxia of drowning, he lay feebly squirming at the bottom of the swimming bath.

Capt. Freddy was brought round by brandy and hot blankets, and from that day the power of the enchantress was broken.

But when Lady Connie married the captain—which she did in the beginning of November—she withdrew her name from the members' list of the "Dips" club. She had plunged for a husband and had got him, and, so far as I have heard, she has not yet repented.—Sketch.

Bound to Rise. Into the office of a St. Louis merchant there walked a boy not more than 14 years old, with clothes well worn and a look of timidity upon his face. Approaching the person whom he judged to be in charge, he asked: "Do you want a boss, mister?"

"What's that?" almost yelled the man spoken to, and who proved to be the proprietor. "I want to know if you want a boss, sir?" "I fail to understand you. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for a job three weeks now and nobody seems to want a boy, so I thought I'd try and see if somebody didn't want a boss. I'd like mighty well to be a boss. The merchant whistled.

"Well, well! That's good! Are you willing to work up to the job of boss? It took me 25 years to get it." "I'm willing, all right," came the quick response. "Will you give me a chance, sir?" He was taken at his word and to-day that 14-year-old boy can be seen struggling in earnest with packing cases and bundles in the shipping room of the concern. He says he'll be the boss before his beard is gray, and the chances are that he will.—Golden Days.

Ambushed, Poor Fellow. "When does the next train that stops at Montrose leave here?" asked the regulate widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am." "I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do?" "Yes, sir! And perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house! And maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better. And perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man; but my opinion is you won't."

"Yes, ma'am!" gasped the booking clerk.—London Answers.

HUMOROUS.

A brave and gallant soldier is one who selects a conspicuous place in which to get killed.—Chicago Daily News.

Nell—"She carries her passion for remnants to an absurd extreme." Belle—"Yes, she has even married a widower."—Philadelphia Record.

"What did Tom say when he proposed? Did he tell you that he had never loved before?" "Not exactly. He said he had never loved me before."—Indianapolis News.

Fred—"I did my best to be agreeable to her, but she gave me to understand that she could exist without my company." Harry—"A notable case of freeze speech, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

"I have a great scheme for getting even with those Bulgarian brigands." "What is it?" "Pay 'em that ransom in green goods and then have 'em arrested for having the stuff in their possession."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reginald—"So you summered at a Rhode Island boarding-house. Was it a swell place, deah boy?" Clarence—"I should say so. Why nearly every Sunday we had chickens that had been run over by Willie K.'s automobile."—Philadelphia Record.

Hard to Identify.—"That is Jimmy's hair," said the football player, laying out his trophies after the game, "and this is Billy's nose, and this is Tom's ear, and the eyebrows belong to young Rusher, but I can't identify this finger to save me."—Baltimore American.

A Suggestion.—"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower bed." "Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower beds?"—Philadelphia Press.

DEWEY'S REBUKE.

Presented a New York Nabob with a Splinter from the Pensacola as a Souvenir.

Though Admiral Dewey is a model of patience and considerate politeness, he can be peremptory and cuttingly ironical when occasion calls. His friends recall an interesting incident illustrative of these traits. It took place in 1875 when he was commander of the Pensacola of the European squadron, says the Philadelphia Post. His vessel visited a Mediterranean port which has seen few American war ships since the war with Tripoli. As the Pensacola needed sprucing up, Commodore Dewey gave orders that no visitors be allowed on board until noon of the next day.

It happened that a New York nabob was in the harbor with his yacht. In his launch he made for the Pensacola without delay, but was refused permission to board by the deck officer.

"No visitors will be received until noon to-morrow," the millionaire was informed.

"But you must let me on now," the nabob urged. "I am Mr. So-and-So, you know," mentioning his charmed name. "I pay more taxes in America than any other two men, and, in fact, I own half the United States navy."

"Let him up," came an order from the commander.

The man of millions clambered aboard and was met by Dewey. "I heard your remark that you owned half of the United States navy," said the commander; and then, stooping, he cut with his knife a splinter of wood from the deck and handed it to the boastful visitor.

"Take this souvenir of the Pensacola and keep it," remarked the commander. "It is yours; it is all you have ever owned or ever will own of the navy of the United States. Shall be glad to see you with other visitors any time after the noon hour to-morrow."

So saying, Dewey turned and walked aft, and a crestfallen Csesus crept back to his launch.

The Returns from Pembina. President Cleveland once asked Bishop Whipple what would be the effect of making the Indians voters. Then Bishop Whipple told him that it had been tried, and after listening to the story President Cleveland gave up the idea.

In Dakota territorial days a law was passed allowing Indians wearing civilized dress to vote. In the following election, when both sides were claiming the victory, some one said: "Wait until you hear from Pembina." In Pembina lived a large number of the Pembina tribe of Indians, and there also dwelt the local political boss, "Jud" La Moure, famed for his seal-skin overcoat and his qualities as a political fighter. When the returns came in from Pembina it was found that the members of the tribe had all been put into hickory shirts and trousers on election day, between sunrise and sunset, and after exercising the inalienable rights of citizenship, at the dictation of the local boss, they returned again to their blankets, having decided the territorial election.—Boston Transcript.

A Big Concession. Crawford—I hear your wife insisted on your getting her an automobile. Crabshaw—Yes; but after refusing to speak to me for three days she was willing to compromise if I bought her an automobile coat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

No Denials. He—Come, now, Carrie, did I ever deny you anything? She—Not even the horrid stories they tell about you. That's the worst of it. You couldn't.—Boston Transcript.

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