

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

THE BOY FROM TOWN.

Last night a boy came here from town To stay a week or so, Because his maw is all run down And needs a rest, you know. His name is Cecil, and he's eight, And he can't skin the cat— His maw calls him "Pet"; I'd hate To have a name like that.

He wears a collar and a tie And can't hang by his toes; I guess that I would nearly die If I had on his clo's; He can't ride bareback, and to-day, When we slid on the straw, He ast if roosters help to lay The eggs I pick for maw.

When our old gander hissed he run As though he thought he'd bite, And he ain't ever shot a gun Or had a homemade kite; He never milked a cow, and he Can't even drive or swim— I'd hate to think that he was me, I'm glad that I ain't him.

He thinks it's lots of fun to pump And see the water spurt, But won't climb in the barn, and jump, For fear of gettin' hurt. His clo's are offie nice and fine, His hair's all over curls, His hands ain't half as big as mine, He ought to play with girls.

A little while ago when we Were foolin' in the shed He suddenly got mad at me, Because I bumped his head. There's lots of things that he can't do, And he's afraid of ganders, too; But he can fight all right. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Who Would Not Be Saved.

BY HENRY OYEN.

AN almost dismantled, forsaken, adobe house stood alone near the edge of the sand-plain in the midst of a world of sand, sun and mountains.

To the east a range of squalid black rocks rose into a precipitous mountain range, striving with their dark foreboding presence to subdue the exuberant gladness of the brilliant sunshine. To the west the monotonous yellow level stretched out like a tawny carpet, to where a slight rise in the land caused it to meet the sky as sharp and distinct as a placid lake meets the sandy beach.

On the side of the shack nearest to the mountain side stood a new freshly-painted army ambulance; a note of modernity interlarded in a world-old symphony of sand, rocks and atmosphere. Crosswise on the tongue of the vehicle, limp as a half-filled grain bag, lay the form of a man clad in the striped trousers of a private soldier, and near him, in a tangle of gear and harness, lay a pair of the mule team that he had but recently driven.

At first glance it was easily discernible that man and mules were but recently dead from gunshot wounds, and here and there a bullet had torn its way through the sides of the ambulance, ripping off splinters and exposing the white wood beneath the dark paint. On every hand were unmistakable signs of strife.

Within the adobe house Second Lieut. Horton, recently Cadet Horton, of West Point, now stationed at Fort Pratt, was hurriedly making preparations to resist the band of Apaches who swarmed amongst the black rocks and took occasional pot shots at the house, until the officers at Fort Pratt would become alarmed at the non-appearance of the ambulance, and send a force over the trail and rescue him and the girl who was with him.

The devoted mescaleros who squatted behind the rocks were in no haste to rush in and finish the game which they had so securely trapped.

They had two mute witnesses up there among the rocks, two who were just as dead as the private who lay across the ambulance tongue, to testify to the marksmanship of the man in the house, and the rest were in no frame of mind to risk their lives by exposing themselves to his fire. There was much time. There was but one man in the house—and a woman. Long before the troop had arrived from Fort Pratt they could have easily disposed of the man, looted the ambulance and scattered over their almost untraceable trails among the mountains. And the woman? Well, Sulateau, their chief, would probably accept her as his share of the loot and add her to his already generous list of wives.

So they crouched closely down behind their shelters, and leisurely satisfied their instincts for long-range shooting.

Horton, quite well aware that the trait of self-preservation—the terrible dislike to be the "first through the breach"—was exceptionally well-developed in the race to which those among the rocks belonged, hoping that by giving them an exhibition of his shooting he might cause them to delay their attack at close quarters until the dark afforded them a cloak, and by that time—well, if the men from Fort Pratt had not put in appearance before then, there would be a vacancy in the line of second lieutenants.

So Horton carefully directed the girl to a corner where the walls appeared strongest and hastily began to cut loop-holes, and organized

himself into a garrison of one to fight a score.

The bright sunlight which caused every speck on the mountain side to stand out wonderfully vivid, materially aided him, and after he had found the correct range he managed by carefully shooting at every exposed redskin to force a very wholesome fear into the soul of the enemy.

The girl, entirely inefficient to render any aid, sat silently watching with a wonderful kind of interest the boy who was doing all that man could do to save his life and her own. Occasionally a bullet bored through the mud walls and sent the dry mud flying in their faces, but the range was great and the walls stopped the majority of the bullets.

The hours seemed to come and go, to them; a dozen times Horton had momentarily ceased his fire to listen for the welcome thud of hoofs, and as often was disappointed. It was in reality but an hour before he suddenly discovered that his supply of rifle ammunition had been expended, and that the six charges in his pistol were his only remaining articles of defense. The girl saw this as he discarded the rifle and drew the pistol, and felt her heart sink as she realized the situation. She saw him as he gazed searchingly out over the plain in an effort to discern a bit of friendly blue, and saw the despair which no man can hope to conceal, come into his face and snuff out the bit of hope and dignity brought there by the joy of well fought combat.

Horton carefully examined each precious charge in the pistol, striving to force himself to think calmly; and all the time an unknown voice repeatedly asserted that further resistance was entirely useless. Still, possessed by that wonderful Anglo-Saxon courage which grows more and more rebelliously firm as the fight goes more and more to the enemy, he quietly informed the girl that he had only begun to fight, and by his demeanor attempted to live the lie.

Instinct, however, told the girl that his cheerfulness was entirely assumed, but by neither word nor look did she betray this knowledge. Silent, not voicing vain regrets, nor weak vindictives, they stood, living for the moments that reeled off with fearful regularity, each fraught with the question of life or death. Occasionally Horton, from force of habit, glanced at his timepiece, and each time he slightly shook his head. The wary Apaches, noting that the white man's terrible rifle was stilled, had stolen down to the last fringe of rocks that offered them protection, and were making visible preparations for a rush. Still, they knew that the blue-shirted cavalymen had an uncomfortable habit of shooting terribly fast and accurate at short range, with the pistol, and so they still hesitated.

Horton, closely watching their every move and carefully weighing every circumstance, reluctantly decided that the time had come to make the girl aware of the hopelessness of their situation.

"It's all up with us now, I'm afraid, Miss Jordan," he said, quietly. "They're getting ready for a rush out there, I see, and when they try that, I'm afraid I won't be able to hold them off. I'll only have time to fire probably a couple of shots, then they'll—"

"I know," she said, quickly, as if the privilege of speech was a relief after the long pulseless wait. "We'll be killed. Well, you'll find that I'm not afraid to die."

The boy became visibly embarrassed.

"Tisn't that," he said, drooping his eyes to the floor. "They won't kill you, you know, Miss Jordan; 'tisn't their style with white women. They'll—they'll let you live; you understand, don't you, Miss Jordan?"

For a moment she did not comprehend, then when the revelation dawned upon her all her composure and self-possession gave way.

"My God, they don't really do that, do they?" she cried.

The boy nodded.

"Oh, it can't be," she said, clasping her hands as the fearfulness of the boy's disclosures grew upon her. "I'd sooner die a hundred times." She stopped suddenly, for her eyes, roaming furtively, had fallen upon the pistol in the boy's hand, the only lethal weapon remaining to them. Her gaze rose steadily to his frank eyes, and for a moment they gazed at each other, each fully cognizant of the other's thoughts. The boy grew sick at heart, for there was a world of pleading in the girl's eyes.

"You will, won't you?" she said, abruptly. "You'll surely spare me the fate of falling into their hands alive." It was a weak little plea, a plea which told of all hope for life departed, and only a wish remaining for decent death.

Horton walked to a loop-hole and scanned the plain in an effort to find one clew upon which to hang a single thread of hope. But nothing new appeared to disturb the never-ending monotony of the landscape. Then the hope died in his breast.

"It shall be as you wish, Miss Jordan," he said simply.

"Thank you," she said.

He stooped and reverently placed her hand to his lips. He would have also spoken, for they had come to be very close to each other in this short moment of awful trial, but an unknown odor of sanctity held him in reserve. He held her hand for a moment, then dropped it and turned to the door.

It was a pathetically heroic tableau they presented as they stood there, subdued by the calmness of despair, awaiting the end.

The afternoon sun came slantingly in through the rude windows and cast strange, golden lights and dark shadows upon them.

Outside the sun shone on the yellow sand and the black rocks as it had shone from the beginning, and a breath of sun laden breeze coming into the room mocked them with the song that the world was still good to live in.

The girl stood with clasped hands, gazing straight towards from where the fatal bullet would come, perfectly resigned and fearless to meet her God; the boy with bowed head, subdued by the duty imposed upon him, stood facing the door, idly rolling the cylinder of the revolver between his thumb and finger, waiting, waiting.

When the first naked braves bounded up to the door with rifles held at ready, he fired twice, quickly, at the foremost, then as more came forward to take the fallen's places, he turned and skillfully shot her through the heart. When he turned to meet his fate Horton feared for a moment that his senses had left him.

The foremost Apache fell a wriggling heap in the doorway as if struck down by a swift and powerful hand, and almost simultaneously one more fell likewise.

It was some seconds afterwards that the rifle reports coming up from the mountain pass where Lieut. Thompson and his troop—traveling towards Fort Pratt—were firing, dismounted, told Horton that he was saved.

For a moment the new lease of life fairly exhilarated him. Then his eyes fell upon the form of the girl, as she, a white, still heap upon the mud floor, lay beside him.

After all, Thompson and his men were too late. He was not to be saved. The girl was dead, and he had no right—

The first trooper to enter was a lightly-mounted private, and he found them lying almost side by side.

Lieut. Thompson, when he saw them, remarked that there would be two more scores for Horton's company to even up when it came their day to reckon face to face with Sulateau's mescaleros.—Overland Monthly.

Somewhat Chromatic.

A Virginia reader sends a story told by the late Alban S. Payne ("Nicholas Spiecer") as an actual occurrence. It concerned a hard-riding, hard-drinking young Englishman who settled near Linden, that state, in the expressed hope that the rustic surroundings would prove an aid in ridding him of his abnormal thirst.

But he clung to his old habits, and soon became a connoisseur in moonshine distillations, rather preferring them, after a time, to those bearing the government stamp. His face was a mingled purple and sunset-red, the joint product of whisky and an open-air life; and he had nothing of charm apart from his faultless manners to offer the pretty mountain girl who consented to become his wife.

One afternoon he was carried home pretty well mused up as the result of a fall. The gravel of the roadside, hard-drinking young Englishman who settled near Linden, that state, in the expressed hope that the rustic surroundings would prove an aid in ridding him of his abnormal thirst.

"O, doctor! doctor! go in to him—quick! He has all the diseases of the rainbow!"—Philadelphia Times.

Don't Hurry.

Any one can hold out a dumb-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of The Scarlet Letter steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to Middlemarch does not in itself afford any criticism of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece.

"Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in the Cloister and the Hearth. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry."—Atlantic.

A Family Jar.

Mrs. Timmins—John, I must say you are the narrowest-minded man I ever saw. You have an idea that nobody is ever right but you yourself.

Mr. Timmins—Better look to home. Were you ever willing to admit that anybody was right who differed from you?

"That's an entirely different thing, and you know it, John Timmins."—Boston Transcript.

Old Saws Sawed Over.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but like one woman calling upon another, she takes good care that most of us are out.

A rooster crows loudest on his own kopje. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but a dough cake won't. A husband is judged by the late hours he keeps.—Ohio State Journal.

Temptations.

"You have such a cozy home here," her caller said.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

While their pupils are holiday-making from May 1 to September 1 many of the Swiss cantonal schoolmasters round Zermatt take situations in the hotels as waiters or porters.

A Paris review recently printed a letter written to a French priest, in which Tolstoy declared that there were two professions inconsistent with true Christianity—the military and the priestly.

Mrs. Urquhart Lee, of Chicago, has the distinction of being the only woman in the country teaching parliamentary law. She is the new appointee to the chair of parliamentary law in the University of California.

Among the reminiscences of the class of '02 at Yale is the story of a stout and healthy looking member, who was told by his tutor that "he was better fed than taught." "You teach me; I feed myself," was the retort.

The society, known as the Mission to Seamen, in England, has now 74 mission stations all over the world, and maintains a staff of over 100 paid workers, in addition to a large number of honorary helpers. It provides 105 special churches and institutes for the sole use of sea-going men when ashore. Last year nearly 20,000 services, Bible readings or meetings for prayer were held by the society workers, and were very largely attended.

Among the advanced degrees given by Columbia university at the last commencement none perhaps represented more energy and perseverance than that of master of arts bestowed upon Moses Leonard Frazier. Mr. Frazier is a negro. He is said to be the only one ever graduated from the school of political science of Columbia. He was born in slavery in New Orleans 42 years ago. He chose the business of hairdressing and chiropody and made money.

Bartlett, Young, this year's president of the Yale University Banjo club, is of Chinese parentage, though born in this country. His father, Dr. Young Wing, graduated from Yale in 1854 and later married a Miss Kellogg, member of a prominent Connecticut family and a famous beauty of her day. He lived in Hartford for many years, being on intimate terms with Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner and other notable literary persons, and only returned to his native country on the death of his wife a few years ago. At the time of his birth Dr. Young was a special envoy of China in Washington, and therefore the young man is held to be a Chinese, though born in this country.

ITALIAN OF THE ASH DUMP.

Where This Foreigner Gets Fuel for His Fire and Many Articles of Utility.

There is a value to everything, and the Italian is cognizant of the fact, although the value is small. He gathers cinders, wood, rags, bottles, paper, rubber and leather shoes, and old tin cans, all of which have been thrown away by others. Sometimes two or more families unite in making their collections, and disposing of them, forming in a small way a trust or cooperative industry, says the Christian Endeavor World.

The coal and wood they utilize for fuel in their homes, and turn the other products of their labor into money in the following way:

The old shoes and rubbers are sold to a shoemaker, usually another Italian, and bring from five to 25 cents a pair, the prices varying according to their condition. The shoemaker repairs them, and disposes of them again as secondhand.

The rags and paper are sold to the wholesale junk dealer and usually bring about six cents a hundredweight for old paper and anywhere from ten to 80 cents a hundredweight for rags.

The bottles are washed and disposed of through the same agency. The price of bottles fluctuates, an average being one dollar a hundred; but the Italian seldom sells on a "bear" market.

The boxes are sold to the fertilizer factories, two dollars a ton being paid.

The tin cans are sold to foundries, where the solder and tin are melted off and the iron sheets are melted up and sash weights made from them. Old tomato cans and fruit cans bring three dollars a ton, and it takes more than 4,000 of these cans to make a ton.

There must be some money made in this business, for an Italian residing in New York city pays to that corporation the sum of \$30,000 a year for the privilege of picking the above mentioned commodities (trimming, they call it) from the scows that bear the city's ashes and garbage to the sea.

Meaning of a Red Sunset.

A red sunset is hailed with delight by people who are going to take a holiday the next day. But the reason why a red sunset should indicate fine weather the next day is probably considered by few. It is very simple. Watery vapor in the air affects the refraction of the light, and where there is a large amount present it largely cuts off the red rays. When, therefore, the red rays are freely transmitted, the amount of moisture does not approach the rain point, and therefore the chances are strong that the weather will be fine during the next 24 hours.—Chicago Chronicle.

Where to Stop.

When in Lexington, the place to stop is at the Reed Hotel. It is headquarters for Paris and Bourbon county people, and is under the management of genial James Connor, formerly of the Fordham Hotel in this city. The house is heated by steam, and the table is at all times supplied with the best the market affords. Make it your home. 14Jan-tf

For 28 cents in stamps, you can get a free trial of Wilson's Tobacco Cure Has cured thousands. (81-Jan-tf) CORP. WILSON, Calvert, Texas.

TALK TO T. Porter Smith about fire insurance. She—They held a mirror over her face to see if she was alive. I don't understand that. He—Why, you see, if she was alive she'd open her eyes and look in it.—Stray Stories.

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WHERE TO STOP.

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