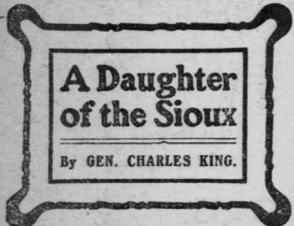


THE BOURBON NEWS

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher. PARIS, KENTUCKY.

THE SHIPS OF TIME.

There's a wonderful fleet, sailing one by one, O'er a measureless, pathless sea; It carries a freight More precious in weight Than the wealth of an argosy.



CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

That night the sentries had just called off half past one when there was some commotion at the guard-house. A courier had ridden in post haste from the outlying station of Fort Beecher, far up under the lee of the Big Horn range.

ward bluff, at whose feet the river swept by in musical murmurings. There he quickly focussed his glasses, and gazed away westward up the Plate to where but the evening before a score of Indian lodges dotted the other bank, perhaps two miles away.

It was to Ray he promptly opened his heart, as that veteran of a dozen Indian campaigns, then drawing his fourth "foggy," came hastening out to join the commander.

"Here's confirmation of the telegram. Read that, Ray," said Webb, handing him the dispatch from Fort Beecher. "Then come with me to Field's. He's—missing."

"Missing!" cried Ray, in consternation, as he hurriedly opened the page. "In God's name what do you mean?"

"I mean he isn't in quarters and hasn't been in bed to-night. Now I need him—and it's two o'clock."

"Lame Wolf out? That's bad in itself! He's old Red Cloud's nephew and a brute at best. Stabber's people there yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on his heel and gazing westward.

"Can't make it out even with my glasses. All dark as pitch among the cottonwoods, but Kennedy, who made the ride, says he saw smokes back of Eagle Butte just before sunset."

slashing handwriting at a glance, for both had seen and remarked it before. It was Nanette Flower's. Cropping the envelope on the table—he had found it on the floor—Webb led the way to the open air. There was no time to compare views. There stood the sergeant.

"Not one, sir," and staunch and sturdy, the commander of the guard stood ready to vouch for his men. "That's all!"

A quick salute, a face to the right about and the sergeant was gone. Webb turned and looked inquiringly at Ray.



ANOTHER INSTANT IT GLEAMED ALOFT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

less, dependent women and children. His call for aid was natural enough, and his choice of Kennedy, daring, dashing lad who had learned to ride in Galway, was the best that could be made.

the quill forget heaving at his massive throat; the heavy blanket slung negligently, gracefully about his stalwart form; his nether limbs and feet in embroidered buckskin, his long lashed quirt in hand; here stood, almost confronting him, as fine a specimen of the warrior of the plains as it had been Trooper Kennedy's lot to see, and see them he had—many a time and oft.

"How, John," said he, with an Irishman's easy insolence, "Lookin' for a chance to steal somethin'—is it?" And then Kennedy was both amazed and enraptured at the prompt reply in the fervent English of the far frontier.

"Go to hell, you peck-marked son-of-a-scut! Where'd you steal your whisky?" For five seconds Kennedy thought he was dreaming. Then, convinced that he was awake, an Irishman scorned and insulted, he dashed into the attack. Both fists shot out from the brawny shoulders; both missed the agile dodger; then off went the blanket, and with two leas, red, sinewy arms the Sioux had "looked his foeman round," and the two were straining and swaying in a magnificent grapple.

"I asked, sir," was that officer's brief explanation, "because wherever Field has gone he wore riding dress."

CHAPTER III. Comforted by abundant food, refreshed and stimulated by more than two or three enthusiastic toasts to the health of the major, the men so loved, Trooper Kennedy, like a born dragoon and son of the old sod, he thought him of the gallant bay that had borne him bravely and with hardly a halt all the long way from Beecher to Frayne. The field telegraph had indeed been stretched, but it afforded more fun for the Sioux than aid to the outlying posts on the Powder and Little Horn, for it was down 10 days out of 12. Plodder, lieutenant colonel of infantry commanding at Beecher, had been badly worried by the ugly demonstrations of the Indians for ten days past.

Another instant it gleamed aloft in the moonlight, and the poor lad shut his eyes against the swift and deadly blow. Curses changed to one wordless prayer to heaven for pity and help. He never saw the glittering blade go spinning through the air. Vaguely, faintly, he heard a stern young voice ordering "Hold there!" then another, a silvery voice, crying something in a strange tongue, and was conscious that an unseen power had loosed the fearful grip on his throat; next, that, obedient to that same power—one he dare not question—the Indian was struggling slowly to his feet, and then, for a few seconds Kennedy soared away into cloudland, knowing naught of what was going on about him. When he came to again, he heard a confused murmur of talk about him and grew dimly aware that his late antagonist was standing over him, panting still and slightly swaying, and that an officer, a young athlete, was saying rebukeful words. Well he knew him, as what trooper of the —th did not?—Lieut. Beverly Field; but, seeing the reopened eyes it was the Indian again who sought to speak. With uplifted hand he turned from the rescuer to the rescued.

[To Be Continued.]

Ravens 300 Years Old? Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to 100 or even to 300 years?

Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the elder Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid and Ausonius.

Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the Highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod: Thrice the life of a dog is the life of a horse, Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man, Thrice the life of a man is the life of a stag, Thrice the life of a stag is the life of a raven.

In England, under an old law still in force, the swan is a royal fowl, as whales and sturgeons are royal fish. All swans the property whereof is not otherwise definable, when within the British dominions, belong to the king by virtue of this prerogative. When swans are lawfully taken into the possession of a private person such person may be said to have a property in them; but if they be at liberty they belong to the crown. Formerly it was necessary for persons who wished to keep these "royal fowls" to obtain a swan mark, which was granted by the crown, and which could not be legally impressed without grant or prescription. The marked swan law still holds good, and it is a felony to take swans which are lawfully marked, even though they be at large, as it is a felony to take unmarked swans which are kept near a dwelling house.

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