

IS IT YOU?

Some one's selfish, some one's lazy;
Is it you?
Some one's sense of right is hazy;
Is it you?
Some one lives a life of ease,
Doing largely as he please—
Drifting idly with the breeze;
Is it you?
Some one hopes success will find him,
Is it you?
Some one proudly looks behind him—
Is it you?
Some one full of good advice
Seems to think it rather nice
In a has-been's paradise—
Is it you?
Some one trusts to luck for winning;
Is it you?
Some one craves a new beginning;
Is it you?
Some one says: "I never had
Such a chance as Jones' lad."
Some one's likewise quite a cad—
Is it you?
Some one's terribly mistaken;
Is it you?
Some one eadly will awaken;
Is it you?
Some one's working on the plan
That a masterful "I can"
Doesn't help to make the Man—
Is it you?
Some one yet may "make a killing";
And it's you.
Some one needs but to be willing,
And it's you.
Some one better set his jaw,
Cease to be a man of straw,
Get some sand into his craw—
And it's you.
—Baltimore American.

WHEN THE TIDE
CAME IN
By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

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WEARY, but radiant with happiness, Clark Morgan walked rapidly up the street from the modest station building through the gathering twilight. A combination of fortunate circumstances had enabled him to conclude his business affairs 24 hours sooner than he had anticipated, and he had thus been enabled to reach home on the evening of his wife's birthday.

This fact added elasticity to his steps and buoyancy to his spirits. He had a little present for Gertrude tucked away in his grip, an inexpensive little bauble, but one she had long desired.

He planned to slip in upon her and take her by surprise. Then he would present her with the gift, and they would sit under the maples and watch the darkness deepen, see the fireflies arise from the grass and hear the booming of the beetles through the gloom, and the splashing of the sea upon the rocks.

Quietly he slipped through the gate, when he reached the summer cottage, crept silently across the lawn, and entered noiselessly at the side door.

The living room was vacant; the last rays of the sun struggled through the lace curtains and kissed the ceiling. Shadows hovered in the corners; a deep silence reigned everywhere—a silence perfumed by a vase of lilies-of-the-valley on the table.

For a moment he paused in the center of the room, then a slight rustle from the parlor reached him, and he smiled.

Softly he stepped to the portiere and, drawing one of them slightly, peeped through the narrow opening.

Gertrude stood near the piano. At her side was James Bernard. His arm encircled her waist; her arms were around his neck; her head was slightly bowed; his lips were pressed against her forehead.

James Bernard was Clark Morgan's closest personal friend. The latch-string at the Morgan home had always been out to him.

Silently the portiere slipped from the husband's fingers and blotted the picture from his sight. For a moment he stood immovable, and a thousand thoughts passed through his mind.

Then he turned his head and glanced out the window, gazing for miles across the restless sea. On the far horizon rested a jagged rock—Fisher-man's Point—like a grim monument to his dead happiness. From the sea a deep gloom swept toward him. He stretched forth his arms as though to welcome it. If it were only everlasting oblivion!

Again his glance rested upon Fisher-man's Point. It was sinking from sight; the tide was rising. It would go down into the sea and the waves would sweep over it, like the waves were sweeping over him. But on the morrow it would rise again, even as he would when the great sorrow had passed.

Thinking thus, he crept out again into the shadows, and when he returned it was with a merry whistle and a radiant smile. His wife met him at the door and he kissed her and extended his hand to Bernard.

"How nice that we can all spend the evening together," he said; "it will be a pleasant ending to Gertrude's birthday."

He smiled at his wife, but her eyes dropped before his, and he thought he saw the suspicion of a blush upon her cheek.

"Yes," replied Bernard, carelessly. "I dropped in to congratulate Mrs. Morgan upon her anniversary."

"A kindness we both very much appreciate, I am sure," Morgan answered, "and, my dear," he added, smiling pleasantly at his wife, "I have planned a little diversion for to-morrow. They say angling is fine off Fisher-man's Point, and I suggest we three—now don't say you can't spare the time, Bernard, old chap—sail out there to-morrow afternoon, taking along some luncheon and enjoy the sport until dusk."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs.

Morgan, jubilantly: "Of course you will go, Mr. Bernard?"
"Of course," insisted Mr. Morgan.
"Of course," insisted Mr. Bernard, laughing.

The sunshine fell brilliantly upon the sea, kissing the waves that lashed the base of Fisher-man's Point into a spray of diamonds. Above, the sky arched, a blue canopy. The air, tempered by the salt moisture, was cool and pleasant.

The three, in Clark Morgan's sail boat, anchored just off the Point, fished and laughed, and were jolly. And Morgan was the merriest of them all. The others were kept laughing at his witticisms.

He had his kodak with him, and he took several shots at the rocks, the gently swelling waves, and at the only boat that passed during the afternoon.

When the tide began rising, Morgan was the first to note the slowly upward creeping of the sea upon the rocks. A smile trembled upon his lips and a strange fire burned in his eyes.

From the locker of the boat he produced a bottle of champagne, and, pouring out three glasses, handed one each to his wife and Bernard. Then, raising his own, he said:

"Here is to Love that is true,
Here is to Honor, that's real.
Love and Honor and you—
A trinity stamped with God's seal."

He touched the glass to his lips, but the others, astounded, hesitated.

"Why don't you drink?" he cried; "why don't you drink to love and honor—the twin stars in life's diadem? No other virtues are so blessed or so rare as love and honor!"

The words were spoken as though in pleasantry. Not the suspicion of a sneer accompanied them; not a spark from the fire that was consuming his soul, was visible.

So, together, they drank the toast, and when they had finished, Morgan broke his glass upon the boat's rail and watched the pieces sink into the sea.

The tide was now rising rapidly. Already the lowest crevices on Fisher-man's Point were under water.

Suddenly Clark Morgan glanced at his wife. "My dear," he said, "I was thinking what a beautiful picture I could take if you and Bernard would pose for me a moment on the rocks—you, kneeling in your white gown, my dear, and Bernard, in his robe, holding this crucifix in his hand, with the waves all but kissing your feet, and the broad sea in the background."

As he spoke, he unrolled a package he had taken, with the champagne, from the locker, and now held up a priest's robe and beads.

"Bravo!" cried Bernard, enthusiastically. "You are a thorough artist, Clark; it is a splendid conception."

"See, my dear," he said, "the tide is nearly to where we stand. Now kneel right here, your hands clasped so, and your eyes turned upward, so; that's right. Now, Bernard, hold the crucifix, there, that's right; ah, that's perfect. Throw your head back a little more, Gertrude, so your hair will fall over your shoulders more, there. Now, I'll sail away from the rock a few rods, so as to get a better focus. Ah, this is going to be one of the triumphs of my life."

Talking cheerily as he clambered over the rocks, Morgan descended to the boat and hoisted sail. Twenty yards from the Point he put the helm about, and the boat turned its bow gracefully towards the far away shore.

A light breeze was blowing landward, and before this he slowly sailed, making no pretense to check his course.

After 15 minutes or so, he glanced back at the man and woman on the rocks. His wife had risen to her feet and stood with her face toward him. He could see the startled look in her eyes.

He waved his hand at them. "Behold!" he cried, "purity and godliness upon a granite pinnacle!"

A half hour passed before he again looked back. Gertrude and Bernard were standing upon the topmost point of rock, and the tide was nearly at their feet. With the aid of his glass he could see the look of horror on the woman's face and the desperation in the eyes of the man.

His wife's hair was shining wet with the dashing spray, and tears glistened upon her cheeks.

Then the twilight deepened, deepened, and finally Fisher-man's Point was but an indistinct dot upon the horizon, with miles of foaming sea on every side.

But, in his drifting boat, Clark Morgan sat and watched Fisher-man's Point through his glass. He saw the man clasp the woman in his arms; he saw the woman put her hands to her eyes as though to shut out the sight of death creeping nearer, nearer; he watched the tide rise to their knees, to their waists, to their shoulders—then the darkness became so heavy he could no longer distinguish them from the spray.

From the locker he took another bottle of champagne. Filling a glass with the sparkling liquid, he extended it toward the dense gloom that enshrouded the Point and cried:

"Here is to Love that is true;
Here is to Honor that's real.
Love and Honor and you—
A trinity—"

During the night a sail boat drifted upon the mud banks, where fishermen found it. In the bottom was the dead body of a man.

"Heart disease," pronounced the learned coroner, solemnly.

In a court case it was claimed that a man tried to fool his wife by pretending that he was intoxicated. That is a new one. Many men, however, have tried to fool their wives by pretending that they were strictly sober.

OUR PUBLIC PARKS

MANY NEW DEPARTURES TO BE FOUND IN THEM.

Present Magnificent Urban Pleasure Grounds Are the Product of About Forty Years of Effort—Some Examples.

In 14 new small parks on the South side, in Chicago, it is proposed to build "club houses for the masses," social centers for the congested districts. This is a decided departure in the way of municipal effort, a city considering its duty done in providing summer recreation places. But, not so very long ago, parks themselves were new departures.

It may be of interest to learn that when public parks were first projected there was much opposition to them;



A NOOK IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

one argument employed against them, that they would increase taxation; another, that they would become the resort of the vicious and that respectable people would have to hold aloof from them.

It is about 40 years America has displayed interest in the development of city parks, and this period is marked by much splendid work in the extension and beautifying of urban pleasure grounds. Widely-known Central park has cost New York \$15,000,000, to-day has a real estate value of \$200,000,000, but its value to the people is infinite. Some figures may indicate the scope of the benefit: It contains 400,000 acres of wooded grounds, has nine miles of carriage way, over 28 miles of walk, and bridle paths of five miles' length; there are 30 buildings on the grounds, and seats for 10,000 people. The whole, indeed, a boon to the city-doomed, who could better dispense with library and museum.

Central park established a noble precedent, and cities all over the country were inspired to follow after the good work here begun. To-day, a stranger in a large town counts as one of his first pleasures a visit to the park which has established a reputation; for he knows each city is now judged by its parks as well as by its numbers. Everyone has heard of certain of the parks of Greater New York—Central, Prospect, Morningside and Riverside, though not of the whole number constituting New York's ten square miles (6,766 acres) of park area. Chicago



A FOUNTAIN BASIN IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

has a very fine system of parks and boulevards; the country is familiar with beautiful Lincoln, Washington and Jackson parks. Fairmount park is the pride of Philadelphia, a pleasure of 3,300 acres, and 21 small parks invite to outdoor loitering in the City of Brotherly Love. Over on the Pacific, San Francisco glories in Golden Gate park, and rejoices in numerous small parks. Belle Isle, the island park of Detroit, is a beautiful spot. Baltimore has so many parks she cannot look after them all; has nine large ones and 20 small. St. Louis' Forest park is very much to the fore at present, and the Shaw Gardens of that city are famous. The parks of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Minneapolis and St. Paul are justly famed, and Boston stands at the head of all our cities in the matter of park development, her city and suburban parks being illustrious examples of city beautifying.

City life, with its artificial conditions, certainly would be unbearable were it not for the breathing spaces here and there in the desert of buildings, were it not for the flower and woodland beauty so carefully planned and cherished by our city fathers; who to-day, influenced by the cry for hygienic outdoor life for both children and grown-ups, feel it incumbent to set apart park and boulevard where verdure, color and perfume may minister to the universal craving for natural beauty.

CHRISTOPHER WEBSTER.

HOT BUT HARMLESS FIGHT

Clean Boy and Dirty Boy Do Terrible Things to Each Other by Signs.

Among the passengers on a Ninth avenue elevated train going up town the other day was a boy of 15 in jumpers, with very grimy face and hands. He looked like a plumber's apprentice or a small beginner in a machine shop, relates the New York Sun.

Opposite to him sat another boy of about the same age and build, but very spick and span, with a strictly washed face and a neat business suit. He had a thick package of papers, and looked as if he were starting in life as an office boy.

The two seemed to pay no attention to each other until the Twenty-third street station was reached and there the grimy boy got off. He promptly stepped back along the platform until he stood behind the other boy, who was sitting with his back to the platform. Then he tapped on the glass—it had been raining and the car windows were closed.

The clean boy looked around, whereupon the dirty one squared off in prize ring style, and beckoned to the clean boy to come out and settle it then and there, and went through a series of feints, parries and punches, plainly designed to show what a sad thing it would be for the clean boy if he accepted the invitation.

The clean boy grinned, and, stretching his coat sleeve over his arm, "put up a muscle," shaking his fist as if it were a battering ram, at his adversary.

The dirty boy danced around the platform, hitting right and left and shaking his head as if taking punishment, and giving it back to the atmosphere with compound interest.

The clean boy arched his left arm as if he had his opponent's neck in chancery, and swung his right with damaging speed and vigor upon the spot where the other boy's face wasn't.

Then the train started. The terrific conflict lasted about 30 seconds. As long as the two boys could see each other they made faces, and gave plastic demonstrations of their hatred and contempt for each other.

The clean boy relapsed into his seat with a sigh of refreshment. The struggle had done him no end of good. He grinned good humoredly at a sour-looking woman in the cross-seat, who looked as if she would have liked to own him just for five minutes.

HIGH-POWER MICROSCOPES.

One That Enlarges the Eye of a House-Fly to an Area of 312 Square Feet.

All who use the microscope are aware that the limit of its magnifying powers is soon reached. Beyond a certain point the image becomes indistinct, large but not clear, and the imperfections of the instrument are magnified as well as the object. Prof. Dolbear has observed that "the powers of the microscope have not been doubled within the last 50 years, though more time and ingenuity have been given to the problem of improving it than will ever be given in the same interval again." It is dangerous, however, to prophesy, says the London Telegraph. One of the exhibits at the Royal society's conversation seemed to mark a very distinct advance. Mr. J. W. Gordon showed a high-power microscope which had in the view-field of the ordinary instrument a rotating glass screen, and this, viewed through a second microscope, gave a further magnification of 100 diameters. The ground-glass screen, by expending the transmitted light wave, causes it completely to fill the aperture of the second microscope, so that the usual imperfections of excessive magnification disappear. A diatom was magnified 10,000 diameters, and its structure was clear and well defined. With the same magnification the eye of a house-fly would seem to cover an area of 312 square feet.

THE POWER OF MIMICRY.

As Presented in Public Oftentimes It Amounts Merely to a Species of Boring.

The power of mimicry deserts the average man at the same time, and for the same reason, as the power of parody, says the London Saturday Review. Before he is 20 the average youth can catch, more or less recognizably, the tone of voice and the tone of mind of his friends. Later his own mind acquires so distinct a tone, and he becomes so accustomed to his own voice, that his efforts at mimicry (if he make any) are dire failures. Occasionally, however, a man retains the knack even in his prime and even though he has a distinct individuality. In him, and in him alone, we behold the complete mimic. The mimicry is a form of criticism, and a distinct individuality—a point of view—is as useful in the mimic as in the critic. Mimicry is a mechanical reproduction of voice and gesture and facial play is a mere waste of time and trial of patience. Yet that is the kind of mimicry that is nearly always offered us. A man comes upon the platform and reproduces verbatim some scene of a recent play exactly as it was enacted by this or that mimic. If he were a parrot the effect would be amusing, for it is odd to hear a bird uttering human inflections. But he happens to be a man, and so we are merely bored.

A Real Genius. Jigs-mith—That fellow Piker is certainly a clever, ingenious chap, isn't he? Browning—Why, I never heard of his doing anything remarkable. "That's just it. He manages in some way to get along without doing anything."—St. Louis Republic.

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