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Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
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It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
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ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are authorized to announce J. Hal Woodford as a candidate for reelection to the Lower House of the General Assembly, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Pearce Paton as a candidate for County Clerk of Bourbon county, subject to the act on of the Democratic party.

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SPECIALTY OF
Sharpening Saws,
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Ammunition of all
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hand.

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The Famous Jung and Celebrated High Life Beers.

Free Lunch every day. Hot Roast, etc. The best whiskey in the world, including Vanhook, Fayms, Bond & Lillard, Chicken Cock "J. B. T." and the best of Old Rye Whiskys. Open day and night. We never sleep.

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LOCAL TIME TABLE.

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Ar at Paris at 7.50 am and 3.25 pm

Lv Paris at 8.30 am and 5.42 pm
Ar at Geo'town 9.04 am and 6.25 pm
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Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati, Maysville, Cynthiana, Winchester and Richmond.

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County Court Days.

Below is a list of County Courts held each month in counties tributary to Paris:

- Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.
- Bath, Owingsville, 2d Monday.
- Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.
- Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.
- Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.
- Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.
- Estill, Irvine, 3d Monday.
- Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.
- Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.
- Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.
- Garrard, Lancaster, 4th Monday.
- Grant, Williamstown, 2nd Monday.
- Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.
- Henry, Newcasttle, 1st Monday.
- Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.
- Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
- Lincoln, Stanford, 2nd Monday.
- Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.
- Mason, Maysville, 2d Monday.
- Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.
- Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.
- Nicholas, Carlisle, 2nd Monday.
- Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.
- Owen, Owenton, 4th Monday.
- Plendletown, Falmouth, 1st Monday.
- Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.
- Pulaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.
- Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.
- Shelby, Shelbyville, 2nd Monday.
- Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.
- Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.

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Williams' Carbohc Salve With Arnica And Witch Hazel.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, bruises, Scres, Ulcers, Sait Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by druggists. WILLIAMS, M'F'G. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

He Fought At Gettysburg.

"David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., who lost a foot at Gettysburg, writes: "Electric Bitters have done me more good than any medicine I ever took. For several years I had stomach trouble, and paid out much money for medicine to little purpose, until I began taking Electric Bitters. I would not take \$500 for what they have done for me." Grand tonic for the aged and for female weaknesses. Great alternative and body builder; sure cure for lame back and weak kidneys. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c.

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We will furnish you money at 5 per cent. to buy you a home, or pay off that mortgage, then you return the money like paying rent. See representative of Standard Trust Company, Fordham Hotel, Tuesdays and Fridays, from 1 to 7 p. m. 10-1f

A Significant Prayer.

"May the Lord help you make Bucklen's Arnica Salve known to all," writes J. G. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "It quickly took the pain out of a felon, for me and cured it in a wonderfully short time." Best on earth for sores, burns and wounds. 25c at Oberdorfer's drug store.

Appendicitis

Is due in a large measure to abuse of the bowels, by employing drastic purgatives. To avoid all danger, use only Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe, gentle cleanser and invigorator. Guaranteed to cure headache, biliousness, malaria and jaundice, at Oberdorfer's drug store. 25c.

A Hard Debt to Pay.

"I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid off," writes G. S. Clark, of Westfield, Iowa, "for my rescue from death, by Dr. King's New Discovery. Both lungs were so seriously affected that death seemed imminent, when I commenced taking New Discovery. The ominous dry, hacking cough quit before the first bottle was used, and two more bottles made a complete cure." Nothing has ever equaled New Discovery for coughs, cold and all throat and lung complaints. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

Good News to Women

Father William's Indian Tea, Nature's Remedy, is becoming the most popular Female Remedy in use. Pale, Weak, Nervous, Delicate Women suffering from those weaknesses and diseases, peculiar to their sex, will find in Father William's Indian Tea a wonderful Tonic and Regulator. It quiets the Nerves, puts on flesh, gives strength and elasticity to the step, brightens the eyes, clears the complexion and makes you well and strong again. Tea or Tablets, 20 cents. For sale by W. T. Books.

The Man With a Record

By HOWARD FIELDING

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WILLIAM CONROY possessed an admirable tact within the limits of his experience, but he was a stranger in the upper walk of life. Suddenly thrust into high society, it was natural that he should err.

The delicate, almost instinctive, avoidance of such blunders as Du Maurier cartooned under the caption "Things which one would rather not have said," was hardly to be expected of Mr. Conroy. He had not been bred to it.

For reasons which will presently be made clear Mr. Conroy called at the residence of Gilbert Hollender in the early afternoon of a June day. The Hollender mansion is one of the sights of the city, and yet its ornate exterior gives scarcely a hint of the luxury within. The reception room oppressed Mr. Conroy with a sense of the gross inequalities of life, a subject upon which he had often reflected seriously, for he was a thoughtful and grave man and one whose professional training guarded him against mere outward show and vain pretense.

He had barely begun to familiarize himself with his surroundings and had not yet dared to sit down when a very beautiful young lady entered the room. "You are Mr. Conroy?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am," he replied.

She looked at him with a lively interest, as if he were a thing quite new in her experience.

"You are the detective," said she. "You are going to Sunnyside with us." "Such is my instructions," answered Conroy.

The careful precision of his utterance gave his grammatical error the effect of a deliberate jest, and Miss Hollender could not conceal her amusement. Instantly she took a great fancy to this man, quite as she might have liked a big dog for some unexpected and ponderous caper.

"My father has just telephoned that he has been detained downtown," said she, "but we are not to wait for him. So if you are ready—"

Conroy bowed low, with a solemn sweep of the right hand, deliciously awkward, and Miss Hollender was positively delighted.

There entered at this moment a woman of middle age, comfortably plump and the picture of gentle self-satisfaction. Accompanying her was a lean, eager, pallid boy of twelve. These were Miss Hollender's aunt and brother. Obviously the boy had known who was in the reception room and had been impatient to see him, and it was equally clear that Conroy fell far below Master Hollender's ideal of a detective.

They rode to the railroad station in one of the Hollender automobiles, and upon the way a fortunate chance helped Conroy to gain the boy's favor, for they passed a slender, stooping old man with a long white beard, and the detective pointed him out as one of



"YOU ARE MR. CONROY?"

the most celebrated forgers of modern times, who had spent more than thirty years of his life in prison.

"If he was a reformed man," said Conroy, "I wouldn't make a show of him, but he ain't, and, moreover, he's valuer than an actor. If you should meet him he'd talk you deaf, and always about himself."

"I'd risk an ear or two just the same," said Willie Hollender, looking back at the celebrated criminal. "He must have a lot of ripping good stories."

And thereafter the boy viewed Conroy with more esteem, as one who knew important people.

On the platform beside the train the two ladies encountered a man of thirty-five or thereabout, English in dress and manner, accompanied by a valet carrying a suit case and a bag with golf clubs. It appeared presently that the Englishman was to be of the party; that he had been invited to Sunnyside for the week end and that he was upon very good terms with Miss Hollender, for she called him Tom and greeted him with warmth. His patronymic was Clifford.

When they entered Mr. Hollender's

private car, which was attached to the train, they found several other people who were bound for Sunnyside, and in the distribution of the party, after the usual compliments had been exchanged, it is probable that Mr. Clifford would have maneuvered Miss Hollender into a corner for a tete-a-tete, but the young lady was not to be cheated of her pleasure in Conroy as a new type of the species, nor could Willie Hollender be parted from the detective, and thus a group of four was formed.

"We have had a series of petty but very annoying thefts at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender to Mr. Clifford. "There must be a thief among the servants, but he is too shrewd for amateur methods of detection, so we have begged Mr. Conroy to detach himself from more important affairs and help us in our perplexity."

"And what does Mr. Conroy think of the case?" asked Clifford.

"From what your father told me," said he, "I guess there's no doubt that you've got a crook on your payroll out there. It must be one of the servants, because things have been stolen when there wasn't a guest in the house—no body but your father and young Mr. Hollender."

"Willie," said Miss Hollender sternly, "the searchlight of suspicion is veering in your direction."

Willie opened his eyes wide with sudden interest, and he seemed to experience a genuine disappointment when Conroy said:

"As there's been only one touch made while Willie was there and something like a dozen when he wasn't, I guess we'll have to let him out of it. No, miss, we've got a sure thing on the servants so far as I can see."

"You seem confident of success," remarked Clifford.

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded the detective. "The chances are that I'll spot an old friend before I've been there two hours."

"An old friend?" said Willie.

"Somebody with a record, I mean," responded Conroy. "Somebody with a mug in the gallery."

"A mug in the gallery?" echoed Clifford.

"I beg the young lady's pardon," said the detective, conscious of his rough phrase, "I mean a portrait at headquarters. If I don't recognize an acquaintance right away I'll have to look 'em up. And when I've found a record I've found my thief."

"That is always the theory of the police," said Miss Hollender. "Really, Mr. Conroy, I expected to find you more original."

"There's nothing original about facts," rejoined the detective gravely. "They're all old and hard, as old and hard as sin. Sin is in the heart, and it comes out in conduct like sweat through your skin. It comes out early. I've been in this business a good many years, so called, I've never seen a thief that hadn't been dishonest as far back as you could look him up. You'll find a lot of things that have been covered over. This world ain't so hard as you maybe think it is. Criminals are excused. They're let off over and over again when they're young, but the evil is in 'em, and by and by they come to their natural windup, and that's in jail."

"Perhaps this may be true as to thieves," began Clifford. "I mean the petty, habitual 'sneaks'—I believe that's your word for them in America, isn't it?—but—"

"It's just as true of all wrongdoers," said Conroy sentimentally. "Why, what's all this we hear about these divorcees and the breaking up of homes? Do you ever find one single case where the guilty party didn't have a record? Take cruelty and neglect and meanness and all kinds of disrespect and dishonesty to women. I tell you that it's in the man, from his youth up, or he wouldn't do it. Every one of those divorced and reddivorced men is a bad egg and always has been, and you may take my word for it. And as for the women, may the Lord pity and pardon 'em and lead 'em to a better life. Amen."

He spoke the closing words with a somber and prayerful earnestness, and a tense silence followed. Perceiving that he had made an impression, and being proud of it, he continued:

"If a lady was going to hire a butler and I should tell her that the man had been convicted twice of robbery she wouldn't hire him, but if he's been convicted twice of being a bad husband she'll marry him."

During these remarks Willie's pale countenance had been growing red very fast. At the last his hands went suddenly to his mouth, and he exploded behind them with one hysterical outburst of laughter. Then he rose hastily and went to the other end of the car.

Conroy, surprised, looked hastily into Miss Hollender's face. The young lady was beautifully serene, but, with the corner of an eye, the detective saw Clifford and perceived that his countenance was darkly clouded.

Immediately the Englishman straightened up in his chair and thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. Conroy had often seen a nervous man hide his hands. It is an impulse of protection, for the hands are betrayors of secrets. In this instance, however, there was a new phase of the familiar act, for Clifford became suddenly rigid, and the detective knew that his left hand spasmodically closed upon something in his pocket.

"Speaking of the robberies at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender placidly, "I hope your theory will prove true. I would rather we had hired a thief than that we had developed one on the estate."

Conroy did not reply. He was saying to himself: "I've hit 'em both, but the man much the hardest. And, besides, the girl's got the blood. She's the thoroughbred."

Some unimportant things were said, and Conroy presently excused himself, awkwardly enough, and went to the observation window in the rear of the car, but, though he seemed absorbed in the scenery, he never quite lost sight of Mr. Clifford from that moment to the end of the journey. As they were nearing Sunnyside Willie stole up behind the detective.

"I say," he whispered, "you didn't do a thing to Tom Clifford! Give it to him again. He's no good. He's been divorced twice."

This coincidence gave Conroy a cold chill.

"Don't speak of it," he groaned. "Forget it, Willie, forget it."

But after the boy had taken himself away Conroy's natural instincts began to assert themselves, and especially that trained servicable curiosity which is the chief essential of success in the detective's profession. Thus his mind came to center with ever increasing intensity upon the one unexplained detail of this affair. What was it that Clifford's hand had unexpectedly encountered in his coat pocket?

Under the spur of this question the detective's powers of observation followed diligently upon the trail, and the



"SO THIS IS YOUR ERRAND?"

pursuit was not long, for when the party had arrived at the little railroad station which is nearest to the estate of Sunnyside Clifford took advantage of a moment when he thought that no eye was upon him and, drawing a letter from the suspected pocket, he dropped it through a crack between two planks of the platform. Conroy was surprised that the man had not torn the letter, and yet, of course, the odds were enormous that it would be unseen forever.

There was indeed another explanation which Conroy discovered some hours later, when he had hired a youthful native of that region to crawl under the platform and secure the letter. It had already been torn and was all in small bits inside the envelope.

An hour's work in the room which had been assigned to him at Sunnyside sufficed for the task of putting the pieces together. Then Conroy pasted them neatly upon thin paper and reviewed the letter as a whole. It had been mailed in London and ran as follows:

Dear Clifford—I write this in a hurry to catch a mail. Miss M. is dead—and who that has a heart will not be glad? You that have none will rejoice in your own way, for while she lived there was always danger that some enemy would retell the old story. Fifteen years of madness! Poor woman, poor woman! Of course I have never exaggerated your conduct. You were engaged to her, she loved you, you saw a chance for a rich marriage, you jilted her, and the shock dethroned her reason. That's the worst of it and the whole of it. May God forgive you. R.

It was now nearly 10 o'clock, but Conroy, armed with this weapon, which Providence had put into his hands, could delay to use it. The trivial affair which had brought him to that house was already upon the way to a conclusion, for he had recognized in one of the footmen an old and clever offender. But in any case he would have given all his thought to the more serious matter, for surely Mr. Hollender would rather lose a few pieces of plate than that his daughter should marry a rascal.

Conroy descended the stairs and found the lower part of the house deserted except for a few servants, for the guests were all upon the verandas. Passing through the dimly lighted drawing room he came suddenly face to face with the object of his search.

"Miss Hollender," he said, "I'm glad to find you alone. Here's something that you certainly ought to see. Perhaps I ought to show it to your father, but I guess this way will be the quickest and for that reason the best. It's a letter that I saw Mr. Clifford dispose of."

A hand suddenly fell upon the detective's wrist and a voice vibrant with wrath spoke in his ear.

"So this is your errand here, is it? The robbery story is only a blind, eh? You're on my trail!"

Conroy wrenched himself free of Clifford's grip and preserved his hold upon the letter. At the same moment he heard Miss Hollender's voice, cold and smooth as ice:

"Of course I could not read a letter of Mr. Clifford's under any circumstances," she said, "but if I did so, whatever the contents might be, I could not know him better than I do at this present instant. His inference in regard to your business here, Mr. Conroy, will be all that I shall require. That I owe to you, and I thank you heartily."

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by all druggists, by mail for 50c and \$1.00.

Williams' Carbolic Salve With Arnica and Witch Hazel.

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Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back groin and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

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For Sale.**

I have listed the following property for sale:

Two Cottages on West street. Four large rooms each, halls, porches, cistern, good stable; lots 50x100 feet.
Farm of 153 acres near Centerville; all in grass, except 25 acres. Brick residence, good barns and all other out buildings.

Another farm of 47 7-10 acres, on the Russell Cave pike, 8 miles from Paris, 10 from Lexington. New tobacco barn. Other buildings afe good.

should be glad to show you these places at any time. Prices right.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Cars leave Lexington for Versailles 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m., 9:30 and 11 p. m.
Cars leave Lexington for Paris 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m., 9 and 11 p. m.
Cars leave Georgetown for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.
Cars leave Versailles for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m., 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.
Cars leave Paris for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. and 10 p. m.