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**T. F. BRANNON.**

Paris, Ky.

## Beware of Benedicts!

By H. M. KERNER.

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The new Mrs. Wolcott regarded Billy Bevan distrustfully. Not until the train had pulled out and she had sent her newly acquired husband forward to the baggage car to remove excess baggage in the shape of white satin streamers from their trunks would she feel safe. Billy Bevan was only happy when playing practical jokes. He was happiest when his victims were bridal couples.

Suddenly Bevan snapped a handcuff upon her husband's wrist and was drawing the bride and groom together with a mocking "till death do thee part" when he felt the cold steel on his own wrist and heard the fatal click. He, not the bride, was handcuffed to Wolcott.

"I say," he cried protestingly, "this is not fair."

"You can unlock yourself in time to leave at the next station," said Wolcott. "It's poetic justice, Billy."

"It's confoundedly unpleasant," Billy retorted. "You see, I did not get the key; never supposed that I should need



"YOU WISH HIM RELEASED AT THE NEXT STATION?" ASKED THE MAGICIAN.

one. I just could see you going to the hotel and asking that a pitcher of ice water and a policeman be sent to your room."

"This is the better joke," smiled Wolcott. "It will teach you that marriage is something sacred, not merely a peg upon which to hang fool jokes. Let's go ahead to the smoking car. We will be less conspicuous there than here."

Arm in arm they made their way to the cafe car, but once there Wolcott dropped Bevan's wrist and let the cuff show.

They immediately became the center of attention. One man, more curious than the rest, turned to Wolcott. "Your prisoner?" he asked. The bridegroom regarded Bevan with a benevolent smile.

"He is a prisoner of his own making," Wolcott explained. "The jail yawns for him, but it is more likely to be the insane asylum that finally comes into its own."

"I see," grinned the questioner. "You're that bridal couple three cars back."

"I am part of that happy pair," conceded Wolcott, "but this is not the partner of my joys and sorrows. He simply shares my sorrows at the present time."

"You're a sharer all right," agreed Bevan with a chuckle. "There's some consolation in that. Think of poor Bess back there in the chair car all alone."

"She would rather be rid of us," said Wolcott comfortably. "It is all your own fault, Billy. I begged you not to try any of your fool tricks. Beware of the benedicts, Billy. They will all pay you back some day when your neck goes under the matrimonial yoke."

"The lady says to come on back and bring your friend," reported the white coated porter. "There's a seat next yours he can get."

Bevan's eyes snapped. He could make things interesting back in the chair car. But his amiable intention to turn the joke on his involuntary host was checked, for a dapper little man stepped forward.

"Permit me," he said. "I am a handcuff magician. I can take those off if you wish."

"Then he'll go ranting through the train," said Wolcott. "I'd rather have him where I can watch him."

"No, it will be all right," said the magician as he drew a handkerchief over the cuffs. A click and Wolcott withdrew his hand, rubbing his chafed wrist. Bevan attempted to do the same, but when the handcuff king removed the cloth it was seen that the cuff had been slipped around the arm of Bevan's chair.

"You wish him released at the next station?" asked the magician.

"Better carry him to Presby," said Wolcott. "He has some friends there."

Bevan groaned. Grace Coburn lived at Presby. If any one should detect his plight and tell her—He shook his free fist after Wolcott's retreating form.

At Presby, Wolcott came up just as the first cuff was unfastened from the chair.

"Let him keep the other," he suggested. "He seems so fond of them it would be a shame to remove them."

"Quite so," agreed the magician. "Monsieur is too fond of a joke to

let this terminate so abruptly? Is it not so?"

"Give my regards to Grace in case you see her," called Wolcott as Bevan made for the door. Bevan breathed a prayer that he would not see her, but as he stepped to the platform she came toward him with sparkling eyes.

"Why didn't you let us know that you were coming?" she cried as she shook hands.

"I didn't know it myself," he explained. "You see, I was carried off while I was saying goodbye to Ted Wolcott and Bess, so I came on for a call."

"I'm glad you did," she said smilingly. "It's too bad I did not know that Bess was on the train. I came to see May Lewis off. Oh, have you hurt your wrist, Billy?"

"A little," he admitted lamely, scowling at the handkerchief bandage around the offending cuffs. "I'll tell you about it as we drive out."

He followed her over to the dog-cart.

"That was very careless," she scolded. "You must have hurt your wrist."

"It's not my wrist that hurts; it's my feelings," he began. When he had explained his plight he added, "Bert was hoping you would be here to see me—and you were," he ended miserably.

"Are you sorry that I was?" she demanded.

"Sorry? Not a bit of it, only a man feels such a fool."

"If you ever marry what a lot of back scores there will be to be paid off."

"Yes, Ted was telling me to beware of the benedicts. No girl would want to marry a man that will get the send-off that's in preparation for me."

"She would not care very much for you if she could not stand a little teasing for your sake," she said softly.

"A little teasing?" he echoed. "Why, they are liable to wreck the train to get square. How would you like—"

"There's a blacksmith shop just ahead," she said hurriedly to change the topic. "I guess he could cut that cuff."

The blacksmith could and did.

"That lets you out of a scrape," Grace said when they were under way again.

"Only to get into a greater one," he declared. "I—well, I've been trying for months to get up my courage to ask you to marry me, dear. I think you know that I love you. I know that you love me or you would have joked me about the scrape I was in. Do you think, dear, that you love me enough to say 'Yes?'"

"I think I can brave even the benedicts," she answered shyly.

### Physical Horrors Not Art.

The subject of discussion at the Impressionists' club was a picture, "Circe's Swine," by a young German painter, a grotesque study showing the enchantress among a herd of bestial things, variously diverging from the human type—furry eared fauns, shaggy hipped satyrs, apes with pink palms, snuffing jackals and thick jowled swine—all with more or less of agonized human intelligence protesting mutely from their hideous lineaments.

"They are all errors, these freakish excesses," declared an old painter of the second empire. "Triboulet, Quasimodo, Gwynplaine, have no proper place in art. Such art belongs to the Huns and Iroquois, who could only be stirred by laceration and dismemberment. The only effects of horror properly within the province of the artist are psychological. Everything else is a mere matter of the abattoir. The body as nature has evolved it is sanctified by her purpose, in any natural function or attitude decent and comely. But lop away so much as a finger and you have wounded the creature beyond repairation."—Willis Sibert Cather in McClure's.

### Indian Bug Eaters.

A reporter went over into the Indian Territory and ate locusts with the full bloods. He says: "The insects are caught at night just before they are strong enough to fly away. The Indians select a smooth spot of ground where they have ascertained that the grubs are plentiful and clean it off nicely. When it is dark they go to the place thus prepared with torches and beat the ground with a maul or jump up and down on it, with the result that the young locusts swarm out and are swept into bags and baskets, where they are salted, put in an oven and browned. Impelled by curiosity, the writer took a helping of the suspicious looking bugs and bit gingerly a plump one in the middle and then ate the whole bug and helped himself to more, for he found that the locust was not a bad tasting bug at all. It has a flavor somewhat like that of a dried herring or salted peanuts, and the crisp, brown bugs make very good eating."—Joplin (Mo.) News-Herald.

### Character in the Eyes.

Character reading from the features is an interesting study in which most people indulge, though perhaps unconsciously. A man is heard frequently to remark that he never judges a person by external appearances, but let a person apply to this same man for a position and the first thing he will do will be to make a mental estimate of the character, ability and general condition of the applicant. And he does this from outward appearances entirely. When a man applies for a job, look at his eyes. More signs of character are expressed through the eyes than any other feature. The eye is the window to the brain, and through it an expert character reader can often see many a tale that would be lost to the average person. A guilty eye has sent more than one criminal to meet his fate, and a steady, unflinching one has helped many a man through a serious difficulty.—Frequent.

### EARLY ARITHMETICS.

#### Struggles of the Pilgrim Children With One of the "R's."

Next to penmanship the colonial school and schoolmaster took firm stand on "ciphering." "The Bible and figners is what I want my boys to know," said the old farmer. I have examined with care a Wingate's Arithmetic which was used for over a century in the Winslow family in Massachusetts. The first edition was printed in 1620. It is certainly bewildering to a modern reader. "Pythagoras—His Table" is of course our multiplication table. Then come "The Rule of Three," "The Double Golden Rule," "The Rule of Fellowship," "The Rule of False," etc., ending with "a collection of pleasant and polite questions to exercise all the parts of vulgar arithmetic."

Wingate's Arithmetic and Hodder's Arithmetic were succeeded by Pike's Arithmetic. This had 363 rules to be committed to memory, and not an explanation was given of one of them. It is the most barren schoolbook I have ever read. These printed arithmetics were not in common use. Nearly all teachers had manuscript "sum books," from which the scholars copied page after page of "sums," too often without any explanation of the process, though there were also many and long rules, which helped the penmanship if they did not the mathematics.—Exchange.

### BARBED WIRE.

#### A Lucky Device That Brought Millions to Its Inventor.

"The luckiest invention in history," said a patent official, "was that of barbed wire. It came about by accident."

"Isaac L. Ellwood was the inventor of barbed wire. In his youth he lived in De Kalb, Ill., and, having a neighbor whose pigs trespassed on his garden, he put up one day a wire fence of his own make. This fence had barbs and points on it. It was queer and ugly, but it kept out the pigs."

"It was a real barbed wire fence, the first in the world, and there were millions of money in it, but young Ellwood and his friends laughed at its freak appearance."

"One day two strangers saw this fence, perceived how well it kept out the pigs, realized how cheap it was—realized, in a word, its value—and ordered several tons of it from Ellwood. Furthermore, they contracted to sell for a term of years all the barbed wire he could produce."

"Ellwood borrowed \$1,000 and set up a little factory. A few years later on he had paid back that loan and was worth a small matter of \$15,000,000 besides."—New York Press.

### The Water Lily.

Almost everybody has observed the strange characteristic of the water lily bud opening its petals at sunrise and closing them again at sunset. It was for this reason mainly that the ancients held the water lily sacred to the sun. Pliny says: "It is reported that in the Euphrates the flower of the lotus plunges into the water at night, remaining there till midnight and to such a depth that it cannot be reached with the hand. After midnight it begins gradually to rise, and as the sun rises above the horizon the flower also rises above the water, expands and raises itself some distance above the element in which it grows." It was also through this peculiarity that Hancarville proved that the Egyptians considered the lily an emblem of the world as it rose from the waters of the deep.

### Scot Free.

The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, harks back to the times of Scottish romance and tragedy so luminously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish trials given certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all of his clothing and placed at a certain distance from archers who had bows and arrows ready, waiting the command. "Fire!" When the command was given, the man under indictment would begin running and the archers firing, and if in running this gantlet none of the arrows hit him he was allowed to go scot free.—Exchange.

### A Real Genius.

From the composers of all time Beethoven stands out by himself like some gigantic tree towering up above the rest of the forest. He was the greatest genius of all, not for any one thing that he did, but because he was equally great in every style of music that he essayed. The first test of real genius is the ability to excel in all directions, and for this reason I have always looked upon Beethoven, Shakespeare and Turner as the three greatest geniuses who have ever existed.—Emil Sauer in Strand Magazine.

### Just His Luck.

"Hello," said Borem, "I just thought I'd drop in on you today to"—  
 "I thought you would, too," interrupted Merchant.  
 "You did? Now, that's strange, because"—  
 "Not at all. This is the busiest day I've had for two weeks."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Tit For Tat.

Husband—I wish I had some of those good, old fashioned biscuits like mother used to make for me. Wife—And I wish I had some of those nice new fashioned clothes like father used to buy for me.—Chicago News.

Toil, feel, think, hope; you will be sure to dream enough before you die without arranging for it.—J. Sterling.

### A BUSINESS PARABLE.

#### You Cannot Fail to Appreciate the Point in This Story.

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses."

So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days," forgetting that, though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so bad that he fell out of bed and awoke and, running to his granary, found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming.

Moral.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Exchange.

### GOLDSMITH'S POVERTY.

#### Wretched Misery of the Amiable but Imprudent Author.

In 1758, two years after Goldsmith returned from his wanderings on the continent, he presented himself at Surgeons' hall for examination as a hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy; but he suffered the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffiths, the publisher of the Monthly Review, became security. The clothes were to be returned immediately when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object and probably distressed by urgent want, pawned the clothes. The publisher threatened, and Goldsmith replied:

"I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudence and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks and, by heavens, request it as a favor—a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt and indignance bring with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?"

Such was the hopelessness, the deep despair of this imprudent but amiable author who has added to the delight of millions and to the glory of English literature.

### Some Bulls.

Last year, in the north of Ireland, the following came under my observation. In a hotel the porter, for my information and dutifully in furtherance of the interests of his employers, remarked, "If you want a drive, sir, you needn't go out of the hotel," meaning, of course, that carriages formed part of the establishment.

Another bull was in a conversation overheard between two workmen. One put the question, "Were you acquainted with So-and-so?" to which the reply was, "No; he was dead before I knew him."

An Irish friend of mine was describing a dinner party he had been at. It was a great success, as two noted talkers were present, each of whom was talking so fast that neither could get in a word.—London Spectator.

### Equal to the Occasion.

The Countess Waldegrave was married four times. One evening she appeared at the opera in Dublin during her fourth husband's occupancy of the post of chief secretary for Ireland. An audacious Celt, catching sight of her ladyship in one of the boxes, shouted out with real Irish temerity, "Lady Waldegrave, which of the four did you like best?"

The countess was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's hesitation she rose from her seat and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Why, the first man, of course"—a remark which naturally "brought down the house."

### Suggestive.

"Hang it!" growled young Lovett to the girl of his heart. "It makes me mad every time I think of that money I lost today. I certainly feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me!"  
 "By the way, Jack," said the dear girl dreamily, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"—Illustrated Bits.

### Just Two Kinds of Men.

"There are two classes of men," said the close observer. "One knows nothing about woman, having spent years in studying her. The other knows everything, never having studied her."—Chicago Journal.

### At 3 A. M.

His Wife—You needn't make any excuses, John. It's all right. You're just in time to walk the baby for an hour or two.—Puck.

Fill and assurance are an invincible couple.—Dutch Proverb.