

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.



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...

We are authorized to announce Pearce Paton as a candidate for County Clerk of Bourbon county...

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Sharpening Saws, Lawn Mowers, Fitting Keys, Repairing Trunks.

Ammunition of all kinds always on hand.

\$1 Watches

WALTER DAVIS

J. H. Current & Co. New Fordham Bar.

The Famous Jung and Celebrated High Life Beers.

Free Lunch every day. Hot Roast, etc. The best whiskey in the world...

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry. THE MIDLAND ROUTE. LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Lv Frankfort at 6.20 am and 2.00 pm Ar Geo'town... 7.12 am and 2.47 pm

Lv Paris at 8.30 am and 5.42 pm Ar at Geo'town... 9.04 am and 6.25 pm

Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati...

Connections made at Georgetown with the Southern Railway. GEO. B. HARPER, Pres. and Gen. Supt.

Connors Transfer Co. PHONE 323. Handling and Transfer Business Promptly Attended To.

Moving of Household Goods a Specialty. D. D. CONNOR, Mgr.

V. BOGAERT, J. E. KNOCKE VICTOR BOGAERT, Manufacturing Jeweler and Importer

Lexington, Kentucky. Importing House—Brussels, Belgium.

Professional :: Cards. WM. KENNEY, W. K. DUDLEY.

Drs. Kenney & Dudley, Office Opp. Fordham Hotel. OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9:30 a. m., 1:30 to 3 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

PHONES 136. D. R. A. H. KELLER, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Offices in Agricultural Building

Paris, Kentucky. J. J. WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 1 Elks Building.

C. J. BARNES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 8, Elks Build'g, Home Phone 72.

D. E. J. T. BROWN, Office over Oberdorfer's Drug Store, Home Phone 258, E. Tenn.

WHEN BESSIE MOVED.

By MARIE WAIT.

Copyright, 1907, by Marie Wait.

Bessie sat with her face against the pane of the south window. Ever since the gathering dusk of the winter afternoon had settled down she had watched the road for signs of the team.

Then a knock at the door startled her, and she covered into the darkness, hoping that the intruder, whoever it might be, would become tired and go away.

The furniture was still piled in the center of the room, and there was no hiding place save the great cupboard that had been Grandma Bailey's.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

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.

Wheat Wanted.

Will pay highest market price for wheat. You can unload your wagons with ease and quickness at our elevator.

Hunting For Trouble.

"I've lived in California 20 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure."

Cures Blood, Skin Diseases, Cancer—Greatest Blood Purifier

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, rashes, and bumps, scabby pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.).

Williams' Carbolic Salve With Arnica And Witch Hazel.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, bruises, Scres, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

Kentucky Fair Dates.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky fairs for 1907 as far as reported: Lexington, August 12—Six days. Burkesville, August 13—Four days.

unconscious of the speeding hours until she was awakened by a light touch. She sprang to her feet with a cry of alarm, but was reassured by a glimpse of Joel's kindly face.

"I found 'em about seven miles out," he explained. "It seems that the sled tipped over turning out for another team. Your man broke her leg and they took her into Deane's and set it. They have been so busy with their own troubles that they never thought that you might be worrying and did not send any one on to tell you."

"Poor ma!" Bessie said softly. "But I'm glad to know that it's only that instead—instead of some of the horrible things I was thinking."

A light was burning in the sitting room, and Joel sat reading. He sprang up at her approach with a cheery "Good morning."

"I thought you were not going to sit up all night," she reproached. "I thought you might wake up in the night and be scared," he confessed.

"I'm going to the room with the same alert step that had marked his carriage the night before. There was no trace of weariness in his stride, though every bone in his body ached."

"You'll have your folks here by dinner time," he said as he gathered up the dishes. "I guess this ends our picnic."

"I'm sorry," she confessed softly. "You have been very good to me." "Just neighborly," he said awkwardly.

"I'll say yes now if you ask me," she promised. "I knew that I loved you when I watched you drive down the road last night and felt that you were going away from me."

A Chicken For Him.

Once upon a time a youth who had commenced to navigate the sea of matrimony went to his father and said: "Father, who should be boss—I or my wife?"

"Then the old man smiled and said: 'Here are 100 chickens and a team of horses. Hitch up the horses, load the chickens into the wagon and wherever you can find a man and his wife dwelling stop and make inquiry as to who is the boss. Wherever you find a woman running things leave a chicken. If you come to a place where the man is in control, give him one of the horses.'"

After seventy-nine chickens had been disposed of, says the San Francisco Chronicle, he came to a house and made the usual inquiry. "I'm the boss of this ranch," said the man.

"Got to show me." So the wife was called, and she affirmed her husband's assertion. "Take whichever horse you want," was the boy's reply.

So the husband replied, "I'll take the bay." But the wife didn't like the bay horse, and she called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said, "I believe I'll take the gray horse."

"Not much," said Missouri. "You'll take a chicken." Snags in English. A Russian artist who has so thoroughly mastered the English language that all its subtleties are as familiar to him as are those of the language of the czar was telling a few friends about the difficulties he encountered.

"You have so many superfluous letters," he said, "that when I began to think I was becoming a master of your language I succeeded in having myself laughed at a dozen times a day. I began to learn English in Boston, its American fortress. One day while walking with a friend I saw a street sign. 'Oh, I said, 'what a funny name for a street! Kneeland street.' I pronounced the K. 'You're wrong,' said my friend. 'You pronounce it 'Neeland' street. The K is silent.' I took the lesson to heart. The next day I went into a restaurant. I looked over the bill of fare. 'Give me some 'ldneyes,' I said. The servitor looked at me aghast. Finally in desperation I pointed to the record of what I wanted. 'Oh! Kidneys,' he said. 'Excuse me.' I rejoined haughtily, 'The K is silent.'"

A TURN OF THE WHEEL.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1907, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

It was summer in Ballymoran—long days of blue and white and green, the blue of the sky, the white of drifting clouds and the bright green of the Irish turf. Gorse rose golden in the fields; wild roses bloomed by the hedges, fragile and exquisite, yet full of snares for the unwary.

Terry O'Rourke, looking up from his potato patch, philosophically observed that "thin flowers were as sharp as they were sweet, ivy one o' thim," and then smiled to himself, thinking of Clodagh Mulvaney.

"Yet, faith, what matter about the thorns," said Terry, "if the rose be worth the winning?" He was as quiet and determined as Clodagh was hasty, and if, as his neighbors declared, he was a bit slow in his lovmaking he was none the less sure.

"Thank ye kindly, Jim," she answered, "but I've promised to go with Terence." "Well, thim, it's myself that will have to ride alone," sighed Jim disconsolately.

"I'm going to take the pig along in the back o' the cart. 'Tis a foine price I'm expecting to get for her, and—"

"Terry O'Rourke," shrieked Clodagh, "do ye think I'd ride in a cart with a pig?" "You've done it before."

"Niver with my best dress on." "Lave your best dress at home, thim," said Terry humorously. Clodagh saw no humor in his remark.

"You can choose betwahn us," she said haughtily. "Will ye take me or will ye take the pig?" "But, Clodagh, girrl, be reasonable. The pig can do ye no harm. She's as clean as an angel and as well behaved, and 'tis my only chance o' selling her."

"I've given ye your choice, Terry O'Rourke. Once and for all, which will ye take?" Terry was usually slow to anger, but now a danger spark burned in his eyes.

"I'll take the pig," he said. Clodagh flew inside and banged the door.

Next morning she passed Terry's cabin, riding with Jim Hagan in his jaunty car. Her muslin dress was as blue as the sky, and its many ribbons fluttered in the wind. Terry was out in his garden, and Clodagh feigned not to see him, though Jim glanced round with a look of triumph.

"How are ye, Terry?" he called out. "Tis a foine day for the fair." And they rattled gaily down the road, the new yellow wheels of the jaunty car shining in the sun.

Terry gazed after them. All the brightness seemed gone from life. It was as if the candle of his happiness had been blown out, leaving him in utter darkness. "Twas a wise man," he muttered, "who said that fortune was a fickle jade. A turn of her wheel—and where are ye now, Terry O'Rourke?"

Then he harnessed up slowly, put the pig in the cart and took the road for Gullmullet.

There was no one to see Clodagh drive out of Ballymoran save a few old women and children. The rest of her neighbors had risen with the dawn and set out for their fair hours ago. Clodagh, being of two minds whether to go or not, had kept the ardent Jim waiting till she reached a conclusion. Now they rolled swiftly along in order to make up for lost time. The road was almost deserted save in the distance, where there were a few tardy wayfarers like themselves.

And these, too, having the start of them, soon vanished. Clodagh was contented enough. She felt that she was looking her best, and if she had any doubts on that score Jim's fluent tongue would have reassured her. She answered his lovmaking with laughing banter, and he was declaring for the twentieth time that he would make the kindest husband in the world when the jaunty car gave an abrupt lurch, and Clodagh found herself sitting on one side of the road, while Jim scrambled up from the other. He did not even pause to ask her if she was hurt.

"Oh, be the powers," he ejaculated, "look at my foine car! The wheel's off, ruined entirely!" "If it's the wheel that's troubling ye"—But Clodagh's sarcasm was lost on him.

"My foine car!" he cried over and over again. From where they stood it was five miles to Ballymoran and three to Gullmullet. The fields and bogs stretched away unbrokenly to the sky line. There was not a cabin in sight.

"Well, can't ye do something?" said Clodagh. Her ankle was aching, and the sun was very warm. But Jim was better at repartee than at meeting emergencies, and with his head on one side he considered the situation. "I'm thinking we'll have to foot it," he said gloomily.

There was a sob in Clodagh's voice. "My ankle's wrenched, and 'tis not a step further I'll go!" she avowed. "Ye sit here then and I'll go for help," said Jim, his face brightening. "Yes, and it's fair toime and the country full o' vagabonds!" That's a grand idea, Mr. Jim Hagan, to leave me alone entirely by myself!" Jim smiled.

"What'll I do, thim?" he demanded. "We'll sit here till some one comes," said Clodagh. So they sat. Birds sang in the long meadow grass. A hare fitted up by like a shadow. Nothing else stirred. The road stretched away white and deserted. Tim moodily scanned the horizon, and Clodagh wondered if the sunlight would fade her ribbons. She wished devoutly that she had never come. Who could have supposed that her pleasure jaunt would end like this? She cast a quick glance at Jim. The great, unfeeling unathum! Never once had he asked her how she felt or if her fall had shaken her! Ah, Terry was the lad! Terry always knew what to do! And she had lost him—lost him through her own folly! Well, there was no good in thinking of that now, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears. It was near noon. Her throat was parched, and the pangs of hunger were astir. The sullen silence of Jim wore on her. "Why don't ye say something," she burst out, "instead o' sitting there staring like a bump on a log?" "Whist, Clodagh, here's some one coming at last!"

Through a cloud of dust appeared a rickety little cart drawn by a gray donkey. Terry was on the front seat. The pig rode stolidly behind. At sight of their plight Terry halted. Clodagh lunged her head and could not raise her eyes. It was Jim who spoke first. "We're in a fine mess," said he. "The wheel's broke, and Clodagh's hurt her ankle." "Has she now?" cried Terry, a note of anxiety in his voice. "Tis not so painful when I sit still," said Clodagh, "but 'tis like the curse of all the crows when I try to walk." "I'll tell ye the best way out," said Terry. "I'll take Clodagh with me to the fair, and thim I'll send some one to help ye with your jaunty car. How will that be sitting ye?" There seemed no other way, and Jim muttered that it would suit him very well. "And you, Clodagh?" "If—if ye will take me," she said humbly. "Here's a piece o' bread for ye, Jim," said Terry, "and a bit o' goat's cheese. Belike it will stave your hunger till help arrives. Don't ate it too fast," he called back after he had helped Clodagh up on to the seat beside him—"don't ate it too fast, for 'tis rich and likely to give ye the dyspepsia." For a while Clodagh and Terry rode in silence. Then, "Clodagh, girrl," said Terry tenderly, "'tis a churl I am at times, but I meant nothing by it. Will ye forgive me for what I said last night?" "Forgive ye," cried Clodagh—"forgive ye! Oh, Terry, I'd rather ride with you and fifty pigs than with Jim Hagan and a coach and four!"

stretched away unbrokenly to the sky line. There was not a cabin in sight.

"Well, can't ye do something?" said Clodagh. Her ankle was aching, and the sun was very warm.

But Jim was better at repartee than at meeting emergencies, and with his head on one side he considered the situation.

"I'm thinking we'll have to foot it," he said gloomily.

There was a sob in Clodagh's voice. "My ankle's wrenched, and 'tis not a step further I'll go!" she avowed.

"Ye sit here then and I'll go for help," said Jim, his face brightening.

"Yes, and it's fair toime and the country full o' vagabonds!" That's a grand idea, Mr. Jim Hagan, to leave me alone entirely by myself!" Jim smiled.

"What'll I do, thim?" he demanded. "We'll sit here till some one comes," said Clodagh.

So they sat. Birds sang in the long meadow grass. A hare fitted up by like a shadow. Nothing else stirred.

The road stretched away white and deserted. Tim moodily scanned the horizon, and Clodagh wondered if the sunlight would fade her ribbons.

She wished devoutly that she had never come. Who could have supposed that her pleasure jaunt would end like this?

She cast a quick glance at Jim. The great, unfeeling unathum! Never once had he asked her how she felt or if her fall had shaken her!

Ah, Terry was the lad! Terry always knew what to do! And she had lost him—lost him through her own folly!

Well, there was no good in thinking of that now, and she blinked hard to keep back the tears.

It was near noon. Her throat was parched, and the pangs of hunger were astir.

The sullen silence of Jim wore on her. "Why don't ye say something," she burst out, "instead o' sitting there staring like a bump on a log?"

"Whist, Clodagh, here's some one coming at last!"

Through a cloud of dust appeared a rickety little cart drawn by a gray donkey. Terry was on the front seat.

The pig rode stolidly behind. At sight of their plight Terry halted.

Clodagh lunged her head and could not raise her eyes. It was Jim who spoke first.

"We're in a fine mess," said he. "The wheel's broke, and Clodagh's hurt her ankle."

"Has she now?" cried Terry, a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Tis not so painful when I sit still," said Clodagh, "but 'tis like the curse of all the crows when I try to walk."

"I'll tell ye the best way out," said Terry. "I'll take Clodagh with me to the fair, and thim I'll send some one to help ye with your jaunty car.

How will that be sitting ye?" There seemed no other way, and Jim muttered that it would suit him very well.

"And you, Clodagh?" "If—if ye will take me," she said humbly.

"Here's a piece o' bread for ye, Jim," said Terry, "and a bit o' goat's cheese. Belike it will stave your hunger till help arrives.

Don't ate it too fast," he called back after he had helped Clodagh up on to the seat beside him—"don't ate it too fast, for 'tis rich and likely to give ye the dyspepsia."

For a while Clodagh and Terry rode in silence. Then, "Clodagh, girrl," said Terry tenderly, "'tis a churl I am at times, but I meant nothing by it.

Will ye forgive me for what I said last night?" "Forgive ye," cried Clodagh—"forgive ye! Oh, Terry, I'd rather ride with you and fifty pigs than with Jim Hagan and a coach and four!"

Rattlesnakes. Some persons believe that, in addition to ejecting venom through their fangs, rattlesnakes have the power to throw off poisonous dust. Some persons, it is claimed, are able even to smell a snake some distance away.

Told on Herself. "Mr. Taffeligh is a smooth faced young man, isn't he, Matilda?" "Why, I thought it felt—I mean"—"Matilda"—Judge.