

**THE GREATEST WEDDING.**

Over Twenty Thousand Persons Were Married by One Ceremony.

The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered king, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semicircle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equaled.

**MAN AND HIS HORSE.**

The Way to Show Approval That the Animal Will Appreciate.

Careless plays no small part in developing the best in any horse, but this is never to be by word of mouth. You may as well curse as bless for all your horse knows or cares. The caress of the hand addressed to the part with which the animal has just performed some feat is always appreciated—the expression shows that—and one loves to see a good man as he lands safe over a big place just reach back and give the clever horse a loving pat or two on that swelling muscular loin which has been the chief agent in negotiating the obstruction.

Do not pat neck or shoulder or any part not actively engaged in the undertaking. Careless may do no good, but it is pleasant to believe that it does, and we are quite positive that the voice stably diverts attention. The former mode of address is at least worthy of trial if only as a mark of appreciation between two gentlemen. The threatening tones appear sometimes servicable, but this is so only when horses have been abused and associate punishment with the stern voice. The wild horse is as indifferent to the voice of affection as to that of rage.—From "Schooling the Hunter," by Frank M. Ware in *Outing Magazine*.

**Drowned Manuscript.**

James Russell Lowell, the first editor of the Atlantic, was walking across Cambridge bridge when his hat blew off and fell into the Charles with half a dozen or more manuscripts with which it was freighted and which he was returning to the Boston office. A boatman recovered the hat, but the scattered manuscripts perished in those waves of oblivion. "If they had been accepted articles, it wouldn't have been quite so bad, for," said he, "we might with some grace ask the writers for fresh copies. But how can you tell a self-respecting contributor that his manuscript has been not only rejected, but sent to a watery grave?"—*J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic*.

**YOU ARE NEXT AT "BUCKS."**

When in need of a first class shave call at Buck's place and you will be given first-class service. You can always catch a turn. Three polite barbers to wait on you. Buck's new bath room is complete, nice porcelain tubs, hot water at all times and polite attendants to take care of your wants.

**Imported Swiss  
Brick and  
Neufchatel  
Cheese  
Just Received.**

**SHEA & CO.**

Both Phones 423.

**Amoret's  
Trousseau.**

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Amoret was very excited. It was her first long journey alone, and vast and entrancing as her dreams were of the delights of California she knew she should find even her dreams transcended.

She took off her stylish little hat and handed it to the "portress," as she mentally dubbed her. Then, with a cushion at her head and another at her feet, she settled back with a sense of replete comfort.

But when the sun, with a last wink of his bright cyclopean eye, at length disappeared behind the distant trees Amoret turned her attention aimlessly to the people about her. An uninteresting and prosaic collection was her unspoken verdict save for a very evidently newly married couple who were too silly to be even amusing. What was there, Amoret mused, about a honeymoon that so invariably transformed even the most sensible people into such insufferably sentimental idiots?

"Las' call to dinnah!" announced the dining car porter, swinging pompously through the train. Amoret opened her purse, in which she was carrying her miniature watch. She glanced at the time and then, feminine fashion, began to investigate the varied contents of her pocketbook. Suddenly she started, then, growing very white, leaned back and closed her eyes.

The "serious and dignified" young man across the aisle had been watching her. He guessed what had happened.

How could he help her? Could he ask her to go into dinner with him?

Of course not. She'd starve before she'd accept. Well, he might as well dine himself and think over the situation while he did so.

As he rose and walked ahead into the dining car Amoret opened her eyes. She stifled the impulse to jump up and follow him. He was the only person in the car that she liked the looks of. He was a thoroughbred from tip to toe. But there must be some other way out of this awful predicament. She closed her eyes again. All that she could think of was the roll of bills which she had been so long saving for this very trip and which she knew she had that very morning placed in her pocket-book.

When Richard Mason returned from the dining car he found Amoret alone. The rest of the passengers were evidently at dinner. Now was his chance. He had thought up no brilliant lead, to be sure, but the proper words must come if he could get up sufficient nerve to speak. He cleared his throat once, twice, but the silence remained otherwise unbroken.

The train whizzed on. Richard pretended to be reading his paper, but the print might have been Egyptian hieroglyphics. Suddenly he crushed the sheet behind him and turned toward Amoret.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed and, jumping up, caught her in his arms just as she fell forward fainting. He rang the porter's bell furiously.

"Get some water, quick," he commanded, "and send for the maid! Don't lose a minute!"

"Yes; no, sah," responded the porter and vanished with something akin to the speed and grace of a hurry call ambulance.

Meanwhile Richard laid the girl gently down on the seat and got a flask of brandy from his valise. When the porter returned with the water and with the excited maid bringing up the rear Amoret had begun to show signs of consciousness.

"Here, Sarah," ordered Richard (why Sarah he couldn't have told for the life of him), "you take care of her while I go and get some soup. She ought to have gone in to dinner sooner, but—but she didn't."

Amoret did not refuse the soup. Indeed, she didn't think to question where it came from. She even allowed Sarah to coax her into eating a little chicken and afterward to superintend the making up of her berth.

"I'll make it all right with you in the morning," Amoret assured her. "You shan't lose"—. She stopped short, the whole miserable predicament suddenly flashing over her again. But Sarah had not noticed the interruption.

"Yo' husband's already done dat honey."

The curtains were shut tight, and Sarah had gone before Amoret could get up courage to attempt an explanation.

"How is she now?" inquired Richard anxiously.

"Oh, she's jes' good as new, sah! You'll tak' dese 'ill' spells mo' calmly when you've been ma'ied mo' continuous lak'." And, with a friendly smile, Sarah left the young man staring blankly after her.

Here was a situation! In the morning the porter's "first call to breakfast" rang cheerily through the car. Amoret heard and tried to forget as she went on with her spiritless process of dressing.

Richard heard and realized that he must take the bull by the horns. In other words, he must brace himself to speak to the young lady in distress and offer her assistance.

In the course of half an hour Amoret appeared. She glanced up and down the car, evidently looking for some one. Suddenly seeing Richard, to his utter astonishment she came straight toward him.

"I am Miss Blanchard," she said

without a suspicion of coquetry, for this was a purely business transaction. "I am going to take advantage of your kindness to-me last night and ask another favor."

"I am pleased to be of the slightest service," responded Richard, with fitting solemnity.

"You see, I—!" Amoret stopped short in confusion. She had thought it would be so easy!

"Yes, I know all about it," Richard filled in assuringly. "Suppose we go in to breakfast together and talk it over there."

"How do you know all about it?" inquired Amoret in astonishment.

"I'll tell you while we're at breakfast. We'll have to go right in. They're sounding the last call."

"Well, if you think—! But that's as far as Amoret got in her hesitation, for Richard had started determinedly ahead, and there was nothing for her to do but to follow—that is, unless she wanted to risk a second fainting spell."

At breakfast Richard launched the brilliant scheme of telegraphing back to her folks for more money. Why, it would reach her before she got to the end of the journey.

Here was a complication that Amoret hadn't counted on. Telegraph for more money! Where on earth did he think it would come from?

"Well, you see I live alone with my aunt, who is quite an old lady," she explained, "and it would just worry her to death to get a telegram anyway, let alone a telegram saying that I'd lost my money. She didn't want me to take the journey alone in the first place, and I—"

"Of course we won't telegraph then," broke in Richard brusquely. "You just let me back you till you get to San Diego. By the way, who are your friends there? Maybe I know them."

"Oh, another aunt, sister of the one I live with, and her husband, Mr. Manchester?"

"Daniel Manchester, the lawyer?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Very well, though I've never met his family."

"Isn't that providential?" sighed Amoret. "Then that makes it all right for me to ask a favor of you, doesn't it?"

"Yes, of course. At least it was all right anyway. And, say, we'll keep on taking our meals together, won't we? Do say yes."

Amoret lowered her eyes, bit her lip to keep back the laughter that was ready to bubble over and then glanced up at Richard mischievously.

"I suppose I may as well," she admitted, laughing softly. "You see, Sarah thinks"—he knew what Sarah thought, but he was determined she should say the words—"well, Sarah thinks you're my husband!"

"Sarah may be something of a prophetess," Richard ventured and then held his breath, surprised at his own daring.

And that's exactly what Sarah proved to be, for two months later Dick and Amoret were taking their honeymoon trip from San Diego back to Boston.

"Do you know, dear," announced Amoret, "you are exactly what I thought you'd be under similar circumstances the very first night I saw you."

"What do you mean, Amoret? Are you admitting that you loved me at first sight?"

Amoret's little nose tilted up scornfully.

"Don't flatter yourself. You may not have noticed, but there were a bride and groom in the car acting perfectly silly. And as I looked at you I thought that, serious and dignified as you were, you'd probably be just as silly if you were married, and you are, Dick. Everybody's watching you."

Richard went off into a spasm of mirth.

"Amoret," he said suddenly, "I've got the greatest idea. You remember that money you lost?" Amoret shrugged her shoulders. Why shouldn't she remember it? "Suppose we send it as a wedding fee to Sarah. She's the one who really married us, you know."

"How can we when I lost it?" queried Amoret, teasing him.

"Oh, you know what I mean, sweetheart!"

Amoret didn't answer. Instead she turned her head away. Richard watched her curiously, waiting an explanation.

Suddenly she faced him, looking at him in a half frightened, half mischievous way through her blushes.

"I didn't lose the money after all, Dick. I found it the very next day in another part of my pocketbook. It was after we had breakfast together, and I—I didn't tell you. So there was really no reason, you see, for our getting married at all, dearest, except—except that I spent the money on my trousseau."

**The Making of India Ink.**  
The manufacture of so called India ink has remained a jealously guarded trade secret for centuries. The name of the article itself is a misnomer, for the center of its production is situated in the Chinese province Anhu. The raw material is lampblack obtained by the burning of a mixture of oil of sesame with varnish and hog's lard. The slower the combustion the better and more precious is the product. The lampblack is mixed with a certain amount of glue. The dough thus formed is then beaten with steel hammers on wooden anvils, and two laborers working together at this task can finish about forty pounds of the dough per day. A small addition of Japanese camphor and musk gives it its peculiar smell. While still pliant the mixture is shaped in wooden forms and dried during fair weather. In order to be perfect each cake must be exposed to the air for twenty days. Thirty or thirty-two of the ordinary sticks weigh a pound, and the price in China varies, according to the quality, from 50 cents to \$35 per pound.

**Of Interest To Women.**

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions, which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife would it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, may not be out of place to state that it is "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

**A Domestic Breakdown.**

A well known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared, whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What?" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—*London Standard*.

**True to Nature.**

"Are you satisfied with your dentist?"

"Perfectly. He's a real artist. His false teeth are perfect jewels."

"Can't you tell the difference?"

"They are exact imitations of nature. There is even one that's so good an imitation that it aches sometimes."—*Paris Journal*.

**Many Sides.**

"That's the way the thing was told to me, but of course there's always more than one side to a story."

"Of course. There are always as many sides to a story as there are people to blame."—*Philadelphia Press*.

**Bluegrass Traction Company  
Schedule.**

Cars leave Lexington for Georgetown 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. 9:20 and 11 p. m.

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.

**"DO IT TO-DAY!"**



"And to think that ten months ago I looked like this! I owe it to German Syrup."

"The time-worn injunction, 'Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day,' is now generally presented in this form: 'Do it to-day!' That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it TO-DAY—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON Paris, Ky

**FLORIDA AND NEW ORLEANS** WITHOUT CHANGE

VIA

**QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE**

Winter Tourist Tickets On Sale November 1st, 1907 Good Returning May 31st, 1908

For information and list of hotels address  
H. C. KING, C. P. & T. A., 111 Main St., Lexington, Ky.

**LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE TIME CARD**

(In Effect March 17, 1907.)

Arrival and Departure of Trains At and From Paris.

No.	ARRIVES FROM	No.	LEAVES FOR	
34	Atlanta, Ga.....	5:28 am	34 Cincinnati, O.....	5:35 am
14	Lexington, Ky.....	5:31 am	60 Maysville, Ky.....	6:25 am
29	Cynthiana, Ky.....	7:25 am	67 Lexington, Ky.....	7:30 am
67	Maysville, Ky.....	7:28 am	10 Maysville, Ky.....	8:00 am
19	Lexington and Richmond.	7:47 am	39 Cincinnati, O.....	8:00 am
38	Lexington, Ky.....	7:50 am	29 Richmond and Rowland.	8:05 am
33	Cincinnati, O.....	11:10 am	13 Lexington, Ky.....	11:18 am
81	Maysville, Ky.....	11:05 am	25 Richmond and Rowland.	11:20 am
26	Lexington, Ky.....	11:50 am	62 Maysville, Ky.....	11:55 am
25	Cynthiana, Ky.....	3:15 pm	33 Cynthiana, Ky.....	11:57 am
9	Maysville, Ky.....	3:20 pm	25 Lexington, Ky.....	3:30 pm
12	Lexington, Ky.....	3:25 pm	32 Cincinnati, O.....	3:40 pm
32	Knoxville, Tenn.....	3:28 pm	9 Richmond and Rowland.	5:55 pm
28	Rowland and Richmond.	5:13 pm	37 Lexington, Ky.....	5:58 pm
63	Maysville, Ky.....	5:35 pm	28 Cynthiana, Ky.....	6:30 pm
37	Cincinnati, O.....	5:45 pm	68 Maysville, Ky.....	6:35 pm
68	Lexington, Ky.....	6:25 pm	11 Lexington, Ky.....	10:35 pm
31	Cincinnati, O.....	10:30 pm	31 Atlanta, Ga.....	10:35 pm

**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, 2d Monday.
- Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.
- Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.
- Henry, Newcasttle, 1st Monday.
- Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.
- Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
- Lincoln, Stanford, 2d 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, 1s 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.

**Save Money by Buying Chamberlain's Cough Cure.**

You will pay just as much for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as for any of the other cough medicines, but you save money in buying it. The saving is in what you get, not what you pay. The sure-to-cure-you quality is in every bottle of this remedy, and you get good results when you take it. Neglected colds often develop serious conditions, and when you buy a cough medicine you want to be sure you are getting one that will cure your cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always cures. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. For sale by W. T. Brooks. You need no other guarantee.

**This is Worth Reading.**

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying sore throat I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Oberdorfer's drug store, 25c.

**Marked for Death.**

"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Oberdorfer's drug store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Insure with W. O. Hinton. Prompt paying non-union companies.

**Notice to Creditors.**

BOUBON CIRCUIT COURT.  
J. T. McMillan's Adm., etc., Plaintiff Vs.—Notice to Creditors.  
Raymond McMillan, etc., Defendants.  
All persons holding claims against the estate of J. T. McMillan, deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims proven as required by law to the undersigned Master Commissioner of the Bourbon Circuit Court by the 1st day of March, 1908. All claims not so proven and presented shall be barred.  
RUSSELL MANN, M. C. E. C. C.  
14-21-28

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Phoues 16.

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J. W. GLASS & SON,  
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HAS FOR SALE—  
240-acre farm, on Winchester pike, near Mt. Sterling. Well improved.  
130-acre farm, good improvements, near Plum Lick.  
103-acre farm, near Mt. Sterling. Well improved.  
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Farms all over Kentucky for sale. If you want to buy or sell any kind of property, write or call and see us.  
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FIVE CHAIRS — NO WAITERS  
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