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WORK DONE WHEN PROMISED

Good Work Done Cheap;

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THE JOB ROOMS OF THE

BOURBON NEWS

Are prepaired to do the best of Printing on short notice—such as

BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
CARDS,
ATALOGUES,
POSTERS,
and, n fact, everything that is printed.

Orders for Engraving, such as Wedding Announcements, Invitations, &c., &c.

Let us figure with you on on your next work.

Our facilities are the best, having just installed one of the latest improved Chandler & Price Job Presses—come around and see it work.

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The Bourbon News,

104 Issues a Year for $2.00.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.

ELITE BARBER SHOP

CARL - GRAWFORD
Proprietor.

Cold and Hot Baths

FIVE CHAIRS — NO WAITS

Only First-class Barbers Employed.

Attention, Ladies!

Telephone 377 if You Need a Masseur.

Will call at any address in city o Paris. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Prompt service will be given out of town partons at the parlors at Mrs. Corne Watson Baird's if it does not suit to have calls made at their homes.

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.

DR. A. H KELLER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Offices in AgriculturalBuilding
Paris, - - - - Kentucky

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

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

(Continued from Page 1.)

About The Only Money

The average man saves is what he puts into life insurance—

And this kind of saving not only makes ample provision for his own old age—

But provides immediate protection to family and busiaess interests if he should die—

There is an Equitable Policy to meet every requirement.

HENRY J. POWELL, M'g'r.,
Equitable Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

C. L. BLACKERBY, Agent,
PARIS, KY.

G. S. Varden. Jos. S. Varden.

NOTICE.

If you want your perscriptions filled accurately and promptly, and with the purest drugs, bring them to us. Ask the doctor.

Varden & Son,

Prescription Druggists.

Both 'Phones.

Bottled in Bond

Sam Clay, Poindexter, VanHook.

3-Year-Old VanHook, $2.00 per gallon.

Saloshin.

Corner Main and Seventh in the Rear of Baldwin's Grocery.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Bourbon County Farm.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.
John W. Liver and Others on Petition.
ORDER OF SALE.

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale in the above styled cause at the November Term, 1908, of the Bourbon Circuit Court, the undersigned as special Commissioner of the Bourbon Circuit Court will expose to public sale to the highest and best bidder at the Court House door in Paris, Kentucky, at about the hour of noon on

Monday, January 4, 1908,

the following described real estate, to-wit:-

Lot No. 1 in the division of the lands of John W. Liver deceased, containing 112 acres, described as follows:-Beginning at C on plat filed in this action, a stone corner to Nos. 7, 8 & 3, and running therefrom with the line of lots Nos. 6, & 7, S. 39½ W. 18.32 chains to 2, a stone corner in the Southeast margin of Green Creek, a corner to F. M. McDonald; thence N. 41¾ W. 15.03 chains to 3, a stone corner to same; thence S. 85¾ W. 9.63 chains to 4, a stone corner to same and S. L. Weathers; thence with said Weathers' line N. 41 W. 25 chains to 5 in the middle of Paris & Clintonvlle Turnpike; thence with the middle of said turnpike N. 21 1-2 E. 19.37 chains to A, corner to No. 2; thence with the line of No. 2 S. 66¼ E. 24.03 chains to B, a stone corner to No. 3; thence S. 38¼ E. 30 chains to the beginning.

Said land is sold for reinvestment of the proceeds of said sale and will be sold upon credits of six, twelve and twenty-four months for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bond with good and approved surety, payable to the undersigned Special Commissioner of the Bourbon Circuit Court, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from date of sale until paid, and to have the force and effect of judgments.

A. S. THOMPSON.
Special Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.
Attorney: Denis Dundon. 15 22-29

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Important change of time in L. & N. schedule and new train service to take effect December 21, 1908.

No.	ARRIVE PARIS FROM	
34	*Atlanta	5.36 am
134	*Lexington	5.38 am
7	‡Maysville—Local	7.18 am
29	‡Cynthiana—Local	7.25 am
10	‡Rowland—Local	7.47 am
40	‡Lexington—Local	7.52 am
37	‡Cincinnati—Local	9.33 am
12	‡Lexington—Local	10.20 am
33	*Cincinnati	10.30 am
3	*Maysville—Local	10.25 am
26	‡Lexington—Local	11.45 am
25	‡Cynthiana—Local	3.10 pm
9	‡Maysville—Local	3.15 pm
138	*Lexington	3.22 pm
38	*Knoxville	3.25 pm
5	*Maysville—Local	5.25 pm
30	‡Lexington—Local	5.30 pm
39	‡Cincinnati—Local	5.40 pm
132	*Lexington	6.12 pm
32	*Jacksonville	6.15 pm
14	*Lexington	10.32 pm
31	*Cincinnati	10.45 pm
	LEAVE PARIS TO	
34	*Cincinnati	5.43 am
4	*Maysville—Local	5.55 am
7	‡Lexington—Local	7.28 am
40	‡Cincinnati—Local	8.00 am
10	‡Maysville—Local	8.00 am
29	‡Lexintgon—Local	9.39 am
37	*Knoxville—Local	9.40 am
33	*Jacksonville	10.35 am
133	*Lexington	10.38 am
6	*Maysville—Local	11.50 am
26	‡Cynthiana—Local	11.52 am
11	‡Lexington—Local	1.20 pm
25	*Lexington—Local	3.30 pm
38	*Cincinnati	3.35 pm
39	‡Lexington	5.48 pm
9	‡Rowland—Local	5.50 pm
32	*Cincinnati	6.20 pm
13	*Lexington	6.25 pm
8	‡Maysville—Local	6.25 pm
30	‡Cynthiana—Local	6.30 pm
131	*Lexington	10.53 pm
31	*Atlanta	10.55 pm

NOTE.—(*) Daily. (‡) Daily except Sunday.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Ry.

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
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
Ar at Frankfort 11.25 am and 7.20 pm

Close connection made at Paris with trains to and from Cincinnati, Maysville, Cynthiana, Winchester and Richmond.

Connections made at Georgetown with the Southern Railway.

GEO. B. HARPER,
Pres. and Gen. Supt.
C. W. HAY, G. P. A.

FOREST THOMAS.
CHARLES THOMAS.

THOMAS BROS.

Cleaning and Pressing of Men's and Ladies' Clothes.

Special Attention Given to Ladies' Work.

French Dry Cleaning.
704 Main St.

The Scrap Book

Sure of One.

There is a certain congressman from New England, a self made man, who is noted in Washington for two things, his quick wit and pride in his Celtic origin.

He was walking down Pennsylvania avenue one fine evening with a fellow member from Kansas when the westerner, looking at the sky, remarked, "How bright Orion is tonight!"

"A-r-rh!" replied the New Englander. "So that is O'Ryan, is it? Well, thank the Lord there's one Irishman in heaven anyhow!"—Lippincott's.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire and conquer every foe
Save death, but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain, uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more.
—John J. Ingalls.

The Guessing Game.

A pompous English peer, an important figure in the upper chamber by reason of a very long and very bushy beard, had dismissed his valet for the night. Shortly afterward, however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke, but his lordship would have none of it and demanded details angrily.

"Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord."

"What game?"

"Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game."

"Don't be a fool, Walters. I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game are you playing? Guessing what?"

"We blindfolded the cook, to tell you the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held the mop up, and she kissed it and then cried out, 'Oh, your lordship, how dare you?'"

A Doubtful Accomplishment.

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-s-sa-tion, y' know."

Must Have Had Experience.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Markinch he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were leveled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them.

"Did you hear, Johnnie?" quoth the one.

"Did I hear't? Wha' didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the haill sermon."

"Aweel, an' what thought ye o't?"

"Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day or he couldna discoorse sea weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the meenister."

Doing His Best.

A fat man entered a restaurant that served dinner at the fixed price of 75 cents. He knotted a napkin about his neck and fell to heavily—so heavily, in fact, that the waiter, after a whispered conversation with the proprietor, approached him and said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I'll have to charge you a quarter extra, you eat so much."

The fat man, red and short of breath from his excessive gorging, said earnestly:

"For goodness' sake, don't do that! I'm nearly dead now from eating 75 cents' worth. If you make me eat another quarter I'll bust."

Resurrections.

The world is full of resurrections. Every night that folds us up in darkness is a death, and those of you that have been out early and have seen the first of the dawn will know it. The day rises out of the night like a being that has burst its tomb and escaped into life.—George Macdonald.

Got the Signal.

Railway men—conductors, engineers and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In this connection a western railway official tells of an amusing incident in that part of his state where it is so common for cattle to be run over that the manager of one "jerkwater" line required his engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time and circumstance.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but reference to the files showed that the engineer had failed to report such an accident. Accordingly he was sent for and asked why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he said.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back. But she waved her feet for me to go ahead, and so I concluded she was all right."—Harper's Weekly.

His Military Title.

A traveler in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle trail near the New Mexico line when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins of Devil's River. "Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveler asked. "No, sah." "On the Union side, then?" "No, sah; never was in no wah." "Belong to the Texas rangers?" "No, sah; I do not." "Ah, I see; you command one of the state militia regiments." "No, sah; I don't—don't know nothing about soldiering." "Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?" "I's a kunnel by marriage, sah?" "By marriage? How's that?" "I married the widow of a kunnel sah —Kunnel Thompson of Waco."

Both of One Mind.

A henpecked gentleman determined to have a night with his friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would go, and she was equally certain that he should not. He did not appear, however, and his friends, missing him, for fun invaded his residence. There they found both him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

Roosevelt and Dennis.

"Theodore Roosevelt has a fine sense of humor," said an old time New Yorker. "When he was police commissioner he used to go around and keep tabs on the police himself. He came upon one standing at a bar one night before a large, full grown glass of whisky which he was about to consume. Roosevelt touched him on the shoulder.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"'What business is that of yours?' the cop demanded. 'What's your name?'

"'My name is Roosevelt,' answered that gentleman.

"The cop drank the liquor, set down the glass, wiped his lips with the back of his hand and then turned on the commissioner.

"'If your name is Roosevelt,' said he, 'my name is Dennis.'

"Roosevelt let him off with a reprimand."

Each Bud Blossoms But Once.

Each bud blossoms but once, and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty. So in the garden of the soul each feeling has, as it were, its flowering moment, its one and only second of expansive grace and royal radiance. Each star passes but once in the night through the meridian over our heads and glitters there but for an instant. So in the heaven of the mind each thought touches its zenith but once, and in that moment all its brilliancy and all its sovereign greatness culminate.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Two Jokes on Frederick Warde.

During a performance in the west by Frederick Warde a curious error was made by the compositor who "set up" the bill for "The Tempest." The part enacted by Warde was that of Prospero, rightful duke of Milan, and this the compositor billed in this wise:

Prospero, Frightful Duke of Milan....
.....Frederick Warde

Now, the player, who has a keen sense of humor, was sufficiently struck by the fun of the thing to forward a marked copy of the playbill to his daughter, then in the east. Miss Warde, too, was appreciative of the compositor's effort, for she sent her father the following note:

Dear Dad—Inasmuch as I have seen the performance, I fail to see wherein the program was wrong.

—Lippincott's.

Would Have the Author.

During a performance of Sophocles' tragedy of "Antigone" at the Theater Royal, Dublin, the gallery gods, a very important portion of the audience in that city, were greatly pleased and, according to their custom, called for the author.

"Bring out Sophercleze!" some one shouted.

After awhile the manager appeared, and there was a general shout until he explained that Sophocles had been dead 2,000 years and more and could not well come.

"Then chuck us out his mummy!" came back in answer from the gallery.

Indian Repartee.

An old time Indian agent who was a militia colonel desired to impress the Indians with the magnitude of his dignity. He dressed himself in full uniform, with his sword by his side, and, rising in the council, told them that one reason why the great father had had so much trouble with his red children was that he had sent civilians to them.

"You are warriors," he said, "and when the great father saw me he said, 'I will send this man, who is a great warrior, to my red children, who are warriors, and they will hear his words.'"

An old chief arose and, surveying the speaker from head to foot, said calmly: "Since I was a small boy I have heard that white men have great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked upon one, and now I am ready to die."