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Woman's Love

"The last I heard of Stubby Gruger he was down in the Matavas Valley with a neat little bunch of horses that was bringing him in more money than he knew what to do with," said the stock-tender, as he soused a breeching into a pail of castile suds. "You know what I think, so there's no need of me saying it," delicately remarked the Hair Circle Y boy. "Honest to Henrietta Jane—" protested the stock-tender. "He has to let his wife handle it. She wouldn't have it no other. Stubby's reformed."

"Oh, if he's married," admitted the Hair Circle Y boy.

"Sure," said the stock-tender. "Of course, Stubby'd know what to do with it if he was left to himself. He'd give it all to the first tin-horn that he met for the privilege of pushing chips around over a table for a few wee small hours. Great little old Stubby."

"Still, that was the way he made his stake. Heard about that, didn't you? Well, it was the time he got fired from the Flying Dollar. He got into a game at Hermosa with a month's pay, his saddle, bridle, blankets, spurs, chaps and slicker, and came out of it without 'em. If the marshal hadn't taken his gun away from him, he'd have lost that, too. Anyway, Sam Jacobs let him out and he was loading around town wondering if he wouldn't have to wash dishes for the Bon Ton to pay his board, when a Boston shoe millionaire came in on the stage and braced Ed McVicker to find him a guide that would take him across the Limestone Range to Garnet Basin, where they'd stuck him on some mining claims.

"We haven't got any professional guide around here just now, but I guess I know a gentleman who can take you, though," says Ed. So he sends for Stubby and introduces him.

"This is the gentleman I thought might accommodate you," he says to the affluent waddy, jerking his thumb at Stubby.

"I'm a plain spoken man," says the Bostoner, sort of swelling out. "I don't want no gentleman," says he, "and I don't want no accommodation. I want a handy man who knows the country and can cook a halfway decent meal and I propose to pay him well for it. He won't be accommodating me. He'll be doing what I want him to do because he needs the money and I've got the money, so there's all there is to that. If this fellow is the best you can get and you think that he can take me to Garnet Basin, I'll give him the job, but I can't say I like his looks."

"He said that with Stubby right there?" interrupted the Hair Circle Y boy.

The Kind of Fool He Was.

"Sure," replied the stock-tender. "He was just that kind of a fat old fool. Ed told me he looked for trouble right there and got behind the stove, but Stubby didn't make a move. He certainly seemed surprised, but the next minute he said, as meek as Moses, that he'd take the contract and hoped to give good satisfaction. "Very good," says Boston. "Now you go out and get whatever is necessary for the trip. You can say that I'll pay for it here. I'm not going to take any chances of your taking my money and spending it for whiskey. You'll get your pay when we get to Garnet and not before."

"That's perfectly agreeable to me," says Stubby, kind of husky, but still meek. So he hikes out and hires a couple of horses and a pack mule, and buys grub and a cooking outfit, and they start out across the desert. At noon they camped and got dinner at Parker's Coulee, and the Bostoner kicked, like a bay steer at every last thing. He didn't like the alkali in the water that Stubby boiled the coffee in, he didn't like the flapjacks, and he said that the way the bacon was cooked turned his stomach, and he cursed Stubby out for not gettin' him a horse that rode easier.

"I'm mighty sorry," said Stubby. "I'll try to do better."

Stubby Takes Revenge.

"Along about sundown, as they was gettin' to Pass Creek, he began again about the horse, so Stubby reaches out and grabbed him by the collar and pulled him out of the saddle into a bunch of prickly pear.

"There," says Stubby. "Now walk, darn you, and see how you like that for a change!"

"You blasted ruffian!" says Boston.

"He started to say something else, but Stubby slid off his cawse and cuffed him up to a peak, first one side and then the other. 'Now you'll try to be good, or we'll have a heap more difficulty,' he says. 'This is the joyful moment I've been a-holdin' in for ever since I seen you.'

"Are you going to kill me?" says Boston, whimpering.

"That depends," says Stubby. "If you behave, I won't much more than half-kill you. You hike along for that bunch of green yonder and I'll tell you the rest when we get there."

"Here, get up and unsaddle these horses and picket 'em," says Stubby, giving him a kick. "I've never had a millionaire funkier for me on the trail yet, but I'm going to now. Picket the horses and then go and rustle wood and water, and I'll tell you what to do after that. You and me is going to take our time crossing the Limestone. We've got a week's grub, and

we'll eat it all up before we get in." "Boston got up and reached for his rear pocket and Stubby collared him again and took a little .22 silver-plated bug exterminator away from him. Then he slapped him some more and threw in some kicks for good measure. 'Now, will you picket them horses?' he says.

"I'll do anything you say," says Boston, and he limped off with the lariats.

"For four days Stubby kept that fellow on the trail packing wood and drawing water and put in his own time studying up new names to call him by. Then Boston got into a plum thicket where two cinnamon bears were feeding and they got after him and one knocked him down and was beginning to mau' him when Stubby came up and unlimbered a Sharps on 'em.

"When Boston come to, Stubby had him all fixed up and bandaged and the bears skun and was cooking bear steak on the coals, and Boston was so grateful that he started the ranch in the Matavas Valley and made Stubby foreman. It didn't take Stubby more than two years to cure him out of it, either."

"Stubby must have lost his grip if it took him that long," commented the Hair Circle Y boy. "But I'm glad he's reformed, anyway."

The Threat.

The Bingses, mother and daughter, had long outstayed their visit at their country friend's house. Moreover, they evinced no sign of going away, nor did the mother seem to be in any way affected by the strong hints to go which the overtaxed hostess threw out from time to time. Finally, forbearance exhausted, the entertainer decided to reach the mother through her daughter. So one day, calling the little visitor to her, she said: "Maimie, when do you expect to go home?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the careless reply. "We've several other places to stop yet."

"Well when do you go on to the next place?"

"Can't even tell that. Mama says it's immaterial to her just when she'll leave here."

"But my dear child," exclaimed the exasperated hostess, doesn't your mother realize how high living is these days?"

"Oh yes; she knows how high it is. That's why we left the city."

"Well, Maimie, I cannot afford to entertain visitors any longer, and I wish you'd tell your mother that at once!"

"Is that an insult?" rejoined the child, turning haughtily to the speaker.

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Because when we're insulted we go on to the next place!"—Judge's Library.

Australians, with a fine climate, believe in enjoying themselves, and there are plenty of facilities. Thus in Sydney there are parks and squares and public gardens with a total area of 4335 acres. Sixteen miles from the city—a shilling excursion train fare—is the picturesque National park, containing 36,810 acres, preserved in their natural state. A similar reserve called Kurin-gai Chase, comprising 25,000 acres of land chiefly of densely wooded hills skirting for many miles around numerous tidal arms of Broken bay, is also held for the enjoyment of the public forever. Melbourne has no fewer than 5400 acres of recreation grounds in or near the city. Adelaide is surrounded by a belt of park lands, and has about 2300 acres set apart for the public benefit; nor are Perth and Hobart and Brisbane and some of the fine inland towns less well provided for.

Artificial nitrates are made extensively in Norway and sold in competition with the natural product of Chile. The annual production of nitrate of soda in Chile is 1,800,000 tons. In 1920 this may be expected to be increased to at least 2,500,000 tons. At the same time and at the same rate of production, the Norwegian production will amount over 300,000 tons, or only 12 per cent of the Chilean. It is probably, however, that other factories may be established, which will largely increase the total production of artificial nitrates. From experiments made in various countries it may be concluded that artificial nitrate is as good a fertilizer as Chile salt-peter, and on some lands a better one.

Artificial—not "imitation"—rubies are manufactured in a little factory, in Paris. The successful commercial production of the artificial ruby is said by some enthusiasts to have made inevitable the doom of the ruby mine. These artificial rubies are in glowing beauty of color, hardness, durability and chemical composition identical with the natural ruby of the mine. So absolute is this identity that the assertion is made, the usurers of great cities now refuse to take rubies in pawn because they cannot distinguish between natural rubies and the artificial. Their use in jewelry is widespread.

Philanthropic Visitor (at county jail)—Satan, you know, is mischief for idle lands to do.

Prisoner—Yes, sir; and sometimes he finds moschoef for busy hands. I'm here for counterfiting.

Dealer—Here's a very pretty chair, ma'am.

Shopper—Yes. It is odd, Louie XVI. is it not?

Dealer—No'm. \$2.16

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"



THE PRINCE OF PEACE

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn;"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
That brightens through the rocky glen?
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel's song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

The Way

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

For men in banked cabins in the arctic snows and men in the wind beaten ships on remote seas, for men in tropic jungles and men in forgotten wastes, this day is Christmas. We who spend the day in the friendly security of cities and draw about us the familiar intimacies of home and daily friendships are apt to forget the wonder of this, and the significance. But whether they realize it or not, men draw together during these hours. And this is to follow the star the wise men saw over Bethlehem.

Christmas for most of us is given to the closest ties and the spirit of it is only a warmer glow of well used affections. But the deepest and mightiest things are the nearest, and in the heart of this day is the hope of the race. Two thousand years ago there was one who spoke from a mountain. His message was the brotherhood of all men. Another time he said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Today men follow the way though they do not know, and obey the truth though they do not see, and live the life though they are unconscious of its pulse beat through the world. For the way is the way of the race marching painfully to its far goal.

The life of the individual and the lives of nations are borne upon the bosom of a great tide. Wise men call it by different names, but no man lives effectually save in its full current. Whether we state it in terms of religion, or of philosophy, or policy, its law is but the divine platitude of the brotherhood of man.

Crown the Christ Child King

At Christmas time we celebrate the birthday of our King. The wise men came from the far east, attracted by the light of the star, to find and worship the King. This blessed day is lighted by a star that ought to attract our attention and lead us in the same direction and to the same end. This time of music and glad festivities should lay especial emphasis on the kinship of Jesus of Nazareth. It is our privilege to see, in the Babe of Bethlehem, the King of kings and Lord of lords. That vision should be more clear to us than to the wise men of old. They had none of the helps that quicken our eyesight. We may remember the life he lived, the work he did, the sacrifice he made, and the influence he has exerted and is exerting to this very hour.

"Never man spake like this man," concerning God, man, sin, life, death, truth, immortality, and "the vast forever." He has drawn the intellect of the world to himself.

His ideals have inspired civilizations and turned the currents of history into new channels. He has compelled the world to accept his ideas of greatness and the value of human life. He has drawn the art of the world to himself, for the greatest paintings of the ages reflect his glory. He has drawn the music of the world to himself, for the mighty masterpieces of this realm tell the story of his work and influence. He has drawn the thought of the world to himself, for there never was one about whom so many books have been written. His life and words have been the inspiration of the modern altruism that is doing so much to lift humanity to higher and better levels. He is rapidly drawing the heart of the world to himself —is drawing the lives of men to himself.

He shall reign, "King of kings and Lord of lords." Because he humbled himself and made himself of no reputation, and took on him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, therefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name. If we will not crown him Lord of all in our hearts here, we shall yet be called upon to crown him King of eternity. Let us crown the Christ Child our King in the here and now.

Keeping Christmas Joy

Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives next morning. It should stay with us ever after. We should sing the Christmas songs all the new year. We should carry the peace of God in our hearts continually hereafter. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good will in all things, and to show the world that we believe what we say we believe—that since God loves us, and Jesus Christ is our friend, "all's well with the world." They who receive and tell of God's unspeakable gift of Christ as a Redeemer may carry the gladdest sort of Christmas around with them all the year in their hearts.

The wise man begs to express much more than proverbial wishes that his entire clientele may enjoy the merriest of merry Christmases.