

DODGING A GRIZZLY.

A LIVELY EXPERIENCE WITH AN OLD, DIRTY FACED SILVER TIP.

Why Two Hunters Felt Glum After Their First Meeting With Mr. Bruin—A Race One Man Was Honestly and Earnestly Trying to Win.

"Speaking of bear," said the mining expert as he lit a cigar and leaned back comfortably in the corner of the smoker, "there's nothing sadder to meet up than an old, dirty faced silver tip. He's a cross between a grizzly and a brown, and, like crosses generally, he inherits all the meanness of both sides of the family. Old Dirty Face is always ugly about something, and he goes around fairly spoiling for a fight."

"Any one ever meet him? Well, I had a scrap with one out in the Buffalo Hunt country last year, and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I was out there looking for some mines, and one day I took a little stroll all alone to see what I could find. We were right in the midst of the big mountains, a hundred miles from anywhere, and the finest game country on the continent. I had my Springfield with me although I wasn't caring for game just then. But sometimes game hunts you, and then you've got to fight, climb or run."

"Along toward evening, as I was starting back for camp, I heard something following on my trail, and looking back I saw Mr. Dirty Face ambling along a couple of hundred yards behind me and taking more interest in me than I liked. I didn't need any bear particularly, as there were no good trees handy, only a few little ones that didn't count."

"In the canyon below me was a good sized stream, and I made for that, thinking I could throw the bear off down by the water. When I came to the bank, I found a mountain torrent 30 or 40 yards wide and deep and ugly looking. I skirted up the bank pretty fast for some time, and then I saw a rock well out from shore that I thought I could reach. I rounded a big boulder, struck it above and by hard work reached the rock all right. I didn't believe Mr. Bear would tackle me there, but there was where I didn't know him. Right up my trail he went, rounded the boulder, sniffed once or twice, sighted me on the rock and promptly struck in."

"He had to swim, and the current was so swift that he couldn't rock a yard and so gave me a good shot. I let him have the best I had, and I made him kick, but he reached the shore all right, and now his dander was up in earnest. I played at him again, but it didn't seem to count. On he came higher up this time and sighted better for the rock. I waited for him, and when he heaved his big, ugly paw on my rock I let him have it in the throat, and that fixed him. He swept by, fairly mad as the wind, foam. It's the last time, gentlemen, that I want to be treed on a rock by a baldfaced bear."

"It's funny," said the doctor, whose clear eyes were fixed on the speaker, "plenty of grizzly takes the nerve out of you. Two or three years ago I went hunting with a friend in Colorado. I had killed some big game, and I knew that he had killed plenty of it. But neither of us had killed a grizzly, and we were eager for the first chance."

"One day when I happened to be out alone, as I came through a clump of quaking aspens, I saw a grizzly coming against but a big grizzly busily employed in rooting around in the dirt after food. He hadn't winded me, and there I stood, just staring at the animal, and almost near enough to touch him with my gun while he went on rooting, utterly unconscious of my presence."

"Now or never, I thought as I brought my gun to my shoulder and carefully sighted for his head. Then the sights began to wobble and an ague seemed to seize the gun. I steadied myself, looked around for a convenient tree and tried again, this time for the shoulder. Again the gun wobbled, and I ground my teeth in rage."

"The bear lifted his head, seemed to smell something up the wind and started off at a good gallop away from me. 'Well, old boy,' I thought, 'I can't hit you standing I can't run,' so I let him go."

"I felt pretty glum when I came into camp that night, but I didn't say anything. My friend was cooking supper, and he seemed pretty quiet too. After supper we lighted our pipes and sat by the fire thinking."

"What's the matter, old man? What are you so still about? He finally asked. 'Oh, nothing,' I said, trying to seem cheerful."

"Did you see a bear? He persisted."

"Yes, hang it, I did," I answered doggedly.

"Well, so did I," he said, and the incident was closed.

"We each got our bear afterward, however, so the disease didn't prove fatal."

"Well, gentlemen," said the commercial traveler, "I never heard of bear myself, but I heard a story the other day of some fellows who found one up in Montana."

"They were prospecting right up in the big bear country, but they let the bear alone, and the bear let them alone. One night they camped in a deep canyon, and while one was cooking supper the other started out with his shotgun to get some birds. Lots of birds up there. So tame you can almost kill them with a stick."

"Pretty soon the man with the shotgun ran up against a grizzly, and Mr. Grizzly was mad about something and started for him. The man hit the trail hard for camp, the bear right after him. When the fellow who was cooking supper heard the landslide coming down the mountain, he ran away what was up and grabbed his gun to shoot. But he was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting his partner, so he couldn't do anything but yell."

"Run, run—n—n" he yelled, and the man and the bear both let out a couple of links, and the gravel flew faster than a train."

"Run, run—n—n" he howled, dancing around to try to get a shot. 'Run!' yelled the other fellow. 'You fool, do you think I'm showing this race?'

How He Got Out. Outrigger—So you changed your mind about taking that flat as soon as you got inside? 'Forty—Change nothing. Wasn't room in there even to change my mind. I just went out.'

THE OILY ASIATICS.

They Regard Europeans Generally as Vulgar Plebeians.

The manners of the European always strike the Asiatic as plebeian. He expects in an equal or superior a kind of smoothness which few Europeans possess and which they never display in their intercourse with the colored races, whose want of frankness and tendency to be deferential and general failure to secure the results which Europe desires slightly irritate them. The Asiatic thinks that want of frankness essential to politeness is always reserved unless he intends to be insolent and looks upon familiarity, especially if there is any difference of grade, as offensive, presuming and, in a word, rude. Very few Europeans appear to him to be gentlemen and those few only when they are not familiar.

The European's laugh is special to him as disagreeable as the laugh of the uneducated is to the refined European, and European "chaff," persiflage, humor, is to him absolutely unendurable. It is, in his opinion, the quintessence of vulgarity and reminds him perpetually that he is being civil or submissive to one who is essentially, when the mask is off, a barbarian. This feeling, which is universal and incurable, greatly increases his sense of his own superiority, which again is deepened by his perception that the opponent is fettered in using his intellect by all manner of nonintellectual restrictions, is apt, for example, to resent a cruel or insolent suggestion, does not employ falsehood when falsehood clearly would be convenient and does not detect falsehood if it is plausible as a quick witted man should.

Long observation has convinced us that the Asiatic who lies to the European despises the falsehood so much for accepting the falsehood that he often out of sheer contempt makes his falsehood less artistic than he could. Anything, he thinks, will do for a mind so dense as that. He is vexed, too, when his lie is too roughly exposed, vexed not as an ordinary European is, because he has been detected, but as a diplomatist is vexed when his smooth arguments are not put aside as smoothly. He ought not to be told that he is lying, but only to be shown as lightly as may be that the falsehood has not succeeded. Any other conduct he classifies as the result of ill manners, not to say brutality, stupidity and despises in his heart as the gentleman despises the scolding of the rough.

KAFFIR FAIRY STORY.

Queer Experiences of Demane and Demanza With Cannibals.

Here is a Kaffir fairy story. It is called "Demane and Demanza" and is a very good example of the kind of story current among the dusky "boys" of South Africa.

Demane and Demanza are husband and wife, living together in a cave. Demane one day goes out to hunt, but tells his wife before starting that on no account must she cook any food during his absence, lest the cannibals attracted by the smell of the cooking, find out the cave and carry her off and eat her.

Demanza, directly her lord has gone, commences to prepare a meal, with the result that one of the cannibals knocks at the "door" of the cave and demands admission. This is refused him. So the cannibal goes and consults with his tribesmen, and they burn his throat, which changes his voice to a very smooth tone, like that of a girl. He returns to the cave and is this time admitted. The cannibal at once ties Demanza up in a sack he has brought with him and takes her away to his own habitation. Demane, returning home with a swarm of bees he has found, discovers his wife's abduction. Fortwith he tracks the cannibal to his lair. The latter has left Demanza tied up in the sack while he goes to fetch some relations to share in the feast which is to follow. So Demane releases his wife and substitutes in the sack the swarm of bees, and the husband and wife at once make themselves scarce.

The would be feasters arrive, and the cannibal tells one of them to get something good out of the sack.

He attempts this, but is stung for his pains. So mine host himself, to disprove the charge of practical joking that has been unanimously preferred, goes to the sack, on opening which all the bees swarm out and sting him so unmercifully that he rushes from the cave and jumps into a pond head first and sticks in the mud at the bottom. Thus he dies, and Demane and Demanza appropriate all his wealth and live happy ever after.

There are plenty of other "fairy tales" equally strange, and nearly all of them treat of the fruit of disobedience, virtue is its own reward and like matters, but they have no story emblematic of our well known proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."—London Mail.

But He Wouldn't Change. When Captain Jack, the chief of the Madocs, once the terror of the whites, was captured and about to be executed, a clergyman waited upon the tough old chieftain to offer consolation. He ended up a long exhortation by saying, "And if you repent of your wickedness in fighting good white men the Great Spirit will permit you to go to heaven."

With all the politeness in the world Captain Jack inquired: "Do you think you will go to that place?"

"Certainly," said the minister. "It I should die today, I would be there before night."

Quick as a flash came the answer, "If you will take my place and be hanged tomorrow, I will give you 40 ponies." The offer was not taken, and the clergyman sought heaven by a less direct route.

Worth the Money. The Burns (Kan.) Citizen says of itself: Our paper is not the best in the world, but if you can show us that it is not worth 2 cents we will eat the next issue. First you read it, then you will spread it over something, then you will jump with it, and then use it to start the fire, and if that doesn't make it worth 2 cents, at the present price of lumber, why, don't you take it.

When He Roars. "Your husband dresses very quietly." "Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar button, or his sleeve links become mislaid."

The fortune teller is indispensable at a Chinese wedding. If the fortunes are not satisfactory either party may break the engagement.

A dog does not brush his teeth or pick them, but what fine teeth a dog has!—Athens Globe.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE.

Subject, "The Sandwich Islands or Anything Else."

Tuesday evening, Sept. 20, 1896, Samuel Langhorne Clemens made his first appearance in public at the Academy of Music in Pine street, San Francisco. "He had just returned from the Sandwich Islands, from where he had been writing letters to the islands and the islanders to the Sacramento Union. The appearance of Artemus Ward some months previous in San Francisco had aroused an ambition in Mark Twain to go and do likewise, not for the fame that might come to him, not from the money to be earned, but from a spirit of pure mischievousness. Twain was one of a coterie of bohemians which included Bret Harte, Prentice Mulford and Charles Warren Stoddard. I can imagine how he chuckled to himself when he concluded to 'learn a new trick and surprise the boys.' He secured a Ward and published a sort of Artemus Ward announcement that he would deliver a lecture about his trip to the Sandwich Islands."

"Commenting upon the announcement, the San Francisco correspondent of a neighboring newspaper wrote: 'We may expect either ray or grave remarks, for by recently published letters he very fully exhibited the resources of the islands to the great satisfaction of the business community. His lecture at this time will have a peculiar interest independent of his own rapidly augmenting popularity, from the fact that the queen (Emma) of said country is now in our midst. Everybody is going, and consequently a crowded audience will greet the midwife—believe—lecture of the said midwife. He is not at all an eloquent orator, and I fear, as he himself announces it, 'doors open at 7, the trouble will commence at 8 o'clock.'"

"The 'trouble' is over," wrote this same correspondent under date of Oct. 3, 1896, 'the inimitable Mark Twain delivered himself last night of his first lecture on "The Sandwich Islands or Anything Else." Some time before the hour appointed to open his head the Academy of Music (on Pine street) was densely crowded with one of the most fashionable audiences it was ever my privilege to witness during my long residence in this city. The elite of the town were there, and so was the governor of the state—occupying one of the boxes—whose rotund face was suffused with a halo of mirth and merriment. The audience promptly notified Mark by the usual sign—stamping—that the auspicious hour had arrived, and presently the lecturer came sidling and swinging out from the left of the stage. His very manner produced a generally vociferous laugh from the assembly. He opened with an apology, by saying that he had partly succeeded in obtaining a band, but at the last moment, the party engaged backed out. He explained that he had hired a man to play the trombone, but he, on learning that he was the only person engaged, came at the last moment and informed him that he could not play. This placed Mark in a predicament, and, wishing to know his reasons for deserting him at that critical moment, he replied 'that he wasn't going to make a fool of himself by sitting up there on the stage and blowing his horn all by himself.' After the applause subsided he assumed a very grave countenance and commenced his remarks proper with the following well known sentence: "When, in the course of human events," etc. He lectured fully an hour and a quarter, and his humorous sayings were interspersed with geographical, agricultural and statistical remarks, sometimes branching off and reaching beyond—soaring, in the very choicest language, up to the very pinnacle of descriptive power."

Lowell's First Client. James Russell Lowell studied law and took an office, but never had a case at court. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale told, however, the story of Lowell's first client. The poet had laid aside his law book for the nonce and was polishing off a sonnet when the door opened and a strange man appeared with a look of doubt or trouble in his eyes.

Lowell hastily hid the sonnet in a pocket, sprang up with all the alacrity of courtesy he could command, offered a chair to the visitor, took his hat and put it on the table with as much reverence as if it were a retainer, drew up a chair opposite, pulled out a brand new notebook and, waving his pencil in a soft, inviting, confidential way, began: "Well, sir, I am all ready to take notes of your case. Please tell me everything, even the most trivial circumstance."

The stranger stared at him with open mouth for a minute, then grinned most amiably as he answered: "I'm the painter of your sign, sir; come to get my little bill."

China's Faith Is Weakening. No town in either Siam or China is considered complete without a pagoda, and many large cities have several. There must be nearly 2,000 in the two empires, among which Wat Chang is perhaps the most celebrated. It is rare to see a new pagoda, and the ruinous condition of most of them indicates the weakness of the faith which erected them. They vary in height from 5 to 13 stories and are built mostly in so solid and substantial a manner that they are likely to remain for centuries.

An Inquiring Mind. A little east end girl who had hash for breakfast the other morning looked at the last mouthful of her share long and earnestly as she poised it on her fork. Then she passed it out of sight.

But the mystery still engrossed her mind. "Daddy," she said, "what was hash when it was alive?"

Entertaining Royal Visitors. At the time of the historic visit of the Prince of Wales to the White House, in 1860, President Buchanan had to vacate his own bed chamber and sleep in the public anteroom on the office floor. Even then five members of the prince's suite had to be turned away from the executive mansion and taken over to the British minister's house.

Intuition. Intuition is decidedly strong in women. No man, we are confident, is able to know, except by hearsay or by turning around, how many times the feathers in a hat four paws behind him have been pressed over.

Curious. Sillicus—Women are all curious. Cynicus—And yet the most curious thing in the world is a woman who has no curiosity.—Philadelphia Record.

Local Notes.

Mr. Lillie of Battersea, formerly with Stevens Bros., Athens, was a visitor in Athens on Sunday last.

The remains of Mr. John Robeson of Battersea, eldest brother of Mr. I. Robeson and Mrs. Eliza McLean, were brought to Athens for interment on Sunday last.

H. M. Williams, a Prince Edward county farmer, has delivered over 1600 bushels of tomatoes to the canneries at Bloomfield and Trenton this season, and expects to deliver about 400 bushels more. At 25c a bushel this will pay him \$500.

On invitation of the village clerk, the members of the council enjoyed a pleasant outing at Charleston on Friday last. The high wind that prevailed prevented the council reaching their objective point, Cold Spring, but with headquarters at the Lahootah and the cuisine under amiable and efficient administration the day was passed most enjoyably.

On Saturday the barn of William Dillon, South Lake, was struck by lightning and damaged. Prior to this month, being a Hornerite, he would not insure. Then a neighbor's barn was struck and on Sept. 4th he ordered a policy. But Providence seems to have been with him rather than against acts of precaution, for thirteen days later he suffered from the elements, and now agent Godwin pays the damages.—Whig.

A young lad by the name of Jay Gould, son of J. A. Gould, Williams-ville, played at war on Saturday, and came out of the conflict conquered and bruised. He found powder in the barn, and determined to lay a "mine." This he did by digging a hole in the ground, and connecting the mine with a fuse. He lighted the fuse and ran away. It did not "go off," and in five minutes the boy returned, when the charge exploded in his face. His eyesight is impaired, of while his face is badly burned and bruised.

Demand of Prohibitionists.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 24.—At a meeting of the Dominion Alliance it was decided to endorse the finding of the last Dominion Alliance convention at Ottawa, which pledges prohibitionists to oppose the M.P.'s who supported the Parnelle motion in the Commons and to demand clear cut statements on prohibition by Parliamentary candidates. The president, Mr. S. Cleaver, and W. W. Buchanan were appointed a committee to draft the questions to be submitted to candidates. It was decided to raise a fund to defend the new liquor act in the courts.

Dr. Kilborn Heard From.

Dr. R. K. Kilborn of Kingston has received word from his brother, Rev. O. L. Kilborn, M.D., of his safe arrival in Shanghai with his family. The trip down the Yang Tse Kiang river from Chung King, whither the missionaries had been ordered from Chentu, was made without any alarming incidents. The doctor's youngest child was ill during the voyage, but advised just received report that it was better. Dr. Kilborn and Rev. Mr. Ewen, with their families, have rented a furnished house for six months, and will await developments.

Dr. Kilborn and fellow missionaries left Chentu early in the morning in order to avoid any trouble which might arise if the people knew they were leaving. They were also accompanied by a guard of fifty soldiers with guns, but they had to borrow ammunition from Dr. Kilborn when they wished to fire off the evening salute.

FRONT OF YONGE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 26.—Two gentlemen from Athens are drilling a well for R. R. Phillips. They are hustlers.

The bridges complained of as not being safe, between Caintown and Mallorytown, are being repaired.

Mr. D. Ladd of Charch avenue has been to Watertown settling up a real estate case.

Our factory for the last month paid the patrons \$18.14. This is a pretty good showing for dry weather.

The Athenian poet did not leave a peg to hang our hat on, but we will venture a reminder as a continuation of his well chosen short hand verses. We were sorry to see that he went under the sobriquet of "Slabsides."

He deserves a better fate, and should come under no other cognomen than that by which he is widely and respectably known. We imagined our old and much respected friend to be just a little satirical.

We venture to offer the following as a continuation to the Forth fair poem: The same bucolic poet now That was in years gone by, Who always gave his name C. S. But now he's rather shy.

The same reporter takes the stand To push his mighty pen— We once went forth to see the fair But now we're old grey men.

The bucolic poet clean forgot Jas. Saunders past and present, And how he hands the tickets out With smile so very pleasant.

Sooner or later we must go To see the mighty fair, C. S. and I with badges on And of prizes get a share.

SO ANXIOUS TO MEET HIM.

Her Appeal Touched the Heart of the Railway Station Gateman.

A few minutes before the afternoon train from New York got into the Pennsylvania station the other day a beautiful young creature waited herself over to the man stationed at the exit gate and proceeded to hypnotize him.

"Will you please let me through?" she said appealingly. "Can't you let me through? It's against the rules," said the man at the gate.

"But I do so want to meet him when he gets off," said the beautiful young thing, looking into the man's face searchingly with her imploring violet eyes. "And he will be so disappointed if I am not right at the car to meet him when the train gets in."

The man at the gate looked and hesitated. "Please," said the lovely young creature, rustling her silk skirts nervously and seeming to hang on the gatekeeper's nod.

"Well, maybe I can take a chance," said the gatekeeper, and he pulled the gate open and admitted her.

"I suppose she's only been married a little while," reflected the gatekeeper, "and her husband's coming back after being away the first time since they were spliced, and she wants to hand him out the big hug before he gets on the car."

Well, I guess we all have it the bad, once in our lives anyhow," and he looked thoughtfully down the siding where the radiant young creature stood, impatiently tapping her foot.

The train pulled in a couple of minutes after. The young woman ran alongside the baggage car and the baggage-master handed her out a miserable little specimen of a stuck up, hideous muzzled pug dog, which she took in her arms and loaded down with caresses.

As she passed out of the exit gate with the pug in her arms she bestowed a bewitching smile upon the gatekeeper.

"And I was come-on enough to pass her through, and to waive pipe trances about the reason why she wanted to get through," said the gatekeeper disgustedly to the station cop. "Say, I don't belong here. I ought to be doing plowing somewhere."

PICTURE HANGING.

By hanging pictures low you increase the apparent height of the room.

The center of the picture, as a rule, should not be much above the level of the eye.

A good hue for walls where prints or photographs are to be hung is a rich yellow brown or a leather color. Luster to the black of the print or the tone of the photograph is thus imparted.

Colored pictures should not be hung in hallways or in staircases unless there is plenty of light for them. In such places strong photographs, engravings and drawings in black and white go best.

A picture should not be hung from one nail. The diamond lines formed by the cord have a very discordant effect. Two nails and two vertical cords, or, what is better, three cords, pieces of wire cordage, and drawings in black and white go best.

Picture cords should be as near the color of the wall upon which they are put as possible, so that they may be little seen. When one picture is hung beneath another, the bottom one should be hung from the one above and not from the top. Thus we avoid multiplying the cords, which is always objectionable.

Settled the Trap.

A certain Glasgow lawyer was fond of setting traps for workmen who might happen to be working in or about his house by leaving money or some valuable article about. A workman, well aware of this fact, found a half crown lying on the floor of one of the rooms. He smiled as he said to himself, "I know what that's for," and, taking a brace and a bit from his bag, he drilled a hole in the coin, and, putting a large screw nail through it, he fastened it securely to the floor.

The lawyer has not set any traps since.—London Telegraph.

He Went.

He—Half past 11! Isn't that clock fast?

She—I think not.

He—Well, I guess my watch is like myself, it is slow.

She—But it is not exactly like you.

He—Indeed?

She—No. It goes.

Let in the Light.

Light, air and sunlight are important factors in keeping the family and the house in a healthy condition. Nothing could be worse than the habit some people have of keeping the house in darkness from early morning until night. The house should be flooded with light and air for several hours each day.—Ladies Home Journal.

An English View of England's Position.

"Our people are neither disheartened nor dismayed. Misfortune has only put them on their mettle. They can count the cost without flinching, for they know what failure means. It means more than the loss of South Africa. It means the loss of prestige, power, dominion. It means that Great Britain will be great no more—that we shall lose India, our colonies, our possessions and markets in all parts of the world—that we shall descend in the rank of states to the condition of Holland and Spain. Such a fate may overtake us some day, but that day is yet distant. Knowing what is before in the event of surrender and submission to the Boers, we shall fight to the last man and the last ditch. Admiral Blake, asked to surrender the town of Taunton, replied that he had not yet eaten his boots. When we have eaten our last boot, it will be time enough for our enemies to proclaim the collapse and downfall of the British Empire."—Newcastle Chronicle.

An Exploded Theory.

Biggs—It's all nonsense about there being honor among thieves. Boggs—Yes?

Biggs—I'm sure of it. I just read an account of a plumber being held up by footpads.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FARR, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Sarsaparilla—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKNER, Pembroke, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FLOWER AND TREE.

The "cow tree" of Venezuela gives a fluid resembling, tasting like and possessing a close chemical affinity to cow's milk.

The saucy little monkey flower, also known as musk plant and botanically as muscivora, makes a desirable plant for the window.

Don't place the rosebush where it will be partially in the shade of trees or buildings. Roses want all the sun there is. They want all the nutriment there is in the soil also.

The blueberry is a beautiful trailing vine, suitable for vase or hanging basket. The blossoms are trumpet shaped, and as large round as a silver half dollar and are either white or some shade of yellow, with dark velvety brown throats. The plants grow fast and flower freely and bloom until frost comes.

The Larkins of an Exquisite Girl.

An exquisite young woman is she whose dress and hair and skin indicate the most scrupulous attention to the daily toilet. We have learned that bathing and rubbing and care for personal cleanliness, the nicety which distinguishes the lady, and adorns her for her station, are the handmaids not of health alone, but of beauty, and where is the young girl who despises beauty? For the business girl whose daily employment is close and confining, nothing can be better than that she emulate the dainty girl in her everyday care of her dress and appearance and in frequent cleansing of the skin by thorough bathing and vigorous friction, and by keeping herself and all her belongings as dainty as she possibly can.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the August Ladies Home Journal.

COUGHS KILL

We know of nothing better than coughing to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever, and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption. Better kill your cough before it kills you.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

kills coughs of every kind. A 25 cent bottle is just right for an ordinary cough; for the harder coughs of bronchitis you will need a 50 cent bottle; and for the coughs of consumption the one dollar size is most economical.

"My cough reduced me to a mere skeleton. I tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Cherry Pectoral I immediately began to improve, and three bottles restored me to health. I believe I owe my life to it."

SARAH F. MORGAN, Newtown, Va. Oct. 7, 1898.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and laxatives are dangerous. Price, 50c per box; 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00 per box. No. 1 or 2, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00 per box. The Cook Compound Wins the Gold Medal at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 is sold in Athens by J. P. Lamb & Son, Druggists.