THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIE

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ODD FADS AT MEALS.

SOME QUEER THINGS THAT ARE NOT-ED IN RESTAURANTS.

Lobster and Milk Combination.

A tall thin man came into the restau nt, and a new waiter showed him to a ble and handed him a bill of fare. The didn't even glance at the bill idn't even glance at the bill. ing a small steak, very rare, and a pitchers of cream on the side," he

The watter disappeared and in a rew minutes came back with the steak, a cup of coffee and two pitchers of alleged cream. He ranged them in front of the customer, and the latter glanced them over. When his eye struck the cup of coffee, he scowled.
"I didn't order no coffee," he half yell-

ed at the waiter.
"Well, I s'posed when you said two

"Take it away."

The waiter put the cup of coffee on his tray and gathered up the two pitchers of cream and turned to retrace his steps to the kitchen.

itchen.
ing them creams back here waiter nearly tripped hir the kitchen.

"Bring them creams back here."

The waiter nearly tripped himself as he spun agound. He meekly placed the pitchers by the side of the steak without a word and stood rooted to the spot. The tall, thin customer picked up the two pitchers and emptied the cream on his steak. The waiter's eyes bulged out and his chin dropped as the man began cating his strangely seasoned steak. Just then an old waiter nudged the new one and called him to one side, warning him with: "Say, you better watch out, er the old gent'll hop on to you fer watchin him. That must be a new one on you—cream. That must be a new one on you—cream on steak—huh? It's an old one around here. His nobs there comes in here an orders that same layout about every other night.

"Well. I have seen more ridiculous comto freak feeders in my imes the dishes served are eataday a man came in and gave me an
order for broiled lobster and milk. Now,
that is a combination that is simply awful. I told the customer I didn't want to
seem so impudent as to offer him advice
as to what he should eat, but I thought I
ought to tell him that lobster and milk
made a bad team. He laughed, thanked
me, and told me to bring on my fractious
team and he would try to break 'em to
drive double. That was enough for me,
and I brought them on. That man was
sick for three days. He came in afterward and told me all about it; said the
next time he'd take my advice.
"I once saw an apparent granger
spread granulated sugar half an inch
thick or his roast beef and eat it with evident relish. I have seen that feat performed only once, and will likely never
see it again. Several times I have had to
have strawberries warmed for a well
known Chiengo business man. Yes, I
know that is a hard one to believe, but it
is a fact. Took the berries out and put
them in the oven for a few minutes—just
left them there until they were soft and
utterly unined for anybody except this the dishes served are eata-

man. He said they were fine.

"Yes, I've seen a few old eaters in my time," said the waiter. "Nearly every day a man comes in here who cats nothing but a whole mince pie for his luncheon. Some people think it would require a man with a copper lined stomach to digest that kind of luncheon every day, but so far my mince pie man is holding a man with a copper lined stomach to digest that kind of luncheon every day, but so far my mince pie man is holding up beautifully. Another regular customer takes honey and rolls and nothing else for breakfast every morning. He says it is the best and most wholesome breakfast he has ever tried, and that he is going to keep it up as long as it agrees with him. One of the queerest things to me is the way people take acidulous things with dishes largely or almost wholly milk. I have seen people eat pickles with ice cream time and again. Frequently people put vinegar in their cyster stews and then complain that the milk is sour.

"I have often seen customers make use of butter in a way that would seem very strange to most people. This is putting butter in coffee. That has probably been done in every restaurant and hotel dining room in New jork. It is a custom which is quite common in Switzerland. There sweet butter, unsalted, is used. But even if there is a little salt in the butter it wastly improves the coffee for many people. Then, once in awhile, we see diners put butter in hot milk. I suppose that is to make the milk richer. I once saw a man put butter on his ice cream, but I suppose he was just doing it for an experiment. Of course buttering pie is not rare by any means.

"We see absurd things at the table ev-

rare by any means.
"We see absurd things at the table evrare by any means.

"We see absurd things at the table every day, but they come so thick and fast and we have so many other things to think about that we don't remember them," said the restaurant proprietor. "I recall a few incidents that struck me rather forcibly. Some months ago a rather old lady-used to come in here very often in the evening and order a Welsh rarebit. She always brought in with her a little bag of peppermint lozenges, and she ate the peppermint with her rarebit. We used to have another regular customer who came in every day and ordered antmeal and hot buttermilk. He ate the combination as if it were the best attack in the world. Then there was an other was an other was an other the west. tomer who came in every day and ordered oatmeal and hot buttermilk. He ate the confibination as if it were the best thing in the world. Then there was another customer who was fond of oatsneal whom I saw on several occasions pour catsup into the dish. I thing I should be atraid of the effects of oatmeal and catsup. I saw one performance that fairly made me gasp. A man came in and took as seat at a far off table, and, before a waiter could get to him, he poured out half a glass of Worcestershire sauce and drank it off at one gulp. On another occasion a fellow came in under the influence of liquor. He ordered only a cup of coffee. When he got it, he poured out half of the coffee and filled the cup up with olive oil and drank the mixture. If he was taking the oil to prevent liquor with olive oil and drank the matter he was taking the oil to prevent liquor influence, he took it a little too late."— New York Telegraph.

Had No Terrors.

Ethel (on tandem)—We're scorching.

Aren't you afraid that policeman will see us?
George (on front seat)—He? No. He never sees us. He's been owing me \$5 for more than a year.—Chicago Tribune.

riage riding last evening with Bright.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Thread a Man May Sometimes Retain His Hold Upen Life.

In 1860 our regiment, then the First United States cavalry, was quartered at Fort Kearney, Neb. It was hardly worthy to be called a village then. There were only a few mud houses and one or two frames. Six small field pieces, 6 pounders, comprised the artillery. We were having frequent brushes with the Cheyennes those days. They were a hard lot, I tell you. The last fight we had with the Indians was on Aug. 6, 1860. They were armed with bows and arrows, and a part of our men fell, into their ambush. We could see the boys in blue battling hard with the red fiends and were ordered to mount and go te their relief.

On the way there we had to cross a ravine, the edges of which were abrupt. My horse fell, and I was thrown abruptly to the ground, but I got up, remounted and caught up with the troop. The battle didn't last long, and the red men soon skedaddled, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field. I remember we took some of their injured back to the fort. It was a hot, blistering day, and the atmosphere in the covered wagons must have been something like that in hades, but never a cry nor groan did one of them utter. His Hold Upon Life.

YOAKUM'S REPRIEVE.

THE FIRING SQUAD WAS FORMED

WHEN THE DOCUMENT ARRIVED.

A Curious Story Which Thrillingly Illustrates by What a Slender

one of them utter.

Among the enemy captured was a white man who had been fighting with the Indians. He was well armed, but had shot all his ammunition away and was fighting with his carbine as a club when overpowered and shackled. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, with handsome, dark eyes and a nervous temperament; had been a member of one of the regular army posts farther west, but got into some difficulty with one of his officers and deserted.

into some difficulty with one of his officers and deserted.

He was put through a court martial and sentenced to be shot.

These sentences, of course, have to be approved by the administration. Report of the court's action was forwarded to Washington, and the prisoner was closely guarded until the president had signed the death order. This was finally done, and the day of execution set. The orisoner's name was Yoakum, and I had several talks with him. He took the trouble to make a fair statement of his case to me and offered several good points in mitigation. He wrote some letters to friends he had in the east, which I afterward learned were for the purpose of getting them to intercede for him. The curious part of the story, which follows, was told me, and it shows the slender thread by which a man sometimes retains his hold on life.

The colonel at the next post, some 250 miles away, received the order from Washington passing upon Yoakum's

The colonel at the next post, some 250 miles away, received the order from Washington passing upon Yoakum's case. He selected a messenger from among the best riders and, without telling him the import of what he was carrying, simply ordered him to use all haste in reaching Fort Kearney. The trooper took it and lit out at a rapid gait three days before the sentence was to be executed. to be executed.

The second day afterward he returned The second day afterward he returned and presented himself to the colonel, looking rather sheepish. The colonel interrogated him on his early return, and the soldier confessed that he had got in with some companions at N-, a sort of settlement on the road to Fort Kearney, and while drinking there had lost the message.

message.
The colonel's face blanched, and for once he lost his composure. In excited tones he asked the trooper if he knew what the message contained. The messenger shock his head.

what the message contained. The messenger shook his head.
"You infernal scoundre!" thundered the colonel, "that was Yoakum's reprieve, and now no power on earth can get a message there before his execution. He was sentenced to be shot at noon to-day, the order approved by the president and later on rescinded. The paper I gave you was the annulment of the death sentence. You have been the cause of his death, sir, and by the eternal I intend that you be shot for the infamous manner in which you have attempted to perform your duty!" Oh, but he was hot.

The trooper was as badly scared as a man ever gets when he heard the awful consequences of his dereliction. There were no telephones nor telegraph wires onsequences of his derentered wires ere no telephones nor telegraph wires those days, and it was out of the questions days, and it was out of the question message to attempt to get another message

in those days, and it was out of the square tion to attempt to get another message there in time.

Here is the odd feature of the story: The messenger, while drinking at the bar in the little settlement, had inadvertently pulled the dispatch out of his pocket. An hour later, while on the road to the post, he discovered his loss and hurriedly retraced. The saloon was then closed, but the barkeeper was aroused from his bed and a thorough search made on the floor, but nothing could be found. The trooper, not knowing the importance of his message, resolved to ride back and get a new one.

At sun up next morning a soldier who had spent the night in town was walking up the street, when he noticed a dog lying on the sidewalk playing with a scrap of paper. There was nothing in that, but when a passing breeze jerked it from the animal's paws and sent it whire

the animal's paws and sent it wh from the animal's paws and sent it whirring across the street, the dog made a
quick bound to get it. The rapidity of
his action excited the admiration of the
soldier. He saw a chance for some fun.
He went over to the dog, took the paper from his paws and held it up for the
wind to blow it again, so the dog could
make another run. As soon as he touched the paper his trained eye saw that it
was an army document. He opened and
read it.

was an army document. He opened and read it.

To say that he was astonished would be putting it mildly. He went into the saloon and asked the barkeeper about it. The dispenser of Rocky mountain corpse reviver related the incident of the evening before. The trooper secured the best horse in town and struck out, arriving at the outpost just as the firing squad was getting ready to perform its unpleasant duty.

was getting ready to periodic his abspace ant duty. Yoakum's friends had managed to get in their work with the authorities, but it would have gone for naught bad not that breeze blown the paper from the dog's paws just at the time it did.—Kansas City World.

For Future Decision. "Do you think there is any danger the "Do you think there is any danger the interview you have just given will appear in a garbled form?".

"How can I tell a thing about it," answered Mr. Toosides impatiently, "until after I have seen what kind of an impression it makes?".

THE WINTER STARS.

Across the iron silence of the night
A keen wind fiftully creeps, and far away
The northern ridges glimmer faintly bright,
Like hills on some dead planet hard and gray,
Divinely from the fey sky look down
The deathless stars that sparkle overhead,
The Wain, the Herdsman and the Northern Ox. wa
And yonder westward, large and balefully red,
Arcturus, brooding over fierce resolves.
Like mystle dancers in the arctic air
The troops of the Aurora shift and spin.
The Dragon strew his bale fires, and within
His trailing and prodigious loop involves
The lonely Pole Star and the Lesser Bearbare's.

—Archibald Lampman in Scribner's.

THE WONDERFUL WIZARD.

the Show Business.

The street fakir who sold a perfect panacea for every pain on the street was resting between his afternoon and evening services and was, doing a little talking in retrospacet.

ing services and was doing a little talking in retrospect.
"I wasn't always in this business," he
said, "for my real taste was in the dramatic line, and I made my first appearance as Wezzooski, the Wonderful Wizard, doing my act under a root and on a
real stage, or as often that way as the
towns I struck were fixed for it. I don't
know that I made any more money than
in the present line, but I was in love
with my art, and I could afford to make
less. What Is money to a man wedded
to his art?" And the late wizard laid
his hand on his bosom and looked up at
the ceiling.

Watchmaker—Your watch seems to be erratic. Have you had it near a power-ful magnet?
Customer (confused)—Why, I was carriage riding last evening with Miss riage riding last evening with Miss

purely ideal, as it wers. One of my acts—indeed the star turn of the whole layout—was the famous gus act, in which I let any person in the audience shoot at me from the rear end of the hall, and f caught the bullet in my tech and spat it out in a plate, entirely unharmed. It had always been so successfully performed that I had fallen in love with it and made it the grand finale of the show.

"One night in a Kentucky town, where there were a lot of men who were crack shots, I made such a success that I was asked to give another performance the next night, and, flattered by the attention, I did so. When the great gui act came around, a tall, slab sided man said he would like to shoot the gun. I was perfectly willing that he should do so, and after carefully loading the weapon in the sight of the audience, letting one and all see that I put the bullet into the gun and rammed it hard home—it was the ramming, you know, that smashed the bullet, made for the purpose, and rendered it into harmless dust—I handed it to him and took my place te receive his shot. At the command he fired, and as he did so I thought somebody had stuck a redhot poker through my ear, and I dapped my hand to my head and took it away covered with blood. The curtain went down with a rush, and I took a faint for the next 15 minutes. When I came to, the tail man was standing in the crowd around me.

"Here, stranger,' he said, sticking a \$20 bill into my hand, 'I guess you've got a right to that much anyhow. You see, I bet Judge Jones \$50 I could plug you through the ear, and I done it easy. You ought to be glad we didn't bet on your windpipe er yer spinal colyum.'

"Of course he had slipped a builet in on me, and, being a crack shot, it didn't turn out so bad, but the more I thought of it the more I felt like net glving some awkward chap a chance to gamble in the the more I felt like net glving some awkward chap a chance to gamble in the the more I felt like net glving some awkward chap a chance to gamble in the them of the more I felt like net glv

M. Poubelle and the Pope's Ode.

M. Poubelle and the Pope's Ode.
An anecdota is told in The Phoeniz about M. Poubelle, the diplomat, whe was such a favorite at the Vatican when he was there as French embassador. When he first arrived in 1896, he met with a very cool reception, but he determined to win the pontil's heart at any price. So he set to work te learn an ode which Leo XIII had just composed apropos of the festival at Reissa, entitled "Ad Gallos." He found it vory difficult, and as he feared he might forget it the ingenious idea entered his head of pasting it into the inside or his hat.

At the next audience with the pope Poubelle craftily brought round the conversation to the poetic ability of his holiness and promptly began to quote a passage from the ode. Leo XIII listened, delighted, and Poubelle feit he had scored. Suddenly he began to blunder, and the pope saw that he did not understand a single word of what he was reciting. He cast despairing glances at his hat, but the thread was lost. However, the humog of the situation so tickled the pope's fancy that Mgr. Poubelle was henceforth prime favorite with the supreme pontiff.

But Then They Are Heathens.

A gentieman traveling in Persia says he has been in a town where the belisting for prayers five times a day, and business men rush out of their effices to the churches, leaving their places of business alone and unlocked, and nobody ever has a thing stolen. But we must remember that those people are heathens.

Take it in this country—where we send missionaries te the heathen—a man who went out te attend prayers would lock both ends of his shop, tie his clerk's hands behind him and have a policeman to watch the shop and another man to watch the policeman. Besides, the man who owned the shop wouldn't go to prayers either. But Then They Are Heathens

The instruments now known as the tel-ephone and microphone are of compara-tively recent invention, but the origin of the names dates back many years. In 1827 Wheatstone gave the name of mi-crophone to an apparatus in sunted by the Names Known of Old. crophone to an apparatus invented by him to render weak sounds audible, and in 1845 a steam whistle or trumpet, giving roaring signals in foggy weather, was called telephone by Captain John Taylor, while Sudre used the same name in 1854 for a system of musical telephony.—Chi-

Straw Horseshoes.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied round the ankle with straw rope, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about 1 cent a pair.

The Trouble.

Jenkins- Balv not well, ch? You ought to call in Dr. Rown. We sent for him lost week, and the moment he saw our baby he guessed what the trouble was.

Jackson-What was it?

Jenkins-Pins!-Rival. The Trouble.

"Yes, ma'am,' I replied.
"'Yes, ma'am,' I replied.
"'He has the name o' livin here,' said
Mrs. Ricketts, with fine scorn, 'but tha's
darn little life in him!"
"I pretended not to notice the irony o
my patron's amiable helpmeet and as-"'He isn't sick, is he?' I asked.
"'No,' replied Mrs. Ricketts, 'he ain'

sick."

"Is he in?" I inquired.

"No, he ain't in!" was the answer.

"Is he about the place?" I asked.

"Yes, he's about the place? Said Mrs.
Ricketts. "The last I seen e' him he was
histin hisself up the ladder to the haymow, a lettle faster than I've seen him
move in a coon's age, an he's scroochia
in one corner o' the mow now, I
shouldn't wonder."

"Will he be back to the house soon?"
I asked.

I asked.
"'Meanin this afternoon?' said my "'Meania this afternoon?' said my patron's wife.
"'Oh, yes! Certainly!' I replied.
"'No, he won't!' exclaimed Mrs. Ricketts, with a positiveness that satisfied me that, although the deed for that clearing might be in the name of Samuel Ricketts, he wasn't the boss of it. I stood a moment undecided what to say or do next when Mrs. Ricketts snapped out:

stood a moment undecided what to say or do next when Mrs. Ricketts snapped out:

"'Would you want to know why Sam Ricketts won't be here soon?"

"I said that I would.

"Well,' said she, 'Sam Ricketts had the snooplnist, sneekinist, humliest old yaller houn' that ever licked a platter, an I got sick an tired o' kickin it out o' doors. I hate dogs wuss'n p'ison anyhow, 'tickelly houn' dogs, an se I up an told Sam Ricketts this morain that if he didn't take that houn' off an sell it or give it away I'd knock it in the head an him, too, maybe. So Sam'l he took the dog away, an 'long about an hour ago he come back. An what do you think he had done? He had traded that dog off fer two darn straddlin coon dog pups as fetched 'em home! That's the reason. Sam Ricketts hustled up that ladder to the haymow so suddent an pulled the won't be back soon. He won't be back soon.

A SECTION OF THE PARTY OF

ONE LESSON ENOUGH. THE STORY OF AN ENGINEER WHO

SLEPT WHILE ON DUTY. Seemed to Threaten a Pearful Wreck and Awful Logs of Life-A Narrow and Lucky Escape.

Marrow and Lucky Becape.

"There is something about railroading that conduces to sleep. It may be the rumble that causes drowsiness, it may be the long hours on duty, but in many cases, in my judgment, it is the failure of the employees to secure needed rest when they have the opportunity. During my 20 years' experience as a driver of the iron horse I knew of hundreds of severe wrecks due entirely to some one being 'askeep on the post of duty.' Byen the responsibility imposed on the man would not have the effect of causing him to keep awake."

to keep awake."

The speaker was one of the oldest railroad engineers in the country, who, after 20 years in charge of the throttle of a locomotive, voluntarily resigned to seek other pursuits not so dangerous or exciting. A question or two about the old times put the ex-railroader in a talkative mood, and he continued:

"But once in my railroad career did I turn my engine over to my fireman and go back to the caboose for a little rest, and the narrow escape that I then had from a severe wreck and the killing and wounding of hundreds of sleeping passengers taught me a lesson that was never forgotten. The incident occurred in Illinois in February, 1879. At that time I was running an engine pulling a fast freight on the Illinois Central railroad. My fireman was a young man whom I had instructed is all that he knew about railroading. My health was not of the best at that time, as I had been an annual victim of the ague that pervades southern Illinois, and my system was shattered from the 'shakes.' In addition there was some sickness among the members of my family, with the result that my nights at home would be broken up in looking after the comfort of the loved ones. Business on the railroad was brisk, and there was a heavy passenger traffic due to the annual Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans.

"On the night in question my train was running south. I had a 5½ foot Rogers engine and was hauling 40 loaded cars. Along about 10 o'clock I found that I could hardly keep my eyes open. The road ahead of me was clear of trains for an hour or ugore. About the only thing of importance in view was to meet and pass the Chicago express at Makanda, which was 24 miles away. I then yielded to temptation. Placing my fireman in charge of the throttle, with the head brakeman to do the firing, I went back to the caboose to secure a little rest. I should not have taken this step if I had not reposed every confidence in my fireman, and I believed that he was thoroughly competent to run the engine.

"How long I slept I do not know, b

passengers.

"As the rules required that I should stop and, after the head brakeman had opened the switch, should pull by the opened the switch, should pull by the passenger train there seemed to be no way to avert the disaster. All these thoughts fiew through my brain in a twinkling, and as I expected to meet death at my post I wondered who would care for my two boys who would become

"Portunately the siding "Portunately the siding one, and that fact, coupled with my reputation as a careful engineer, prevented the disaster at the critical moment and the lives of many. The engineer of the lives of the side of the critical of the lives of the live sat week, and the moment he saw out substitute the disaster at the critical moment and saved the lives of many. The engineer of the passenger train divined from the rumble made by my train that something unusual had happened. He told me afterward that he knew I would not have approached that meeting place at such a SAM RICKETTS WASN'T IN.

And His Amiable Wife Gave Good
Reason For His Absence.

"I ran a newspaper once at the county sent of a backwood Pennsylvania county," said Colonel Jim Ball of Potter county, "and one day I started out among my patrons in the outlying townships on a collecting tour. In the course of the day I came to a clearing to which I had been directed as the domocile of one Samuel Ricketts, to whom I was anxious to present my autograph at the bottom of a receipt for \$2.25. I knocked at the door of the Ricketts residence, and by and by a sharp faced woman with snappy eyes and her sleeves rolled above her elbows responded to the knock.

"Does Mr. Ricketts live here?" I asked.

"Sam Ricketts? snapped the woman, who I rightly guessed was Mrs. Ricketts.

"Yos. ma'am." I replied.

me.

"Naturally my fireman was much chagrined over his act, but I never had confidence in him afterward. He had been tried in the balance and found wanting. A tew years later he was promoted to be an engineer and had been running his engine but a short time when it exploded, killing him, his fireman and a brakeman."

Book He Needed.

"I'm going west for a little vacation with a lot of good fellows," be said.
"What book will be of the most service to me in our ramblings about the country?"

"Hoyle," was the ready reply.—Chica-TURNED BACK BY A "YALLER" DOG. He Looked Big to a Bicycler on a Lonely Maine Road.

"I haven't got any bicycle ghost stories to tell," said a member of the group, "but I'm reminded of an incident that happen-ed to me quite a number of years ago in which the comedy element predominates.

"It was in the days when the pneumatic tire was just coming into use, and I was off for a day's spin through one of the coast towns not many miles from

DUMBLINGS AT SEA.

"I looked around for a club, but there was none in sight, and as he was about to repeat the dragging off process I dismounted and tried him on a new dodge. I called him up to me and patted him and called film a good dog, but, it was no use. He was bound I shouldn't meunt the wheel, and I didn't. I walked back to the farmhouse instead, and he walked peaceably enough beside me.

"Here's your dog, said I to the farmer, who was still in the front yard.

"Well, naow, it's real good of ye, but ye needn't have taken the trouble to bring him home, said he.

"I didn't, said I. 'He brought me.'
"Well, naow, that's kinder tuny, too,' said the old man, with a grin. 'I trained that dog to bring the sheep home, but this is the first time he ever fetched a calf.'"

nucliory paenomenon not infrequently noticed in their vicinity, says Dr. Glangeaud.

Various theories have been advanced as to the origin of these sounds. Some savants have attributed them to earthquakes, but this fails to explain why they are perceived only in the daytime. On the other hand, the fact that their time of maximum occurrence is from noon to 3 p. m., decreasing afterward until sunries, appears to support the opinion-that they are due entirely to the action of solar heat upon the water vapor of the atmosphere.

It is remarkable that when heard on land they always appear to come from far out at sea, and similarly on board ship they never seem close at hand, and they strike the ear from all sides at once. Is there, then, asks the author, a mirage for the ear as well as for the

once. Is there, then, asks the author, a mirage for the ear as well as for the eye? But, if so, how does it originate? On the Campine of Antwerp the noises were heard very distinctly—so much so, indeed, as to produce a sort of haunting effect—for several days in succession, by a party of French engineers, who at first thought that brisk artillery practice must be going on somewhere in the neighborhood.

Near Ostend the coast population is quite accustomed to the mistpoeffers. They often say, "There goes the sea guns; we shall have warm weather now," or, "There will soon be a change." Sailors at sea exclaim, "The fog is breaking," under the same circum—

Breakbed a Girl Whe Quiekly
Brought Him to His Seases.

"I had a postoffice money order on a
little town out west," said'a New York
drummer, "one which I got through Chicago, and when I showed up to get it
cashed I was dead broke and found the
postoffice in charge of a girl about 20
years old. She was chewing gum and
reading a novel as I walked into the
place, and as she was slow in getting a
move on her and I was in a deuce of a
hurry I gave her some pretty sharp talk.
She shased me Back, and we had some
lively words for about five minutes. I hurry I gave her some pretty sharp taik. She sassed me back, and we had some lively words for about five minutes. I never did a more foolish thing in my life. You know what a postoffice money order is, of course. It makes a man mad all oper to waste the time to get ene, and when you present it at another postoffice you must satisfy the authorities that you are the person named. I signed my name and all that, but the girl quietly remarked: 'I don't know that you are the person named. You will have to be identified.'
"I had letters in my pocket, of course," continued the drummer, "but she waved them saide. Any one can carry letters around addressed to their proper name. I had my initials on my cuffs and collars, but they were no good. I produced telegrams, but she was obdurate. As a matter of fact she bothered me a whole day, and when the office closed I was still without my money. The order called for \$50, and I went to every merchant in town to get the money and transfer it. Nobody would let me have the cash. now," or, "There will soon be a change."
Sailors at sea exclaim, "The fog is
breaking," under the same circumstances. These facts all point to a relation with atmospheric phenomena.
Bright sunshine and some degree of
fogginess seem to be constant factors in
causing the detonations, while the sea is
not a necessary element. They are most
probably due to a disturbance of electric
equilibrium between layers of air when
unequally expanded by heat, under the
influence of the special conditions already noted.—Popular Science.

nexpected Part Played by a Barrel

Many of the old time actors will remmember F. G. White, who, with his wife, Emma Leland, used to star in the provinces when they were not able to get what they wanted in the cities. Well, the old gentleman was a versatile genius, and there was nothing about the house except soubrette parts that he could take. Among other things he knew how to put up a curtain, and that was more than a good many stage managers in the country towns knew.

We will call the place Bridgeport, for that was not the name of the town. The Emma Leland company was there for a and transfer it. Nobody would let me have the cash.

"There was but one way to do, and I did it. I walked into the postoffice next day and said: 'My name is John Blank. Here is an order calling for \$50. Yesterday I was fool enough to snub you. Today I beg your pardon.' Two minutes later I had my money and was out on the sidewalk, and you can bet your shoes I don't get caught that way again. When I feel like snubbing another girl I'll tackle one who isn't employed by Uncle Sam in a position where she can hold me up and set me to looking around for a pawnshop."

country towns knew.

We will call the place Bridgeport, for that was not the name of the town. The Emma Leland company was there for a week, and it looked like a prosperous run. But the first night, and right between the first and second acts of "Hidden Hand," something went wrong with the curtain, which stuck fast three feet from the floor. Moreover, it would not come down again, and all the company was in trouble, while the people out in front were getting more than the worth of their money without seeing the show. Mr. White was in his nether garments, having changed from a well dressed New York villain to the rough and ready countryman from old Virginia, who has come to the great city on a quest for his granddaughter and adventures. But he climbed up on a stool out there behind the curtain and did all that any honest and plain speaking man could have done in the way of making the machinery Never Read His Own Book.

I send you a book which (or I am mistook) will please you; it pleased me. But I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and ne man will get or write me one. Dumas I have read and reread too often; Scott, too, and I am short. I want to hear swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good way; a book, I guess, like "Treasure Island," alas! which I have aever read and cannot, though I live to be 90. I would that some one else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens, and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealized, a book unwritten. Oh, my sighings after romance, or even Skeltery, and, oh, the weary age which will produce me neither!—From "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," in Scribner's.

work.

And the whole curtain came tumbling down, roller and all, leaving the most versatile man stranded high and dry on the top of the stool. The scene was the Versery and a part of the stage setting. the top of the stool. The scene was the Bowery, and a part of the stage setting was an empty barrel. The old gentleman dropped gracefully into that barrel and rolled as gracefully off the stage. And then the patient and excellent audience waited, laughing occasionally, but not saucily, till the carpenters and sailors in the house had repaired the damage to the scene. Philippine women are inordinately fond of jewelry, but at the same time show excellent taste in the matter of design excellent taste in the matter of design and display. Those of the wealthy class-es often order pieces to be made and sent out by the best Parisian firms at enor-mous expense, but in the way of its exhi-bition no criticism could be made, except, perhaps, at a baile, or dance, and them A Sixteenth Century Kneipp. A Sixteenth ten of the late Father Kneipp had a predecessor in his cold water cure over three center in the person of Father

the chill shall do thee evil, for all cold is the source of all heat, and water is the vehicle of health and the paragon of life." Surely this is Kneippism in a nut-shell, yet Friar Penot died unknown and unappreciated.—Tablet.

Knew What He Wanted.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times.

THE KISSING BUG.

The kissing bug has a soft snap on ure thing.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The kissing bug can never hope to render popular among the girls the manless kiss.—Pittsburg News.

der popular among the grits the maniess kiss.—Pittsburg News.

Perhaps the scientists will be able to trace the kissing bug to the late Hobson epidemic.—Washington Post.

The kissing bug, which is said to be causing so much trouble in Washington, must be something like the kissing bee we used te have in Illinois long, long ago.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The bug which has been disfiguring people's countenances in Washington, while they slept, has been identified as the "metlanolestes picipes," and is said to deserve even a worse name than that.

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE COOKBOOK.

When cooking fresh fruit, add a little salt, as it greatly improves the flavor. This is especially noticeable in pies.

In making a salad bear in mind, that the different parts should not be mixed together er with the dressing until serving time.

When frying bacon, have an absolutely

clean pan, otherwise there will be black marks on the bacon and in the fat that comes from it.

comes from it.

When you want to cook dried prunes,
"for a change" try cooking a little pleplant first, straining off the water and us-

ing it (the water) to cook the prunes or if you have late and insipid apples try

sor in his cold water cure over three centuries ago in the person of Father George Bernard Penot, a Dominican friar of Toulouse, born near Nice about 1521. In his book "De Aquae Naturalis, Virtute," published in 1547, Friar Penot wrote: "In the morning, when the dew of heaven gives new freshness to the earth, thou shalt walk for two hours barefooted and bare legged upon the grass, for the dew is the daughter of God. It brings with it a certain mysterious virtue, which diffuseth itself in various forces throughout the microcosm and driveth away inalign influences. Fear not that the chill shall do thee evil, for all cold is the source of all heat, and water is the Convicted Himself. Fuddy—So Mrs. Cutter, who was charged with murdering her husband, is acquitted. Duddy—Yes. It came out in the trial

Philippine Women Love Jewelry.

Never Read His Own Book.

that Cutter upon his own statement was a lady killer, and it was thought that per-haps Mrs. Cutter did the deed in self de-

Just as you have made up your mind that the man who was introduced to you last month is a mighty good fellow, he comes around some fine morning and wants to borrow money of you.—Somesville Journal.

POULTRY POINTERS. Too much stimulating food often causes

Too much stimulating food often causes over egg production.

As soon as the young turkeys get strong enough give them a free range.

An over fat hen will not lay at all or her eggs will be worthless for hatching. Hens will readily eat parings or any kind of vegetables if they are well cooked. Raise thoroughbred chickens. They cost no more in the long run and fry much better.

Chickens once stunted seldom regain their vigor even with the most careful breeding.

breeding.

Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks and Langshans are easily fattened, especially if fed on corn.

It is a good plan whenever a hen comes off with a brood of chicks to grease her breast and under her wings for lice, or her chicks will suffer.

A good way to prevent fowls from fly-

her chicks will suffer.

A good way to prevent fowls from flying over the fence is to stretch a wire along the top, the wire being on the inside about six inches from the top and parallel with the top.

In dressing capons for market it is always best to leave the feathers on the head, tall and first joint of the wings, as evidence that they are what they are claimed to be.—St. Louis Republic. For the hide of a full grown giraffe, greatly sought after in Africa for whip and sandal making, the native hunters get from \$15 to \$25.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS. Sardou, like Balzac, keeps a store of otebooks and scrapbooks for use in his

notebooks and scrapbooks for use in alls work.

The late Rosa Bonheur was a headstrong girl in childhood, and the enly way to keep her quiet was to give her paper and scissors to cut out silhouettes of the cat, the dog or the horses at the neighboring cab stand.

Pierre Lott's entry into the diplomatic service is thus explained. The novelist had long desired to visit central Asia. With a view to facilitate his journey he has been intrusted with a diplomatic mission to Persia and Afghanistan.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has applied for space for an individual exhibit at the Paris exhibition. He will display his novels in every edition and every translation that has been printed, and he has written over 300 books.

Jy.-G. Brown, the famous painter of

and he has written over 300 books.

J. G. Brown, the famous painter of
street arabs, complains that the type is
rapidly disappearing. "I had no trouble
in getting models a few years ago," he
says, "but now I have to hunt far and wide for one that will serve the pur

THREE STRIKES.

THREE STRIKES.

In spite of all efforts to bolster it up the evidence multiplies that interest in the great American game of baseball is on the wane.—Canton Repository.

It is said that some of the League ball players' averages are doctored to make them appear better than they really are. The whole baseball situation needs doctoring.—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

Baseball needs reforming. Rowdyism should be suppressed at any cost. Only competent umpires should be engaged. Then there are too many League clubs. The circuit should be reduced to eight clubs. This would eliminate from the game those clubs that puf men in uniforms and go masquerading about the country with them as ball players.—New Zerk Herald.

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