

MRS NATION BREAKS DOWN.

Wichita, Kan., April—30. Mrs. Carie Nation, the saloon wrecker, has broken down and is believed to be insane. The crisis in her condition followed a term of solitary confinement, and the news of her brother's death. It is thought by physicians who have examined her that she will soon recover but others think her condition hopeless. On Thursday Mrs. Nation had a fight with her friend, Mrs. Wilhoit who was confined in the same cell. She accused Mrs. Wilhoit of being two faced, and said she was a spy of the saloon men to get evidence against her, and that she cast evil spells over her case. Mrs. Nation then slapped Mrs. Wilhoit and pulled her nose. Sheriff Simmons was forced to place Mrs. Nation in solitary confinement in the rotary cell. She was also put on the bread and water diet. On Saturday morning news came here that her brother was dying at Lewisburg, and she was advised to accept bail at once and go to him. Jas. Ray, her attorney, and Wilbert Jones, her former bondsman and best friend, visited the jail and asked to see her. They explained the reasons she should accept bond. Mrs. Nation stared at them then burst into a hysterical tirade against them, and said if she wanted to get out she could fly. This alarmed her friends, who called in her physician. He stated that she was insane. David Nation, her husband, was notified. Her condition improved during the day, and the physician expressed a belief that with quiet she would recover. She would not see anyone during the day, but spent her time talking to herself about how she was running the world from her place in jail. She did not know the reporters who called, and this was considered a sure sign of failing mind, as before she always greeted them cordially.

An Indian who sleeps in his coffin lives near Eganville, according to Mr. Chas. A. Cooke of the Indian department, editor of the Indian paper "Onkweonwe." The story is as follows: John, a celebrated guide-trapper, who is now in his eightieth year, has been sleeping in his coffin for some time. John, although a vigorous man, knows he soon must start for the happy hunting grounds, so last year he made himself a coffin of pine and birch bark and every night he is at home from the chase he sleeps in the coffin. He uses no other bed, but wraps himself in his blanket and lies down to rest. He has told his family that if death comes to him at night they are to place the lid on the coffin and put him under ground with his rifle. Until the last fall comes, John will hunt in the land where he has followed the wild animals and birds for sixty years.

Maple Sugar, Old and New. Globe: Complaint is made that maple sugar is not what it used to be. It appears that this is true but the reason is that the sugar is purer. The fine old flavor we used to enjoy was due according to the American Fish and Game Commission, to soup, sardines, sugar, smoke, cinders, leaves, bark and the rain or melted snow that dripped from the trees into the open tubs and buckets. People acquired a taste for this compound just as they acquired a taste for other unwholesome articles of food. This is all very well, but it does not give us back that old "woodsy" taste that we relished. In these days sugar of all kinds is refined so much that it has no special flavor; it is simply sweet, and it might just as well be cane, beet or maple for any distinctive taste it possesses. The old brown sugar, we are told, was full of bugs that under the microscope took fearsome shapes, but the children showed their appreciation by stealing it; whereas their is little temptation for a child to steal the pure, white sugar of the present day. It seems unfair, however that the sugar eater should not be allowed to indulge his wild and lawless tastes when others are allowed to revel in old cheese, high game and mushrooms. Why should people not have "high" maple sugar if they want it?

Renfrew Mercury: Last week a farmer near Douglas sold a beef to one of the butchers of that village. It was a fine, sleek animal, but when the butcher had killed it and cut it open, he discovered that where there was usually a cavity there were in this animal large growths. He sent for the farmer from whom he had purchased the animal, and he in turn sent for Dr. Thacker. The Doctor found, as soon as he surveyed the carcass, that he had come across a remarkable sample of tuberculosis. The tubercles were many of very large size, and filled with the cheesy-looking matter which distinguishes the disease. The carcass was burnt but preserved a portion of the diseased interior, had Mr. Manford take a photograph of it, and then preserved it in alcohol. The farmer will have the whole of his herd tested. Many citizens who viewed the diseased carcass came to the conclusion that it would be just as well if some experienced person were commissioned to examine all meat offered for sale, before it was allowed to find its way to consumer. Although the animal in this case was apparently in fine condition, it is likely that at a later stage of the disease it would have collapsed in appearance.

HE TOLD HIS STORY.

AND THE UNWILLING AUDIENCE WAS COMPELLED TO LISTEN.

A Long Winded but Reasonable Sheriff's Treatment of the Crowd of Loonagers That Rudely Interrupted His Yarn About a Bear.

The sheriff of Salmon county was a good story teller—that is, he so considered himself. Whether the story diverted his hearers or not was a matter of little moment to him. He would start a story which had no visible point and no apparent end and keep on telling it, shaking with laughter himself and clapping his victim on the back with his immense paw. The miners and cattlemen who frequented Sheriff's store and the ranks after had a social code of their own. When a man got launched into an impossible story, they simply pulled a string attached to a rather oversized gong which Macnabbs, who ran the store, had put up for the express purpose, and the story teller was cut off short.

But the sheriff was better than the gong. The second time he started one of his stories little Johnny Harris got the gong a pull. The sheriff paid no attention to it and still talked. The next night the sheriff began to tell about a trip east. The gong was rung until every one in the building was arm sore, and then his auditors gave it up and bore with the sheriff as best they might until he tired himself out and started for home. Just before he left he said: "Mac, why don't you let that feller in that bin a-ringing? If 'twas me, I'd git him standin' out there even if I knowed that you was a-listenin' to me tellin' tales."

"We got to do somethin' to head that old land pirate off," said Charley Bryan, the miner, "because if we don't and this thing keeps up we'll all of us be so weak by spring that we won't be able to git out into the hills."

The sheriff did not come to the store for some time after this occurrence. He had been obliged to make a long journey into the hills to post some notices on a mine; consequently the crowd had had time to regain its spirits a little. Then, too, Sam Slick, a veteran stock raiser and practical joker, had been added to the crowd by a long absence from the country. One Saturday night the sheriff burst into the store and after buying two bits' worth of tobacco took his accustomed mackerel barrel and placed it near the stove in the center of the circle he began:

"Say, boys, I heard an awful good story up to Lemhi county. You know this yer Sam Deemer? Well, he's the greatest bar hunter in all that country," he said.

"What county is that?" broke in Slick.

"Lemhi," answered the sheriff in the tone of a man answering the census enumerator.

"That's old flat footed, black haired Sam, ain't it?" asked Slick.

"Yes," said the sheriff hurriedly.

"I know him."

"Well, the sheriff continued, looking around the circle for confirmation, "they ain't no one that kin touch the old Deemer on b'ars. Why, he's killed more b'ars than any man in Idaho."

"Who told you that?" said Slick.

"Why, I know it; I've seen the hides."

"What kind—black, cinnamon or grisly?"

"All kinds; don't make no matter to him."

The crowd by this time had caught the cue from Slick, and every time the sheriff opened his mouth he was piled with questions. "Finally he got so confused that every time he started to speak he could only blurt and stutter. Then the floods of his anger burst loose, and he rose from his seat and burst out of the store."

"Well, well," said Slick when he recovered from the spasms of laughter into which the occurrence had thrown him, "we've got rid of the sheriff fur good, I reckon."

The sheriff didn't come around again for some time. About a month afterward he sauntered into the store and went up to the counter. He was very much subdued, and it seemed as if his pride was broken.

"Good ev'nin, Mac," he said. "Gimme two bits' worth of eatin', will you?" And when Mac handed the tobacco out to him he turned and stood with his elbow resting on a pile of dress goods and listened. Finally he pulled his big ulster together as if to go.

"Whar have you bin lately, sheriff?" said Sam Slick, seeing that there was no danger of an incursion on the sheriff's part.

"Oh, I've bin pretty busy up to my house, puttin' in this 'lectric light from the plant over on the river and gittin' things generally fixed up. I wish some of you boys'd come over and take a look at it. Things is fixed up nice. Why don't you come over now? You hain't got anything special to do?"

The crowd went, and the sheriff showed them everything and how the electric light worked. Finally he said:

"You ain't seen the cells yet. Come this way."

Then he opened the door and ushered the crowd in one by one through the broad grating. As the last man passed the sheriff instead of following him banged the grating and locked it. The visitors all ran back to the grating and tried to open it.

"Hey, sheriff!" they shouted. "This ain't no joke; this is blame mean. Let us out of here!"

"Take your time, gents," said the sheriff; "you ain't in no danger, and I hope you ain't in no hurry."

Then he pulled an armchair up in front of the door, while the crowd waited expectantly. When he got himself settled, the sheriff began: "As I was a-sayin' that Saturday night, this yer old Sam Deemer was the orneryest old cuss after b'ars ever you seed."

The visitors knew they were in for it. The sheriff sat there and told them that old moss covered, four mile long lie that was a half cousin to old Father Time himself. They had to listen, for they couldn't get away. When the sheriff was through, he unlocked the door, and as he bade them good night he said:

"Well, I guess we are about even, so we kin start square next Saturday night, when I want to tell you a story about a friend of mine down in Texas named Robbins."

But his visitors never heard his words; they just wandered away, meeklike, as fast as they could without running.

Too Bad. "My husband has had dyspepsia dreadfully lately. He has been such a sufferer."

"I am sorry to hear it. I had no idea that you were without a cook."—Detroit Free Press.

TRULY AUTOMOBILE.

Tons of Ice Transported Over a Hill by Its Own Weight.

At the houses of a Maine ice company at West Brooksville, Me., the blocks of ice are taken from Walker's pond, pulled up a steep hill and carried a half a mile to the head of Eggemoggin reach, a branch of Penobscot bay, and the whole work is performed without using any power except gravitation.

The large town of Brooksville just escaped being an island. Walker's pond lies in the southwest corner of the town, nothing but a horseback a half a mile wide parting it from salt water. Bagaduce river flows from the east end of the pond, going east, then north and finally sweeping to the west and southwest, when it empties into Penobscot bay between Castine and Brooksville, having gone more than 30 miles to end within less than a mile of its source. Walker's pond, from which the company gets its ice, is about 300 feet higher than the waters of the bay just over the hill. The icehouses are on a wharf facing the ocean. The company has an endless chain elevator running from the pond over a slight hill down to the icehouses, and when the ice is ready to house the heavy belt to transport the cakes is put in motion by loading its ocean end with stones until the wheels turn with the added weight, when the chain moves on, bringing up its load of ice.

As the tops of the houses are some 250 feet lower than the pond, the belt on the pond side of the run is twice as long as the pond side so soon as the endless belt is fully loaded with ice on both sides the down hill side has power enough to pull all the ice out of the pond without stopping, and thousands of tons of latent energy is left over.

This surplus force is controlled by two men who stand on top of the hill and apply powerful brakes until the proper speed is secured, after which the machinery runs itself.

If some one with a malicious turn of mind should bore through the base of the hill with an artesian drill and strike the bottom of the pond, the water pressure would soon force a large hole through the gravel, and Walker's pond, which is three miles long by a half mile wide, would be wiped from the map of Maine. The historically famous Bagaduce river, the outlet of the pond and the dividing line between Brooksville, on the interior, and Sedgwick, Penobscot and Castine, on the outside, would also cease to exist.

So long as Walker's pond yields excellent perch, pickerel and alwives, in addition to ice that can be shipped the year round, and so long as the Bagaduce furnishes tons of smelts and thousands of muskrat pelts every year this interesting but melancholy experiment will not be tried.

WINTON LOST HIS BET.

Yet It Made His Reputation For Winning Greater Than Ever.

An officer named Winton was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been successful, and at last no one cared to bet with him. One day Winton was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival and when champagne made its appearance the colonel called out:

"Is it really true, Winton, that you win every bet?"

"Yes, colonel."

"But how on earth do you do it?"

"Oh, very simply. I am a physiognomist."

"Well, what, for instance, can you read in my face?"

"I can see," said Winton promptly, "that the old wound in your side has broken out again."

"Nonsense!" thundered the colonel.

"Perhaps you do not like to speak of it. Perhaps?"

"Oh, you don't believe me! What will you bet?"

"Anything you please, colonel."

"A new?"

"All right, a pony."

The colonel at once proceeded to divest himself of his coat and shirt, and a scrutiny by all the other officers present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound whatsoever.

"You have lost your bet, Winton," shouted the colonel, resuming his garments.

"The answer came back: "I have lost, but men may err sometimes. Here is your £25."

When the colonel reached his quarters that night, he wrote to his old chum, the colonel in command of Winton's former regiment:

"Dear Friend—The story about Winton's luck is all humbug. He has just made a bet of £25 that I had a wound in my side and of course lost it."

"Your greenness is truly charming! Your winning £25 has cost me £100. Winton bet me that sum on the day of his leaving that he would make you of his first evening of meeting take off your arms in the presence of your fellow officers."—London Tit-Bits.

Facts in the Case.

"And," the sociologist asked, "do I understand you to say that they hanged this cousin of yours on circumstantial evidence?"

"Oh, no, boss; dey hanged him on a big cottonwood down in Arkensaw."

The Bright Boy.

Said the teacher to the grammar class To which our boys belong:

"The horse and cow is in the field. Now, what is that wrong?"

"The cow and horse is in the field," spoke one in manners veiled, "Because, you know, 'tis more polite To mention ladies first."

Pleased to Release Him.

Harduppe—Can you spare me about ten minutes of your time?

Gotrox—Don't you know that time is money?

Harduppe—Then let me have \$10, and you may keep the ten minutes.

In the Drawing Room.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I've just come in. She's my wife.—Litt.

A Contrast.

The man who so gaily a short while ago 'twas sweeping the country' would talk Now curses and kicks when he has to go out And shovel the snow off his walk.

The Chief "Difference."

Tommy—Say, paw, what is the difference between an amateur poet and a professional?

Mr. Fig—The amateur poet, my boy, is the one that keeps the professional starving.

For Example.

"I shall order a modest luncheon," said Tenopost as he scanned the bill of fare.

"What is your idea of a modest luncheon?" asked Bunting.

"Well, for example, I shall have dressed tomatoes."

Facts in the Case.

Man quotes the "pinch of poverty," While, as we know, the touch Of poverty is really An alibi'd clutch.

These Boston Girls.

He—Carrie, do you know you are the first woman I ever loved?

She—So then that accounts for your greenness? But to think that I should run a kindergarten courtship school!

Then He Dodges.

Who says I cannot meet my bill? Of Hicks that's the worst! Why, sir, I meet them every day, Unless I see them first.

—Philadelphia Press.

SUBMARINE WORK OF SPIDERS.

A Species That Carry Along Air In Their Journeys Under Water.

A certain kind of spider is capable of forming a bubble, taking it down through the water and discharging it into its nest, so that the eggs—and later on, the young—are kept dry and are supplied with air.

Although the water spider lives on land, where it needs plenty of air to breathe, it is really hatched under the water and spends a great deal of its time there beneath the surface. Its body is covered with hair, which holds the air like drops of water, and when the body is charged with these air particles the spider dives down under the surface, forming a bubble which it holds between the hind legs and carries with it. It is only in this manner that it can furnish air for the interior of its nest, keeping it dry until the eggs are hatched.

First, the mother spider builds her nest. This is placed some distance down in the water and is a sort of cell spun in the shape of an egg, having an opening on the underside. When this is completed, she rises to the surface and there charges her body thoroughly with air. Then once more she dives under the surface, the water forming a bubble which gradually swells out from the body. This she skillfully holds between her furry hind legs firmly and yet gently, so that it won't break and escape.

Swimming to the nest, she discharges the bubble in it. This, of course, crowds out some of the water, leaving the top filled with air. As the nest is large, requiring a great deal of air the spider makes another and yet another trip, until the whole interior is free from moisture. By this simple process she keeps the eggs dry and furnishes air for the young until they are large enough to swim out and get it for themselves.

But as much as the spider lives under water it is always dry. No matter how long it may have been swimming around under the surface, the moment it comes to the top there is no trace of moisture in it. The reason of this is that the air particles that cling to its hair keep off the water and prevent it from seeping through the skin. Another strange thing about it is that it can swim with great speed in spite of its balloonlike burden.

The eggs of this spider are laid in a cocoon, shaped something like the top of a round dish. It generally contains a hundred or more eggs.

Refuted the Slander.

The floorwalker of a big downtown store saw an old negro woman slyly put a lace handkerchief in her pocket, and, walking up to her, he asked her to step back to the office. She followed him without a word. She was taken into the third degree room, and she demanded to know what was wanted with her.

"You have been stealing in the store," said the floorwalker.

"Deed I hasn't," she replied. "I make yo' probat dat, so I will of yo' slandah me."

"Don't lie about it now," he persisted. "I saw you put two handkerchiefs in your pocket."

"Yo' am a big story tellah yo' ownse," she retorted. "I done on'y take one, en dere it am."

She sung it at him in virtuous indignation. No person likes to be wrongly accused.

Personal Influence.

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra, a strange, indefinable something, which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we will, as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower.

—J. B. Miller.

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition.

This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pale, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

LAW POINTS.

A contract may, after a decision of same, be renewed either by express agreement of the parties or by acts which show an intention to give it new force and effect.

Loss of perishable freight on account of the lack of proper refrigeration when shipped in refrigerator cars is held in New York, P. and N. R. company versus Cromwell (Va.), 49 L. R. A. 462, to make the railroad company liable to the shipper, although the cars were leased by the railroad company from a transportation company which agreed to keep them properly refrigerated.

Rule of a gas company consented to by the consumer that it will cease to furnish gas when the consumer becomes delinquent in paying bills therefor is held in Mackin versus Portland Gas company (Or.), 49 L. R. A. 596, to be enforceable by discontinuing the gas supply at one set of premises until payment of a delinquent bill for gas previously furnished the consumer at other premises.

UPPER CUTS.

Pugilist Jeffries asserts that he is "a actor," but Pugilist Ruhlin claims to be nothing but a slugger.—Baltimore American.

Billy Madden, the star witness in the Cincinnati scrapfest proceedings, solemnly swore that there is no such thing as a prizefight and hasn't been since Sullivan whipped Kilrain. And the public is inclined to believe him.—Atlanta Journal.

The manager of Pugilist Jeffries was very frank when he testified in court the other day that there had not been a genuine prizefight since the days of Sullivan. That will not surprise those who have been taken in by "fake" fights.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Marconi thought of the wireless telegraph at 19 and had it working when he was 25.

Electricity is to be used as a separator. It is claimed that it will be an economical factor in dealing with metals.

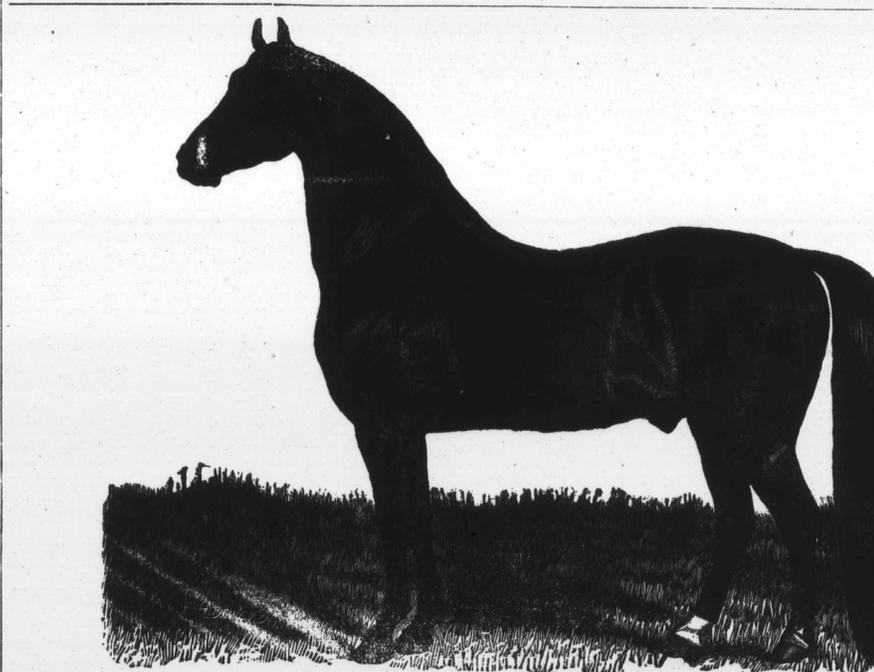
The Sydney lighthouse has the most powerful light of any. It is electric and of 180,000 candle power. It can be seen for 50 miles.

Edison believes that the science of electricity should be taught in the common schools and should rank in importance with spelling and arithmetic.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

is successfully used monthly by over 700,000 ladies. Baste, efficient. Ladies salt your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mistaken, pills and ointments are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50 per box; No. 2, 10 degree stronger, 50 per box. No. 1 or 2, made on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Compound is sold by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

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



ROUTE BILLS

HORSEMEN desiring route bills printed should call at the Reporter office and see the display of cuts, which include Clyde, Hackney, General Purpose, and Trotting Horses.

B. LOVERIN, Athens.