#### Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

#### B. LOVERIN

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#### A THRILLING MOMENT

THE DARING ACT OF HEROISM OF AN OIL WELL SHOOTER. He Played Back Stop In the Game Be

Box and Twenty Quarts of Nitroglycer

One of the most thrilling experiences secorded in the annals of shooters' ca-reers was that in which Dick Singleton, old time Bradford shooter, played the role of hero. He played it well too.

That the sensational drama did not turn were taken in the last act is due to the hero's cool head, quick decision and su-perb nerve in the face of almost certain

Singleton was one of the best known shooters in the Bradford field. He had all the qualities which enter into the make up of a successful juggler with the had shot hundreds death's agencies. He had shot hundreds of wells and transported glycerin all over roads which at certain seasons had no counterpart for all round vil-lainy anywhere, but his reckless caution had always averted a catastrophe

One day Singleton started out to shoot a well located near Bradford. The well a well located near Bradford. The went had been "drilled in" two or three days before, but the shooter had been too busy to put in a shot.

Arrived at the well Singleton proceeded to fill the shells with givering the shell with giver the shell with giver

from his cans. That is a proceeding of some delicacy, as glycerin allows no liberties to be taken with it. Care must be exercised in pouring the stuff from the cans into the shells.

The well was about 1,800 feet deep, and during the interval since drilling had stopped about 1,000 feet of fluid had accumulated in the hole.

There was nothing unusual about that, but something unusual did happen speedily and most inopportunely; something calculated to turn one's hair gray and make such an impression on the memories of the men present as

time could not efface.

The gly shell had been lowered and Singleton was alowly play and Singleton was alowly play a cord, when he left the line slacken. Immediately he heard an aninous roar. It was a sound to appall the stoutest heart. appall the stoutest heart.

The well had started to flow!

Singleton knew the meaning d He knew that a column of oil sound. He knew that a column of of 1,000 feet high, obeying the impetus of the mighty forces of nature, then in convulsion 2,000 feet underground, was forcing to the surface with a velocity of a cannon ball a shell containing 20

quarts of glycerin.

He realized that the propulsive energy of that column of oil would project the shell against the timbers of the derrick with tremendous force. No need to speculate on what would follow the im-All this was flashed upon Singleton's

consciousness as he stood leaning over the hole. The thought flash and the ignal of peril were con

It was an awful moment-such s moment as no man had ever experienced and lived to describe. Singleton's companions understood the import of that terrifying sound.

Acting upon a natural impulse, they turned to flee, seeking in flight the safety which they knew it was futile to hope for. Almost before terror could impart motion to their limbs the catastrophe would befall.

If Singleton had lost his head or hes

itated for only a fractional part of a sec-ond, six men would have been blown into eternity, and another horror would have been added to the long list charged to the account of nitroglycerin.

But he did not lose his head. He

knew that flight was useless. No time for that. Whether he should run or if he should stay, there was one chance—only one. It came to Singleton like an inspiration. The one chance decided him. Desperate as it was—a mil lion to one that it would fail—he re

who can say what passed through the man's mind during the inappreciable fraction of time that he waited to put

Perhaps Singleton himself could not describe what his mental vision beheld in that brief interval between the warn-ing and the appearance of the messenger what his mental vision beheld

He was conscious of nothing but the He was conscious of nothing but the peril which was rushing upon him and his compan.ons and of the stern resolve to stand at his post and do all that he roic manhood could do to avert the im-

Men think quickly at such time. Singleton's mind acted with the celerity of lightning. His muscles character than ing. His muscles obeyed the mante of the will with electric prompti-

He made his title clear to heroism on that eventful day. He braced himself, and as the shell shot from the hole he threw his arms around it, not knowing but the sudden arrest of motion would explode the charge and not knowing that he could hold the shell at all.

that he could hold the shell at all.

Desperation gave him strength.

There he stood, victor over death, surprised to find himself alive and smothered in the thick, greasy fluid which flowed from the well and fell, in torrents upon him. But he held fast to the prise which his alert mind, quick eye and prompt action had won in the hand to hand grapple with the forces of destruction.

Singleton is still living somewhere in the lower oil country, and he occa-sionally tries his hand at a shot, but if he should live until the final day of judgment he could never forget the day when he played back stop in the game between life and death, with nature in

The bandaging of the feet of Chinese girls is begun in many cases at the age

Semowhere the wind is blowing.
I thought as I tolled along
In the burning heat of the nountide,
And the fancy made me atrong—
Yes, nonewhere the wind is blowing.
Though here where I game and sigh
Not a breath of air is estring,
Not a lecoud in the huming sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for Buists on earth's wide bound, somewhere the sun is shining When winter nips the ground, somewhere the flowers are spring Somewhere the cern is brown

Somewhere the twilight gathers,
And weary men lay by
The burdens of the daytime
And, wrapped in siumber, tie;
Sand, wrapped in siumber, tie;
Sand, wrapped in siumber, tie;
And gloom and darkness fice,
Though storms our bark are tossin
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,
In this mysterious life,
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife,
And somewhere the six and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us
Shall all have passed away
And doubt and fear no longer
Impede the perfect day
Oh, brother, though the darkness
Around thy soul be caused.
The earth is rolling sunward,
And light shall come at lasti
—Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Facts.

THE APPLE TREE.

One evening I noticed by Moussia's photograph, which always stood eovered with a white crape veil on a small table, three red checked apples. These plebeian fruits seemed out of place in the aristocratic Parisian drawing room, crowded with rare knicksnacks and works of art. Moussia's mother, observing my questioning alance, said, point moras of art. Moussia's mother, observing my questioning glance, said, point ing to a picture at the end of the room, "These fruits were picked on the apple tree which you see in this picture, the last one painted by Moussia." Then the sorrowing women fold you last one painted by Moussia." Then the sorrowing woman told me the story of the apple tree so intimately connected with that of the young artist, Marie Bashkirtseff, who died when only 24

In the spring of 188— Moussia was n the spring of 100— Modesia was planning to paint a peasant woman in the open country for the salon of the following year. She spent days looking in the outskirts of Paris for a suitable in the outskirts of Paris for a suitable landscape in which to place her model. One morning, she found near Sevres a field inclosed by fence palings, beyond which a walk overgrown with grass lost itself under willows, through whose young shoots the sun shone brightly. Half way up the walk, on a background of grayish green bushes, with an outline of grayish green bushes, with an outline almost as soft as that of smoke, stood a fobust apple tree, broadly spreading its flowery branches. The whole scene was filled with tender, fresh, stirring harmony, with spring itself. Moussla was moved. She felt that this was the look-ed for spot. Opening the gate, she walk-ed toward the house, which was sepa-rated from the orchard by a garden filled with beehives. The proprietor hap-pened to be one of those half bourgeois, pened to be one of those hair bourgeois, half peasant horticulturists who provide the Parisian markets with flowers and fruits. The request made by the enthusiastic looking young girl with the expressive blue eyes flattered him. He loved his trees, and the admiration of a

painter for them pleased him extremely. Moussia was readily given permission to work in the inclosure, and she began the very next day.

Early in the morning she arrived on the tramway, with her model, who carried their lunch in a basket. Moussia understood her art. She was no longer a beginner, for some of her pictures had already been much talked of at the salon. Though belonging to a with family, which compiled a high po-

at the saion. Though belonging to a rich family, which counted a high position among the aristocracy of her country, she worked not as an amateur, but as an artist anxious to win fame. Her work showed the melancholy fire and poetry which belong to those born in Little Russia. The sketch of the pointing absorbed her entirely. She born in Little Russia. The sketch of her painting absorbed her entirely. She was trying to put on the canvas some of the effervescent spring about her. She painted rapidly, as if afraid not to able to finish the task she had under-taken. Every morning she came back, in spite of the April showers and the rawness of the air, which often made her cough. The owners of the place ad-mired her pluck, and as they saw her painting, barcheaded, standing in the dew, with a blouse over her gray dress,

painting, pareneaded, standing in the dew, with a blouse over her gray dress, they believed her to belong to their station in life and thought she was working for her daily bread.

The horsewife herealth have warmen milk, the children played near her while she rested, and the horticulturist, while she rested, and the horticulturist, learning that some young trees interfered with the perspective, had not hesitated to cut them down. It was touching to see this man, usually so careful of his possessions, willingly sacrifice them to gratify the wish of the young artist. By degrees a touching intimacy began between them. At noon Moussia was often invited to share the cabbage soup and bacon.

soup and bacon.

The picture was growing. The peasant scated at the foot of the apple tree looked most lifelike. Only a few finishlooked most lifelike. Only a few finishing touches were needed. Gathered around the easel, the family agreed that the apple tree was beautiful, for it seemed as if by stretching out one's hand the pretty, fresh, pink and white blossoms could be plucked. One evening Monssia carried her picture away to show it to some friends, promising to return with it in order to finish certain details in the landscape. They waited for her in vain. One by one the blossoms on the tree were carried away by the on the tree were carried away by the breeze. At the end of a fortnight a breeze. At the end of a fortnight a package arrived containing a dress pattern of handsome black silk. A letter accompanied the present. Moussia told her friends that a severe cold kept her indoors, and she begged the housewife to accept the dress in remembrance of the kind hospitality she had received.

This was indeed a disappointment for these good people. What they had done

these good people. What they had done for the artist had been done for friendship's sake. The gift of the silk, which must at least have cost 20 francs a yard, pained them. The present seemed entirely out of proportion with the service rendered. Their pride was hurt. They decided to return the silk. In a catalogue of the salon they found Moussia's address, and one day on their way to the Halles they stopped in the Avenue de Villiers, where the artist lived. When they arrived in front of the house, they thought they must have made a

they thought they must have me mistake in the number. Was it por that their young friend lived in this beautiful mansion? Then she was not a

They rang; a liveried servant opened poor artist. the door. After taking their names he ushered them into a sumptuous drawing room. Moussia was lying on a couch

room. Moussia was lying on a couch wrapped in a loose white plush gown. She was much thinner, very pale. Her large eyes shone with a phosphorescent brilliancy. Recognizing her friends, she uttered a joyful exclamation, and raising herself with difficulty she gave them her emaciated hand.

"I am so happy to see you," she said, coughing almost at every word. "You must not feel hurt because. I did not come to thank you. I am not allowed to go out. It seems that I worked too hard on my last picture. I took cold standing in the grass. I am now here for some time."

The horticulturist and his wife looked at her in bewilderment. An expression of deep pity came over their faces. The gardener no longer knew what the

de with the package containing the silk. He felt that he could not return it.

"We don't mind it as you were sick," answered the wife, "but still we were sorry that you sent us this silk. What we did for you we did willingly. We did not want a present for letting you work on our place. My husband and I decided to bring the drass bank."

"Oh, you were the one who wished to bring it back," interrupted the husband.

back on the cushions, tired and exhausted by having spoking so much.

When the horticulturist and his wife departed, Moussia closed her eyes and thought of the apple tree. It was in good health. The sap was running from its roots to its branches. It spread its foliage in the sun, laughing at rain and wind, at cold nights and hot noons, while she, imprisoned in 'a room, attended by the wisest Paris doctors, was slowly dying. Oh, misery of human life! She was young, beautiful, rich, beloved, unusually gifted. She had so much to tell the world, her head was se full of pictures.

Toward the end of October the gardener and his wife received a letter with a wide black border telling them of Moussia's death, and these good pecple wept for the lovely girl who during one month had been the life and bright-ness of their modest country dwelling. In the mad whirl of large cities a ha-

n life ended makes little more im-ssion than the falling of a dead leaf Pression than the falling or a state of the After a few days of painful astonishment the gay Paristan world which had so admired and feted Moussia returned and its pleasures. Alone to its business and its pleasures. Alone three women in mourning continued to weep in the home of the Avenue de Villiers.

Villiers.

One April afternoon they were quietly sitting in the drawing room, filled with souvenirs of the departed, when the gardener and his wife came into the

white series and his wife came into the room. They were dressed for the occasion. The husband wore his Sunday coat, the wife had her shawl on, under which she concealed a large package.

"Excuse us, ladies," said the gardener, "I am afraid we are disturbing you, but we could not let this time of the year go by without letting you know that we often speak of the dear young lady. My wife and I thought we would like to bring you something in remembrance of her." The woman raising her shawl brought forth an armful of flowery branches. "These are," he continued. "the blossoms of the apple tree she ueu, the blossoms of the apple tree she painted. They will tell you better than we can how we felt toward Mile. Mous-sia, and if you will allow it we will bring you every year some blosself. the blossoms of the apple tree she

sia, and if you will allow it we will bring you every year some blossoms from the tree as long as it bears."

What kindness there is in simple hearts! It is truly worth more than all the eloquence of the poets and all the gold of the earth. The gardener and his wife have kept their word, and thus it fis that Moussia's picture is almost al-mons adorned with pink blossoms or is that Moussia's picture is aimental ways adorned with pink blossoms or ripe apples—faithful and simple offer-ing from the old apple tree to the dead young girl.—From the French of Andre Theuriet For Short Stories.

In China there is no regular standard of distance. Standards vary in the dif-ferent provinces of the empire, the chin, or unit of length, varying from 9 to 16 nches in different provinces. A Chinese mile may be from a quarter of an English mile to a mile and three quarters, secording to the province

Artificial Crea

A cooking teacher tells of a manufac-A cooking teacher tells of a manufac-tured cream that is worth knowing about in emergencies, when the real article is not to be had. It is made from the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of sugar and a tea-spoonful of cornstarch. Half a cup of cold milk is added by degrees and all beaten together very stiff. A cup of cold milk is added by degrees and all beaten together very stiff. A cup of milk is heated over the fire, with a small butter ball melted in it. This is allowed to come just to the boiling point, when it is removed to a cooler part of the stove and the beaten egg mixture added. When it has all thickened very slightly to about the consistency of thick cream, it is taken off and strained and cooled. This may be used as oream for serving with fresh or preas cream for serving with fresh or pre-served fruits, but it is needless to add

Literature on a Ferryboat. During the last seven days the follow-During the last seven days the follow-ing novels were read on a Hoboken fer-ryboat by shopgirls on their way to work: "Poor, but Beautiful,""All For Love of a Fair Face," "When His Love Grew Celes." "Mrs. Hathaway's Re-venge," "Risen; or, Back as From the Dead."—New York Commercial Ad-rections."

A salute in the British navy between A salute in the British navy between two ships of equal rank is made by firing an equal number of guns. If the vessels are of unequal rank, the superior fires the fewer rounds. A royal salute consists of (1) in firing 21 great guns, (2) in the officers lowering their sword points and (8) in dipping the colors.

Phillips Brooks once said that "the shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most ac-tive, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people, that life seems short. Strip a life empty and it will seem long

The finest complexions in the world are said to be in the Bermudas. This is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants live chiefly on onions.

"Spells" of Southern Negroes.

There are numerous harmless "spells" which are regular observances in the lives of the average southern negroes. Besides the root chewing, the track lifting, etc., they have a love philter of frogs' legs cooked in still water, and the ashes of a bat are powerful enough to keep away a rival or an enemy. To make a dog stay at home they cut off the tip of his tail and bury it under the doorstep. To make a wife obedient they "draw her pictur" and hide it in the shingles. Thus, waking or sleeping, there-is a constant forcing or counteracting of destiny.—Philadelphia Times.

"He lived a bachelor until he was to and then married a woman young enough to be his daughter."

"Daughter? Why "Daughter? Why, she was young angual to be his second wife."—De-

silk. He felt that he could not seturn it.

"We don't mind it as you were slok," answered the wife, "but still we were sorry that you sent us this silk. What we did for you we did willingly. We did not want a present for letting you work on our place. My husband and I dedded to bring the drase back."

"Oh, you were the one who wished to bring it back," interrupted the husband.

"You are both foolish about the matter," exclaimed Moussia, laughing as she used to. "You would pain me deeply by refusing my present. I wish you to wear this drase," ahe added, speaking to the gardener's wife, "in remembrance of me when I am no longer in this world."

Then they both assured her that as ahe was so young she would seem regain her strength and overcome the disease.

"No," answered Moussia, "I cannot get well. The candle is burning at both ends. I shall not live long. You know that children who are too clever never live long." She tried to laugh, but a mist covered her blue eyes.

"And the apple tree?" she saked, abruptly changing the subject. "Is it always beautiful?"

"Oh, no, indeed," they answered, "the blossoms are all gone; but the fruit is beginning to show. Apples will be plentiful. You must come out and eas some in September. The good air of Sevres will restore you to kealth, made moisselle."

She shook her head and let it fall back on the cushions, tired and exhausted by having spoken so much.

When the horticulturist and his wife departed, Moussia closed her eyes and thought of the apple tree. It was in good health, The saw was running for even repressing sound, its methods are not our, its climaxes come in crashes of silence, in sustained and soundless paused the notes subordinated to a silont some time of musical senation.

To one who neare the art is the subject of the huse of the strain in the state dea of Japanese music, and tractional time is music and to give a definite dea of musical senation. To one who hears it for the first time it music inter strain it music intervals and fractional tense of musical s the notes smoothnated to a shoot while, while re-straining or even repressing sound, is the very costasy of musical sensation. In vain we attempted to analyze this subtle effect, to reduce it to the terms subtle effect, to reduce it to take status of our musical consciousness. It defied and eluded us as spirit must always defy and elude sense, and we perforce contented ourselves with following the strange, rounded, isolated notes, sustaining ourselves breathlessly on its wonderful pauses and yielding to the irregular cadenced charm of the singer, whose face, at first so unremarkable, seemed to grow of a shining effulgence as she thus interpreted to us an un-known world.—Washington Star.

IN LEAGUE WITH MAGIC.

Some Meathens Who Did Good Missions Work at a Fump.

Lobengula, the late king of the Matabele of South Africa, was afraid of Rev.

E. Carnegie, an English missionary at Hope Fountain, several miles from Bulawayo. The Matabele warriors, on the other hand, looked with suspicion on the missionary and all his works, but they knew hatter than to molest the

the missionary and an ins words, they knew better than to molest the friend of their king.

Time after time in passing the mission house they noticed a force pump at work, supplying water for the family work, supplying water for the family and for irrigating the garden. Not understanding what it was for, their untured minds concluded it was some sort of magic. It was "intagati," or bewitched, and they watched to see how it was managed that they might turn the white man's magic against himself.

One moonlight night a party of picked warriors repaired to the bank of the stream where the pump was. On try-ing it they were jubilant to find that two men at either handle could do the trick. Turn and turn about they kept the pump going for two hours, deter-mined that the missionary should have all the magic he wanted and a balance

in hand.

Then, exhausted, they went homeward, ignorant of the fact that they ward, ignorant of the host stank to over-flowing. His good wife hoped that a similar supply of "magio" might be furnished every week. — New York Mail and Express.

HENRI FOURNIER.

King of the Automobilists, Who Travels at the Rate of 45 Miles Like the question of reducing to three days the time it takes to cross the Atlantic, the increase of the bloycle's speed to a point where the rider can travel as speedily and as safely as on a railroad train is one of the things that seem bound to be attained. It is as surely a coming achievement that awaits us in the future as is the perfecting of the machinery of the ocean greyhound so that the present speed of the marine flyers can be doubled.

In the days when bloycles run at a speed of forty-flve miles an hour a clear track will be absolutely necessary, so that with locomotive engine pace will have to come a special track for the wheelmen, a desirable improvement that will be well-

come a special to desirable improvement that will be wooden do not be attainment of the speed named for the bloycle seems to be in the hands of Henri Fournier. who has become known as the king of automobilists in Paris, France. king of automobilists in Paris, France. What Fournier does not know about the

What Fournier does not know about the petroleum tricycle may as well be omitted from the wheelman's education.

At present Fournier, who uses the petroleum tricycle of the Doin-Bouton kind, with a one and a half horse power machine, averages forty kilometers an hour. The machine he uses is comparatively light, easy of manipulation and powerful. It is fitted with a motor of from one to three horse power, its hill climbing and speed capabilities being gauged thereby. The big and heavy automobile carriages have trouble in mounting-hills, but the lowly and Dutch barn style of tricycle goes puffing right up to the top, and its rider is in newless affected with fatigue in the task of making the ascent.

Fournier is in deadly carnest in his the ascent. Fournier is in deadly carnest in his determination to attain a speed of forty-five miles an hour. He has made a series of tests with his automobile that show that, given a straight, smooth track and the machine working at forced draught, the express train will find the petroleum tricycle a dangerous rival in the matter of speed. To see Fournier on ene of these test trips is a sight never to be forgotten. He files along with bulging eyes fixed on the ground over which he is flying, hair streaming in the wind and the puffing motor working at such a speed as to make one tremble to think of the fate of the rider should an untoward accident cause a spill. Fournier seems to knew no fear when going like the wind on these risky trips. By constant practice he has become an expert in the manipulation of the petroleum tricycle, and will turn a curve while going as the dizzy speed of



HENRI FOURNIER.

Surty-five miles an hour with all the reck-lessness of a boy.

His performance suggests the grave danger that would accompany trips such His performance suggests the grave danger that would accompany trips such as his on a road where similar machines are dashing along. Fournier alone on a level, smooth road, with no one to kill but himself and no machine to smash but his own, is a sight sufficiently thrilling. Multiply the sight by ten, and imagine that number of Fourniers mounted on flying automobile tricycles, and the spectator cannot help thinking that this would make a novel and sure method of committing suicide. OUR WINTER WHEAT.

If it was only health, we might let it cling.
But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time.
And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life tremb-

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all influmnation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Plaster

draws out inflammation of the Advice Free.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire this bottom, write the your case desire the bottom, write the other freely: You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. Ayen, Mass.

THE CAMPFIRE.

"Men build fires in various places to cook their coffee by or to make them-selves warm or for company's sake," said a civil war veteran, "and any fire is likely to be more or less a gathering is likely to be more or less a gathering point, but I suppose that the fire to which the name of campfire properly belongs, the campfire of song and story, is the cook's fire at the end of the company street, built on the ground, under a pole supported at the ends by crotched sticks driven in the earth and from the company textles are supported. ich the camp kettles are suspended This was the gathering point of the

"Men did not always stand about the campfire. It depended upon circumstances and on the weather. They met here, of course, at mealtimes, and there were times when men would stand around the fire and smoke and talk, and then it might be that the men would keep their tents, playing cards or smok-

and windy nights the wind would blow it about and scatter it, and some-times, when it was no longer attended, the rain would put it out black, but there was usually a living fire there by day and a bed of embers by night, and

here was the soldier's hearthstone."— New York Sun. Parrots Are Never Original. I have read of a father who would not let his children tell their dreams because there is in such narrative to great temptation to wander from the truth. Parrot stories are too often like dream stories—one-half true, and they are sometimes; plainly to any who knows the true talking power of these birds—made up entirely or greatly exaggerated. While the parrot has a certain unmistakable sense of humor, and tain unmistakable sense or numor, and is correspondingly wise, none of the various species is or ever was capable of the original wise and witty talk familiar to us in newspaper aneedotes.

In fact, the parrot is never original

in speech. It is altogether imitative, and a bird that has never heard spoken Genesee Giant and But, judging from parrots' clever use of what they learn to say, it is almost certain that they come to know in a measure the meaning of the phrases they learn.—Charlotte Boner in St.

The natives in the Bucherganj district of Bengal have been deprived of their guns, and since then they have re-sorted to the native bamboo in the hunt

for defensive weapons.

They hollow out the bamboo, load it with an ounce or two of native powde with an onnee or two of native powder and a handful of iron slugs and touch it off with a fuse in the immediate neighborhood of the offending person.

Another way, as the cookery books say, is to employ the bamboo as a fork with a cobra pinned to the far end. An application of the cobra to the sleeping body of an enemy is all that is necessary.—London Tit-Bits.

### General Debility and Loss of Flesh

Scott's Emulsion has been the standard remedy for nearly a quarter of a century. Physicians readily admit that they obtain results from it that they cannot get from any other flesh-forming food. There are many other preparathe market that pretend to do what

SCOTT'S **EMULSION** 

does, but they fail to perform it.
The pure Norwegian Cod-liver Oil
made into a delightful cream, skillfully blended with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which
are such valuable tonics,
makes this preparation an
ideal one and checks the
wasting tendency, and the
patient almost immediate wasting tendency, and the patient almost immediate-ly commences to put on flesh and gain a strength which susprises them.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, To

YIELD MAY BE INCREASED A MILLION BUSHELS ANNUALLY.

Acres Will Likely Be Sown in This Province-Leading Varieties Success ully Tested at the O. A. C.-Co-Oper

O. A. Zavitz, the very clever experimentalist at the Ontario Agricultural College, writes: One million acres of winter wheat will likely be sown in Ontario within the next three weeks. As the variety sown has a marked influence upon both the quality and the quantity of the crop produced, it is very important that the very best kinds be used. An increase in gleid of one bushel: of winter wheat per acre means a total increase of one million bushels for the province. The average annual yield of winter wheat per acre in Ontario for the past fifteen years is about twenty-seven per cent. lower than that of Great Britain and Ireland, and about thirty-one per cent. higher than that of any of the winter wheat growing States of the American Union. The aim of Ontario should be to approach the record of the former rather than that of the latter. The average yield of winter wheat in Ontario for the eight years ending with 1898, is 21.6 bushels per acre. Hence the change in average yield of winter wheat per acre in Ontario is moving in the right direction.

Hence the change in average yield of winter wheat per ace in Ontario is moving in the right direction.

The growing of this important crop has received a good deal of attention in the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College within the past ton years. Varieties obtained from the United States, England, Germany, France and Russia are being carefully tested, along with those secured from the wheat growing sections of Canada. After the varieties have been carefully tested in each of five years, the leading kinds are selected for co-operation experiments through Ontario. It has been found that the varieties which have given the best average results in the experiments conducted at the college for a few years in succession have nearly always given good satisfaction on the farms of the province. Seven varieties of winter wheat were sent out for co-operative experiments in the autumn of 1897. These were divided into three sets with three varieties in each est, the Dawson's Golden Chaff being used in all the sets as a basis by which the results of the comments. all the sets as a basis by which the result of all the varieties could be compared with one another. We have received 19 full and satisfactory reports of carefully conducted winter wheat experiments for

The following table gives the con tive yield of straw and grain per acre the varieties of winter wheat tested 1898 on 191 farms:

Straw per acre Dawson's Golden Chaff on Imperial Amber ...
Early Genesee Glant ...
New Columbia ...
Early Red Clawson ...
Pride of Genesee ...

This table should be of great value to the wheat growers of Ontario, as none except the 191 good reports are included in the summary. Much credit is due to the careful experimenters who sent us the reports of the tests made on their farms.

Conclusions.

Conclusions.

1. In the average yield of winter wheat per acre, the Dawson's Golden Chaff stood highest among 11 varieties tested over Ontario in the year 1893, among nine varieties in each of the years 1894, 1895 and 1896, and among seven varieties in each of the years 1897 and 1898.

2. Three of the varieties of winter wheat have been tested over Ontario. for five years in succession, with the following average yields of grain per acre: Dawson's Golden Chaff, 32.0 bushels; Early Gonesee Glant, 28.9 bushels; and keep their tents, playing cards or smost ing there, or mending their clothes, or polishing up their accounterments, so that there were times when the fire was quite deserted or when perhaps there might be seen there a solitary figure, a man who had come to light his pipe.

"But, though it might be deserted, the fire still burned. Sometimes on cold and windy nights the wind would will be and windy nights the wind would winter the best, and the New Columbia 4. In the co-operative experiments for 1898, the Dawson's Golden Chaff and the

winter the best, and the

1898.
6. In the co-operative experiments of each of the past five years, the Dawson's Golden Chaff was one of the least and the Early Genesoe Glant was one of the wast offered by rest. most affected by rust.
7. In 1898 all varieties were practically free from smut, which is nearly always the case when no smut is sown with the 8. The Pride of Genesee and the Imper

8. The Pride of Genesse and the Innerial Amber produced the longest and the New Columbia the shortest itraw.
9. The New Columbia, Early Red Clawson and Dawson's Golden Chaff were the first and the Early Genesse Giant and Pride of Genesse weare the last to matter. Pride of Genesee were the last to mature.

10. The Dawson's Golden Chaff and
New Columbia produced the plumpest
and the Poole the most shrunken grain.
The following leading varieties of winter wheat will be distributed this year for
go-operative experiments:

The following leading varieties of winter wheat will be distributed this year for co-operative experiments:
Set 1. Dawson's Golden Chaff, Early Genesee Glant and Early Red Clawson.
Set 2. Dawson's Golden Chaff, Imperiat Amber and Golden Drop.
Set 3. Dawson's Golden Chaff, Imperiat Amber and Golden Drop.
Set 3. Dawson's Golden Chaff, Bearded Winter Fife and Stewart's Champion.
Any person wishing to conduct a careful experiment with one of these sets should apply to the Experimentalist, Agricultural Collegs, Guelph, for the desired set and one-half pound of each variety, together with instruction for testing and the blank form on which to report, will be furnished free of cost to his address. The supply of some of the varieties is limited, but we will be enabled to furnish a large number with this seed before the supply is exhausted.

A builtin giving the results of 92 varieties of winter wheat, grown in the Experimental Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, is now in the printer's hands, and will be mailed from the Department of Agriculture, Toronto, as soon as printed.

Floodproof Fence. An improved fence for localities subject to floods is formed of metallic posts provided with systems on opposite sides to support the pintles of detachable panels which are locked, in position by keeper plates screwed on the tops of the poats.

Market Quotations on Scalps. The market price of "scalps," as agreed upon between the early French colonists of Louisiana and the Indians, with whom they bargained to fight out their battles with hostile Indians for their battles with nostile initiances. At them, varied with circumstances. At the time the French were at war with the Alibamons a "scalp" of one of the last named, when brought to them, was paid for at the rate of a gun, five pounds of musket balls and as much powder. 'On the 14th of March' (1704), writes "On the 14th of March" (1704), writes be La Harpe, "a party of 20 Chicachos (Chickasaws) brought in four Alibamon scalps. They were given for each scalp a gun, five pounds of balls and as much of powder, according to the contract made with them."—Now Orleans Pica-

Sawed With Cables. In the French quarries of St. Triphon stone is sawed with steel wire cables moistened with wet sand and passing in an endless rope over a series of pulleys. The wire, which runs from 1,000 to 1,200 feet per minute, is charged as it enters the cut with a jet of water and silieous sand, which forms the cutting material. A running cable of 500 feet can make a cut 100 feet long.

Errand Running. A boy of 15 thinks he is too old to errands, but after he is 25 and mar ried he begins again.—Atchison (Kan.)

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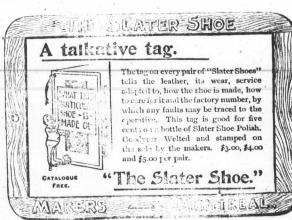
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