Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIE

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ount for contract advertismen Advertisements sent without written in-uctions will be inserted until forbidden d charged full time. advertisement smeasured by a scale of id nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

A CURIOUS RAILROAD

IT IS ONLY 26 MILES LONG AND HAS 35 SHARP CURVES.

This Road Is the Crookedest One In

"This is the crookedest railroad in The train on the 26 miles of narrow The train on the 26 miles of narrow gauge road from Jerome Junction, A. T., to the mining camp of Jerome was just entering the hills from the plain and was beginning to creak and groan as it rounded the short curves when a passenger leaned forward from his seat and projected this remark into the ear of a reporter for The Star.

"There are 85 curves, one of them 45 degrees and 34 of them 40 degrees on this road," the voice continued, "and they are nearly all on 3 per cent grades. It's the crookedest railroad in Ameriky." The speaker seemed to get considera.

The speaker seemed to get considera-ble satisfaction out of this statement and repeated it several times. The reporter did not offer any dissenting opinion, for there was no room for argument. This road from the Santa Fe system up to Jerome, where W. A. Clark's great Verde copper mine is situated, is indeed a mar-vel in its construction and the difficulties

overcomes. Leaving the Junction on the plain, it

Leaving the Junction on the plain, it runs direct on comparatively level ground to the hills. It apparently runs against a mountain and ends at the foot, but does not, for when the foot of the hill is reached the track dodges in at the mouth of a narrow gulch and commences its climb to the summit, on the other side of which lies Jerome.

In building this road no attempt was made to follow other than the grades provided by nature. The bed of the road is cut out of the side of the hill. Just enough dirt is cut away to fill out the grade to a sufficient width. There is not a single cut on the entire line except on the very summit, where a rocky ledge is parted to allow of the passage of the tracks.

track, The engine, which is built for mountain which is a short combination passenger and baggage coach. The train crew has little time for loafing, for the brakes must be closely guarded. The conductor evidently looks upon passengers as un-necessary freight and ticket taking as a bore, for his work is that of handling heavy freight train upon steep grades and that is not conducive to sociability

or good nature.

The putting of the engine and the jolting strain on the cars tells the story of the boginning of the climb up the bill.

The train hugs the hill down below the ridges and creeps up a guleb but to turn around at the head and come down on the opposite side but a few hundred feet from the track gained a few minutes before at the cost of so much labor.

The head of each guleh is crossed upon a wooden trestle. From the car window as the train goes up, the track on the other side seems to run parallel to the one the train is on and but a few yards away. Of a sudden an engine comes into view going in the opposite direction to the passenger coach. It needs a look out the passenger coach. It needs a look out of the window to convince the passenger that this engine is the one pulling his train, for it is, and the middle cars in

the train are on one of the wooden tres-tles which cross the heads of these gulches.

One of these is a 45 degree curve, claimed to be the shortest railroad curve in the world, and whether this is true or not it does not seem possible that a curve could be any sharper and the cars not tip over as the engine pulled them around it. The train only creeps around curve could be any snarper and the cars not tip over as the engine pulled them around it. The train only creeps around this curve. The engine puffs, snorts and grunts. Its wheels slip on the rails and it barely moves. The cars nearly touch each other at the corners. The wheels groan and shriek as the flanges rub the rails. The whole train protests against such treatment with all the voice it has send the engine seem about to pull the

The train crew makes this trip twice a day, but no matter how long they have been on the road they look strained and anxious each day until this curve is safely passed. When the last car is over the trestle, everything relaxes. The engine rattles and puffs in a sort of care free days and the feedback purposes.

rattles and puffs in a sort of care free manner and the freights bump along as though they did not mind any more.

Of a sudden the summit is reached. A short curve takes the track through a cut on the apex. The train again swings around the point of the mountain and begins to slide down hill. The panorama spread before the eye at this point is tremendous. Far in the distance rise the sun covered peaks of the San Francisco mountains, over 12,000 feet high. In the foreground is the valley of the Rio Verde. Miles and miles to the bottom of this valley it seems to be. The hills are barren, the valleys are barren, not a tree or a blade of green anywhere. It is an inferno burned out and left to solitude.

Not for long, however, for straight ahead of the train hangs a blue haze, the ahead of the train hangs a blue haze, the smoke and fumes from the roasting copper. The train keeps high above it all. Far down the hillside are the long rows of roasting heaps, yellow in their crests and each one adding its quota to the haze and sulphur in the air. This is the real living inferno. Figures of men far down the hillside look like ants as they move about. Everything is in miniature at this great distance and in the telescopic atmosphere of Arizona. The scene is fascinating, and it is with regret the passenger feels the train come to a standstill with a vicious jolt, and the great stacks and buildings of the Verde smelter tremind him he has reached his journey's end.

To come 18 miles as the crow flies the railroad has been built 26. It cost nearly \$400,000 and is kept busy all the time feeding its valuable freight to the Santa Fe system. The road itself was a daring venture. The engineering is unique, the construction is like that of no other road onstruction is like that or no other road in the country, and its sole occupation is handling the business which brings the greatest cash income derived from a single property to any one man in the United States.

ake? Small Invalid-Oh, I used them in my

IT WAS A NICE FLAT.

ND BOTH OF THE WOMEN WERE ANXIOUS TO HIRE IT.

Quiet Little Fencing Match Which

This particular flat was a bargain at the advertised monthly rental. It was a gem. It had all the m. i.'s, was new, in a nice neighborhood and was a bargain.

At 3 o'clock the other afternoon a good looking young married woman got the key to the flat from the janitor and start-to look through it. She looked decidedly pleased as soon as she entered the flat. She was in the front room, admiring the tint of the wall paper, when she heard a rustling in the rear end of the flat. She peered back and saw another nice looking young married woman looking over the kitchen fixtures.

young married woman looking over the kitchen fixtures.

"Well, I never!" said she to herself. "I really wonder if that woman thinks she is going to get this flat?"

Then she walked to the rear end with a certain air of dissatisfaction. The flat hunter examining the kitchen fixtures looked at her out of the corners of hereyes.

eyes.

"Good afternoon," they said to each other.

"Are you looking over this flat?" Inquired the woman who had got the key from the janitor amiably.

"I just dropped in to see what it looked like," said the other, looking around somewhat disdainfully. "But it's so pitiably tiny, isn't it?"

"Just precisely what I was thinking," said the woman with the key. "Entirely too small for my purpose. One feels as if one were boxed up in a trunk in these little apartments, don't you think?"

"Well, I never lived in any apartment so small as this, and so, of course, I don't really know," replied the other.

("I wonder if the horrid thing expects me to believe that?" thought the woman with the key. "I wouldn't be surprised if she's keeping house in one room this very minute.")

"And the cleater are so, small, too."

"And the closets are so small, too, aren't they?" she said aloud. "I don't see how I could get along with so little

closet space."
"Oh, well, I keep my costumes in cedar closet space."

"Oh, well, I keep my costumes in codar chests, and the chests could be stowed in the spare bedroom!" replied No. 2. "But, really, there isn't even enough room in these closets for my husband's clothes." ("Costumes!" thought the woman with the key. "Costumes! The idea! And I wonder if she expects me to believe that her husband is a Berry Wall!")

"I think the wall paper is awfully garish. don't you?" she said aloud.

"Dreadfully so," said the other.

"Of course it's a tiled bathroom and a porcelain tub, but what a little, short tub it is!" said No. 2, peering into the bathroom. "My, the whole flat looks as if it were built for midgets!"

"And the hall is so small that one would have to walk sideways through it." added No. 1. "My husband is a big man, and he would laugh if he saw me looking through this little fat with a view to fixing his future residence here."

"Well, of course, one has to live in accordance with one's income," said No. 2 amiably. "I'm sure this gas range wouldn't bake nicely. Do you think it would?"

"Really. I don't know much about bak-

"Really. I don't know much about bak-"Really, I don't know much about bak-ing, you know," replied the woman with the key. "I never bake. We've an old mammy with us who has been in our family—oh, since the flood. She was my mother's maid, and she is a splendid

No. 2. "Well, of all the pretensious wemen!")

"These new flathouses seem to be built
so flimsily," she said aloud. "The doors
settle and refuse to lock, and the windows get out of plumb, and—oh, everything! Really, i believe the old people
when they say that houses used to be
built so much more substantially than
they are nowadays! Why, the walls of our
old homestead—it was built by my greatgreat-grandfather, in colonial days, you
know—are more than two feet thick!"

("Mercy me, her great-great-grandfather!" thought the woman with the key.
"Now, why doesn't she go right straight
buck to Adam and be done with it? Trying to advertise to everybody that she
had a great-great-grandfather!")

ing to advertise to everybody that she had a great-great-grandfather!")
"I suppose the other flats are just filled with crying young ones," she went on, aloud, "and children running and yelling through the halls."
"That is the beauty of having a whole house to yourself," said No. 2, with a snile that the firm set of her lips belied, "My three little ones so enjoy the freedom of our home now. But, then, the lease has expired, and the landlord wishest to occupy the house himself." es to occupy the house himself."

("I suppose her young ones shout and yell just like all other children, don't

"And then one has always to take the

"And then one has always to take the chance in moving into a flat of having some awful pounding plano teacher in the next apartment," said No. 2.

"Oh, I should give up all my pupils if I took a flat," said No. 1.

("My, she's a teacher herself!" thought No. 2. "Well, I just don't care—she's not going to have this flat.")

"This flat might do for some very young couple just starting in," summed up No. 1. But, gracious me, we couldn't think oft taking it!"

"Just what I think," assented No. 2, and the two walked down stairs, nodding and the two walked down stairs, nodding farewell to each other as they geached the main floor. No. 1 turned in the key

the main noor. No. I turned in the acy to the jaintor.

"I'm going down to the agent to engage the flat," she announced.

No. 2 had already gone. She got into a cab, telling the driver to proceed rapidly to the agent's number on F street. No. 1 also got into a cab and gave similar instructions to the driver, but she had lost time in speaking with the jaintor, and she was too late. She met No. 2 and got a radiant smile from her coming out of the agent's office just as she went in, and the agent told her that the lady whe had just departed had taken the flat and paid a month's rent in advance.—Washington Star. and the engine seems about to pull the cars off the track in its effort to get them

An old Bucksport (Me.) sea captain thus describes the way in which he dismissed an undesirable suitor for the hand of his daughter:

"I just showed him the companionway out on the gangplank leading from my house and gently remarked that the wind was offshore and the sooner he got under way the better offing he would get before merning. He at once took the hint, got under way, paid off, bore away and went down the road under all sail with the off-shore breeze."

PREPARING AN ALIBI. "One evening some years ago," said a New Orleans druggist who had been reminded of a story, "I was standing behind the counter, just as I am now, when I saw a man slip in very quietly at the side door and stop in the rear of that tall case full of fancy goods. I walked over at once and asked him what I could do for him, and it was at least half a minute before he replied. "You don't seem very keen for trade," he said at length, and he spoke in a curious gasping voice, like a man out of breath. "I've been waiting here,' he said, 'for a quarter of an hour.'

man out of breath. The been waiting here, he said, 'for a quarter of an hour.'

Now, I was positive that he had just come in, but it is always unwise to contradict a customer, so I made no remark. want you to put me up some quinine capsules,' he went on, 'and be quick about it, for I have an engagement at 8:30 o'clock.' I looked at my watch and told him he had 20 minutes to spare. It was then exactly 8:10. 'All right,' he said, and I went for the quinine. I handed him the package a few moments later, and, as he reached for it, he upset a tall vase on the counter and broke it all to pieces. It was the clumsiest thing I ever saw, and had any possible motive been apparent I would have sworn he did it on purpose. But he cursed like a pirate and, after much grumbling, paid the bill, which was \$3, and went away, and I never saw him again.

"Next morning I read in the paper that a murder had been committed in a house nearly half a mile from the store at about 8 o'clock the previous evening. I gave it no special, thought, but congething like a strength of the mothing in the first term.—New Orleans Picayune. There are a few self sacrificing men in politics, but they don't even succeed in getting their names in the newspapers.—Washington Post.

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There are a few self sacrificing men in politics, but they don't even succeed in getting their names here,' he said, 'for a quarter of an hour

not guilty, he continued, and at the time of the crime was nowhere near the house. As nearly as he remembers, he was in this store, making some trifling purchase. He recalls it, because he accidentally broke a vase. Do you remember the circumstance? I did instantly, and of a guidden the whole thing became clear. You see, my attention had been called especially to the hour, and the vase breaking was evidently a ruse to far the visit in my mind. Llocked the lawyer in the eye. Your client entered the store it \$:10. I said, 'and I have reason to believe he was running just before he reached it.' That ended the conversation. The man was never arrested, but soon after left the city. What was he doing that night? Why, preparing his alibi of course."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

All Night In the Dark.

A soldier tells this poker story, which incidentally accentuates the distrust with which poker players regard one another "when friendship ceases" and the faith a man has in the hand he holds:

One night after taps four men gathered in a tent to do away with their pay. It was the night of pay day, and there was no convenient place in which to spend their money except over cards.

The game had gone on with varying fortune here and there. It was after midnight. The sentry was a chum and had been told not to see the light in the tent. At last a jackpot was on the board and had been "sweetened" until it was very tempting. Every one was in it, and it was worth before the open about \$20. When one of the players opened it, every one staid and drew cards.

The edge had a full house, the next man four tens, the third man four queens and the dealer four accs. The opener threw a dollar into the pot. The next man raised, and it was raised and reralsed until it was beautiful to see.

At this point there was a scurry of footsteps outside. The sentry rushed in, grasped the lantern and dashed it out, jerking and extinguishing it as he did so. As he disappeared he whispered hoarsely: "Officer!"

Instinctively four hands went out in the darkness and spread themselves over the pot, while four other hands closely clutched five cards each.

"Hold on, fellows," whispered the dealer. "Every one take his hand off 'the table and keep it off until the light comes back. We'll just sit here and nurse our cards. My hand's good enough to wait for."

Then they waited. Slowly the night

for." o's mine," said the others.

Then they waited. Slowly the night passed, growing chillier and more chill in its going. The sentry was cursed, the officer was cursed, but still they sat. At tast the first glimpse of gray appeared in the sky, and as soon as it grew light enough the four played their hands and tumbled in for a few minutes' sleep before the bugle called them out again.—Kansas City Star.

A Farm For a Bewl of Punch.
A deed is on record in Goochland county. Va., an abstract of which reads:
"William Randolph, for and in consideration of Henry Wetherburn's biggest bowl of arrack punch, to him delivered at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof the said William Randolph doth hereby acknowledge, hath granted, &c., unto the said Peter Jefferson and to his heirs and assigns one certain tract or parcel of land, 200 acres, on the north side of the Northanna, in the parish of St. James, in Goochland, 18th May, 1736." This was Captain Peter Jefferson, father of the president, by his marriage Oct. 3, 1739, with Jane Randolph, first cousin of the William Randolph of Tuckahoe, above mentioned.—Chicago Record. A Farm For a Bowl of Punch.

THE FAN. Dear lady, never was a gift more meet Than yours this sultry day—a palm leaf fan. The traveler journeying on from Karaman To Cairo, southward, scarcely feels more heat Than we at home—there the dark sendled feel And the swart turbaned faces African Scorch on their camels in the caravan— While here today men drop upon the street.

In curtained coolness of this quiet room,
With half closed eyes, I lean back in my chair
And, slowly fanning, tread a land of drama.
I seem to seem the Arabian roses bloom;
Soft gales of Ceylon reach me from her streams,

dured an Island In the Pacific ocean said to have been seized by Japan and which the United States was very desirous of acquiring is generally known as Marquis or Marcus, of Weeks, and a not untenable assumption is that it may have at one time been the property or the residence of a nobleman of this name. However this may be, it was uninhabited for a long time, and it might be uninhabited even now if a wide awake American skipper had not chanced to spy it one fine morning a few years ago as he was cruising in the Pacific.

The name of the skipper is Captain Foster, and he is the commander of a sailing vessel which plies between the orient and San Francisco. He was making one of his naual trips on the day when he landed at Marcus island, and the result seems to show that he was fully justified in going for a few hours out of his usual course. True, he found the island uninhabited and barren, but then he was shrewd enough to see that it might prove of considerable value in the future, and censequently, as there was nevidence that any one owned it, he determined to take it under his own protection. Having arrived at this decision, he returned to his cabin and wrote a polite letter to James G. Blaine, who was thea secretary of state, informing him of his

turned to his cabin and wrote a polite let-ter to James G. Blaine, who was then secretary of state, informing him of his ter to James G. Blaine, who was thea secretary of state, informing him of his new acquisition and requesting permission to hoist the United States flag thereon. No American ever appreciated as adventurous deed more than Mr. Blaine, and it did not take him long to send word to the modern Robinson Crusoe that he was at full liberty to hoist the United States flag from the most conspicuous peak of his new domain. This was welcome ney's to Captain Foster, and a few hours after it reached him the stars and stripes were raised on the island, and there they have waved ever since, not a single great power uttering a word of protest, but all, on the contrary, tacitly, if not openly, recognizing Captain Foster's ownership and the suzerainty of the United States.

This is not surprising, for until recently no one except Captain Foster seems to have thought the island of any value. It is only five unless long and deasely covered with trees and shrubbery. A white, sandy beach surrounds it, and near its center is a knoll rising 200 feet above the sea. It is in 24.4 degrees north and 154.2 degrees east and is near the track of vessels plying between Honolulu and Yekohama, being 2,700 miles distant from Honolulu and on the direct route to Manila.

POLITICAL QUIPS.

One reason why the vice presidents are not given a second term is because they get enough of the nothing in the first term.—New Orleans Pieapune.

There are a few self sacrificing men in politics, but they don't even succeed in getting their names in the newspapers.—Washington Post.

There never was a time when party lines were so elastic. Today they are so interwoven that it is a strong partisan who knows which party he really belongs to.—Bochester Herald.

THE VERDICT.

Rever Discovered.

The books like an intenational automobilists of between France and America, and well take a few tickets on the Kankes Doodle vehicle.—Boston Herald.

Admiral Diedericlis can now go to the Carolibea, and seri all over the course without interruption from any bloomis American navy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Professor Atwater declares that fash we fike it that lemon peel, mint and bitters are mere luxuries.—St. Paul Globe.

Antonio Barrios denies that he is about to start a revolution in Guatemala. Frobably so dee would loun him the necessary \$10 to finance the adventure.—Chicago Record.

One thing may be said in favor of Mormonism. It doesn't throw the entire burden of supporting a husband upon one woman.—Holmes County Farmer (Millersburg).

Dealers say that the disappearance of the high white plug hats is due to campaiga parades. Af last a torchlight procession has proved its usefulness.—Buffalo Express.

Spain has—appointed consuls at Havana, Manila and San Juan, where formerly she appointed governors. What changes a short year will makel—Akron Beacon-Journal.

A street in Santiago is to be aamed Shafter avenue. The width of the thoroughfare should comport with the dimensions of the man whose cognomen it will bear.—Baltimore Herald.

There has been much talk in the past as to what to de with our ex-presidents, but as to the ex-champlon prinefighters there is no trouble. They invariably start saloons and settle down.—Cincianati Tribune.

Five Texans met the other day to arbitrate a neighborhood feed, and as a result three of them are now in the hands of the coroner. As a peace conference it beats the affair at The Hague all hollow.—Washington Post.

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Five Texans met the other day to arbitrate a neighborhood feud, and as a result three of them are now in the hands of the coroner. As a peace conference it beats the affair at The Hague all hollow.—Washington Post.

THE HONEY MAKERS.

tonal space at any time prior to the noney season.

Conditions for swarming are a honey
flow, a hiveful of combs and the combs
full of honey and brood and the hive
crowded with bees. If there is no room
given, the hive will swarm.

To raise comb honey to the best advantage we must have good, populous colonies of bees, and when they are in this
condition swarming is quite likely to occur any time.—St. Louis Republic.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

Down in the bottom of her heart every roman compares herself with a flower. woman compare Atchison Globe. Ever since Eve thought of dress wom-an has thought of nothing else.—Phila-delphia Bulletin.

When a woman meets a mind reader, omehow, she always shudders.—Little somehow, she always shudders.—Little Falls Transcript.

It is not alone the college educated woman who thinks she knows more than her husband.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is a habit with some women to set a whole house to rights before they think of taking off their hats.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

Herald.

A 50-year-old St. Louis woman has just broken her leg climbing trees. The cult for the higher education of the sex evidently has some very determined local disciples.—St. Louis Republic.

THE LION BAITER.

The peace congress may have to ad-Up to date the head of the Boer republic has been making quite free with the

About the worst thing people do is to have fits.

A woman who argues real well is never a favorite in society. A man always looks foolish carrying a It is a good idea to trust very few peo-ple. Those who are not dishonest may be

This rule can always be depended upon a gossip will be just as bad as the lis-tener will permit him to be. The only advantage in being any one's best friend is that you hear his real opiaion of people, which is never flattering. People who do not get many telegrams regard it as a part of their duty to look worried and sigh when they have read a telegram, no matter what its contents.—Atchison Globe.

PENITENTIARY PHILOSOPHY.

cuspidors are pieces of furniture into which one steps—around which one spits. Equality is a delusion through which the man judges himself equal to his superiors and superior to his equals. It certainly is remarkable how well we endure our confinement, considering how everybody in the world that we were chased from is enjoined to take plenty of exercise and live as much as possible in the open air.—Sing Sing Prison Star of Moge.

Wanted the Bag Back.

A German clergyman, who traveled in Holland and England for the purpose of raising contributions for the support of his impoverished church, relates the following characteristic anecdote:

A Dutch merchant very readily presented him with 50 florins, but, perceiving that he at the same time cast a rueful glance at the canvas bag which contained the money, the clergyman said, "I shall send you the bag back again."

"I thank you sincerely," said the Hollander, with a smile of satisfaction. "Do so if you please. Bags are very scarce."—Mirror.

At a Distance.

Mrs. Gushwell—Of course you love children, Mr. Synnick?

Synnick-Immoderately.

Mrs. Gushwell—And which do you like best, little boys or little girls?

Synnick—That depeads. When there are little girls present, I think I prefer little boys, but when I am in the company of little boys my heart goes out to the little girls.

Their Worth Recognized.

Dr. Poundtext-What noble, self sacrificing men missionaries are! And yet their goodness is unappreciated.

Dufunay-Well, I don't know; the natives always think them mighty good.—

Kansas City Independent.

half of Them, It Is Asserted, A

straight path of honor ever since. Orleans Times-Democrat.

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING.

Attended With as Much Pomp and "In a suit of blue and silver with scar-let trimmings and a waistcoat of white satin embroidered, with buckles of gold on satin embroidered, with buckles of gold on his knee garters and on his shoes, his hair powdered and by his side a dress sword, the bridegroom (Washington) tow-ered above most of his companions," writes William Perrine of "When Wash

omb.
It stimulates a colony to build some Journal.
The comb.

In the colony to build some Journal.

"Mrs. Custis, his bride, did not reach the colony to build some Journal." frome comb.

If swarming be permitted, neither the swarm nor the parent hive will regain its normal strength during the season.

All colonies are not ready for the surplus boxes at the beginning of the honey flow, and additional space is a detriment. Surplus boxes should not be added to any colony at any time unless the bees can be induced to occupy the boxes immediately after puting them on.

When the brood chamber is full of bees, brood and honey, it is time to give additional space at any time prior to the honey season. plump and pleasing figure, an easy and graceful carriage, a comely face and fine shoulders, and with her three brides-maids and with the fine women of the families of the neighboring dom attendance there was a splendid

attendance there was a splendid display of the charms and graces of Virginia womanhood.

"Nor were the men less distinguished. The country gentlemen in their gayest raiment and the provincial officers from Williamsburg in their uniforms were headed by the gallant Lieutenant Governor Fauquier. Around him stood a group of English officers hardly less showy in their trappings, together with numbers of the legislature and other civilians. When the bride entered the coach, which was bright with the Washington colors of red and white and drawn by six horses guided by black postilions in livery, the bridegroom did not enter with her. There was his favorite horse, with his tall body servant holding the reins and waiting for him to mount. When Washington mounted the richly caparisoned charger, he rode by the side of the bridal coach, closely followed by a cortege of gentlemen on horseback." of the charms and graces of Virginia

A young woman went into a Euclid avenue dry goods store and asked for shirt waist material. She was shown several patterns and finally decided upon

several patterns and finally decided upon one.

"Will this fade?" she asked.
"No," said the clerk decidedly.
"Then," said the girl with a little hesitation, "I don't think I want it."
"May I ask why?" inquired the clerk.
"Well," said the girl, "I got a shirt waist that had a stripe in it very much like that, and after wearing it awhile it faded all over, and all at once everybody thought it was a brand new one."
"Yes," said the clerk, smiling.
"Well, th-that's all," said the girl. "I got credit for owning two shirt waists for the price of one. Don't you see?"
"I might if I wasn't very near sight-

"I might if I wasn't very near sighted," said the clerk with a slightly sarcas-Then the girl bought the pattern be-ore her and said no more.—Cleveland fore her and Plain Dealer. PRETTY BIG FISH.

The Startling Story That Was Told by the Truthful Angler. by the Trathful Angler.
Colson is a star at telling fash stories,
but he isn't a match to the man we met
in a canoe off Twin island. He greeted
us pleasantly as we pulled by.
"What luck?" we asked.
"Nuthin much," he answered.

"Ain't very good fishin," chipped in Colson.
"Good?" he grunted, turning so that he sould keep alongside us and carry on the conversation. "Good? I should say it wa'n't! You ought to hev seen this here pond when my father was a young feller.
Lord bless ye, ye don't know nuthin 'bout

"How big a fish did you ever ketch?"

"How big a fish did you ever ketch?"

"Three pounds," said I truthfully.

"Nine pounds," repeated the native scornfully—"nine pounds! Why, I've hearn my grandfather tell 'bout their using nine pounders for bait! Them wus the days when fishin wus fishin. The lake wuz so durn full of fish then that the farmers never used to buy grain fer the hens. Uster set nets an catch fish fer 'em. Some of my grandfather's hens got so they'd catch their own fish. Grandfather says he l'arnt the ducks how, an they l'arnt the hens.

"Inat seems to able strange, I know, but I've hearn grandfather say as how his father uster feed out fish to the cows. They l'arnt to like it better'n hay, an as there wasn't much hay raised them days it were a great savin. Only trouble wus the cows couldn't pick out the bones, an they uster work down along with the milk an stick into a feller's fingers when he were milkin.

"Them wur days when there wus some

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

A million wild flowers met us with love in the shadowed dells.

(I must here ring in that other rhyme which moves to "the castle bells.")

And the skies above were bending in a beautiful arch of blue.

An Unfair Question. An Unfair Question.

He—If I were to suddenly take you in my arms and kiss you seven times, what would you do?

She—Don't you think it is a little unfair to ask that I guess at what my feelings would prompt me to do in such a case? It seems to me that it would be necessary to have the actual experience before venturing upon an explanation of

necessary to have the actual experience before venturing upon an explanation of what I would— Moral—Demonstration is better than supposition.—Chicago Times-Herald. Woman's Wisdom.

"Why do you carry your purse in your hand instead of in your pocket?" he ask

"You're another," says l. "You're another," says he.
Then we both take a rest. It is tiresome, you see.
I'll offer the selfsame remark by and by,
And he will come back with the selfsame reply.
But on this you may wager—you're certain to

"You're another," says I. "You're another," we're both of us handy at quick repartee. There's only one question that bothers me now, and that's as to which of us started the row. The first word belongs to an era that's past, and it seems that there isn't to be any last."—Washington Star.—Washington Star.

"She felt the strong arm of the law," he said, speaking of a woman who had got into trouble.
"How delightful!" commented the demure young thing.
"What is delightful?" he demanded in surprise.

surprise.
"To feel a strong arm," she answered softly.—Chicago Post. He Dazed Lew Wallace.

Shortly after the first success of "Ben-Hur" Lew Wallace had occasion to go over to London and one day picked up a pirated copy of the novel at a railroad newsstand. To his amazement he found the subtitle left off. a preface interpolated and one of the chapters rewritten. Of course he boiled with rage, and as soon as possible he called on the publisher. That gentleman coolly admitted his crime and told Wallace he thought the amended form better adapted to the British taste, doncherknow. His gall was so stupendous that the novelist was awed and went away without spilling his gore. He Dazed Lew Wallace.

"The scoundreity old skinflint!" he cried. "He broke off my engagement with his daughter."
"Opposed your suit, did he?"
"No, he didn't. He told her I was a model young man, and of course she lost interest in me the moment she found I didn't need the ennobling influence of women to lift me up and spur me on to suc-

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is

stands in her presence until invited to sit down—a compliment he pays to no one Don't sympathize with people. Your sympathy won't lony anything. If you are really sympathetic, dig up.—Smith-field Sun.

"I suppose you are glad to be rid of the boom of cannon." said the senorita. "I am," answered the Spanish official, who was busily crossing islands off the map. "It is a great deal more comforta-ble to be occupied with this beam in such map. "It is a great deal more comforta-ble to be occupied with this boom in real estate."—Washington Star.

Nursery Rhyme. Husha-by, baby, and leave all to me;
That you're well married, mamma will genSleep, then, in peace, for my baby girf
Shall some day wed a lord, duke or earl.
Rare pearls and diamonds for bosom and ear
An income from paps of a million a year.
All these shall be yours, without a doubt,
so slumber in peace while mamma looks out
-New, York World.

Some of the sentimental considerations that may influence an elector are suggested in this anecdote from a new book, "Irish Life and Character:" "Irish Life and Character:"

A political candidate, on paying a second visit to the house of a doubtful voter of the peasant class, was very pleased, but somewhat surprised, on hearing from the elector that he would support him.

"Glad to hear it," said the candidate.
"I thought you were against me."

"Sure, I was at first," rejoined the peasant. "Whin the other day ye called here and stood by that pigsty and talked for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch.

for half an hour ye didn't budge me an inch.

"But after ye had gone away, sor, I got to thinkin how ye'd reached yer hand over the rall and scratched the pig's back till he lay down wid the pleasure of it. I made up me mind thin that whin a man was so sociable as that wid a poor fellow crathure I wasn't the bhoy to vote agin him."

him."

London Kill Me Quick.

On Saturday night in the London streets one meets numbers of men walking automatically, their teeth clinched, their look fixed. They do not sing or speak a word, but suddenly fall like logs. It is a miracle that they do not fracture their skulls on the pavement. To these men, in the bars of virtuous England, has been dispensed for the sum of one penny a pint of an atrocious mixture composed of the dregs of bottles and casks of gin, whisky, absinthe, etc. I do not know the name of this horrible concection, but I have seen its terrible effects.—Paris Petit Journal.

Snotish Girls Growing Thinner English Girls Growing Thinner.

It has been noticed again and again that the type of English girl seems altering. She is growing taller, slighter, lither, more thoroughbred in looks and gait, and by a subtle kind of sympathy sne is showing in the park a preference for a horse that possesses very much her own characteristics.—London News.

A cynical bachelor says that ideas are like beards—men never have them until they grow up, and women don't have them at all.

they uster work down along with the milk an stick into a feller's fingers when hewere milkin.

"Them wus days when there wus some foungoin fishin. They never'd never think of takin home a fish that weighed under 50 pounds. Some of them big whallopers uster fight like time. I've hearn grandfather tell about bein out when they'd hooked onto a big feller and brought him up to the side of the boat. He wus ugly an wus fer coming right into the boat an actilin things. Tother two fellers wus scairt, but granddad he just pulled out a big revolver he always carried an shot that fish right plumb through the head.

"Granddad said it wus a pretty close call, but he wus a prudent fellow, granddad wus, as he never went fishin without bein armed."

Colson had been listening with rapt attention. As the native concluded he took off his hat deferentially.

"I am something of a liar myself!" he said. And I rowed away.—Lewiston Journal.

When He Ought to Think.

There are only two, occasions when a man ought to think a lot more than he talks—when he goes fishing and when he doesn't go fishing.

It is possible that money will not doeverything for a man, but it is a dead certainty there are men who will do everything for money.—St. Louis Star.

As people get older that undefinable feeling of unrest and pain leaves their hearts and locates in the small of their backs.

As people get older that undefinable feeling of unrest and pain leaves their hearts and locates in the small of their backs.

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