

BRAVE IN THE RANKS.

But as an Officer This Young Man Was a Decided Failure.

"Most good officers would make excellent soldiers," murmured the old staff officer, "but all brave soldiers would not make fine officers—no, not by a big sight!"

The time was just after supper, but the old soldier lay back with one leg thrown over the arm of his easy chair and his face almost hidden behind the cigar smoke. The light, turned down, threw the dim, uncertain shadows of a misty past about the room. Battalions of shadows chased each other over the walls, and through the clouds, smoke charging and snoring, riddled batteries placed high upon the ceiling. It was the time for a story. Both the colonel and his Boswell recognized that

"I was thinking of a child I knew in Longstreet's corps," said the colonel simply. "He was just 15 and a chap to be proud of. Longstreet saw him about the second fight. The general had ridden to the front, and there found out the line was the boy and was about the size of a woodcock, but he made enough noise for a brass band. The men were crouching and hiding behind cover, but to see that lad you would not have thought there was a tree or a rock in a hundred miles. Every time his gun went off it would almost knock him over. Then he would rub his shoulder, all the while jumping up and down and shouting: 'Give 'em lead, boys! Give 'em lead!'

"Well, that time 'we give 'em lead,' and in the charge the boy was the first one over the breastworks. His commander was overjoyed to see it. After the fight the general sent for the youngster. The lad came and stood at attention before his officer as straight as your please. General Longstreet complimented him on his bravery. Then he said, 'And why are you fighting, my son?' 'Why, to be an officer, of course, sir,' replied the little hero.

"All right, I'll make you a lieutenant." "In a week not an officer in the army could start like the new lieutenant." "Then we had another fight. The bullets began to whistle and to sing, and the new lieutenant showed signs of nervousness. He did not about 'give 'em lead' this time, but looked all white and scared. Of a sudden he dropped his sword. Right before General Longstreet's eyes the boy soldier ran away.

"The general summoned him after the battle. The lieutenant came, fearful and repentant.

"Do you know I should have shot you, sir?" thundered the officer. "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "I don't know why I did it, but I just couldn't help it, sir. Shoot me if you want to, or give me my gun and I'll win my straps again."

"For a minute the general stared at his impudence, then said, 'I'll do it.' "In the next fight I was at the front with Longstreet. There was that boy, not a boy, but a fief of battle, shouting, cheering, whooping at the very front in every charge. Two men had to drag him away when we were forced back.

"After the fight Longstreet promptly had his straps returned to him. Again the youngster went in as an officer, and again he ran. For the second time Longstreet put the boy back in the ranks in disgrace, only to reappoint him after a fight. As usual, the boy lieutenant ran. "Then, before he could be summoned, he sought out the general's tent. Longstreet looked at him sourly.

"What do you want?" "The lad hung his sword on the ground and took the 'straps from his shoulders. 'Take your old sword,' he said. 'I wouldn't have it. I'm going back in the ranks.' And he stalked proudly from the presence of the astounded general and his staff. "Three days later a boy hero fell yards in advance of a charging gray line."

We Spring From Mud.

A good deal of pleasure appears to have been elicited by the proofs which a German professor has made public to show that we are not descended from apes. It would seem that the apes branched off from the direct line of descent about the time that we did and that they are, consequently, our cousins a good many times removed and not our remote grandfathers. Personally it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I descend from an ape or whether the ape is only my cousin. During the period that covers the life of a planet, or, I suppose, of a star, there is a comparatively brief period when the heat and the humidity produce vegetation, and the outcome of vegetation is animal life. If, indeed, there is any clear line of demarcation between animal and vegetable life. We and the ape alike descend from protoplasmic mud, one of the most recent discoveries being that all molecules are a self-contained electric battery.—London Truth.

Verbal! All Round.

Here is a story which a theatrical manager tells against himself. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him: "Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do." The newly engaged man looked at the manager questioningly. "How about a contract?" he asked. "Oh, never mind a contract! We'll have a verbal contract." There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man as he answered sorrowfully. "Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary."—London Telegraph.

A Severe Lesson.

"I suppose that when you are facing the audience across the footlights you forget everything except your art?" "Well," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I used to talk that way about it. But I once had a treasurer who tried to take advantage of my forgetfulness, so I endeavor to express my artistic enthusiasm, as it were, in 'rifle more conservatively.'"

Change Is Rest.

Employer to Pat, who has come with two pairs of water from the barn: "What made you so long, Pat?" "Pat, sure, sure. Oh had to stop and change ovals once in awhile to rip myself."

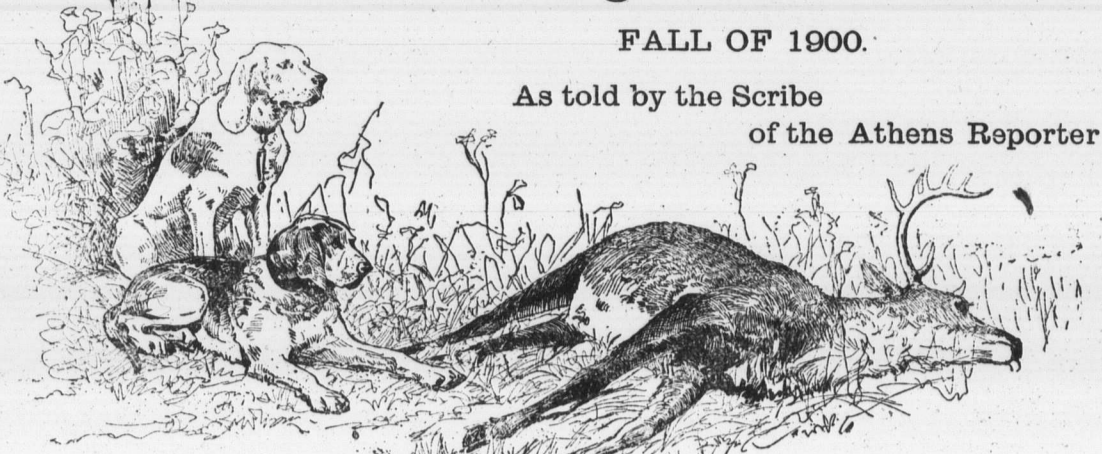
The Alternative.

"Well, Pat, shall we pay the house rent or give a dinner?" "Why, give the dinner, of course. What good will paid up house rent do us if we lose our social position?"—Life.

STORY OF THE HUNT By the Reporter Hunt Club In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter



A few rods below where the camp was located was the crossing float for teams going to and from the shanties in that locality. The float was made of a number of immense pine trees, flattened on top and bottom, and securely lashed together with wire ropes. A heavy wire cable stretched across the lake (which is about twenty-five rods wide at this point) and a windless with crank formed the propelling power. Crowbar informed the Scribe that this lake, as well as all others in that vicinity, abounded with fish, and this lake was especially noted for the number and size of its muskies, pike and bass, which were caught in large numbers by the tourists who frequented these northern waters. He (Crowbar) had acted as guide for a party of Americans the previous summer and one gentleman caught 26 fine black bass from the old float, which he anchored in mid stream, by the watch. The accompanying pen-sketch shows the raft, fisherman and fish shortly after fishing commenced. The boys found a dead muskies floating on the water which measured five feet and eight inches from tip to tip.

During the night following the events recorded in last chapter a flurry of snow came and covered the ground with a white mantle. The men were early on the move and went down to new locations at the lower end of the lake. It was about two miles to the foot of the lake, which then narrowed down to about four or five rods for probably fifteen or twenty rods, then

the bank. The dogs took the deer they were following in a wrong direction and at noon the signal to return to camp was given. When opposite where the dog lay, Ed told the boys he thought he saw something on the bank and asked the carman to pull in there. Imagine the surprise of the rest when they saw the dead doe lying there. Ed told the man at the oars to pull into shore as he wished to land for a moment to see if it was not a better



place to watch that where he had been located. Two or three of the boys got out and Ed led them around until they nearly fell over the carcass of the big buck. A ringing shout went up from the boys at Ed's great luck for the day

his companion. He learned that the bound that had strayed away from the party had been in the shanty but had gone off a day or two before and had not been seen since.

During Sunday night it snowed again, turning soft at daylight, and every bush and tree was dripping with a soft moisture. The hunt was arranged for the lower end of the lake, the Scribe being assigned to the favorite watch. On landing, he sought out a small cluster of balsams and with his hatchet he soon had a little shelter fixed up that shielded him from the still falling sleet and snow. He had started a small fire and was drying his wet garments and keeping an ear open for the first sound of baying hounds, when in shifting his position to dry another portion of his clothes he turned his face up the lake and within six or eight rods from shore was a buck with a beautiful pair of antlers, swimming rapidly toward the other shore. So certain was he that he could disable the deer from where he sat, that he fired one shot without rising from his seat. The bullet struck the water within a foot or two of the deer's head and it turned and started back in the direction from which it had come. He ran down to the shore, a couple of rods, and kept pouring the bullets at the animal, striking it several times, as could be seen by its frantic leaps in the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Get Instant Relief from Piles.

This most irritating disease relieved in ten minutes by using Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and a cure in from three to six nights. Thousands testify of its goodness Good for Eczema, Salt Rheum and all skin diseases. If you are without faith, one application will convince you. 35 cents.—127

One tablet after each meal and what a world of distress would be saved. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets cure sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, nausea, and a dozen other troubles traceable to bad digestion. One Tablet gives instant relief. A positive and pleasant cure that nature has provided. 35 cents.—128

JINGLES AND JESTS.

In Lapland. They sat together, side by side, And talked inside the doorway Of Lapland, where the Lapps abide, Northeast of Norway.

"No winter there a horse could spend, 'Twould freeze his very mane, dear, And so the natives must depend Upon the rein-deer."

Her breath the maiden quickly caught, And then she murmured, "Oh, dear!" And twittered saucily, "I thought It was the snow, dear!"

And then, in just a jiffy more (Where maidens oft by hap land, And where, of truth, she'd been before) She was in lap-land.

Getting Around It. "How did Grinner's monologue go at the amateur entertainment last night?" asked the managing editor. "Flat," answered the reporter. "It would hardly do to say so, I guess." So the next issue of The Morning Light contained this paragraph in the review of the amateur show: "Mr. Algy Grinner delivered a humorous monologue. He held his face perfectly straight even during the telling of his best jokes. The audience was in perfect sympathy with the performer."

Thomas Hoskin's Nerves.—Mr. Hoskin a resident of Durham, Ont., for a number of years, was a martyr to stomach and nerve disorders. Schooled to prejudice against "patent medicines," he started using South American Nerve as he says, "a last remedy," but six bottles of this great remedy proved to be his salvation physically. It can be yours.—124

The Happiness of Health.—Exhilaration is the ripple and laughter of pure blood as it courses through the veins. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities and insures the richness and purity that is essential to perfect health—successful too because it merits it—popular because it fulfills every promise—a Kidney medicine solely and purely. It never fails.—126

A FINANCIAL WIZARD

THE SPECTACULAR CAREER OF HENRY MEIGGS.

He Was Worth Millions in California. Yet Left That State a Fugitive Debtor and Then Built Up a New Fortune in South America.

"No tale of the fortunes which have been built up by North Americans in the republics of Latin America," says Douglas White in Ainslie's, "would be complete without reference to the career of Henry Meiggs. His operations in Chile and Peru form the most spectacular story of finance which South America has ever furnished, and beyond a doubt had he been granted but a few more years of life he would have died one of the richest men, if not the richest man, in the world. To him the amount of money involved in a transaction cut no figure, and he dealt in millions with less worry than ordinary operators handle thousands.

Henry Meiggs learned the lesson of finance in a school where large figures were common. As a young man he passed through the mercantile California world's El Dorado and gold was more plentiful in some sections than was the water with which to wash it. He rose to the crest of the golden wave, and his fortune was estimated then at several millions. The time of reaction caught him loaded with properties upon which he could not quickly realize ready coin, and with many others he sank before the flood, not only losing his property, but buried under an immense debt.

"In October, 1854, Meiggs left San Francisco not only a ruined man, but a fugitive debtor. "For several years his whereabouts were unknown and then word came up from the south Pacific of the gigantic operations then being engineered by a daring speculator named Meiggs. Investigation showed this to be none other than Henry Meiggs, the man who had fled from debt in California. Then Meiggs' creditors began to hear from him, and one by one the California debts were wiped out. Even a washerwoman to whom he owed a few dollars was sought out by his agents, who were instructed to pay not only the long standing laundry bill, but to add enough to place the poor woman forever beyond want. One of the debts Meiggs declined to pay until by a re-adjustment of the amount of the claims might be passed to the original creditors. These were claims which had been purchased for a song by speculators when the first rumor of Meiggs' fortune came. To the clamorous brokers he turned a deaf ear, but declared himself ready at any time to meet the full obligations, with interest, if he could pay the sum claimed into the hands of his brokers held out, but as Meiggs was safe from attack they finally were obliged to yield, and the money for thousands of Meiggs' debts was in the hands of his original creditors. "Meanwhile the South American fortune had grown. Meiggs cleared a full million from a contract for the building of Chile's first railroad between the port of Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile.

"Next came the construction of Peru's original railway line between Mollendo and Arequipa, which doubled Meiggs' fortune. Every contract was made directly with the government of the republic wherein the road was to be built. Scheme after scheme, each more gigantic than the other, was successfully carried out. Meiggs at one time offered to build a breakwater at the mouth of Valparaiso which would give him a 99 year lease of its sheltered side. Forty millions would this venture have cost, but the principal harbor of Chile would have been rendered safe for all time. The Chileans feared Meiggs' rapid strides to wealth and demanded a large price for the rental of the sheltered side of the breakwater, even should the work be done without cost to the republic. Consequently the project failed, and today the wind swept bay is without protection.

"In 1870 the financial world was amazed by the magnitude of a contract entered into between Meiggs and the Peruvian government. This called for the construction of a complete Peruvian railway system, even to a line crossing the summit of the Andes. Meiggs was to deliver the lines ready for operation and receive the sum of \$125,000,000 in gold, payable in installments as the work progressed. "At first the money came promptly, then Peru was forced to borrow to meet the Meiggs contract, and finally, when European loans could not be effected, Meiggs accepted the obligations of the Peruvian government until he practically owned the republic. Even the assassination of his friend, Colonel Balta, then president of Peru, failed to interfere with the railway plans. "Finally Peru could do no more, and Meiggs' own fortune was tied up in the building of the railways. So for lack of money the work was stopped. Negotiations for a further loan from Europe, with Meiggs' assistance, were almost consummated when, in 1877, death cut off the most remarkable career of any Yankee in South America. With his death the loan negotiations failed, and then followed Peru's unfortunate war with Chile. Until 1884 the Meiggs railway operations slumbered. In that year when peace came to the two republics the firm of W. R. Grace & Co. took up the Meiggs contract.

"In spite of his success Meiggs never revisited the state of California. His trials there seemed to have created in him an aversion for the place. Even a resolution passed by the California legislature asking him to return failed to influence him to visit the state. "One of the peculiarities which characterized this brilliant operator was that he always worked alone. There never was a partner in his dealings, and he never sought advice. He looked into the future through no mind save his own, and when once his course was shaped he never changed it. Neither of the American continents will ever show another career exactly paralleling that of this daring operator."

Taming Him. Master (to managing clerk)—My client complains again of your lauteur and general arrogant deportment. You must really have a lesson in humility. Either get married in a reasonable time or leave my service!

A Question of Delivery. She—Papa says our minister's salary is only half as much as that of this pitcher. He—Well, perhaps the pitcher's delivery is better.

TAKING THE REINS.

Of the 16 2-year-old standard trotters of 1900, 7 are by Prodigal, Amber, 2:18 1/4, the one time Ohio ringler, is now owned in England. During the season of 1900 19 2-year-olds took records of 2:14 1/4 to 2:30. During the past two years Ollie Graves, the Kentucky driver, has won 43 races. The latest heat paced below 2:10 for 1900 was that of Hetty G in 2:06 on Oct. 27.

The queen and the Prince of Wales have prohibited the docking of their horses. It is reported that the present owner of David Harum, trial 2:14 1/4, paid \$4,000 for the horse.

A New York horse dealer has received an order from Alexandria, Egypt, for several high class carriage horses.

Gypsy Queen, the champion saddle mare recently purchased by T. W. Lawson, is now called Kentucky Susan.

Just 654 trotters and pacers entered the 2:20 list during the racing season of 1900, according to the count of a Kentuckian.

Deltha, 2:20 1/4, at Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 10, is another new performer for Dec. march, 2:11 1/4, and is out of Cynthia, by Strauger.

Marion Eddy, 2:18 1/4, the only 1900 performer for Jerome Eddy, 2:10 1/4, was the most consistent money winner at the Lake Erie circuit.

Up to Nov. 3, 1900, the number of horses starting in English races this past season reached 13,004 in 1,542 races, an average of over eight to a race.

Gus Macey, the Kentucky trainer, has a 4-year-old green one named Country Jay that he considers a world beater. He is by Jay Hawk, dam by Parville.

Bird Eye, 2:14 1/4, one of the best money winners in the Lake Erie circuit, where he won five first and three second moneys and a total of \$1,500, was owned by W. P. Bagg, Baltimore.—Horseman.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Tansy is a good remedy for lice. Throwing soft feed on the ground is poor economy. Fowls should not be killed when they have full crops.

Make the nests so that the hen can walk in on them. White pin feathers are easier to remove than colored ones, but they do not show so much when left in.

When the fowls are confined, give soft feed in the morning, green food at noon and whole grain at night. Do not keep the hens so fat that they will not exercise or forage. They will not lay so well, nor be so healthy.

Young chickens of fancy breeding should not be permitted to roost on perches until they are 3 months old, as it often causes crooked breastbones. A quick maturing fowl is desirable for market and also for home consumption, especially early in the spring. This should be remembered in selecting breeds.

If young fowls are to be used for breeders, they should be selected from the earliest hatched—those hatched in March or April—so that they be reasonably well matured.

The poultry raiser, like the stock breeder, should breed from the best specimens—those that will give the most profit for the outlay. Never sell the best, especially if seeking to improve the flock.

RAILWAY TIES.

By the end of the year coal will not be used on any of the locomotives of the state of California. All the engines are being now converted into oil burners.

It is the intention of the new Central London Railway company to erect over its stations handsome immansions, which will be let out in residential flats, while in some cases, where space permits, at tractive business premises will also be added.

Summer cars are still running over the traction lines in Philadelphia. The company has decided to keep the open cars on all winter as trailers for the benefit of smokers. This has grown out of the protest of physicians to the effect that smoking in closed cars is a menace to public health.

In New South Wales the electric railway is making rapid progress. In Australia the street railway systems of the towns are for the most part owned by the municipalities. In Sydney, Melbourne and other cities the horse car and street dummy lines are now being changed over, much of the material necessary being furnished by American houses.

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day." A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints. Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." Mrs. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." Miss JACOB OSHAW, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-drugging and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 ladies. See effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all others, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 50 cents stronger, \$1 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. EST. 1858. Sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Wool's Phospholine is sold in Athens by J. P. Lamb & Son.

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 30, 1901