

INDORSED BY DEPEW.

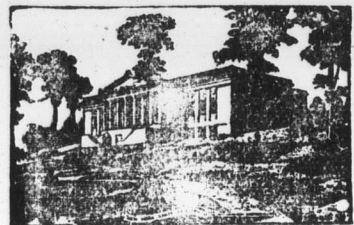
SAYS THE "PAN-AM." WILL SURPASS THE PARIS FAIR.

Tells Chairman J. N. Scatterd the Half Has Not Been Told of the Grandeur and Beauty of the Exposition at Buffalo.

"Scatterd, you did not praise it half enough."

So spoke the distinguished statesman and famous after dinner orator, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, as he stood in the center of the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and gazed upon the beautiful structures surrounding him on every side and now approaching completion.

Senator Depew had come to Buffalo to deliver an address. His first desire



NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

on arrival in the city was to be driven to the grounds of the Exposition. The remark quoted above was addressed to Chairman John N. Scatterd of the executive committee of the Exposition, who had told Senator Depew of the progress made in the building of the Exposition when they had met in Europe last summer. Mr. Scatterd had dwelt long and eloquently upon the success which had attended the organization and construction of the Exposition, and "Our Chauncey's" expectations were high. Nevertheless antipathies are not equal to realization.

Looking upon the scene before him from the sight of the grand Triumphal Bridge, he saw to his right the stately proportions of the United States Government buildings, to the left, across the spacious Esplanade, the charming architectural effects of the Graphic Arts, Horticultural and Mines buildings, while the vast Machinery and Transportation building, now almost complete, was seen in the background to the left. Opposite it, across the Court of Fountains, was the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building, and the Electric Tower could be seen rising skyward in the distance at the far end of the vast court, with the towers and minarets of other buildings outlined against the horizon. As Mr. Depew took in this impressive scene the exclamation burst from his lips that the half had not been told.

Later in the day the popular orator addressed an audience which filled to overflowing Buffalo's great Convention hall. In the opening lines of his speech the speaker declared: "Six weeks ago I was at the Universal Exposition at Paris. Today I went through the grounds where your Pan-American Exposition is to be held. I felt that Buffalo is going to do at least twice as well as Paris."

Latin-American and Pan-American. The press of the various countries of Latin-America show a cordial interest in the Pan-American Exposition. It is recognized that their co-operation is essential to the end that the Exposition may adequately represent the progress of all the states and countries of this hemisphere. As a rule the editors of newspapers and other publications in the countries to the south of the United States display a very favorable attitude toward the enterprise. B. B. Lopez, editor and proprietor of La Correspondencia de Porto Rico, has become so enthusiastic over the Exposition that he writes to the Press Department that he is about to come to Buffalo to see for himself the progress made in the development of the Exposition. He will be accompanied by his family. Many other editors of the Latin-American press have also announced their intention to attend the Exposition, and inquiries are being made from these countries regarding steamboat and railroad routes. Many editors and correspondents from Central and South American countries have already visited the Exposition grounds.

Wisconsin's Building. Commissioners from Wisconsin, who have charge of the exhibits from that state at the Pan-American Exposition, have selected a site for the State building. About 20 acres have been set apart on the eastern side of the Exposition grounds for state and foreign buildings. The site chosen for the Wisconsin building is nearly opposite the large buildings of the National governments just south of one of the mirror lakes and south of the Ohio building. It will overlook the Esplanade, with its wonderful fountains and gardens, and a number of the large buildings will be in full view. The Wisconsin commission are Willard A. Van Brunt and George B. Burrows of Madison, B. E. Edwards of Lacrosse, Charles Reynolds of Sturgeon Bay and George H. Yule of Kenosha. Wisconsin will spend \$25,000 on her building and exhibits at Buffalo.

A \$60,000 A. O. U. W. Building. The Ancient Order of United Workmen are planning elaborately to welcome the members of the order to Buffalo next year. The Supreme Lodge has appropriated \$3,000 and the State Lodge \$3,000 more to be used for the erection and furnishing of a fine headquarters building at the Pan-American Exposition. The Supreme Lodge will meet in Buffalo next year. The building is a handsome pavilion, with rooms for rest, and the upper floor a great balcony, with long chairs, for all members of the order who attend the Exposition.

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



It was late that night when the men sought their couches and the plans for the morrow were all laid before they retired.

The next morning was an ideal one. A slight frost had covered the trees and shrubs with a beautiful array of crystals that shone and danced in the light breeze that sprang up at daylight. Charley took the dogs and Ed and Byron went out to hunt upon runways on the hills. Fred and Geo. M. went to the head of the lake and the Scribe to a point half way between them and camp. The cook was left at camp to straighten out the tangled culinary appliances, which had got mixed up in moving. The punt was left at camp for his use in case a deer came his way, and he carefully loaded the winchester shot gun with all the shells the magazine would hold as well as filled the ten chambers of the little pocket pistol that he carried in a little pouch on his hip. Charley was not long in getting a start and the hound circled round and round through the forest and down and up gulleys for a couple of hours. The party that were camped further up the lake put out their dogs and then three or four of the party patrolled the centre of the lake with the expectation of running the game down with their canoes when driven to water. This was in direct opposition to the plan always followed by the Reporter party, who always got in sheltered places out of sight and let the game get well into the water before making any stir. Several times the dog brought the game to the shore

able position for another long wait when the report of a gun at camp caused him to look down the lake in that direction. A projecting point of rocks hid the tent from view, but the next instant he saw a deer swimming rapidly out from near camp directly for the other shore, closely followed by the cook in the punt. When near the middle of the lake, the cook dropped the oars and commenced a sharp fusillade at the deer's head with the shot gun. He would fire a shot and then grab the oars and row around the deer and turn him toward the centre of the lake and rowing up to within a couple of rods would fire another load of partridge shot at its head. This panorama was kept up until all the shells in the magazine were exhausted. Throwing the now useless gun down he again took up the oars and ran the punt right alongside the deer. Dropping the oars, he grabbed the deer by the tail with one hand and obtaining his pistol he fired shot after shot, some into the deer's body, but more into the bottom of the lake. Soon all the shells in one chamber were spent, but, by some sleight of hand, he managed to throw the empty chamber out of its place and put in another, taken from his pocket. All this time he was holding on to the deer's tail with a death-like grip. The Scribe, a half a mile away, was an interested and amused spectator of the scene. At first, he thought of jumping into his boat and going to his comrade's assistance, but he finally decided to let the show go on and stand by and witness the finale.

While these thoughts were running through his mind, the firing again commenced and a constant roar of pistol shots echoed and reverberated from shore to shore and away up the gulleys to the hill tops, until the second chamber was emptied. All this time the deer was making frantic efforts to escape. Once or twice he got his fore foot over the punt, nearly capsizing it, until the boat was nearly half full of water. The cook, seeing that he would have to depend on something besides powder and ball to capture his game, let go the deer's tail and stood up for a moment to get his breath. The deer started away but turned suddenly and made straight for the boat. Claudie grabbed an oar and struck several times at its head and back, hoping to disable it in that way. In making a pass at the deer's head with the oar to keep it off the boat the blade of the oar got entangled in the animal's horns and he could not get it loose. The deer swung around towards shore and Claudie, dropping on his knees in the half-filled boat, tried to work the oar loose from its horns. In his efforts, he got the deer's head under water and springing to his feet he managed to hold it there for full five minutes, and actually drowned the animal instead of shooting it.

When the Scribe saw that the show was done, he gave the signal that the hunt was over, and when the boys gathered around the festive board at the supper hour, Claudie, the cook, was the hero of the hour.

The next morning the boys took the dogs out on the hills back of camp and stationed the men at convenient points along the lake, but the hounds took off in the wrong direction and did not

return. Taking a fresh dog in the afternoon, Byron went across the lake onto the hills, leaving Fred to watch a bay where it was supposed the deer, if started, would take to water. He took the dog in his boat and went down along shore for half a mile or so below where he first intended getting out. He did not go more than a quarter of a mile along an old shanty road, when the dog started up a fine, large doe which made directly for the lake. Byron turned and ran down to the shore and seeing the deer well out in the water he pulled out and shot the animal, which was making directly for where Fred was watching.

That night in camp the boys severely censured Byron for not letting the game go on and give a new man in camp a chance to kill his first deer. Byron, in explanation of his lack of courtesy to a new comrade, said that he could not see where Fred was located, and feeling that their previous poor luck should be remedied as soon as possible, concluded to make sure of the game.

Saturday was devoid of any luck, the men going out into the woods all day without result. The party who came in with Crowbar, having got their number, started for home in the morning. They left two of their companions behind, however, who were anxious to get a supply of partridge and a couple more deer. The party from the settlements also concluded that there was no luck for them, as they had lost all their dogs, and they too started out. The Reporter party

After taking his last mint julep for the evening Mr. Jagway abscondingly put the straw in his pocket. It was this straw—this last straw—which Mrs. Jagway found when looking through his pockets next morning for the purpose no doubt of mending the holes in them.

"H'm!" she exclaimed as she noted the faint aroma it exhaled. "This shows the way in which he blows his money!"

The Real Reason. Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes, my new girl formerly worked for Mrs. De Style. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged. Mrs. Kaul—What makes you think so? Mrs. Hauskeep—I judge so from certain things she's let fall since she's been here. Mrs. Kaul—What were they? Mrs. Hauskeep—Dishes.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

The village council met in special session on Tuesday evening, 22nd inst., All present. Minutes read and adopted.

Councillor Taylor and the clerk were appointed to act in conjunction with Councillor Rowsom and J. B. Saunders of Rear Yonge and, Escott, to wait on the Elizabethtown Council respecting the purchase of the Farmersville Plank Road.

Messrs Jacobs and Pickrell were appointed Road Commissioners, they to receive \$12 each for their services.

The fire hall building was re-engaged from B. Loverin at a rental of \$45.00. Treasurer was instructed to draw \$100 from the bank to be used in paying orders issued by the road commissioners.

The treasurer was instructed to deposit all moneys received by him in the Merchants' Bank, \$300 in savings department and the balance on call, all subject to order of Reeve and clerk.

Adjourned to Feb. 10th, when an assessor will be appointed.

Mr. Wilson H. Wiltse has purchased that fine residential property on Isaac street owned by Mr. Thomas Vanarnam, and is to become a resident of Athens.

Died at the House of Industry on Jan 20th, 1901, Mrs. Buterfield, formerly of Bastard, at the extremely old age of 100 years. She was quite smart until the last year preceding her death. Her remains were placed in the Athens Vault and if not claimed by her relatives will be buried on the farm.

Stomach "Scowls."—Ever notice the seams and furrows that steal into the face of the sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia, and chronic ailments? Watch the sunshine break in and the lines vanish when Dr. Von Star's Pine Apple Tablets are given a chance to show their power. One lady, in writing of their efficacy in her case, calls them "A heaven-born healer." 35c.—150

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Off With the Old Love.

Put away the caps and mittens
That our baseball heroes wore;
Fold the sweaters and the stockings;
They're not needed any more.
Take the cushions from the diamond;
Put the balls and bats away;
Strip the halos from the heroes;
They are only common clay.

They who late with fashion glances
Set the grand stand hearts in throbs,
Now, unadorned, are roaming
In the cold world hunting jobs.
And the "summer girl" so svelte
Slight her old time ideal's shrine,
Traces gridirons o'er the diamond,
Writes "eleven" over "nine."

Put away the caps and mittens,
Shelve the grand old national game;
Loose the "leven with the pigskin,
Bid them rush and snarl and maim.
We will patient be till springtime
Shall the waning nine restore,
When the fans will grow fanatic
And with rosters roar once more!
—Louis Leige in Denver Republican.

Mrs. J's Comment.

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THE ROYAL BOX.

The Paris papers say that the German emperor is at work on an epic treating of his grandfather's life and the Franco-Prussian war.

The Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of the Royal Naval school, Eltham, rendered vacant by the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Abdul Hamid does not like the bicycle. It tempts his faithful subjects to gather in crowds to witness races, and wherever there is a Turkish crowd the sultan's scents conspiracy.

The queen of Holland, accompanied by her mother, is to visit Paris shortly for the purpose of shopping and trying on the various costumes for her approaching wedding. No official visits will be made, and apartments at one of the hotels have already been conditionally engaged.

King Alfonso can no longer be called the "little king," as he has grown very much of late and has become robust and tall for his age. He has lost his former delicate appearance and is no longer a timid child. He is full of fun and life and has developed a very strong will of his own.

LAW POINTS.

Annual crops raised by labor on land held by a tenant for life are held in Noble versus Tyler (O.), 48 L. R. A. 735, to be assets of the estate whether severed or not at the time of his death.

Right of a stockholder to inspect books of the corporation is held, in Cincinnati Volksblatt company versus Hoffmeister (O.), 48 L. R. A. 732, not to depend upon the motive or purpose of the stockholder.

A will which consists of four pages in one sheet folded lengthwise down the middle is held, in re Andrews (N. Y.), 48 L. R. A. 612, not to be subscribed at the end as required by statute, where the signature is on the second page after a portion of the will, with there is another portion on the third page without anything to connect it with that part which is above the signature.

She Shops.

She shops!
She does not mean to buy,
For funds are low and prices high.
So many people wonder why
She shops!

She shops!
She keeps herself apprised
Of all the bargains advertised,
And with a gusto undisturbed
She shops!

She shops!
The tired assistant sighs,
For long experience makes him wise;
He knows wherein her weakness lies;
She shops!

She shops!
She hurries to and fro,
And when the sun is setting low
A thousand captured samples show
She shops!

Measured.

"No!" he snarled.
"You are very short!" protested the woman, his wife.
"Ha, ha," laughed the man scornfully.
The next instant he measured his length upon the floor.
"Well, perhaps I am short after all," he now faltered.

Love.

Love is trusting, love is waiting;
Love is hope, delight, despair.
Love is madness, love is hating;
Love is carelessness and care!
Love is wine, and love is honey;
Love is pain, and love is joy.
Love is everything—but money;
Just keep that in mind, my boy!

Needed Elbow Room.

"What's become of your husband?" asked the guest as they took their seats at the dinner table.
"Oh, he's out on the back porch carving the chicken," was the reply. "Since we moved into a flat he has had to give up carving at the table."

The Strong Minded Maiden.

Oh, she is tall, with rooney stride
And countenance that's a willow,
And when I walk with her I slide
And two-step, too, and gallop!
"Will walk with me 'through life's long way'"
She says; "I need you badly,"
"I cannot walk with you," I say;
"I'd have to polka waddy."

Boston Ladies' Union.

Mrs. Strongmind—Oh, she's a nice woman, but I don't consider her very active or energetic.
Mrs. Updatode—No?
Mrs. Strongmind—Why, no. She isn't engaged in more than four or five different crusades.

Modesty.

His modesty was no intense
That he would oft opine,
I'm really of no consequence;
I know I look like thirty cents
Marked down to twenty-cent!

Her Fault.

Briggs—So the passengers in the car discovered that Claudie and his wife were newly married in spite of the efforts of both of them to keep dark?
Griggs—Yes, but it was his fault. He spoke to her several times during the trip.

Obstinacy.

She dropped a penny in the slot
To hear the music play,
And as it was a weighty machine
She surely had her weigh.

Irish Polish.

Mistress—Polish this furniture so as you can see your face in it, Bridget.
Bridget—Shure, mum, there's no need to. O'fve got a lookin' glass to see me face in, mum.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Canner.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"
—Life.

Nice Little Dicky.

"Dicky, did you go up and tell pa that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were here?"
"Yes, ma. He said he guessed he'd have to come down, but he didn't want to."

Seasonable.

The winds are high,
And once more
We hear the cry,
"Shut the door!"
—Philadelphia Press.

"A Fair Outside Is

a Poor Substitute

For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite.—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RESSLER, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que.

Biliousness.—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 89 Deane Street, Toronto, Ont.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 ladies. Safe, effective, ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. No other pills or all-winter pills, imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 50c. 10c. stronger, \$1 per box. No. 3, 2c. mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. For a trial and a bottle recommended by all responsible druggists in Canada.

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