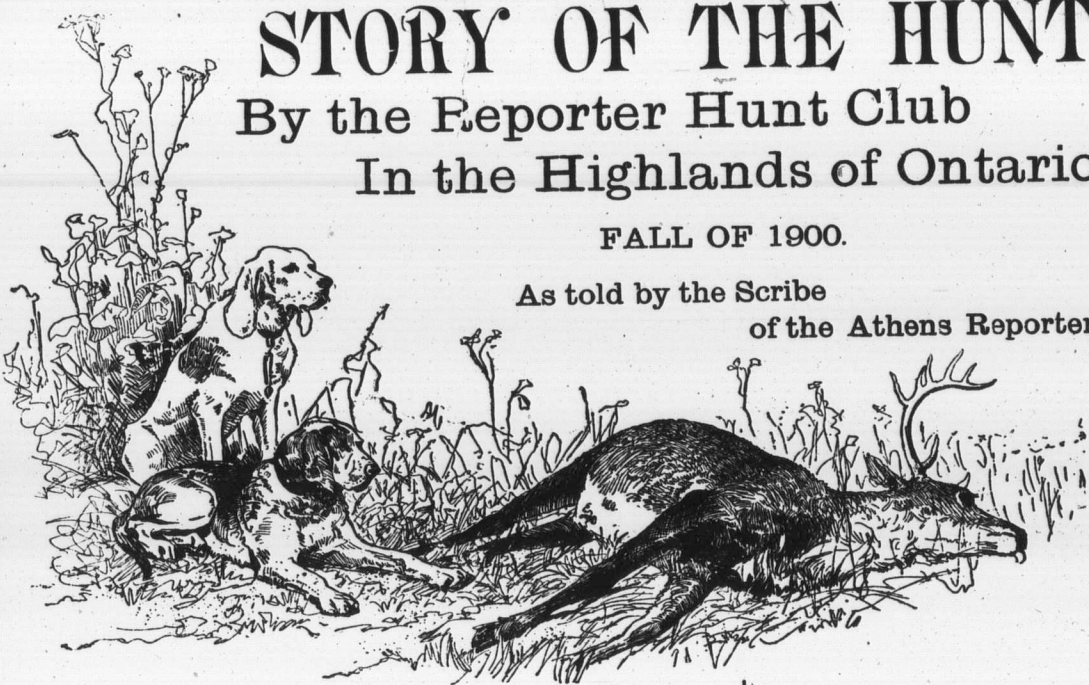


STORY OF THE HUNT

By the Reporter Hunt Club
In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe
of the Athens Reporter



Next morning the party decided to try the same locality for game, and Charlie and Len took the dogs and went up on the hills. The Scribe was landed at the head of the lake and told to hunt up a runaway to suit himself. The dogs got a start but led off in the wrong direction and soon returned. The Scribe wandered around the woods for several hours and finally one of the dogs came to him and he took off across the hills and through gullies trying to get a start, but without result. He finally turned around and started for camp. He had got back to within a quarter of a mile of the lake when, in crossing a fallen pine, he sat down for a few minutes to rest. A partridge came along within a couple of rods of him and he decided to try his aim at close range and knock its head off, if possible. He fired and had the satisfaction of seeing the bird drop dead. He started to pick up his game and was surprised to see a large deer spring into sight not more than four rods distant. His rifle was to his shoulder in an instant and discharged, with the result that the ball struck the under jaw of the deer, breaking it so that the jaw dropped down on the animal's neck. A second shot was wide of the mark and with a bound the animal was out of sight in the underbrush. The hound, which had dropped behind just before the Scribe sat down, seemed to have struck the trail at the moment the shots were fired, as he bounded into view as the deer disappeared in the underbrush. The Scribe picked up the dead partridge and started at a

And falls on a pier of snow,
Its lifeblood staining the fleecy bed
In a pulsing and crimson flow.
He follows the trail of the fleeing deer
O'er the rocks on the mountain side,
And stands o'er the form of the fallen king
With a feeling of lordly pride;
And the mountain raven, far up in the air,
Sends a cry of defiance down
At the bold intruder of his domain,
In his garb of dark canvas brown.
Where the frost lies crisp on the dead
brown grass,
And jewels the fading trees,
The wild deer tosses his antlered head,
And sniffs at the passing breeze,
The snow sifts down from the bold old
peaks
And drifts in the hollow swale,
And the smoke of the camp fire floats
away
Like a lowering, vapory veil.
The song of the hunter smites the rocks
And breaks into echoing trills
That fainter grow, as they die away
In the shade of the distant hills.
And the glad fire cracks in the pine
knot wood,
And the venison fries in the pan,
And the soul of the coffer, in fragrant
steam,
Floats out of the old tin can.
Oh, the hunter's life is the life for me!
In the wilds of the mountain pass,
Where the frost lies crisp with its
sparkling eyes,
Like gems, in the dead brown grass;
Where the smoke of the camp-fire drifts
away
On the breast of the wintry air,
And the heart beats light, and the soul
is free
From the talons of clinging care.

party to visit their camp at Bass lake and kindly offered to look after any stray dogs that came their way.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I believe it to be the most effective remedy for the Stomach and Nerves in the market." This is what Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., says of South American Nerve, for, she says, La Grippe and the complications which follow it left her next to dead with Indigestion, Dispepsia and General Nervous Shattering. It cured her.—100

When Baby had Scald Head—When Mother had Salt Rheum—When Father had Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and surest cure. These are gems of truth picked from testimony which is given everyday to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in Eczema, Tetter, Piles, etc. 32 cents.—103

Read This Before You Write. Never write poetry until you are at least 30, unless you fall in love, when it will come to you like the measles. You would better begin with stories—that is, if you have a leading idea and can invent situations. Do not attempt the novel until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character, and powers to create dialogue and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances when very young men have written clever poems and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur. Avoid attempts at humor worked for more than it is worth, and the best of it seems to be labored. What the funny man do produce is not equal to the unintentional humor which is to be found in congressional speeches on the tariff, and in the old fashioned epigrams in the country churchyards.—Thomas Dunn English in Success.

Uses of Olive Oil. Olive oil should be found in every nursery and on every medicine shelf. In time of croup it can be given frequently and will not disturb the digestion, as do many medicines. It is often given in place of cod liver oil and is as effective in building up the system and far less disagreeable. It is recommended by many specialists both as a food and a tonic. A certain young chemist never has a cold or requires any medicine except a spoonful of olive oil every night and morning, which he takes regularly. He seldom wears an overcoat.

Peculiar Musical Instrument. A peculiar musical instrument is used by the Moors. It consists of a hoop of bamboo, upon which are hung by strings a number of thin pieces of mother of pearl. When struck with a small reed, these give forth a sweet, tinkling sound, a combination of which sounds is developed into a weird, monotonous fantasy, very pleasant to the ear—for a short time.

Their Business. Gas Man—Hello, Tom! What are you doing these days?
Pork Packer—I'm in the meat business. What are you doing?
Gas Man—I go you one degree better. I'm in the meter business.—Exchange.

Enthusiastic Photographer. Fair One's Father—Why did you bring that kodak with you?
Poor Lover—That I might catch your expression of astonishment when I asked you for your daughter's hand.—Filezonde Blatter.

WASPS ACT IN A TRAGEDY.

But They Come Very Near Turning It Into a Comedy.

"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theater and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low necked and short sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work.

"In the tent scene where Caesar appears to Brutus one might almost have doubted its being the real Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one eye closed, and a swollen lip. Cassius an enlarged chin, Lucius an inequality in the size of his hands and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Bardolf in 'Henry IV.' "The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said, 'Antony, the posture of your blows is yet unknown but for your words; they sell secrets which we leave them honeyless,' and the actor who was doing Antony replied, 'Not stingless too.'

ELECTION DAY.

How It Came to Be Tuesday After First Monday in November.

The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to congress. The first act passed by it relating to that subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential electors should be appointed "within 34 days before the first Wednesday in December." This left each state free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other states elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November.

When Harrison was elected in 1840, the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was alleged that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs had voted in both states, the election being held on different days. So in 1845 the Democrats passed the law now on the statute books making the first Tuesday after the first Monday election day.

At that time but five of the 23 states had their elections in November. In Michigan and Mississippi voting was carried on through two days—the first Monday and the following Tuesday. New York had three election days—the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—but had finally confined voting to the middle day, or the first Tuesday after the first Monday. Massachusetts chose state officers on the second Monday in November and Delaware on the second Tuesday. So congress selected the first Tuesday after the first Monday to consult the convenience of three states out of five, one of the three being the important state of New York.

Following Up His Customer.

A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other day and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

The Bedroom.

The simplest and most economical plans for purifying the air in bedrooms are as follows: Heat an iron shovel, then pour on it a few drops of vinegar. If possible, have windows and doors open at the time. Again, have some lumps of camphor in an old saucer, heat the poker till very hot (but not red) and touch the camphor with it. The smoke that rises will take away all disagreeable odors and leave no oppressive scent behind.—London Answers.

Riddle Solved.

First City Boy—Oh, see the cows eating shavings.
Second City Boy—I suppose that's how we get chipped beef.

From criminal statistics a German sociologist has deduced that property rights of all kinds are respected more generally by the married than by the single.

The Saginaw river, in Michigan is 30 miles long, and on its banks have been produced 18,000,000,000 feet of blue bonds.

THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow
And grace the gate above,
And hence I love the pathway so
That leads me to her love,
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the Rose.

Through fairer bloom for lovers' tryst
To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
And blessed it blooming there,
For heaven its sweetest smile bestows
On the dear love sign of the Rose.

The pattering of little feet
When shadows blur the light,
And rosy twining arms that meet
And necklace me at night,
These my glad heart enraptured knows
At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray—
In stormy paths to roam,
While o'er the meadows of life's May
Shine signals sweet of home,
When night falls drear, one heart still knows
Rest at the love sign of the Rose.

BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

The One That Will Surely Beat Faro and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of touts who infested the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlers were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to play.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs, or less than \$4. A house official informed me that they were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings were regarded in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat faro and roulette is to stay away."

As to Strikes.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked the clock. "He doesn't seem to have anything to do but wind me up." "No," replied the calendar; "he isn't working. He and his companions struck some time ago."

"Huh! Suppose I should stop working every time I struck?"
"That's so, but I notice it freshens me up every time he takes a month off."

Corroborative Evidence.

Hoax-Borrower gets a lot of credit for the way he keeps his family dressed.

Joak—Yes; they tell me there are two or three collectors at the house every day.

Very Special Delivery.

"Did she get your bill for her husband and marked it 'personal'?"—Chicago Record.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and laxatives are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 25c per box; No. 2, 10c degrees stronger, \$1 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible druggists in Canada.

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

ATTRACTIVE EXHIBIT.

That of Foods and Their Accessories, Including Pan-American Spices.

A very dainty pamphlet has been issued by the Division of Foods and Their Accessories of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The food work at the Pan-American comes under the general department of Horticulture, Forestry and Food Products, of which Mr. Frederic W. Taylor is superintendent. Mr. G. Edward Fuller, as assistant superintendent, has entire charge of the Division of Foods and Their Accessories, and he has prepared himself for unusual work in this line by special travel ever undertaken with the same object.

The assistant superintendent, Mr. Fuller, says: "In the far east there are foods and condiments of which we are almost utterly ignorant here, and one of the aims of the food exhibit will be to educate the people of the western hemisphere to the cultivation of the products which flourish in the east. It will be my aim to show how simple and profitable it would be, for instance, to grow in the West Indies what is grown in the East Indies. The climate and soil conditions are remarkably similar, and the conditions are favorable.

"The best proof obtainable or desirable that the soil and the climate of the West Indies is as favorable as that of the East Indies for the production of spices is already available. The products now received from the West Indies are not equalled by those from any other section of the world. At the present time they grow better allspice, ginger and red pepper there than anywhere else on the globe, and the vanilla bean, which is queen of spices, as the nutmeg is king, is found nowhere in the world in such perfection as in Mexico. The coffee grown in Mexico has a flavor obtainable in no other coffee, not even the Mocha or Java surpassing it. Emperor William of Germany appreciates that fact, and all of the coffee used in the royal household is sent from our nearby republic. Venetian cacao, from which chocolate is made, is superior to the East Indian product.

"With the view of massing together in one effective, instructive and useful exhibit the economic plants, vines and trees of tropical Pan-America which produce teas, coffees, spices and kindred things, it has been decided to appropriate considerable space at the



SEAL OF PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Pan-American Exposition for their display on a scale never before attempted. To show this interesting collection to the best advantage an attractive conservatory has been provided, while a museum, as an annex to this, will contain finished products as well as rare and curious articles to illustrate a variety of features under the head of 'Foods and Their Accessories.'

"It is a fact well known to experts in exhibition matters that a scattered display of special articles loses force, while a condensed exhibit of a line of things pertaining to a specific subject becomes educational. Now, as the object is to increase the production and promote the consumption of the things called for, much trouble and expense is justified in making this collection unique and unparalleled.

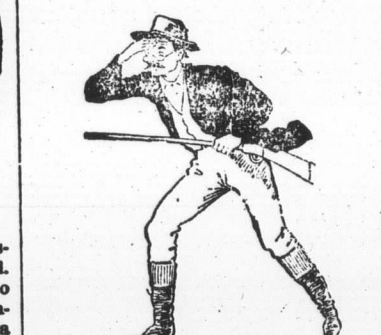
"It is intended to make the exhibit of red peppers the finest and most extensive collection ever made, with the object of demonstrating by special exhibit connected with the 'necessaries of food' that Pan-America can produce all the red peppers consumed in Pan-America. It is perhaps only known to experts that vast quantities of red peppers are imported from Europe, Asia and Africa every year because Pan-Americans are not actively alive, to their own interest in this important matter."

One of Many Enthusiasts.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of The National Magazine, published at Boston, was in Buffalo recently and became much interested in the Exposition. On his return to Boston he wrote to an official of the Exposition as follows: "I was indeed sorry not to have seen you when in Buffalo, but I did see the Exposition and was astonished beyond measure. I wish that you would send on anything that you think might be of interest to our readers and make it as attractive as possible, and I shall keep on hammering away at the Exposition editorially until it opens, because am thoroughly enthused over the subject."

Brazil to Be Represented.

The Brazilian government early in the season sent out invitations to all agricultural and industrial societies to prepare articles for exhibition at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901. A large number of coffee producers have agreed to send a full line of samples of the best Brazilian grades of this commodity.



THE SCRIBE FOLLOWING THE DEER.

break-neck pace over boulders and logs, through tangled underbrush and swamp holes, towards the shore of the lake, hoping to reach there in time to get a shot before the deer reached the opposite shore. The boys had all reached camp, and, on hearing the shots and the baying of the hounds, came out and stood on the shore watching for the deer, which they expected to see take the water at any moment. Imagine their surprise as well as that of the Scribe to see the dog run along the shore with no deer in sight. A boat was rowed across and the hound taken back along the route followed, but no trace of the deer could be found.

A nice lot of fish were caught in the afternoon and preparations made for a grand rally on the morrow. That night the Scribe lay awake for hours, thinking over the incidents of the last two days, and feeling pretty well satisfied with the part he had played in the hunting drama thus far. The following lines from the pen of James Barton, the Hunter Poet, fittingly expressed the sentiments that stirred his bosom on that particular night:

Oh, the hunter's life is the life for me!
Away from the world of care,
Where the rifle cracks, and its echoes leap
Through the heart of the mountain air;
Where the soul is free as the air of God,
And the heart in the bosom leaps,
And the stars keep watch through the silent night
As the man at the camp fire sleeps.

When the red sun peeps o'er the snow-crowned peaks,
Like a ball of eternal flame,
He is up and away through the trackless wilds
In search of the noble game;
And the deer leaps high at his rifle's crack,



HERE'S A WHOPPER.

out did not return to camp and this loss caused the boys some anxiety. About noon the next day (Sunday), a party from a lake some three miles distant came into camp leading the dog that was lost the day before. They were given a hearty welcome and the best the camp afforded was set before them for lunch. The fried bass, especially, formed a savory morsel, and they expressed their regret that they had not brought fishing tackle with them. Byron soon rigged up a few trolleys and lines for them and sent them on their way rejoicing. They were part of a lot of jolly hunters under the pilotage of Heintzman, the famous piano manufacturer of Toronto. They extended a warm invitation to the

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