### Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

#### B. LOVERIN

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THE SONG OF SHIPS.

The sky made a whip of the winds and las the sea into foam.

And the keen blowing gales tore the flags and the sails of the ships that were plunging

home;

of the ships that were tossing home on the
black and billowy deep,

But who shall reach to the wrecks, the wrecks,
where the ships and their captains sleep?

Oh, wracks by the black seas tossed, In the desolate ocean nights! Lost, lost in the darkness! Lost In sight o' the harbor lights!

The sky made a veil o' the clouds and a soourge o' the lightning red,
And the blasts bowed the mast of the ship that fared where love and the sea guils led;
Of the ships that were faring home with love for the waiting breast,
But where is the love that can reach to the writch where the ships and their captains rest?

Oh, ships of our love, wave tossed, In the fathomiess ocean nights! Lost, lost in the blackness! Lost In sight o' the harbor lights!

There was once a ship of my soul that tossed o'er a stormy sea.

And this was my prayer, when the nights gloomed drear: "Send my soul's ship safe

gloomed dream "Send my soul's ship safe to me!

Send my soul's ship safely home from billows and blackened skies!"

But where is the soul that can reach to the depth, the depths where my soul's ship lies?

Oh, ship of my soul, storm tossed,
In the far and the fearful nights!
Lost, lost, in the blackness! lost
In sight o' the Larbor lights!
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Consti

## THE TABLES TURNED

"A durn dude!" snorted Joe Dalzey

contemptuously.

That was the general verdict from all the boys when Phil Ames made his appearance among them at Middleton's ranch. Della Middleton had returned hom

Delia Middleton and recented none from the city, and Phil had come with her to the ranch, where her father wel comed him as the son of one of his friends and companions of other days. It was soon whispered also that Phil was a suitor for Della's hand, and that alone was sufficient for him to be watched closely and criticised by the cowboys, who, every one of them, were ready to swear by and to do anything in their power to please the queen of the ranch, Miss Della Middleton.

Phil Ames, at a first glance, looked rather effeminate, but upon closer observation he proved to be quite otherwise. There was not a surplus ounce of flesh about him anywhere, and his

wise. There was not a surplus ounce of flesh about him anywhere, and his frame was well knit and strong. Moreover, Phil was a pleasant, easy going fellow whom nothing seemed to disturb, and whose temper was the sunniest in

Therefore a couple of weeks at the ranch was sufficient for Phil to gain the good will of everybody around the place. Even Joe Dalzey, the most crit-ical among them all, had to admit that he was not half so bad as he looked and might improve into a right good fel-low if he staid at the ranch long enough. In the rough play among the cowboys
Phil held his own easily and often turned their rude jokes so that they lost
their sting, or fastened the laugh on
him who had expected to see Phil made

Joe Dalzey considered himself the leader among the boys on the ranch, and they seldom ventured to differ with him in his opinions, which he never failed to express with all the decision and emphasis he could master.

and emphasis he could master.
One evening after Phil had been at
the ranch nearly a month Mr. Middleton came into the house where he andDella were together.
"I have to send a squad of the boys
over to Bald pratrie tomorrow, and i
don't know where in thunder I'm going
to find a cook to go with them," he
said.

said. "What is the matter with Edmunds what is the matter with Edminds, papa?" asked Della.
"He is down with the chills, and that puts him out of the question. There is Andrews, too, gone off to town and won't be back for a week," said Mr.

"Can't you get one of the others to

"Why, there isn't one of them can make a biscuit that wouldn't choke a

"Suppose you send Dinah and my self with them? We could manage, I reekon," said Della, laughing. "But what would become of us whe

have to stay at home?"
"Do your own cooking or starve,"
laughed Della.
"I'm afraid it would be the latter
most of the time," said Mr. Middleton.
"No, I've cooked for a camping outfit
before now, and if the worst comes to
the worst I can do it again, only I can
hardly spare the time."
"I'll go and cook for them, Mr. Middleton," said Phil. "I suppose it is
only coffee, bacon, biscuits and a batch

dleton," said Phil. "I suppose it is only coffee, bacon, biscuits and a batch of cornbread occasionally."
"You cook!" exclaimed Mr. Middleton. "Why, my boy, they'd mob you

Why do you think so?" Your cookery would drive them to

They would have to do it in self it. They would have to do it in send defense, you know—kill you or starve to death themselves."
"They would have to do neither, I assure you," protested Phil, laughing. "I am a better cook than you think. I am a better took than you think. I hope you have not forgotten that I staid in the mountains of Colorado nearly the

in the mountains of Colorado nearly the whole of last year? I did the most of the cooking for the three of us there, and, if I say it myself, there was no one ever turned up his nose at what I placed on the table."

placed on the table."

For awhile there was a lively discussion about Phil going as cook with the cowboys, but he finally gained the consent from both Mr. Middleton and Della, and it was decided that he could ge, provided he would not blame them if anything went wrong. The next day therefore he drove away in the wagon containing the raw materials on which he was to display his art as a first class cook for a cowboy camp.

"If Phil comes out on top in this as"It Phil comes out on top in the company to the come of both are focused ine, and the lones of the top in the sent fact of the lones of the lones of the lones of the For awhile there was a lively discus-

joyed it, praising it in unequivocal terms.

One of the boys had eccession to go to the wagon for something after supper and saw comething white, nearly folded, lying to one side. He picked it up to see what it was and found it to be a white shirt with a highly glossed front.

"A boiled shirt!" he exclaimed.

For a moment he hesitated, then he rolled the shirt up carefully and took it to where his companions where sitting or lounging around their tent.

There was a whispered consultation.

"Some of you kindle a fire," said Dalsey. "I'll get the branding froms. A couple of you fellows had better go over to where Phil is busy and keep him there as long as you can."

The fire was kindled. The branding froms were put into the fire, and when they were sufficiently heated the boys went to work and "run" every brand they knew upon the white shirt spread out upon the ground before them.

There were numbers and letters and combinations of both. There were the "rail fence," the "bull's head," the "antiers" and the "jug." There were circles and semicircles, bars and double bars, with all their variations, and lines straight and crooked in every possible position and curve.

Altogether it was an artistic piece of

position and curve.

Altogether it was an artistic piece of work, covering every inch from hem to neckband and outward to both ends

to neckband and outward to both ends of the sleeves.

The next morning when Phil got up before daylight to prepare breakfast he found the shirt spread out, fastened to the hind end of the wagon.

He looked it over carefully and smiled, "I forgot to put it back in the valisy yesterday evening," he mused to himself as he was hurrying with his work. "I was somewhat surprised when I found it among the other clothes, but in the hurry of packing it must have slipped in somehow accidentally."

During the time he was cooking breakfast he chuckled to himself frequently, and once or twice laughed out loud as he thought of the plan he was forming to pay the boys back in the

forming to pay the boys back in the same coin they had given him.

From day to day pieces were cut from the branded shirt, which Phil had left hanging to the end of the wagon where he had found it. The boys watched ne had found it. The boys watched the pieces disappear, until on the even-ing before they were ready to break up camp and return home there was noth-ing left of it but the seams and wrist-

"What's become of your boiled shirt, Phil?" one of them asked.
Phil looked around and viewed the

ing it," he said laughingly. "At any rate, there are only the tough parts of it

That was all they could get out of him just then.

They returned to the ranch the next day, and the boys, with one voice, praised Phil's cooking very highly to r. Middleton Bulliest cook we ever had," cried

Dalzey.

"And he takes a joke like a man,"

"And he takes a jose like a man, put in another.

Then they told Mr. Middleton and Della, who had just joined them, how they had treated Phil's white shirt, and how he had apparently enjoyed the jeke as much as any of them.

"Let us have a look at it," cried Della, laughing and clapping her hands. Phil went to the wagon and held up before them what remained of the shirt.
"But what became of the rest of it?"

But what became of the rest of it? Della asked.
"I fed it to the boys," replied Phil, laughing now. They thought they didn't like boiled shirt, but I noticed

didn't like boiled shirt, but I noticed that they devoured a good piece of it every day. Every morning I out off a good slice, chopped it up fine, fried it, browned it, scorched it and ground it up and put it into everything I set before them. You have their own words for it that they liked my cookery—boiled shirt a la Phil Ames."

For a moment there were some lowering brows, but when Dalzey stepped forward and gave his hand to Phil the clouds vanished.

clouds vanished "Phil." he said, "you're a brick! Hope you will stay at the ranch always, and when the day comes, dura my pic-ture if I don't wear a boiled shirt and

ture if I don't wear a boiled shirt and dance at the wedding."

Della and Phil looked at each other and blushed, and Mr. Middleton laughed heartily.—John P. Sjolander.

Snow in Switzerland.

Some of the mountain railroads in Switzerland find it advantageous to open long before the snow melts on their upper parts, and to do this an esormous amount of snow has to be shoveled away. One May, when the road from Glinn, on Lake Geneva, up to Rocher de Naye was opened, the cars ran for some distance between walls of solid compressed snow 12 to 30 feet high.

walls of solid compressed snow is to 30 feet high. When the work began, one of the up-per stations had disappeared, and it was supposed that it had been swept away by the winter storms. A rounded eleby the winter storms. A rounded ele-vation was recognized as the site of a water tank, and from this the position of the station was determined, and ex-cavations were begun. After digging down six feet the shovelers struck not the foundation, but the roof of the station, which was in its place intact.

The Origin of Tariff.

Tariff was originally the name of a Moorish chief, who, having a port in Spain, near Gibraitar, was accustomed to levy toll on passing vessels. His toll became a regularly understood thing, and the amount was added to the price of the goods.

HOW BIG GUNS ARE AIMED. The Range Finder Used on Seacoast De-fenses and Battleships. The Range Finder Used on Seacoast Defenses and Battleships.

In reply to an inquiry I would say that the range finder used on our seacoast defenses is not a government scores, but is a patented appliance, an improvement upon a system that has been in use since ancient times. There are in use three sets of apparatus somewhat different from each other which were invested by Captain Waskins, an English engineer; Lieutenant Lewiss of our army, and Lieutenant Fisk of our navy. They are very complicated, and it is difficult to explain their operation so it can be understood by laymen. All such inventions are an appliance of the mathematical principle that, knowing the base of a triangle and the twe angles at its extremities, one can calculate the distance between them. On Seat defenses the base of the triangle is permanent, with fixed objects to mark its terminus. The angles are ascertained by observations through instruments made for that purpose, and when they are known there is a series of printed calculations covering all possible situations which enables the gunner to catch the distance of his target at a glance.

At sea, when a vessel is moving, the base

of the application is so conditive MPESENI PUT TOROUT

designed the of a given weight exactly the distance which the range finder has determined. Of course the ginner has determined the contents of his cartridge, because that is a material factor in his problem. He must also make allowants for the wind, for the resistance of the atmosphere, for the curvature of the carte and for the movement of the enemy's flest if it is in motion. The range finder is, however, a great deal more accurate than the human eye, and presence with defective vision will often insist that a gun is badly aimed and find out to the contrary after the flow is fired.

Although we have guns on our bestle-ships and in the fortexness on the coast that will carry a projectile 18 miles, it would be foily to attempt to use them at that distance, because, owing to the curvature of the earth, it would be impossible to ase the target. A man fine small beat upon the surface of the water cannot see more than four miles. From the bridge of an ordinary man-of-way, which may be 86 feet from the water, a man with good eyedgist or with a glass can see sight or nine miles. A man at the masthead can site 10 or 19 miles, but very indistinctly, and that is the limit of human vision on a level surface.—W. E. Curtais in Chicago Becord.

"Many women are becoming viotims of the cologie habit," said a 'well knows physician. "How the taste is acquired varies in individual cases. Some having inherited or contracted a fondness for alcoholic stimulants, and, being debarred the means of antisying their craving elsewhere, find a 'substitute on their dressing tables which is as certain in its effects as the whisky of commerce. Addicted to its use, a women may order cologies in unlimited quantities and have it always shand at home, without fear of detection, write at any social function also can call for cologies in the dressing room when she would hardly dare brave public opinion by ordering a cocktail. They Drink Cologins.

limited quantities and have it aiways ethand at home, without four of detection, while at any social functions she can call for cologue in the dreaming room when alle would harefly dare brave public opinion by "More innoceutly do other wissens become slaves to the habit. Using a slp or two to perform the breath, and, finding it not umpleasant to the teste, they are agit to try it square without a relating that all cohold is the factor called to their side of the state of the state

"Grimly, in talking with your wife I find that she holds the same views on all important subjects as you do. How do you manage her?"

"Always argue on the other side when I'm talking to her."—Détroit Free Press.

MOODS. When de clouds is low an de air is wet An de sun don 'shine no mo', Our spirits droop as we sigh an see By de dahkenin cabin 50'. De song is heavy an outse chune, De notes jes' kind o' buzs. We longs fon de sun an de stahs an mou Me an de banjo does.

But when de sun f'um de cloud looks out De melody soon sounds fast. De strings comes answerin wif a shout Like dey knowed dis de trouble's past. Den we tries our bes' an we sings a song Like we's saterfy dah wus No chance o' dis yearf a goin wronges Me an de banjo does.

—Washington Sear.

THE BLOOD SPLASHER.

Fabulous Wealth.

COMPOSITION OF "HISTORY."

dangerous enemy,

BURIED BY SAND. low Dunes Are Formed and Buildings Are Covered by Wind and Wave. Are Covered by Wind and Wave.
Along the shores of oceans and other
sarge bodies of water, especially in the reregion of the estuaries of large rivers, there
are usually immense masses of shifting
and. It is not within the scope of this are usually immense masses or shitting and. It is not within the scope of this article to describe the formation of these sand banks. It is sufficient to say, therefore, that they usually begin as long sand bars, behind which there are sheets of still water. These shallow bays in the course of time fill up with mud, becoming sait marshes intersected by thoroughfares, sait ponds and winding creeks. In the meantime the long, fiat sand bare have developed into sea islands or beaches. When the tide falls, the sand of the shore, ground into powder by the waves and dried by the sun and wind, is blown in the direction of the prevailing winds, usually inland. The sand moves like snow until it meets an obstruction, when a dune or sand hill forms, equal in height to the obstruction. A section through a dune shows a beautiful stratification, the sand having been deposited in thin layers, always varying, however, with the nature of the sand, the velocity of the wind and the obstructions, large or small, which it encounters. These dunes are not hurled bodily by the bresses, but little by little, forming and reforming, forward and backward, changing, in fact, with every caprice of the wind, gentle and almost imperceptible during a light sea breese, but a stinging, bilinking sand blast in times of gale. In spite, however, of all these minor changes, the sand mass is generally moving, perhaps only a few inches a year, in the direction of prevailing winds. A great deal depends upon the day winds, in that at night the sand is damp and firmer. And so mountains of sand are formed which are often held temporarily by hardy plants which have gained a precarious footing, but which sconer or later, unless watebed and fixed, begin to shift, engulfing meadows, farm lands, lakes, bays, inlets—in fact, anything unable to check its course. There are several instances where light-houses have been increased in height because of the sand which had been buried and exposed again on the ocean-side. It marked the site of an old field. On the North article to describe the formation of these

Is the Title of His Head Warrior-As

"First of all get rid of all illusions the subject."

The artist's life is often regarded as a dream of freedom and gayety. In the first place it means the student life in Munich, for the Iser town is to be recognized as the capital of German art, the seat of Apollo and the muses. In the neighborhood of Munich the Alps raise their snow capped crests against the sky, and the thousands of pathe which lead to the mountains are so many attractions to diversion. The

exest against the sky, and the thousands of paths which lead to the mountains are so many attractions to diversion. The would be student pictures to herself lovely evenings on the blue lest, rowing parties on the Starnbergersee—in short, it is like a vision of the promised land, and, like all other visions, does net materialize. Such dreams are no nearer the reality than are other dreams.

As a matter of fact, the life of the young art student is one continual round of work from early morn to dewy eve. One who expects to devote herself with any degree of success to art needs, besides the necessary talent, earnest application, dogged perseverance, good health, and, last but not lesst, money. There are, alasi many didents whose daily question is: "How the worth?" For it is not to be for one moment supposed that it is an easy matter to find fitting employment when the student has become a full fledged artist.

Because of such difficulties students of ten have their times of depression, during which the beauties of the student's life fade like the dreams of childhood in the presence of stern reality. The social and other advantages are so great an attraction te the neophyte, are not for the art student. Society and the natural beauty of the surroundings can be enjoyed but very sparingly, because the strength has to be husbanded for study.—International Magasine.

Bevenge Is Sweet.

Revenge is Sweet.

The Washington Post tells of the revenge a young man took on two other young man whose only offense was that they were too attentive to the young woman on whom the revengeful young man had set his heart. They were always at her house when he went to call. In fact, by their ill concealed grins of triumph he knew that they were playing a game with him, and were there merely to make him unhappy. They adopted all sorts of devices to find out when he meant to be calling on the young woman, and they never permitted him to outwit them. One evening he entered the drawing room of her home—it is on Seventeenth street, by the way—and found, as usual, his two grinning rivals comfortably seated. His eyes gleaned.

gleamed.

"Big fire down town," he said carelessly
"Where" asked the young lady.
"Well, you know Rosenbaumstein's
pawnshop," began the young mun.
His two rivals sprang to their feet and
made a dash for their hats. Their agitution was unmistakable.
"The fire's a block from that," continued the revengeful young man. He has the parlor and the girl to himself now-

Yorkshire outeness. Sitting one day on a fence near Sledmere, Sir Tatton was accosted by a tramp, who mistook him for a farmer, as well he might, the old gentleman affecting the dress of the yeoman. "Nay, my lad," he replied, "I can gle ye nought. But dost see yon house? Sir Tatton Sykes lives there, and he'll gle ye summat," The man trudged off up the road, and the baronet slipped back to the hall by a path and gave the butler instructions to let the tramp have a good meal and handed him a sovereign to give to his strange guest. Half an hour later the tramp, returning again, saw the old farn's er still seated on the fence. "Well, my lad," said the latter, "how did ye get on?" "Oh, thank you; I got a splendid dinner, and the ale was the best I ever tasted." "Did ye get nought else?" was the remark of the astonished farmer. "Here, come along back with me." Letting himself and his companion in by a side entrance, Sir Tatton rang for the butler, who turned ashy at the unexpected sight which met his gaze. Looking sternly at him for a minute or two, Sir Tatton said: "There's no consolen for me to make your mouth call your face a liar. You've been with me a long time, so I'll te you cff light. Give this man £2 and send £50 to the York hospital, or pack your traps up and go."—St. James Gazette.

The Deacon's Lecture on Job.

I dunno what dey call Job a patient man fer, kase of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he wuz de growlinest. But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—dat he did! De devil say,"Look heah, Job, you's in my power now, en I gwine ter 'flict you wid a few blies, so git ready!" En Job say: "All right. I kin stan it ef you kin." But, brudderin, de biles commence ter break out so thick en fas' dat Job say: "Look heah, man, dese ain't no blies. Dis de smallpox, sho's you bo'n!" En he eetch en eetch so dat he had der scratch hisself wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in a high wind en blow down Job's house, en dat wus too much. So Job lif' up he voice en say, "Look heah, I bargain fer blies, but I didn't want no harricane t'rowed in fer good measure!" En he growl en growl 'twell his fr'ens couldn't stan it no longer en hit de grit.—Atlanta Constitution. The Descon's Lecture on Job. THE BLOOD SPLASHER.

blood." Others contend that it is more correctly rendered by the term "Blood Splasher." In any case, it is no misnomer, for the General has taken part in every raid and every fight that has co-courred in Moseeni's country within the last ten years, and has always returned with victory. He is a finely built fellow, standing six feet high, and of massive build. He has several sons, the eldest of whom is said to be very bitter against Europeans. By putting Mpeseni in subjection, the whites have gotten rid of a dangeroug enemy.

Customer—There's one thing about your ice cream that I especially like. It is so well frozen, you know. Last night we had it in a warm room for hours, and it didn't melt much if any.

Salesman—Yes, sir; we pride ourselves upon the quality of our cream. We put so much cornstarch in it that it takes a lot of heat to soften it.—Boston Transcript.

"Is he very rich?"
"Oh, tremendously so! He actually has so much money he can't enjoy a game of poker."—New York Journal. **Consumption** 

▲ Little Virginia Girl Tells of the Course of Human Events. Will SCOTT'S EMULSION of Human Events.

A little Virginia girl who has covered considerable ground in the study of history has condensed the information she has so-quired into the following composition. It was received by the teachers with some degree of satisfaction, as it showed an attempt at original thought and was not a plain copy from the histories:

HISTORY. cure consumption? Yes and no. Will it cure every case? No. What cases will it cure then? Those in their earlier sempt at original thought and was not a plain copy irom the histories:

HISTORY.

HISTORY.

History is a subject I can say very little about it is very important a very useful study and interesting to those who can study some. Some can read it over and recite perfectly others can study hard for days and get it by heart-History tells you about the wars and about different countries in the old world and shout different countries in the old world and shout different countries in the old world and shout different countries in the old world and some samp different hind. United States History it reads of when Columbus Discovered that he world was round he got in his vessel to deen the waste and in short time shout in the direction land and he short time and west radies and came up to Marice and he saw land all round and keep on going from place to place and the saw it was round that was when he discovered and when the white people came they were very angry and the whites gained this land and the poor Indians had to leave place wasn't that went was read the limit and the poor Indians had to leave place wasn't that went and the Indians ahoud the white people how to make corn bread There is was between generals Robert E Lee Andrew Jackson on one side General Bradley Johnson and Unclasee S Grant but Andrew Jackson and Bobert E Lee are the most important.

The mes keep on making addresses just last night Smith (Kote.—A Dr. Smith from Richmond,ex-Confederate officer in Stenewall Jedeson's irroge, made an address at the town cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made an address at the town cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made an address at the town cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made an address at the town cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made and cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made and cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made and cohurch on the cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made and cohurch on the cohurthouse on Lee's birthday made and cohurch on the cohurch of the cohu stages, especially in young people. We make no exaggerated claims, but we have positive evidence that the

carly use of

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda in these cases results in a positive cure to a large num-ber. In advanced cases, however, where a cure is impossible, this well-known remedy should be relied upon to pro

long life surprisingly. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

IN LEE OF GIBRALTAR

the Mediterranean—Like the Lion.
Gibraitar,—(Special).—The rock of Gibraitar has been seen in pictures so often that every voyager to the Mediterranean has an elaborate and complete impression of how it is going to appear when he resches it. He may not go so far as to expect to see the large building of an insurance company painted on the side of the hill, with a searchlight thrown on it, but in my case the idea that it would be found sticking out in the water, dividing the Atlantic from the Mediterranean and rearing its huge front boldly to the mysterious deserts of Morocco, across the strait, was as firmly fixed as if the rock had been an old friend of the family. When our ship came in from the Azores and a faint rim of blue was seen on the

LIKE THE BRITISH LION.

horizon it was with a distinct shock that I found nowhere in sight the gigantic rock which, according to preconceived ideas, was to thrust its front high out of the water, blotting out the entire castern sky and easting a shadow over about four miles of the Atlantic ocean. The narrow line of blue proved to be Cape Trafalgar, on the Spanish coast. This was where the famous naval battle took place in which Admiral Nelson signaled that England expected every man to do his duty, and then died. There is a procession of ships, bound for London and the north, continually rounding the sharp headland. Away off to the south appeared another dim and undulating line. That was Africa, which, instead of conforming to time-honored idea of an African land-scape, seemed to be bordered by a range of good-size mountains. The mountains are nothing much in point of beauty, but imagination makes them different from other mountains. They seem a curtain that hides the mysteries of that dark continent, and it isn't hard to think that still those silent hills conceal the Barbary consair that used to levy tribute on passing ships.

On the Spanish side, as the ship enters

corsair that used to levy tribute on passing ships.

On the Spanish side, as the ship enters the strait, is the little town of Tarifa, whence the pirates sailed out to collect toll from the ships that came through the straits. There isn't much left of it except the ruins of a Moorish castle, a large lighthouse and some tinted one-story houses, but the fact that the place gave us the word "tariff" makes it interesting.

gave us the word "tariff" makes it interesting.

The conerging of the Spanish and African shores makes a channel eight or ten miles wide. There are high hills on each of the shores, and every hill is crowned by a lookout tower from which in medieval days the Moors passed signals along and kept watch over the straits for ships and over the land for their enemies. It is not until the ship from the west has got well into the narrow channel that the rock of Gibraltar can be seen, flat and unpretentious, to the northeast, rising in easy terraces from the sea to its greatest height, which is on the side facing Europe. At the distance from which it is first sighted it has none of the grim severity one expects to find, and the first thought is that the rock has been turned around. There is a bay on the west side of the rock, in which vessels anchor, and

it is at the head of the bay that the

GIBRALTAR FROM THE HARROR.

it is at the head of the bay that the common view of Gibral'ar is had. The high front which is so familiar rises not from the water, but from a flat plain, which unites it with Spain, and which is part of the half-circle that makes the head of the bay. Directly across the channel is the high elevation of Ape hill, and the two rocks, Gibraltar and Ape hill, or what the ancients called the pillars of Hercules. They were supposed to be the western limits of land, the gateway into the unknown. A man from Winnipeg who was on the boat going from Gibraltar to Taugier is authority for the statement that we get the dollar sign from these two cliffs. It seems that they used to have a symbol, two parallel vertical bars, to indicate these two rocks, with an S-shaped line to join them together and with the Latin words "Ne plus ultra," the symbol denoting that there was nothing beyond. I didn't attempt to verify the rumor, but the man from Winnipeg asserted with an impressive show of certainty and conviction that is surely was true.

Like Niagara Falls, the very first im-

tainty and conviction that it surely was true.

Like Niagara Falls, the very first impression of Gibraitar is that it is not as big and overwhelming as you expected it was, but after you have been under its shadows for awhile, it grows until you feel that no picture has ever half expressed its grim beauty. It has been compared by reason of its shape to a crouching lion that guards the entrance to the Mediterranean and jealously watches Europe to the north. If it were not known that it looked like a lion it night not have cocurred to one, but after one knows what to look for the resemblance certainly is striking.

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON. Some towns in Massachusetts grow very rapidly. There is one down on the Cape which had seven houses some 70 years ago, has had two built in the meanwhile, and one of these has burned down.

It is noted that the women of the royal families of Europe are on the average much stronger mentally and physically than the men.

\$3,000,000 IN A FLASH. Klondike Telegraph Line Wrecked by the Atlantic Cable.

Long ago—in 1868-4—there was no cable between Europe and America Transatlantic news—even during the Transatiantic news—even during the exciting episodes of the civil war—was always about a fortnight old. The attempt to make a cable connection had ended disastrously, and in this junction of affairs was organized a gigantic enterprise looking to the connection of the United States with Europe via Klondike and Bering sea. Most electricians and telegraphic experts had made up their minds that 40 miles—which was

their minds that 40 minss—white was the distance across the strait—represent-ed the longest a submarine cable could be successfully worked. A company was formed, and what was known in those days as Russian Extension stock went off at a premium

Extension stock went off at a premium of 60 per cent. In 1865 the line between New Westminster and the Yukon river was surveyed, found to be practicable and traversed completely the present Klondike region.

The line was expected to be finished in 1867. Even the tariff for messages was fixed at £5 (\$25) per message. The receipts were estimated to yield about \$9,000,000 per annum. The line was actually constructed from New Westminster along the present route of the Canadian Pacific railway to Ashcroft, where it was continued north toward Canadian Pacific railway to Ashcroft, where it was continued north toward Bering sea to Fort Stager, 300 or 400 miles beyond Quesnelle. This line is at the present moment in operation in a portion of the Caribou country.

Then, in the midst of the whole business, after three years of hard work, came like a thunderclap the news that the Atlantic cable was a success. Three

the Atlantic cable was a success. Three million dollars had been expended, yet the next day Russian Extension stock was not worth the printer's ink on its surface.—London Mail.



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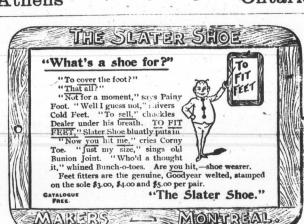
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