

VICTIMS OF A HOODOO HAT.

Such Things Seem Remarkably
Queer, but They Do Happen.

"Speaking of luck," said a New Orleans insurance man after somebody in the crowd had told a story about hoodoo, "I had a queer experience once with a straw hat. I bought it one evening on my way home and had waited hardly two blocks after putting it on when a piece of lumber fell off a scaffolding under which I was passing and struck me on the third shoulder. It knocked me over, and as I fell my new hat flew off and landed in the gutter. I was pretty badly bruised, and the hat was so soiled that I sent it next morning to the cleaner's. I was laid up for three days by the accident, and just as I was leaving the house for the first time a messenger boy came to the door with the hat. I put it on and started for the office, but as I was crossing Carondelet street I missed my footing and fell into a pan of dog excrement. A sprained ankle was the net result of that mishap, and when I came home in a cab my wife held up her hands in holy horror.

"I believe that's an unlucky hat," she declared, looking around, womanlike, for a handy scapegoat. "Every time you wear it you get hurt." My brother-in-law, Jim, was in the house at the time, and he laughed heartily. "Give it to me," he said, "and I'll break the charm." "All right," said I, and he carried it off. Early next morning his servant girl brought it back neatly wrapped up in tissue. "Miss Jim says he ain't got no further use for this 'ere hat," she announced, "and he done put it on his night, an' er back run inter him an' like ter bust him open." It was a fact. He had collided with a cab in front of the theaters and was badly hurt. Of course that clinched the sinister reputation of the hat, and to such stand all hands under Aunt Mandy, our cook, and told her to throw it into the trash barrel.

"Now comes the really queer part of the story. Two or three days after a boy came to the house at about dusk with a message from police headquarters, saying that Pete, a faithful old darky who looks after our horse and buggy, had been arrested for fighting. I knew him to be a very peaceable old fellow, so I hurried down to investigate and found him sitting in a cell with his head swathed in gory bandages. It seemed that he had been set upon by a couple of darky roughts and severely beaten before the officer arrived and put all hands under arrest. I offered myself as his surety, and in a few moments he was released. "I done got er mighty bad crack on th' head," he said in telling about the fracas, "but I wouldn't keer if that triflin nigger hadn't spoiled my new hat." As he spoke he held up the wreck by the brim, and something about it struck me as being familiar. "Where did that hat come from?" I asked with a sudden misgiving. "Aunt Mandy give it to me," he replied. I snatched it out of his hand and kicked it into a sewer opening. "Pete," said I solemnly, "you'd better thank the Lord that you're alive."

"The hoodoo hat hasn't been heard from since, and I trust sincerely I have put a period to its mission of crime."

POETIC LEGEND OF PECOS.

The Fall of a Tree That Failed a

Through all the grotesque darkness of Pueblo superstition runs a bright thread of poetic legend, and one legend, since it is woven around the ruined pueblo of Pecos, has a right to be told here.

Pecos was founded by the man god, the Montezuma himself, and he therefore probably felt a protective interest in it. At any rate, when the usurping Spaniards laid upon the conquered Pueblo a cursed rule of restraint and wrong, Montezuma invoked against them the aid of his brother gods in heaven. These told him to plant a tree upside down beside the chief estufa of Pecos and to light a holy fire upon the altar, and if the fire were kept burning until the tree fell then would there come to the rescue of the oppressed a great pale faced nation and deliver them from the Spanish thrall.

So the fire was lit and a sentinel was posted to guard its sacred flame, and the tree was planted—under the circumstances the planter would be excusable in planting the tree as insecurely as possible. But year after year passed, and the tree remained standing. Sentinel succeeded sentinel and the flame lived on. Generations withered away, yet deliverance seemed no nearer. One day there came a rumor from old Santa Fe that the city had surrendered to a white faced people. Was this the band of deliverers? That day at noon the sacred tree toppled and fell. Spanish rule was no more. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

If there is any unbeliever of this legend let him go to the ruins of Pecos and see for himself that, whereas the city was built upon a mesa so barren that no trees are there nor ever have been there, yet across the crumbling estufa lies the fallen body of a pine of mighty growth. The like of it is not for many miles around. Whence, then, did it come?

Why He Kicked.

For reasons which will assert themselves herein the names of the parties who figure in this story cannot be mentioned. Both, however, were well known actors.

They met one day, and the following conversation took place:

First Actor—I understand you are attacking my character among friends.

Second Actor—What of it? I admit I said a number of things about you.

"Well, I warn you now you'd better quit."

"I haven't said anything which isn't so."

"That's just what I'm kicking about. You can lie about me all you please, but you've got to quit telling the things you have been telling."

The Difference.

Mother—Clara, I wish you would take this package of cornstarch over to Mrs. Goodwin's.

Clara—Mother, you know how I hate to lug a bundle around. I know it isn't heavy, but then it's a bother.

And then she took her bag of golf sticks and carried them all the afternoon over a 25 acre lot without so much as a murmur of discontent.

The Easy End.

Lady—Are you willing to saw wood if I give you your dinner?

Thomas—No, but I'll do the other half.

Tom—The other half of what?

Tom—The ridge. I'll say nothing—

Chorus—No.

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



Monday morning opened bright and clear with a stiff wind blowing down the lake. The pro tem president decided to hunt at the lower end of the lake and all the men, with the exception of the cook (who was to keep a bright lookout from camp), were assigned stations at convenient points. Fred and Geo. M. were given stations on Bass lake, Len was guarded a point at the foot of Clear lake, and the Scribe dropped off at the narrows between those two lakes. Here the water was only ten or twelve inches deep in the

light glimmering in the house of the water he had proposed to stay with at first and he decided to go back and stay until morning, when his present host was to come and get him. This was on Saturday evening. After putting in an uncomfortable night from various causes, he was up at the break of dawn and getting a slight breakfast started up the lake for the Dutchman's (Crowbar's), where he hoped to meet some of the hunters when they came out for their mail. So certain was he that some of the party would be there during the day, he paid off his kind friend and settled down to wait. Hour after hour passed, and still they came not. The afternoon faded into evening and evening into night and still no one came down from camp. He went up on the hills commanding a view of the way they would have to come and built a huge bonfire in hopes that if the boys were down the lake they would take the hint and row over or him. Crowbar had gone to the lumber camp early in the day, taking the only boat he had, so there was no resort but to settle down and wait. Morning dawned and still the boys came not. He made enquiries and learned that the only available man and boat was through the woods about three miles. He walked back there and got him to take a canoe with a pair of oars on and row up the lake against a stiff head wind, a distance of over six miles, to the Dutchman's. On landing at the foot of the rapids and making enquiries of Crowbar's family, he found that the boys had not yet put in an appearance, so they started against a stiff head breeze and a rolling sea towards camp, with the result of finding the Scribe at the narrows, as before related. In talking over the incidents of the hunt thus far with Ed, the Scribe

was so rejoiced at its liberation that it refused to leave and followed Fred to the shore and down to camp, where it was taken in charge by the cook and fed on the best the larder afforded. From the description given, the settler said the dog belonged to Crowbar, who had gone down the river with a party of hunters, and that he would take Ed on to camp and bring away the dog.

It was nightfall when the boys all reached camp and after laying plans for the morrow, the tired hunters sought their couches.

The president assumed command on the following morning and decided that as they had been in poor luck for the last few days the party would all go over to the little lake on which the skiff had been placed on the day after pitching camp. For hours the woods were scoured by hunters and dogs without result, and at a council held that evening it was decided to go down to the foot of the lake and try a run and then go down the river and see what the prospects were for changing camp. The run was not successful and some of the men went down the river three or four miles and were so favorably impressed with the looks of the country that they all favored moving camp, with the exception of the Scribe, who urged the hard work of packing and moving for six or eight miles as a reason why it was better to try to find game in the present location.

The boys had their minds made up to change, and while a few went over to the little lake and lugged the skiff back to camp, the rest busied themselves in packing up the camp fixtures and getting ready for a start in the morning. On loading the boats, they found that the dogs, deer and fish would have to be left behind for a second trip. The boats got away

in a grove of pine, birch and balsam. The tent was set up within twenty feet of the water and by dark evening things were as usual, excepting that the boughs for bedding were spread on the ground along one side of the tent. It was not thought worth while to go to the hard work of fitting up bunks for the short time the men were to remain in camp. As Byron and Fred did not return at nightfall, it was feared that they were having difficulty in getting their heavy boat over the portage and a couple of men rowed up to assist if necessary. On reaching camp, the men said that the deer, fish and dogs made a very heavy load for the boat and their progress was therefore slow. They had decided to take the deer and fish up into the woods at the mouth of the river and leave them hung up until on the way out. This took some time as the deer were very heavy for two men to handle and they wished to place them out of the way of prowling bear or wolf.

That evening a couple of men under the guidance of Crowbar came up the lake from their location a half-mile away. They reported having had good luck, having captured six fine deer, and expected to leave in a day or two for home.

Eczema Relieved in a day.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all skin eruptions. In from three to six nights it will cure B'ind, Bleeding, and Itching Piles. One application brings comfort to the most irritating cases. 35 cents.—111

Indigestion Can't Stay where Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are arrayed against it. Thomas Smith of Dover Ont., says, "I am delighted with them—from almost the first using I have been entirely relieved of the pains of indigestion—I have the greatest confidence in the Tablets and heartily recommend them to any and every sufferer from stomach troubles." 35 cts.—112

It Told the Truth. A countryman on a visit to Glasgow, while walking along Argyle street reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion: "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that, and the same w' the clothes shops tae. They are jist a lot o' loons." They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at any rate. But any danged fool kens that cast iron wad sink."

Her Choice. Once upon a time a Young Person, by Dint of Frugality, had accumulated a Wad, and the season of Millinery Openings having come, it was now Up to her.

"Shall I," she mused in no small anxiety, "make my Wad look like 30 cents, or shall I trim my own hat and thus make myself look like 30 cents?" As the Shrewd Reader will doubtless have conjectured, the Upshot of the matter was that the Young Person purchased a Lovely Imported Creation, costing \$50.

Obeysing Papa. Stern Father—Now, now, my boys, quarreling again—and for a miserable little halfpenny?

One of the Boys—Well, you said, father, the less we quarreled about the better!—London Tit-Bits.

A Sweet Emerson. "What a beautiful volume of Emerson's 'Essays' you have, Miss Mudge." "Yes. Isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."

THE SWEDISH GRIEVANCE. Didn't Mind Abuse, but Objected to Being Called a Norwegian.

"When Swift said that it was impossible to get an idea into a Scotchman's head without trephining him, he spoke without knowledge of the average Swede, at least as we find him in this country," said a prominent builder in an up town hotel recently. "I think I can tell a story that carries out that theory," he went on, "and it relates to an experience a friend of mine, an architect, had with one of that nationality not long ago."

The architect in question had erected a handsome dwelling for his own use in a nearby suburb, and one day, after it was completed, he went out to look it over. The frescoing had been completed and some of the carpets and rugs laid, and you can imagine his feelings when he discovered that a water pipe had burst in one of the halls and the overflow was gradually ruining his property.

"My friend dashed out of the house, greatly perturbed, and brought back with him the first plumber he found in the village. He pointed to the ruined walls and told the pipe doctor to get to work at once."

"The plumber, however, seemed to be in no hurry to save the premises. He looked around calmly and then drawled: "Well, dat been a pooty big yob. I gotten take out d' washboards and d' floors. Dat been a pooty big yob."

"Well, for heaven's sake, get at it," turned my friend. "Don't you see the place is being ruined? Get to work."

"Yes, I seen dat," remarked the imperturbable plumber, "but dat costen pooty big. Dat a big yob."

"Nothing apparently could move the fellow, so my friend, after telling him a few honest, hard facts, kicked him down stairs and out of the house. The plumber repaired at once to the village saloon, where he told his tale of woe."

"Say," he drawled, "vat been de matter mit dat feller up dere? I guess he must been crazy. He got me oop dere in dot new house to make a job of work, and 19 times he called me a Norwegian fool, and all de time I vos a Swede."

CURTAIN RAISERS.

"In the Soup" is an English farcical comedy.

Sothern has been asked to play Hamlet in London at the end of his American tour.

Henry Miller may play Captain Percy in the stage version of "To Have and to Hold."

Louis James and Kathryn Kidder are to appear in "The Tempest" later in the season.

Three hundred and forty-seven plays were acted last year at the Royal theater in Berlin.

It is claimed by men who should be well informed on the subject that 25,000 actors are employed on the American stage.

Richard Mansfield, it is said, spent \$30,000 on his production of "King Henry V" and gave it eight weeks of constant rehearsing.

Edythe Skerrett, who has been assigned to one of the minor roles in "The Adventures of Francois," is a daughter of Admiral Skerrett, U. S. N.

Charles Frohman in an elaborate interview denies the widely current report that he objects to actors and actresses under his management getting married.

It is stated that the sun never sets upon the performance of Broadhurst's "What Happened to Jones." The farce is being played in some part of the globe every one of the 24 hours of the day.

It is estimated that Augustus Thomas, author of "Arizona," will receive over \$25,000 royalties from that piece alone this season, and Mr. Thomas has three other new pieces playing this season besides "Arizona."

When Miss Olga Nethersole returns to America, she will bring with her a new leading man, Mr. G. Harrison Hunter, who is at present in W. S. Penley's company. Although Mr. Hunter is best known on the English stage, he is a native of Nashville, Tenn.

BEE BUZZES.

If at this time bees lack food, it is always best to feed early.

A queen is found most easily on a fine day, when many bees are afield.

The bees need, as a general thing, all the honey they gather in the fall.

Frames of empty combs can be best taken care of by placing them in ordinary hives.

It is the bees reared during the fall that we have mainly to depend upon next spring.

Feed bees now for winter stores, but before feeding see that all have good queens.

The bees should occupy the combs in the center of the hive and the honey to surround them.

One pound of bees and a queen will make a fair working little colony during the honey season.

By feeding in good season the bees can have plenty of time to seal up their stores and be ready for winter.

Each colony should have a frame or two of brood, as it is the bees hatched in the fall that survive the winter.

The bees should be put into shape and all fixed up ready for winter before the first frost comes.

TOWN TOPICS.

Biwabik, Minn., has had a bad cyclone, but its name looked that way before it happened.—Chicago Daily News.

Charleston just now is restive under the charge of the light brigade. Illuminating agencies are allied there against the taxpayers.

According to the Kansas Tribune, Kansas City is to be excluded from the American league next season. The playing of the home team for the last two seasons has prepared this town to accept such a fate with resignation.—Kansas City Journal.

So poor is the spelling in some of the Chicago schools that a return to the spelling methods of the country schools of two decades ago is earnestly advocated in the Windy City. Even Chicago may yet realize that old and tried methods are the best sometimes.

Spilled His Breakfast.

"How is the landlady this morning?" asked one of the boarders.

"Threatening and cooler," answered the man with the newspaper, misunderstanding the question.

And the other boarder, who was notoriously slow in settling with the landlady, looked partly cloudy.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia.—I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong. Mrs. WILLIAM VANTAKESBROOK, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine.—We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine. E. S. FARRON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

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 injections are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$1 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8 cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.

Ward's Phospho-line is sold in Athens by J. P. Lamb & Son.



for a long time and finally led down towards the shore of the lake near a deep bay, the shores of which were thickly strewn with float-wood. Although three of the men were in plain sight of the bay, the deer eluded the dog and the eyes of the watchers and escaped.

About the middle of the afternoon, the Scribe, from his watch at the Narrows, saw a canoe propelled by two men coming across the lake from the direction of civilization and in a few minutes the genial countenance of Ed. Geiger, the president of the Club, was observed in the stern of the canoe. After receiving a warm hand-shake, he proceeded to give his experience in getting in from the railway station. He came on the one-horse mail-wagon from Trout Creek, reaching the post office at Restoule at dark. He was such an entertaining companion that the stage-driver volunteered to take him on to the settler's where he was to get ferried over to the Dutchman's, at which place he hoped to meet some of the party and get on to camp. On reaching the settler's house, he found it closed and walked on a mile to the next house where he made arrangements to stay all night. He had just partaken of a hastily prepared lunch when a wagon load of visitors arrived who were to stay all night. On looking over the size of the house and the accommodation for guests, he concluded that he would have to sleep standing up against the wall, but on going out into the open air for a moment he saw

incidentally spoke of a stray dog that had been found by Fred up on the hills a few days before that with a chain attached had got away from its owner. The chain had caught in the roots of a tree and held the poor brute fast. From appearances, the hound must have been there several days, and



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

the howls of the nearly starved animal were so pitiful that Fred decided to leave his watch and climb the face of an almost perpendicular mountain and see what was the cause. The hound

about eight that morning, and after a row of about six miles came to the foot of the lake and river, where a dam and side had been built years before by the lumbermen to get the timber and logs out to the mills.

Here was a portage, or carry-over place of about three hundred and fifty yards. Our pen sketch shows the boats lying in the basin at the dam and the men carrying the camp equipment over the portage. Just as they were picking up their first loads, a young man came over the portage carrying a canoe. He said he had a nice buck lying at the other end of the portage that he had killed a few rods down the river. The boys helped him carry his prize across and he reciprocated by helping to tote the luggage over the same route.

Byron and Fred volunteered to take the largest skiff and go back for the dogs, deer and fish and allow the others to go down the river and spy out the land, find a place for camp, and get things in shape for the night. It was one of the most beautiful of Indian summer days and far different from that on which the trip to the first camp was made. It took nearly two hours to portage the boats, bals and boxes, and Charlie and Ed, having the smallest boat and lightest load, were sent on ahead to select a camping place. The rest of the men with the boats pulled along as fast as the heavy loads would permit and after going about three miles below the portage they found a splendid camping place

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