## THE ATHENS REPORTER, JULY 18, 1900

#### scythe on my shoulder and was first LED on the ground, but the general was only a few minutes behind me. I had planned to begin at his heels, but his plan was to begin at my head. I saw Herald. it in his eyes as we stood there. Yes, suh, he meant to decapitate me at the narles

two rods long. wis. wn in Misuperate, suh," e restored his glass "to rest and recuperate hard work in the state senwas chased by a nigger came galloping that way. He busted through the people, sub-he busted his way right

tagonist and said:

Problems," says:

all certainty.

to the sun.

the End Will Come.

valor, suh.

ate. I hadn't been there a day when I met up with a person who called himself General Blum. He didn't have the look of a general, suh, but I didn't start in asking questions. I accepted his word that he had been a generalaccepted his word as a gentleman does, and he invited me into the nearest barroom to imbibe a cocktail. We didn't imbibe. When the general called for drinks for two, his order was not taken. In other words, suh, as he didn't put down his money the cocktails remained unnixed. The general looked at me appealingly, but I turned away. I would not hurt his feelings by offering to pay for the drinks.

'Had General Blum stopped there partisans." all would have been well, but he did not stop. Next day he called on me to talk over the late wah. It wasn't ten minutes, suh, before I began to doubt him. I found that he didn't know the



difference between a charge of cavalry and a drove of mewls. When he had related how he led his division at Get tysburg, dashed forward at Spottsyl vania and received three wounds at Petersburg, I rose up-I rose up to my full height, suh-and, looking him straight between the eyes, I said: "'General Blum, yo' will excuse me,

suh, but where can I find yo'r wah record? 'Nowhere,' he replied. 'They were

so jealous of me that it has never been written up.

"We had a few other words, suh, and I felt that it was due to my dignity to challenge him. He received the challenge coolly and sent his friend to ar range matters. Claiming to be a sol dier and a gentleman, he selected pick axes as weapons. Think of it, suhthink of a gentleman taking such a course! I refused, of co'se. Then he turned to plantation hoes, to cotton hooks, to ball clubs and to long handled shovels. It was my duty under the circumstances to preserve my dignity, and it has gone down in history I preserved it. I insisted that we fight with sword or pistol, and I refused to dignify him by debating his proposals. Then General Blum himcalled to see me. He found me frigid and determined. 'Colonel Bunker,' says he, 'yo' have doubted my veracity, and I desire to shed yo'r blood.

After all it is not surprising that postage stamps should stick to the fingers in a warm climate like that of Cuba.—Sioux first sweep. Mo' than that, he had sent to New Orleans for a special City Journal. scythe, and he had secured one about Foreign nations are looking with increased respect on the American drei-bund-King Coal, King Cotton and King "By and by we were ready. I felt Corn.-Philadelphia Ledger. my loss of dignity, but I had to save Two American vaudeville ompanies have sailed for Manila with a few kegs my honah. The word was about to be given, and in another moment the emof salted coon songs and picked jokes of ems of time would have been swishing through the air, when a mewl who

the 1899 vintage.-Minneapolis Journal. With milk that will kill cats and butter that will kill rats the scientific adulteration of food products has reached a high stage of efficiency. - Minneapolis along-and he struck the general and Times. A Paris physician tried on himself a long life elixir he had compounded, with the result that his life in the other world knocked him into a ditch and then planted both heels on my stomach and rendered me unconscious for half an

will be longer than he anticipated .- Boshour. The duel didn't go on. When I ton Globe got my breath again, I offered to pro-If there is one thing worse than the ceed from a sitting position, and, albicycle scorcher, it is the automobile though the general was telescoped by

THE VERDICT.

scorcher. He is just so much more a nui-sance as he is bigger. He needs to learn the collision, it is due to him to say that he would have stood on one leg the same lesson that has been inculcated and fought it out. But it was not to be. The public decided that all parat much expense wherever the wheel has bred recklessness.—New York Press. The rural postoffice is threatened. If ties, including the mewl, had wiped the rural delivery system proves as suc-cessful as is anticipated, the little corper grocery with its little pigeonhole case in the corner will be a thing of the past. away any stains on their reputations, and we were escorted to town by our It has been a venerated institution, but

"And of course you and the general the progressive age is disposing of many things our sentiment would spare.— Huntington (Md.) News-Democrat. drank together and made up?" I asked. "Of co'se, suh, of co'se-that is, the general didn't invite me, and I didn't invite him, but when a third party proposed cocktails-a party whose cred-CURTAIN RAISERS. it was good at the bar-we accompanied him. And as to the making up. "To Have and to Hold" is to be dram-

suh, we had imbibed and replaced our atized Stuart Robson will use "Oliver Goldglasses when I looked at my late ansmith" next season.

A new pastoral comedy bears the title " 'General Blum, I cannot doubt you of "Cowslip Farm." Mme. Modjeska is to appear the com "And he looked at me with eves

ing season in a revival of Shakespeare's which were moist and replied: 'King John.' " 'Colonel Bunker, the man who ques-Scalchi, the favorite operatic contralto tions your chivalry is my enemy." of the early seventies, is to appear on the "Then our hands met, our friend vaudeville stage. called for three more, and the loving

The author of "The Iron Tooth" is to cup restored peace and good will." prepare another play under the direction M. QUAD. of Emperor William.

In "The Bowery After Dark" a part is now being written for Terry McGov-ern, the boxer, who will appear in it next THE DEATH OF THE WORLD. Scientists Fail to Agree as to How Mr. J. B. Jefferson, in speaking of the

Scientists seem to agree that the close of his father's season, mentioned the fact that Joseph Jefferson is now 72 earth some day is to be destroyed by a gigantic cataclysm, but fail to agree upon the "how." Dr. Henry Smith years old. Molly Elliot Seawell's new story, "The

House of Egremont." is to be dramatized by William Young, author of the stage version of "Ben-Hur." Williams, in writing in Harper's Monthly on "Some Unsolved Scientific Wersion of "Ben-Hur." Miss Marie Tempest will appear as Nell Gwynne in Anthony Hope and Ed-ward Rose's adaptation of Hope's novel, "If so much uncertainty attends these fundamental questions as to the

earth's past and present, it is not "Simon Dale." in London. Henry E. Dixey has been engaged to originate the character of Francois in strange that open problems as to her future are still more numerous. We have seen how, according to Professor Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of his father's (Dr. S. Weir Mitchell) story, "The Adventures of Francois." Darwin's computations, the moon

threatens to come back to earth with The new play, "Her Majesty," in which Grace George will appear, was produced for copyright purposes in Lon-don; but, as the lord chamberlain objectdestructive force some day. Yet Professor Darwin himself urges that there are elments of fallibility in the data involved that rob the computation of ed to the title, the name was changed to

#### "Much the same thing is true of perhaps all the estimates that have been WRITERS AND PAINTERS. made as to the earth's ultimate fate.

Mark Twain is hard at work upon an-other book. He does all his writing be-fore noon, gives the rest of the day to what he is pleased to call "loafing" and corrects proofs in the evening. M. Zola has left Paris for his country house of Medon where he is to apply Thus it has been suggested that, even should the sun's heat not forsake us. our day will become month long and then year long: that all the water of the globe must ultimately filter into its

house at Medan, where he is to apply himself assiduously to the preparation of a new work of fiction which is to be a sequel to "Fecondite." The novelist has depths and all the air fly off into space, leaving our earth as dry and as devoid of atmosphere as the moon, and, finally, that ether friction, if it exists, not yet decided upon the title which he will give to his new social study. Ivan Constanovitch Alvasovski, the faor, in default of that, meteoric friction,

must ultimately bring the earth back avan Constancylich Alvasovski, the fa-mous Armenian painter, has just died. For some time he had been a professor in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. Born in 1817, he was the favorite artist of four czars—Nicholas I, "But in all these prognostications there are possible compensating factors that vitiate the estimates and leave the exact results in doubt. The last Alexander II, Alexander III and Nichoword of the cosmic science of our cen-

Boston lately, painting an importan

the fall to execute a number of commis-sions. Mr. Story is the husband of Em-

ma Eames, the opera singer, and son of the late William W. Story, the sculptor.

THE DOMINIE.

portrait of a prominent resident of that

He has just left, but will return in

# PUZZLED ALLAROUND

There will be a big time at the St. Louis exposition of 1903, consisting of a watch 75 feet in diameter.—Los Angeles AN AMUSING INCIDENT THAT EXCITED A SLEEPING CAR.

> Mystery That Was Started by Bridal Couple, Heightened by an Unembarrassed Young Man and Unveiled by the Dusky Porter.

The bridal couple boarded the train at uspension Bridge. He was a smooth faced, well set up young man, and she was a sweet, pretty girl of a bride. There was a large, very hilarious company of wedding guests to see them off, and as the pair struggled from their carriage to the sleeping car they were almost lost to view in showers of rice and flying old shoes. Even this demonstration was not

considered adequate, and a dozen or so young men followed them to their seats and poured streams of rice over them and down their backs until the train pulled

down their backs until the train pulled out, while the crowd on the platform howled joyfully. The young couple stood the ordeal with great courage, and after the train had started did so well that before long the rest of the passengers in the car left off watching them and began turning in. watching them and began turning in.

The next morning the interest in them grew again, when section after section of the car was made up until the bridal couple's section stood alone with its curtains still drawn. This was the state of things at 8 o'clock, and at 8:30 there had een no change. Nine and a quarter past ame round, and still there was no sign of life from the bridal section. When shortly after half past  $\Phi$  a slight, myste-rious movement was apparent behind the curtains, almost a sigh of relief went up

from the rest of the car. The movement continued, increased, until suddenly, after an especially violent agitation of the curtains, they parted sufficiently to let a young man slip be-tween them into the aisle. His hair was rumpled and his coat collar turned. and he carried a traveling bag and various articles of wearing apparel to be donned in the washroom. As the young man hurried forward he seemed

mewhat puzzled by the almost smiling interest of the rest of the car, but of embarrassment he showed not a trace. When he had disappeared, the car settled itself to await the egress of the bride. But if she was about to make her appearance she showed no signs of it. Neither sound nor motion was discernible from the recesses behind the curtains. In a little while the young man came back showing the freshened effect of cold water and hairbrushes and moved

the bottom of the curtains aside suffi-ciently to shove his bag under the berth. As he rose to his feet again the car saw that he was looking down reflectively at the cargo of rice which covered the floor. He continued to regard it for some time,

fixedly. Then he raised his eyes and surveyed the car. There was a more or less unsuppressed smile on every face, but the young man still showed no embar-rassment. His eyes traveled down one side and back the other, and they were filled only with a calm thoughtfulness. Then he arranged the folds of the heavy curtains with elaborate solicitude and finally went forward again and whispered something to the porter. The car, to a passenger, would probably have gladly paid double fare to have heard those half dozen whispered words. The pretty mys-tery was assuming proportions. But the porter only said, "Yes, suh." And then the young man went over and sat down gravely in an end seat from where he looked smack into the face of every soul

in the car. By this time it was no longer interest that moved the inmates of the car. It was palpitation of the heart. The air was crisp with expectation. It seemed certain that the bride must now make

her appearance. The next moment the porter came down the aisle toward the bridal section. He was a fat and very black porter. For

an instant he paused before the silent curtains. Then a thrill of horror ran through the car, and several men got half way to their feet. With two swift moveents he had pulled the curtains wide apart and was thumping and pulling at something within! Another instant and horror had given way to amazement, for the inside of the berth immediately became visible to all who cared to see. The porter was making up the section. The

#### A QUEER EXPERIENCE. "Example is Better How a Possible Marriage Was Pr vented by a Burglary.

"I had a queer experience once with a burglar," said a Nebraska merchant on his way to New York to buy goods. "For the past 15 years I have been making several trips a year to New York, and this incident occurred about ten years ago. I had met a very intelligent and interesting woman in the city, a widow, of an age suitable for me, and as I was a widower I had made up my mind if liked her as well when I saw her again as I had for the two weeks I had lived in

would begin to talk seriously to her. "I knew nothing about her whatever exceept that she interested me, and as she seemed to be a nice woman and I had two boys who needed a good woman's care I thought she might interest my boys as well. She had given me her photograph, and I had it with me on the trip to let her see, if necessary, that I liked to have her around.

"On my way I stopped over one night in Chicago with a brother I had there, and during the night my room was en-tered by a burglar. He must have been a very smooth one, for I never heard a thing and only knew he had been there by finding my money and watch and jew-

elry and papers done up in a package and left on the bureau. Nothing was missing as far as I could discover except the photograph, which I had left in a handsome leather frame on the bureau Frame and photograph were gone, and pinned to the mirror was a note in a good, legible hand which read as follows:

"Dear Six-Whoever you may be, pardon the Hberty I have taken in coming uninvited into your room. I have taken with me nothing but a photograph of my mother. Don't tell her.

"Possibly the hand shook when it wrote the note, but if it did I could not detect it in the writing. Evidently, though, it was genuine, for the burglar had left nearly \$1,000 worth of stuff that he could have taken with the photograph. In a event, I did not mention the visit of In any burglar to my brother, and he had not disturbed any other part of the house, my room probably being the first and the

my room probably being the inst and the photograph saving all the others. "Neither did I say any hing to the wid-ow about the burglar, or about the other watter, either. I was just as polite as ever, but it ended there. Incidentally I spoke to her one day about my boys, and she said she had a boy somewhere in the world, but he had run away from home when he was 16, and she had not seen him in seven years or heard of him. There were tears in her eyes when she spoke, and I felt a little odd about the eyes myself, but I kept my secret. I'm telling it now because she died about a year ago.'

### The Reason For Some Failures.

How many public men have fallen be-cause they have been discourteous to sub-ordinates, to newsgatherers, to voters after election! How many, on the other hand, have climbed to great heights of power and reputation because they paid attention to the civilities of life! People have long memories. They never forgive the slightest affront to their sover-

eignty. The moment a public man so far forgets the source of his power as to treat the humblest individual with scant courtesy he places in action an engine for his own destruction. Per contra, let an official be thoroughly agreeable in manner and genuinely interested in the welfare of persons whom he may never have oc-casion to "use," and he places in un-known hands cymbals to proclaim his

merits. Popular favor is swayed as often by the personal manner of a candidate as by the principles he represents. True courtesy, however, springs from the heart rather than from the head. If takes little account of rank or circum-stance or benefits to be derived.—Sucthe It

Realism.

cess.

Rebecca Gins walked down the lane putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph wires. The poles were about 85 yards apart. A robin sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. The red-dish color of its breast and the gray brown of its plumage contrasted with the white of its perch. Rain had fallen

Than Precept." It is not what we say, but

what Hood's Sarsaparila 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.

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Whitby, Ont. A Cood Medicine - "We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Fills for billousness and found both medicines very leffective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. PELTON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and nly cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

Oil Bathing. Oil bathing is a regular institution among the Hindoos. An experienced masseur rubs the oil on his patrons, friends or relatives generally once a week. And it is a fact that moles, warts and such faults of the surface of the skin are very rare among them. The newborn infant gets the oil bath daily for 40 days. The intervals are then gradually lengthened, but he will be considered a very naughty boy who during his school days tries to shirk the oil bath at least once a week. As a youngster he yells all the time he is being bathed. Perhaps it is good for his lungs. Anyhow nobody thinks of finding fault with the nurse for the hallooing of her charge, and, generally speaking, it may be said that Indians have better lungs and better pectorals as compared to the body weight than the Europeans, and the feminine bust is decidedly fuller and more perfect. -C. N. Saldanha in Lancet.

#### They All Change,

Mrs. Younglove-Oh, dear! Such is life! Before we got married George was tagging around after me all the time. I couldn't get away from him for a minute. That was three months ago. Her Dearest Friend-Poor child! What

has the wretch done? "He said last night that he thought we'd move next month to some place where he can have a den so as to get by himself once in awhile."-Chicago Times-Herald.

#### A Big Array.

"It'll take 10 cents to carry that, madam," said the postal clerk. "Oh, my! Will it?" she exclaimed. "Well, give me ten 1 cent stamps, then." "Why not a 10 cent stamp?" "No," she said, "I want to feel that I'm getting my money's worth."-Philadelphia Record

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all—better for the jeweler, the florist, the messenger boy and sometimes for the lawyers.—Hz-



I desire to shed it by the quart and the gallon. If yo' are not a coward, yo' will meet me at sunrise across the rivr-across the river, suh! As the challenged party I have the choice of weap-1 will name scythes, sub-scythes -at two paces! The scythe is an emblem of time, Colonel Bunker, and it was with a scythe 1 mowed down

scores of the enemy at Appomattox.' "I stood on my dignity, suh-stood

on my dignity and rejected the weapcould find him work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the same ons. No gentleman had ever fought a duel with a scythe in his hands. It time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to would degrade the code-degrade the that rope you shall have some work." code, sub, and make me a public The Irishman got hold of the rope laughing stock . I stormed at that and, showing it to the captain, said, "That's one end, your honor." Then he man, suh. I begged and entreated and even sought to bribe him to meet me with pistols or swords. But he was took hold of the other end and show-firm. He was settled on scythes and ing it to the captain as before, said, would not budge. I bowed him "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the out and appealed to the public. And rope, he threw it overboard, saying, on my honah, suh, on the honah of the man who led the desperate charge at "And faith there's another end to it, Cedar Mountain, the public agreed with your honor. General Blum! Yes, sub, the public He was immediately engaged .- Loncontended that it was my duty as a don King.

gentleman to engage in a duel with scythes! I brought forward the code for 800 years past, but it made no difference.

"A duel with scythes, suh-a meetthe Rue du Bac," says Vance Thomping on the field of hough with farming implements! . No gentleman's dig-Evening Post. "He glanced casually nity would permit of it. I argued and at the pictures on the walls-'symphoprotested and disputed, but General nies' in rose and gold, in blue and gray, Blum and the public were firm. In in brown and green. "'How much for the lot?' he asked standing to my guns I lost prestige. LAt the end of three days scarcely a with the confidence of one who owns man in town would nod to me, and gold mines. the newspapers were asking if Colonel Burker was afraid. It was then, suh, and only then, that I resolved to "'My posthumous prices,' And the painter added, 'Good morning.'" fight the general with his own weapons. I must do it to save my prestig The public was with me at once. had my pick of 20 different scythes, and I was determined from the first savant, says that the sons of ministers that I would begin at the general's heels and gradually cut him down to have contributed to science more eminent men than has any No mercy should be shown He might have added, too, that they in such a case. Public excitement ran have also swelled the ranks of the as high as if a state election was bepoets, theologians and not a few of ing held, and when the morning of the the military heroes of the past.-Satduel came there were sum treds on the ground to see. I set with my,

tury is a prophecy tion be an evil. But it is left for the science of another generation to point out more clearly the exact terms in which the prophecy is most likely to be fulfilled.'

Found the Ends.

A Whistler Story.

'Four millions,' said Whistler.

The Sons of Clergymen

hch

other class.

De Candale, the distinguished Fa

" 'What!'

urday Evening Post.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he

The Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, pas tor of Tremont Temple, Boston, has de-clined his recent election to the presi-dency of Columbian university, Washing-

ton Bishop Thoburn has stirred Methodists with his scheme to raise an army of 100, 000 evangelists to convert 2,000,000 per-sons and incidentally to raise \$20,000,000 during the next ten years.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at Dickinson college at the coming commencement. He was graduated from Dickinson in the class of '50.

Bishop Hartzell says that as he was being whirled along is a luxuriously ap-pointed car from New York to Chicago he found himself thinking about a recent "A Colorado millionaire-extremely millionaire-one who was getting up an trek of his in South Africa. The dis tance was 700 miles, and the motive power was eight oxen. art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in ġ.

#### son in his Paris letter to The Saturday OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

Does Great Britain remember how shocked it was to see us rejoicing in vic-tory over so small a rival as Spain?-Chicago Record.

The present French ministry has been in power about a year, which is a green old age as French cabinets have been go-ing.-New York Post.

It is stated that the empress dowager f China is in a bad temper. That is enough to give a lot of oriental states men a pain in the neck .- New York Sun. Russia, it is said, will fall to pieces after one great defeat in battle. None

# of her critics seems inclined, however, to teach her the lesson of a great defeat.-

San Francisco Call. It certainly won't be the fault of impatient war correspondents if Russia and Japan are not led to see that the only ope for peace and quiet lies in a speedy fight to a finish .-

Julian Story, the artist, has been in bride had vanished! The car turned swiftly to the hapless bridegroom on the front seat. An expres-sion of Arcadian simplicity rested on his and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The secondhand feather in Rebecca's hat dropped a little over her left ear, and the third button of her off boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimcountenance. A few moments later the porter start-

ed toward his linen closet, but half way down the aisle he was held up by half a dozen male passengers with wonder stricken faces

'What has become of the bride?" they demanded.

The porter scratched his head and look-"Ohethe bridge?" he said. "They

Suspension Bridge?" he said. "They done left the train late last night. They did'n' have their section (made up. That gemman down in front of the car he had upper one, 'n' he kicked so I shifted him soon as the bridal couple left.

The car turned again toward the young man on the front seat. The expression of Arcadian simplicity was still with But for the first time across his face there glimmered a faint, thoughtful smile.

The half dozen male passengers and the porter hold a moment's consultation in the middle of the car. Then they carrie forward, and one of their number said something in a low voice to the young man on the front seat. The young man to his feet still smiling thoughtfully

I see," he said softly. "I don't care if I do As the crowd filed toward the buffet

car some one in the rear of the procession began to whistle Mendelssohn's "Wed-ding March." Then the bassengers in the

seats began to laugh.

#### Very Annoying.

# "I despise a person who whistles," said Mr. Blykins. "We have one in our office, and he worries me almost to death."

'Haven't you an ear for music?' "Of course I have. There's the diffi-culty. Whenever I happen to be whis-tling to myself, he invariably takes up same tune and drowns me out.' Washington Star.

#### They Don't Speak Now.

"When I marry," said the young wo-nan of advanced ideas, "I shall insist oou my husband taking my name.' "I would, too," replied the demurs young woman promptly, "if I expected to get that sort of a man."-Chicago

neys, taking the direction of the wind. west with a touch of south. Between the fleecy clouds the sky suggested a tone of blue. All these phenomena (including the feather, which was out of sight) escaped Rebecca's notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of essential detail which as is the sign of an artistic nature, nurtured the best school of realism .- London Punch. Lost His Thumb. I have reason to remember our visit to the Andamans, for I lost the top of my thum there-bitten off by a parrot fish. The brute came to the surface after fish. The brute came to the surface after some torpedo experiments, shamming death. I incautiously put my thumb in his mouth, when the creature's jaws shut with a horrid snap, taking off the flesh of my thumb to the hone. Our surgeon dressed the wound. My cockswain pick-ed up the portion of my thumb and, foleressed the wound. My cockswain pick-ed up the portion of my thumb and, fol-lowing me down into my cabin, asked what he should do with it. I told him to give it to a panther cub we had on board.—"Hurrah For the Life of a Sail-er," by Vice Admiral Kennedy. fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

#### Nonsense.

Custom Officer-Miss, you will have to et me know what that blue trunk contains. Miss Triller-Oh, nonsense! Custom Officer-But I demand in the

ame of the law. Miss Triller-Well, didn't I just tell you the trunk contains nonsense? It is acked with love letters I received all

over Europe.

#### Usual Family Methods.

"We've got five pounds of moth balls in the house "How did that happen?" "Oh, everybody forgot to get any, and then we all got them at once."-Indian-apolis Journal.

#### Early Start.

"That Blinkersdorf girl is the promptest young woman I even had the pleasure of escorting." "She comes by it naturally. Mer fa-ther was a car starter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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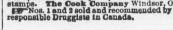
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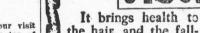
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maplete satisfaction in my bush ress.' HENRY J. GEORGE, Match 22, 1899. Kansas City, Mo

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Jis successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe. effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cooke Cotica Root Com-pound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 81 per box; No. 8, 10 degrees stronger, 85 per box. No. 1 or 3, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. HET Nos. 1 and 3 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.





the hair, and the falling ceases. • It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were