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THE VERDICT.

There will be a big time at the St. Louis exposition of 1903, consisting of a water 75 feet in diameter.—Los Angeles Herald.

After all it is not surprising that postage stamps should stick to the fingers in a warm climate like that of Cuba.—St. Louis City Journal.

Foreign nations are looking with increased respect on the American dreibund—King Coal, King Cotton and King Corn.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two American vaudeville companies have sailed for Manila with a few kegs of salted con and picked jokes of 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 Times.

A Paris physician tried on himself a long life elixir he had compounded, with the result that his life in the other world will be longer than he anticipated.—Boston Globe.

If there is one thing worse than the bicycle scorch, it is the automobile scorch. He is just so much more a nuisance as he is bigger. He needs to learn the same lesson that has been inculcated at much expense wherever the wheel has bred recklessness.—New York Press.

The rural postoffice is threatened. If the rural delivery system proves as successful as is anticipated, the little corner grocery with its little piggy bank in the corner will be a thing of the past. It has been a venerated institution, but the progressive age is disposing of many things our sentiment would spare.—Huntington (Md.) News-Democrat.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

"To Have and to Hold" is to be dramatized. Stuart Robson will use "Oliver Goldsmith" next season.

A new pastoral comedy bears the title of "Cowardly Farm." The little corner grocery with its little piggy bank in the corner will be a thing of the past.

Scalchi, the favorite operatic contralto of the early seventies, is to appear on the vaudeville stage.

The author of "The Iron Tooth" is to prepare another play under the direction of Emperor William.

In "The Bower After Dark" a part is now being written for Terry McGovern, the boxer, who will appear in it next season.

Mr. J. B. Jefferson, in speaking of the close of his father's season, mentioned the fact that Joseph Jefferson is now 72 years old.

Molly Elliot Seawell's new story, "The House of Egmont," is to be dramatized by William Young, author of the stage version of "Ben-Hur."

Miss Marie Tenepet will appear as Nell Gwynne in Anthony Hope and Edward Ross's adaptation of Hope's novel, "Simon Dale," in London.

Henry E. Dixey has been engaged to originate the character of Francois in Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of his father's (Dr. S. Weir Mitchell) story, "The Adventures of Francois."

The new play, "Her Majesty," in which Grace George will appear, was produced for copyright purposes in London; but, as the lord chamberlain objected to the title, the name was changed to "Honoraria."

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Mark Twain is hard at work upon another book. He does all his writing by hand, and 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 home at Medan, where he is to apply himself assiduously to the writing of a new work of fiction which is to be a sequel to "Fecondite." The novelist has not yet decided upon the title which he will give to his new social study.

Ivan Constantinovich Alvasovski, the famous 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, Alexander II, Alexander III and Nicholas II.

Julian Story, the artist, has been in Boston lately, painting an important portrait of a prominent resident of that city. He has just left, but will return in the fall to execute a number of commissions. Mr. Story is the husband of Emma Eames, the opera singer, and son of the late William W. Story, the sculptor.

THE DOMINIE.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, has declined his recent election to the presidency of Columbia university, Washington.

Bishop Thoburn has stirred Methodists with his scheme to raise an army of 100,000 evangelists to convert 2,000,000 pagans and incidentally to raise \$200,000,000 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 in a luxuriously appointed car from New York to Chicago he found himself thinking about a recent trek of his in South Africa. The distance was 700 miles, and the motive power was eight oxen.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

Does Great Britain remember how she checked it was to see us rejoicing in victory 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 going.—New York Post.

It is stated that the empress dowager of China is in a bad temper. That is enough to give a lot of oriental statesmen 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 hope for peace and quiet lies in a speedy fight to a finish.—

PUZZLED ALL AROUND

AN AMUSING INCIDENT THAT EXCITED A SLEEPING CAR.

A Mystery That Was Started by a Bridal Couple, Heightened by an Unembarrassed Young Man and Unveiled by the Ducky Porter.

The bridal couple boarded the train at Suspension 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 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.

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 been no change. Nine and a quarter past came round, and still there was no sign of life from the bridal section.

When shortly after half past 9 a slight mysterious noise to be heard 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, the little corner grocery with its little piggy bank in the corner was revealed to the rest of the car.

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A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

How a Possible Marriage Was Prevented by a Burglary.

"I had a queer experience once with a burglary," 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 I liked her as well when I saw her again as I had for the two weeks I had lived in the same boarding house with her I would begin to talk seriously to her."

"I knew nothing about her whatever except 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 a 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 entered 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 jewelry 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 Sir—Whoever you may be, pardon the liberty 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."

"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 any event, I did not mention the visit of the burglar to my brother, and he had not disturbed any other part of the house, my room probably being the first and the photograph saving all the others."

"Neither did I say anything to the widow about the burglar, or about the other matter, 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 because they have been discourteous to subordinates, to newsmen, 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 forget the slightest affront to their sovereignty.

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 occasion to "use," and the places in which 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 as this proposition is, springs from the heart rather than from the head. It takes little account of rank or circumstance or benefits to be derived.—Success.

Realism. 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 35 yards apart. A robin sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. The reddish color of its breast and the gray brown of its plumage contrasted with the white of its perch. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in Rebecca's hat had slipped a little over her left ear and the third button of her coat was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind, west with a touch of south. Between the heavy 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 is the sign of an artistic nature, nurtured in 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 thumb there—bitten off by a parrot fish. The brute came to the surface after some torpede experiments, flammung 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 bone. Our surgeon dressed the wound. My cockswain picked up the portion of my thumb, and following 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.—"Hurray For the Life of a Sailor," by Vice Admiral Kennedy.

Nonsense. Custom Officer—Miss, you will have to let me know what that blue trunk contains. Miss Triller—Oh, nonsense! Custom Officer—But I demand in the name of the law. Miss Triller—Well, didn't I just tell you the trunk contains nonsense? It is packed with love letters I received all over Europe.

Usual Family Methods. "We've got five pounds of moth balls in the house." "How was that happen?" "Oh, everybody forgot to get any, and then we all got them at once."—Indianapolis Journal.

Early Start. "That Binklerdorf girl is the promptest young woman I ever had the pleasure of escorting." "She comes by it naturally. Her father was a car starter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"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 VANVALKENBURG, 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." R. S. PHELPS, No. 2 Bee, Atwood, Ont.



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

Oil Bathing. Oil bathing in 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 fidgeting fault with the nurse for the hallowing 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 rest 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, please." "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.—Ely

FALLING. Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for fear you are soon to be bald? Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You need a hair food, such as—

AXEL'S HAIR VIGOR

It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I took a barber by trade and have had a great deal to do for your Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete satisfaction in my life." HENRY J. GIBSON, March 25, 1899. Kansas City, Mo.

Write the Doctor. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor at once. Address, Dr. J. C. AXEL, 1215 Broadway, New York.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 200,000 Ladies, Sick, & feeble. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50c per box; No. 2, 10c per box; No. 3, 25c per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and 2-cent stamp. Write Cook's Compound, Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 is sold in Athens by Jas. P. Lamb & Son, Druggists.



"I SET FORTH WITH MY SCYTHE."

difference between a charge of cavalry and a drove of mews. When he had related how he led his division at Gettysburg, dashed forward at Spotsylvania and received three wounds at Petersburg, I rose up—I rose up to my full height, sub—and, looking him straight between the eyes, I said: "General Blum, yo' will excuse me, sub, but where can I find yo' wah record?" "Nowhere," he replied. "They were so jealous of me that it has never been written up."

THE DEATH OF THE WORLD.