Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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What if we're growing old? We have been young together. O'er fields of fragrant heather, By sunny ways we've strolled. Our hearts have ne'er grown cold Through all life's dreariest weather What if we're growing old? We have been young together.

So why should we care whether Some years have past us rolled? I'll wear, by love consoled, Age gayly as a feather. What if we're growing old? We have been young together. am' Aspenwall Bradley in Columbia Liter-sonthly.

AN OBSTINATE HEN.

Met Her Match In a Still More

Obstinate Missouri Boy.

Down in Missouri lives a boy who likes pets. He began with a pair of pigeous that he got in trade for a dog that he had traded a knife for. His parents allowed him to keep the pigeons until they mustiplied so that there were pigeons all over the place. Then he sold the pigeons and bought a goat that ate the clothes off the line every Monday. He was compelled to dispose of it, and traded it for a pair of the place of the line and traded it for a pair of the place. to dispose of it, and traded it for a pair of game chickens. In a week there wasn't a rooster left in the neighborhood; the game rooster had killed them all. His father took the game chickens for a ride one night and lost them three miles out in the country. Three days afterward the boy brought them home, but he never told any one how he got them. And so be fought for his nets one by one—his dog fought for his pets one by one—his dog was lost, his lamb stolen, his rabbits ran away. He has come down to one old

Recently he bought a "settin" of eggs. Recently he bought a "settin" of eggs.
A "settin" of eggs is an smany as a motherly hen can hatch into chicks. He had made up his mind that his hen was lonely and needed company, and what so companionable as a hatch of little chicks to scratch for? The hen, bowever, had different views, and didn't want to sit on triews, and didn't want to sit on s. But he was not a boy to be by a hen—he had borne too sses already.

railway inspector and must fine francs. Please give me your nan address?

The proposed victim of misplaced con-

fidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure that I may satisfy myself on the subject."

Then, with a polite smile, "I am a director in the royal weights and measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law; so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid; and secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of 50 francs. Please give me your name and address."—Kansas City Journal

Whittier Color Blind.

Whittler Color Blind.

Mr. Whitney greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite color blind. He exemplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalized by one of his carpets. It appeared that he was never permitted by the guardian goddess of his hearth to go "shopping" for himself, but that once, beappeared that he was never permitted by the guardian goddess of his hearth to go "shopping" for himself, but that once, being in Boston and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he thought to be a very nice, quiet article, precisely suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury, there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittler as a particularly soft combination of browns and grays proved to normal eyes to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cabbage green. When he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fullness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them.—Gosse in Bookman.

Bound to Remember.

Bound to Remember.

In a certain town in the upper peninsula there is a rather eccentric old fellow who follows the trade of a carpenter. One day a friend of his met him burrying along the street oblivious to everying and as he approached he was overheard muttering to himself "seven feet, seven feet, seve

ed his friend.
"Hello, Mister George. Dat old Irishman on de corner gafe me an orter to make him up a box and I'm afrait I forget de measure." Then he started on again, muttering to himself, "Eight feet, eight

She sighed, as girls will sometimes, and then said:

"There are moments when I feel as it I would hesitate even if the best man in the world asked me to marry him."

"Olivia," he cried, "you must be a mind reader. I was just thinking of asking you to be mine."

Four seconds later she reluctantly sed that she would name an early

When a mother is shedding tears over the neglected, misunderstood child in the story book, she boxes the ears of her own if it interrupts her.—New York Press.

What has become of the old fashioned man who couldn't get his boots off when

zesterday.-Evangel.

TRICKED BY A JOKER THE STORY OF THE HOAX OF THE

RUNE FIGURED STONE.

This is the story of a bold hoax which ented as falling only to cruelly dash them to the ground. The hoax began with the placing, in the neighborhood of Kensington, Douglas county, Minn., of a stone on which were

that no one in that vicinity could decipher.

Who cut the mysterious characters in the stone and placed it where it could be found has not been discovered and probably never will be, for the practical joker stirred up such a hornets' nest that if he is as clever as his jest indicates he will continue to enjoy the situation in silence. Practical jokers have been lynched before now. The man who found the stone has also dropped out of sight for the good of his health. The story therefore begins with the reception by Professor' O. J. Breda, University of Minnesota, of a copy of the hieroglyphics that were carved on the stone. The "discovery" was laid before the learned professor with the eager request that he carefully examine the characters and, if possible, decipher them. examine the characters and, and decipher them.

Professor Breda recognized at once the Professor Breda recognized at the Profess

Professor Breda recognized at once the mystic writing known as "Runic," and would fais have reported that the Kensington people had in their possession the first "Rune stone" ever discovered in America. To be in a position to make such a report would have made both his own name and that of the town near which the stone was found famous throughout the world, for the characters, if genuine, could not have been cut less than many centuries ago, and the fact of men possessed of a knowledge of Runic writing having been in Minnesota at this period might have changed the record of early American history.

arly American history.
Translated by Professor Breda, the in-

scription ran, with certain undecipheralle words omitted:

"Swedes and — Norsemen on a journey of discovery from Vinland west — we camped — one day's journey north from this stone. We fished one day. After we came home we found — man red with blood and dead. A. V. M. save from — have — men at the ocean to look after our ships — day's journey from this island. Year — ...

"All very pretty and deeply interesting. The only damper thrown on the discovery was Professor Breda's emphatic declaration that the whole thing was a

The only damper thrown on the discovery was Professor Breda's emphatic declaration that the whole thing was a fraud, perpetrated by some Swede with a knowledge of Runic characters. The people of Kensington pouted over the learned professor's decision. They wanded the rune stone to make them all famous. They had glorious visions of mingling with the residents of rival towns and grandiloquently announcing to these envious neighbors that they lived in the city where the famous Runic stone was found. If Professor Breda was so obtuse as to fail to see that the Runic stone was genuine, they would go to another learned professor and insist upon his seeing it in the light that pleased them most. So the Kensington delegation turned their backs on Professor G. O. me of the Northwestern university, Curme of the Northwestern Evanston, Ills. Professor Curme was in-clined to think that the find was a genu-

different views, and didn't want to sit on the eggs. But he was not a boy to be stumped by a hen—he had borne too many losses already.

He put the eggs in a box in which he had made a nest of hay. Then he planted the indignant hen on them, put a board in which he had bored a lot of holes over her and left her to come to terms. That night his big brother kicked off the box and set the hen free. The next morning the boy put her back, and put some briezs on the board, for he thought she had ralsed the board and released herself. The brother kicked both bricks and board off that night. The boy replaced hen and board again, and again they were kicked off. Then he got a board and made a flow in it for the hen to poke her head through and-nailed the board off and chases the hen around the yard for exercise, and twice a day he carrier food and water to her.

What's the use of trying to discourage a boy like that?

Why They Swapped Fines.

Travelers in Europe are limited by the railroads to a small amount of baggage carried free, usually about 50 pounds. In a train in Belgium recently two fellow travelers got into conversation, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimeters too long and has no right to be in the compartment of free luggage. I am a railway inspector and must fine you france, Please give me your name and address?"

The processor gyletim of mishlesed control of the discovery, and the cutter trates for submarine lightning the current rates for submarine lightning the current rates. For submarine lightning the current rates, for submarine lightning the current rates. For submarine lightning the current rates, for submarine lightning the current rates, for submarine lightning the

After my views that the store of take had been confirmed by others to whom it was submitted, I found to my great surprise that some liar in Chicago had telegraphed to England and Norway that I had pronounced the thing genuine. I was compelled to write to papers in Norway to correct this entirely erroneous report. I do not know whether I was reported correctly in our own papers. If

ported correctly in our own papers. If you refer at all to the matter again, will you kindly set me right before the pub-lic?" Setting the worthy professor right before the public is not an easy matter. Fakes travel faster than facts, as any newspaper man knows. The story of the rune stone, with the indorsement of the inscription's genuineness ascribed to Professor Breda by the "liar in Chicago," has been read by the students of ange, "has been read by the students of ange," has been read by the students of ange in the fore in Hindostan, pored over by be spectacled men of learning in Europe, Asia and Australia, and will bob up is unexpected places and with the most extraordinary vitality for a long time to come. The joker certainly did his work well.

For the benefit of those to whom the town "runic stone" is as much a mystery had been provided by the students of the provided by the provided by the students of t Setting the worthy professor right be-

For the benefit of those to whom the term "runic stone" is as much a mystery as would be the characters it may be well to state in conclusion that the runes were the earliest alphabet in use among the Teutonic and Gothic nations of northern Europe. The exact period of their origin is not known. No genuine runic inscriptions have ever been found in this country.

The successful man is the man who can do an hour's job in 60 minutes and then not spend half a day in admiring his handiwork.—Somerville Journal.

HORRORS OF COCAINE.

Frightful Sensations of Those Who Are Slaves to the Drug.

These evils cannot be more strongly revealed than in the experience of an Australian physician. He has given the world of medicine the benefit of a narration of what he underwent after he had become addicted to the almost constant use of the drug. In the course of that confession, which he did not hesitate to make public, he said, in describing his sensations: "The first feeling a cocainist has is an indescribable excitement to do something great; to leave a mark. But, alas, this disappears as rapidly as it comes, and soon every part of the body seems to cry out for a new syringe. The second sensation—at first, at least, no hallucination—is that his hearing is enormously increhsed, so that he hears the flies walking over the paper. Very soon every sound begins to be a remark about himself, mostly of a nasty kind, and he begins to carry on a solitary life, and he begins to carry on a solitary life, his only companion being his beloved syr-

about me.

"After a relatively short time begins
the 'hunting of the cocaine bug.' You
imagine that in your skin worms or similar things are moving along. If you
touch them with wool, especially absorbent wool, they run away and disapman who couldn't get his boots off when he got them wet?

There is nothing so utterly hollow as a find word that should have been spoken resterday.—Evangel.

Sorbent wool, they run away and disappear, only to peep cautiously out of some corner to see if there is any danger. These worms are projected only to the cocalist's own person or clothing. He sees them on his washing, in his skin, creeping along his penholder, but not on HANDLING FIREARMS

orner people or things and not on diothes brought clean from the laundry. How is this to be explained? About the same time appear many other hallucinations of the opticus and, strange to say, self suggested hallucinations also. Night turns to day. You sit up in your room syringing until the morning and then fall asleep in a coma. In my case this eccurred to such an extent that I had to engage a hospital warder, who came in the morning to revive me with about ten syringes of 5 per cent solution, so that I was able to drive, not walk, fearing some one might garrote me. Other dreadful hallucinations I had in thousands, all of a persecuting character and frightening the life out of me so long as the effects of the drug lasted.

cinations I had in thousands, all or a persecuting character and frightening the life out of me so long as the effects of the drug lasted.

"You see small animals running about your body and feel their bites. Herey object seems to become alive to stare at you. From all corners look revolvers, knives, etc., and threaten you. Yet, so soon as the effect of the injection is overyou laugh at it and produce willingly by a new injection the same terrors. About that time I bought three St. Bernard dogs, thinking they would protect me, but one night I found they were talking about the—how they could get rid of me—so I stood up and shot one of them with a revolver, which I always used to carry. I think this was the most dreadful night of my life—I standing on the table, with an Indian dagger and a syringe on the ground, one three foot high dog going to die and two rather dangerous dogs roaring and groaning aloud, reproachfully looking at me, who always fancied, 'Now comes the moment when they will tear you to pieces.' I stood the night on the table until the arrival of my wardman, who hardly risked to enter the room.

"The strange thing, however, in the cocaine habit is that there seem to be two souls in the cocainist—one infested by the cocaine, suffering and tortured by its effects, the other normal, laughing at his fears and saying: 'What nonsense! It is only a hallucination, produced by an injection.' Not frightened enough by these experiences and escaping from the troables produced by his conduct, on the cocainist goes, taking more and more, and then enters a new kind of illusion which finishes him up for the madhouse."—Philadelphia Times.

Thieves Have an Instrument That Makes the Stealing Easy.

"When we speak of a crook 'nipping' a diamond stud, we use the word advisedly," said a central station detective. "It's not a case of idle slang. In fact, nearly all the words used in a slang way by thieves and police officers come nearer to expressing the exact idea of what we mean to illustrate than most people think. Take, for instance, the phrase 'Stole a diamond.' Now, that's all right in its way, but there's a hundred or more ways in which diamonds may be stolen, so it gives no clew as to the particular method of operation. But when we are told that some crook has 'nipped' a spark we know exactly how he did it and have a fair sort of lead to work on.

"To 'nip' a spark means to cut off a diamond from a man's shirt front. The phrase originated in the style of the instrument used by the thief. Diamonds lost in this way are not unscrewed or pulled out from a shirt front, as some people believe. The diamond nipper carries a small instrument made like a pair of nippers. It can be carried between the fingers and kept concealed in that way and has a little cup into which the diamond falls when cut from the gold mounting. When the nipper sees a stone that pleases his fancy, he simply slips his little instrument to the front, jostles and shoves his victim, perhaps curses him for 'treading on his toes' and, having distracted his attention, slips one hand close to his bosom. A simple move, a pressure of the finger, the sharp jaws clutch the shank of the pin or stud, the diamond."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Firstborn For Fame.

Firstborn For Fame.

Professor Axenfeld of Perugia has discovered that three-fifths of all men of distinction are firstborn children; the other two-fifths are either second or third children, or else the youngest of very large families. Among the first be points out Luther, Dante, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Confucius, Heine, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Ariosto, Mohammed, Shelley, Erasmus, Milton, Byron, Moliere, Carlyle, Rossini, Talleyrand, Buffon; among the last Loyola and Franklin, both thirteenth children; Schubert, a fourteenth child. The professor thinks this arises from physiological reasons and a law of nature.

The result of these two forces is that the lead core is likely to be driven through the thimble, leaving the last cough the thimble, leaving the large of the bullet is over the load of a full jacketed bullet, nothing is left of the mantle but a thimble covering the point, but not the head. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet, nothing is left of the mantle but a thimble covering the board of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet, nothing is left of the mantle but a thimble covering the bare of high pressure powder drives it forward with tremendous energy, but the bare of high pressure powder drives it forward with tremendous energy, but the bore so tightly that great friction is decided by the cartronge of the point, but not the bare of the lander of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Consequently if you lie off the point, but not the head. Consequently if you lie off the point of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Covering the point, but not the head of a full jacketed bullet is reversed. Covering the point,

A Lunatio's Repartee. A Lunatio's Repartee.

Some visitors were being shown through Kew Lunatic asylum, Victoria, one day, and, coming opposite the clock in the corridor, one of them, looking quickly at his watch, said, "Is that clock right?"

"No, you idiot," said a patient standing by. "It wouldn't be in here if it were right."—Melbourne Australasian.

TOWN TOPICS.

New York has a "tea saloon," and of course it is conducted on moral grounds.

—Omaha World-Herald.

New York proudly rounds out a century of progress by giving prize fights under police protection.—Chicago Record. Chicago has a phonetic spelling move-ment, having given up all hope of ever catching on to the dictionary way.—San Francisco Chronicle.

r rancisco Chronicis.

Cleveland is going to have her streets cleaned after a long period of dirt and filth. What would the people of Alron say if our streets were to be cleaned just once?—Akron Beacon-Journal.

Chiese her care to be compared to the comp

thought that by nard hustling the Philadelphians may yet succeed in getting up to the nineteenth century before the twentieth begins.—Chicago Times-Herald. THE JEWEL CASKET.

Two small solid gold hearts with a diamond sunk in the center of each serve as one of the exquisite belt clasps now in

which hearts, balls and various other devices are suspended. This new article in jewelry is known as La Valliere and will prove a great summer novelty. Some women are fastening their sill shirt waists with small stick pins of different property.

ferent precious or semiprecious stones. Three or four of these make a very pretty color effect on a white waist.

An exceedingly dainty long chain noted was ornamented with pearls and tourmalines in alternation, the latter of a delicious rose pink hue. The pretty heart shaped pendant was also of tourmaline. Many novelties are presented in shirt Many noverties are presented in soft, waist sets, consisting of sleeve links, three studs and a collar button. Quite unique is the representation of an ordinary flat button with four holes, each hole, however, being set with a brilliant.

—Jewelers' Circular.

The ink trust, at least, is as black as it is painted.—St. Paul Globe.

The very latest is a perfume trust, the profits of which are expected to yield a large per scent.—Boston Herald.

If both political parties are bent on lighting the trusts, it may be necessary for the latter to start a party of their own.—Topeks State Journal.

The pie trust officials do not mince matters by claiming to be a "combine" or "company." It is a plain pie trust, with no scallops around the edges of the crust, and is out for the dough.—Denver Post.

Chainey Depew thinks that trusts

Chauncey Depew thinks that trusts will kill themselves by overcapitalization. He is a legidan, one must concede. That is a good deal like trying to cure a man of smallpox by cutting his throat.—
Washington Democrat.

REVOLVER IS THE MOST DIFFICUL

OF ALL TO MASTER.

When Samantha sends you down cellar after a burgiar, do not go with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. Of course it is not likely that there is any burgiar at all, but if there should be he has every advantage, being on the alert and knowing just where to expect you, while you are fuddled with sleep and do not know where he may be. To carry a light is simply suicidal, for a man in pitch darkness can aim as accurately at a light as he can at a bullseye in the daytime. When Samantha sends you down cells

a light as he can at a number in the daytime.

A revolver is the most difficult of all
firearms to master, and unless you have
fired thousands of shots with one at targets till you have learned how to shoot
straight you better rely upon a club.

The best weapon for house defense is
a short barreled cylinder bore repeating
shotgun, commonly called "riot gun."
With a charge of buckshot you are much
more likely to hit an object in the dark
than with a single bullet, and it gives a
paralyzing, knock down blow, whereas a
pistol bullet seldom puts a man out of action before he can strike back.

Fill the magazine of the gun with shells pistol bullet seldom puts a man out of action before he can strike back.

Fill the magazine of the gun with shells loaded with buckshot, but leave the chamber of the gun empty. Then it is safe to keep about the house, for if a child or ignorant person gets hold of it he cannot discharge the piece by snapping it, but must first throw the lever, which requires some strength. The gun is always ready for instant use by simply pumping a shell into the chamber from the magazine, and then you have several shots in reserve.

To bag a burgiar without risk to yourself open a window commanding the yard, have your wife raise an outery from the other end of the house, and when the criminal dashes out aim low.

Never use smokeless powder except strictly according to the maker's directions. There are three distinct classes of smokeless powders—namely, shotgun nitro, low pressure rife nitro and high

tions. There are three ablance classes of smokeless powders—namely, shotgun nitro, low pressure rife nitro and high pressure rife nitro. The first is intended for shotguns only. It is quick burning, and on this account dangerous to use in

for shotguns only. It is quick burning, and on this account dangerous to use in rifles.

Do not fancy that because a rifle barrel is so much thicker than a shotgun it offers much less resistance to the expansion that endangers its bursting. Smokeless powder is gractically gun cotton tamed down, its explosive principle being nitroglycerin or a similar nitro product. The low pressure, variety is purposely reduced in strength so as to give the same pressure, under normal circumstances, as the same bulk of black gunpowder. It may be used in any rifle.

But high pressure nitro is vastly stronger and will burst an ordinary soft steel barrel. I have seen a heavy target rifle blown to fragments by it, although the barrel was more than half an inch thick around the bore. High pressure powder is intended exclusively for special military and sporting rifles having barrels of nickel steel, with a tensile strength of at least 60,000 pounds to the linch.

Such guns are safe when properly used, but the ammunition is so different from the old black powder cartridges that you should not experiment in reloading it unless you have special training. So many guns of this description are now sold that a few words of warning will not be amiss.

Do not try to make expanding bullets

an few words of warning will not be amiss.

To not try to make expanding bullets out of the full jacketed ones by filing off the points to expose the lead. British soldiers are said to have done this before the Dum Dum bullets were manufactured, but it is a hazardous experiment, for the following reasons: The regular soft point bullets now made by the cartridge factories have a jacket which covers the base of the bullet completely, leaving the lead exposed at the point, but the bard mantle of a full jacketed bullet is reversed, covering the point, but not the head. Consequently if you file off the point of a full jacketed bullet, nothing is left of the mantle but a thimble covering the bearing surface.

sorward with tremendous energy, out the steel thimble is so hard and the builet fits the bore so tightly that great friction is generated, tending to hold the projectile back.

The result of these two forces is that the lead core is likely to be driven through the thimble, leaving the latter sticking in the bore of the gun, and if another shot is then fired the rifle is likely to burst. This would scarcely be the case with black gunpowder, which exerts a fairly uniform pressure and would probably only drive out the thimble, ringing, but not bursting the barrel.

But smokeless powder is, as I have said, largely composed of nitroglyceria. It will burn quietly in the open air and will explode moderately when subjected to reasonable pressure, but when it meets

conable pressure, but when it mee and firm resistance it detonat to reasonable pressure, but when it meets sudden and firm resistance it detonates with terrific violence. The effect of bursting a gun barrel with smokeless powder is far more disastrous than that of bursting it with an overcharge of black powder, the mere report being sufficient to crack a man's ear drums and make his permanently deaf even though by marvelous good luck he escapes instant death.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Here's a bit of life in Havana under the new dispensation: "I was quite astonished the other day when my washerwoman brought bome my clothes. Instead of a laundress one might have taken her for some Cuban or Spanish lady. She was arrayed in a tea gown of light calico, very much trimmed with lace, spotless and beautifully starched, with a sweeping train. Over her head was a black lace mantilla, such as the Spanish ladies wear. I rather hesitated to offer this lady money for doing me the little favor of laundring my clothing, but she did not hesitate to accept it."

"You ain't to! me nuthin 'bout John—what's he a-doin of now?"
"Well, when he ain't farmin he's teachin school, an when he ain't teachin he's a-preachin medicine, an when he ain't in the medicine business he's preachin an savin souls, an when he ain't a-doin of that he's a-runnin fer office, an when he ain't in politics he's lawn in the jestice courts, an when that gives out he most inginrully is a-sellin of books or a-makin of moonshine licker!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TROTTING RECORD. John Oberholzer, Norristown, Pa., has converted Lady Rysdyk to the trotting gait.

gait.
Princess Clara is in training once more.
In 1803 she took a yearling race record
of 2:204/2.
Askey, 2:084/2, was not broken until 5
years old and made his first start as a
7-year-old.
When the winter racing season in Rus-7-year-old.

When the winter racing season in Russia closed, Frank Caton had won \$28,000, standing at the head of the winning list.

Central Girl, 2:22½, by Nutwood Wilkes, sire of Who Is It, 2:12, has worked a mile in 2:17 on the Alameda (Cal) track.

John Splan says the best thing he saw while on his recent trip to Kentucky is the filly Extasy, 2:10½, who is being Bert Sheldon, Jr., is 16 years old and

commenced the campaign of 1899 by taking the 2:17 trot at Newark, N. J., Memorial day in handy fashion. Sir Eld, 2:14%, has gone lame and will be laid up for several weeks. A misstep on the speedway of New York in a brush with Red Lady, 2:12%, did the business.

When Olga Nethersole returns to this country next season, she will have an exclusively American company to support Henry Irving, the Kendals and N. C. Goodwin will play engagements at the Knickerbocker theater in New York next

season.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree will act in London, but not at her husband's theater, in Mms. de la Vallette, which Rejane played first in Paris.

Mme. de la Vallette, which Rejane played first in Paris.
Ernest Martin, a member of Sir Henry
Irving's company, has written a volume of essays on social evils, entitled "Shadows and Glimpses of Society."

It is stated that a leading Japanese actor and actress are coming, with their company, to make a tour of this country. They will open in San Francisco.

Mason Mitchell has just closed a contract with Major James B. Pond to begin a war lecture tour in October. Mr.
Mitchell will have two lectures, illustrated by colored dissolving views of Santiago and its environs and Samoa.

Annie Russell thinks the naturalistic school of acting is in the ascendant. She mays: "We are returning to the drama of the home and of the heart. We are abandoning our fads and seeking simplicity. We are just coming home again to the affections, to sanity, to the real and the beautiful. The drama of romance, of true love, is here with us more and more frequently."

FICKLE FRANCE.

A French crisis would seem to be a more serious thing if it were not so frequent.—Evening Wisconsin.

The ease with which a French cabinet can be upset is the admiration and despair of the American people.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The French ministry whisks in and out with all the pensive grace and celerity of a cow's tail in fly time and with little more significance as a rule.—Buffalo Courier.

Somebody ought to take a hatchet and a gourd full of nails and make a cabinet for the French republic that will hold the cigars and decenters.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal. cigars and decanters.—accupins
mercial-Appeal.

A French scientist proposes to work up
a lot of artificial clouds for the Paris exposition. One would suppose they had
enough of the real article to make a good
showing.—Kansas City Times.

France pays little attention to the question of what she shall do with her expositions, her attention being engrossed

the greatest wine producing nations, is almost an abstainer.

The Prince of Wales is 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs 180 pounds. He has light gray eyes, a gray beard, a brown complexion and a bald head. His hands and feet are small.

Nearly all the dresses worn by the Princess of Wales are made from pen and ink sketches drawn by her royal highness. By her express wish these designs are always returned to her.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria is to devote a large portion of his private fortune to the erection of a large block of flats for persons of the well to do middle class. He has gone out of mourning for

his wife.

The queen of Italy is still a very handsome woman and certainly most sympathetic in manner and speech. But she is
growing too heavy. Her majesty is heavier than any other queen in Europe, her
weight being 176 pounds.

THE PUNSTER.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths. Every married woman travels under an ssumed name.

assumed name.

Powder magazines ought to be classified as Sash literature.

The pawnbroker should not be censured for keeping his pledges.

Some girls make their gowns, and the gowns of some other girls make them.

The chairpaan of a meeting uses his gavel when he wants rapt attention. gavel when he wants rapt attention.

It's a sad mistake to judge a man by what he gets instead of by what he earns. He may get more than he earns.—Ohicago News.

THE TARANTULA HAWK. Tarantula and Eats Her Up.

"Low down on the Rio Grande river," said a man from Texas, "where the sands are heated almost redhot with the sun, there grow the biggest centipeds, the biggest rattlesnakes and biggest tarantulas in the world. If you can look at one of these tarantulas when he is pinned fast to a board with the naturalist's thin steel pin and you are sure that he is good and dead and cannot spring at you and shoot his poison into you, he forms an interesting subject to study. They are horrible looking hairy things, with eight legs and eight eyes. Their colors are dark brown and black. The female tarantula is said to be a fickle spouse and to have a summary way, all her own, of getting rid of her consort when she is tired of him. She wooes and weds all right, assumes the entire care and support of the young family. The first matrimonial jar she has she turns to and kills her husband. Not content with killing him, she cats him.

"The female is the larger and stronger of the two. They are simply gigantic for spiders. I have seen those that measured six inches between the stretch of their legs. They are the terror of man and beast. But there is one little animal of the insect family that wicked Mrs. Tarantula stands in as much dread of as man stands in dread of her, and that is a big wasp that in Texas is known by the name of the tarantula hawk. The tarantula hawk has an exceedingly bad opinion of the tarantula hawk. The tarantula hawk will not hurt men. On the centrary, it is a bleesing, and you never hear of a western man arming one of them. It is said that these Rio Grande cattle rangers are indebted for the tarantula hawk of his guide. In that country in pursuit of his studies as a naturalist was stung by one of these monster spiders, fly away home with him, then all the tarantula hawk and centipeds are so big and so premiful, no rancher leaves his house without his whisky flask. Shortly after the old professor left that part of the country the rancher received a small box of these tarantula hawks, with instructions what do wi

CYCLONE TWISTS.

The cyclone season is affording a con-Frank B. Walker has been engaged to do the starting at the Nashvillo meeting. Oct. 16-21, and it is understood that John B. McFerran has been requested to act Milwaukee Sentinel.

McL. 16-21, and it is understood that John
B. McFerran has been requested to act
as presiding judge.

The guideless pacing mare Cute, 2:1514.
Stepped the Brodhead driving park track,
New Palts, N. Y., Memorial day in 2:13½
and again covered the same track June 3
in 2:12, beating the track record.

For two years horsemen have been
accupiating as to the ownership of Page,

AMERICAN BARBERS.

The Awfal Boast They, Get From as English Breamatic Orific.

Take the harmless, necessary operation of sheving, says William Archer, in a fetter to the New York Times. In a good English barber's shop it is a brief and not unpleasant process. In an American "tonsorial parlor" it is a lingering and costly torture. One of the many reasons which lead me to regard the Americans as a leisurely people, rather than a nation of hustlers, is the patience with which they submit to the long drawn tyranny of the barber. In Engfand one grudges five minutes for a shave, and one pays from 4d to 6d. In America one can hardly escape in 25 minutes, and one pays (with the executioner's tip) from a shilling to 15d. The charge would be by no means excessive it one enjoyed all the endless processes to which one is subjected, but for my part] I would willingly pay double to escape them.

The essential portion of the business, the actual shaving, is, as a rule, badly performed, with a heavy hand and with a good deal of needless pawing about of the patient's head. But when the shave is over the horrors are only beginning. First your face is cooked for several minutes in relays of towels steeped in boiling water, then a whole series of essences is rubbed into it, generally with the torurer's naked hand. The sequence of these cessences varies in different parlors, but one especially loathsome brew, known as "witch hazel," is everywhere inevitable. Then your wounds have to be elaborately doctored with stinging chemicals; your hair, which has been hopelessly toused in the pawing process, has to be drenched in some sickly smelling oil and brushed; your mustache has to be lubricated and combed, and at last you escape from the tormentor's clutches, irritated, enervated, hopelessly late for an important appointment and so reeking with unboly dors that you feel as though all great Neptune's ocean would scarcely wash you clean again.

Only once or twice have I submitted out of curiosity to the whole interminable process. I now cut it short, not w

process. I now cut it short, not without difficulty, before the "witch hazel" stage is reached, and am regarded with blank astonishment and disapproval by the tonsorial professor, who feels his art and mystery insulted in his person and is scarcely mollified by a 10 cent tip. Americans on the other hand, so through all scarcely monned by a 10 cent up. Americans, on the other hand, go through all these processes and more with stolid and long suffering patience. Yet this nation is credited with having invented the maxim "Time is money" and is reputed to act up to it with feverish consistency.

"One reads so many stories about animal intelligence that it would be hazardous for a doubter to express his disbelief in almost any gathering of men at the present day," remarked a well known western physician. "A little instance-acide within my own observation a number of years ago, when I was studying medicine, that convinced me that the members of the borse family should at least be credited with the possession of a very considerable amount of reasoning power.

THE ROYAL BOX.

King Humbert of Italy, ruler of one of the greatest wine producing nations, is almost an abstainer.

The Prince of Wales is 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs 180 pounds. He has light gray eyes, a gray beard, a brown the animal-seemed to have a special preference for the embryo doctors. Well, one day, while a number of us were gathered in a little circle upon the lawn in the rear of the college, the animal in question, which used to be turned loose to nip the grass in the location, came toward the group limping very badly. He came to a stop a dozen or more feet away from the crowd, and, carefully surveying the lot of us, finally made up his mind what he wanted to do, and without any hesitation limped directly to my side, whinnied, stuck his nose against my body and held up his left foreleg. Looking down, I discovered a large null imbedded in the frog of his hoof. This had evidently caused the lameness, and I soon realized the interesting fact that the animal desired me to attend to his foot. I extracted the nail with some difficulty, and the horse whimpered with relief and walked away. "Being curious to know why the beast had picked me out to attend to, his wound, I glanced at my fellow students and found the solution to the problem. Not one of the group had his medical hadge upon his coat but myself. The horse had, therefore, plainly recognized the insignia and acted accordingly."—

Manigean Heraldry.

A foreigner coming into England is amenable to the laws of honor of his own country and the authorities controlling them in that country so long as the retains his original nationality. Those foreign laws and the laws of armorial registration and control vary considerably, but there is one fundamental rule, which is now and has been for some centuries admitted practically from one end of Europe to the other. With countries outside Europe one need not trouble. American heraldry is beneath conble. American heraldry is beneath con-tempt (I do not refer to the armory of American scions of English families) American scions of English families), and the barbaric totemismof semicivilized countries, though the origin of our own heraldry is hardly sufficiently evolved to be considered as armory. The one fundamental European rule is this—that arms are a matter of honor and that the conferring of honor and honors is a prerogative of sovereignity.—Notes and Queries.

Here are some of the transpositions of the line from Gray's "Elegy," "The plowman homeward plods his wear way:"

Way:

The weary plowman plods his homeward way.
The yeary plowman homeward plods his way.
The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.
Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way.
Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the plowman plods his way.
Homeward the plowman plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
The homeward plowman, weary, plods his way.

—San Francico Argonaut.

In good company you need not ask who is the master of the feast. The man who sits in the lowest place and who is always industrious in helping every one is certainly the man.—Hume.

He who is not liberal with what he has does but deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.—W.

Ab active Widower.

A local newspaper man met an old
German friend a few days ago.

"Hullo!" he cried. "How are you?"

"Pooty vell," said the friend. "How
was it py yoursellut?"

"Pooty vell," said the friend. "How was it py yourselluf?"

"Good," said the newspaper man. "I heard you were quite sick some time ago."

"So I vas," said the friend. "I vas gwite sick. I got me a crate deal of troubles, but effryding vas all right now. My wife died five vecks ago."

The newspaper man was a little stunned by this sudden clearing of the troubled skies.
"So you are a widower?" he somewhat "So you are a widower?" he somewhat aimlessly remarked.

"You pet I'm a viddower," said the friend, "but I ton't stay me dot vay long. I got my eye on somepoddy alretty. Vill you come by my vedding?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oiling the Body. Olling the Body.

The custom of anointing the body with oil is almost universal among the natives of Africa. The idea is not a pleasant one, but the darkies know what they are about and use the lubricant to prevent chapping of the skin. The hot winds in the region of the Nile have a most irritating effect on the body, and the most sensative skins crack until the blood form.

Jeweler's Son-Papa, how do you just Jeweler's Son-rapa, so that a watch?

Jeweler-Adjust, my boy, not just just.

Jeweler's Son-Well, papa, if you add just to just, it's just just, isn't it?-Jeweler's Weekly.



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