COLOR BLIND PAINTERS.

Carved His Epitaph and Died.

Excessive Precaution.

A southwest Georgia couple going to married, the prospective husband

"Molly, the last time I was married

reacher the latter asked:
"Where is the ring?"

The groom gulped—choked—stutte ed, and finally exclaimed in despair: "'Fore de Lord, I done swaller

Bandin-Killumkwick, the reading

ditor of The Asterisk, is a busy fellow

bet I furnished the most of the material

ave the stuff to fill it, could he?-Bos

curl."
Woman is far more practical than in

the days of chivalry, yet she still has a penchant for personal adornment.—Cin-cinnati Enquirer.

Downtown—Dining at the club pretty regularly now, I see?
Upton—Yee; the girl has gone off and there is no one at home to do any cooking.
"I thought there were half a dozen women at your house."
"There are, but they are all relatives."
—New York Weekly.

Pictures In the Flames.
In ancient days, when men and maids
Bat in the coay ingle nocks,
They dreamed romantic dreams, or so,
At least, we read in story books.

Have given place to gas jets, and The eld romance is banished tool

Ne more the nodding lover sits
And sees within the leaping flames
Imaginary castles or
Bold knights or stately dames.

But he that sits before the log
In these newlangled, prosy days
Can only picture to himself
The bills it takes to feed the biase.
—Chicago News

"Much Obliged!"

A Cheerless Habi

Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

Businessanotices in ocal or news columns 100 per line for first insection and 50 per line for each subsequent insection. Professional Cards, 4 lines or under, per year, \$3.00; over 6 and under 13 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, 50 per line for first insertion and 50 per line for each sbuse quent insestion.

Advertisements sent without written in-netions will be inserted until forbidden d charged full time.

And would you see my mistress' face? It is a flowery garden place, Where knots of beauties have such grace That all is work and nowhere space.

It is the heaven's bright reflex, Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex. It is th' idea of her sex, Envy of whom doth worlds perple

It is a face of death that smiles, Pleasing, though it hills the while Where death and love in pretty w Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
It is the feign'd Elysium's fruth,
The spring that winter'd hearts renow'th
And this is that my soul pureu'th.
-Thomas Camplon, Seventeenth Century.

AT THE PLAY.

said she. He started. The phrase jarred him. It was at once inapplicable and undig-nified. He turned to her with a pained expression. "Delightful," "perfect," "entertaining"—he could have condon-ed expressions such as these, common-place as they would undoubtedly have been. A man may be tender toward a woman's rhapsodies about her lover when that lover is himself. But—

"Oh, oh, oh!" She clutched his arm.
"What funny people!" The fatal adjective again! This time he winced, winced twice deliberately, lest she should mistake the first signal of dis She continued quickly:
"That reminds me—I don't know

"That reminds me—I don't know why it reminds me, but it does; force why it reminds me, not it does; roce of habit perhaps, because he hates badly turned out women so—Don is up in town tonight. Did you know? I wonder if we shall come across him?"

"You mean—Lord Kilmore's younger.

"You remember Lon 2" "You remember Long".

He glance, meeting his full, showed some surprise at his obvious ill temper. She put her hand out hurriedly, with a presty, unaffected gesture of sympathy.

"Dear! You're not ill?"

"Dear! You're not ill?"
Nothing irritates a man whose liver is out of order so much as being reminded of the fact. The deepening curves at Chinnock's mouth grew positively rigid with irritation.

"Of course not. Is anything ever the most weight mo? How your imagination."

matter with me? How your imagination runs away with you—dearest!" The runs away with you—dearest!" The 'dearest" was a dutiful concession to the situation; but, somehow, she shrank from it, her ardor chilled, the keenness

of her enjoyment marred already.

"We have still ten minutes to wait
before the curtain rises," he said. He
regretted his customary after dinner
coffee. "What if I took the opportunity of explaining to you the motif of the

"I would be kind of you," she said, with a little smile, but, notwithstand was longing to speak the sweet banalitles to which most lovers find it pleasant to listen; to make her bright little ents and butterfly criticis sip to its full the evening's cup of eva-nescent enjoyment; to be, in a word, herself—the creature of the moment,

She had looked forward to tonightthe first of her emancipation—with rapturous excitement. "It will be al-most as good as being his wife," she had confided to the married sister under whose chaperonage she was spending whose chaperonage she was spending the 24 hours in town, which broke her journey between her Gloucestershire vis-it and her travels farther north. "To have him all to myself for a whole even-ing! To feel that I really belong to him as he belongs to me! Can you imagine

anything more perfect?' Lady Guthrie could, easily, but she did not say so. She had only met Chin-nock one, and he impressed her as a prig and a bore, and Margot's angry disclaimers could not alter her sister's

opinion.

"You have to marry him, not I!"
she said comfortably. "What does it
matter what I think? He's well off,
which is something. At least you can
congratulate yourself so far. No one can patronize you. Your women friends can patronize you. Your women friends won't be able to pass you on their unbecoming last year's clothing nor their husbands' stale tobaceo."
"You're prejudiced," Margot replied.
"All sisters are." Which in a sense

"All sisters are." Which in a sense was true, for Lady Guthrie's sympathy was openly enlisted on behalf of the scapegrace of the Kilmore family, young Don Garrick, who had adored Margot since she trespassed barefacedly and barefoot in the Kilmore deer forest as a little child. But Margot, having systically dominated him for 18 yes already felt the pleasure might pall if long continued. "He has been so much to me all my life. It would be boring for him to become more still during the rest of it. I know him so well—too well," she said, in excuse for her cold

n disclaimer. 'Wait,' she said sagely, "wait." Tonight for the first time she saw something of the reverse side of her new picture, the canvas back. Was it disloyal to wish that Mr. Chinnock bedisloyal to wish that Mr. Chinnock behaved more as one expects a lover to behave even in public, that he should show some sort of open pride of possession, of glad proprietorship? In the row immediately, in front of them there was immediately in front of their titles was a gay, absorbed young couple, chatting, laughing, looking, smilling, reading their own tender meanings into the most trivial incidents of the evening. most trivial incidents of the evening. Margot watched them, fascinated in spite of herself. How differently they behaved from herself and her lover! The man leaned slightly forward—he "had got it badly," Don would have said. Every new and then his coat sleeve

ery now and then his coat

gave here pleasant little feeling of com-panionship. Almost unconsciously she herself moved a little closer.

"Are you attending? Margot, I don't believe you've heard a word I've said." Margot started, her cheeks afame, and turned to him in generous apology.

"Dear, I'm so sorry. How dreadful of me. It's all so fresh and new and won-derful to me, you see. I'm a bit souther brained. Such intelligence as I have is limited to only taking in one thing at a time. Tell me all about it again. I'll listen, truly. Do forgive me, Richard, pleass."

please."

Her pleading broke down even Chinsock's indignation. But his shirt frontlooked extraordinarily stiff and starched and white, rather like polithed marble, she thought, or was it only papier
mache? And Margot moved instinctively
a little farther from him as he continued:

her brilliant dialogue, her scintillating epigram."

"Her?" the girl repeated vaguely.

"Her? Why do you speak of him as her? Surely he is a man."

"Do you mean"— he asked. "Is it possible that a living woman exists who does not recognize the supreme fact that this one of our greatest writers—I had almost said our one great writers—honored her sex by belonging to it?"

"I never realized that to belong to either sex was a question of one's own volition," Margot said quietly. "I did not know that James Lee Hoey was a woman, and, what is more, I'm not eswoman, and, what is more, I'm not especially proud of the fact. I don't admire her. She is pecially proud of the fact. I don's ad-mire her. She is cynical and hard and morbid. I like Rhoda Broughton far, far better—I love her, in fact, she's so human and—Mrs. Hungarford, and dear Mrs. Clifford and Beatrice Harraden and heaps of others."

She choked a little in her excitement,

She choked a little in her excitement, trying to keep back her tears. It was all so trivial, but she had been potted and made much of all through her happy 18 years, her criticism asked, her criticism asked, her

py 18 years, her criticism asked, her opinion deferred to, and now—Repulsed, hurt, suffering, she shrank away from him. His kiss on greeting had been cold; his kiss on parting might reasonably be expected to be frigid.

She sat in outward quietude, her head averted, her thoughts tumultuous. If this was the beginning, what, oh, what would the end be? When the curtain rose at length, it was a relief, but the relief passed when it fell again. If an hour of him was so trying, what tain rose at length, it was a relief, but the relief passed when it fell again. If an hour of him was so trying, what would a lifetime prove? At the second act he left her to have a cigarette in the foyer. She sat listlessly. What a fool she had been! What a mistake she had made! Was it irrevocable? One's peo-ple knew something after all; so much she must admit. She had thought him cultivated, charming. They had met on a northern visit, and he had been out deer stalking all day. At night he was too tired to prose overmuch, and his priggishness had passed for cultura. too tired to prose overmuch, and his priggishness had passed for culture. ce their engage for the most part at big functions, and there it happened that until tonight they had really seen remarkably little

of each other.

And what an awakening tonight had brought! She held her programme in her hand, looking at it with unseeing eyes. How blurred it was—how stained —how like her future like would be,

A shadow crossed the page. She look-ed up. A well remembered presence made itself felt.

"Margot! Crying!"
She sprang to her feet gladly, triumphantly, catching with her two hands at the firm, protecting fingers

which gripped hers.
"Oh. Don." she said brokenly, "take "Oh, Don," she said brokenly, "take me back! Please take me home before he comes again, dear. I can't stand him any more. Talk nonsense, Don. Tell me I'm 'ripping,' and 'a brick' and 'jolly,' in all the rest of the dear, delightful, slangy terms. And, oh, Don, if you love

ed or superior."
"If I love you!" he said.
And before the look of his eyes her own fell. But it did not matter, for he took her home.—Ladies' Field.

Why He Married. In the north of England, where rabbit coursing is much in vogue, swift, well trained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is therefore little to be won-

An old Yorkshire collier well known for his success in the coursing field recent-ly surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing woman. He had al-ways been reckoned a confirmed hater of

ways been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has ta gone and gos spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him.
"Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stolidly. "I agree wi'ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been, I shouldn't have wed her. But there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin for somebody to look after him while I was away at 'p it. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I his on the idea of marryin Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the Uog !"—London Tit-Bits.

Nut Foods. Several physicians in different parts of Europe have been making experiments as Europe have been making experiments as to the nutritive and medicinal qualities of all kinds of nuts and have advanced views favoring—their use as food under certain conditions for special diseases. Nuts contain a special kind of sait especially adapted for lubricating or softening the muscles of the arteries. Some practitioners claim that elderly people would be benefited by a more extensive nut diet. The only will to be overcome is that the nut meats should be thoroughly masticated, so that no hard pieces may enter the digestive organs

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the now so powerful German empire was nothing more than the little kingdom of Prussia, having just dropped its title of duchy of Brandenburg. The country was very poor and the military discipline very harsh. Frederick William I was hard, cross and stingy and did not even know what it was to make a present. His reputation was so widely spread shat it became a byword to say that a man had worked for the king of Prussia when he had done an unprofitable task. A Stingy King.

Different Points of View Different Points of View.

Charley Scott says he never thinks of an angel without seeing a vision of "a blond girl about 19 dressed in a pale blue robe."

Every man to his taste. For our part, angels are made of fat little rascals about 2 years old, dressed in pale blue wings.—

Kansas City Journal.

Basing his calculations on the average increase of insanity within the last 40 years, an English statistician has come to

the conclusion that in the year 2801 every-body will be in the asylums. Cobeza di Vaca explored the Gila river country in 1885 and reported that the na-ives were dressed in cotton garments.

And How Many?

First Chicago Man—The peace jubilee
was a great success, wasn't it?

Second Chicago Man—It was truly.

How much did you take in?—Cleveland
Loader.

A Natural Error. "What's the matter with Nora?"
"I secured her from that mutual help mice, and she claims that I ought to do laif her work."

THE TOBACCO HABIT

ef the Simble Peanut.

However fantastic my particular method of dealing with the tobecco habit may seem on paper it will effect a cure if falthfully carried out. In the first place, he mure that your patient really dealers to treak off the habit of using tobacco. In the account place, we member that your patient will react according to the impression your manner makes upon his mind. If you speak lightly of your method of treating him, he will hold that method in small estem. Therefore, speak impressively, and if he smiles at your modus operands frown him into a decent humility.

Suggestion alone is not sufficient to hold the average tobacco user, and you will therefore add a material medicine in the shape of—peanuts? Yes, my friend, ludicrous as the idea scena, there lies in the vulgar peanut a charm to cap the power of "My Lady Nicotine" and free the festered slave.

In all drug habits there are two conditions to combat—physical and mental, or physiological and physhological. I use peanuts to offset the physical craving and magestion to calm the mind.

What is the condition of the user of tobacco if the weed is withdrawn? It is important to understand this, because

What is the condition of the user of tobacco if the weed is withdrawa? It is important to understand this, because there is but a slight variation in one dezen cases from the average.

The condition is one of mental unrest, some physical sensations and nervousses. The withdrawal of tobacco acts as a withdrawal of a powerful nerve tonic, because this weed, used first as a merve scalarice, becomes by force of usage a nerve stimulast. Let us take the mental condition first under consideration. I do not try to put a tobacco user to sleep, because it is an unnecessary performance, but give him positive suggestions while he is sitting opposite me to the following effect:

That it will be easy to break him of the habit.

the habit.

That he will not suffer, despite the fact that he has tried to break off previously, but has failed on account of the discomfort enuing. he discomfort ensuing.

That he is not a hero or a being to be

That he is not a here or a being to be pittled or sympathised with, because he will not be called upon to display any heroic qualities of endurance.

That if he follows directions he will not suffer from nervousness or "ainkings" at the pit of the stomach.

That he will begin at once to gain in weight; that his memory will be sharper and more tenecious, and that his digestive organs will regain tone; that his nerves will be as steel, his muscles as iron and his complexion will lose the muddy hue which mars its comeliness. That the habit is uncleanly—in fact, That the habit is uncleanly-in fact, degrading—and that its gratification entails a gross waste of money. What right has he to literally burn his incomwhen his wife is compelled to wear a gown that is out of date?

gown that is out of date?

Thus, then, do I prepare the patient's mind for the lightness of the task before him, laying special stress upon the fact that he will at no time consider himself an object of compassion as selfhimself an object of compassion or self pity, for if he believe himself to be perming a deed of no small he will suffer agonies, whereas if his abne

they will be not slight it the above preparation of the mind is properly done and will show themselves in occa-sional pains about the region of the heart, sinking at the pit of the stemach, a lassitude, weak and accelerated pulse and muscular twitchings. Nervousness, jumping at a sudden noise and tritta-bility of tempor will be in avidence, but

jumping at a sudden noise and trattability of temper will be in evidence, but will be greatly modified by suggestion.

Prescribe peanuts, to be eaten slowly, constantly and continually. He must be occupied. Busy him therefore with peanuts. He would, if left alone, think tobacco. He must, on the contrary, think peanuts. Has he a loathing for peanuts? All the better. He will learn to love them for their nutritious qualities and intrinsic flavor. Does his stompach rebel on the second or third day? ach rebel on the second or third day? sness or colio? It is still

Has he billousness or collo? It is still well, because no man when billous desires tobacco.

Observe that you are supplying him with material for his digestive organs to work upon, and that his jaws are not idle. There is no vacuum, and there fullness perhaps, a plethoric condition, a sense of satisty, but this is exactly what we desire to bring about. Keep the system busy and at work; keep the

Ah, my friends, how true it is that the mouse may gnaw the rope bind the lion! Even the plebeiau may be the means of restoring harms to an afflicted household. I have kno this humble agent taken according to directions, stretch strong men upon beds of sickness from which they rose in the course of a day or two clean of heart I have known of others whose sto

rejoicing and waxed fat speedily.

I have never known of a failure if
the above directions were carried out.
The tobacco habit is not worthy to be sed as a drug habit. -Sydney Flow

Had to Tell Some One "If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should

have done."
"What's happened?" he asked.
"Why, Mrs. Gadding, next doer, has been in here with such an extraordinary tale, which she made me promise I would never breathe to a living soul, that it has seemed as if I positively couldn't wait for you to come home to tall you about it."

MICA MINES OF INDIA.

The Methods of Hundreds of Years Age Still In Use. Age Still In Use.

The mica mines of India are in the interior of the country and very inaccessible. The Abruker mine, it is stated, produces the finest mica that has ever been mined, both for lamination and color. It has been sunk about 200 feet, following the pitch of the vein, and all this mica and refuse have been raised and carried away by the natives. No machinery of any kind except drill and hammers is used in their mining operations.

The refuse and the mica are pla The retuse and the mice are processin baskets each holding ten pounds, the baskets being passed up from hand to hand by women, who stand in a line on ladders. The contents of the baskets are deposited at the top, and the baskets are returned down the ladder in the same

returned down the ladder in the same manner as they went up, but by another line of women. Water is taken out of the mines by means of juga. It is supposed that this method of operation has been carried on for many hundreds of years, except that there is more care to protect the minera.

After the crude mice is taken from the mines it is first roughly trimmed, and then sorted into different grades, according to sizes and quality. It is then taken to the mice workers, who split it up and scribe out the size for it to be cut into by the shearers, the out pieces then being cleaned, weighed and packed ready for shipment. The mice

backs of bul- AN UNEQUAL CONTEST

The mios can be split down to .000s of an inch in thickness. Being both fireprior and transparent, it is very unful for many purposes in the arts, besides being an axealient insulator.—Electrical World.

"There is something which I have long been wishing to tell you," writes a young gentleman who is now at Eddy, N. M. "but somehow I nover succeeded in transporting myself into the right humor to do to. This was a description of one of the principal and most enjoyable pastimes of the Eddy people. The folks here have various ways to beguile the monotony. They have dances, amateur theatricals, hunting parties and badger fights. Badger fights Ob, what mortal anguish has been caused by these creel, cruel badger fights. They are of Texan origin, but are now practiced all over the southwest.

"I had been here about a week when I noticed one day all the factory hands grouping together and talking about a magnificent badger that a cow puncher, as cowboys are called here, had hrought to town. There was to be a badger fight that hight. A dog was to fight him to a finish. Bets were given and taken. Some had seen the badger, and all knew the dog which was to fight him. I do not like bloody spectacles and decided not be go, but heaven willed it otherwise.

"On my way home from work every, body on the streets appeared to be speaking about and betting on the badger fight. People had come in from the country to see it. One man was pointed out to me as having bet as much as \$100 on the fight. High bets were transacted in my presence. I decided to see that fight. Two of my friends came to my room after supper and invited me to accompany them to the fight. When we got down stairs; I noticed the whole verands of the hotel crowded with a boisterou, brawling, betting, disputing, turbulent multitude.

"When we loft, this entire multitude field after us. Shopkcepers left their shops in their shirt sleeves to join the procession. In three blooks the procession behind me had doubled in volume. I began growing excited and believe I should have bet had some one offered to do so with me. When we arrived at the arena, a large crowd was already waiting. Betting now went on with feverish excitement. I had lost track of my friends in the uproar

To speak at a solor blind arths sonata the jaking said a netted coulist; but, strange as it seems, there are several persons so affected who can nevertheless paints arternely well. Numbers of colorblind people there are, of course, who draw perfectly in pencil, ink and crayons, but I myself know a scene painter attached to a provincial theater who, though "color blind," paints all its society; and his quite a local name, not only for his "interiors" and onk chimbers, but even for landscapes. I can tell you also of two London la, dies who consulted me for color blind-ness who paint seally beautiful pionres. One is the daughter of a late famous artist and was taught painting by her father. She is quite unable to distinguish red from green, but her colors are all' labeled with the names, and she has been taught which to use for certain effects. Possibly her painting may seem to her eyes, as it were, drawing with a brush and "shading" with the colors. with a brush and "shading" with the colors.

The other is a lady artist of some celebrity, who has for years exhibited ammunity in London. The public is not aware that she is color blind. She palated the "Wedding Group" for a certain noble bridgeroom a year or twe age and also several public men's portraits and one of an eminent physician fetched 500 guineas.

There is a gentleman residing at Remaington who, having years ago left this havy through finding his advancement hopslessly barred by his color blindness, is at present making several handreds a year by his brush as an artist, designing most artistic and brightly colored picture posters for advertisement hoardings.—London Answers.

This is an inscription on a beech tree standing on the knobs, im Monroe township, back of Jeffernowille. A date once followed the words, but it is now indistinct. There is a strange story connected with the inscription. An old resident relates it.

"Years ago, when that section of Indians was little explored and when the heavy bush was the dwelling place of the wild turkey, deer and rattlesmake, John Harmon started to Charlestown to astend court. He was armed with an old fashioned rifle. A rattler bit Harmon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It

"The dog was now exhibited in the circle. My surprise was unspeakable when
I say that cur. Insteads of a large, flerce
animal it was a sickly looking puny water spaniel. My sincere sympathy was at
once enlisted with the dog.

"Preparations were now made for the
bloody event. The badger men insisted
upon a careful examination of the dog.
Some old sport waltzed up and examined
the dog's teeth, legs, nose and fur to see
if any pepper had been strewn into it so
as to disable the badger. After a careful
examination the dog was pronounced
O. K.

mon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It was he who carved the words in lighter lines on the tree, with the request beneath, long since obliserated by the tree's growth, to bury him on the spot. A few days later Harmon's body was found: A grave was dug by the tree and there is can be seen today."—Louisville examination the dog was pronounced O. K.

"A person was now wanted to pull the badger. It was nannimously decided that for this purpose an unbiased person was necessary, a person who had not bet on the fight. The badger men refused to allow a dog man to pull the badger lest fivehould injure him by a too violent jerk. The dog men were equally veciferous in their refusal to allow a badger man to pull him, lest the badger man pull him into a postition unfavorable for a successful attack. by the dog A clamorous haggling now ensued. It appeared to me that instead of a badger fight we might have a free for all fisticuff. Every one who volunteered to do the pulling was for some or another reason veciferously rejected. Finally a man walked through the crowd in quest of a person suitable for the purpose of pulling the badger. He questioned many, but always passed on. Finally he came to nie. He asked me other questions, to which aparences. I loss the ring 'fore I got to the par-son's. But I'm shore of it this time."
"Whar is it, John?" she asked.
"I've got it in my mouth," he said.
"I'm shore of it now."
But when they stood before the asked me other questions, to which apparently I gave satisfactory answers. I was invited to pull. My heart throbbed, as I did not wish the task. 'But by not

as I did not wish the task. 'But by not yielding I would disappoint the entire crowd.' I reluctantly consented.

"Inmediately a storm of objections arose. This, however, was finally quieted down, and I took the rope. I got careful instructions how to proceed. I was to pull just so, on the count of 'three.' I trembled at the thought that I might not do just so and have a dozen or so six shooters leveled at my face in case I madé a blunder.

"All noise had now subsided. Every He couldn't fill the basket if he didn't one was anticipating. Slow, and dis-tinctly the fellow counted 'One, two, three.' I gave a vicious jerk. Out of the box rolled a nice white and clean porce-lain hadger, I will say.

"It is needless to say that there was a wider wichest content of the site."

studen violent outburst of hilarity. Every one of those wretches exerted his cachinatory powers to the utmost. It took me several seconds to realize that the whole procedure was merely a joke, perpetrated upon poor unoffending me, got up wholely and solely for my benefit.
"I could not lick the whole gang. If I could, I should undoubtedly have done so. I did the next best thing. I put my pipe "Yes," she admitted, "I am going to marry a hero of the war."
"Are you sure you are not letting your sentiment run away with your judgment?" they asked.
"There is no sentiment about it. He will be so handy to have around the house to tell me stories that will make my hair on!"

I did the next best thing. I put my pipe into my mouth, thrust my hands into my I did the next best thing. I put my pipe into my mouth, thrust my hands into my pockets and looked as little sheepish as possible. Occasionally when I succeeded in swallowing a large lump which was troubling my throat I would utter a few acturual sounds. These were meant for a laugh. Since this event I am 'one of the boys. A badger fight is a sort of 'shibboleth,' an 'open sesame' to the elite of western society.

"No. not I. Dae ye think I eat 50 shillings' worth of ham?" -London Anwers.

western society.

"Since then I have seen the same joke perpetrated on Mr. —, a Chicago man. His sheepishness was uncontrollable. He "Since then I have seen the same joke perpetrated on Mr.—, a Chicago man. His sheepishness was uncontrollable. He stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some finds of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some minutes in the midst of the stood for some finds of the stood for

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

Brain in One Minute.

It is very certain that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute.

In proof of this Dr. Sholz tells the following story from his experience:

"After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain of a not disagreeable kind I betook myself to bed after I had wound my watch and placed it on the night table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp 'Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well known ship. I was again young and stood on the lookout. I heard the roar of water, and golden clouds floated around me. How long I stood so I did not know, but it seemed a very long time.

"Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long lost parents came to greet me. They sent me to

the country, and my long lost parents came to greet me. They sent me to church, where the lond organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ which continued to play. I took my son by the hand, and with him as-cended the church tower, but again the scene changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early known but long dead officer. I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the maneuvers. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close to my ears a cannon sounded.

close to my ears a cannon sounded.
"Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the suppose non shot had its cause in the opening cannon anot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom door, through some one entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than the bed clauded. one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occur

The Ghost In "Hamlet. Not many years ago at the Queen's theater, Dublin, during one of the late T. C. King's engagements, "Hamlet" was being played to a densely crowded e. The actor portraying the part of long wait from the first to the third act by perusing the evening paper, using his spectacles in so doing. Being inter-ested in some article (probably the "weights" for an important handicap), he delayed leaving the greenroom until the moment of hearing his cue, when, hastily snatching up his truncheon, he rushed upon the stage without his beard

A titter greeted his appearance, but still the solemnity of the darkened stage and the fine acting of King as Hamlet prevented, any great outburst until the Queen, replying to Hamlet's question, "Do you see nothing there?" answered, "Nothing at all. Yot all that is I see," "Lend her your specs, old boy," followed by another: "Hould your row. Sure ed by another: he's put them on to see to shave him-self."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Lawyer's Retort. occupants of the bench are accusto to resent an eloquent appeal as some-thing in the nature of an insult to their

cery judge when a member of the equity making a rare attempt at rhetoric drew a pathetic picture of his client's

wrongs.
"My lord," replied the counsel, who his appeal, but was quick to find suc in his retort, "I know it is impossible."
—London Globe.

He Wasn't a Gormand. That wary old fellow, Bailie Macduff, was enticed into a friend's house the other night, and his host managed to win 50 shillings from him at "nap.

HARDWARE

KEEPS A FULL STOCK OF

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes. Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agata Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

Groceries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods—in short, we have something for everybody that calls.

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

WM. KARLEY

Giant Root Cutter

1898 LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

ALWAYS LEADS

I sell more Cutters in these counties than all others combined. The 1898 Up-to-Date

..... Is much imp oved over last season's make If you want a cutter, try it, And we are sure you'll buy it.

Plow-Points and Shares of all Kinds, at BottomPrices.....

Highest market price for old cast metal.

Asphalt Roof Paint and Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply direct to

W .G. McLAUGHLIN

MANF'R AND SOLE PROPRIETOR

Athens

Ontario

BLACKSMITHING WOOD-WORKING AND PAINTING

J. E. Pickrell & Sons have leased fre stevens his shop, house, etc. on Elgin street, Athens, and to notify the community at large that they are prepared to o all kinds of general Blacksmithing, including the repairing two and Iron Work on all kinds of vehicles, implements,

schinery, etc. Painting done on the premises. Hiving worked at the trade for many years, we are puble of giving good satisfaction. We use an axle-cutter for short ning arms where they have too much play.

Horse-Shoeing will receive special attention. Call and

we will endeavor to please you, We manufacture the celebrated Diamond Harrow. Call and see it.

MONEY TO LOAN C. STOWELL

We have instructions to place large sums rivate funds at current rates of interest irst morigage on improved farms. Terms t mortgage on improved the toprower. Apply to HUTCHESON & FISHER Harristers & C Brockville

HIGHS + PHOTOS

Secure the Shadow ere the Substance Fade B. W. FALKNER

ATHENS

Orders for out-door viewing attended to GALLERY:

Agent for the Nichols Charles Co. Phosphate CAPELTON . QUEBEC All orders by Mail attended to promptly.

Notice to Creditors.

In the Estate of Patrick Hickey, De In the Estate of Patrick Hickey, Deceased.

Pursuant to R. S. O. Chapter 129, notice is hereby given that all creditors having claims against the estate of the said Patrick Hickey, of Lecis, Yeoman, deceased, are required on or before the Eighth day of December A. D. 1898, to send same to the undersigned Solicitor for the Executors verified by Statutory Declaration. And further notice is hereby given that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only te the and they will not be liable to any persons or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

W. A. LEWIS,
Michael Anglin and William Flood,

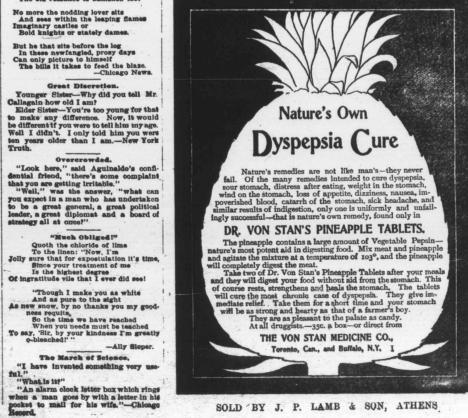


Lyn Woolen Mills



Have a good of stock genuine all-wool will be prepared to sell the same at moderate price and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER.



SOLD BY J. P. LAMB & SON, ATHENS