## Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

## B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING sactions in local or news column, 10c, se for first iosertion and five cents per track; subsequent insertion, eas l'Datis, 6 lines or under, per year, 10ver 5 and under 17 lines, 54.0 or first ton-ant 2c, per tine for each subsettion and 2c, per tine for each subsettion and 2c. unt for contra advertise

ONE WOMAN'S WORK ..

res all my life with tenderest glow, secause I sannot paint with artist skill The changing colors of the sea or sky, Because I cannot write of visions high, and move you all with pain or joy at will

Secause to learning's shrine no gifts I bring. Nor take a foremost stand for woman's cause Because I trust unquestioning the laws, That bring us snow in winter, birds in spring. You think my life is circumscribed and cold In what should make it helpful, rich and Ah, friend! these happy days are none too long

For all the loving duties that they hold,

Nor has the art you love been all denied, For loveliest pictures every day i see In childhood's careless grace and mov From waking morn to dreamy eventide. My Edith's braids, now brown, now golder bright, Imprison tints no artist's brush has known; The baby's deep blue eyes, that meet my own In living beauty mock all painted light. Nor do you know, my friend, the critics bold We story-tellers in the children find— What store of wisdom and of wit combined We need to point a moral new or old.

And in reforms are we not learning late
A still, small voice need not be all in vain?
These childish hands may bring the great If I am willing now to simply wait. And in what science or philosophy
Can pass in interest the baby heart
Seeking in untried ways to take its par
For good or ill in life's great mystery? God help us mothers all to live aright, And may our homes all truth and love Since life for us no lotter aims can hol Than lead ng little-children to the light.

THAT LUCKY BULLET

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

(Copyright 1895.)

I run a small coach from Bidwell's Station to Placer Flat. Bidwell's station is at the head of the San Joaquin Valley. Placer Flat lies about a thousand feet higher. They are mostly ranchmen living along the lige of the road; they keep a few cattle, raise a litle hay and perhaps a few potatoes where there is a patch of moist springy land. Most of them manage to scrape a living out of them manage to scrape a living out of the increase of their stock, I suppose. Some of them do a little horse trading, or the boys chop wood for the railroad, people, to help out a little. They are an easy-going lot, that is, the men are—their women have a pretty rough time of it, though, but what can they do, peor things, except slave from morning till night, cooking, washing, milking and plenty other things a sight rougher, when the men don't feel like work, which I should say is pretty often.

But the girls and young fellers try to have a good time when they can, and since Johnny Cogswell, at the station, built a dance hone back of his place, they got up strawrides all along the line, and I tell you there a heap of fun going those times. There is nothing like a strawride if you want to make up to a girl. As soon as they're fairly landed in the dance-house they stiffen out and sit in a row as prim as a lot of Quakers. No one would believe they were the same girls. But there was one girl, I tell you she was a staver, though some wouldn't allow that she was quite white. She lived with her father, an old Portuges, Don Fernando Soto, on a bit of a vineyard he had raised, up near the Flat. There were (Copyright 1895.)

low that she was quite white. She lived with her father, an old Portugee, Don Fernando Soto, on a bit of a vineyard he had raised, up near the Flat. There were only the two of them and an old colored woman, who couldn't speak a word of English. The old man was rich, so everybody said, anyway, but a meaner, stingler, more excitable old cuss no one ever see; and he was mighty ready with a knife too. Mariquita too was so pretty and clever, that lots of the boys would have loafed around if they had dared, but the old man had cut two or three of them, and the rest shied. Some of them would have laid, the old fellow out, but Mariquita was that fond of him, when they were in quarrelling or spitting fire at one another, that they had to drop all notions of getting even.

notions of getting even.

There being no neighbors nigh for Mariquita to get into the strawrides, she used to ride down with me on the box seat, whenever there was to be a dance at the station. You see, she had come to some sort of a compromise with the old man. She wasn't to let any of the young fellers prowl around the hill, and he was to let her go to the station whenever there was any heel and toe going on. The first time she rode down I struck the old fellow for the stage fare, but he flew at me in a fury. When he was mad he looked like one of the old apes in the Zoo, and I tell you he showed his teeth. He had a forked beard, and at the end of each fork a big white pately of hair, like a ball of cotton, while just above, the hair was still nearly black. His eyes glittered like live coals. You can bet he was a Tartar. Of course, I took the girl. She knew I wouldn't leave her, and stood there laughing and enjoying it, the witch. When she got down to the station she carried everything before her with her brilliant color, snapping black eyes, and easy grace. The rest of the girls couldn't talk worth a cent after they got their skirts straightened and prim in the dance-hall, but Mariquita kept the young fellers buzzing around her, and talked to them all at once. And clever! Why, you could see the boys grow an inch as she said something to each one of them, to tickle his fancy and perhaps encourage his pride a little, for she liked to have them all running after her, and they would run, the best of them, for a glance out of the corner of her eye. I tell you I ought to have had that gal, and I could, too, if I had been quite sure she was white. I never knew just how to take her, though. She was the mighty sharp in the neck, and, although it was dusk, I could see her eyes glitter-ing like a wild cat's. Most men would have dropped her after that, but the next try and there wasn't another soul on the stage, I put my arm around her to steal a kies, and the next minute I had a stilette, I think they call it, pricking

though, sometimes, and that hurt him. You see that eart of thing may do for some men, but not for a doton. He might take off the wrong leg sometime. Once, up at the Flat, they sent for him to attend a man who had been injured. The Doo, was pretty full—quite full, I guess—but he was able to ask where the fellow was hurt, and when they told him in the head. he said, "Well, let me see his feet!" His idea was that it was anough for him to see any patient's big toe! But they didn's look on it that way up at the Flat, and so that let the Doo, cut for a while. But he was only sowing his wild oats, I guess, for he could sober up whenever he liked, and then there wasn's a brighter man to be found anywhere.

The Doo, never missed one of the fandanges, rain or shine, neither did the girl, and soon everybody saw what was the master. One night, though, the doctor rode into the stetion, and everybody could see that he had been drinking, for he could scarcely keep himself straight in the saddle. He was late, and when he dismounted he walked right into the dance with his hat on, and without even taking time to dust off. As soon as Mariquita set eyes on him she saw what was wrong, and when the Doo, reached her, she straightened herself up like a queen and cut him dead. He was too far gone to have any sense left, and he tried to follow her around, until Ned Houston, a young feller from Texas interfered, and told him to clear out. Mariquits had been danning with Houston, and he couldn't very well do any less than he did when the Doo, hung on to the girl that way. I never saw Mariquits look so pretty as she did that night. She was dressed in white with a bit of scarlet ribbon in her bosom, and a spray of scarlet geranium in her halt. Her eyes just flashed fire. No one ever saw such eyes, and the way they scorned the doctor ought to have brought him to list sense.

When Ned Houston interfered, the Doc, far gone as he was, straightened himself up, and said: "Follow me, friend Texas: I don't allow any man to interfere

When Ned Houseon interfered, and a far gone as he was, straightened himself up, and said: "Follow me, friend Texas; I don't allow any man to interfere between me and a lady," and they walkas; I don't allow any man to interfere between me and a lady," and they walk-ed out together, arm in arm. The women never suspicioned anything, but the men knew there was going to be trouble and would have followed, only there was a dance on just then, and they couldn't leave their partners. Just as we were handing the girls to their seats we heard several scattering shots. Mariquits turned white as a sheet, and ran swiftly out of the hall. We all followed, and when we reached the spot, we found the Doc. lying shot through the breast, his head in Mariquita's lap, and more scarlet on her white dress than belonged to the bit of ribbon or the geranium.

We carried the wounded man into the house, and then you should have heard Mariquita scorn poor Ned Houston. "You are a brave man, indeed," she said, "to shoot your friend when he is intoxicated! Coward! Assassin! Murdere! Begone out of my sight! Never let me see your cowardly face again."

But Ned couldn't haln it. He synling. let me see your cowardly face again."

But Ned couldn't help it. He explained it all to me. They had just walked into the yard back of the house, when the

ed it all to me. They had just walked into the yard back of the house, when the Doc. drew. "Step off ten paces," he said, "then turn and fire." Ned tried to pacify him, but he had lost his head, and breaking away from him commenced to shoot. You see, there was some jealousy at the bottom of it, as well as liquor. The Doc. got well after all, though he had a pretty close call. After that he kept away from liquor and the girl favored him more than ever. When the old Don fell sick she sent for him to cure him, and though they say that the old fellow kloked quite lively, he had to take his medicine, I suppose. Anyway the Doc. brought him round all right, for he was tough as a pine knot. but he was so fond of that vineyard of his 'n that they couldn't keep him out of it long enough to get well. It was a mighty pretty place, that is a fact, nothing like it this side of the valley. No wonder the old Portugee liked it so much. Everybody laughed at him when he first took it up; but it proved to be in what they call the "Thermal Belt," where there are no frosts, and where the grapes grow as they grow nowhere else, Four years from the cuttings he was making plenty of wine, which he sold at his own price in the city, for the grapes had a wonderful flavor, they say. Then he built a fine wine cellar, and colned money, though no one would think it to look at the place from the road. One thing is certain, he had a long purse, well filled, which he kept hid somewhere about the place from the road. One thing is certain, he had a long purse, well filled, when the old Don took his relapse the

ock in no banks. When the old Don took his relapse the

when the old Don took his relapse the Doc. looked serious, and soon we heard that late one night he had ridden up to the Flat for a priest. Then we all know what was coming. He passed in his checks, quietly enough at last, we heard, and the very next day the priest married Marquitta and the doctor. You see the rest of the boys diffin't stand no show from the day the Doc. got that lucky bullet into him.

Doc. Lanter fell into a mighty good thing as it turned out, for the old man's estate panned out pretty big; much more than they had counted on, and he did'nt own a dollar. The fact is, I have no doubt he must have had money before he pre-empted that vineyard. The Doc. straightened up like a man after he got married, and Mariquita is just too pretty for an outsider to look at.

The Forget-Me-Not.

The Forget-Me-Not.

Everybody likes the pretty little forgetme-not and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the banks of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell in to the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flower asbore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergis migh nicht?" ("Forget-me not?") And ever since the flower has been looked on as an emblem of fidelity.

Butter is a commodity that is not liable to sell beyond its value; that is, poor but-ter is not going to bring a good price. Butter must be pleasing to the eye, as well as acceptable to the taste, to bring customers. Scrupulous neatness in butter-making requires no capital, and yet returns a splendid income on the invest-

Ment.

If there is any dirt in cream it is pretty sure to become incorporated with the buter, instead of passing off in the buttermilk. Straining the cream just before churning time should be regarded as a necessary precaution.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

How He Acts in the Cab of an Engine Drawing a Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habt of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard
in the ear when passing another train,
with or without the windows open, and
in looking out of the engine cab the objects
are approached gradually, not rushed past
as when one looks laterally out of a parlor
one window. The fact is that the engineer
does not look at the ste—he is looking
ahead and therefore the—he is looking
ahead and therefore the speed seems less, as
the objects are approached gradually.
Those who have ridden at ninety miles
an hour on a locomotive know that on a
good road (and there are many such) the
engine is not shaken and swayed in a terriffic manner, but is rather comfortable,
and the speed is not so apparent as when
one is riding in a parlor car, where only a
lateral view is had. The engineer can be
very comfortable if he is quite sure of the
track ahead, and it is only in roundinging curves or in approaching crossings
that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if
it is any more strain to run a locomotive
at nigh speed than to ride a bicycle through
crowded thoroughfares.

LITTLE "DIRTY-FACE."

But smiles oft break that crust of dirt, And smiles the dimples chase, And tender eyes light up with love That little dirty face. "T is naught but superficial dir Which scrubbing will crase; So ma and pa are rather proud Of Little Dirty Face

On tot's small phiz the trouble is
To find a klasing place,
But stay—I see a rose-bud mouth
On Little Dirty-Face,

By ELISABETH PULLEN.

(Copyright 1895.)

Scene: The load-room of the Cavendish Club Judge Fletcher, Jim Ferguson, Harry Emmons, Clarence Apgar—four personages who may be left to explain themselves—are just settled for a game of whist. In a corner of the room stands a tall clock, as chorus; its utterance appear articulate to the men according to their respective lines of thought. While playing, they remain silent, or speak casually concerning the game. The significent episodes take place between the hands, while outting for partners, and during the deal.

Emmons: Let us cut around. 10 you, Judge.
Fischer: You and I, Mr. Emmons.
Apgar (to himself): Mine is the queen of. hearts! If that were really true, Edith Anyhow, I shall try to give your father good impression of myself as a whist play.

er.
'Tis no joke, a game with these older

'Tis no joke, a game with these older men, who take it seriously. Ferguson: Your deal, Emmons. Emmons (starts, then says to himself): My deal! No allusion intended to my railroad deal, of course.

(Apgar cuts the cards, Emmons deals). Fletcher: I hope, Ferguson, that I may not have incurred the displeasure of Mrs. Ferguson by persuading you to stay for a game this evening. Ferguson: Who can tell, Judge? But I'm sure that the game will be worth the candle, unless she keeps it burning until my return. You see, our compact is: Two

night, En

(Apgar deals, and turns the trump).

ng with emph

To Fletcher: Yes!
To Ferguson: Jim!
To Apgar: Hope!
To Emmons: Doomed!

Exeunt Omnes.

Live Stock Notes. It costs no more to keep a horse fat than lean and makes your credit better.

candle, unless she keeps it burning until my return. You see, our compact is: Two "evenings out" in the week, and she.not to sit up for me. But this is an extrather's no knowing what may happen. However, as my wife is a very nice girl and a good comrade, I may hope that she will let me off with a light sentence.

Emmons (to himself): A light sentence! (Aloud): No doubt the court will be lenient with you, Ferguson.

Fletcher: In fact, I myself ought to be at home this evening. There is a trying case liable to come before me for action tomorrow; I ought to be preparing for it. My conscience smites me for neglect of duty. But the matter has been on my mind all day; perhaps it may as well be set aside for this evening.

Apgar: Surely that is better, Judge. Emmons (to himself): If it should be the investigation of our railroad! I got a hint of something of the sort, this afternoon. Suppose that he should grant an injunction, and in course of the investigation flud out my connection with the affair! Then good-by to Miss Edith and her two millions; good-by to this club and the men here—by Jove, the other things could be gotten over easier than that. Because a good name is the soul's immediate jewel—on which you can always raise cash with your confiding uncle, the public.

(They play. Judge Fletcher and Emmons win.)

The clock, striking 9 1-8, says:

nons win.)
The clock, striking 9 1-2, says:
To the victors: trumps.
To the vanquished: chumps!

Emmons: This time, Apgar, you and I are partners instead of antagonists.

Apgar (gaily): Let us be loyal, allies or

enemies! Emmons (to himself): Does the boy suspect that I mean to cut him out with Miss Fletcher.

Fletcher: I have an injunction to make— Emmons (starts): Oh, by Jove! I—oh,

Emmons (statis): Oh. by Jove! I—oh, beg pardon—it was only a syaris from my olgar. (Brushes his clothing with his hands, osteritatiously). Fletcher: An injunction to you, Fer-guson. Don't neglect my call for trumps, as you did that of ways control.

Ferguson: Did I? I beg ten thousan pardons, Apgar, for my absent-minde

pardons, Apgar, for my absent-mindedness.

Apgar: I'm afraid that I too was abstracted, for I did not notice the omission. Fletcher: The vigor of the game, my dear fellows, the vigor of the game, my dear fellows, the vigor of the game. Apgar: We will do our best, Judge. Ferguson (to himself): Clarence is certainly doing his best to make a good running with the Judge. Well, I wish him success, and hope that he and Miss Edith may be as happy as Nelly and I. But they must make clear terms about his evenings out. I wish I knew whether Nell will sit up waiting for me—I don't believe it of her!

Apgar (to himself): I must buckle right

LEGENDARY LORE.

STORIES STILL CURRENT AMONG DIFFERENT PEOPLES.

an investigation. Who can have given away the Construction Company? Curse him, wheever he is! There is an ugly to of things which must come out in the examination. On the other hand—there's another lot of ugly things which will not come out, being my private affairs. And when the old man sees how very solvent I am, how much boodle I have saited down where they cannot get at it—who knows that he will not soften, and let me have his daughter. She is a beauty, and rich. I swear that I will not be a bad husband to her. Come now, my little game is not all up yet, one hopes! Fletcher: You are of the right stuff to make an excellent whist player, Apgar. I shall look for great triumphs for you, in these years. Legendary lore is so acceptable to the people of Germany that the old and young alike are familiar with the rich stories of wisdom or romance that have come to them from a picturesque past. It never occurs to the sincere German mind that any one can make light of such stories as those that are told at the fireside on winter nights when the storm-king is abroad in his might. They have legends of love, and legends that, legends to make laughter, and legends that are dark, stern and tragic, like those of the Black Korest. No trace of consolous Christianity can be found in them, but there is often a lesson of heather philosophy, combined with weird, wild tales of tragic or ence's was awfully near.
tricks for your side.
The clock strike 10 1-2, saying:
To the winners: Won!
To the losers: Done!
(Which latter observation is taken lightly by the good Ferguson, but as a sinister prophecy by the wicked Emmons.)

bined with weird, wild tales of tragic origin.

One of the legends still popular among the credulous is that of "The Wild Hunt," and old folks tell it to the children when a sudden storm is heard in the night, as the wind rushes by. "It is the wild huntamen, take thou care," and the children are glad to be safe between their feather beds. The legend runs thus:

The Lowenberg, one of the seven mountains, was the hunting ground of a wicked squire who hunted every day, not excepting Sunday, when man and beast were supposed to rest. But this was not the worst. He had no respect for the church, and on one occasion hunted a wild boar and drave is into a church, where he slew it at the foot of the altar. For this act of sacrilege he was torn to pieces by a pack of hounds sent from the infernal regions for that purpose. Ever since then the Sabbath-breaker's ghost is doomed to ride in a spectral train with a band of huntsmen, who, like himself, are expisting their sins, and with a pack of demon hounds at their heels, he being doomed to lead the wild hunt forever.

A legend of the Australian Alps is very touching, bordering as it does on one of Fletcher: We are still partners, Clarence.

Angar; That is good news for me, sir. Fletcher (to himself): A modest, well-bred young man. Edith's mother tells me that he is fond of our zirl, and that she believes that Edith cares for him. He is not rich, but he is working his way. He comes of good people. Well, it Edith is too old for dolls, I suppose that the next thing must be a lover. I don't object to young Apgar for a son-in-law—only I should like to keep my child at home a while longer. He certainly is a most promising whist player; and the qualities that conquer at whist-presight, nerve, power of combination—argue well for a man in business and in social life. Yes, young Apgar, the court is with you. (The Judge nods decidedly.) Ferguson (humorously): Make up your mind, Judge? Fletcher (seriously): I have. Ferguson (numorously): Make the your mind, Judge?
Fletcher (seriously): I have.
Apgar (to himself): About me?
Emmons (to himself): About me?
The clock strikes cleven, saying:
To Fletcher: You do well to let that young man take your girl.
To Ferguson: By this time Nell will have thought of things to say.
To Apgar: She may be your wife! Yes, she may be your wife!
To Emmons: This next hour you may know what will be your fate!
(All remain silent for a few moments under the impression of the oracular utterance).

A legend of the Australian Alps is very A legend of the Australian Alps is very touching, bordering as it does, on one of the mysteries of religion. The wife of Pliate is believed to wander in this district in order to receive a punishment which is not eternal but limited to the Day of Judgment. Her doom is to gather the souls of unbaptized infants. She is their keeper and on summer nights she leads them through the earth and flax fields, where with their shadowy hands they tear off all the blighted ears, and the harmful insects, and bear them away in their little pitchers. Ferguson: Your deal, Emmons.
(Emmons deals and turns as trump the co of spades.)
Emmons: An ugly, black card.
Ferguson: I have only twelve cards. A nisdeal. You must be a bit neryous to-tight, Emmons; I never knew you to make

harmful insects, and near them away in their little pitchers.

One mother of an unbaptized child wept inconsolably for her lost offspring. Suddenly there appeared before her a strange child, a little bright-eyel thing of 4 or 5 years who carried a heavy pit-cher and addressed the frightened

Apgar (joyously): Ah! the queen of learts! Ferguson (kindly): That ought to be a lucky card, Clarence.
Fletcher (with intention): We will hope

The mother ceased crying, and soon after she saw a a radiant figure surrounded by a number of little ones, and the happlest face among them was that of her own little child, whose pitcher was So, partners (Apgar thanks him by a look. Enter a servant with a tray on which is a large folded document. He presents this to Judge Fletcher. Emmons catches sight of he endorsement. Application for injunctnow light and easily borne.

ner own tittle entid, whose pitcher was now light and easily borne.

Indian history abounds with legends. Here is one of the two water jars. One of the water jars was gorgeously painted on the outside, and looked very beautiful to the eye, but contained nothing but worthless trash, while the other was of plain brown earthenware, and had no paint to make it attractive, but was filled with things of great value, such as flocks and herds, all the riches that the heart could desire. When the two water jars were finished, the wise men called up the people, the tribes of the Pueblos and the Navajos, and commanded them to make their choice of the two. The Navajos were permitted to choose first and they selzed upon the handsomely-painted jar which was worthless, so the other behe endorsement. Application for injunction.)
Ferguson: What's the matter, Emmons?
You've gone very white. Will you have some brandy?
Emmons: Thank you, nothing is the matter. I have had twinges of factal neuralgia all day. Not serious, of course; but they catch one suddenly and play the deuce with one's nerves. has found me out.

Emmons (to himself): What a phrase!
Fletcher: I said, earlier, that I ought to have staid at home, to get ready for an unpleasant law case. This paper now recalls me to my duty. I must bid you goodnight; I dare say that there is more than jar which was worthless, so the other ame the only choice of the fortunate Pue

blos.

The wise men then said: "Here is the one man waiting for a chance to cut in. A pleasant game to you all! I am truly sorry to be obliged to leave it.

Ferguson: Rather, we will adjourn untily you are given us another session, Judge.

Apgar: Until next time, sir.

Emmons: That will be best. I am not in condition to play: I beg pardon for lots of stupidities.

(As the four men take leave of one amother, they think within themselves as follows):

Fletcher: I wonder whether Emmons is wired un in this railroad deal. He is one work, is this: One hundred and eighteen work.

lows):

The Indian legend of the origin of war, is this: One hundred and eighteen mixed up in this railroad deal. He is one of the directors of the road.

Ferguson: It is still early. What will Nell say? Ferguson: It is still early. What will down on the earth of the first time, and saw old men and women coming out of their lodges, gray-haired and stooping, and when they tried to walk they fell to pleces from extreme old ago. The Great Spirit then thought that he had made the Indians to live too long, and that they later than the same places of the control of the first time, and saw old men and women coming out of their lodges, gray-haired and stooping, and when they tried to walk they fell to pleces from extreme old ago. The Great Spirit then thought that he had made the Indians to live too long, and that they later the same places of the first time, and saw old men and women coming out of their lodges, gray-haired and stooping, and when they tried to walk they fell to pleces from extreme old ago. Appar: What am I to the father's kindness to me?
Emmons: I suppose it is all up with creased too rapidly. So he changed his first plan and sent out four Spirits of Thunder to tell the Indians that they must fight. They obeyed, after which they decreased rapidly. The Indians who died in battle were fortunate, as the Great Spirit kept their souls near him.

Except Onnose.

The control of the part of the same of the control Muskinclons in History,
Says Le Tennis, of Parls. They
caused the fall of Arques and led Mack
to the capitulation of Ulm. One day the
Abbe Bernis dame to dine with the Marquise de Dompadour, who was furious
because the finaitre d'hotel had forgotten

Another Story of Jenny Lind.

"When I was in Canada in 1851," says Mr Waldegrave-Lesle, in the Montreal Herald, "I was stopping for some time at the Olitton House, Niagara Falls. It so happened that Jenny Lind was making her American tour then, and the dry atmosphere of this country had so affected her voice that she had lost her upper and lower semi-tones. Her physician advised her to go to Niagara Falls, thinking that the dampness might restore these powers—which, by the way, it did. She was at the Clifton House, but, as luck would have it, she was placed in a room next to which was a very noisy party of young men. She objected, o course and the landlord said that he would change her room and put her next a quiet young

room and put her next a quiet young Englishman.
"I," added the old gentleman, with

cataract.

"It was nearly twenty years before I saw her again, and this was in London at a dinner party, and was privileged to take her to dinner. She did not seem to remember me, but suddenly in the middle of dinner she turned around in her chair was considered and the same party of the same party and the same part member me, but suddenly in the middle of dinner she turned around in her chair and embraced me, to the amusement of everybody, and cried out, "Oh, my dear friend of Niagara. I did not recognize you at first, but I know you now".

A few days afterward Mr. Leslie was sitting with Jenny Lind and her husband at one of Charles Dickens' readings. The great novelist was reading the scene from "Oliver Twist," in which Bill Sykes strangles Nancy. The audience was almost gasping with horror, and the cantatrice, hiding her face, said "Mr. Leslie, that acting is so terrible that you must make the Prime Minister stop it."

The Prime Minister was sitting a few seats in front, and after the performance he was introduced to her. She remarked, laughingly, "My Lord, you'll have to account to God for allowing such an exhibition"

How to Remove Tattoo Marks The example of the Duke of York, the future king of England, who has had some elaborate designs tattooed on his arm, is said to have set the English arisarm, is said to have set the English aristocracy wild, and tattooing has become the rage. On the other hand, there are many people who have submitted themselves to this needle and ink decoration, who have outlived their pride in it, and who feel rather ashamed of what they formerly looked upon as a distinction. For the benefit of such a medical correspondent clish how tattoo marks may be removed. The marks are painted over with a concentrated solution of tanning. Afterwards, by means of fine needles, a series of pickings is made over the tatiooed design, and over the surface thus picked is of pickings is made over the tattooed de sign, and over the surface thus picked is passed a stlck of nitrate of silver. At the end of a few minutes the black picking previously made become detached, and the superficial layers of skin are charged with a tannate of silver. In order that the process may be perfectly successful, this surface must be powdered with tannin for two or three days. At the end of that time, the inflammatory action has almost subsided, and the picked parts turn black, forming a thin crust, very adherent to the deoper skin, but painless in fourteen or fifteen days the scab falls off, and in its place is seen a superficial red mark, which gradually fades av a runtil, at the end of a few months, a 1 signs of coloration disappear. Of course, antiseptic precautions are duly taken in performing this operation. The old tattoo needle is the best thing it can be done with. Dr. Baillot suggests that itoxalate of potassium is even better for the purpose of tatoo marks removal than nitrate of silver.

Prepared For Death. In the Petersburg campaign I saw an example of the cool, deliberate courage with which our men were wont to face death. I never saw a better instance, in "In the Pet fact. It was on the evening before a fight which we knew was going to be a desperate one, and which proved to be just as fierce as we had expected it would be. It was going through the camp the night before the battle, and I noticed nearly all the men sewing. Ordinarily, I would have thought little, of seeing a group of soldiers patching up their army clothes. In this case, however, pretty much every one was sewing, and all seemed to be performing the same task of sewing some sort of a plece into the breasts of their coats. My curlosity was aroused, and I asked one of the men what it was all about. fact. It was on the evening before a figh

about,
"'Nothin' much, sir,' said the soldier saluting 'only the boys allow that we're going' to got it hot to-morrow, an' they are just sowing their names into their coats so that if they go under, as a good

was made in medicine. Physicians universally recognized its beneficent results and welcomed it as one of the most valuable remedial agents that has been developed in medicine, because it covered such a wide range of usefulness and brought into requisition the most remarkable food-medicine in existence. This discovery

Scott's Emulsion

and this wonderful nutrient was Cod-liver Oil, but until it was made available in Scott's Emulsion it was almost useless, but by their process of emulsifying it and making it palatable and easy of assimilation, and adding to it the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, they have given the world a remarkable curative agent in all wasting diseases, both in children and adults. Scott & Bowne, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. and 01,



Our Model 1893 Shot-Gun is now used Shot-Guns by all the most advanced trap

Single Shot-Rifles ASK YOUR DRALER TO SHOW YOU THIS GUN. thing that is Newest and Best in Repeating Arms Ammunition are made by the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn.

ar Send à Postal Card with your address for our 112-page Illustrated Catalogue.

Roofing and Eavetroughing

A Specialty for this Season at W. F. EARL'S

If you have a house or barn to shingle, get our prices beore you buy. We guaranree no leak.

We also have a fine stock of Stoves on hand to select from. Iron Piping and Fittings for wells and factory use in stock. All kinds of tinware, Milk Cans, Churns, Creamers, at close prices.

Don't forget the place-opposite the Gamble House.

W. F. EARL, Athens

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

FARMERS, LOOK HERE

YOU CAN PROCURE

Points and Repairs

for any plow in use-good, smooth hardened castings-at wholesale rates at the Lyn Ag'l Works.

Also a First-Class General Purpose Plow for \$10

Will have a stock on sale at Unionville's Great Fair. Old metal wanted.

G. P. McNISH, Lyn Ag'l Works

H. H. Cossitt & Bro.

Fruit Commission Merchant WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO OYSTERS IN SEASON Two (2) Stores—Telephones 244a & 244b

NEW PROCESS CANADIAN

And American Water White Pratt's Astral, Photogene, Primrose

These are our brands, and we ship our goods out in good, sound, fresh-filled barrels. Our prices are low and shipments

The Rogers & Morris Co. Ltd. Successors to The Samuel Rogers Oil Co

OTTAWA AND BROCKVILLE Lyn Woollen Mills



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

R. WALKER