

Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

BY
B. LOVERIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS
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Business notices in local or news columns 10c
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for each subsequent insertion.
Professional cards, 5 lines or under, per year,
\$3.00; over 5 and under 12 lines, \$4.00.
Legal advertisements, 5c per line for first
insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent
insertion.
A liberal discount for contract advertisement.
Advertisements sent without written in-
structions will be inserted until forbidden
and charged full time.
All advertisements are measured by a scale of
solid newspaper—10 lines to the inch.

Local Notes

Mr. Andrew Hagerman is home for
Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Boyce spent Christ-
mas in Smith's Falls.

Mr. Alfred Laving is renewing ac-
quaintances in Athens this week.

Mr. Mort. Lee of Carleton Place
spent Christmas with his parents here.

Miss E. Gallagher of Newboro is
visiting her cousin, Miss Maud Wiltse.

Mrs. P. Y. Merrick and son, Ar-
thur, are visiting friends in Oak Leaf.

Miss Gertie Johnston, teacher, of
Rockport is home for her Christmas
vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Almeron Wilson and
family have returned home from Delta
for the winter.

Mrs. M. A. Everts and son are spend-
ing Christmas week with friends in
Smith's Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stafford of Pres-
cott spent Christmas with friends in
Athens.

Messrs. L. M. Smith and F. J. Mer-
rick called on friends in Athens during
their holidays.

Mr. W. M. Stevens and daughter,
Miss Mae, of Ottawa, spent Christmas
with relations in Athens.

Mr. S. P. Manhard having finished
his contract with Gilbert Bros. of See-
ley's Bay, has returned to Athens.

Miss A. Adair, a resident of West-
ern Ontario is the guest of Mr. and
Mrs. Albert Sheffield.

Miss Lou Stevens, teacher, of Cain-
town is spending her holidays with her
mother, Mrs. Levi Stevens, Athens.

Miss Bessie Wright, assistant an-
alyst in the Inland Revenue department
at Ottawa, spent Christmas with her
parents at the Rectory.

Mr. Mack Kelly arrived in Athens
from Uncle Sam's domain and is
spending his holidays with his parents,
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kelly.

Found, on the road near Elbe, a small
log chain lately repaired. Owner can
have same by calling at Reporter office
and paying for this adv't.

Mr. C. C. Slack of Montreal arrived
in Athens on Monday, having put his
brushes to soak while he discussed
Christmas goose with his family at
home.

Mr. Burton Brown, divinity student,
who is in charge of an appointment at
Dalling, P. Q., is home for vacation.
He conducted the service in the Meth-
odist church on Sunday evening.

On Thursday evening last, several
Athenians drove to Wiltse and at-
tended a very enjoyable school enter-
tainment which was held there.

Miss Tennant has resigned her po-
sition on the teaching staff of the model
school and is to be succeeded by Miss
Minnie Jordan. Miss Tennant has
given the best of satisfaction as a teach-
er in Athens, and the pupils of her
form testified their regard for her on
Thursday by presenting her with an
appropriate address.

A number of young people repaired
to the home of Mr. Henry Hollings
worth at Elbe Mills on Friday evening
last and were pleasantly entertained.
The large and handsomely furnished cur-
ing room in Mr. Hollingsworth's cheese
factory was placed at the disposal of
the guests and some excellent music
provided, and the company passed the
time in dancing until an early hour.

The storekeepers of Athens on
Christmas eve, though tired and worn
with their hard day's work, mostly
wore a look which denoted satisfaction
with the state of affairs. The crowd
of purchasers on Saturday and Mon-
day, though not so large as it has been
some years at Christmas time, seemed
to be decidedly a buying crowd, and
the number of pounds of peanuts, mix-
ed candies and Christmas confectionery
sold off, to say nothing of the large
quantities of dry goods and other fines,
was really classed among the record

REAR YONGE AND ESCOTT CORNELL.

A special meeting, called by the
reeve, of the council of Rear Yonge
and Escott was held in the town hall,
Athens, on Monday, 24th inst., at 7
o'clock p.m. The members were all
present.

A petition signed by 20 of the elect-
ors who had signed the petition ask-
ing the council to submit a local option
by-law to a vote of the township elect-
ors, was laid before the council. The
said petition requested that no further
action be taken on the local option by-
law and that it be re-considered.

On motion, the prayer of the peti-
tion was granted and the original peti-
tion was laid over until such time as
the council of the village submit a by-
law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating
liquor in Athens.

The publication of the by-law in the
Athens Reporter of Dec. 26th was re-
called, and the clerk was instructed
to give notice that there would be no
poll on the said by-law on January 7th
1901. The council then adjourned.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk.

FIGURES AND EYES.

An Indication of Advancing Age

"As we grow older," remarked the
man who was doing that at the rate of
a week every seven days, "we begin
to observe that we seem to need more
light when we read or that the print
of the newspaper that we have been
reading with ease for ever so many
years is not quite as good as it used to
be, or that we can distinguish the let-
ters a little better if we hold them far-
ther away than usual, but we are very
slow indeed to observe that the real
cause of it is that we are growing old,
and we rather resent the suggestion of
some kindly friend that we need
glasses."

"We resent glasses especially be-
cause they are the visible sign of our
weakness, and all the world may know
by them what we fondly think they
have not yet discovered—to wit, that
our eyesight is failing. I am that way
myself, or was, and I stood the glasses
off as long as I could, and really I
could get along very well reading al-
most any type. Of course, I could not
make out every letter, but I could get
enough to complete the word, and of-
tentimes I could supply whole words
that were indistinct by the sense of
what I was reading."

"But it was the figures that got me
down at last. Ah, those figures! There
is no context there, and when I saw
dates or numerals of any kind the bur-
den of the years shut out all their outlines,
and to save me I could not tell what
was before me. I made mistakes so
often in reading aloud to my wife that
she would laugh at me, though she
never caught me on the letters, not-
withstanding many was the time I
guessed at about half I was reading.
But figures you don't stand any fool-
ing like that, at last I acknowl-
edged that it wasn't the type or the
paper or the light or anything of that
sort and got myself a pair of glasses.
Now I can tell a figure as well as a let-
ter, and I discover they are printed
quite as plainly as ever, though I was
sure they were blurred before."

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The American Girl, as Usual, Man- aged to Win the Trick.

A man who is back from a visit to
Paris and Germany is telling a story
which ought to make the great Ameri-
can eagle flap his wings with pride. It
happened at a little railway station
in Germany, Gruenewald by name,
while the man who tells about it was
waiting for a train on a branch line
which connects with the main line at
that place. Besides himself there were
at the station a party of American
tourists of the kind you read about in
English books and an English family
of the kind you read about in Ameri-
can books. The Americans were loud
voiced and ungrammatical. They laugh-
ed a great deal and they ate peaches,
the stones of which they threw at a
post to test their marksmanship. They
were persons for whom Uncle Sam
himself would have felt apologetic,
and they displayed the haughty Brit-
ish materfamilias gentry. To the
younger members of her family, a
gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy"
girl of the typical elongated English
variety—they were objects of great in-
terest, however, and the girl in particu-
lar edged nearer and nearer, to her
mother's great disgust. At last she
was so near that mamma could en-
dure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest
voice, "come away at once. You might
be mistaken for one of those disgust-
ing Americans."

A pretty young American looked up
and swept Clara from head to foot
with a calm glance. Then she went
on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called
out cheerily. "There's no danger of
that—with them feet!"

He Displaced Tobacco.

The healthful or reverse action of to-
bacco has been an absorbing question
for decades and one hard to settle.
Emerson, cautious as he was, was once
drawn into a discussion on the subject
and, being a nonuser of the weed, was
an ardent advocate of its abolition as
a marketable commodity.

"Did you ever think about the logic
of stimulants?" he asked. "There are
supplies her own. It is astonishing what
she will do if you give her a chance.
In how short a time the gentle exalta-
tion of a cup of tea is needed! Con-
versation is an excitement, and the series
of intoxications it creates is healthful.
But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowd-
ing is that with which to pry into the
delicate tissues of the brain!"

ZEB IN A TIGHT FIX.

HAD A KEG OF MOONSHINE IN HIS
ARMS WHEN HE MET A BEAR.

What Followed and the Conclusion
He Reached When the Trouble Was
All Over Are Graphically Told by
the Old Possum Hunter Himself.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

"I was reckoning to go in with some
of the men on a moonshine still," said
the old possum hunter, "but the old
woman raised such a fuss about it that
I had to give it up. She jest sulked,
and cried and acted up for a hull week,
and she couldn't sleep nights for think-
ing of them sleepin' fellows. When
they got the still runnin', they wanted
somebody to carry the kegs over the
mountain to market, and they coaxed
me into the job. It was a trip of fol-
lowin' miles, and, of co'se, it had to be
made at night. I didn't let the old wo-
man know what I was doin', but as I
had to have an excuse to be out I told
her I was coon huntin'. I'd bin out
three or fo' nights when she turns on
me and says:

"How about them coons, Zeb?
You've bin out every night since Sun-
day, but yo' hain't dun brung back a
coonskin!"

"Coons is mighty shy this time of
year," says I.

"Oh, that's it! Coons jest keep right
away from yo', do they?"

"'Pears like they do, but I'm hopin'
to strike a big lot of 'em all to once."

"Waal, Zeb White, yo' mind what I
tell yo'," says she as she looks straight



"I RUN UP AG'IN SUNTHIN IN THE DARKNESS,"
through me. "Yo' jest keep right on
coon huntin', and yo'll find a coon soon-
er or later, and it'll turn out a mighty
bad find fo' yo'."

"Then I knowed she s'pected what I
was up to, but as she didn't say nuthin'
no' I didn't. That night when I went
over to the still I felt a little skittish.
The old woman's words had kind of
skinned me. Then I went up stairs to
the office as though a mouse were in hot
pursuit. Her husband met her smil-
ing, insisted that she had given him a
delightful surprise, put his easiest
chair near the light, handed her a pa-
per and apologized for having to re-
sume work that would possibly keep
him till 3. She could not explain, she
could not keep awake, she was ashamed
of herself, and after lamely telling
him that she had dreamed that he was
ill she left."

In ten minutes he was at the club
and shook hands with a man who smil-
ingly asked if the scheme worked.
He replied that it was as good as ready
money for at least 60 days, and then
each bought a stack of chips that pass
in the night.

A King's Fear of Woman's Beauty.
Charles XII of Sweden feared only
one power in the world, the power of
beauty; of making him quail—she put
him to flight. He said: "So many her-
oes have succumbed to the attractions
of a beautiful face! Did not Alexander,
my pet, burn a town to please a
ridiculous adventuress? I want my
life to be free from such weakness;
history must not find such a stain upon
it."

He was told one day that a young
lad had come to sue for justice on be-
half of a blind octogenarian father
maltreated by soldiers. The first in-
clination of the king, a strict disciplin-
arian, was to rush straight to the plain-
tiff, to hear the details of the misde-
meanor for himself, but suddenly stop-
ping he asked, "Is she 'good looking'?"
And being assured that she was both
very young and unusually lovely, he
sent word that she must wear a veil,
otherwise he would not listen to her."

"The same," says I, pullin' myself
together as hard as I could.

"Out fur a little walk this evenin'?"

"I be."

"Nice evenin' to walk. Mebbe yo've
bin pickin' wild flowers? By the way,
whar's the keg of moonshine?"

"I jest bluffed 'em right down," said
the old man, with a grim smile. "As
the keg was gone and they couldn't
teach me, I wasn't afraid to talk. They
threatened and bulledged, but I stuck
to it that I was lookin' fur coons, and
they didn't hold me. Bimeby I started
fur home. I was mighty narvous about
mo' b'ars, but I got home without see-
in' any." The old woman was sittin' up
readin' the Bible, and she looks up and
quietly says:

"Yo're home ahead of time, Zeb. Is
coons skeered tonight?"

"Mighty skeered."

"Did yo' see any 'tall'?"

"I jest met one."

"I see yo' did, and he fetched yo' that
clip on the ear and sent yo' home. I
reckoned yo'd meet up with a coon if
yo' kept on. Better wash off the blood
and rub in some possum's fat."

"And while I was doin' it," said the
old man in a whisper, "I heard the old
woman gigglin' softly to herself and
bobbin' around in her cheer. I didn't
ax her no questions, becase I'd made
a fool of myself, but do yo' know what
I've allus thought? Say, now, but I
believe that b'ar in the path was my
old woman! Yes, sah, I believe she
put on b'arskin we had in the house
and sneaked out into the woods to
meet me, and when I got close up to
her she fetched me a whack with a
club. I don't believe it, sah, but as it
saved me from them revener fellers
and state's prison I was much obliged
to her and didn't raise no row."

M. QUAD.

THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Scheme by Which Brown Quietly His Wife's Suspicion.

To be perfectly honest, Brown does
not go to his Griswold street office
every night that he tells his wife. He
is going there. The business which he
says is pressing is frequently imagi-
nary and the man whom he is going
to meet does not exist. He belongs to
a club, and clubs have their attrac-
tions. He thought that his wife was
growing suspicious, and Brown is re-
sourceful.

On the evening in question, as the
lawyers would say, he told her that
there was a matter of business and
could not possibly be deferred until the
next day. About 9 o'clock she answer-
ed the phone and was asked if Brown
was at home, and she replied that he
was at his office.

"Guess not," was the alarming re-
sponse. "I was just down there and
all looked dark."

She rang off viciously, if women ever
do such things, ordered a coupe, told
the driver to go as fast as the ordi-
nance allows, kept taking on temper as
she went, and flew up stairs to the
office as though a mouse were in hot
pursuit. Her husband met her smil-
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delightful surprise, put his easiest
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very young and unusually lovely, he
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The National Emblem.

The Presbyterian Review tells of a
Scottish minister who reminded the
Lord in a prayer, "For, as thou know-
est, men do not gather grapes of thorns
nor figs of the national emblem."

"This delicate reference to the this-
tle as the national emblem of Scotland
is delicious," says The Review, "but
how it would have surprised the writ-
ers of the four gospels!"

Mixed.

"It's always dangerous to jump at
conclusions," said the careful man.
"You're liable to make yourself ridicu-
lous, to say the least."

"That's right," replied the Jersey
commuter. "I jumped at the conclu-
sion of a ferryboat once and missed it."

Strong cheese is recommended in
moderation; it is suitable to those who
suffer from "nerves," for it acts as a
sedative, but if eaten to excess its ef-
fects are not good.

Fools acquire wisdom and loafers go
to work tomorrow.

SPOILED THEIR RAID.

THE CADETS HAD A LAUGH AT THE
OFFICERS' EXPENSE.

How a Billiard Table Was Smuggled
into the Barracks at West Point and
the Story of Its Accidental
Discovery.

There are many traditions and sto-
ries of escapades at the Military acade-
my at West Point that are handed
down from class to class, and one of
the most interesting of these is that re-
lating to the billiard table. Shortly
after the civil war the cadets, always
in the alert for some new scheme for
amusement, decided that they would
like to have a billiard table and ac-
cordingly organized a billiard club. A
collection was taken up with which to
purchase a table, and a suitable place
was sought in which to set it up. Until
the present steam heating apparatus was
installed in the cadet barracks, about
30 years or more ago, the heat-
ing was by means of furnaces. The
basement of the sixth division of the
barracks was used for coal bins, the
bins being so arranged that there was
a large one near the center of the
building, which could only be reached
by passing through one of the others.
After considering all available places
this coal bin was finally selected as be-
ing the place least liable to detection,
for it must be remembered the table
was unauthorized.

The table was bought in New York
and sent to Garrison, across the river,
for there was no West Shore railroad
in those days. One cold winter night
it was hauled by a team of oxen across
the river on the ice and up the hill and
was safely stowed away in the coal bin
before morning. The table was soon
set up and became a source of great
enjoyment to the cadets. A keg of
beer was always kept on tap, and
lamps were hung from the ceiling, giv-
ing the room a cheery appearance. The
members of the club used to gather
there at all hours of the day and
night, when their presence was not re-
quired elsewhere by their duties, and
sit around smoking, drinking and tel-
ling stories while two of them played
billiards.

The authorities soon became aware
that there was a billiard table some-
where in the barracks, for they could
hear the balls clicking together, but
they could not find it. The cadets con-
tinued to enjoy the privileges of the
billiard club for more than a year.
Finally one night soon after mid-
night, as two officers were returning
from a convivial evening at the mess,
they saw two cadets, clad in their un-
derclothing and dressing gowns,
emerge from the north sallyport and
disappear down the steps to the area-
way in front of the barracks. Instant-
ly the thought of the billiard table
flashed through the minds of the two
officers, and they started quietly after
the cadets. On reaching the basement
doorway of the sixth division the two
cadets entered, and the officers, arriv-
ing a moment later, saw them climb
over a pile of coal and enter an open
door, through which came sounds of
laughter and conversation and the
clicking of balls, while the air was la-
den with fragrant tobacco smoke.

The officers paused for a moment
and held a whispered consultation.
Finally deciding that they would tell
the other officers of their discovery and
have all of them come down the fol-
lowing night and enjoy the fun of a
raid on the club, they withdrew and
went home. Next day all the officers
at the post were informed of the dis-
covery, and it was arranged that the
raid should occur at midnight.

All might have gone well, and the
officers might have had their little fun,
had it not been that there were three
cadets the previous night instead of
two. The third had forgotten his pipe
and had gone back for it, while the
other two went on and were discover-
ed by the officers. The third, coming
along a moment later, saw the officers
and quietly followed them, observing
all their movements and listening to
their whispered conversation.

When they withdrew, he went in and
told the members of the club all he had
heard and seen. The cadets at once
realized that it was all up with the
club, but they determined to have a
laugh at the expense of the officers.
Accordingly all arrangements were
made before the club adjourned that
night.

The next night the officers met as ar-
ranged and crept stealthily down the
area way and into the sixth division.
Hearing no sound of clicking balls,
some became skeptical and concluded
the whole thing was a hoax, but never-
theless they pushed on and climbed
over the pile of coal. Opening the
door, they were greeted with a glow of
light, but still no sound. On entering
they found the room deserted, but
there were the billiard table, an almost
untouched keg of beer, several pounds
of tobacco, some chairs and lastly
note on the table, addressed to the of-
ficers or duty at West Point. The note
was to the effect that as the officers of
the post had been so kind as to permit
the club to continue its existence for
more than a year it desired to present
to them (the officers) the table and all
its appurtenances, as it was deemed
expedient to wind up the club's affairs.
The note was signed "The Executive
Committee."

The officers, of course, were much
chagrined at being thus outwitted by
the cadets. Nevertheless the table was
removed to the officers' mess and, ac-
cording to tradition, is the one still in
use there.

Practice.

Parke: I never saw a girl with such
a remarkable temper for names as
mine has.

Love: How do you count for it?

Love: Think of the names she has
had!

AN INSPIRATION.

It Showed the Bashful Youth a Hap-
py Way to Pop the Question.

"It's a go," announced the young
man with beaming face, "and the hap-
py day has been set!"

"So you got your courage up to the
point at last?" said the friend who
understood the situation.

"Yes. Say, it isn't hard when you
get started. But it is a wonder I
didn't get nervous prostration before I
made the plunge! I was six months
trying to get courage enough to ask
the all important question. But every
time that I opened my mouth to speak
I simply broke out into a cold sweat
and couldn't say a word for the life
of me. I would have retreated a dozen
times bag and baggage if I could have
done so gracefully. Not that I didn't
want the girl, but simply for the rea-
son that I despaired of ever being able
to ask her to be mine. The girl acted,
too, as if she had a right to hear some-
thing to the point. But I could only
sit there like a chuckle-headed idiot
and abuse the weather. I would have
been right there in the same horrible
situation if something hadn't happen-
ed to break the ice."

"One night last week we were sitting
side by side on a sofa and during one
of those blissful moments when noth-
ing was being said I chanced to notice
the girl's eyes intently fixed upon a
motto that hung on the wall opposite
and which read, 'Love One Another.'
I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto
before, but it gave me an inspiration,
and I leaped over and murmured,
'Shall we?' and she murmured, 'I don't
mind,' and it was all over but the
shouting!"

ONE ON HIS FATHER.

Smart Youth Is Caught, Then Vic-
timizes Parent.

The 12-year-old son of a Van Buren
street fond parent recently became the
proud possessor of some guinea pigs.
A day or two after the same were
safely corralled in a cage he went
about bragging of his new acquisition
among his playmates. Now, it seems
these youngsters knew of a "sell" in
which guinea pigs play a prominent
part. They started to "hook" the
younger and caught him fast and
hard.

He felt so bad about it that he
started in turn to "sell" some one else.
His father was the victim.

"Did you know, papa, that if you
hold a guinea pig by the tail its eyes
will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Why, who in wonder told you such
stuff, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered
Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so,
yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said his father, still
laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold
one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father
went out. In a moment he came back
looking—well, looking just like a man
that's been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time,"
he replied to a friend.