

LAKE STREET.

MONDAY, Dec. 17.—Mrs. Ann Carson is on the sick list.

Arch Hudson is after the luscious bullpouts as usual this winter. He reports good success.

Jas. Sexton is also in the bullpout business. January 1st, 1901, will decide who will have the monopoly in this industry for next year.

James Moulton and wife and Dr. Moulton are living with Mrs. Beulah Schofield this winter.

Chas. Stevens has put up an addition to his house, which adds greatly to the appearance of the farm.

Heber has got a pair of very evenly matched bay mares. They are the best broken team that passes through the Hollow. People say they even nod their heads to passers by. They are driven to church nearly every night now-a-days, and are the envy of all lovers of horse flesh.

The special services held in the Baptist church, Plum Hollow, are being carried on very successfully.

Gordon Purvis is visiting friends in the Hollow and vicinity these days, as he is not able to work. He seems to be putting in a good time.

Wedding bells are expected to ring on Lake Street in the near future, and will sound loud enough to be heard as far away as Phillipsville. Uncle Wm. T. has been favored with an invitation and will not doubt attend, with the necessary little reminders of his kind regards.

Mrs. Maria Hamblin has improved the looks of her house on the farm on Lake Street by clappingboard it.

Wm. T. Stevens has also improved the looks of his buildings in many ways the past fall and winter. He is thinking of giving a grand musical entertainment to his friends in the near future. His entertainments are always "without money and without price" to those whom he deigns to favor with an invitation.

Bert Bullard and family are expected home on Friday next from the Western states.

GREENBUSH.

SATURDAY, Dec. 15.—Mr. Wesley Tackaberry, formerly of Addison, has moved to our town and resides in R. Rickett's house on Mill street.

L. B. Kerr has returned home from Ottawa, where he spent a very profitable season, engaged at the carpenter trade.

Ex-mayor Forsyth is among the number who have suffered the loss of a number of fowls lately, taken by light fingered persons. Several other parties have been equally unfortunate.

Mr. L. M. Smith, formerly of the Athens Reporter staff, spent a few days at the home of his mother, but has gone to Smith's Falls, where he has secured a situation in a printing office.

The members of the Sabbath school are preparing for a Christmas entertainment, which promises to be very interesting.

Our cheese factory has closed a very successful season, paying its patrons the following sums per ton per month for their milk: May \$15.64, June \$16.55, July \$15.83, August \$18.05, September \$19.94, October \$20.04. November returns are not yet made out.

PHILLIPSVILLE.

MONDAY, Dec. 17.—H. Elliott and sister, Laura, have returned from Dunrobin, where Mr. E. has been making cheese the past season, to spend the winter with their brother. Mr. Elliott goes back to Dunrobin next season.

Wales Hogaboon spent the past week in this village and returned to his home, east of Smith's Falls, on Thursday last, taking the bulk of his household goods. Mr. H. has made cheese in that section the past season and intends making cheese the coming year.

A very pretty reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Davison in honor of the home coming of their son, Harvey, with his wife (nee Miss Lucy A. Stevens of Plum Hollow). About 40 guests were invited. A splendid feast was spread on the tables, and when all had partaken of the good things, a very pleasant evening was spent in games and other amusements. The mass of 50 guests repaired to the chamber to inspect a splendid array of valuable, useful and decorative presents. All went home at 10.30, leaving their best wishes for a long life to the happy young couple.

The teachers and pupils of the M. E. Sabbath school are preparing for their annual Christmas tree in the M. E. church.

Ninety six partridges, seized at Perth by deputy game warden Slicer of Elgin, were donated by Mr. Henry Taylor, police magistrate of Perth, to the House of Industry at Athens last week. For which the inmates return thanks, and hope that the Inspector of Fisheries, under similar circumstances, will not forget them.

Every Movement Counts. When you have rheumatism, muscles feel stiff and sore and joints are painful. It does not pay to suffer long from this disease when it may be so promptly and perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes right to the spot, purifies the blood, and cures rheumatism, and puts you back to the pain and stiffness.

DAIRY FEEDING.

This has been a prosperous season over the country for dairymen—specifically for the cheese makers whose salaries range all the way from \$500 to \$1,000, many of the makers getting salaries of \$700 or \$800 for 7 or 8 months' work. Milk producers may decline to pay as much if the price of cheese falls materially.

Mr. Milton Mansell has been experimenting a little in feeding his cows, to see if he could learn to obtain better results than heretofore from the same cost and labor. His winter feeding—in the morning, a good ration of ensilage. At noon, a few mangels or sugar beets and hay. Ton for ton, the mangels are the cheaper grown. At night, ensilage. His cows are in good condition and have milked well into late fall. He was surprised at the milk from clover without provender.

Sugar beets or mangels or both for fall, winter and early spring with hay and ensilage—first class clover pasture with a little bran—or none if it is difficult to get—for summer and early fall, he says, will give a fine result—for the entire season, with little or no grain—there must be abundance of green clover, hay and mangels, or lots of grain, for a good flow—the less clover, the more provender. Mr. Mansell tried the matter and puts it in this way: If I buy 1 ton of bran, say at \$16.00, then buy clover seed with the second \$16.00, I shall be able to keep the seed box running on every acre that I sow to grain, and generally have all the clover the cows can get away with—and keep down the weeds and enrich the land—and expect better results each successive year.

If I follow this course, I, with a little cash outlay, may by my labor provide for my cows. If I depend on provender, it may be more milk to handle—it may be more money—but my margin may be no greater. I am well satisfied with the course which I am following, especially when I count the condition of my land, and this view greatly encourages me as I look toward the future.

My cows have an average to date (Dec. 1st) of \$43, less 3-13 of a dollar. I will take enough more per cow from Glen Buell factory to give an average of over \$44, besides winter butter.

Mr. Mansell claims that his view is not new and that others have thought the same thing, but it may not have been convenient yet for them to follow it up. Nor does he doubt the fine results from bran and oats. But the improvement of the land is the first consideration with him. He also thinks there may be in his vicinity those having a higher average than he has from just as light an outlay. He has been sending his milk to the Roman factory.—Com.

Those Who Endure

The pains of rheumatism should be reminded that a cure for this disease may be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, as the One Blood Purifier, neutralizes that which causes rheumatism. That is why it absolutely cures when liniments and other outward applications fail to give permanent relief.

MUSIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

An Odd Experience of Winiawski, the Violinist, in Russia.

Henri Winiawski, the famous violinist, whom some older readers may remember having heard in this country, while making a concert tour in Russia with his brother Josef, a noted piano player, had some peculiar experiences.

The two brothers were to play in a large town in the interior and wished to see the hall in which the concert would take place. They were conducted through mud and snow to a large plank but which had been used for a circus, and on entering found nothing but bare walls.

"And is that where we are to play?" asked the brothers. "There are neither benches nor seats."

"Oh, that makes no difference," replied the marshal. "With us every one brings his own seat."

"Yes," answered the musicians, "but what about lights? There is not a lamp in the room."

"That's nothing either," replied their companion. "With us every one brings his own lantern."

Having learned the simple manners of the country, the musicians asked how the concert was to be advertised.

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the marshal. "It's true we have no printing press, but I will get a servant to write the announcement in large letters on the door, and it will spread through the town fast enough."

A man soon appeared with a pound of chalk and began writing on the plank door. The brothers were somewhat dejected, but the marshal assured them that everything would be satisfactory.

Toward evening all the inhabitants were seen flocking to the place of performance, each carrying in one hand a seat and in the other a lantern. The house was crowded to overflowing. The mother of the performers was present, and seeing the rain and snow pouring through the roof on Henri while he played, she was greatly disturbed.

"Put it out! Put it out!" she murmured half aloud.

"Is that your son, little mother?" asked a kindly old man sitting near her, and, rising, he shouted to the young violinist, "Put your fur coat on!" Then, turning to the audience, he said, "His mother, who is sitting near me, fears he will take cold."

Other voices at once repeated the command: "On your fur coat! Put on your fur coat!"

Henri paused and thanked them for their permission, but added that he could not play in a fur coat. "That makes no difference!" cried the whole audience. "Put it on! Put it on!"

He did as he was bidden and played as best he could so incumbered.—Musical Entertainers.

THE AKOUND OF SWAT

HE CALLED FOR THE MOON, BUT IT DID NOT COME DOWN.

An Experiment Which Opened His Eyes to the Difference Between the Theory and the Practice of Things and Incidentally Shortened His Grand Secretary.

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

One day, as the akound of Swat had returned from a trip around town, during which thousands of his subjects had knelt to do him homage, he called for his grand secretary and said:

"Remshen, I'm a good deal of a feller, ain't I?"

"You are, O heaven born!" was the reply.

"Would you call me the biggest thing on earth?"

"Truly, but you are!"

"While I'm around on this earth there can be no other boss, eh, Remshen?"

"All other things are but a fly on a bull wheel compared to your extra highness."

"But how about the heavens, Remshen?" continued the akound after chuckling his satisfaction. "I am satisfied that I boss the earth, even to the mountains and rivers thereof, but I'm not exactly clear as to the sun, moon and stars. Don't they come under my rule as well?"

"Dost not remember, O mighty ruler, that your title is Akound of the Mighty,"



CRIED OUT FOR THE MOON TO TAKE A DROP, boss of the earth and owner of all the planets above? Your humble slave assures you that the sun, moon and every star will hustle to do your bidding."

"Thanks, Remshen. I must be a daisy for sure. Not being clear on the subject, I haven't given much attention to celestial matters, but now I think I'll give them a whirl. If a feller is going to be boss at all, he might as well be a boss on wheels."

"That is true, O akound, and when you get ready to command the moon to come off her perch I will issue proclamation and gather the people."

Old Remshen was a fawning sycophant on skates. He had a good thing and wanted to keep it. He had said the same fulsome words to his master a hundred times over, but nothing had come of it except to make his position more solid. A day or two after the above conversation and while he was going around the palace with a molasses grin on his face the bell jingled, and he was called into the presence of his master.

"By the way, Remshen, do you remember our little conversation the other day?" queried the akound.

"Can a slave forget his master's words?" asked Remshen as he lifted his hands in protest.

"I've been thinking, I'm a heap of a feller, and you know it, and I know it, but there may be a man or two on the outside who differs with me. I want to do something big to knock 'em all out."

"Will it please thee to behold a thousand men?"

"Well, yes, it would, but as it is just about tax time and as it is just about tax time, I'll forget their heads on their shoulders until they have paid in the sugar. I think I'll go for the moon, Remshen. She'll be full tonight, and I'll order her to come down to earth."

"But, O ruler, she might be damaged in the fall," protested Remshen, beginning to quake with fear.

"I'll look out for that. We'll spread a feather bed for her to light on. Just issue a proclamation for the people to gather on the east side of my palace at 10 o'clock tonight."

"The moon, O ruler, is sometimes obstinate," suggested Remshen as he felt a pain. "She has even been known to disobey mighty potentates."

"But she'll tumble for me, or I'll know the reason why! Is it not in my title that I am owner of all the planets above? Get along, old boy, and issue that proclamation. When my subjects discover that I can wallow old Luna around at will, there'll be no more kicking about high taxes."

Old Remshen was boxed up and couldn't say another word. He went away and issued his proclamation and then beseeched the grave of his father, the bones of his mother and his lucky stars to send a dark night to knock the experiment on the head. He was looking bilious when night came and the old York state cheese arose in all her glory. Everybody in town was out, and the odds were five to one that the akound would win. At the hour named he appeared on the steps of his palace and lifted his hands and cried out for the moon to take a drop. It was a dead failure. He cried out again and again, but the moon continued her gait.

"Remshen," said the boss of earth when he realized that he was knocked out, "dismiss the populace and come with me."

"The populace went away with their wives in their cheeks and when the

akound had reached his library he said:

"How is this, Remshen? Why didn't the moon come down?"

"(O ruler," replied the old sycophant as his heart tunked his ribs, "there is a difference between theory and fact."

"See. Theoretically I am owner of the planets. Practically I am an ass, I ought to have got on to this, but being so busy it never occurred to me. Remshen, old boy, come out in the back yard with me."

"O mighty ruler, but what would you?"

"I'm going to give another illustration of theory versus fact. Theoretically you are my grand secretary and one of the most eminent men in the kingdom. As a matter of fact you are a head shorter, and your bones will go to enrich my gooseberry bushes!"

M. QUAD.

DOG AND PUPPY CRATES.

Made For the Convenient Transportation of These Animals.

The dog that is shipped by express is likely to travel in these days not only in safety, but also in comfort. There are various kinds of dog crates made especially for such use, some of them flat topped and some of those of later design gable topped and some of open topped, so that nothing can be placed on top of them. Dog crates are made in various sizes as well as styles, some with open, slatted sides and ends, some closed all around, except for the open spaces left for ventilation at all. Attached to the front of the crate is the dog's buffet, like a long canvas wallet or envelope, in which the dog's food is carried. The dog crate has at the ends handles by which it can be picked up and carried as a trunk would be.

Besides these various sizes and styles of dog crates there are also made in various sizes smaller, lighter crates for puppies, and crates of one sort and another of special sizes are made to order.

First and last there are sold a good many dog and puppy crates, and they are regular article of stock where dog supplies are sold.

THE BREAD WAS AN EXTRA.

An English Cafe Charge That Surprised an American.

"One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the writer, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, a day or two before my departure from the British capital I, as a mark of esteem, invited several English friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashionable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached and I asked that my bill be brought to me. There, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached me and in a loud voice asked, 'And how many breads have you had, sir?'"

"This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, noticing my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.'"

"Ah," muttered the waiter, 'that's 1 shilling hextra.' And after adding the amount to my bill he handed it to me for inspection.

"Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so why the American custom of not charging for the 'staff of life' is not introduced over there."

Star.

When did the military salute come into use? It certainly dates from the earlier half of the fifteenth century, says the London Chronicle. In which was issued before the invention of printing by movable types, there is an exceedingly quaint illustration in which Abraham is represented as saluting Melchisedec. The patriarch is in medieval armor and apparently on guard, and it would seem that Melchisedec is bringing him refreshments of water, and the salute is distinctly the military one still in use.

The Earth's Shadow. The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it except in eclipse of the moon. Nevertheless many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer, shortly before sunset, a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

His Gigantic Intellect. She—What are you thinking about, Harry? He—Nothing. She—Aren't you afraid of overtaxing your brain, dear?

"De man who talk de mos' about he fightin' qualities," remarked Uncle Eph, "usually got mighty long laigs."—Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that mate, the South American tea, will sustain life many days without the want of hunger.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Gratitude. I counted her a year and more, I called her more alive than Venus, And all the knowing ones were sure That there was "something on between us."

I bought her scents and gloves and rings Without the slightest thought or question, And ice and sweets and other things That play the deuce with one's digestion.

She'd say I was the only lad Who'd asked her for her love and won it, And in her gullet was she'd add That I might bet my shirt upon it.

Yet such is fickle woman's way In love to hesitate and falter; It's just twelve months ago today Since Thompson led her to the altar!

Once life was sweet, I told her how I yearned to lead her blithely through it, But when I see poor Thompson now I'm glad I haven't got to do it.

She must have loved me very much, And that's the reason she misled me, Ah, yes, her love for me was such She hadn't got the heart to wed me!

It's a Way They Have. She stood in front of the meek little man near the door and looked at him fixedly.

"There's a seat up ahead," suggested the conductor.

"Why should I walk so far," she demanded, "when I can get a seat here by simply looking hard at some one?"

He knew he ought not to do it, but then a woman can make one feel so uncomfortable, even when she is in the wrong.

The Gallant Leonidas. "This article says that a woman's brain is, as a rule, smaller than that of a man," remarked Mrs. Meekton rather resentfully.

"Of course," answered Leonidas. "Everybody knows that."

"It's one of nature's magnificent economies," he continued hastily. "It is a method of making up in quantity for a lack of quality, my dear. We males ought to have some little show in the struggle for existence, you know."

Stage Talk. If I were a vedevet artist, Carvering around on the stage, I wouldn't swell up and get chesty, Unless I were strictly the rage. I wouldn't go posing and strutting Nor draw like a fright or a freak Nor say that my pay was a hundred When I only drew twenty a week.

If I only drew twenty a week, I wouldn't get stuck on my manner Or be a sartorial freak.

If I were a vedevet artist, With a voice that needed a file, I wouldn't make fun of De Resko Or Lillian Russell the while. I wouldn't call Sheena a dead one, I wouldn't call Melba a freak Or criticize Patti too sharply. If I only drew twenty a week.

If I only drew twenty a week, I wouldn't claim all of the honors And thereby be stamped as unique.

Odious Comparison. "Tell me," said the seeker after knowledge, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said, 'The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones?'"

"I don't know," replied the man who had married a widow, "but I'm sure it was never said by a man whose wife insists upon comparing him with her first husband."

The Fair Partisan. "I will marry you, Horace," the maiden said resolutely, but shyly, "if you will promise to vote for William."

"I promise, darling," impulsively broke in the young man, clasping her in his arms.

And the fond girl thinks that in winning a husband she has made a convert.

Opportunity. Good Fortune rang the bell one day; She stopped to fluff and fix her hair, To swing her skirt the proper way And dab on powder here and there.

And, being satisfied, at last She hurried to the door to find Whoever had been there had passed Along and left no card behind.

A Matter of Course. A practical Georgia poet, evidently a good liver, sings to this purpose:

The world must needs seem fair and bright In every time and place to him To him who has an appetite, Full fare and faith for grace!

According to Directions. "And I want it to say, 'To my husband,' in an appropriate place," said the widow in conclusion to Slab, the grave-stone man.

"Yessum," said Slab. And the inscription went on: "To my husband. In an appropriate place."—Tit-Bits.

A Schoolboy's Reflection. If voice were all that's needed to make people of strength of lung were all it took to guide affairs of state.

On tasks now set before me I would never pause to look; I'd throw my lessons all away and buy a singing book.

Saved Her the Trouble. "Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer on "Woman's Rights," stopping in the middle of his discourse.

"You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear. "Providence done t for you long ago."—Pick-Me-Up.

Dance in Extremes. An ape is a very good If he keeps it right; To take in many of them would Destroy the appetite.

The Trouble He Has. Cobble—Do you always get up in the cars and give a ride a seat?

Stone—Certainly. The great difficulty is that it often takes me so long to decide whether she is a lady.—Harlem Life.

A Perished Delight. Old things are new place to new; O'er the fact I sadly muse. Let's hold back a joy or two; What's become of squeaky shoes?—Chicago Record.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Girl to Wed. Here's to the gay and witty girl, The girl who is full of fun, Whose eyes are as bright as a shaft of light And whose smile is a ray of the sun.

She doesn't care for the rip and tear In the daily round of life, And though she's great, you'd hesitate To make this girl your wife.

Here's to the staid and solemn girl Who at you will often frown, Whose words are so wise that they cause And sometimes dread;

And make you feel like a clown. Her heart is true, but it makes you blue And sometimes afraid; On some bad luck you might get stuck And wed this mournful maid.

Here's to the cute and dainty girl, With manner so petite; Her way isn't loud, but she gets the crowd In the daily round of life. So let each sing with joyful ring Of her with lustrous eyes; I'd marry now if she knew how To make good pumpkin pies.

—James H. Lambert, Jr., in Philadelphia Press.

Lost Track of It Years Ago. "What is your age?" asked the lawyer.

"Must I answer that?" inquired the feminine witness.

"You must," said the judge.

"Truthfully?"

"Yes, truthfully."

"Oh, well, if I must I must," she said resignedly. "My age is—a secret."

A Book's Attractiveness. Ferguson—Don't you think it wretched taste to spend so much money on a book's binding instead of upon its contents?

Chumley—You must ask somebody else. I have an eye for beauty in bindings, but life is too short to read books.

Hot Air. The skies were perfectly sober, The morning was icy and drear, The morning was chilly and drear; It was deep in the month of October, In the soberest part of the year.

That I blackened my clothes at the furnace, That I piled coal and kindling in there, That I knocked off the skin from my knuckles, For the purpose of making hot air.

The wind it veered round ere I finished, The clouds they went flitting away, The laden clouds drifted away; The chill from the north was diminished; It became a most beautiful day!

I had blackened my clothes at the furnace; We sat, and we gaped for fresh air. I had knocked off the skin from my knuckles, And I said—perhaps you don't care.

Dignified Reply. "Is it true, Mr. Pritts," we can conceive the questioner as asking "is it true that you made whisky in the mountains, in a manner not contemplated by the statutes?"

"Pooh!" we can conceive Mr. Pritts as replying, with dignity. "That's all moonshine."

Her Loving Friends. Maud—Mabel is trying to catch the new minister, isn't she?

Irene—Desperately. She thinks he would have proposed the other evening if he had come prepared, but that he was afraid to undertake it extemporaneously.

Don't Worry. Don't worry when your neighbor's leaves Come dancing o'er your lawn And strew your porch and clog your eaves And scatter pro and con.

Just smile and gladly bide your time; There'll surely come a day When the wind'll give his leaves to you Will blow the other way.

Truth is Often Spoken in Jest. Mix—I don't like the cold formality of some fashionable women. They ought to put more warmth in their manners.

Lix—Well, you marry one of them, and you'll find out she can make it hot enough for you.

Kipling. His fancy still takes wondrous flights, And