

Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

DESCRIPTION

THE NEW YORK TIMES ADVISES: Some papers will be stopped until all arrears are paid...

Business notices in local or news columns for the first time...

TO A DEAR INCONSTANT.

As will admit of these things And purposes for happenings...

"MYSTERIOUS DAVE."

His Name was Rodebaugh, and He was a Mystery.

Dave Rodebaugh was the man who was best entitled to the sobriquet of "Mysterious Dave."

THE PUNSTER.

A steak is none the more costly for being rare.

THE STORY OF MIGNON.

The Goethe society of Vienna discovered the real story that lies back of Goethe's beautiful creation of "Mignon."

OMNISCIENT.

When Julia, Mrs. Blank's maid of all work, came to her mistress and "gave notice" because she was going to be married, Mrs. Blank said:

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

BY BERTHA M. CLAY Author of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc.

An engaged young lady, Lord Harvey never gave a thought to her being engaged...

And Mrs. Hardinge looked on, and chafed more than ever at her sister's capricious choice...

"If you were to repeat poetry for a month, it would not change my opinion."

"What harm is it, Mr. Hardinge?" "None, my dear, unless to yourself."

But, remember, he may be little better than a pauper for all that we can tell."

"I should be careful, thank you."

"I wonder that you should speak like that to a pauper."

"No other would have been so expressive," Bertha Hardinge responded calmly...

"Let them alone, Bertha!" indignantly. "You talk as if girls made the men love them."

"Did he think me a flirt, I wonder?" she went on, brushing the tears away.

"But we need not anger her, Dulcie."

"Oh, I should be sure to," with a contemptuous smile...

"Your sister, for example?" "Oh, I was not thinking of her!"

"You were thinking of something she said then," and, after a pause, going to the window and peering out...

"I shall do very well without her, dear," dryly. "Don't wish her home on my account."

"I am sorry that you don't like Bertha, but she is your friend."

"I like her very well; she's a woman of the world, and so am I, only we understand each other."

"I am too beautiful for a poor man, she thought, letting her bright hair fall about her face and over her snowy shoulders."

"No, indeed, no," hastily. "But I thought you were vexed with her the other night, and I knew she meant nothing wrong by what she said."

"How I did such a thing, Bertha!" "I hope you never will do such a thing again."

"Oh, I am not sure that I do!" And for an instant a passionate glance came into her eyes.

"But when Bertha had gone and the door was closed, she sat down to the piano and began to play."

"And in her tender eyes just what sort of a green was sometimes seen in evening skies?"

"If you were to repeat poetry for a month, it would not change my opinion."

"I prefer any color to green."

"But you can't deny that the girl is lovely?" "My dear fellow, I don't want to deny it."

"I don't mean to say that you are wrong, but I should like to see you smitten in that quarter."

"Well, he would be singular, Lord Harvey went on. "If you were, Orestes, the inevitable to go down at the first shot before a pair of green eyes."

"I have no intention of going down," as you put that in a fellow can admire a pretty girl, and so harm none."

"That all depends, if you keep well within the bounds of admiration, it's a dangerous game, I can tell you."

"I should be careful, thank you."

"I wonder that you should speak like that to a pauper."

"No other would have been so expressive," Bertha Hardinge responded calmly...

"Let them alone, Bertha!" indignantly. "You talk as if girls made the men love them."

"Did he think me a flirt, I wonder?" she went on, brushing the tears away.

"But we need not anger her, Dulcie."

"Oh, I should be sure to," with a contemptuous smile...

"Your sister, for example?" "Oh, I was not thinking of her!"

"You were thinking of something she said then," and, after a pause, going to the window and peering out...

"I shall do very well without her, dear," dryly. "Don't wish her home on my account."

"I am sorry that you don't like Bertha, but she is your friend."

"How I did such a thing, Bertha!" "I hope you never will do such a thing again."

"Oh, I am not sure that I do!" And for an instant a passionate glance came into her eyes.

"But when Bertha had gone and the door was closed, she sat down to the piano and began to play."

"And in her tender eyes just what sort of a green was sometimes seen in evening skies?"

"If you were to repeat poetry for a month, it would not change my opinion."

"I prefer any color to green."

"But you can't deny that the girl is lovely?" "My dear fellow, I don't want to deny it."

"I don't mean to say that you are wrong, but I should like to see you smitten in that quarter."

"Well, he would be singular, Lord Harvey went on. "If you were, Orestes, the inevitable to go down at the first shot before a pair of green eyes."

"I have no intention of going down," as you put that in a fellow can admire a pretty girl, and so harm none."

"That all depends, if you keep well within the bounds of admiration, it's a dangerous game, I can tell you."

"I should be careful, thank you."

"I wonder that you should speak like that to a pauper."

"No other would have been so expressive," Bertha Hardinge responded calmly...

"Let them alone, Bertha!" indignantly. "You talk as if girls made the men love them."

"Did he think me a flirt, I wonder?" she went on, brushing the tears away.

"But we need not anger her, Dulcie."

"Oh, I should be sure to," with a contemptuous smile...

"Your sister, for example?" "Oh, I was not thinking of her!"

"You were thinking of something she said then," and, after a pause, going to the window and peering out...

"I shall do very well without her, dear," dryly. "Don't wish her home on my account."

"I am sorry that you don't like Bertha, but she is your friend."

Children need not be Pale and Weak any longer. Any Child can take Capsules.

For Infants, dissolve a Capsulid in a little Gruel or Cornstarch.

Young children will readily swallow them, because they are like bits of jelly.

READ the statement of a prominent

Brockville Citizen.

The Capsulid Co., Brockville, Ont. Gentlemen, My son, George Lawrence Wooding, aged 4 years, was from birth, a pale, weak, sickly child...

Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsulids are manufactured from Fresh Bull's Blood at 315 Snow Hill, London, Eng., and are sold at 50c per box...

KARLEY HARDWARE MAN

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

BICYCLES

Agent for the celebrated Marsden-Wheeler, all styles and prices, the cheapest and best. Also to sample wheels.

WM. KARLEY

LVN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

Farmers, feed your pigs and other stock cooked roots and other food and make money.

The Economic Feed Cooker will pay its cost in one season and will last for years.

Made of wrought iron, riveted, is as strong as a box.

Agents Wanted. G. P. M.

PLAIN AND COLOR POSTER PRINTING

The Athens Reporter

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.

W. G. McLAUGHLIN MAN'FR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR Ontario

BLACKSMITHING WOOD-WORKING AND PAINTING

G. E. Pickrell & Sons have leased from W. M. Stevens his shop, house, etc. on Elgin street, Athens, and beg to notify the community at large that they are prepared to do all kinds of general Blacksmithing, including the repairing of Wood and Iron Work on all kinds of vehicles, implements, machinery, etc.