Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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INAJ ZHAM TROJ A SECOND EPISODE, MANELIA BUTTERWORTH.

(Copyright, 1897, by Anna E. Rohlfs.)

when she took the money from my when she took the money from my hand. If I had refused it or even helc it back a little, I think she would have fallen upon me tooth and nail. I wish-ed I could have had a peep into her cot tage. Mr. Gryce had described it as four walls and nothing more, and indeed it was net only of the humblest proportions, but had the look of being a mere shanty raised to protect her from the weather. There was even no yard at tached to it, only a little open place i front in which a few of the con regetables grew, such as turnips, car tots and onions. Elsewhere grew the forest—the great pine forest through which this portion of the road ran.

Mr. Simsbury had been so talkative up Mr. Simsbury had been so talkative up to now that I was in hope he would enter into some details about the persons and things we encountered which might assist me in the acquaintanceship I was anxious to make. But his loquacious ness ended with this small adventure I have just described. Not till we were well quit of the pines and had entered into the main thoroughfare did he deign to respond to any of my suggestions, and then it was in a manner totally unsatisfactory and quite noncommunica satisfactory and quite noncommunic tive. The only thing he deigned to offe

tive. The only thing he deigned to one a remark upon was the little crippled child we saw looking from its window as we emerged from the forest.
"Why, how's this?" said he. "That's Sue you see there, and her time isn's till arter moon. Bob allers sits there of a mornin. I wonder if the little chap's sick. S'pose I ask."

sick. S'pose I ask.

As this was just what I would have suggested if he had given me time, I nodded complacently, and we drove up and stopped.

The piping voice of the child at once

spoke up:
"How d'ye do, Mr. Simsbury? Ma's
in the kitchen. Bob isn't feelin good to-

I thought her tone had a touch of mysteriousness in it. I greeted the pale little thing and asked if Bob was often

me, he cannot walk. But I'm not talk about it, ma says. I'd like to, but' Ma's face appearing at this moment over her shoulder put an end to this innocent garrulity.
"How d'ye do, Mr. Simsbury?" came

"How d'ye do, Mr. Simsbury. Came a second time from the window, but this time in very different tones." What's the child been saying? She's "What's the child been saying? She so sot up at being allowed to take her brother's place in the winder that she don's know how to keep her tongue still. Bob's a little languid, that's all You'll see him in his old place tomorrow." And she drew back as if in polite

row." And she drew back as if in polite intimation that we might drive on.

Mr. Simsbury responded to the suggestion, and in another moment we were trotting down the road. Had we staid a minute longer, I think the child would have said something more or less inter-esting to hear. She looked bursting with esting to hear. She looked bursting with a desire for gossip, but then, goodness me, who wouldn't if obliged, like her, to sit in one window the half of the life you did not spend in a little dark bedwarm made the care of a certain the same of the same who will be same the same of the same who will be same same who will b m under the eaves of a cottage whose whole dimensions could be embraced by

the walls of my parlor?

The horse which had brought us thus far at a pretty sharp trot now began to lag as we drew into town, taking up so much of Mr. Simsbury's attention that much of Mr. Simsbury's attention that he forgot to answer even by a grunt more than half of my questions. He spent most of his time looking at the nag's hind feet, and finally, just as we came in sight of the stores, he found his tongue sufficiently to announce that e was casting a shoe and that he would be obliged to go to the black-

smith's with her.
"Humph, and how long will that
take?" I asked. take?" I asked.

He hesitated so long, rubbing his nose with his finger, that I grew suspicious and cast a glance at the horse's foot myself. The shoe was loose. I became to hear the lange.

gan to hear it clang.
"Waal, it may be a matter of a couple of hours," he finally drawled. "We have no blacksmith in town, and the ride up there is two miles. Sorry it hap-pened, ma'am, but there's shops here, you see, and I've allers heard that a woman can easily spend two hours hag-

woman can easily speak two hours mag gling away in shops."

I glanced at the two ill furnished windows he pointed out, thought of Ar-nold & Constable's, Tiffany's and the other New York establishments I had been in the habit of visiting and suppressed my disdain. Either the man was a fool or he was acting a part in the interests of Lucetta and her family. I rather inclined to the latter supposition. If the plan was to keep me our most of the morning, why could that shoe not have been loosened before he had the stable?

shoe not have been loosened before he left the stable?

"I made all necessary purchases while in New York," said I, "but if you must get the horse shod, why, take him off and doit. I suppose there is a hotel parlor near here where I can sit."

"Oh, yes," and he made haste to point out to me where the hotel stood.
And it's a very nice place, ma'am.

Mrs. Carter, the landlady, is the nicest early of person. Only you wen't try to

Mrs. Carter, the landlady, is the nicest acre of person. Only you wen't try to go home, ma'am, on foot? You'll wait till I can come back for you."
"It isn't likely I'll go streaking through Lost Man's lane alone," I exclaimed indignantly. "I'd rather sit in Mrs. Carter's parlor till night."
"And I would advise you to." he "And I would advise you to," he mid. "No use making gossip for the village folks. They have enough to talk about as it is."

Not exactly seeing the force of this

at this, but whatever were his feelings he mounted-press sly to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the look fisting interests in X.

my errand. Finally I said:
"Miss Knollys, who lives up the road
over there, wishes a key fitted to one of
her doors. Will you come or send up
there today? She was too occupied to see
about it herself."
The man must have been been a

The man must have been struck by my appearance, for he stared at me quite curiously for a minute. Then he quite curiously for a minute. Then he gave a hem and a haw and said:
"Certainly. What kind of a door is it?" When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to step back to where his

sistant was working with a file. "You will be sure to come in time to have the lock fitted by night," I said in that peremptory manner of mine which means simply, "I attend to things when and where I promise and expect you to

do the same."
His "Certainly" struck me as a little His "Certainly" struct me as a little weaker this time, possibly because his curlosity was excited. "Are you the lady who is staying with them from New York" he asked, stepping back, seemingly quite unawed by my positive

am Miss Butterworth."

He looked at me almost as if I were a "And did you sleep there," he urged,

"last night?"
"I thought it best to thaw still more.
"Of course," I said. "Where do you
think I would sleep? The young ladies are friends of mine."
He rapped abstractedly on the counter
with a sma'l key he was holding.
"Excuse me," said he, with some remembrance of my position toward him
as a stranger, "but weren't you afraid?"
"Afraid?" I echoed. "Afraid in Miss

But there was something not quite hearty in his voice which should have warned me that I need not expect to have a looked door that night.

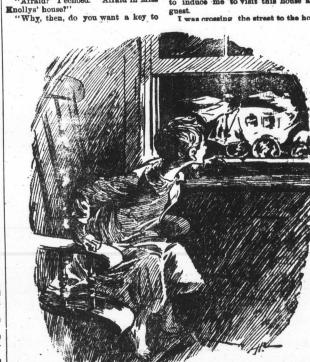
CHAPTER XII

THE PHANTOM CARRIAGE. Well, I am getting on famously, thought I. Ghosts added to the other somplications. What could the fellow have meant? If I had pressed him, he would have told me, but it did not seem quite a lady's business to pick up information this way, especially when it formation this way, especially when it saw York?" he asked, stepping back, smingly quite unawed by my positive meanor.

"Yes," said I, thawing a trifle; "I in Miss Butterworth."

He looked at me almost as if I were a life in the same of the swho understand the same of the same in the same of the same in t workings of the human heart answer. 1

workings of the numan nears answer. I am simply stating facts.
Ghosts! Somehow the word startled me, as if in some way is gave a rather me, as if in some way is gave a rather unwelcome confirmation to my doubts. Apparitions seen in the Knollys mansion or in any of the houses bordering on this lane! That would be serious, how serious seemed to be but half comprehended by this man. But I comprehended it and wondered if it was gossij like this which had caused Mr. Gryce to induce me to visit this house as a gnest.



"HE FELT THE HAIR RISE ON HIS FOREHEAD."

earance of excitement. "We don't lock loors here in the village; at least we

"I did not say it was my door," I bean; but, feeling that this was a prevari-cation not only unworthy of me, but one that he was entirely too sharp to accept, I added stiffly: "It is for my deor. I am not accustomed even at home to sleep with my room unlocked." "Oh," he murmured, totally un

"Oh," he murmured, totally uncon-vinced, "I thought you might have got a scare. Folks somehow are afraid of that old place, it's so big and ghostlike. I don't think you would find any one in this village that would sleep there all

might."

"A pleasing preparation for my rest there tonight," I grimly laughed.
"Dangers on the road and ghosts in the house. Happily I don't believe in the latter."

The centure he made showed incredu-

the latter."
The gesture he made showed incredulity. He had ceased rapping with the key or even to show any wish to join his assistant. All his thoughts for the moment seemed to be concentrated on

"You don't know little Rob," he in-

"You don't know little Rob," he in-quired, "the crippled lad who lives at the head of the lane."
"No," I said; "I haven't been in town a day yet, but I mean to know Rob and his sister too. Two cripples in one family rouse my interest. He did not say why he had spoken of him, but began tapping with his key

again.

"And you are sure you saw nothing?"
he whispered. "Lots of things can happen in a lonely road like that."

"Not if everybody is as afraid to enter it as you say your villagers are," I retorted.

retorted.

But he didn't yield a jot.

"Some folks don't mind present dangers," said he. "Spirits"—

But he received no encouragement in his return to this topic. "You don't believe in spirits?" said he. "Well, they are doubtful sort of folks, but when honest and respectable people such as live in this town, when children even, see what answers to nothing but phantoms, then I remember what a wiser man

see what answers to nothing out phan-toms, then I remember what a wiser man than any of us once said— But perhaps you don't read Shakespeare, madam?' Nonplused for the moment, but in-terested in the man's talk more than was consistent with my need of haste, I said with some spirit, for it struck me

said with some spirit, for it struck me as very ridiculous that this country mechanic should question my knowledge of the greatest dramatist of all time. "Shakespeare and the Bible form the staple of my reading." At which he gave me a little nod of apology and hastened to remark:

"Then you know what I mean—Ham let's remark to Horatio, madam, "There are more things,' etc. Your memory will readily supply you with the words."

I signified my satisfaction and perfect comprehension of his meaning, and feeling that something more important lay behind his words than had yet appeared. I endeavored to make him speak more I endeavored to make him speak more

explicitly.
"The Misses Knollys show no terror "The Misses Knollys show no terror of their home," I observed. "They cannot believe in spirits either."

"Miss Knollys is a woman of a great deal of character," said he. "But look at Lucetta. There is a face for you, for at Incerta. There is a time for you, for a girl not yet out of her twenties, and such a round cheeked lass as she was once! Now what has made the change? The sights and sounds of that old house, I say. Nothing else would give her that

our coorr no asked, with a slight apearance of excitement. "We don't lock, intent as my mind was upon them intent as my mind was upon them I terest which my presence excited in the simple country folk that are invariably to be found lounging about a country tavern. Indeed, the whole neighborhood

> thought it derogatory to my dignity to notice the fact I could not but see how notice the last 1 count not be a commany faces were peering at me from store doors and the half closed blinds of adjoining cottages. No young girl in the pride of her beauty could have awakened more interest, and I attributawakened more interest, and I attributed it, as was no doubt right, not to my appearance, which would not perhaps be apt to strike these simple villagers as remarkable, or to my dress, which is rather rich than fashionable, but to the fact that I was a stranger in town and, what was more extraordinary, a guest of the Knollys.
>
> My intention in approaching the ho-

My intention in approaching the hotel was not to spend a couple of dreary
hours in the parlor with Mrs. Carter, as
Mr. Simsbury had suggested, but to obtain if possible a conveyance to carry
me immediately back to the Knollys
mansion. But this, which would have
been a simple matter in most towns,
seemed well pigh an impossibility in been a simple matter in most town, seemed well nigh an impossibility in X. The landlord was away, and Mrs. Carter, who was very frank with me, told me that she not only did not dare, but would find it perfectly useless, te ask one of the men to drive me through

sk one of the men to drive me through
that lane. "It's an unwholesome spos,"
said she, "and only Mr. Carter and the
police have the courage to brave it."
I suggested that I was willing to pay
well, but it seemed to make very little
difference with her. "Money won't hire
them," said she, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that Lucetta had triumphed in her plan and that I must sit
out the morning after all in the pre-

out the morning after all in the pre-cincts of the hotel parlor with Mrs Carter. Carter.

It was my first signal defeat, but I was determined to make the best of it, and if possible glean such knowledge from the talk of this woman as would help me to pluck out victory from it. She was only too ready to talk, and the

She was only too ready to talk, and the first topic was little Rob.

I saw the moment I mentioned his name that I was introducing a subject that had already been well talked over by every gager gossip in the village.

Her attitude of importance, the air of mystery she assumed, were preparations I had long been accustomed to in women of this kind, and I was not at all surprised when she announced in a way that admitted of no dispute:

"Oh, there's no wonder the child is sick. We would be sick under the circumstances. He has seen the phantom

ces. He has seen the phantom

carriage."

The phantom carriage! So that was what the looksmith meant. A phantom carriage! I had heard of every kind of phantom but that Somehow the idea was a thrilling one or would have been to a nature less practical than mine.

"I don't know what you mean," said I. "Some superstition of the place? I

never heard of a ghostly appearance of that nature before."

"No, I expect not. It belongs to us. I never heard of it beyond these mountains. Indeed, I have never known it to have been seen but upon one road. I need not mention it, madam. You can guess perhaps what I mean."

Yes, I could guess, and the guessing made me set my lips a little grimly.

reasoning, but quite willing, seeing the he had no intention of taking me had at once, that he should leave me to my own devices as soon as possible, I point ed to a locksmith's shop I saw near by and hade him put me down there.

With a mill I might have interpreted in any way, he drove up to the spot pointed out and awkwardly assisted me to alight. "Trunk key missing?" he ventured before getting back into his seat.

I did not think it necessary to answe him, but walked immediately into the shop I thought be locked dissatisfies at this, but whatever were his feelings he mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock fits and the lock fits and who represented the lock fits and the like the lock fits and the like the lock fits and the gers. The people in the lane do not seem to fear them at all. It is we subsiders who don't knew what to make it to there is not an old man or woning the thing. Even Descent may the state aside the wickedness of the thing, he rather enjoys the quiet which the ill repute of the lane gives him. I don't understand this myself. I have no reliab for mysteries like that or for ghosts either."

"You won't forget the key," I said, preparing to walk out, in my dread less he would introduce again the subject of Lucetta.

"No," said he, "I won't forget it."
But there was something not quite hearty in his voice which should have to see it? I thought you said it only

"I should think so," I cried with becoming credulity. "But how came he to see it? I thought you said it only passed at night."

"At midnight," she repeated. "But Rob, you see, is a nervous lad, and night before last he was so restless he could not sleep, so he begged to be put in the window to cool off. This his mother did, and he sat there for a good half hour alone, looking out at the moonlight. As his mother is an economical woman there was no candle lit in the room, so he got his pleasure out of the shadows which the great trees made on the highroad till suddenly—you ought to hear the little fellow tell it—he felt the hair rise on his forehead and all his body grow stiff with a terror that made his tongue like lead in his mouth. A something—a thing he would have called a horse and carriage in the daytime, but which in this light and under the influence of the mortal terror he was in took on a distorted shape which made it unlike any team he was accustomed to—was going by, not as if being driven over the earth and stones of the toad, though there was a driver in front, a driver with an odd three cornered hat on his head and a cloak about his shoulders, such as he rammembered as having seen hanging in his grandmother's closet, but as if it floated along without sound or stir—in fact, a specter team which seemed to find its proper destination when it trrend in Lost Man's lane and was lost among the shadows of that ill reputed road."

"Pahaw," was my spirited comment as she paused to take her breath and see

"Pshaw," was my spirited or as she paused to take her breath and see as she paused to take her breath and see how I was affected by this grewsome tale. "A dream of the poor little lad! He had heard stories of this appartition and his imagination supplied the rest." "No; excuse me, madam, but this is the very point of the tale. He had been carefully kept from hearing any such

carefully kept from hearing any such stories, having enough to do to bear his own troubles without that. You could see this was true by the way he told about it. He hardly believed what he had seen himself. It was not till some colish neighbor blurted out, "Why, that was the phantom carriage," that he had any idea he was not relating anyhing but a dream. My second pshaw was no less mark-

ed than the first. "He did know about it, netwithstanding," I insisted. "Only he had forgotten the fact. Sleep supplies us with these bat memories. We remember then what may never recur to us in the day-

"Very true, and you might be right,

This was becoming serious. "Saw it before or saw it after?" 1 "Saw it before or saw it alter?" I saked. "Does she live on the highway or somewhere in Lost Man's lane?"
"She lives on the highway about a saif mile from the station. She was up with her sick husband and saw it just as it was going down the hill. She said it made no more noise than a cloud slipping by. She expects to lose old Rause. No one could see such a thing as that, she says, and not have some misfortune

I laid all this up in my mind. My hour of waiting was not likely to prove wholly unprofitable.

"You see," the good woman went on, with a relish for the marvelous that tred me in good stead "there is an old

with a relish for the marvelous that stood me in good stead, "there is an old tradition of that road connected with a carriage. Years ago, before any of us were born and the house where you are were born and the house where you are was a gathering place for all the gay young bloods of the county, a young man came up from New York to visit Mr. Knollys. I do not mean the father or even the grandfather of the folks you are visiting, ma'sm. He was great-grandfather to Lucetta, and a very fine gentleman if you can trust the pictures that are left of him. But my story has not to do with him. He had a daughter at that time, a widow of groat and sparkling attractions, and though she was older than the young man I have mentioned every one thought it would be a match, she was so handsome and such an heiress.

such an heiress.
"But he failed to pay his court to "But he failed to pay his court to her, and though he was handsome himself and made a fool of more than one girl in the town every one thought he would go as he had come, a free hearted bachelor, when suddenly one night a horse and carriage were found lacking from the stables, and he was found lacking the stables, and he was found lacking the stables. from the stables, and he was found lacking, too, and, what was worse, the young widow's daughter, a chit who was barely 15 and without a hundredth part of the beauty of her mother. Love and an elopement only could account for this, for in those days young ladies did not ride with gentlemen in the evening for pleasure, and when it came to the old gentleman's ears, and, what was worse, came to the mother's, there was a commotion in that house the choes of which some say have never died out. Though the pipers were playing and the fiddles were squeaking in the great room where they used to dance the night away, Mrs. Knollys, with her white brocade tucked up about her waist, stood with her hand on the great front door, waiting for the horse upon which she waiting for the horse upon which she was determined to follow him. The fa-ther, who was a man of 80 years, stood by her side. He was too old to ride him-

ther, who was a man of by year, stock by her side. He was too old to ride himself, but he never sought to hold her back, though the jewels were tumbling from her hair and the moon had vanished from the highway.

"I will bring her back or die," the passionate beauty exclaimed, and not a lip there said her nay, for they saw what no man or woman had been able to see up to that moment, that her very life and soul were wrapped up in the man who had stolen away her daughter and that it would be death in life for her te live with the knowledge that she had given him a wife of her blood who was not herself.

had given him a wife of her blood who was not herself.

"Shrill went the pipes, squeak and hum went the fiddles, but the sound that was sweetest to her was the pound of the horse's hoofs on the road in front. That was music to her indeed, and as soon as she heard it she bestowed one wild kiss on her father and bounded from the house. An instant and she was gone. One flash of her white robe at the gate, then all was dark on the highway, and only the old father stood in that wide open door, waiting, as he vowed he would wait, till his daughter returned.

"She had not gone alone. A faithful groom was behind her, and from him

was learned the conclusion of that quest. For an hour and a half they rode; then they came upon a chapel in the mountains in which were burning unwonted lights. At the sight the half drew rein and almost fell from her horse into the arms of her lackey. 'A marriage,' and pointed to a carriage standing in the shadow of a wide spreading tree. It was their family carriage. How well she knew it. Rousing herself, she made for the chapel door. 'I will stop it,' she cried. 'I am her mother, and I have the right.' But the lackey drew her back by her rich white dress. 'Look!' he cried, pointing in at one of the windows, and she looked. The man she loved stood before the altar with her daughter. He was looking in that daughter's face, and his look showed a passionate devotion. It went like a dagger to her heart. Crushing her hands against her face, she wailed out some fearful protest; then she dashed toward the door with 'Stop! Stop!' on her lips. But the faithful lackey at her side drew her back once more. 'Listen!' was now his word, and she listened. The minister whose form she had failed to see in her first hurried look was uttering his benediction. She had come too late. The young couple were married. "Her servant said, for so the tradition survives, that when she saw this she grew calm as walking death in an interpretation of the control of t

"Her servant said, for so the tradition survives, that when she saw this she grew calm as walking death in an instant. Making her way into the chapel, she stood ready at the door to greet them as they issued forth, and when they saw her there, saw the rich bedraggled robe and the gleam of jewels on a neck she had not even stopped to envelop in more than the veil from her hair, he seemed to see what he had done and stopped the bride, who in her confusion would have field back to the altar where she had just been made a wife.

sideration. Now, if this had happoned this year, after the lane got its name and all this str had been made about folks disappearing there, I might have given some weight to your suggestion—women are so queer, especially the women are so queer, especially the women of old families like theirs—but this happened long ago and when folks all this year, after the lane got its name and all this str had been made about folks disappearing there, I might have given some weight to your suggestion—women are so queer, especially the women of old families like theirs—but this happened long ago and when folks all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, after the lane got its name and all this year, afte

she had just been made a wife.
'Kneel!' he cried. 'Kneel, Amarynth!
Only thus can we ask pardon of our

mether.' But at that word, that word which seemed to push her a million miles away from these two beings, who but two hours before had been the dearset beings on earth to her, the unhappy woman gave a cry and fied from their presence. 'Go! Go!' were her parting words. 'As you have chosen, continue. But let no tongue call me mother! Henceforth I am mother to no one.'

"They found her lying on the grass outside. As she could no longer sustain herself on a horse they put her into the carriage, gave the reins to her devoted lackey and themselves rode off on horseback. One man, the fellow who had driven them to that place, said that the clock struck 19 from the chapel tower as the carriage turned away and began its rapid journey home. That may be so and it may be not. We only know that its apparition enters Lost Man's lane at nearly 1, always at nearly 1, the hour at which the real carriage came back. its apparition enters Lost Man's lane as nearly 1, always at nearly 1, the hour at which the real carriage came back and stopped before Mr. Knollys' gate. And now for the worst, Miss Butterworth. When the old gentleman went down to the carriage from the door, where he had stood without movement where he had stood without movement ever since she started after the lovers, it was to find the lackey in front and his daughter sitting all alone in the car-riage. But the soil on the white brocad-ed folds of her white dress was no longer that of mud only. She had stabbed her-

none too reassuring answer CHAPTER XIII.

GOSSIP.

This name once mentioned called for more gossip, but of a somewhat differ-

ent nature.
"The Lucetta of today is not like her ancient namesake," observed Mrs. Carter. "She may have the heart to love, but she would never show that love by

but she would never show that love by any act of daring."
"I don't know about that," I replied, astonished that I felt willing to enter into a discussion with this woman on the very subject I had just shrunk from the very subject I had just shirth. 'Girls as frail and nervous as she sometimes astonish one at a pinch. I do not think Lucetta lacks daring.'

"You don't know her. Why, I have

seen her jump at the sight of a spider, seen her jump at the signt of a spitch, and heaven knows that can be nothing new to her among the decaying walls in which she lives. A puny chit, Miss Butterworth; pretty enough, but weak. The very kind to draw lovers, but not to hold them. Yet every one pit

to hold them. Yet every one pittes her, her smile is so heartbroken."
"With ghosts to trouble her and a lover to bemoan she has surely some exouse for that," said I.
"Yes, I don't deny it. But why has she a lover to bemoan? He seemed a proper man beyond the ordinary. Why let him go as she did? Even her sister admits that she loved him."
"I do not know the circumstances," said I.

'Well, there isn't much story to it. "Well, there isn't much story to it. He is a young man from over the mountains, well educated and with something of a fortune of his own. He came here to visit the Spears, I believe, and seeing Lucetta one day leaning on the gate in front of her house he fell in love with her and began to pay her his attentions. That was before the lane got its present bad name, but not before one or two men had vanished from among as without anything being known of their fate. William—that is their brother, you know—has always been anxious

brutal."
Willism! Would the utterance of that name heighten my suggestion? I surveyed her closely, but could detect no change in her somewhat puzzled countenance.

countenance.

"My allusions were not in reference."

"My allusions were not in reference." said L "I was

Me Needed a Map.

"Hero is the direction given in the south to a bewildered New Yorker desirous of finding a certain man who had some lumber to sell: "When you come to Fonso Payne's gate—you know the fellow what owns Jim Gray—turn to your left and ride on 300 or 800 yards till you come to a frame house in a locust grove, where the Porters—John, you know—lived 'foh the war and some English people lived there some time ago, but they're gone. Reckon it's rented, for I saw a hawg in the house yard. Then keep up the hill until you come to a blown over chestnut; somewhar down the hill thar's a gate; turn in and keep the mountain road for two miles and then turn to you left, and you'll come to the hollow, and I reckon Goss'll be there."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

mud only. She had stabbed herself to the heart with a bodkin she were in her hair, and it was a corpse which the faithful negro had been driving down the highways that night."

I am not a sentimental woman, but this story as thus told gave me a thrill I do not know as I really regret experiencing.

"What would be a substance of the compartments. The station master rushed to her assistance, opened med the door, bundled the nasses." the faithful negro had been driving down the highways that night."

I am not a sentimental woman, but this story as thus told gave me a thrill I do not know as I really regret experiencing.

"What was this unhappy mother's name?" I asked.

"Lucetta," was the unexpected and none too reassuring answer.

"Government to turn the handle of one of the compartments. The station master rushed to her assistance, peened the door, bundled the passenger in, slammed the door to, and then, by force of habit, waved his hand to the guard and stond calmly on the platform till the train had steamed out of sight. Me had to walk home and the other station master laughed.—London Standard.

Danger of Piano Practice. Danger of Piano Practice.
Dr. Waetzold, says Le Journal d'Hygione, thinks that the chloroses and neuroses from which so many young girls
suffer may be largely attributed to the
abuse of the plane. It is necessary, says
the author, to abandon the deadly habit of
compelling young girls to hammer on the
keyboard before they are 15 or 16 years of
age. Even at this age the exercise should
be permitted only to those who are really
talented and 'are possessed of a robust
temperament.

Dr. Waetzold shows that out of 1,000 Dr. Waetzold shows that out of 1,000 Dr. Waetzold shows the piano before the age of 12 years 600 were afflicted with nervous troubles later on, while the number of this kind was only ber having affections of this kind was only ber having affections of this kild was only 800 for those who commenced the study of the plano at a later age, and only 100 were affected among those who had never touched this instrument. The study of the violin produces even more disastrous results than those attributed to the plano.

"He comes not!" she faltered, wringing

The hour of the tryst was long past. "He will never come!" cried the dis-tracted girl. "But happily I know a neat song and dance which will perhaps enable me to earn my living! Let her go, pro-

The audience thundered applause, appreciating at once the exquisite art with which the specialty had been interpolated in the melodrama. There Is a Great Difference "You said this wasn't poetry," said the rate subscriber to the query editor, holding up a rhyme that some one had asked about. "I want you to understand, sir, the want to be a greatest to the confidence of the about. "I want you to understand, sir, that it was written by one of the greatest poets that ever lived."
"Evidently you did not grasp the import of my answer," was the conciliatory reply. "I did not say it was not written by a poet. I merely said it was not poetry."—Chicago Post.

Important Distinction. Important Distinction.
Telephone Girl—You must not swear
over the telephone, sir.
Indignant Voice (at other end of wire)—
I'm not swearing over it. I'm swearing
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has fastened its relentless grip upon some member of nearly every famil in the land. Competent authoritie estimate that from eighty to ninet per cent. of the entire population this continent suffer from some forme this continent suffer from some form of this repulsive and dangerous malady. If you or any of your family suffer either from recognized catarrh or from the lingering colds which mark its early stages—don't trifle with it. It is the precursor of consumption

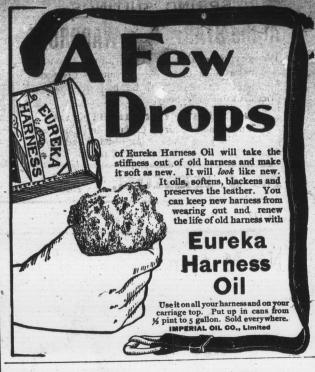
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Powder and my catarrh has entirely left
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Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hamilton,
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