Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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Business notices in logal or news columns 160 per line for first insertion and 50 per line for first insertion and 50 per line for each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards, 6 lines or under per year, \$3.00; over 6 and under 12 line; \$4.00.

Logal advertisements, 50 per line for first insertion and 30 per line for cach shusequent insertion and 30 per line for each shused and the subsequent insertion and 30 per line for each shused alternative for the subsequent insertion and 30 per line for each shused alternative for each shused and shused for each shused and shused for each shused and shused for each shused

Advertisements sent without written in-nections will be inserted until forbidden d charged full time. I advertisements measured by a scale of id nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

Bix sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal
And a moon or so from the end of the line,
And you stand at the foot of the great whit wall—
That is, white with the snows that fall and fall
O'er the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine
That grow at the feet of Alaska.

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray, With her white pall pulled o'er her stony breast,
Frowning and frigid and far away,
She has ever stood, as she stands today,
In the desolate wastes of the wide north
Stands this heary old woman, Alas

Unmolested for thousands of years,
Laclated, remote and lone,
Her hard face glacial with frozen tears,
While over her shoulders and in her ears
The winds of the north land wail and mot
In the ears of old Mother Alasks.

A party of prospectors passed that way, And they thought the old face had forgotte its frown.
And, pausing, they pulled her white robe away
And found her treasure. "Ah, q'est que o'est?"
Baid the French Canadian, kneeling down
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story, and men went wild And pawned their chattels and joined the race.
The old croon jingled her gold and smiled,
And the gold mad men of the world beguiled
With a promise of fortune in that far place
At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But, oh, the rivers are wide and deep, And the north wind breathes with a killing and the north what the breath,
breath,
And over the mountains, so rough and steep,
The old dread reaper shall come and reap—
The rime old reaper that men call duath
Shall reap the white fields of Alaskai
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

It was at Charing Cross station I called to make some inquiries, and I knew her instantly, though she was veiled. She recognized me also and returned my greeting with a warmth which I hoped was not altogether due to the fact that I was able to extricate her from a human eddy in which she was entangled. I forgot all about the time table and turned back, delighted time table and turned back, delighted that the rash of the preoccupied crowd around us gave an excuse to keep her little silk gloved hand upon my arm. She had been seeing Consin Phil and his wife off, she said, and was now, I his wife oil, she said, and was a wife oil, she guessed, returning to the desolate house in Bloemsbury square. The picture called up by the thought was so poignate that I proposed a visit to Westant that I proposed a visit to Wes-minster abbey. She appeared a shad minster abbey. She appeared a shade surprised—I certainly was myself—and then agreed, with a little sigh, which plainly said, "As well there as anywhere else." But once she accepted my companionship by stepping into the hansom I called she made, I could see, a distinct effort to take interest in the multicolored life swirling by. "The abbey is the first place one thinks of visiting when one is away," she observed, "and yet, when one is a home, it is so near that one keeps defer-

e it is so near that one keeps det visit from day to day, and I ring the visit from day to day, and I am leaving town tomorrow. Papa meant"— She did not finish the sentence, but added, "It is so kind of you to give your time "I am a man of leisure," said I dryly.

"Papa was always in a hurry," she went on, and then stopped again. All roads of conversation led to her father, and death had written "No thorough-

"Better wear out than rust out," said I considerately, "though the best of us but write their names on water after Yes, if everything ended here," she

replied as the cab pulled up and the great gray temple loomed above us.

If time be duration set out by meas-If time be duration set out by measure, my watch was of opinion that we spent two hours here. My consciousness, however, has nothing definite to say on the matter, "the endurance of all enduring things" not being painfully prominent. Neither do I ren ly prominent. Neither do I remember having shone among the tombs. On one thing at least I am quite clear. It is when we came out I was decidedly hungry; so, artfully piloting my charge past a restaurant, I suggested lunch.

Here again a lacuna occurs, for I have no distinct recollection of the earlier no distinct recollection of the earlier stages of the banquet save the other fact that her mode of eating and drink-ing forced me to make comparisons which would have brought me slowly to my senses had not the unforeseen, which has such a trick of happening, which has such a trick of happening, done so with paralyzing prompitude. Her little hunting watch had run down, but the officious cuckoo belonging to the restaurant clock spoke so plainly that the young girl almost jumped from her chair.

"Oh, Mr. Patterson," she cried,

what shall I do? I was to call upon Mr. Turnbull—he is my guardian, know—about papa's will at half 1 2, and now it is a quarter past."
"Where does he live?" I asked.

"Where does he live?" I asked.
"In the city," she replied despairingly, "and, oh, he is so precise, and there
may be delays—you don't know him."
I did, having met him in his professional capacity some years before, when
I was a witness for the defense.
"We'll drive there at once!" I cried

soyally, putting my hand in my pocket while she fumbled for her glove. Then an awful fact struck me; my purse was gone. I suppose my consternation got into my face, for I caught the eye of the polygiot waiter fixed upon me. He was tall, and, I doubt not, swift of foot, tall, and, I doubt not, swite to look and as he smiled thinly I could see that he had lost one front tooth and all his illusions. I put my hat on and took it off again. At another time, in another place, the incident would have been place, the incident would have been merely laughable, but now, with her! I had been so blase, so mildly cynical! Oh, it was unthinkable! I moved to-Oh, it was unthinkable! I moved to-ward the counter which was near the door, shadowed by the waiter, who was mentally calling the police, and ap-proaching the lady in charge explained the situation. She was a German fran of spotless morals, and she listened salmly to my tale, the cold contempt of a farrow, literal nature glinting in her satis illustration did not strike her. She only saw that I had no mousy. "Dey pay, dose preserved in the strike her." The pay, dose preserved in the strike her. She only saw that I had no mousy. "Dey pay, dose preserved in the strike her." The strike her is t

water, who had been fielding in The w..ter, who had been fielding in the immedia vicinity, advanced and asked me if I had lost anything. I inquired for the proprietor, but by some hideous ill luck he was not accessible. I saw Miss Langton, who had gone to the doon, looking back, evidently surprat the delay. Then the storm had the delay. Then the storm had the delay. Then the storm had the waiter passed rapidly from legitimate forces to open akepticism as I tendered my card, which was not a trump one, and seeing that we all talked together, the effect was very striking.

and seeing that we all taken together,
the effect was very striking.
"Excuse me," remarked a thin, crisp
voice, "it is a little trouble about the
bill, is it not? Miss Langton, I shall be
with you in a moment. Don't be a

Of course it was old Turnbull, who ought to have been miles away and had been lunching here all the time instead. I bowed, he looked me in the face, and I understood that he remembered the last occasion on which we had met. I last occasion ownich we have no recalled his terrible, "Now, upon your oath, sir," as I stood clutching the edge of the witness stand, a bit of court plaster over one eye.
"You are doubtless aware that Miss "You are doubtless aware that Miss

Langton is my ward?" he observed when he had appeased the Teutor "I learned it," I replied. "Permit

me to congratulate you."

"And yor will also learn now," he retorted, shutting his pocketbook with a smap, "that I wish the sequeintance to end here."

to end here."
"On what grounds?" said I.
"If on no other than that of the present—or—disgraceful scene, I should be justified," he answered, "but I forbid it on—ahem—higher grounds."
Then he began to talk, "as one man of the world to another," about Arbuscula and her sisters. He was illogical, but convincines. ut convincing.
"What is the amount of the bill?" I

What is the amount of asked shortly.

He handed me the receipted slip of paper. I put it in my pocket. He smiled sardonically, and gathering up his black bag went out to Miss Langton, while the waiter hailed a cab by whistling through his fingers in a most tal-

thing through his hugest could see the could see the could talking to Miss Langton as she rearranged her veil. Some girls at an adjacent table put their heads together, whispering and tittering. The chariot pulled up as the sidewalk with flowish and Turnbull touched Miss flowish and Turnbull touched Miss chariot pulled up as an attornal wise a flourish, and Turnbull touched Miss Langton's arm. She made a step for-ward, but looked round and paused ir-resolutely. I instantly went to her, and taking the little warm hand she gave

taking the little warm hand and servine pressed it to my lips.

"I am so sorry you were inconvenienced," she said. "If I had only known".

—and she actually laughed!

"I shall easily get over the recollection of the inconvenience in the recollection of the pleasure I have had," I

replied.
She blushed.
"But why did you not tell me?" she

murmured.

'It would have been commonplace,'
I replied. 'I preferred to be a paladin. though a comic one."
"I don't think it comic at all," she replied, trying hard not to smile.
"What stupid people!"
"Miss Langton, as this gentleman is rather richer in time than I, perhaps he

will excuse us if we economize," re-marked Mr. Turnbull. "Here is the

marked Mr. Turnbuin. Here is also cab. Get in, please."

She threw me a bright look and went with him. Recollecting that I was without my hat, I returned for it and found on the ground hard by a little black silk glove. I picked it up, intending to reglove. I picked it up, intending to return it, but when I reached the street turn it, but when I reached the street the cab was already several yards away. Then the lawyer's talk came back to me with diabolical distinctness, and I said to myself that, after all, he was right. I went straight to my bankers', sent him the amount of the bill, answered a perfumed, badly spelled note I had received that morning, looked the glove with the photo away in a drawer and took the next train for Paris.—William Buckley in Black and White.

Gold Mining In San Francis Gold Mising In San Francisco.

For over 17 years a gold mine has been worked right in the city of San Francisco. How much gold has been taken out none but the two miners themselves can say. One of them is supposed to be on his deathbed, and the other one disappeared on the day that his partner had to be taken to the bospital and the secret of their mine became generally known to the commu-

nity.
Nelson Shoots, the discoverer of the Nelson Shoots, the abovest of Selead, found the mine over 17 years ago while trying to locate the fountain of the gold dust found along the beach. He was a practical miner at the time and well versed in all the secrets of getting all the gold possible out of refractors over.

ting all the gold possible out of related tory ores.

That he succeeded in doing this in his Ingleside mine there is no question, for not only did he make a good living during the 17 years, but he paid \$8,000 damages once for injuring the Spring valley water main while blasting. He valley water main while blassing, and his partner lost large sums of money at the race tracks, and they were known as "spenderp" among the resorts in the western side, of the city. All the while they passed as hermits, with barely enough to live on.—San Francisco Call.

A Feminine Mania. "They tell me that Blakely is not rich, and yet there is not a day but what the wagon from the jewelers and the merchants stops there." 'That's so. She's one of these wo that have things sent home on disapproval."—Detroit Free Press.

Method In His Madnes "Why did Briggs try to cover his en-tire lot with his new house?"

"So he wouldn't have any grass to out."-Cleveland Plain De

Were They More In Use There Would Be
Less Sickness.

If single beds were more numerous than
they are, a great many people would be
better off. When one is tired, sick, cross,
restless, out of sorts, he or she ought to
sleep alone and not communicate by proximity the maladles that affect her. The
brute creatures when sick go away by
themselves till they die or get over their
troubles, and this instinct a great many
human beings have. Those that have it
are best if induged in it—not to the alightest degree neglected, however.
Left to themselves, they can compose
their internal dissensions, recover their
lost equilibrium and get back their habitual rate of "vibration," whereas if continually disturbed and "crossed" and interrupted they are a long time in getting
back to the normal.
Where two children in a family must
share the same room in a great many cases
they would be better off to have two single
beds rather than one wide double bed. We
can share a great many things with those
we love, but solitude clings to us from
birth to death. We came into the world
alone, we must go out of it alone, and we
live in it alone in a certain important
sense, and to get and keep our "bearings"
we must sometimes be left alone. It is
good that we should be.

He who has his bed to himself may be
essentially alone for a portion of the 24
hours, may have himself to himself and
adjust his internal mechanism to his own
satisfaction. For a great many woes and
ills solitude is a balm—what we call solitude—for when alone the immaterial asserts itself, the actual fades, the real is
present with us.—Taggart's Times. Were They More In Use There Would Be Less Sickness,

You hold me surrant things and things and that my step, my voice, can bring to you A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, throughout the weary days You never speak one word of tenderness Nor stroke my hair nor softly also my hy hand Within your own in loving, mute carons.

You think perhaps I should be all content To know so well the loving place I hold Within your life, and yet you do not draam How much I long to hear the story told. You cannot know, when we two sit alone And tranquil thoughts within your mind and trangin thoughts watered.

By hear's is crying like a tired child.

For one food took, one gentle, leving word.

'Tie not the boundless waters ocean holds.

That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers.

But just the drope that, raing to the skies.

From thence decound in softly falling show.

What matter that our granaries are filled with all the richest harvest's golden stores if we who own them cannot enter in.

But, finished, stand below the close barre doors?

doors?

And so 'tis said that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our carthly lot
In that true love which crowns our carthly lot
Op praying with white lips from day to day
For love's ewest tekens and receive them not
For love's ewest tekens and receive them not

LIEUTENANT CLOVER

out at the empty parade. He walked to his desk, and Adjutant Caldwell Clover, who was signing orders, glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw that the

the corner of his eye and saw that the colonel was pulling his mustache.

Then the colonel sat down and said rather sharply, "Are you busy, Clover?"

It was not customary for the colonel to address the officers by their names in this way. He was supposed to address Adjutant Clover as lieutenant, and to say that the young man was surprised would be placing it mildly. Of course he didn't object. In fact, it pleased him to have the colonel speak to him familiarly, only it was so unexpected. familiarly, only it was so unexpected.
"I am not busy, colonel," said the

adjutant. "How old do you think I am, Clo-

"How old do you think I am, Olover" asked the colonel.
"Why, I don't know, colonel," stammered the adjutant, "not any older than—than you ought to be."
The colonel was slicing a sheet of paper with the paper knife. "I want you to do something for me, Clover. I have come to depend on you so entirely for everything that I am going to put this personal matter in your hands. I want you to write a proposal of marriage to a young lady for me."
The colonel was much embarrassed.

His face was red under the tan.
"A proposal of marriage!" echoed the adjutant.

"Yea. If any one had told me I was afraid of a woman, I would have laughed at him. I tried to speak to her about it lass night at the hop, and when she looked at me with those steady brown eyes of hers I couldn't say a word."

"Then it's Miss Lacey?" said the ad-

jutant.
"It is Miss Lacey."
"Very well, colonel." Adjutant
Clover received the order just as he
would have received an order to appoint a substitute captain for the recritis or any trivial thing of that sort,
and he turned to his desk as the colonel

went out.

There are those who think an adjutant has nothing else to do save listen to 37 bugle calls a day and look his best from reveille to taps. It is a mistake. He has a thousand and one things to do. He nas a thousant and outstands of the selects the colonel's orderly. He writes letters and signs papers, and now Adjutant Caldwell Clover of Troop X is asked to writes proposal for his colonel to Agnes

When Captain Lester went east and When Captain Lester wens ease and returned with a golden haired young wife, Lieutenant Clover danced with the bride at the reception given them.
"I am sure I shall not be lonely here," she said to him. "I find it all so new and interesting, and then in the summer my sister is coming to me." summer my sister is coming to me."
They were promenading then, and she
looked up at the six feet of handsome
manhood beside her and said: "You
will like my sister. She is not at all
like me. She is almost as tall as you are
and independent and brave." And from
that night Lieutenant Clover looked
forward to the coming of Captain Les-

that night Lieutenant Clover looked forward to the coming of Captain Lester's fair sister-in-law.

Alice Lacey reached the post in July.
Mrs. Lester had been watching for the coach, and when it appeared on the brow of the hill Lieutenant Clover handed her a pair of fieldglasses, and when at last the rumble of the wheels was heard they walked together across the parade, and it was Lieutenant Clover's hand that opened the stage door and them reached.

Clover's hand that opened the stage door and then reached up to help the girl alight.

When he took off his cap to her and then escorted herself and sister to captain's quarters, Agnes Lacey that all her sister had written about

that all her sister had written about the courteous young officers of the post must be true.

The summer was a quiet one at the post. There were a few dances, some rides over the prairie, a pionic or twe and long, quiet hours on the verandas, and then one day there came news of Captain Lester's transfer to another post. It was on the day before the one set for his departure that the colonel gave his adjutant his piculiar order.

When the colonel had gone, Lieutenant Clover leaned back in his chair and clarged his hands behind his head. He

ant Clover leaned back in his can'r and clasped his hands behind his head. He was to propose to Agnes Lacey for the colonel. He thought over all the hours he had spent with Agnes, and his face grew tender and his lips quivered a litgrew tender and his lips quivered a lit-tle as he remembered that tomorrow she was going away, then he said to him-self: "What's the use of my feeling like a dog in the manger? She wouldn't marry me. She'll never think of me again after she leaves here." He took up his pen, then hesitated as he dipped it in the ink. "My, but it will be lone-

some when she is gone." Then he went ca writing, and when the letter was finished he forgot and signed his own name instead of the colonel's, and then laughed as he saw his mistake. He had to write the letter all over again then. This time he signed the colonel's name and called the orderly and sent him to Miss Lacey with the letter. And when it was done he walked up and down the room, and all that evening he felt like it was done he walked up and down the room, and all that evening he felt like a caged lion. What would her answer be? Had the colonel received it? Once or twice he took up his cap to walk flown past the captain's quarters, then he threw it down again. Of course she would accept. Yes, but after all, would she?

The stage left in the early morning. The stage left in the early morning. Lieutenant Clover noted the stir of departure about the captain's quarters. Then he saw the captain and Mrs. Lester appear, and he ran out to speak to them. He half expected to find the colonel with them, but he was not there. A fiush dashed up to his face. Had she really refused the offer? If so, why? There was no time for explanations. She came out ready for her journey. She gave him her hand, sad her eyes looked level into his.

"I shall never forget how much you did to make my stay pleasant," he said. "I hope I shall meet you again," I hope I shall meet you again, "I hope I shall meet you again,"

The state of the s

"I shall never forget now muce you did to make my stay pleasant," she said. "I hope I shall meet you again, Lieutenant Clover."
The driver's whip circled out over the heads of the forward mules, she waved her hand to him, and Lieutent to Caldwell Clover was standing alone with an aching heart with nothing in

the world to do but itsten to 37 bugie calls a day and follow the dreary routine of an adjutant's life.

Then there came a time when the sounty called for troops. "Boots and Saddles" quickly followed, and Troop X siarted for the south.

Army headquarters at Tampa was thronged with officers. Orderlies were speeding everywhere. Spurs jingled coross the floors, and the few army wives who followed their, husbands walked up and down the fost trillis paths in the evening and talked of what the morrow might bring. Lieutenant Caldwell Clover was still adjutant to the colonel. A telegram was handed the little. The colonel frewind, pulled his musicoles, then sadd: "Lieuten us, I have a telegram from a friend now at Chickamauga. His sister arrives at this hotel tonight to join the Red Cross forces at Kry West. Please meet her and see that she gets her train for Port Tampa in the morning."

The lieutenant saluted. When the Pullman car backed into the spacious hotel ground that night, a few officers, a newspaper man or two and the woman alighted. As she stepped forward the waiting adjutant was startled at first, them hurried toward her.

"Miss Lacey! You here?"

"Ah, Lieutenant Clover! How glad I am to see you again! It is good to see a face one knows. I felt rather lonely, for there wasn't another woman on the oar all day."

"I was to look out for a nurse," said

face one knows. I felt rather lonely, for there wasn't another woman on the car all day."

"I was to look out for a nurse," said the lieutenant, glancing around, "but it seems she didn't come."

The girl stepped into the broader light. "Oh, then you didn't know," she said and pointed to her sleeve. An insignia homored the world over was sewed there—the Red Cross.

"Is it possible?" It seemed to him that nothing but interjections came into his mouth. "You are really going to the front?"

"Going to the front," she repeated, with a smile in his face. "I shall probably meet you there." She said it as though it would be a pleasure. They were crossing the wide veranda. Vladimir Purisshoft's orchestra was playing. "The Screnade." "You will come for me by and by and bring me to hear the music," she said. "It will seem like old times when we danced to the music of the regimental band."

"Were you lonely after I left the post?" she said. "I wonder if you would forgive me if I told you just how lonely work of the regime me if I told you just how lonely worked."

was," he said. "I wonder if you would forgive me if I told you just how lonely I was—but, no." For a moment he thought only of his love for her. Then he remembered that she had refused the flower of the army, that she had a mis

atom in life.

"Tell me," she said softly.

A man may spend the best of his life in the dreary confines of an army post two days' journey from a railway station. He may listen to 87 bugle calls a constitution of the may listen to 87 bugle calls a constitution. tion. He may listen to 87 bugle calls a day and attend to an adjutant's thousand and one duties for years, but the blossoms of his heart may remain eternally fresh and fragrant.

There were tears in the girl's eyes when he finished his story. "I am glad," she said as she put her hand in his. "I thought you would tell me before I left the post. I should have staid."

"And now, Agnes—now?"
"After the war," she said.

After the war," she said.
So you, who pray for the safety of
those who go into battle and for blessings upon those who wear the Red
Cross, remember these two—country
first, self after and then, with his will, long life and happiness.—Kat Hartman in Buffalo News.

The Chambersburg (Penn.) Valley spirit recalls the fact that it was at the Spirit recalls the fact that it was at the Girard House, Philadelphia, that Judge Black first uttered the story which has since wended its way in and out of the since wended its way in and out of the highways and byways, near and remote, about Democrats and whisky. It was on a Philadelphia hot night. The air was still and stifling. A friend of %he judge walked up to him mopping his brow and expressed his surprise that the judge was not at Cape May sniffing salt, breezes. The judge as ared his visitor.

"Why?"
"Well, you see, if we didn't have hot weather we wouldn't have corn; if we didn't have corn, we wouldn't have whisky, and if we didn't have whisky we wouldn't have Democrats!"

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

In that town that bear the poet's signature.

Canon Silvan Evans, whe has been granted the annual civil list peusjon of \$600 in England, has done prebably more for Welsh literature than any man living. He has for years devoted himself to the compilation of an exhaustive Welsh dictionary.

compliance of the control of the con

fortunate mariners.

Frank D. Millet, the noted artist who has gone to Manila with General Merritt to represent several nowspapers, received his orders on June 16, went to his home 100 miles from London, came back and started for America on the 17th, and after arriving in New York left for San Francisco just 30 minutes after he received his baggage. THE ROYAL BOX.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has dismissed her last bacher and will take a vacation before entering on the business of reigning at the end of August. Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklemburg. Schwerin, an uncle of the grand duke, who won an army steeplechase at Berlin recently, is the first prince of a reigning house to ride in a horse race in Germany. Mirza Said Abdul Akhad, Bahadus Khan, emir of Bokhara, is paying his annual visit to the czar. As presents he brought with him 11 Arabian horses and a quantity of lapis laxuli for the new memorial cathedral of Alexander II.

Princess Alice of Albany, now 16, has developed the fondness for art common to the women of the English royal family and is providing her relatives with sketches made by herself. She has sent one also to the young queen of Holland as a coronation present.

THE VESUVIUS.

The Spaniards will remember the Vesurius.—Indianapolis News. When not otherwise employed, the Vesuvius might be utilized in breaking hard tack.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. On the Vesuvius the order is not "Twenty minutes for breakfast." It's "Let's dine a mite."—Philadelphia Bulletin. The Vesuvius acts like lightning in some ways. Is didn't strike twice in the same spot, chiefly for the reason that the spot wasn's there.—Philadelphia Times.

OUR GIRLS.

The St. Louis girl "purchases a co-ume." The Boston girl buys a gown. omerville Journal. t any signs of a scare on he untenance.—Martha's Viney the summer girl, and not the Spanial shell, continues to be the most serious parti of the seaside resorts.—St. Leuis Globe Democrat.

Your Pulse

You feel the blood rushin But what kind of blood? Is it pure blood or impure blood?

If the blood is impure then you are weak and languid; your superfield poor and your diseased is work. You cannot sleep well and the morning finds you unprepared for the work of the day. Your checks are pale and your completion in sallow. You are impulsed with pimples, bolls, or some cruption of the skin. Why not purify your blood?



will do it. Take it a few days and then put your finger on your pulse again. You can feet the difference. It is stronger and your circulation better. Send for our book on Impure Blood.

If you are billous, take Ayper's Pills. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla, They cure constipation also.

Write to our Declare Write them freely all the particular in your case. You will receive prothyt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
Yowell, Mass

DESCENT OF LOVE.

Hath man e'er had experience like this (For poets sing a love which children mock, And bliss of love therein is laughing stock.

men)?
Our life had long been dreamy holiday
Till when one even on the bleak highway, I told her that I loved her, and she left Her soul upon my lips, and thus we staid Bereft of earth, and then—oh, strangel— fied

Down the bleak highway till the place's fear Had closed his wings and left from following So here, within sound of her sweet singing, This summer's day I fathom that dread time And liken it—how up some desert peak Sublime wentancient men and heard God speak

And won his law. But once they went, no morel Yes, though God's dreams ran burning in their brain, They hurried to the ways of humble men, Nor prayed of him to visit them again! —A. Boyd Scott in Black and Whits.

MAY BE THE MISSING LINK.

That Mysterious and Useless Organ of Man, the Vermiform Appendix.

A distinguished paleontologist claims to have discovered facts serving to show that the vermiform appendix, that mysteriously useless organ that has annoyed the human family so much of late years, is no more nor less than the ruditmentary remnant of the gizzard with years, is no most not the gizzard with which he believes the monstrous progenitors of man of the tertiary period genitors of man of the tertiary period. genitors of man of the tertiary period of the earth's existence were supplied. Some of these gigantic creatures, lizards in form, birds in kind, animals in some functions, are believed to have developed by the gradual stages described by the supporters of the theory of evolution into the semblance of a human believe.

If the bird form be the original of the human race, it is reasonable to believe that it may have been supplied with a gizzard, which in the bird of modern gizzard, which in the bird of modern time possesses a definite and important function in the digestion of the food. The bird having no teeth the food is in many cases swallowed whole. Some birds can crush the food with their beaks, but normally the digestion is Antonin Mercler, the sculptor, has applied for a divorce from his wife on the curious ground that she has left him is order to become a nun.

James Whitcomb Riley was once a sign painter in Anderson, Ind., and was known as Bill Riley. There are still many signs in that town that bear the poet's signature.

Canno Silvan Evans, whe has been been between the food with their beaks, but normally the digestion is permitted largely through the agency of the gizzard, where the food is ground into fine particles. The interior coating of this organ is rough and muscular. Many birds swallow, as far as the gizeard, small pebbles that aid the process of attrition. Thus if the latest theory or attrition. Thus if the latest theory be correct a curious paradox is present-ed. Whereas in the beginning, as now, the gizzard performed its functions most satisfactorily when supplied with indigestible, substances, its rudiment that now remains in the human struc-ture becomes a center of dangerous con-

ture becomes a center of dangerous conditions as soon as any foreign substance and especially any hard matter, is deposited in it.

One of the marvels of anatomy for some years has been this strange sac in the upper intestines, apparently without the least function in the digestive system and capable of being removed without affecting the health of the patient save to a favorable degree. Researches have revealed many traces of such rudiments in the human system. Darwin's studies brought to light many resemblances between man and the lower orders. It may now be that the despised vermiform appendix will be exploited as the real "missing link" binding man to the past ages, when life assumed many forms that are today unknown.—Washington Star. and especially any hard matter, is de

Modern Treatment of Consumption

The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as

Scott's Emulsion

contains the best cod-liver of in a partially digested form, combined with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. This remedy, a standard for a quarter of a century, is in exact accord with the latest views of the medical profession. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion

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MERRY MOMENTS.

MERRY MOMENTS.

The Modern Casablances.
The boy stood on the back yard feases,
Whence all but him had fied.
The flames that lit his father's barn
shone round him o'er the shed.
A bunch of oracless' in his hand,
Two others in his hat,
With pitcous accents loud he orised,
"I never thought of that!"
The flames flew wide, flew thick, flow he
They lit upon the brat,
They fired those crackors in his hand,
And e'en those in his hat.
There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy! Oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that wrewed around
His fragments on the lea!
A top, a knife, three marbles and
Some fishhooks and some yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy
Who burnt his father's barn!

Van

As Logical as a Woman.

Mr. Wigglee—What is that queer lookng musical instrument over there?
Mr. Waggles (promptly)—That is a hewgag. Mr. Wiggles—How do you know it is a hewgag?

Mr. Waggles—Because I don't know what a hewgag is, and I don't know what that is, and so it must be a hewgag.—

Sommerville Journal.

Commercial Traveler (to boy who has answered the bell—I want the boots. You're not the boots surely?

Boy—No, sir. I'm the socks.

Commercial Traveler—Socks! You impudent young rascal, what do you mean?

Boy—Why, you see, sir, I'm under the boots.—Exchange. Knew His Post

Technically Express It was the festive foreman
Of a printshop up the street
Who essayed to be a scorcher
With a scorch so very fleet. And later, when he looked as though
He'd met a western storm,
"Twixt throbs of pain he muttered,
"I guess I've pied my form!"
—Up to Date.

"How are you, Silckinger? I haven't seen you for a long time. Didn't you go with the army?"
"No. I've been in the Klondike region."
"The Klondike? Where's that? Oh, I remember. It's somewhere up north, ian't it?"—Chicago Tribune.
The largest gold coin in the world is the British 5 sovereign piece; the smallest is coined in Persia and has a value of only 44 cents.

We hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves. —George Eliot. Kansas City has 9,000 employees in

Hawaii Will Pay Up Yokohama, Aug. 2.—It is reported here that Hawaii has agreed to pay Japan £40,000 sterling in settlement of the dispute which arose out of exclusion of Japanese emigrants from the Hawai-ten Islands.

Ran Into a Beehive.

Cornwall, Aug. 2.—J. J. McCuaig had a hot time at Dalhousie Station the other day. His team ran away, and going through a bee yard, upset several hives and threw Mr. McCuaig out among the

Athens Men Who Suffer From Land Sickness Men Whe Sufer From Land Sickness, The sea is really always the same to a sailor whether at rest or in angry commo-tion, and its monotony at times becomes simply terrible. Occasionally one is a martyr to that terrible disease known as land sickness, which is common among men who spend months at sea, far from home, far from the refining influence of women, far from land, with its changing pictures.

women, far from land, when he changed pictures.

The malady comes on insidiously in dreams, when one's sleeping ears catch the rippling music or rivulets between their grassy banks, the rustling of June leaves and the music of birds. Then the dreamer wakes and hears but the steady swash of water six inches from his head, and what he saw and heard in his sleep begets an uncontrollable desire to step once more upon dry land, to smell the earth, to fill the lungs with other than sait air, to stretch himself out once more upon some green bank and watch she thick follage overhead.

Now and then this becomes a real dis-Now and then this becomes a real un-ease, and the victim must get away or his mental poise will be overcome. More than once during a long term of service, lasting more than six months at the time, the surgeons of the fleet have been compelled to invalid men and send them home with-out any discernible cause except this.— Pearson's Weekly.

Shedding Information.

The interested stranger looked up at the steel framework that rose, story after story, toward the sky.

"I suppose this is going to be one of those skyscrapers," he said. "Don's such buildings as these expand considerably in hot weather?"

"I don't see how they can," replied the dejected citizen sitting on a nile of beards. and chewing tobacco. "They're built the contract plan."—Chicago Tribune.

She—It requires money to get into society nowadays.

Ho—Yes, and it requires brains to keep out of it.—Chicago News.

MARTIN THORN EXECUTED.

The Cold-Blooded Assassin Dies in the Electric Chair-Nerve Unshaken.

Electric Chair-Nevre Unshaken.

Sing Sing, N.Y., Aug. 2.—Martin Thorn was executed at 11.17 o'clock yesterday forencon.

The warden talked with Thorn for a little time, and when he came out said:

"Thorn told me he was not nervous, and would die bravely. He said he was perfectly reconciled to his fate, and that he had made his peace with God."

All the witnesses assembled in the warden's office at 11 a.m. to witness the execution. Thorn stepped firmly and kept his head crect. Without hesitating the condemned man walked to the chair, which was in the center of the room. He sat down on it and was quickly strapped. While waiting for the current to be turned on he prayed with his spiritual adviser. Everything was in readiness at 11.17 o'clock, and Warden Sage gave the signal to turn on the ourrent, and 1,950 volts were at once thrown into the body 11.17 o'clook, and Warden Sage gave the signal to turn on the ourrent, and 1,950 volts were at once thrown into the body of Thorn. The force sent his body hard against the straps. The body was electrified to a degree of 10 amperes by the ourrent. The 1,950 volts were kept on for five seconds, after which the current was allowed to fall to 400 volts and 4 amperes, the reduced current remaining on for 55 seconds, when Thorn was pronounced dead.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN

To Be Organized as Naval Reserves - M to Receive \$50 Per Month. to Receive \$50 Per Menth.

St. John's, Nfid., Aug. 2.—Mr. George
J. Goschen, First Lord of the British
Admiraity, has arranged to organize a
naval reserve among the Newfoundland
fishermen, enrolling 500, who will be
drilled by special instructors sent from
England. Forts are being erected
specially for this purpose, the men receiving \$50 each cash for each month engaged. Newfoundland is the only colony
where the experiment is being tried.

An Alleged Murderer Held. An Alleged Murderer Held.

Blenheim, Ont. Aug. 2.—The authorities here have arrested Thomas Everities not he charge of having murdered some person unknown. It is alleged that Everiti had confessed to a woman acquaintance that he had murdered a man. He is held pending a search for the body, which is supposed to have been hidden in a large piece of woods near Blenheim.

Peterboro, Aug. 2.—Mr. Fred Foote, prominent business man of Peterboro, was drowned in Jackson Park here yes was drowned in Jackson Park new yearday morning. The unfortunate man was riding in on his wheel, and, when coming down the hill near the park, he lost control of his pedals and went over the bank into the artificial lake. The hody was recovered soom after. The deceased leaves a large family.

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Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Ropof all sizes, Bnilders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, 1ron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

ries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods-in short, we have something for

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to parts of the world. Give me a call.

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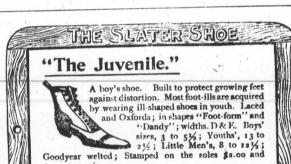
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R. WALKER.

THE STATE OF THE NAME OF THE STATE OF THE ST The Best

In Canada all use our clock-cord sticks. To play a perfect game you must be fitted out properly. It "makes you tired" to lose a game through a defective stick. Our Clock-Cord Lacrosses are strung with imported German clock-cord, which not only is more yielding and clastic than ordinary gut, but is more durable. The frames are split from second-growth hickory—the lightest and toughest wood grown. We have three grades—the Special at \$1.75 (only half clock-cord), the Expert at \$2.25, and the Special Expert at \$2.75—the finest stick made in the world. We send sticks on approval upon receipt of the amount, your money back if not satisfactory. Complete catalogue for the asking.

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