CHAPTER XXXI

plans usually do. William went immediately to his room, and in a little while came down and hastened tato the cellar.

. It was not the face he show

house of a criminal, nor did his bow have any of that false deference in it with which he sometimes tries to hide his secret doubt or contempt.

his secret doubt or contempt.

"I have gome to twouble you for the last time, laddes. We have made a double seasch through this house and through the stables and feel perfectly justified in saying that our duty henceforth will lead us elsewhere. The secrets we have surprised are your own, and if possible shall remain so. Your mother bear so little oil the real question which inferests this community that we may be able to prevent their spread as gossip through the town. That this may be done consolentionally, however, I ought to know something more of the latter circumstance. If Miss Butterworth will then be good snough to grant me a few

circumstance. If Miss Butterworth will then be good snough to grant me a few minuses' conference with these ladies, I may be able to estiaty myself so far as to let this matter rest where it is." I rose with right good will. A mountain weight had been lifted from me, proof positive that I had really come to love these girls.

What there told him, whether it was

The front door had scarcely closed be

hind him when william came some sing.
in. He had been gossiping over the fence with Mr. Trohm and had been beguiled into taking a glass of wine in his house. He showed it:

"Those meaks!" cried he. "I hear the showed it.

"Those sneaks!" cried he. "I hear they've been back again, digging and stirring up our cellar bottom like mad. That's because you're so dreadful shy, you girls. You're afraid of this, you're afraid of that. You don't want folks to know your mother once— Well, well, there it is now! If you had been willing that should be known, I would have been let alone and we affaire left when.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LUCETTA.

Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIE

SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING Business notices in local or news columns 10 per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subc-quent insertion.

Professional Cards Si ince or under, per year \$3.00; over 6 and under 12 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, \$c per line, for first insertion and oper inc to each subsucquent discount for contract advertisement Alberta discount for contract advertisement

Advertisements sent without written in structions will be inserted until forbidde and charged full time.

Al advertisement smeasured by a scale-told nonparedi-42 lines to the inch.

igst Man's Lane. SECOND EPISODE, AMELIA BUTTERWORTH

consisten upon mine. But not to in there, for Mr. Gryce recalled a almost instantly back by this

them almost instance; because it is abort, sharp negative.

"No, I was nearer than that. I lent my strength to this burial. If you had thought to look under Mother Jane's hood, you would have seen what would have forced these explanations then and

"And you"—
"And I was Mother Jane for that
hight. Not from choice, miss, but from
accessity. It was I your brother saw in
the cottage. I could not give away my
glans by refrising the task your brother
"freed ma."

offered me."

"Is is well." Lacetta had risen and
"Is is well." Lacetta had risen and
"Such a secret as ours defice secrecy.
Even Providence takes para sgainst us.

Even Providence takes part against us. What you want to know we must tell, but I assure you it has nothing to do with the business you profess to be chiefly interested in—nothing at all." "Then parhaps you and your sister will retire," said he. "Distracted as you are by family griefs, I would not wish to add one lots to your distress. This lady, whom you seem to regard with more or less favor as friend or relative, will stay to see that no dishonelative, will stay to see that no dis or is paid to your mother's remains.
But her face we must see, Miss Knollys, if only to lighten the explanation you will doubtless feel called upon to

inske."

It was Loren who answered this.
"If it must be," said she, "remember your own mother and deal reverently with ours." Which word and the way it was uttered gave me my first distinct conviction that it was truth these tables and that the six! girls had been telling and that the girl child we had come to uneasth was the ohild we had come to unearth was the Althea of my early friendship, whose fairylike form I had for so long a time believed to have mingled with foreign dust. The thought was almost too much for my saif possession, and I advanced upon Loseen with a dosen burning questions on my lips when the volce of Mr. Oryoo stopped me.

"Explanations later," said he. "For the present we want you here."

the present we want you here."
It was not an easy task for me to lin ger there with all my doubts unsolved, waiting for the decisive moment when Mr. Gryce should say: "Come! Look! Is it she?" But the will that had aldy sustained me through so much ready sustained me through did not fail me now, and, grievous as was the ordeal, I passed steadily through is, being able to say, though not with-out some emotion, I own: "It is she! Changed almost beyond conception, but still she," which was a happier end to us as the fact was, not only to myself, but, as I could see, to the

only so myself, bit, as round see, or assoute detective as well.

The girls had withdrawn long before this, just as Mr. Gryce had desired, and I now thought I might be allowed to join them, but Mr. Gryce detained me till the grave was refilled and made decent again, when he turned and to my intense actonishment—for I had thought the water was all over and the exoner. the matter was all over and the exoner softly and with telling emphasis in my

eer:
"Our work is not done yet. They who
make graves so readily in cellars must
have been more or less accustomed to
the work. We have still some digging
to do."

CHAPTER XXX.

STRATEGY.

I was overwhelmed.

"What," said I, "you still doubt?"

"I always doubt," he gravely replied.

"This cellar bottom offers a wide field for speculation. Too wide, perhaps, but

I have a plan.''
Here he leaned over and whispered a few concise sentences in my car in a tone so low I should feel that I was betraying his confidence in repeating them. But their import will soon become ap-

parent from what presently occurred.

"Light Miss Butterworth to the stairway," Mr. Gryce now commanded one of the men, and thus accompanied I found my way back to the kitchen, where Hannah was bemoaning uncomforted the shame which had come upon

I did not stop to soothe her. That was not my cue, nor would it have answered my purpose. On the contrary, I exclaimed as I passed her:

What a shame! Those wretches can "What a shame! Those wretches canmote be got away from the cellar. What
do you suppose they expect to find there?
I left them poking hither and thither
in a way that will be very irritating to
Miss Knollys if she is such a woman as
I am. I wonder William stands it."
What she said in reply I do not know.
I was half way down the hall before my
even words were finished.

My next move was to go to my room, ere I had among other small necessa-s a tiny hammer and some small, sies a tiny hammer and some small, very sharp pointed tacks. Curious articles, you will think, for a woman to carry on her travels, but I am a woman of experience and have known only too often what it was to want these petty conveniences and not be able to get them. They were to serve me an odd turn now. Taking a half dozen tacks in one hand and concealing the hammer in any bag, I started boldly for William's room. I knew that the girls were not there, for I had heard them talking together in the sitting room when I came her in the sitting room when I came Besides, if they were, I had a ready wer for any demand they might

rching out his boots. I turned them

over, and into the sole of each I drove one of my small tacks. Then I put them back in the same place and posi-tion in which I found them. Task No.

tion in which I found them. I was done.

When I issued from the room, I went as quickly as I could below. I was now ready for a talk with the girls, whom I found as I had anticipated, talking and weeping together in the sitting room.
They rose as I came in, awaiting my first words in evident anxiety. They had not heard mego up stairs. I immediately let my anxiety and only too deep interest in this matter have full play.

"My noar sirls! What is the meaning

"My noar siris! What is the meaning of this? Your mother just deed, and the matter kept from me, her friend! By is astockeding—incomprehensible! It do not know what to make af he or or you."

"It has a strange fock," and Loreou gravely, but we had reasons, hiss Butterworth. Our methos, characting and street a your remember has, has not always done right, ev, what you will better understand, committed a criminal act against a person in this town, the penalty of which is state's prison."

With disficulty the words came out. With disficulty the words came out. With disficulty she kept down the flush of shame which threatened to overwholm her and did overwholm her more seasi-

with difficulty she kept down the flush
af shame which threatened to overwhelm
her and did overwhelm her more seasitive sister. But her self control was
greet, and she went bravely on, while I,
in faint imitation of her courage, restrained my own surprise and intolerahle sense of shock and bitter serrow under a guise of simple sympathy.
"It was forgery," ahe said. "This
has nover before passed our lips.
Though a cherished wife and a beloved
mother she longed for many things that

has never before passed our tips. Though a oberished wife and a beloved mother she longed for many things that my father could not give her, and in an evil hour she imitated the name of a rich man here and took the check thus signed to Hartford. The fraud was not detected, and she received the money, but ultimately the rich man whose money she had spent discovered the use she had made of his name, and if she had not escaped would have had her arrested. But she left the country, and the only revenge he took was to swear that if she ever set foot again in X. he would call the police down upon her. Yes, if she were dying, and they had to drag her from the brink of the grave. And he would have done it, and knowing this we have lived under the shadow of this fear for 11 years. My father died under it, and my mother—ah, she spent all her life under foreign shies, but when she felt the hand of death upon her her affection for her own fiesh upon her her affection for her own flesh and blood triumphed over her disore-

ther than the sacred spot where we less them. If shey are going through a form, they are doing it very thoroughly."
"That is that dut," said Lessen, but Lucetta took it less calmly.
"It is an unhappy day for us," oried she, "Shame after shame, diagrace after diagrace. I wish we had all died in our childhood. Lorsen, I must see William. He will be doing some foolish thing, swearing or"—
"My dear," said I, "let me go to William. He may not like me overmuch, but I will at least prove a restraint to him. You are too foolish. See,

stuning to him. You are too fooths. See, you cought to be lying on the couch instead of strying to drag yourself cust to the stables. See the strength gave suddenly out, and she sank into Louent's arms insensible.

When she was restored, I hunsied away to the stables, still in pusmit of the task which I had not yet completed. I found William sixting dogselly as a stool in the open doorway, grunting out short sentences to the two men whe lounged in his violnity on either side. He was angry, but not as angry as I had seen him times before. The men wase townsfolk and listened eagerly to his broken sentences. One or two of these reached my cars.

"Let'em go it. It won't be now er today they'll settle this business. It's the devil's work, and devils are sky. My house won't give up that scoret, we say other house they'll be likely to visit. The place I would ransack.— But Loren would say I was babbling. Goodness knows a fellow's got to talk about something when his fellow townsfolk come to see him." And here his laugh broke in harsh, orusi and insulting. I felt it did him no good and made haste to show myesit.

Immediately his whole appearance

felt it did him no good and made hasse to show myself.

Immediately his whole appearance changed. He was so astonished to see me there that for a moment he was ab-solutely silent; then he broke out again into another loud guffaw, but this time in a different tone.

"Ah, he," he laughed, "Miss Butter-worth! Here, Saracon. Come, pay your respects to the lady who likes you so well."

And Baracen came, but I did not for-

well."

And Saracen came, but I did not forsake my ground. I had seen what I
hoped to see in one corner, and Saracan's presence a forded me the opportunity of indulging in one or two rather

ourious performantes.

"I am net afraid of the dog," said I, with marked loftiness, shrinking toward the pail of water I had already marked with my eye. "Not at all afraid," I continued, catching up the pail and putting it between us as the dog made a and blood triumphed over her discretion, and she came, secretly, I own, but still with that horror menacing her, to these doors, and begging our forgiveness lay down under the roof where we were born and died with the halo of our level about her.!"

We about her.!

**We about her.!*

**We about her



"STOP YOUR DESECRATING HAND!" SHE CRIED.

"Ah," said I, thinking of all that had happened since I had come into this house and finding nothing but confirmation of what she was saying, "I begin to understand."

But Lucetta shook her head.
"No," said she, "you cannot understand yet. We who had worn mourning for her because my father wished to make this very return impossible knew nothing of what was in store for us till a letter came saying she would be at the C. station on the very night we received it. To acknowledge our deception, to seek and bring her home openly to this house, could not be 'sought of for a moment. How then could we satisfy her dying wishes without compromising her memory or ourselves? Perhaps you have guessed, Miss Butterworth. You have been the floor, they did not see that I had succeeded in doing what I wished, within west pale to the floor, they did not see that I had succeeded in doing what I wished, within west a moment of the floor, they did not see that I had succeeded in doing what I wished, wishe was the west and bring in the own time. I see that Lead the state of the same that the seems that was without compromising her memory or ourselves? Perhaps you have guessed, Miss Butterworth. You have guessed, Miss Butterworth You have guessed."

Lucetta, with her hand laid on mine, looked wistfully into my face. "Ah," she said, "when we saw her, she wed arise and grass, and William, who had not dared to go to C. lest our strategm should fall, stepped down to the carriage and lifted her out in his arms. It was while she still come the floor of the land of the great from the proper state of the floor of the land of the great from the floor, floor of the land of the great from the

"The first night after your arrival we moved her into William's room as being more remote and thus a safer refuge for her. The next night she died. The dream which you had of being locked in your room was no dream. Loreen did that in foolish precaution against your trying to search us out in the night. It would have been better now, I see, if we had taken you into our confidence.

"Yes," said I, "that would have been better." But I did not say how much better. That would have been giving

way my secret.
"William, who is naturally colder "William, who is insturing order than we and less sensitive in regard to her good name, has shown some little impatience at the restraint imposed upon him, and this was an extra burden, Miss Butterworth, but that and all the others we have been forced to bear the enerous girl did not speak of her own special grief and loss) have all been rendered useless by the unhappy chance rendered useless by the unimply which has brought into our midst this agent of the police. Ah, if I only knew whether this was the providence of God rebuking us or just the malice of man seeking to rob us of our one best treasure,

a mother's untarnished name!"
"Mr. Gryce acts from no malice"— I began, but I saw they were not listening.
'Are they done down below?' asked

Lucette,
"Does the man you call Gryce seemsatisfied?" asked Loren.
I drew myself up physically and mentally. My second task was about to be-

said I. "They seem to want to look far

love these girls. What they told him, whether it was less or more than they told me, I cannot say, and for the moment did not know. That it had not shaken his faith in them was evident, for when he came out to where I was watting in the hall his sepect was even more encouraging than it had been before. pect was even more encouraging than it had been before.

"No guile in those girls," he whispered, as he passed me. "The clew given by what seemed mysterious in this house has come to naught. Tomorrow we take up another. The trinkets found in Mother Jane's cottage are something real. You may sleep soundly tonight, Miss Butterworth. Tour part has been well done, but I know you are glad that it has failed."

And I mew that I was glad, too. It has failed."

And I knew that I was glad, too, which is the best proof that there is something in me besides the detective instinct.

"Well, that is over," said he. "Mers form, Mr. Knollys—mere form. We have to go through these things at times, and good people like yourself have to submit, but I assure you it it not pleasant, and under the present circumstances—I am sure you understand me, Mr. Knollys—the task has occasioned me a feeling almost of remores, but that is inseparable from a detective's life. He is obliged every 'day of his life to ride over the tenderest emotions. Forgive me! And now, you boys teater till I call you togsther again.

tons. Forgive me! And now, you boy! teatter till I call you togsther again. I hope our naxt search will be without such sorrowful decompanisments."

It succeeded. William stared at him and stared at the men slowly filing off down the yard, but was not for a moment deceived by, these overflowing expressions. On the contrary, he looked more concerned than he had while seated between the two men manifestly set to guard him.

"The deuce!" he cried, with a shrug of his shoulders that expressed anything but satisfaction. "Lucetts always said"— But even he knew enough not to finish that sentence, low as he had mumbled it. Watching him and watching Mr. Gryce, who at that moment turned to follow his men, I thought the time had come for action. Making another spring as if in fresh terror of flaracen, who, by the way, was eying me with the meckness of a lamb. I tipped over that pail with such suddenness and with such desterity that its whole contents poured in one flood over William's feet. And my third task was accomplished.

apparition might bring could compare with the wonder of this return and the strange and thrilling circumstance which had attended it. And the end was not yet. Peaceful as everything looked this morning, I still felt that the end had not come.

The fact that Saracen was loose in the yard gave me some slight concern as I opened the great front door and looked out. But the control under which I had held him the day before encouraged me in my venture, and after

leoked out. But the control under which I had held him the day before smoouraged me in my venture, and after a few words with Hannah, who was careful not to let me slip away unnoticed, I boldly stepped forth and sook my solitary stay down to the gate.

It was not yet-d, and the grass was still heavy with dew. At the gate I paused. I wished to go farther, but Mr. Gryce's injunction had been imperative about venturing into the lane alone. Bestdes— No, that was not a horse's hoof. There could be no one on the road se early as this. I was alarming myself unnecessarily, yet— Well, I held my place, a little awkwardly, perhaps. Self consciousness is always awkward, and I could not help being a trifle self conscious at a meeting so unexpected and—But the more I attempt to explain the more confused my expressions become, so I will just say that by this very strange chance I was learning over the gate when Mr. Trohm rode up fer the second time and found me there.

I did not attempt my exquess. We is gentleman enough to understand that a woman of my tempergment rises early and must have the mofaing air. That he should feel the sagas necessity is a solnoidence, natural perhaps, but still a coincidence. So there was neffing to be ters, who had come into the hall'te meet him. "Your scret's out, but"— "There, there!" interposed Loren, "you had better go up stairs and pre-pare for supper. We must eat, Wil-

issa, or rather, Miss Butterworth must
sat, whatever our sorrows or disappoint
ments."

He took the rebuke with a grunt and
relieved us of his company. Little did
he think as he went whistling up the
states that he had just shown Mr. Gryce
where to search for whatever might be
lying under the broad sweep of that cellas bottom.

Thet might—it was after supper,
which I did not eat for all my natural
stodeam — Hannah came rushing in
where we all sat silent, for the girls
showed ne disposition to enlarge their
confidences in regard to their mother,
and no other topic seemed possible, and,
closing the door behind her, said quickly and with evident chagrin:

"Those men are here again. They say
thay forgot something. What do you
think it means, Miss Lorent? They have
spedes and lanterns and"—

"They are the police, Hannah. It
they forgot something, they have the
right to return. Don's work yourself up
about that. The secret they have already
found out was our worst. There is noth
ing to fear after that." And she dis
missed Hannah, merely bidding her let
us know when the house was quite clear.

Was she right? Was there nothing

sold about it.

But had there been I would not have spoken, for he seemed so gravified at finding me enjoying nature at this early hour that any words from me would have been quite superfluous. He did not dismount—that would have been too dismount—that would are marked perhaps—but he stopped, and—well, we have both passed the age of romanoe, and what he said cannot be of interest to the general public, especially as it did not deal with the disappearment of the perhaps of the said Was she right? Was there nothing worse for them to fear? I longed to leave these trembling sisters, longed to jots the party below and follow with them the tiny impressions made by the technique in the driven into William's soles. If ance or with the discoveries made in the Knollys house the day before or with any of those questions which you

the tiny impressions make by the sees. I had driven into William's soles. II there was anything hidden under the cellar bottom, natural anxiety would have carried him to the spot he had to fear; so they would only have to dig at the places where those impressions took a sharp turn.

But was there anything hidden there. From the sisters' words and actions I judged there was nothing serious, but would they know? William was quite capable of deceiving them if he had the wit. Had he done so? It was a question. It was solved for us by Mr. Gryce's reappearance in the room an hour or st later. From the moment the light fel. upon his kindly features in the doorway I knew that I might breathe again freely. It was not the face he showed in the That we were engaged more than five That we were engaged more than Ive minutes in this conversation I cannot believe. I have always been extremely accurate in regard to time, yet a good half hour was lost by me some time that morning for which I have never been able to account. Perhaps it was spent in the short discussion which followed, a discussion which may be of interest to you, for that was upon the action of

to you, for that was upon the action of the police.

"Nothing came of the investigations made by Mr. Gryce yesterday, I perceive," Mr. Trohm had remarked, with sours reluctance, as he gathered up his reins to depart. "Well, I did not expect anything. How could be hope to find anything there?"

"How could be indeed? Yet," said I, determined to allay this one man's suspicions at once, which, notwithstanding the openness of his remark, was still observable in his tones, "you say that with an air I should hardly expect from so good a neighbor and friend. Why is that Mr. Trohm? Surely, you do not ashat. Mr. Trohm? Surely, you do not ashat. Mr. Trohm? Surely, you do not as

observable in his tones, "You say that with an air I should hardly expect from so good a neighbor and friend. Why is that, Mr. Trohm? Burely, you do not associate orime with the Rnollys?"

"'Crime? Oh, no, certainly not. No one could associate orime with the Knollys. If my tone was at fault, it was due perhaps to my embarrassment—this meeting, your kindness, the beauty of the day and the feeling these all call forth. Well, I may be pardoned if my tones are not quite true in discussing other topics. My thoughts were with the one I addressed."

"Then that tone of doubt was all the more misplaced," I retorted. "I am so frank I cannot bear innuendo in ethers. Besides, Mr. Trohm, the worst folly of this home was laid bare yesterday in a way to set at rest all darker suspicions. You knew that William indulged in vivisection. Well, that is bad, but it could not be called criminal. Let us do justice to him, then, and for his sisters' sake see how we can re-establish him to the recodernesse of the community."

acquaintance was not without a very decided appreciation for certain points in my character, shook his head and with a smiling air returned:

"You are asking the impossible not only of the community, but yourself. William can never re-establish himself. William can never re-establish himself. He is of too rude a make. The girls

to have lost, but William— Why, if the cause of those disappearances was found today, and found at the remotest end of this road or even up i his mountains, where no one seems to have looked, William we'ld still be known through all this village rough and cruel man. I have tried to stand his friend, but it's been against odds, Miss Butterworth. Even his sisters saw that and showed their lack of confidence in our friendship. But I would like to oblige you."

our Irishamp. Due to go. I knew that if he had lingered only the five minutes which common courtesy allowed that curious eyes would be looking from Loren's window and that at any minutes I wight averest some interference. ute I might expect some interference from Lucetta, who had read through this man's forbearance toward William the very natural distrust he could not but feel toward so uncertain a charac-ter. Yet with such an opportunity to hand how could I let him go without

another question?
"Mr. Trohm," said I, "you have the have you ever thought that Deacon

there it is now! If you had been willing that should be known, I would have been let alone and my affairs left untouched, but now every fool will cryout at me in this staid, puritanical old town, and all because a few bones have been found of animals which have died in the cause of science. I say it's all your fault! Not that I have anything to be cause this other thing, this d—d wicked series of disappearances, taking place for aught we know a dosen rods from our gates (though I think—but no matter what I think—you all like, or say you like, old Deacon Spear), has made every one so couchy in this pharisaical town that to kill a fly has become a crime even if it is to save oneself from poihave you ever—thought that bescon.

Spear"—

He stopped me with a really horrified look. "Deacon Spear's house was gone through yesterday," said he, "as mine will be today. Don't insinuate anything against him," he entreated. "Leave that for foolish William." Then with the most charming return to his old manner, for I felt myself in a measure rebuked, he lifted his hat and urged his horse forward. But, having withdrawn manner, for I felt myself in a measure rebuked, he lifted his hat and urged his horse forward. But, having withdrawn himself a step or two, he paused and with the alightest gesture toward the little hut he was facing added in a much lower tone than any he had yet used: "Besidee, Deacon Spear is much too far away from Mother Jane's cottage. Don's you remember that I told you she never could be got to go more than 40 rods from her own doorstep?" And, breaking into a quick canter, he rode away past Mother Jane's cottage, at which he barely glanced, into the masses of the forest beyond.

Lwas left to think over his words and the impossibility of my picking up any clew other than that given me by Mr. Gryoe.

I was turning toward the house when I heard a slight noise at my feet. Looking down, I encountered the eyes of Saracen. He was crouching at my side, and as I turned toward him his tail actually wagged. It was a sight to call that to kill a fly has become a crime even if it is to save oneself from poi-son. I'm going to see if I cannot make folks look askance at some other man than me. I'm going to find who or what causes these disappearance." than me. I'm going to find who or what causes these disappearances."

This was a declaration to make us all stare and look a little bit foolish. William playing the detective! Wall, what might I not live to see next! But the next moment an overpowering thought struck me. Might this Descon Spear by any chance be the rich man whose animosity Althea Knollys had awakened?

The next morning I rose with the lark. I had slept well, and all my old vigor had returned. A new problem was before me, a problem which had inand as I turned toward him his tail ac-tually wagged. It was a sight to call the color up to my cheek; not that sign of good will, astonishing as that was considering my feeling toward dog, but his being there at all without my knowing it. That made Amelia Butter-worth blush. That was a sign that no woman—I make ne exceptions—ean lis-ten more than one minute to an agree-able man's expressions of sincere admicreased in interest since it had become narrowed down by the elimination from narrowed down by the elimination from
it of the Knollys household. Mother
Jane and the jewels were to be Mr.
Gryco's starting point for future investigation. Should they be mine? I thought
I would take an early stroll and see.
There was silence in the house when
I passed through on my way to the
front door. But that silence had lost its able man's expressions of sincere admi-ration without letting go just a little of

[TO BE CONTINUED.] JINGLES AND JESTS.

How delightful 'tis to ramble by the little streamlet's side,
Resting where the banks are shady, fishing where the pools are wide!
But we wish to give a caution: 'Tis not safe to be about—
For the flowers all carry pistils and the trees are shooting out!

"Jim writes home," said the old man, that he has drawed on me fer \$20 ag'in." "Yes?"
"An \$20 fer supper."

quick!"
"Whar air you a-goin to?"
"I'm a-goin to throw myself into the
han's of a receiver an take the bankrupt
act before Jim draws on me fer lunch!"—

Crafty. "Why did you tell those men who were sent up to clean your office that you were always busiest from 8 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon?" afternoon?"
"So they wouldn't come around bother
ing me in the early part of the day."—
Chicago News.

call
From the fir grove over yonder,
But we feel the blight of a frosty fall
And we lie abed and—ponder.
The grass is green to the loving fees
Of the man who works the mower,
But he, I ween, should be more discree
(At six a. m.) and slower.

Oh, the foy of spring is a lovely thing,
And suburban life is charming.
But the jay 'that shricks when it seeks to
At sunrise is alarming!
And yet, despite the jaybird's plight,
Lawn mowers and their rattle,
Suburbanties do sleep at night—
And that is half the battle.—Chicago Reco

The Father-When you marry my daughter, I intend to present you with a daughter, I interest thouse and lot.

The Accepted One—That's not a square deal. I thought I was to have her without any incumbrances.—Detroit Free

It is not so easy for a woman to be mas-culine. She may wear a man's hat, collar and tie and all that, but when it comes to having a headache and making as much fuss about it as a man would she is likely

When will the heathen cease to rage With ardor so intense? Will gontle peace the world engage After the conference?

Will Germany's intentions be At last well understood? Will Europe ever live to see The sultan being good?

Is England's love a tender bluff.
Made in some hope of gain?
Will Aguinaldo know enough
To come in from the rain?

All these, which once so puzzled men, Seem for the moment flat,

An Eye to Windward 'John, you must buy an ice chest is the weather gets hot."

"Henry, we'd get along better together you had more will power."
"No, Martha; we'd get along better if ou didn't have quite so much."—New

Gentle Mildred. Gentle Mildred.
Fair Mildred has a tender heart;
It makes her sad to see
Bad boys espy the birdle's nest
And tear it from the tree.
Yet while she sorrows for the bird
The solemn truth is that
She always has a wing or two
Affixed unto her hat.

Fair Mildred has a tender hears; Fair Midred has a tender nears. She says the butcher who Would siny a little caile must Be cruel through and through. Yet while she chides the butcher and Abhors his cruel stee Sweet Midred, tender, past compars, Is very found of veal. -Chicago News

One of Many.

Sprockett—Do you believe that the bicycle has seen its best days?

Tyre—I know mine has.—Philadelphia North American.

A Real Hero "Hit am er strong man," remarked Uncle Ephe, "who can keep he wors' trubbles toe heself."—Colorado Springs

Something Nioux.
Two brothers that were of Sioux City—
Each one though the other tioux pretty,
So each took his knife
And the other ore's kilfe.
Now, which of the tioux dioux pioux pity?
—Harvard Lampoon.

Tommy Knew Where to Put Them. An Atchison mother recently refused her boy permission to learn how to swim. He said nothing to indicate his disappointment, but the next day she found the face of her mirror covered with newspaper elippings showing that if fred Funston had not learned how to swim he would not now be a brigadier general.

I have seen her every day
As she rode upon her way
To deal out lace since in the store;
I have seen the seed at her, and she
Have booked sweetly back at me,
But, alas! I fear that we shall filrt r

A villain yesterday
Snatched her pocketbook away.
And she turned and cried, "Oh, stop him,
sir!"
But the thief pulled out a gun,
So I left them on the run.
And I rather guess that I am through
with her.

-Chicago News.



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