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INAL THAM TROIL A SECOND EPISODE, AMELIA BUITERWORTH. AMPINA MATHARINE ANTHOR OF THE LEAVENWORTH LASE "
RETHARINE THE LEAVENWORTH LASE DOORS"
THAT AFFAIR MEXT, BOOK!

[Copyright, 1897, by Anna K. Rohlfs.] I introduced a topic we could discu

without any embarrassment to himself

"Do you see Mother Jane there?" I asked. "I had some talk with her yesterday. She seems like a harmless im-

"Very harmless," said he; "her only fault is greed; that is insatiable. Yet it is not strong enough to take her a quarter of a mile from this place. Noth-ing could do that, I think. She believes, you see, that her daughter Lizzie is still alive and will come back to the hut some day. She wouldn't be away then for all the bank holds. I know, for I have tried to tempt her. It's very sad when you think that the girl's dead and has been dead nearly 40 years. "Why does she harp on numbers?" said I. "I heard her mutter certain ones

over and over."
"That is a mystery none of us has solved," said he. "Possibly she has no reason for it. The vagaries of the wit-

reason for it. The vagaries of the willess are often quite unaccountable."

I felt him looking at me, not from
any connection between what he had
just said and anything to be observed
in me, but from— Well, I was glad
that I have been carefully trained in my youth to pay the greatest attention to my morning toilets. Any woman can look well at night and many women in the flush of a bright afternoon, but the woman who looks well in the morning needs not always to be young to attract the appreciative gaze of a man of real penetration. Ma Frohm was such real penetration. Mr. Frohm was such a man, and I did not begradge him the pleasure he showed in my neat gray silk and carefully adjusted coller. But he said nothing, and a short silence ensued, which was perhaps more of a comd a short sigh and lifted the reins.

"If only I was not debarred from entering," he smiled, with a short gesture toward the house. I did not answer. Even I understand

I did not answer. Even I understand that on occasion the tongue plays but a sorry part in such interviews.

He sighed again and uttered some short encouragement to his horse, which started that animal up and sent him slowly pacing down the road toward the cheerful clearing toward which my own eyes were looking with what I was determined should not be construed even by the most sanguing into a glance of anything like wastfulness. As he went Mr. Trohm gave me a bow I have of anything like westuliness. As he went Mr. Trohm gave me a bow I have never seen surpassed in my own parlor in Gramercy park, and upon my bestowing upon him a short return glanced up as the house with an intentness which ned to increase as some object invisme from where I stood caught his eye. As that eye was directed to-ward the left wing and lifted as far as the second row of windows I could not help asking myself if he had seen the help asking myself in the last section help asking myself in the last section me so lugubrious an impression. Before I could make sure he had passed from sight and the highway fell again into shadow—why, I hardly knew, for the sun certainly had been shining a few

> CHAPTER XXI. MOTHER JANE.

"Well, well, what did Trohm want here this morning?" cried a harsh voice from amid the tangled walks behind "Seems to me he finds this place pretty interesting all of a sudden.

I turned upon the intruder with a look that should have daunted him. I had recognized William's courteous tones and was in no mood to endure a tones and was in no moon of endute a questioning so unbecoming in one of his age to one of mine. But as I met his eye, which had something in it be-sides anger and suspicion, something that was quizzical if not importinent, I changed my intention and bestowe upon him a conciliatory smile, which onciliatory smile, which I hope escaped the eye of the good angel who records against man all his small hypocrisies and petty deceits.
"Mr. Trohm rides for his health,"

"Mr. 4ronm rides for his heatth,"
said I. "Seeing me looking up the road
at Mother Jane, he stopped to tell me
some of the idiosyncrasies of that old
woman. A very harmless courtesy, Mr.
Knollys."

"Very," he echoed, not without a touch of sarcasm. "I only hope that is all." he muttered, with a sidelong look back at the house. "Lucetta hasn't a particle of belief in that man's friendship, or, rather, she believes he never goes anywhere without a particular in-tention, and I do believe she's right or why should he come spying around here these two days when"-he caught himself up with almost a look of terror
"'when—when you are here?" he
completed lamely.
"I do not think," I retorted, more

angrily than the occasion perhaps warranted, "that the word spying applies to Mr. Trohm. But if it did, what is there to gain from a pause at the gate and a word to such a new acquaintance

"I don't know," he still persisted sus-"Trohm's a sharp fellow. If pictously. "Ironm's a samp lenow. In there was anything to see, he would see it even from his place down there. But there isn't. You don't know of any-thing wrong here, do you, which such a man as that, hand in glove with the police as we know him to be, might sonsider himself to be interested in?"

Astonished both at this blundering committal of himself and at the certain sort of anxious confidence he showed in me, I hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, since if half my suspicions were true this man, above all thers, must not know that my perspi-

Mr. Trolim's was.

"If Mr. Trolm is interested in this house," said I, with a heroic defiance of ridicule which I hope Mr. Gryce has duly appreciated, "and since a period of two days, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that on yesterday morning he came to deliver a letter addressed to me which had inadvertently been left at his house, and that this morning he called to inquire how I had spent the night, which, in consideration of the ghosts which are said to haunt this house and the strange and

meanny apparitions which only three nights ago made the entrance to this iane hideous to one pair of eyes at least, should not cause a gentleman's son like you any astonishment. It does not me,

you any astonishment. It does not me, I assure you.''

He laughed. I meant he should, and, He laughed. I meant ne snound, and, losing almost instantly his air of doubt and suspicion, turned toward the gate from which I had just moved away,

muttering:
"Well, it's a small matter to me anyway. It's only the girls that are afraid at Mr. Trohm. I am not afraid of anything but losing Saracen, who has pined like the deuce at his long confinement in the hard. in the court. Hear him now; just hear

him."
And I could hear the low and unhappy moaning of the hound distinctly. It was not a pleasant sound, and I was almost tempted to tell him to unloose the dog, but I thought better of it.
"By the way," said he, "speaking of Mother Jane, I have an errand from the girls to her. You will excuse me if I speak to the poor woman."

the girls to her. You will excuse me if I speak to the poor woman."
Alarmed by his politeness more than I ever have been by his roughness and inconsiderate sarcasms, I looked at him inquiringly as he left the gate and did not know whether to stand my ground or retreat to the house. I decided to stand my ground, an errand to this woman seeming to me a matter of some interest.

I was glad I did, for after some five I was glad I did, for after some nve minutes' absence, during which he had followed her into the house, I saw him come back again in a state of sullen displeasure, which disappeared as he came upon me still standing by the gate.

"Ah, Miss Butterworth, you can do

"Ah, Miss Butterworth, you can do me a favor. The old creature is in one of her stubborn fits today and won't give me a hearing. She may not be so deaf to you; she isn't apt to be to women. Will you cross the road then and speak to her? I will go with you. You needn't be afraid."

needn't be afraid."

The way he said this, the confidence he expected to inspire, had almost a ghastly effect upon me. Did he know or suspect that the only thing I feared in this lane was he? Evidently not, for he

"She's in a different mood from what she was yesterday when she snatched a quarter from me at the first intimation it was hers. I don't think you can get her to do any work tonight. Innocents take these freaks. Im't there some case else you can call in?"

The soowl that disfigured his mome too handsome features was a fitting pre-lude to his words.

"You talk," said he, "as if we had the whole village at our command. How did you succeed with the look-mith yesterday? Came, didn't he?

well, that's what we have to expect whenever we want any help."
Whirling on his heel, he led the way out of the hut, whither I would have immediately followed if I had not stopped to take another look at the room, which struck me, even upon a second scrutiny as one of the best ordered and best kept I had ever entered. Even the strings and strings of dried fraits and vegetables which hung in festcome from every beam of the roof were free from dust and cobwebs, and though the dishes were few and the pans scarce they were bright and speckless, giving to the shelf along which they were ranged a semblance of ornament.

"Wise enough to keep her house in order," thought I, and actually found it hard to leave, so attractive in my eyes are absolute neatness and order.

William was pushing at his own gate when I joined him. He looked as if he wished I had spent the morning with Mother Jane and was barely civil in our walk up to the house. I was not therefore surprised when he burst into a volley of oaths at the doorway and turned upon me almost as if he would forbid me the house, for rat, tap, tap, from some distant quarter came a distinct sound like that of nails being driven into a plank.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRD MIGHT.

The afternoon was spent not altogether unprofitably. Having seen many things in the housekeeping which would bear changing, I took occasion to spend some time with Hannah in the kitchen, some time with Hannah in the kitchen, giving her during my visit some hints in regard to household affairs which if followed would make considerable difference in the comfort of those concerned. She received them patiently, but I have seen no change in her management of the kitchen that I feel justified in attributing to my influence. But I know human nature well enough not to have expected it. Had the kitchen been farther from the door of the flower parlor ther from the door of the flower parlo I might not have thrown away so much

I did not effect an entrance into the



AS I SPOKE, I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE MARK I WAS LOOKING FOR

met my eye quite confidently. It would not do to shake his faith at

duced.

Having been told that Mother Jane was poor, I had expected to confront squalor and possibly filth, but I never have entered a cleaner place or one in which order made the poorest belongings look decent. The four walls were unfinished, and so were the rafters which formed the ceiling, but the floor, neatly laid in brick, was spotless, and the fireplace, also of brick, was as defire were the rafter as one could expect from the ly swept as one could expect from the little scrub I saw hanging by its side. scrub I saw hanging by its side.

little scrub I saw hanging by its side. Crouched within this fireplace sat the old woman we had come to interview. Her back was to us, and she looked helplessly and, hopelessly deaf.

"Ask her," said William, pointing at her with a rude gosture, "if she will come to the house at sunset. My sisters have some work for her to do. They will now her well."

will pay her well."

Going toward her, I passed a rocking chair, in the cushion of which a dozen patches met my eye. This drew my eyes toward a bed, over which a counterpane toward a bed, over which a counterpane was drawn made up of 1,000 pieces at least of colored calico, and noticing their varied shapes and the intricacy with which they were put together I wondered whether she ever counted

them. The next moment I was at her back. "Seventy," burst from her lips as I leaned over her shoulder and showed her the coin which I had taken pains to have in my hand.

"Yours," said I, pointing in the di-"Yours," said I, pointing in the direction of the house, "if you will do some work for Miss Knollys tonight."
Slowly she shook her head before burying it deeper in the shawl she wore wrapped about her shoulders. Listening a minute, I thought I heard her mutter: "Twenty-eight, seven, but no more. I can count no more. Go away!"
But I'm nothing if not persistent. Feeling for her hands, which were hidden away somewhere under her shawl; I touched them with the coin and cried again:

again:
"This and more for a small piece of work tonight. Come, you are strong; "What kind of work is it?" I asked

innocently, or it must have appeared innocently, of Mr. Knollys, who was his heart coming into his look at once.

"How do I know! Ask Loreen; she's the one who sent me. I don't take account of what goes on in the kitchen." I begged his pardon, somewhat sar-castically I own, and made another at-tempt to attract the attention of the old trone, who had remained perfectly cal-

"I thought you liked money," I said.
"If thought you liked money," I said.
"For Lizzie, you know, for Lizzie."

But she only muttered in lower and lower gutterals, "I can count no more," and, disgusted at this failure before William, being one who accounts failure as little short of disgrace, I drew leads and made my way toward the ous to my allurements. back and made my way toward the

flower partor, however, nor did 'I succeed in seeing any one else enter it. Neither did I succeed in making Han-

way she had certainly never meant that I should. Satisfied that if there was any truth in my suspicions there would be an act performed in this house to-night which, if seen by me, would for-ever settle the question that was agitating the whole countryside, I made up my mind that no locked door should in-terfere with my opportunity of doing so. terfere with my opportunity of doing so. How I effected this result I will relate

in a few minutes.

After an evening more solemn than the day, but characterized, as the two

the day, but characterized, as the vorprevious ones had not been, by a long
talk with the two girls together, I went
to my room in a state of seeming fatigue
that evidently met with the approbation
of Lucetta, who had accompanied me to
my door with a lighted candle.

"I hear you had some trouble with
matches last night," said she. "You
will find them all right now. Hannah
must be blamed for some of this carelessness." Then as I began some reassuring reply she turned upon me with a
fook that was almost fond, and, throwing out her—arms, cried entreatingly: look that was aimost foot, and, and, and ing out her arms, cried entreatingly:
"Won't you give me a little kiss, Miss Butterworth? We have not given you the best of welcomes, but you are my mother's old friend, and sometimes I feel

mother's old Triend, and sometimes I tess
a little lonely."
I could easily believe that, and yet I
found it hard to embrace her. Too many
shadows swam between Althea's children and myself. She saw my hestancy
(a hesitancy I could not but have shown

(a hesitancy I could not but have shown even at the risk of losing her confidence), and, paling slightly, dropped her hands with a pitiful smile.

"You don't like me," she said. "I do not wonder, but I was in hopes you would for my mother's sake. I have no claims myself. That you must be sure I am thoroughly convinced of."

"You are an interesting girl, and you have, what your mother had not, a serious side to your nature that is anything but displeasing to me. But my

kisses, Lucetta, are as rare as my tears I had rather give you good advice, and that is a fact. Perhaps it is as strong a proof of affection as any ordinary caress might be.

mocently, or it must have appeared anocently, or Mr. Knollys, who was tanding at my back.

He frowned, all the black devils in is heart coming into his look at once.

"How do I know! Ask Loreen; she's he one who sent me. I don't take an adder than I wished to be at a crisis decome who sent me. I don't take an adder than I wished to be at a crisis demanding so much nerve. Then she demanding so much nerve. Then she walked quickly away, and I was left to face the night alone.

face the night alone.

Knowing that I should be rather weakened than helped by the omission of any of the little acts of preparation with which I am accustomed to call my of any of the little acts of property with which I am accustomed to call my spirits for the night I went through them all with just as much precision as if I had expected to spend the ensuing hours in rest. When all was done and only my oup of tea remained to be quaffed, I had a little struggle with a company which ended in my not drinking the company of the company which ended in my not drinking the company of the company which ended in my not drinking the company of the company o it at all. Nothing, not even this com-

day, should stand in the way of my being the complete mistress of my wits this night. Had I known that this tess contained a soporific in the shape of a little harmless morphine I would have found this act of self denial much easier. It was now 11. Confident that nothing would be done while my light was buyning, I blew it out, and, taking a candle and matches in my hand, softly opened my door and after a moment of intense listening stepped cutand electic are fully behind me. Nothing could be stiller than the house or darker than the corridor.

"Am I watched or am I not watched?" thought I, and for an instant stood undecided. Then, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, I slipped down the hall to the door beyond mine and, opening it with all the care possible, stepped inside.

I knew the room. I had taken especial

thumbuall, that I might multi again in case of future opportunity. My attention was attracted by other small matters that would be food for thought at a more profitious moment, but at that instant the sound of voices coming distinctly to my ear from below warned me that a halt had been made at the flower parlor and that the duty of the moment was to locate the trapdoor and if possible determine the means of raising it.

This was less difficult than I anticipated. Either this room was regarded as so safe from intrusion that a secret like this could be safely left unguarded, or the-door which was plainly to be seen in one corner had been lately lifted that it had hardly sunk back into its place. I found it, if the expression may be used of a horizontal object, slightly ajar and needing but the slightest pull to make it spring upright and remains to by means of some mechanical contrivance I will not attempt to describe. The hole thus disclosed was filled with the little staircase up which I had partly mounted in my daring explorations of the day before. It was dark

Inside.

I knew the room. I had taken especial note of it in my visit of the morning. I knew that it was nearly empty and that there was a key in the look which I could turn. I therefore felt more or less safe in it, especially as its window was undarkened by the branches that hung so thickly scross my own casement, so thickly across my own casement, shutting me in, or seeming to shut me in, from all communication with the outside world and the unknown guard-ian which I had been assured constantly

tan which I had been assured constantly attended my summons.

That I might strengthen my spirits by one glimpse of this same outside world before settling down to the watch I had set for myself I stepped softly to the window and took one lingering look without. A belt of forest illumined by a gibbons moon met my eyes; nothing else. Yet this sight was welcome, and it was only after I had been struck by the possibility of my own figure being seen at the casement by some possible watcher in the shadows below that I found the hardihood necessary to withdraw the hardihood necessary to withdraw into the darker precincts of the room and begin that lonely watch which my doubts and expectations rendered neces-

sary.
This was the third I had been forced This was the third I had been forced to keep, and it was by far the most dismal, for though the bolted door between me and the hall promised me personal safety there presently rose in some faroff place a smothered repetition of that same rat, tap, tap which had sent the shudders over me upon my sudden entrance into the house early in the morning. Heard now, it brought s weakness upon me which I did not know existed in my nature, and while with this recognition of my feminine susceptibility to impressions there came a certain pride in the stanchness of purpose which led me to restrain all acknowledgment of it by any recourse to my whistle, I was more than glad when even this sound ceased and I had only to expect the swishing noise of a skirt down the hall, and that stealthy locking of a door I had taken the precan

down the hall, and that steathly looking of a door I had taken the precaution of leaving.

It came sooner than I expected, came just in the way it had the previous night, only that the person paused a moment to listen before hastening back. moment to listen before hastening bear moment to listen before hastening bear the silence within must have satisfied her, for I heard a low sigh like that of relief before the steps took themselves back. That they would turn my way me a momentary concern, but, no, gave me a momentary concern, but, no I had too completely lulled their sus ons, or let me be faithful to all the picions, or let me be faithful to all the possibilities of the case, they put perhaps too much confidence in the powder with which they had seasoned my sightly oup of tea for them to doubt

Three minutes after I had followed those steps as far down the corridor as I lared to go, for since my last appearance in it a candle had been lit in the main hall, and faint as was its glimmer it was still a glimmer into the circle of which I felt it would be foolhardiness

for me to step. At some 20 paces then from the opening I paused and gavenyself up to listening. Alas, there was plenty now for me to hear.

You have heard the sound; we all have heard the sound, but few of us in the contract of the sound of the sound. a desolate structure such as I stood lis ning in and at the hour and under the influences of midnight. The measured tread of men struggling under a heavy weight and that weight—how well I knew it; as well as if I had seen it, as I

It would not do to shake his faith at such a moment as this, so calling upon Providence to see me safely through this adventure I stepped into the highway and went with him into Mother Jane's cottage.

Had I had any other companion I would have been glad of this opportunity. As it was, I found myself ignoring any possible danger I might be runing into in my interest in the remarkable interior to which I was thus intro
Bellow I succeed in making Hans Neither did I succeed in making Hans and talk on any other topic than ordinary domestic concerns, but I saw certain things.

I had formed a plan for the night that required some courage. Recalling Lucetta's expression of the morning, that I might expect a repetition of the expective the would be impossible for me to see anything if they took it direct course to the head of the stain appearance of a most formidable reality, appearance of a most formidable reality, and so down, as there was every reas way she had certainly never meant that the concerns, but I saw certain things.

It came from the adjoining corridor from the room I had found no opport tunity of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the mainty of entering that day, and it approached surely and sl really did in my imagination.

It came from the adjoining corridor, from the room I had found no opportunity of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the main hall near which I was standing, but in direct course to the head of the stairs and so down, as there was every reason to expect they would. I did not dare to and so down, as these was overy reason to expect they would. I did not dare to advance, however, so concentrated my faculties anew upon listening, till suddenly I perceived on the great white wall in front of me—the wall of the main hall, I mean, toward which the opening looked—the outline of a shadow pass and realized that the candle had been placed in such a position that the wall must receive the full shadow of this passing cortege. And so it was I saw it, huge, distorted and suggestive beyond any picture I ever beheld, the passing of a body to its long home, carried by six anxious figures, four of which seemed to be those of women. But that long home! Where was that likely to be? It was a question so important that for a moment I could think of nothing but how I could follow them without running the risk of discovery.

of nothing but how I could follow them without running the risk of discovery. They had reached the head of the stairs by this time, and I heard Miss Knollys' low, firm voice enjoining silence. Then they began to descend.

Ere they reached the foot a doubt struck me. Would it be better to follow them or to take the opportunity of every

struck me. Would it be better to follow them or to take the opportunity of every member of the household being engaged in this task to take a peep into the room where the death had occurred? I had not decided when I heard them take the forward course from the foot of the stairs to what to my straining ear seemed to be the entrance to the dining room corridor. But as in my anxiety to determine this fact I elipped far enough forward to make sure that their destination lay somewhere within reach of the forward to make sure that their destina-tion lay somewhere within reach of the flower parlor, I was so struck by the ad-vantages to be gained by a cautious use of the trapdoor in William's room that I hesitated no longer, but sped with what swiftness I could toward the spot from which I had so lately heard this

from which I had so lately heard this strange procession come.

A narrow band of light lying across the upper end of this long corridor proved that the door was not only ajar, but that a second candle was burning in the room I was about to so daringly invade, but this was scarcely to be regretted since there could be no question of the emptiness of the room. The six figures I had seen go by embraced every one who by any possibility could be considered as having part in this transaction—William, Mr. Simsbury, Miss Knollys, Lucetta, Hannah and Mother Jane. No one else was left to guard

Jane. No one else was left to guard this room, so I pushed the door open quite boldly and entered.

What I saw there I will relate later, or, rather, I will but hint at now. There were a bed with a sheet thrown back, a stand covered with vials, a burner with a man's shaving parapher. back, a stand covered with vials, a bureau with a man's shaving paraphernalia upon it, and on the wall such pictures as only sporting gentlemen delight in. The candle was guttering on a small table upon which, to my momentary astonishment, a Bible lay open. Not having my glasses with me, I could not see what portion of the sacred word was thus disclosed, but I took the precaution to indent the apper leaf with my

with the little staircase up which I had partly mounted in my daring explorations of the day before. It was dark now, darker than it was then, but I felt I must descend by it, for plainly to be heard now through the crack in the closet door, which seemed to have a knack of standing partly open, I could hear the heavy tread of the six bearers as they entered the parlor below still carrying their burden, concerning the destination of which I was so anxious to gain a clew.

I sy down they looked physically exhausted. But they also looked mentally relieved. In the clear depths of uncertainty and the head which was always turning in anxious anticipation over her shoulder rested firm, though not as erect as her sister's, who had less cause perhaps for regret and sorrow.

William was jovial to a degree, but it was a forced joviality which only because real when he heard a whole not be a series of the sister's and the head which was always turning in anxious anticipation over her shoulder rested firm, though not as erect as her sister's, who had less cause perhaps for regret and sorrow.

William was jovial to a degree, but it was a forced joviality which only because real when he heard a whole not be a series of the sister's, who had less cause perhaps for regret and sorrow.

destination of which I was so anxious to gain a clew.

That it could be here I knew to be too improbable for consideration. Yet if they took up their stand in this room it was for a purpose, and what that purpose was I was determined to know. The noise their feet made on the bare boards of the floor and the few words I now heard uttered in William's stolid tones and Lucetta's musical treble assured me that my own light steps in the softest of felt alippers would no more be heard than my dark gown of quiet wool would be seen through the

parrow slit through which I was preparrow slit through which I was preparing to peer. Yet it took no small degree of what my father used to call
pluck for me to put foot on this winding staircase and descend almost as it
were in the midst of what I must regard
as the last wicked act of a most covardly and brutal murder.

I did it, however, and after a short
but grim communion with my own

I did it, we were, and after a short
live of my communion with my own

I did had been tried up in the court till
now, but for reasons connected with
their own safety and the preservation of
the secret which they so evidently belived had been buried with the body

I did it, however, and after a short but grim communion with my own heart, which would persist in beating somewhat noisily. I leaned forward with all the precaution possible and let hy gaze traverse the chamber in which I had previously seen such horrors as should have prepared me for this last and greatest one.

and greatest one.

In a moment I understood the whole.
A long square hole in the floor, lately sawed, provided an opening through which the plain plank coffin, of which I now caught sight, was to be lowered into the cellar and the grave which had doubtless bean duy there. The rones in doubtless been dug there. The ropes in the hands of the six persons, in whose identity I had made no mistake, was proof enough of their intention, and, satisfied as I now was of the means and mode of the interment which had been such a boundless mystery to me, I shrank a step upward, fearing lest my indignation and the borror I could not now but feel for Althea's children would betray me into some exclamation which might lead to my discovery and

One other short glance, in which I saw them all ranged around the dark opening, and I was up out of their reach, Lucetta's face and Lucetta's one sob as the ropes began to creak being the one memory which followed me the most persistently. She, at least, was overwhelmed with remorse for a deed she was perhaps only answerable for in that she failed to make known to the world her brother's madness and the

world her brother's madness and the horrible crimes to which it gave rise.

I took one other look around his room before I fled to my own, or, rather, to the one in which I had taken refuge while my own was under lock and key. That I spent the next two hours on my knees no one can wonder. When my own door was unlooked, as it was before the day broke I hastened in there

ROOM NO. 3.

I rose at my usual hour. I dressed myself with my usual care. I was, to a superficial observer at least, in all respects my usual self when Hannah came to my door to ask what she could do for me. As there was nothing I wanted but to get out of this house, which certainly was now made unbearable to me, I replied with the utmost chearfulness that my wants were all cheerfulness that my wants were all supplied and that I would soon be lown, at which she answered that in that case she must bestir herself or the breakfast would not be ready and hurried away.

There was no one in the dining room There was no one in the dinning room when I entered, and judging from appearances that it would be some minutes yet before breakfast would be ready, I took occasion to stroll through the grounds and glance up at the window of William's room. The knot of

crape was gone.

I would have gone farther, but just then I heard a great rushing and scampering and, looking up, saw an enor-

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to seem gay and at ease the anxieties and fatigue of the foregoing nights were telling upon them, and from Miss Knollys down they looked physically exhausted. But they also looked mentally relieved. In the clear depths of Lucetta's ext. bhare was now no waxering.

came real when he heard a sudden, quick bark under the window and the sound of scraping paws against the mastic coating of the wall outside. Then he broke into a loud laugh of unrestrained pleasure, crying out thoughtlessly:
"There's Saracen. How quick he

A warning look from Lucetta stopped

him.
"I mean," he stammered, "that it's a dull dog who does not know where his master is. Miss Butterworth"—he his master is. Miss Butterworth —ne was absolutely unrestrained in his restored self confidence—"you will have to overcome, your fear of dogs if you stay with us long. Saracen is unbound this morning, and"—he used a great

Mowing the Lawn.
The man who shoves the mower
Across the spacious lawn
Now gets up bright and early,
Before the dew is gone.
The noisy thing he pushes
Around and up and down,
Then bolts the waiting breakfast
And hurries off to town.

When daily task is finished,
To home in haste he'll go,
Gulp down the waiting supp
And then again he'll mow.
The nerve disturbing clatter
Proceeds without delay
Until the darkness forces
A rest until next day.

From side to side he's mowing,
From end to end, and then
He sees that where he started
The grass has grown again.
The mowing knives he sharpens,
The wheels he soaks with oil,
And where he made beginning
Again he starts to toil.

He's at it every morning
Just after break of dawn;
At eve is heard the racket
Of mower on his lawn.
With sleep and peace of neighbors
For months he'll now play hob,
For he's just fairly started
On his all summer job.

There's growling 'mong the victims—
They have no lawns to mow—
And their dissatisfaction
In many, ways they show.
They're scowling at the fellow
Who thinks the grass is rank,
And often they're denouncing
That 'blamed lawn mowing crank."
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A CREMATION IN SIAM

Festivities Are Rampant During the Configgration. cown door was unlooked, as it was before the day broke, I hastened in there and lay my head with all its unhappy knowledge on my pillow. But I did not sleep. The oddest thing of all this was that I never once thought of giving a single note from the whistle which would have brought the police into that abode of crime. Perhaps it was a wise omission. I had seen enough that was horrible for one night without beholding Althea's children arrested before my eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROOM NO. 3.

CHAPTER TAILL.

CHAPTER TAILL. If there is any time when the Siamese may be said to hold sports it is at a nota-

often many months.

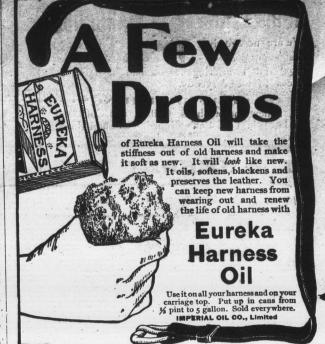
One Siamese gentleman, when inviting me to the proposed cremation of his brother, informed me that the distinguished deceased had been awaiting combustion for a year. The extent and character of the festivities on such an occasion dependentirely on the length of purse of the deceased's remaining relatives.

On the afternoon or evening of the appointed day the guests assemble and witness the simple coremony of the yellow robed priests of Buddha. Subsequently the nearest male relative fires the pyre, and then, while the flames crackle and the late lameted hisses and pops like a green often many months.

robed priests of Buddha. Subsequently the nearest male relative fires the pyre, and then, while the flames crackle and the late lamented hisses and pops like a green pippin on a spit, his grieving family and friends grow merry over the cakes and sweetmeats and wines, while men hired for the occasion perform at several games, and even on rare occasions do some little running and jumping. The game nearest approaching one of skill is a sort of fence play with short sticks fastened to both arms. Once in awhile one sees at these human barbecues a kind of boxing, the tart, of which seems to be in parrying with the arm and open hand the thrusts that never have any serious intention of landing.—Harper's Weekly.

ing.-Harper's Weekly.

nza it acts like magic. It is easy and pleasan w what is claimed for it. In less than an hou



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