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Some was despair, some grief divine, Doth vigil keep Forever here; before this shrine The waters weep.

Methinks a God from some far sphere, In sportive part,
In ages past wooed Nature here,
And broke her heart.
—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

NANNY.

Beside a little gurgling creek two children sat at play.

The boy was lame. One foot was swisted and the leg was short. The back bore the burden so hard to bear, a hump. The face was thin and pale and wore a sad beseeching look, yet not a tinge of discontent lingered in those deep blue eyes.

The other child was one of nature's pets. Every curve was perfect. Eyes of laughing brown flashed and sparkled a dangerous rivalry with the shinning waters of the brook. Her head was covered with clustering curls of reddish brown, and nothing eise.

They had sat beside the stream since early morning playing with a most peculiar plaything—a diminutive milk. Wheels, saws and belts were perfect, the product of their own little hands. "I will add a new saw to-morrow, Nanny. Then our mill will be complete."

"Yes, nice, but not finished; besides what would we do if we did not whittle?"

"Quarrel," replied the saucy Nanny.

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"But, Ted, it is all nice how.

"Yes, nice, but not finished; besides what would we do if we did not whitte?"

"Quarrel," repiled the saucy Nanny. "We wil inever quarrel, will we, Nanny." said Ted, looking lovingly interthemirthul eyes of his little friend. "No, Ted," she answered, laying het hand on his head, while tender pily softened the mischievous face, "Never you will always be my Ted."

Crash! A big stone fell crashing through the little mill, splintering its tiry wheels and saws, snapping the dainty belts of kid. The results of weeks of patient whittling, thoughtful ingenulty, lay at their feet a combet wreck.

"Well Humphy, how do you like that? Come on and fight me now." A painful flush dyed the pallid face of the lame boy as he encountered the insolent stare of the wiretched bully. "No! but I will!"

Like a young tiger. Nanny sprang towards the astonished boy. Seizing him by the collar, she tripped him back. Soon he lay on the grass kicking and creaming with pain, for Nanny had sai down upon him and was showering blows quick and fast on face and ears of the now thoroughly vanquished foe.

"Now, will you? call my Ted 'Humphy?' Will you? You can go now, and when you are ready for another whiping I'll be here."

Seating herself by Ted, she laughingly said: "Didn't I do it well?"

"Yes, dear. But don't fight for me. I am scarcely worth it."

Time passed on. These two, so queerly drawn together, continued they fashioned chairs and stools, and all the pretty things were kept in order they fashioned chairs and stools, and all the pretty things were kept in order ther in the rear of their own small homes.

Nanny and Ted were neighbors. They were now advancing in years; he was I's, south the side of the pretty things were kept in order their living.

their living.

As yet they both were children.

"Nanny, I cannot work to-day; comdown by the brook for a talk. Comedcar, do."

"Nanny, I cannot work to-day; come down by the brook for a talk. Come, dear, do."

Walking slowly, she unconsciously tendered her never failing support to the poor weary companion of her whole childhood.

As they neared the brook, they met a stranger to their little village. As he passed, Nanny looked up and met the earnest, steadfast gaze of eyes deeply brown as her own. Her. breath came fast, while over the dusky face of the stranger there passed a look of reverent admiration.

"Nanny, you tremble, dear. Are you cold?"

"No! Cold this lovely day; you think things, Teddy. I don't think I ever trembled in my life—only the day I licked Percy Grey: but that was with anger. Do you remember the little willain?"

They were now seated where their Hitle mill had been destroyed. An ominous silence sealed both their lips. The brook laughed and filted as gally as ever. The leaves above whispered in low murmuring sounds. Why was Nanny silent?

"Teddy, who was that man with the cyes so dark?"

Her voice had caught the murmuring sweetness of the love whispering leaves. Her eyes had left their saucy dance to don the misty garb that love so dearly loves. Ted turned, and, looking in her face, knew the change.

"Twas Ted's turn to tremble. The poor, weak, crooked body quivered as cruel Cupid's arrow killed the boy to make the man. With a low moan of anguish, he thew himself on the mount of the mount of

ground, burying his head in Nanny's lap.
"Nanny, Nanny! O. my Nanny! I am so crooked. I never know till now how hideous I am, Nanny!"
The last "Nanny" was the wail of a desolate soul.
Two little hands rested on the bow-

ed head. "Teddy, I love you," she whispered bowed head.
"Don't, Teddy, dear. Don't moan so;
you are not crooked or hideous to me.
We love each other now. Look up!"
Slipping her hand under his head.
she turned the sorrowing face upward.
Bending down she pressed her lips to

she turned the sorrowing face upward. Bending down she pressed her lips to his.

"I will wait for you dear. When you have a home for me I will be ready."

Eyes deeply, darkly brown looked into Nanny's, while a voice full and firm, lowered with the fremulousness of love, told all the love and passion that throbbed with his every pulse.
"Nanny and you love me? Will you be my wife, little one?"
Nanny raised her eyes and looked calmly into those of him she knew she loved as woman loves but once. Joy, sweetly painful, shook her whole being as she answered low and soft:
"I am waiting for Teddy."

"I have come for you, Nanny."
"I have with you love and won it?"
"I have the home all ready; but, my darling, are you quite sure you love my eye! Have none straighter and stronger sought your love and won it?"
"I have waited ten years for you. Teddy. I love you dearly. We will be so happy in our little home."
She again bent her head and pressed his pale, delicate features. Taking her hard in his, they talked long of all the days gone by, when she had fought.

battles.

becovere married quietly one bright ing and as they journeyed toward ir new home he told her of the new

plete. All it iscked was Namy's ad-miration.
"Nanny, would you mind if I took you to see the mil before the home? I dow it so. I want to see your bomme eyes light up with pleasure as you see how I have replaced the old one you and I whittled out and built."
Nanny's face flushed with pleasure. "Ted, you are able to fight for your-nelf now. I would like best to see the mill first. It will soon rain and then we will go home."

mill first. It will soon rain and then we will go home."

They soon arrived at the mill with its piles of sweet-smelling pine lumber. As they approached the low broad building, with its crashing, buzsing, whirring saws, mingled with the grinding, rumbling roar of the huge driving wheels, the water was turned off and the ponderous wheels sobbed themselves to sleep, as if they felt their usefulness diminished because they could not welcome their creator.

The men advanced in a body, and as Teddy and Nanny came under the wheels and saws grew envious. Their noise had been outnoised. Cheer after cheer accompanied with hurrains for "the boss and his pretty bride," rang

men.
Nanny turned to see Teddy lying on
the road beside her, dead.
Poor Teddy had been spared the
sight of the destruction of his second sight of the destruction of his second mill.

Nanny again bent over Teddy's prostrate head. This time she whispered: "I was true to you, Teddy; I have been yours through life." Rough hands lifted their light burden gen'ly, as a woman her babe, and carried him to the beautiful home he had made for his Nanny.

He was laid to rest followed only by the men of his mill and Nanny.

Again brown eyes looked into Nanny's with a world of yearning. This time hers drooped heavy with their weight of love. The leaves above ceased their love songs to listen to Nanny's. "I have waited for you, little one—twenty years. You were seventeen when you told me you were waiting for Teddy. Can you love me now?"
One of Nanny's old-time smiles triped lightly over her dear face as she maswered:
"Tell in love at thirty-seven? See my

answered:
"Fall in love at thirty-seven? See my hair—white with the brown."
Coming near to view the white in the little bowed head, he raised her face to his. Looking earnestly into the clear depths of her eyes, he knew she had always loved him. Stooping he received from Nanny her first kiss of love. love.

Overhead the leaves clapped softly their little hands.

Flakes Caught Falling.

A Serious Omission.—"I was swindled on this new dictionary." "How?" "It hasn't any index."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Dealer.
"They are making a great fuse in the papers about horseless carriages," said one Brooklyn papa to another, who mat while wheeling their bables. "Just as if they were something new!" chuckled the other, as the two men separated.—Harper's Bazar.

Teachers Billy been many times have

Teacher—Billy, how many times have you spoken to-day?
Billy-Once.
Teacher—Why, I've seen you talking all day long. all day long.
Billy—Yes, that's what I meant. I never stopped talking at all, so that makes once.—Harper's Bazar.

An Election Incident.

A rather amusing incident happened in one of our provincial towns during the last election. A well-known costermonger, who, by the by, was blessed with a huge stock of most pronounced red hair, on the day of the election gayly bedecked his moke with scarlet ribbons—the colors of the opposition—and paraded the animal up and down the streets.

Happening to meet with a local Liberal gentleman who was a bit of a wag, the latter asked the coster why he had so decorated his donkey, "oh," was the unexpected reply, "all donkeys are wearing red now."

Live the streets of the opposition of the provident of the prov

"Oh," was the unexpected reply, and domkeys are wearing red now."
"Oh, indeed," the gentleman readily answered, "is that the reason nature has been so kind to you in providing you with such a distinguishing head of hair?"—Spare Moments.



Maude-I hear Mr. Quills is a direcor in a company. Claude—Yes. He directs the enve-

Anothe: Record-breaser.

Fatigued Ferrars—Dat wuz a great trip dat Burlington special made across tree states an a half a few days ago. Dodge N. Work—Yep, but it ain't a marker ter the swift record I made onct.

Fatigued Ferrars—Oh, come off. Dodgey. Dodge' N. Work-Fact, Fatty. I took a drink o' Kansas City whiskey at 11 p m., and before a n.m. next day I hed crossed t'ree states o' jimjams an' collided wid a police court.—Omaha World-Herald.

Science in the Mitchen.

The Mistress—An' now, Jane, en or der to impress upon you the necessity for sanitary care, I will ask you to look through this mocrosope."

Jane (after looking)—Holy smoke! Where's me hat an' shaw!?

The Mistress—Don't be foolish, Jane.

Jane—Well, Germans or no Germans, I'm not goin' to stay in a bouse where they grow cockroaches like that!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Estimating a Treasure.

"So she filted you after all?" said the sympathetic friend.

"That is what happened."

"And only yesterday you were telling me how lucky you thought yourself. You said the man who got that girl would get a prize."

"Well, he will. He'll get a whole lot of prizes. Mine is the geventeenth solitaire engagement ring that I know of."

—Washington Star.

They Grew Old Fast.

Native (in Arkansas)—Yes, sir, this here climate's the healthiest on the face of the earth!

Stranger—Healthiest! What, with all these swamps around? I'll bet the folks don't live to be very old!

Native—Why, man, a feller'll be older here when he's 40 than he'll be when he 30 in any other doggoned country!—Puck.

A BAFFLED FLORIST.

From seedsmen far and near,
And studies them with diligence
As she does every year.
Most lovingly she turns the leaves
And lingeringly she looks
An pictures of plants never seen
Except in seedsmen's books.

A new kind of chrysanthemun

Well, when she's looked the through
And made her little list.
She foots the figures up and then
You see a sudden mist
Of fieling tears in Gladys' eyes;
Her order represents
An eighteen-dollar outlay, and
Her limit's fifty cents.

wheels and saws grew envious. Their noise had been outnoised. Cheer acter cheer accompanied with hurrahs for "the boss and his pretty bride," reng through the mill until Teddy raised his hand and signed silence.

"All to your places; my wife would see the mill!"

Soon the whirring, spinning saws and rearing wheels and clanking chains were shouting their welcome to Nanny with a greater fervor for their temporary restaint.

She inspected every machine that her Teddy had built and without aid.

"Oh, Teddy, I am so proud of you, my dear. Your mill is perfect."

"Nanny, say 'our mill. Your tender, loving words by the brook, your gentle I love you. Teddy,' gave me the strength to build. Now we will go home; it is getting late." When they reached the road they paused to take one general view of the whole.

Crash, crash! A blinding flash of lightling lit the whole mill. Nanny saw every saw turn to fire. Then a splintering of the huge supporting posts, a rushing crowd of men as they fled from the mill. Soon the flames were seen creeping up around the gang saws. They spread with terrible rapidity among the oil-soaked flooring and stays.

Nanny stood terrified, watching the destruction.

"The boss! the boss!" shouted the men.

Nanny turned to see Teddy lying on the road beside her. dead.

Foor Teddy had been spared the pour Teddy had been spared the road they paused to the road beside her. dead.

Foor Teddy had been spared the pour Teddy had been spared the pour Teddy had been spared the guest was too late. The

"Bouchee de dames—quick, help—a glass of water—dash it in his face." But the guest was too late. The water was in a dead swoon, from which he did not recover until late in the atternoon.—London Caterer.

A Catastrophe.

A Catastrophe.

The train was roaring along about forty miles an hour, and the conductor was bushy purching tickets full of holes, when a little, thin, old man who sat in one of the corner seats plucked at his sleeve.

"Mr. Conductor, you be sure and let me off at Speers station. You see, this is the first time I ever rode on steam oars, and I don't know anything 'bout them. You won't forget it.

"All right sir; I won't forget."

"All right sir; I won't forget."

"The old man brushed back a stray lock of hair, and straightening himself, gazed at the flying landscape, every now and then exclaiming.
"Gracious!" "By gum!" etc.
Suddenly there was a crash and after a number of gymnastic moves that made him think of his school days, he found himself sitting on the grass of the embankment alongside the track. Seeing another passenger sitting a short distance away, patiently supporting various parts of the splintered car acrose his leg, he inquired:

"Is this Speers crossing?"

The passenger, who was a drummer, and not altogether new to such happenings, replied with a smile, atthough considerable pain:

"No; this is a catastrophe."

put me off at the wrong place."—Harper's Round Table.

"Yes, Johnnie is considered a vicious boy, but he isn't responsible for that."
"Why not?"
"Because he is peculiar."
"In what way?"
"In a great many ways. One day his father told him to go to the store and come right right back. He didn't come, and when his father looked for him he was playing ball with some boys in the

"Indeed!"
"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it."

"He hadn't been to the store at all!"
"How strange."

eleven were enough for any boy."
"Well,"
"Well, he ate thirteen."
"No!"
"Yes. Not long after this his Sunday school teacher cautioned him against the sin. of lying. The next day he broke down the clothes line and said it was Jimmie Harrigan that did ft."



"Say, Sal, did enny one catch yer under de mistietoe dis yere?" Sal-Yep: pa ketched me standin' under some, wid a wistful gleam in me eye, an' give me a lickin'.

In one of the Western States an exciting under trial was in progress. It bappened that the attorney for the defense had in his employ a colored porter, who naturally became very much interested in the case. When the jury retired he awaited their return with feverish impatience in with a verdict of "not guilty." At last, after several hours, they came in with a verdict of "not guilty." At the announcement the negro's self-control deserted him entirely, and he cried out: "Thank de Lord."

The judge immediately called him up and fined him ten dollars for contempt of court. The poor fellow was nearly seared to death, but after he recovered from his fright he remarked: "Disheah am a funny country when you hab to pay ten sollars for thankin' de Lord."

Remarkable Horse Trade. Expensive Gratitude.

Remarkable Horse Trade,
Two gentlemen of Marshallton, Va.,
who for convenience we will call Mr.
A, and Mr. S., met one day and agreed

who for convenience we will call Mr. A. and Mr. S. met one day and agreed to swap horses.

"Ill tel you what, John," said Mr. A., "If you get the best of the trade you shall bring me two bushels of wheat to bind the bargain, and if I come out best I'll do the same by you, th?"

"That's a go," said Mr. S., "and I low you'll bring me the wheat."

"That's as it may be, "retorted Mr. A. "But let it be agreed, then, that a week from this afternoon the one that's best suited, be it you or me, shall give t'other two bushels of wheat."

The week passed, the day came, and as luck would have it, Mr. A. and Mr. S. met on the road about midway between their respective homes.

"Where to John": cried Mr. A., as they stopped a moment to chat.
"To your hourse with two bushels of wheat." replied Mr. S.

"Well, now that's good," remarked Mr. A., "for I was on my way to your house on the same errand. This horse you let me have, cant be beat."

"Just what I think of this mag," retorted Mr. S. and then they had a hearty laugh and separated after exchanging wheat.—Youth's Companion.

UNCLE OATCAKE EXPLAINS.

so early?"
"Har, har!" laughed the farmer.
"Well, now, don't that beat all? Ef you son't have no fire, how are you going to git breakfast?"
"But, uncle," persisted the boy, "what is the good of having breakfast so

as the good of having breakfast so early?"

"The good of it!" cried Uncle Oatcake. "By gosh, sonny, of you was to git up at 4 on a winter's morning you woutdn't want to be kept waiting round for breakfast! No, siree!"

"But you said you only got up to light the fire?"

"That's it." assented the farmer.

"And you only light the fire so as to get breakfast?"

"That's right."

"And you only have to get breakfast because you're up so early Aren't you arguing in a circle?"

"Aren't I which?" said the farmer.

"Arguing in a circle—a vicious circle?"

"See here, bub," said Uncle Oatcake,

circle?"
"See here, bub," said Uncle Oatcake,
sternly. "I've been working hard on
this place for nigh 40 years and, by
gun, I ain't going to have a young
whippersnapper like you telling me my
life's victous. I git up because I've got
to git up, and don't let me hear no
more dummed fool questione!"
Saying which, Farmer Oatcake took
down his bootjack from its hook and
retired.

What Folks Talk About.

A certain physician of this city who never neglects an opportunity to study the traits of the people among whom his business takes him, has been making some observations recently that may serve as a basis for estimating the character of the average modern American.

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may serve as a basis for estimating the
character of the average modern American.

"I have to travel on street-cars a
good deal," the physician said in explaining his course of procedure, "and
i hear all kinds of people talk. A
short time ago I thought I would keep
a record of the words most frequently
used within my hearing by people of
all classes.

a record of the words most frequently ised within my hearing by people of all classes.

"I omit names, profanity and vulgarity, but otherwie this list, which represents one weed's street car conversation, is absolucely correct. Here then is a summary of what married men talk about:

"Dollars mentioned within my hearing, 407 times; business, 95; money, 206; sollar, 194; stocks, 163; bonds, 152; job, 81; son, 63; daughter, 11! wife, 4; literature, 0; music, 6; art, 0.
"Married women: She, 409; party, 326; dress, 324; splendid, 316; dollars, 294; trimming, 187; cards, 151; prize, 151; society, 130; baby, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor, 43; medicine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0.
"Young men, unmarried: Corker, 502; salery, 467; girl, 416; beaut, 391; fairy, 306; winner, 302; stunner, 284; hummer, 151; society, 130; baby, 2, 119; clothes, 34; weather, 62; rioh, 69; lovely, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor; 43; medicine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0.
"Young women, unmarried: Lovely, 509; just-perfectly lovely, 491; horrid, 476; gorgeous, 483; fellow, 409; engaged, 337; dress, 371; stunning, 352; love, 296; party, 291; wear, 284; she, 266; operay, 108; ring, 31; mamma, 28; papa, 16; music, 9; mother, 1; plcture, 1; poem, 1; art, 0.
"I intend," the doctor concluded, "to

art, 0.
"I intend," the doctor concluded, "topursue this subject further, and may
some day be able to give additional
figures that will be interesting."—
Cleveland Leader.



"Well, Mr. yourself on Algy since that quarrer you had with him?"
"Yes, indeed. I ordered my man to be wude to his man when he meets him."—London Punch.

Shrouded in Ambiguity. On the morning of his twenty-first birthday Harry Enpeck sought a con-fidential interview with his paternal firthday flarry Enjects with his paternal progenitor.

"Father," said Harry, in his most serious tone, "to-day, as you know, I attain my majority. As you also know, I hold a lucrative position, with a prospect of promotion, and am amply able to support a wife. I love Miss Bonbons madly, and I would like to make her my wife without delay. It was to ask your advice that I requested this interview."

A shadow crossed the face of Eneck, Sr. "My boy," said he gravely, "I would advise you not to marry just now. You're too young yet to think about anything of that sort. Wait until you're thirty."

"But, father," exclaimed the young man, his voice trembling with anxiety, "when I'm thirty I may not want to marry."

"Not doubt of it! No doubt of it!"

"No doubt of it! No doubt of it!"
said his father, with animation, backing out of the room.

Young Harry Enpeck is still perplexed to know exactly what the old man
meant. Good Words for Freddy

Good Words for Freddy.

"I think you are rather hard on Freddy," said the man with the cigarette. "Now, really, he is a very good fellow."

"Humph, I don't know exactly how you make that out," declared the man with the cigar.

"He's a great reformer."

"Wants to reform everybody except himself."

"Ah, nonsense, He is one of the kindest hearted people I ever saw. He is always trying to help suffering humanity. It is the dream of his life to be able to give everybody work—"

"Except himself. He draws the line at that." "And you know that his heart beats in unison with every good cause." "Well, I don't know about his heart, but he himself manages to beat pretty nearly everything and everybody."

A Canon's Mistake.

Any one who knows that charming man Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, will comprehend to the full the humor of this story. Canon Ainger is a great favorite with children, and upon one occasion was asked to assist at a juvenile party. Arriving at what he thought was his destination, a house in a row of others exactly alike, the Canon made his way up to the drawing-room. "Don't announce me," said he to the domestic, and thereupon the revernd gentleman went down upon all fours, ruffled up his white hair, and crawled into the room, uttering the growls of an angry Polgr bear. What was his horror and amazement to find when he got into the room two old ladies petrified with astonishment. He had found his way into the next door house, instead of into the one to which he was bidden.—London Tit-Bits. A Canon's Mistake.

"Why," asked the friend of the lady from Boston, "why did she marry so liliterate a person?"
"To reform him," said the other friend of the lady from Boston. "She told me that it should be ber sacred duty to devote her life to Teclaiming him from his habit of using the singular verb with the plural noun."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Baby Did It.

Wr. Newera—I thought your wife was a new woman?

Mr. Muchblest—Well, she was. But she has gort of given it up.

Mr. Newera—What made her give it "Hoora—How complimentary!"

Toretorm him," said the other she has gort of given it up.

Mr. Newera—What made her give it "Hoora—How complimentary!"

Toretorm him, said the other she has gort of given it up.

Mr. Newera—What made her give it "Hoora—How complimentary!"

Flora—How complimentary!

How the strikes me as a man with too much sense to be an admirer of poster girls."

Chips.

B like to hear the merry belis—
To hear the sleighers shriek;
I like to listen to the wheels
That grind and squeak and creak;
I like to think of frozen streams,
Of-hills that bleakly rise
Until each whitened summit seems
To mingle with the skies;
I like to think of facing Fate
Upon some lonely track—
When I can stand before a grate,
With my hands behind my back.

WHY THE GAS WAS BURNING.

"He hadn't been married very long," says The Chicago Times-Herald. "and it was the first time his wife had left him. When she bade him good-bye, upon starting for a holiday visit to her own people, she gave him countiess directions as to the various household matters which needed nightly attention. Among other things, she carefully impressed upon him the necessity of making, up the furnace every night." "I don't want to come home and find the house like a barn," she told him, plaintively, just as the train pulled out of the depot, "and that's the way it will be, with neither myself or the girl to remind you, unless you attend to the furnace religiously every might. You will, won't you, dearie; now. promise me," she called back, and he shouted the required promise after her. And oh! the burden which that promise became to him! Night after night he forgot all about it until he was comfortably in bed, and the chilly trip down the two flights of stairs grew to be a regular nightly annoyance. The only thing more annoying about his housekeeping experience was his fear of burgiars. For some reason or other he was far more nervous when alone than when his wife was at home.' He is wont to explain this by saying that it makes him nervous when alone than when his wife was through a combination of this fear and the furnace that he met with the most trying experience of his life.

He came home one evening several hours later than usual, and with his nerves and imagination excited by the enjoyment of a pleasant little supper with two other temporarily wifeless men. As he neared the front door of his suburban home he noticed that a brilliant light was streaming out of the basement she shivered idly; then he rushed to the house of his nearest neighbor half a block away, and requested assistance. The man of the house was absent and his wife went into hysterics immediately. The nearest neighbor half a block away, and requested assistance. The man of the house oniselessly, take up his stand the house noiselessly, take up his stan

might pass by.

For nearly half an hour he shivered there, and no sound came from the basement. He hardly knew what to make of this strange silence. It became evident that he must descend the stairs and investigate further. But what if they had heard him enter, and were also laying in wait? He fairly trembled at the very thought, and when the figure of a casual acquaint-ance appeared silhouetted against the light of the street lamp outside, he forgot all about caution and nearly fell on his neck and wept for joy. When he had partially recovered from his transports they softly descended the basement stairs, and found-mothing. He had simply forgotten to turn out the gas after his nocturnal trip to the furnace on the night before, and it had been burning all day long.

And the worst of the affair is that jhe caller told the story far and wide, while the absent wife scolded about the gas bill on her return.

World Growing Bettar.

"I say, Penman," said the editor to his assistant the morning after the snowstorm, "are you sure these are all the communications that came in the morning mail?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Have no letters been mislaid?"

"None sir."

"None, sir."
"It's very strange!"
"Were you expecting something it particular, sir?"
"Yes, Penman."
"A cheque, sir?"
"No."

"A pass, sir."
"No."
"What then, sir?"
"Why, a poem or two on the beauti-snow." "And none came, sir ?"
"Nary a one."

"It's very remarkable, sir!"
"So it is, Penman; so it is. Just leave me, and tell any callers I cannot be seen. I want to be alone while I write an article on the subject; "The World is Growing Better.'"—Yonkers Statesman.



Toothpick Gharlie—Fer de land sakes, pusty, where did ye git the bloomers? Dusty—I swapped togs wid er clothes ne in der dark, and didn't git on ter e sex er de clothes till 'twas too late back How d'yer like um

The Seamy Side. character."
"That may be, but hustling for food has sawed of many of my most charming characteristics." — Detroit Free Press.

### Little Men and Women

We call them little men and We call them little men and little women, but they are neither. They have ideas and ways all their own. Fortunately they soon become fond of cod-liver oil, when it is given to them in the form of SCOTT'S EMULSION. This is the most valuable remedy in existence for all the wasting diseases of early life. The poorly nourished, scrofulous child; the thin, weak, fretting child; the young child who does not grow; all take Scott's Emulsion without force or bribe. It seems as if they knew that this meant nourishment and growth for bones, muscles and nerves.

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Important Events in Few Words For Busy Readers.

CANADA AND INDIAN RELIÉF. The Montreal Star's fund has reached \$36,000.

THE PILE RECORD. Fire broke out in a mine at Zacate-as, Mexico, in which 175 miners were at work. Every effort is being made o save them, but it is feared they are all dead. SUICIDES.

Miss Alice Kay, employed at the Glb-son House, Belleville, committed sui-cide by taking Paris green. THE RELLA OUS WORLD.

It is reported from Rome that Mgr. tudini Tedesche has been appointed Rudini Tedesche has been appointed Apostolic Commissioner to Canada.

The congregation of the Norwich avenue Methodist Church, Woodstock, have decided to erect an addition to their church, at a cost of \$2000.

The second annual convention of the Hamilton Conference of the Epworth Leagues met last week in Paris, Onf., with an attendance of 225 delegates. PURELY PERSONAL.

Their Excellencies have returned Ottawa.

Sheriff Murton of Hamilton is reported to be dying.

Some Montreal Liberals are arranging to present Mr. Laurier, previous to his departure for England, with a life size portrait of himself, costing one thousand dollars.

Mr. Thomas King, a pensioner, of Kingston, has been notified that by the death of a rich relative he and his sisters have been bequeathed £10,-600 and an estate in Ireland. POLITICS - FOREIGN. President Cleveland has not yet vetoed the obnoxious immigration bill.

The United States Senate held a re-gular business session on Sunday afternon.

The bill placing the High Court of the Transvaal under centrol of the Volksmad has been passed.

Mr. Sulzer, a Representative from New York, introduced a motion in the House at Washington declaring immediate war on Spain. The American Senate passed the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the St. Lawrence River from Hegansburg to Cornwall.

BUSINESS. On Saturday four special agents of the United States Treasury seized opium at San Francisco valued at \$400,-000, for violation of the Customs law. 700, for violation of the Customs law.

The creditors of the Carrick financial institution met at Mildmay on Saturday and heard a statement of affairs, which showed that the assets will probably pay a fair dividend.

There is but little appreciable change in business conditions throughout the United States, and the commercial failures for the past week were 295, compared with 278 for the corresponding week last year.

ing week last year.

The Queen, accompanied by the l'Tincess Beatrice, left Windsor last week en roûte for Ciméez, near Nice.

The drawing-room to be held by the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen in the Semate Chamber is announced for the 25th inst.

The presence of mind of the coachman saved the Queen from being, crushed by a runaway horse on her drive from the rallway station to the hotel at Cimiez.

The White Star line steamer Teurtonic, which sailed from Liverpool last week, had among her passengers Sir Donald Smith, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, the Oxford coach, and Mrs. Annie Besant.

It is stated in Berlin that Vice-Ad-

It is stated in Berlin that Vice-Admiral von Hollmann, Secretary of the Navy, has tendered his resignation, but its acceptance is refused by the Em-

it is stated that Gen. Weyler has received positive orders from Spain to end the Cuban war at once, even by going to the extent of selling the island to the insurgents.

An order has been issued from the Mittia Department calling in all the old rifles and side arms, and as soon as these are in the new Lee-Enfield weapon will be issued to the different battallors.

The entire staff of employes at the Devonport dock yard, numbering 5000, have been ordered to work overtime for the purpose of hastening the completion of the fitting out of vessels unon which they are engaged.

The residence of Mr. Robert Mason, British Consul, in Havana, was searched by the Spanish police during his absence, but nothing was discovered. Upon complaint, the chief of police who ordered the search was discharged.

POLITICS-CANADIAN. Hon. W. S. Fielding discussed the coal duties with a deputation of mining men at Montreal.

It is reported that the St. Boniface election is to be protested, on the ground of intimidation by the clergy.

Mr. Tarte wants to put up a building in Ottawa at the cost of a quarter of a million for the purpose of storing records.

ing in Ottawa at the cost of a quarter of a million for the purpose of storing records.

The Dominion Department of Public Works has been notified that the survey of the Fraser River, in British Columbia. has commenced.

Before Mr. Alfred Jury, the newly-spointed immigration Commissioner, leaves for England, he will be sent through to the Pacific by the Government to post himself about the country.

One of the Tariff Commissioners stated in Ottawa that by the time the House of Commons has transacted its preliminary work the Tariff bill will be brought in by Mr. Fieldins.

The Quebec Government has granted \$50,000 to the scheme for building a bridge between Montreal and Lonquent on condition that the Federal Government and the city each contribute a like amount.

CASUALTIES. Arthur Sills, brakeman on the O. A. P. S. Rallway, was killed while coupling cars at Killaloe.

FOR MEN OF WAR.

FOR MEN OF WAR.

It is proposed to spend \$35.728,234 on the United States navy this year.

Mr. McLennan, M.P. for Glengarry, has been promoted to the office of Colonelof the 59th Battalion.

The Governor's palace at Canea. Crete, was burned, and several other fires, believed to be incendiary, broke out in the town.

Russia, through the Russian Minister at Athens, has called upon Greece to withdraw all of her troops and her feet from Crete within three days.

deet from Crete within three days.

What Greece Would Accept.

London, March 11.—The Athens correspondent of The Times telegraphs that he has obtained from the highest authority the outlines of a scheme which Greece is willing to accept, pending the first part of the scheme is that the Turkish troops be immediately withdrawn from the Island; secondly, that the restoration of order be entrusted to part of the European flect cooperating with the Greek army, object of the scheme is that the Turkish troops be immediately withdrawn from the Island; secondly, that the restoration of order be entrusted to part of the European flect cooperating with the Greek army, object forces are not to the cooperation of the tendent of the January of the Island is the powers; fourth, that after three menths a pichescite be held to decide whether autonomy be established or the Island be annexed to Greece, and, fifther and withdraw part of her troops on the Greeck frontier, Greece to withdraw her frontier, and withdraw part of her troops on the Greeck frontier, Greece to withdraw her frontier.

Three young children of Mp. Freder-Three young children of Mr. Frederick Luxon of Bowmanville were foundrowned in a pool just outside the drowned in a pool just outside eierligarden gate.

Mr. Alfred Pichette of Montreal fell from the third storey balcony of bis house while engaged in adjusting a pulley for a clothesline, and was killed. An alarming rumor that the SS. Empress of China foundered in mid-ocean with 400 persons on board is discredified by the C.P.R. officials at Vancouver.

Ouver.

Miss Lilian Ainley, aged twenty years, of Brussels, is dead from the burns she received by a lamp exploding while she was blowing it out a few days ago.

## HARDWAR MAN

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..... THE HATTER

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