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THE SILENT SEAMAN.

HE WAS AN OLD BO'SUN'S MATE, AND HE HATED TALKERS.

His Aversion to Words, However,

Marion a few years ago whose taciturnity was known among all the old timers in the service," said a naval officer now on departmental duty. "He was a fine sailorman, and he had been in the Amerian naval service for more than 30 years. can naval service for more than 30 years. In the course of that whole period it was stated by his oldest shipmates that he had probably not spoken more than 1,000 superfluous words. His aversion te speech he applied to all hands. "The old man hated talkers, and sea

lawyers only excited grunts of disgust from his shaggy throat. He had a massive contempt for modern ships of massive contempt for modern ships of war. He didn't express his preference for the old wind jammers like the Marion in words, but every time we happened upon one of the new steel cruisers he would regard the modern vessel suspiciously out of the tail of his eye and je.k his thumb toward her in speechless contempt. He hated talking so much that when he was assigned to the gangway to give out the ship's calls—pass the word, that is—he begged off on the ground that he was 'a workin man-o'-warman' and sot's man-o'-warman' and sot's man-o'-warchaw, where he came from or snything of that sort. The most that was known of him was that he had a wife somewhere in the state of California, te

known of him was that he had a wife somewhere in the state of California, to whom he sent each month one-half of his pay through the paymaster. There was no record of his ever having seen his wife during a period of about 15 years. He always shipped right over directly "One day while we were tied up at Mare Island the old bo-sun's mate stood

Mare Island the old bo-sun's mate stood at the gangway watching the coming aboard of a big batch of recruits from the receiving ship Independence. They were all newly shipped 'sandamen, and pretty raw looking at that. The old mandid considerable grunting as he watched them clumsily come over the side with their bags and hammocks. He was one of the kind of old tars who can't realize that sailormen have to start sailorizing at some time or another, and he had been in the service so long that he had probably quite forgotten that he had even been a raw 'un himself, unfamiliar with the difference between the cathead and the mizzen staff.

with the difference between the cathead and the mizzen staff.

"One of the young chaps who came aboard seemed to catch the old man's eye, and he sized him up narrowly. He kept his eye on this particular landsman for some time, but he said nothing. The object of his scrutiny was a raw boned, clumsy looking lad of 20 er so. The whole bunch of them were given liberty on the morning after they came aboard. They returned to the ship in fairly good shape on the same evening, except that about a dozen of them were pretty grossy.

"One of the groggy ones was the young chap who had caught the eye of the old bo'sun's mate. The young fellow had apparently teen having a pretty wild time during ha liberty, and he had about all he could do to get up the gangway ladder. The old bo'sun's mate watched the crowd come aboard, and when this particular landsman stumbled up the ladder and drunkenly made as if to sa-lute the officer of the deck and ge forlute the officer of the deck and ge forward the old man jumped to the mast like a flash and had the young fellow by the scruff of the neck. He led his captive up to the officer of the deck, made the scrape employed by the old timers, cleared his throat and said:

"Instead o' puttin this 'un in th' brig, sir, I'd like te have you hand him over to me."

me.'
"This sounded pretty odd to the officer
of the deck. He didn't know what the

of the deck. He didn't know what the old man meant.

"What do you want with him? inquired the officer of the deck.

"The old man knuckled his forehead for a minute, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said:

"I want to heave an idea or two into his carcass about the evils o' this here where decking."

"I want to heave an inca or, this here shore drinking."
"But what have you got to do with his drunkenness? asked the deck officer.
"'Why, th' swab's my son,' said the

old man. "The officer of the deck couldn't help

old man.

"The officer of the deck couldn't help but break into a laugh, the spectacle was so ridiculous. The youth, whose collar was still gripped by the old man's horny paw, had the funniest conceivable expression of surprise on his drunken face. It afterward came out that while he knew in a general way that his father was in the American navy, he had no idea what ship he was serving on, and it is no wonder that this peculiar way of meeting with his dad rather surprised him.

"Go forward, the both of you," said the officer of the deck, smiling, and the old man hauled his brawny, raw boned son up forward under the to'gallant fo'c'sle, where he deliberately laid him over his knee and spanked him good and hard with the blunt end of a marlinspike, while all the rest of the crew stood about giving the drunken lad the laugh. The boy staid aboard that ship and developed into a good saidorman under the old man's tutlenge, but he naver returned. not a good saiorman under the old man's tutelage, but he never returned from liberty again in a drunken condi-tion while I was attached to the Mar-

POULTRY POINTERS.

For layers, pullets and 2-year-old hens are the best.
Keeping useless roosters is like keeping hens that do not lay.
Goslings grow more rapidly than any other kind of farm fowl.

Send layers to roost with their crops full to carry them over night.

Egg eating may easily be induced by the leness and close confinement. Never give layers soft feed enough to orge them or make them lazy.

gorge them or make them lazy.
It is a help in fattening fowls rapidly lo keep them as quiet as possible.
Painting the inside of the poultry house with gas tar will free it from lice.

ing young ducks and young chickens, it is the fact that young ducks require a larger quantity of bulky food.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

Author of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc.

for some reason of her own, she was not inclined to take the hint he had wrapped up so poetically.

"See!"—rising lazily and putting on her hat. "My friends are coming back for me at last! I had begun to think they had forgotten me!"

"Who could forget you!" the young man said in a low tone, more to himself than to her.

"Oh they could!"—laughing a little.

"Who could forget your the ran said in a low tone, more to himself than to her.

"Oh, they could!"—laughing a little.
"They are all in all to each other. Why should they remember me?"

He stood beside her while she drew on her gloves. One of them she could not button, and she held it out to him with a pretty little gesture. Of course he was longer over it than he need have been! And no one could blame him for lingering a little. That round, white wrist would have tempted a far stronger er man than Julian Carre.

Percy Stanhope, coming up, saw them as they stood side by side, and a sharr pang went through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man gowen through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man gowen through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man gowen through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man gowen through his heart. He would dearly have liked to knock the man gowen through his heart. He would see that. As it was, his greeting was of the stiffest.

They stood and talked together for a few minutes, and then Julian Carre who had waited.

"The was no no need to look at the signature, she knew from whom it eams of the stiffest.

They stood and talked together for a few minutes, and then Julian Carre who had waited.

"Shall I?" she asked herself with a little.
"This is for you, then, and no answer, thank you."

"This" was a small note curiously the twisted. Before she could find breath to ask who sent it, the lad was off. Tramping along the road at a rate that made it useless for her to try to follow him.

Something chill carept through the girl's veins, as she held the paper in her hand. Turning her head to make sure that Eather was not coming, so open di ta nd read:

"Why are you so cruel? These three days I have waited for you and you never came. If I have offeneded you, be shall wait and hope till I see you."

There was no no not could know her.

"In her stood at a tarte that Eather was not coming, so open di ta dere that in and read:

"Why ar

as they came within sight of it, was Hugh Fleming. He had been smoking, but when he saw them he threw his cigar into the road, and went forward to meet them.

After the hand-shaking had been gone through he made his way to Dulcie. The girl brightened at his coming, and put on her pretty graces as naturally as a bird prunes its little breast in the sunshine. He was nothing to her, this grave man, less than nothing, judeed, but for her life she could not let him go free, without feeling a touch of her "glamourie."

How was he to knew that the little dimples, coming and going in her cheeks, were so many danger-signais? That the sweet eyes lifted to his face, were but wells, in which a stronger soul than his might be lost? He thought her a charming child-woman with no guile, and perhaps very little sense—a kind of human blossom made expressly to brighten the earth.

"I have come down," he told her, "to enjoy myself. I want to forget all the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Levesque?"

They were standing at the foot of the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Levesque?"

They were standing at the foot of the signal with the visit of the start and looked out dreamily over the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Levesque?"

They were standing at the foot of the signal with the visit crimson bows at the throat and elbows, made a

Hardinge's delighted surprise.
"I don't think I ever saw Berta s ted over anything." Esther said, a

excited over anything." Esther said, as the two girls sat over their late tea. "She is in a fever of delight. We shall hear of nothing for the next fortnight but 'What shall we wear?"

Dulcie smiled, and sipped her tea quietly. A change had of late come over her, not to be accounted for in any way. She had lost half her reckless verve, and a good deal of her brightness. "For my own part, I would much rather stay at home. I shall feel horribly out of place among such grandees."

"You are as good as any of them, Etty."

"Oh. Dulcie! a plain farmer's daught ter could not be."

Voice. I could not but stay. You do not blame me?"—bending forward to catch a glimpse of her face, under the shade of the boughs to which she had retreated.

"Most decidedly!"

"I am sorry for that; but do not make me feel sorry I stayed."

"Why should you be glad?"—demurely.

"I have seen you."

Dulcie laughed, and glided a step nearer. It was nice, after all, to read the love in this too candid man's eyes, and to know that the game he had taken up for pastime had grown into serious earnest for him.

"I have seen you," he repeated, pas-

proachful eyes to her face.

"Ashamed of it, dear! That I am not. Often and often I have longed to be back at it. Often and often I have wondered if it would not have been as well for all of us if Berta had not made a rich marriage, and taken me away from papa. He might not have married again, but for that"—wistfully.

Mr. Durrant's second marriage was a sore point with his children; with Etty, his youngest born, sorer than any. It had made the old home seem strange to her. The few times that she had gone back to it, she had felt lonely and lost, and thankful to return to her sister.

"You need not trouble about that now, dear, when you will so soon have a home of your own! And"—with a swift throat, were framed in by their slender, golden sprays.

relising and stretching herself lazily. "If you have, we may as well go out. It's so stifling here."

"How fond you are of the open air, Dulcie! I think you could live out of doors."

"Yes, if it ere not for our east winds and showers"—with a little shrug of disgust.

Spatching the a lace cape, Dulcie pass."

"What is Mrs. Hardinge to us?"—

Painting the inside of the poultry house with gas tar will free it from lice.

Carefully save the scraps from the table and feed them to the laying hens.

For diarrhea in chickens give boiled milk into which some chalk and a little bone dust have been stirred while cooking.

Fowls should have as much exercise as they want. They are good judges of what they require to keep the vital forces moving.

If there is any difference between feeding young ducks and young chickens, it is the fact that young ducks require a her with every passing breath of wind. Everything was gray quiet and sweet. The hedge on larger quantity of bulky food.

to do it. He had sense enough left to see that. As it was, his greeting was of the stiffest.

They stood and talked together for a few minutes, and then Julian Carrewent back into the church for Lord Harvey. and they went home as they had come, across the fields together.

"I am as dusty and tired as I can be," Esther said to Dulcie. "I think you were not far wrong in staying where you did."

"I am sure I was not"—meaningly. Esther flushed and smiled, while Persy marching with his head in the air, looked as if he was deaf and blind to all about him.

"That train of yours would have come to grief, Dulcie. We have been through Dingle's Hollow."

"You have not come to grief, seem-increase."

"Oh, yes, I wise! My skirt is ruined"—drawing aside her pietty blue walking-dress and showing her boots: "and look!

"If I do, it shall be one exactly like"

drawing aside her pretty blue walking-dress, and showing her boots; "and look at my feet!"

Dulcle laughed.

one if I could."

"If I do, it shall be one exactly like yours, and then we shall look like sisters."

The dainty boots were white with mendow-sweet, and green with the damp of the moss through which they had been.

"Was Mr. Carre with you long, Ducte?"

"He came about ten minutes after I had lost sight of you." Dulcie returned indifferently; and she knew as well as if she had seen it, that there came a heavy frown on Percy's face as she had you have the server on the door-step.

"Esther stopped on the lewn in surprise."

"Oh, yes I do!"—emphatically.

At that moment Mrs. Hardinge appeared on the door-step.

"Esther, come in. I want you."

"Thank goodness, you don't want me," said Dulcie, dryly.

Then she turned because the control of human blossom made expressly to brighten the earth.

"I have come down," he told her, "to enjoy myself. I want to forget all the cares of life for a while. Will you help me, Miss Levesque?"

They were standing at the foot of the shallow stone steps, and the shadows of the old elm's leaves fell over her face, and crept down to the dainty shoulders, and crept down to the topmost bar, but the dainty shoulders, and looked out dreamily over the danker would take another would take anot

He held out his broad palm, and she put hers upon it; and for an instint, they clung together, and then slowly parted.

And Dulcie looking into the man's cyes, knew that she had won another lover.

CHAPTER VIII

Toward the end of April, Lady Harvey was to give a dinner party. Invitations for it came to The Elms, to Mrs. Hardinge's delighted surprise.

Hardinge's delighted surprise.

Addry Follet, nor as Lady Mary, even; yet they are as water unto wine compared with her.

She had not seen him. When he crossed the road and stood before her she clasped her hands with a sharp ory. The pretty color had faded from cheek and lip, for she thought, when she first looked up, that it was Percy Stanhope.

"Have I the misfortune to startle you again?" he said, penitently.

"Of course you startled me. Where did you come from?"

"I was passing, and I heard your

und you come from?"
"I was passing, and I heard your voice. I could not but stay. You do not blame me?"—bending forward to catch a glimpse of her face, under the shade of the boughs to which she had retreated.
"Most declarate.""

ter could not be."

"Your father is as true a gentleman as ever lived," Dulcie said, warmly.
"And you are not ashamed of the dear old farm, are you, Etty?"—lifting reproachful eyes to her face.

"Ashamed of it, dear! That I am not. Often and often I have longed to be back at it. Often and often, I have wondered if it would not have been as well for all of us if Berta had not made a rich marriage, and taken me

"You need not trouble about that now, dear, when you will so soon have a home of your own! And"—with a switt blush, at which Esther wondered—"you might never have met Percy if you had not been with Berta."

"That is true!"—softly.

"Harvey you finished your tea, Etty?"
—rising and stretching herself lazily. "If you have, we may as well go out. It's or stilling hers."

"At least you have warned me," she said, orimson with anger.
He had seen her in all sorts of moods, but never like this before. Perhaps he liked her all the better for the haughty temper that would brook so little. "You will forgive me," he said, pushing open the gate in his earnestness. "You will not blame me for what I could not help."

her.

He waited and watched, half hoping she might come out to him again, but she did not. He heard a brilliant valse being played in the drawing-room presently, and by some instinct he divined that Dulcie was the player. He turned about at that and strode home, a man angered beyond his patience,

"Dulcie," Mrs. Hardinge said, coming into the room where the girl was playing, trying as she would have said to herself, to work her temper out at her finger tips, "what is this that Esther told me about your not going to Abbeylands?"

"Nothing; but that I am not going."

"Esther will be very disappointed then. She says she shall not enjoy herself without you. Gould you not change your mind?"

"I would rather not, thank you."

"At all events you need not decide until to-morrow. I shan't write till then."

Mrs. Hardings took up's hook and lay

Dulcie winced. Not all her nerve could help her to bear these little stings undinchingly. Mrs. Hardings unconscious that she had said anything to hurt her went on reflectively:

"I was thinking of pale blue, with silver leaves. She would look well in blue, don't you think?"

"Very well. I am sure. But"—suggestively—"any blue, brightened by ruby.

"Man of the world as he was, he felt due to the world as the was the wa

"I can't say that I quite care for those heavy frown on Percy's face as she spoke.

Leaning over the gate of the house. It is they came within sight of it, was Hugh Fleming. He had been smoking, but when he saw them he threw his cirar into the road, and went forward "I should not enjoy myself at all. I should not enjoy myself at all is I should not enjo

care to talk any more of colors, bright or pale, to this plain-spoken young lady. She went back to her book. And Dulcie, sweeping across to one of the windows, drew the curtains to behind her, and sat down. She did not know where Etty was. Doing something for her sister, she presumed, for Mrs. Hardinge did not hesistate to press any one into her service, and Etty had often to work, to do little things that she did not care to intrust to her servants.

It was a month to the day since Dulcie had come to The Eims—a whole month, and it had not seemed very many days. In one month more it would be Esther Durant's wedding-day. A shiver of pain shook the girl as she thought of

CHAPTER IX.

she first came. Mrs. Hardinge had per-

walk that day.

"The sun was too hot for her," she said. "She must rest, so as to be fresh for the evening."

So Dulcie had started off alone, and her fancy—or was it fate?—led her to the weir side in Brierton Wood. The water was not quite so high as she had seen it before. It fell over the face of the weir more softly. Standing on the top of the bank, where Esther and she had stood together that other day, Dulcie looked about her, No one was in sight; she could hear nothing but the murmur of the river, and the gentle stir and rustle of grasses and boughs. Springing down, she pushed her way through the rank grasses till she reached a point of the bank that jutted out into the stream. Here the sod was warm and dry, and starred all over with pretty pink and white daisies. Across the stream there was dense shadow, for the trees came low down on that side, and their boughs reached even over the water.

Dulcie flung herself down here to rest,

"The sun was to the fried some day, she had fancied at times, but that "some day," had always seemed a long time off. And, lo, the tide of his long than dings than day, he had fancied at times, but that "some day," had always seemed a long time off. And, lo, the tide of his long than dings the the function. The total she fill alore all overswept, and she felt herself caught in the torrent, and she felt herself caught in the torre

water.

Dulcie flung herself down here to rest, and folded her arms under her head for a pillow. The sunshine beat warmly ou her uncovered head and face, but she did not mind that. She reveled in the warmth and the quiet, the drowsy, soothing rustle of the branches, and the ripple of the flowing water. But after a while she began to tire of it, Animated nature had the strongest charm for Duloie.

ed nature had the strongest charm for Dulcie.

Presently she heard a whistle, and a scramble, and a man's voice—a voice that she knew as well as she knew her own—calling out, "Down, you brute! Down, Junsbo," and she was rather pleased than otherwise.

He must be close to her, she knew, but as yet she could not see him. He might even chance to pass on, and never know that she was there, and she felt—with a droll smile at her own folly—that she should be quite disappointed if he did. But she was not to be disappointed. He came on whistling, and tramping until to-morrow. I shan't write till
then."

Mrs. Hardinge took up'a book and lay
down on one of the couches, and Dulcie
began playing again.

Should she go? That was the one
question that haunted her, and repeated
itself over and over again, to the time
of the tune she was playing. Should
she go, and show him that not one of
the fine ladies of this world was as
a beautiful as she was? It would be a
rare triumph for her, and her eyes danced
at the prospect.

"I hope she'll decide to stay at home."
Mrs. Hardinge was thinking, behind the
leaves of her novel. "Esther is really
handsomer than she is, and yet somehow
she always surpasses her."
"I wish you would speak to Etty,"
she said, aloud. "She is bent on wearing her white dress, and it is really unsuitable. I never saw a girl so careless
suitable. I never saw a girl so careless
at think Esther always looks very

"I think Esther always looks very she said, aloud. "She is bent on wearing her white dress, and it is really unsuitable. I never saw a girl so careless about clothes."

"I think Esther always looks very nice, Mrs. Hardinge."

"Yes"—complacently—we can both of us do with only a little dress. But this is a special occasion. It would be very pleasant if Etty could visit at Abbeylands when she comes to live here."

Dulcie winced. Not all her nerve could help her to hear these little stings un-

"May I stay?"

comfortable."

"May I stay?"

"Oh, yes!"—with a pretty frankness.
"I was just longing for some one to anuse me."

"May I was just longing for some one to anuse me."

"And you think I might do that?"

"Well, yes! I should think you might if you were to try."

A week ago, he might have said: "But I shan't try." Two weeks ago, he would most likely have smiled in her face and left her. To-day he did neither. He sat down as she had bidden him, and then he began pulling up the grass in handfuls and flinging it into the water. When he had sat doing this for a while in perfect silence, she looked up.

"Do you call that amusing me, Mr. Carre?"

own stupidity. "But the truth is, I am afraid to speak for fear of saying something to vex you. I am such an unlucky fellow that way, you know."

She raised her face and smiled at him.

"It will if I can Mr. Fleming."

"Very well! Then it is a bargain?"

"Yes"—with a laugh.

"Well, let us shake hands on it as do not her solf may a time, thinking of him.

"Well, let us shake hands on it as do not her solf may a time, thinking of him.

"Well, let us shake hands on it as do not her solf may a time, thinking of him.

"Multi form and Carle." heart throb fast, stormily, passionately.

"What is in the girl" he said to himself, as he watched her from the shade of the high bridge opposite, "that draws me to her in spite of all my common in the solf may a time, thinking of him.

"Oh, cruel and false!" Yet, had he been so false after all? She had told him so false after all? She had told him she did not love him, and he had believed her and had straightway carried looking forward to this day, or this full.

CHAPTER IX.

The day of Lady Harvey's dinner party came at last—a brilliant April day, the heavens cloudless, the sunshine warm, the air fragrant with spring's perfumes. Down in the heart of Brierton Wood spring held high carnival. The banks were purple with wild pansies; the moss was emerald-green; the young leaves thrilled and quivered in the very ecstasy of life. Down the long walks went Dulcie, her hat in her hand, her sweeping skirts rustling over the leaves and twigs.

Once she stopped to listen to a lark singing far up out of sight in the blue. Its song was the very madness of joy; and the girl laughed aloud as she heard it. And once she stopped to gather a little bunch of cream and purple pansies, and fasten them in the bosom of her dress. It was a novelty to her to be alone. She had never been so far away from The Elms by herself since she first came. Mrs. Hardinge had per-

waited for her to speak to him.

She began to feel vexed. She stooped to pick up her hat, and then stuck the pansies she had worn at her bosom into the silk lining of its brim.

"If he stands there till the sun sets," she thought, "I shall not be the first to speak."

At last he turned toward her "What have you to say to me?"
"Nothing"—in a very quiet, little voice "Nothing"-with rising passion. "Is

that all you have to offer in exchange for a man's whole heart?"

He came quite close to her, and drew the hat out of her powerless fingers, flinging it on the grass behind him. It very nearly fell into the water, and she

as natural for her to seek to win love as it was for a lark to sing; it was

live. She could not answer him, and he was She could not answer him, and he was waiting for her answer, she knew. But while he waited he looked at her. The pretty lips were saddened, and the long curly lashes glittered with tears.
"I am an awful brute," he said, in sudden contrition. "I love you better than all the world put together, and yet I have made you cry."

I have made you cry."
"No. no! I am not crying"—with a little catch in her breath, but a brave attempt at a smile.

For answer he brushed his fingers softly across her eyes, and showed them to her. They were wet with the little baryest of tears they had gathered. She

smiled at that; she could not help it; and the smile broke into a laugh, when she saw him kiss the fingers that her tears had wetted.

"You are awfully silly, Mr. Carre!"
"I dare say I am."
"May I have my hat, please?"
He was making her cheeks burn uncomfortably, he stared at her so, and he still held both her hands prisoned in one of his.

"I am sure it is time I was at home" restlessly.
"It is quite time," he answered, coo'ly. "More than that, it is time that I was but we can't part like this."
"How? I don't understand!"—begin-

"How? I don't understand!"—begin ning to quake again.
"Oh, yes, you do understand! I have told you I love you. You know very well what that means. I want you to love me. I want you to be me. I want you to be a little over that last word, and his grasp tightened on the slim, burning fingers. Slowly she lifted her eyes and looked at him. He did love her. She could have read that much in his face, if he had been a mute. But could she love him?

The river roared like an angry torren in her cars. For an instant she felt as if she were falling—falling through a cold, cutting wind. Then her brain cleared, and her limbs steadied.
"I will," she began. But before she could add another word, he had caucht her to him. He was kissing her as no man had ever kissed her, and she felt her face tingle and burn with a kind of shamed surprise under his touch.
"Oh, Dulcie!"—with a long sigh of content—"what a happy man you have made me this day!" cleared, and her limbs steadied,

made me this day!"

He held her from him for an instant, and looked at her, then gathered her closer in his arms. The hot crimsoned face was laid against his shoulder, pretty dark head touched his cheek.

She blushed at that and hald the daise's of false after all? She had told him against her lips, to hid their smile.

"For the last fortispht I have been after all and had believed her and had cross placed to the day, or this evening and deep, as she had once the strong and deep, as she had once the strong and deep, as she had once the "I could forgive him." Dulcie chught, "I could conserve had come home here, and was busy winning Eather to love him. One of the was the mart. That was the wound to which the proud little heart could be a could be compared to the could be con

her. And at that she laughed again, even more merrily than before.

"I hate a heartless woman!"

"So do I! That is why I take such pains to keep my own heart safe," meaningly.

"I don't believe you have a heart at all."

"Have you?" she retorted, quickly, "No"—with a chill smile—"I have not, I am sorry to say, I have given it to you."

"New how can that be Mr. Care."

looked down into her eyes. Shadow of tossing leaf and bough fell over them. The breeze that lifted Dulet's curls under the brim of her low hat was sweet with the scent of delicate pink and white may.

"You can give yourself to me speedily, my dearest, without any senseless de-lay. Come just as you are. We can buy your trousseau"—with a happy laugh—"when we are on our wedding trip."

Children need not be Pale Weak any longer.

Any Child can take Capsu

For Infants, dissolve Capsuloid in a little Gruel or Cornstarch.

swallow them, because they are like bits of jelly.

Young children will readily

READ the statement of rominent



Brockville Citizen.

Sapsuloid Co, regarding the good results their Capsuloids and after he had taken one box only, we also people. I finally decided to at last give them a trial, and after he had taken one box only, we noticed a decided improvement in him. His appetite began to get better, and color began to some to his lips and cheeks. I continued giving Capsuloids to him until the fourth box was hinshed, and to-day he is a healthy, strong, rosy-faced boy, and no person could person me that anything else but Capsuloids could have done him so much good.

And I cheeffully recommend Capsuloids to all who are weak, pale or in need of blood. This is the first testimonia! I have ever given, but I give it gladly and unselicited. It hink, an important thing to have found a sind of Iron Medicine which weak children can tak without hurting their stomachs or causing any unpleasant results.

t results.
(Signed) GEO. WOODING.
Marchant, Brock

Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids are manufactured from Fresh Bullecks Blood at 31b Snow Hill, London. Edg., and are sold at 50c per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, post free in Canada, from The Canadian Branch Office.

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ing, save fuel and time and is as safe in a · buildingas a

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