Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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INAL THAM TOO A SECOND EPISODE, AMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

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able signs that her heart and interes anywhere but in that room, and were anywhere but in that room, and while I could not regard this as throw-ing any discredit upon my powers or pleasing — which have rarely failed when I have exerted them to their ut-most—I still could not but experience the dampening effect of her manner. I went on chatting, but in a desultory went on chatting, but in a control way, noting all that was odd in her us accountable reception of me, but giving, as I firmly believe, no evidence of my

ern and rapidly increasing curiosity The peculiarities observable in this y first interview with these interest ing but by no means easily to be under stood sisters continued all day. When one sister came in, the other stepped out, and when dinner time came and 1 ushered down the bare and disma was ushered down the bare and dismai-hall into an equally bare and unattract-ive dining room it was to find the seats-laid for four and Lucetta only seated at the head of the board.

"Where is Loreen?" I asked wonder

ingly, as I took the seat she pointed out to me with one of her faint and quick-

mentioned by any of us. I had shrunk from the venture out of a motive of pure compassion, I think, and they had not seen fit to introduce his name into any of our conversations. Consequently I waited her response with some anx iety, having a secret premonition that in some way he was at the bottom of

somewhat dispelled this supposition.

"Oh, he will be in presently," said
she. "William is never very punctual."
But when he did come in I could no
but see that her manner instantly
changed and became almost painfully anxious. Though it was my first meeting with the real head of the house she waited for an interchange of looks with him before giving me the necessary in troduction, and when, this duty passed, he took his seat at the table her thoughts and attention, remained so fix ed upon him that she well nigh forgot the ordinary civilities of a hostess. Hac ten ordinary diffices of a noscess. Had it not been for the woman I have spoken of, who in her good natured attention to my wants amply made up for the abstraction of her mistress, I should

the abstraction of her mistress, is should have fared ill, at this meal, good and ample as it was, considering the resources of those who provided it. She seemed to dread to have him speak, almost to have him move. She watched him with her lips half open, watched him with her ins half open, ready, as it appeared, to stop any inadvertent expression he might utter in his efforts to be agreeable. She even kept her left hand disengaged with the evident intention of stretching it out in his direction if in his lumbering studies. pidity he should utter a sentence calcu lated to open my eyes to what she so passionately desired to have kept secret. I saw it all as plainly as I saw his heavy indifference to her anxiety, and knowing from experience that it is in just such stolid lonts as these that the worst passions are often hidden I took the advantage of my years and forced s conversation in which I hoped some flash of his real self would appear de-

which her wary watch upon him.

Not liking to renew the topic of the lane itself, I asked with a very natural show of interest how near was their nearest neighbor. It was he who looked

up and he who answered.
Old Mother Jane is the closest,' said he, "but she's no good. We never think of her. Mr. Trohm's the only neighbor I care fer. He's some good. Such peaches as the old fellow raises! Such grapes Such melons! He gave me two of the es as the old fellow raises: such grapes Such melons! He gave me two of the miest you ever saw this morning. By

Tupiter, I taste them yet!"
Lucetta's face, which should have crimsoned with mortification, turned most unaccountably pale. Yet not so pale as when he began a few minute before to say. "Lorent wants some of before to say, "Loreen wants some of this soup saved for"—and stopped awk-wardly, conscious perhaps that Loreen's wants should not be mentioned before

"I thought you promised me that you would never again ask Mr. Trohm for

any of his fruit."

"Oh, I didn't ask! I just stood at the fence and looked over. Mr. Trohm and I ass good friends. Why shouldn't I eat his frait?"

The look she gave him might have record a stone but he seemed perfectly.

anoved a stone, but he seemed perfectly impervious to it. Seeing him so stolid, her head drooped and she did not answer a word. Yet somehow I felt that even while she was so manifestly a prey to very natural mortification her attention was not wholly given over to this me amortion. There was something over one emotion. There was something over and beyond all this that she feared.

and beyond all this that she feared floping to relieve her and lighten the strate on I forced myself to smile on the young man as I said:

"Why don's you raise melons yourself? I think I should be anxious to raise everything possible if I had so much ground as you possess."

"Oh, you're a woman!" he answered almost roughly. "It's a good business for women and for men, too, perhaps, who love to see fruit hang, but I only ours to eat it."

"Don't." Lucette put in, but not

vanishing smiles.
"She—she cannot come at present," my young hostess stammered with that least glance of distress at the large, hearty looking woman who had summoned me to the disting room.

"Ah," I murmured, thinking that possibly Loreen had found it necessary to assist in the preparation of the meal, "and your prother."

'and your brother?''
It was the first time he had been

my strange reception.

Her hasty answer, given, however, without any increase of embarrassment, somewhat dispelled this supposition.

added with an appealing smile, "I she added with an appealing simile, 'I beg pardon, but every sound goes through me tonight.'

''Are you not well?'' I asked.

''I am never very well,'' she returned, and we went back to the sofa and

enewed our forced and pitiful attempts

came in. She was very pale and cast, as usual, a sad and uneasy look at her sister before she spoke to me. Immediately Lucetta rose, and, becoming very pale herself, was hurrying toward the door when her sister stopped her. "You have forgotten," she said, "to

passed immediately into the hall. As we did so I heard voices, one of them shrill and full of distress, but the sound was so quickly smothered by a closing door that I failed to discover whether that tone of suffering proceeded from a

Miss knollys, who was preceding me, glanced back in some alarm, but as I gave no token of having noticed anything out of the ordinary she speedily resumed her way up stairs. As the sounds I had heard had proceeded from above I followed her with alacrity, but felt my enthusiasm diminish somewhat when I found myself passing does after

matter of great regret to me to be obliged to offer you so mean a lodging, but all our other rooms are—are out of order," she explained firmly, "and I cannot de

with the vigor I had expected.

"I like to hunt, train dogs and enjoy other people's fruit," he laughed, with a ned at the blushing Lucetta. "I don' see any use in a man's putting. Inmest out for things he can get for the salting. Life's too shurt for such folly. I mean to have a good time while I'm on this blessed sphere."

"William I" The cry was irresistible, yet it was not the cry I had been looking for. Painful as this exhibition was of his stupidity and unter want of feeling, it was not the thing she dryaded, es why was her protest so much weaker than her appearance had given tolren off

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"I like to hunt, train dogs and enjoy other people's fruit," he isughed, with a mod at the blushing Lacetta. "I don' see any use in a man's putting himselont for things he can get for the saking Life's too short for such folly. I means to have a good time while I'm on this blessed sphere."

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This, or we have the word me. I would be the best way to get rid of it. Them I could go live with Mr. Thorm and have melons from early morn till late at night." And again his coarse laugh rang out.

This, or we she would have turned be had the legisladed to month that I am not used to man have melons from early morn till late at night." And again his coarse laugh rang out.

This, or we not the early morn till late at night. "And again his coarse laugh rang out.

"Mr. William, how can you!" that woman cried, and when he would have turned upon her angrily she leanned over and whispered in his ear a few words that seemed to cow him, for he gave a short grant through his sister's trembling fingers and with a shrug of his heavy shoulders subsided into she heavy shoulders subsided into silence.

To all this I was a simple spectator, but I did not soon forget a single feature. The again will not hear me, "I answered, pointing to the break.

"I am afraid you will not hear me,"
I answered, pointing to the break.
She flushed a deep soarlet, and for a
moment looked as embarrassed as ever
her sister had done.
"I did not know," she murmured.
"The house is so eld, everything is
more or less out of repair." And she
made haste to quit the room.
I stepped after her in grim determination.

The remainder of the dinner passed quietly, William and myself eating with more or less heartiness, Lucetta tasting nothing at all. In mercy to her I declined coffee, and as soon as William gave token of being satisfied we hurriedly rose. It was the most uncomfort-"But there is no key to the door," I ebjected.
She came back with a look that was

She came back with a look that was as nearly desperate as her placid fea-tures were capable of.

"I know," she said, "I know. We have nothing. But if you are not afraid— and of what could you be afraid in this house, under our protection and with a good dog outside?—you will bear with things tonight, and—Good God, "she murmured, but not so low but that my



IT WAS THE STILLNESS OF INTENT RATHER THAN THAT OF NAT-URAL REPOSE.

keys. Instantly Lucetta-it was Lucet-

To all this I was a simple spectator, but I did not soon forget a single feature

of this scene.

The remainder of the dinner passed

able meal I ever ate in my life.

CHAPTER VI.

The evening, like the afternoon, was

spent in the sitting room with one of the sisters. One event alone is worth recording. I had become excessively tired of a conversation that always lan-

Promptly at 9 o'clock Miss Knollys

say good night to our guest."

Instantly Lucetta turned, and, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse seized

a sudden, uncontrollable impulse seized my hand and pressed it convulsively.
"Good night," she cried. "I hope you will sleep well," and was gone before I could say a word in response.
"Why does Lucetta go out of the room when you come in?" I asked, determined to know the reason for this peculiar conduct. "Have you any other guests in the house?"

The reply came with unexpected vehemence. "No," she cried, "why should you think so? There is no one here but the family." And she turned away with a dignity she must have inherited from her father, for Althea Burroughs had every other interesting quality but that. "You must be very tired," she said. "If you please, we will go now to your room."

I rose at once, glad of the prospect of seeing the upper portion of the house. She took my wraps on her arm, and we passed immediately into the hall.

Miss Knollys, who was preceding me,

"But isn't there some spot nearer you?" I urged. "A couch in the same room with you would be more acceptable to me than this distant room."

"'I.—I hope you are not timid." her

was started, and, observing an old plane in one corner—I once played very well—I sat down before it and impulsively struck a few chords from the yellow

excited sense caught every syllable "can she have heard? Has the reputation of this place gone abroad? Miss Butterworth," she repeated earnestly

ta who was with me then—bounded to my side with a look of horror on hest face.

"Don't do that," she cried, laying her hand on mine to stop me. Then, seeing my look of dignified astonishment, unaccountable sounds. They will have no reference to anything is which you

"Ah, ha," thought I, "won't they!
You give me credit for much indifference, my dear." But I said nothing beyond a few soothing phrases, which I made purposely short, seeing that every moment I kept her there was just so much torture. Then I went back to my room and carefully closed the door. My first night in this dismal and strangely ordered house had opened anything but propitiously.

CHAPTER VIL THE FIRST NIGHT.

I spoke with a due regard to truth when I told Miss Knollys that I entertained no fears at the prospect of sleeping apart from the rest of the family. I am a woman of courage—or so I have I am a woman of courage—or so I have always believed—and at home coupy my second floor alone without the leas apprehension. But there is a difference apprenension. But there is a difference in these two abiding places, as I think you are ready by this time to acknowledge, and, though I felt little of what is called fear, I certainly did not experience my usual satisfaction in the minute preparations with which I am acceptance to make myself complete. customed to make myself comfortable for the night. There was a gloom both within and without the four bare walls between which I now found myself shut which I would have been something less than human not to feel, and though I had no dread of being overcome by it I was glad to add something to the cheer of the spot by opening my trunk and taking out a few of those little matters of personal equipment without which the brightest room looks barren and a den like this too desolate for

habitation.

Then I took a good look about me te see how I could obtain for myself some sense of security for the night, without which it would be impossible to get even a modicum of rest. The bed was light and could be pulled in front of the foor. This was something. The winfows—but there was but one, and that was heavily draped with some thick, fark stuff, very funereal in its appear-

sounds I had heard had proceeded from above I followed her with alacrity, but felt my enthusiasm diminish somewhat when I found myself passing door after door down a long hall to a room as remote as possible from what seemed to be the living portion of the house.

"Is it necessary to put me off quites and waited for me to join her on the threshold of the most forbidding room it had ever been my fortune to enter.

The blush which mounted to her brow showed that she felt the situation keenly. "I am sure," she said, "that it is a matter of great regret to me to be obliged to offer you so mean a lodging, but all our other rooms are—are out of order," she explained firmly, "and I cannot decessful. The foresight which causes me to add a winter wrap te my

been successful. The foresight which causes me to add a winter wrap to my stock of clothing even when the weather is at the hottest leads me to place a half dozen or so of candles in my trunk, and so I had only to open a little oblong box in my upper tray to have the means at my disposal of keeping a light all

To whom that reassurance would not quite apply?

Not knowing how to answer these shoughts and fully conscious that sleep would not visit me at once under existing circumstances, I finally made up my mind that I would not attempt to its down till my mind had become better satisfied that sleep an my part would be desirable. So after making the various little arrangements already alluded to I drew over my shoulders a comfortable shawl and set myself to listen for what I feared would be more than one dreamy hour of this not to be envied night.

And here just let me stop to mention that, carefully considered as all my precautions were, I had forgotten one thing upon leaving home that at this minute made me very nearly wisarship. I had

made me very nearly miserable. I had not included among my effects the alco-holic lamp and all the other private and holio lamp and all the other private and particular conveniences which I have for making tea in my own apartment. Had I had them with me and had I but been able to make and sip a cup of my own delicious tea through the ordeal of listening for whatever sounds might come to disturb the midnight stillness of this house, what relief it would have been to my spirits and in what a different light I might have regarded Mr. Gryce and the errand into which his suspicions had driven me. But I not only lacked this element of comfort, but the satisfaction of thinking that it was any one's fault but my own. Lela had laid her hand on that teapot, but I had shaken my head, fearing that the sight of it might offend the eyes of my young hostesses. But I had not calculated in being put in a remote corner like this being put in a remote corner like this
of a house large enough to accommodate again—
But this is a matter personal to Ame-

lia Butterworth, you say, and of no in-terest to us. And you are right. I will not inflict my little foibles upon you

not inlies my little folbles upon you again.

Eleven e'clock came and went. I had heard no sound. Twelve, and I began to think that all was not quite so still as before; that I certainly could hear now and then faint noises as of a door creaking on its hinges, or the smothered seund of stealthly moving feet. Yet all was so far from being distinct that for some time I hesitated to acknowledge to nysaif that something was going on some time I sentated to somewhat
to myself that something was going on
in the house which was not to be looked
for in a home professing to be simply
the abode of a decent young man and
two very quiet appearing young fadies,
and even after the noises and whispering had increased to such an extent that If could even distinguish the sullen tones of the brother from the softer and more carefully modulated accents of Lucetta and her sister, I found myself ready to explain the matter by any conjecture short of that which involved these delicate young ladies in any scheme of se-pret wickedness.

But when I found there was likely to be no diminution in the various noise and movement that was taking place in

the frent of the house and that only something much out of the ordinary could account for all this stir so long after midnight in a country house I de-cided that only a person insensible to all sight and sound could be expected to remain asleep under such circumstances and that I would seem perfectly justi-fied in the eyes of these young people themselves for opening my door and taking a peep down the corridor. So without further ado I drew my bed aside

the great house. The only light visible came from the candle burning in the room behind me, and as for sound it was almost too still—it was the still-ness of intent rather than that of natural

repose.

This was so unexpected that for an instant I stood baffled and wondering. Then my nose went up, and I laughed quietly to myself. I could see nothing and I could hear nothing, but Amelia Butterworth, like most of her kind, boasts of more than two senses, and happily there was something to smell. A quickly blown out candle leaves a witness behind it to sensitive nostrils like sed the head of my with a light, and because the light was extinguished it did not follow that the person who had held it was far away. Indeed, I thought that now I heard a

palpitating breath.
"Humph," I cried out loud, but as if 'it is not often I have so vivid a dream are that I heard steps in the hall. I'm afraid I'm growing nervous.''

Nothing moved. No one answered

"Miss Knollys!" I called firmly. No reply.
"Lucetta, dear!"

I thought this appeal would go unanswered also, but when I raised my voice for the third time a sudden rushing sound took place down the corridor and Lucetta's excited figure, fully dress ed, appeared in the faint circle of light caused by my now rapidly waning candle.

"Miss Butterworth, what is the matter?" she asked, making as if she would
ter?" one asked, making as if she would

draw me into my roem, a proceeding which I took good care she should not succeed in, however. Giving a glance at her dress, which was the same she had worn at the supper table, I laugh-

ingly said:
'Isn't that a question I should rather

ingly said:

"Im't that a question I should rather ask you? It is 2 o'clook by my watch, and you, for all your very evident delicacy and fatigue, are still up. What does it mean, my dear? Have I put you out so completely by my coming that none of you can sleep?"

Her eyes, which had fallen before mine, quickly looked up.

"I am sorry," she began, flushing and trying to take a peep into my room, possibly to see if I had been to bed myself. "We did not mean to disturb you, but—but—Oh, Miss Butterworth, pray excuse our makeshifts and our poverty. We wished to fix up another room for you and were sahamed to have you see how little we had to do it with, so we were moving some things out of our own room tonight, and"—

Here her voice brake, and she burst into an almost uncontrollable flood of tears.

into an almost uncontrollable flood of tears.

"Don't," she murmured, "don't," as, quite thoroughly ashamed, I began to utter some excuses. "I shall be all right in a moment. I am used to humiliations. Only," and her whole body seemed to join in the plea, it trembled so, "do not, I pray, speak quite so loud. My brother is more sensitive than even Loreen and myself about these things, and if he should flear".—

Here a suppressed oath from way down the hall assured me that he did hear, but I gave no sign of my recognition of this fact, and Lucetta added quickly: "He would not forgive us for our carelessness in waking you. He is rough sometimes, but so good at heart, so good."

rough sometimes, has we have a so good."

This, with the other small matter I had just mentioned, caused in me a slight reaction. He good? I did not believe it. Yet her eyes showed no wavering when I looked at her fixedly and

tures which had aroused my interest in our first interview.

"She may have explained why the three of them are up this time of night," I muttered, "but she has not explained why her every conversation is seasoned by an expression of fear."

And, brooding over this, I went back he my room and, pushing the bed again against the door, lay down upon it and out of sheer chagrin, I think, fell fast

ON THE STAIRS.

I did not wake up till morning. The room was so dark that I do not know as I should have wakened then if my habits of exact punctuality had not been its of exact punctuality had not been aided by a gentle knock at my door.

"Who's there?" I called, for I could not say "Come in" till I had moved my bed and made way for the door to open.
"Hannah with warm water," said a voice, at which I made haste to rise.
Hannah was the woman who had watted on was dinner.

Hannah was the woman who had waited on us at dinner.

The sight of her pleasant countenance, which nevertheless looked a triffe haggard I thought, was a welcome relief after the somber features of the night. Addressing her with my usual brusque-ness, but with quite my usual kindness, I asked how the young ladies were feel-

ing this morning.

Her answer made a great show of frankness.
"Oh, they are much as usual," said
she. "Miss Loreen is in the kitchen and
Miss Lucetta will soon be here to inquire how you are. I hope you passed a

good night yourself, ma'ar good night yourself, ma'am."

I had slept more than I ought to perhaps and made haste to reassure her as to my own condition. Then seeing that a little talk would not be unwelcome to this hearty woman, tired to death possibly with life in this dreary house, I

bly with life in this creary nouse, I made some excuse for keeping her a few minutes, saying as I did so:

"What an immense dwelling this is for four persons to live in, or have you another inmete which I have not seen?" I thought her buxom color showed a momentary sign of failing, but it all came back with her answer, which was

given in a round, hearty voice.

"Oh, I'm the only maid, madam. I cook and sweep and all. I couldn't abide another near me. Even Mr. Sims bury, who tends the cow and horse and who only comes in for his dinner, worrits me by spells. I like to have my own way in the kitchen, except when the young ladies choose to come in. Is there anything more you want, ma'am, and will you have tea or coffee for breakfast?"

reakfast?"
I told her that I always drank coffee
the morning and would have liked wont out I saw her giance at my cande-stok. There was only a half burned end in it. She is calculating, too, how long I sat up, thought I. Lucetta stood at the head of the stairs as I went down.

pily there was something to smell. A quickly blown out candle leaves as witness behind it to sensitive nostrils like mine, and this witness assured me that the darkness was deceptive. Some one had just passed the head of my coordian.

I through the head of my coordian. ment; then her face lighted up. "Be sure you don't encounter the dog," she oried and slipped hastily down a side hall I had not noticed the night before.

ried and shipped hashy down a site hall I had not noticed the night before.

"Ah, a good way to keep me in," thought I. "But I shall see the grounds yet if I have to polson that dog." Notwithstanding, I made no haste to leave the house. Some might think that Lucetta had got the better of me, but that is not a good reason for placing myself in uncalled for danger. I don't believe in tempting Frovidence, especially where a dog is concerned.

Instead of that I stood still and looked up and down the halls, endeavoring te get some idea of their plan and of the location of my own room in reference to the rest.

I found that the main hall ran at right angles to the long corridor down which I had just come, and noting that the doors opening into it were of a size

the doors opening into it were of a size and finish vastly superior to those I had bassed in the corridor just mentioned I

in this house of a dark if not mysterious character, and the attempts made by these two interesting and devoted girls to cover up this fact by explanations founded on their poverty had been but subterfuges after all. Grieved on their account, but inwardly grateful to the imprudence of this more than reckless brother for this not to be mistaken glimpse into the truth, I slowly descended the stairs in that state of complete self possession which is given by a scoret knowledge of the intentions formed against us by those whose actions we have reason to suspect.

torsed against us by those whose se-tions we have reason to suspect.

Henceforth I had but one duty—te penetrate the mystery of this household. Whether it was the same suspected by Mr. Gryce or another of a less evil and

VULNERABLE.

When unsymmetric chaos in its might Ruled the dim, desolate earth and held it bare In gloomy caves there wandered everywhere Amorphous monsters, larva of affright. Amorphous monsters, larvee of affright.
Deep in the wast, impenetrable night
They lived and loved, dreading no future car
Until their souls were fired to strange deepain
When God, to dazale them, created light.
Groping, like them through sin and ennul

gloom,
I lived in callous stuper strangely dumb,
Pleased with a changeless lot as dull time flie

GENTLEMAN JACK.

Short Story of a Mining Camp In

That night, when the miners returned to camp, the newcomer was introduced to them as Jack, the only name he gave. His companions smiled as the superintendant had smiled, and one, turning to his fellows, said, "Gentleman Jack."

Jack took his place in the mines and performed his share of the labor. It is comrades gradually came to respect the man who, evidently unaccustomed to the life they led, yet adapted himself to the conditions as they knew them. Time and time again they sought to assist him, but he would not permit it. Neither did he talk of himself. Once they happened to hear him refer to Chicago, and it was un-

be would not permit it. Neither did be talk of himself. Once they appened to hear him refer to Chicago, and it was understood it was his former home.

Six months passed. The milners were one day using dynamite to remove the rock. After the explosion Jack was found lying on the ground, crushed by the weight of a huge bowlder. Tenderly they bore him to the hillside. They thought him dead. The blood oozed down his pallid face. His eyes were closed. As they stood about him the cyclids raised, and a smile spread over his features, followed quickly by a terrible look of pain. His lips quivered, and, bending low, his comrades heard a murmur of words.

"Mother, I have not forgotten," was what he said, and then, in long drawn, suffering sounds followed the words, "Our Eather—which art in heaven—hallowed by the mame—thy will—be—done—on—earth—as"— And then, though the lips continued to move, no sound was audible.

For sale by A. Henderson, Athens; H. B. Rrow Connerty, Irish Creek

continued to move, no sound was audible. Those who watched knew, however, that the prayer was finished.

The eyes again closed, the stained, bruised lips smiled—Gentleman Jack was dead. Who he was his comrades did not know. But somewhere a waiting mother may understand as she reads.—Chicago Journal.

Unparalleled Economy "I do think," said Mrs. Dukane, "that Miss Oakland carries her economical ideas to an unwarranted extreme." "In what particular?" asked Mrs. Gas-

well.

"She always buys her valentines on the 16th of February, when the dealers will sell them for almost nothing rather than put them away, and then she keeps them and sends them the following year."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A pilot on one of the Mississippi river boats, on being asked if he knew where

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and robbed him of his vistim. Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict hun



to old and young alike-not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not console the suffering one. The one great yearn of the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands preeminently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period that thousands to day proclaim, in no uncertain sound, the belief that were it not for this great remedy they world have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, whom heart cases have baffled, have tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, flutering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling of feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting

spells, uneasiness in sleeping, dropsical tendency and as many more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure. Mas. Inc. PTETATRICK, of Gananoque, Ont., after having been treated by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was discharged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from acute pain and palpitation, her feet and ankles swollen, and there was every tendency to the dropostal form of heart disease, but the lady procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope. One does relieved her of a very acute opsamin less than thety minutes, and three bottles oured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM G. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with catter walvalur from the trouble remaining Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of the disease—out him many fortune in remedies and all ended in disappointment, until a good treatment of the disease—out him many fortune in remedies and at reacting the confined, recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He tried it wrong, and says, "Tell all beart sufferers that I can be tried in the confined of the confined in th cures piles in three to five nights. 35 cents.

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feeling that I had perhaps been doing injustice to them all and that all I had seen which was odd and difficult to explain in their conduct was, as she evidently meant to intinute, due to their efforts to make a sudden guest comfortable amid their poverty. I put the best face I could on the matter and gave the poor, pitiful, pleading face a kigs. I was startled to feel how cold her forehead was and, more and more concerned, loaded her down with such assurances of appreciation as came to my lips and sent her back to her own room with the advice that ahe would trouble herself no more affort fixing up any other room for me; that I had emptied my trunk out here and did not propose to move again for the few days I intended to remain with them. "Only," said I, as her whole face showed relief, "we will go to the locksmith tomorrow and get a key, and you shall see that after tonight I have a cup of tea brought to my room just before I retire. I am no good without my oup of tea, my dear. What keeps other people awake makes me sleep."

"Oh, you shall have that!" she cried, with an eagerness that was almost unnatural, and then slipping from my grasp she uttered another hasty apology for having roused me from my sleep and ran hastily back.

I stretched out my arm for the candle guttering in my room and held it up to light her. She seemed to shrink at sight of its rays and the last vision I had of her speeding figure showed me that same look of dread on her pallid features which had aroused my interest in our first interview.

"She may have explained why that three of them are up this time of night," the set wo intresting and devoted girls out the cother stages and the last vision I had of the house of a dark if not mysterious character, and the attempts made by these two intresting and devoted girls out the cother is made and the stage of a last with the best backed down the stairs, ran a wall with the matter and gave in the best beyond which was wasted to contine the country from the surface of the man whe had dive to the

They called him "Gentleman Jack."
He came to the mining camp at Virginia City one summer's day and as ed the superintendent for work. The mi er locked at his questioner's white hands, frail figure and neat fitting clothes and smiled. But the man insisted, and finally the superintendent consented to allow him to remain.

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