WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

-BY B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c perline for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, films or under, per year, \$3.00; over 6 and, under 12 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, 5c per line for fir t insertion and 3c per ino fo each subsucquent insertion.

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BITTEN BY A SHARK.

EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A FISHER MAN IN NEW YORK WATERS.

The Moral to Be Drawn From His Adventure Seems to Be, Do Not Catch a Shark by Its Tail; It's a Highly

Have you ever been bitten by a shark? eresting and entertaining experience happened to me at the beginning of last drove thousands of people from the city.

A friend and I sought the cooling breezes
of the seashore—Brant's point, in Jamaica
bay, being our place of refuge—and we
went out on the water as soon as we ar-

went out on the water as soon as we arrived from the city proper.

We caught a number of porgies before sunset and laid for weakfish in the evening, but were disappointed by strikes from sharks, from whose ravages the occan trout fled. Angered by the depredations of these hyenas of the sea, we determined to rig up especially for shark fishing the next day, saving our porgies for balt and "chumming." There are two methods of catching sharks in the waters about here. One is with rod and reel, by which specimens up to 6 feet in length and 50 pounds in weight can be landed. The other one is by brute force with a drop line or rope.

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Reports have been printed from time to
time that monsters weighing 300 to 500
pounds and from 10 to 12 feet long have
been taken in the waters of Great South
bay, outer New York harbor, Shrewsbury
river and the Kills and Newark bay. To
kill such a giant fish undoubtedly requires
judgment and nerve, but not much skill,
for if the line is strong enough the big fish
will finally exhaust itself and can then be
gradually drawn into the boat.

We started the next morning in a rowboat from Brant's point for the grounds
generally frequented by sharks. After
coming to anchor we chummed with our
porgies and soon had a number of sharks
around, us who gave unmistakable evidence of their presence by showing their
dursal fins and making a great commotion. We baited our hooks, cast out our
lines, and in a few minutes I had a strike,
and a battle royal ensued. As soon as the
brute felt the sharp hook imbedded in its
flesh it made a wild dash for liberty. My
companion at once recled in his line to
keep it from becoming entangled with my
own. With lightning speed my line played off, and, though click, brake and
thumb tried to slow its motion, the wheel
turned around with alarming rapidity,
making that peculiar plaintive noise so
well known to fishermen. Ten, 20, 50,
100 yards were quickly recled off, and I
began to wonder if he should ever stop.
He hesitated, and then the recling in began. But the minute the fish was brought
closer to the boat he dashed off again in
another direction.

another direction.

This play continued until the fisherman was almost exhausted, and finally the shark himself tried, through rest, to gain fresh strength for another attempt to break the line and regain his freedom. The last run of the fish was toward the boat, compelling me to wind up the line so quickly as to make my wrist and fingers ache. He then allowed himself to be slowly pulled alongside, and he turned out to be a fine fellow about 4½ feet in length, gracefully built, but ugly and victous looking. By a dexterous thrust with his hand my

companion caught hold of the shark's tail and landed him in the boat with a bounce. The prey now showed how much vitality he had left by beating the boat with his powerful tall and snatching at everything in sight with his jaws. Our seats were untenable, and we speedily placed ouruntonable, and we speedily placed ourselves out of his reach, my friend perching
on the very bow and I hanging on to the
extreme stern, leaving the fish In undisputed control of the space between us, every inch of which he wanted for his mad
antics. He lashed rod, reel and fishing
basket, seats and ours in his fury, but after awhile we managed to shackle his freedom somewhat by ramming an oar down
his throat, which he gnawed in buildog
fashion. The exposure to the air, to the
extreme heat and the parching rays of the
sun gradually weakened his efforts until
his stomach could be gashed so as to make
him bleed to death.

him bleed to death.

An autopsy revealed that he had swal-lowed four cels, a hermit crab, still alive with shell and all; hard shell clams, a number of toudfish, sea robins, bass, cun-ners and all sorts of sea food. How he ever expected to digest the shellfish was a

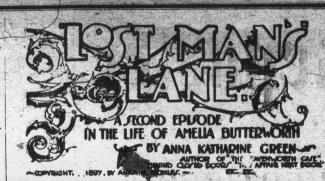
number of toadfish, sea robins, bass, cunners and all sorts of sea food. How he ever expected to digest the shellish was a mystery to us.

Our sport continued, shark after shark being hooked, but some were lost. When my friend had his soventh strike, in went my line, and I watched developments. After a persistent fight he coaxed the fish alongside, and I grabbed hold of his tail with both hands and slammed him into the boat. This speedmen was four feet long and unusually slender, and he turned and turned around until a good deal of line became entangled. I had meanwhile cast out again and held rod and reel in my right hand. In order to help my companion out of his tangle I grabbed the shark with my left hand by his tail and kept him as far from me as I could, but quicker than it can be told he turned completely around, forming a letter O with his body and, snapping at my hand, caught it with his teeth, tearing out pleees of flesh and lacerating it badly. It is needless to say that I made myself heard as I dropped the shark into the boat. From many wounds the blood poured, and I dipped my hand into the water to wash them out. It was soon colored red, and I dipped my hand into the water to wash them out. It was soon colored red, and the sudden appearance of sharks at the very side of the boat attracted by the blood, made me withdraw it in great fright.

Quick surgical assistance seemed imperative, as we feared that an important artery had been severed. My friend weighed anchor and rowed ashore. We had no cloth with which to make a bandage and begggdaths eccupants of a passing sailboat for some linen. Their luncheon was wrapped in a napkin, which was put over my fast swelling hand. A doctor was at last found, but the wounds again on the sewed up on account of the inflammation which had set in.

With my uninjured hand I out the jaws out of the shark and now discovered for the first time that there were six rows of the first time that there were six rows of the first time that there were six rows of the first time t

wenirs of the day
The lesson to be drawn from my experience is, do not catch sharks by the tail; it is dangerous
But with the dexterous use of the gaff there is little risk in this pas-



CHAPTER I.

Ever since my fortunat y unfortunate, connection with tha famous case of murder in Gramercy park I have had it intimated to me by many of my friends—and by innumerable acquaintances—that no woman wh had met with such success in detective work would ever be satisfied with a sin gle display of her powers and that sooner or later I would find myself again at work upon some other case of strik-

As vanity has never been my foible, and as, moreover, I never have and neves would be likely to forsake the plain nath marked out for my sex at any other call than that of duty, I invariably responded to these insinuations by an affable but incredulous smile, striving to excuse their presumption by remen pering their ignorance of my nature and one notable interference in the police

affairs of New York city.

Besides, though I appeared to be resting quietly, if not in entire content. ment, on my laurels, I was not so utter y removed from the old atmosphere of crime and its detection as the world in general considered me. Mr. Gryce still visited me; not on business, of course, but as a friend, as a man for whom 1 had some regard, and naturally our conversation was not always confined to the weather or even to city politics. provocative as the latter subj controversy between all right thinking

men and women just now.

Not that he ever betrayed any of the secrets of the office or even any of his own—eh, no; that would have been too

to all appearance, an alement so cat a accord with every other characteristic of the place as to seem a complete anemaly. Yet orime or some other hideous mystery almost equally revolting has during the last five years been accountable for the disappearance in or about this village of four persons of various ages and compations. Of these, three were strangers and one a well known vagabond accustomed to training the hills and live on the bounty of farmers' wives. All were of the malt sex, and in no case has any clew ever come to light as to their fate. They were seen in town or near it and then suddenly were not seen or ever heard of again. That is the matter as it "stands before the police today."

"A serious affair," I remarked. "Seems to me I have read of such things in novels. Is there a tumbled down old inn in the vicinity where beds are made

inn in the vicinity where beds are made up over trapdoors?".

His smile was a mild protest against

my flippancy.
"I have visited the town myself. There is no inn there, but a comfortable hotel of the most matter of fact sort, kept by the frankest and most open minded of landlords. Besides, these disappearances as a rule did not take place appearances as a rule did not take place at night, but in broad daylight. Imag-ine this street at noon. It is a short one, and you know every house on it, and, you think, every lurking place. You see a man enter it at one end and and, you think, every lurking place. You see a man enter it at one end and you expect him to issue from it at the other. But suppose he never does. More than that, suppose he is never heard of again and that this thing should happen just here on this one street six times during five years."

"I should move," I responded dryly.

"Would you? Many good people have



"HE NEVER REACHED DEACON SPEAR'S."

much to expect—put he did sometime mention some of the outward aspects of some celebrated case, and though I nevmuch for that, I hope-I found my wita more or less exercised by a conversation from which he expected to gain some thing without acknowledging it, and I to give something without appearing to be conscious of the fact.

I was therefore satisfied in my mind

interest when suddenly (I had no right o expect it, and I do not blame myself for not expecting it or for holding, my head so high at the prognostications of my friends) an opportunity came for a direct exercise of my detective powers in a line seemingly so laid out for me by Providence that I felt I would be by Providence that I felt I would be by Providence that I felt I would be slighting the powers above if I refused to

ing older and more feeble than usual. He was engaged in a perplexing case, he said, and missed his early vigor and persistency. Would I like to hear about it! It was not in the line of his usual work, yet it had points—and well—it would do him good to talk about it to a nonpronal who was capable of sympathiz

ing with its baffling and worrisome fea-tures and yet would never have to be told to hold her peace.

I ought to have been on my guard. 1 ought to have known the old for well enough to feel certain that when he went so manifestly out of his way to take me into his confidence he did if for a purpose it would be well enough for me to understand before placing for me to understand before placing too great stress on his disabilities, but Jove nods now and then—or so I have been assured by what should be considered as unimpeachable authority—and if Jove has ever been caught napping surely Amelia Butterworth may be par-

doned for one such inconsistency.

"It is not a city crime," Mr. Gryet went on to explain, and here he was base enough to sigh. "At my time or life that is an important and a far from the constant of the co desirable consideration. It is no longer a simple matter for me to pack up a valise and go off to some distant vil lage, way up in the mountains perhaps, where comforts are few and secrecy at impossibility. Comforts have become indispensable to my threescore year. and ter; and secrecy—well, if ever here was a case where one needs to go softly, it is this one, as you will see it you will allow me to give you the fact of the case as known at headquarter.

I howed, trying not to show my sur prise or my extreme satisfaction. Mr. Gryce assumed his most benignant as pect, always a dangerous one with him and began his story.

CHAPTER IL I AM TEMPTED. Some 90 miles from here, in a mon or less inaccessible region, there is a small but beautiful village which ha. unaccountable disappearances, presum ably murders, that the attention of the New York police has been at last direct ed to it. The town, which is at leas. nine miles from any railroad, is one of

THE PERSON OF TH

that has not helped matters. The disappearances go on, and the why and the where are just as much a mystery as

"But since you are interested let

'Wait.'' I interrupted. "Have you s He smiled, nodded quite affectionate ly to an old friend of his on the mantel

piece, but did not produce the map.
"That detail will keep," said he. enter it, though now I see that the line was laid out for me by Mr. Gryce and that I was obeying anything but the call of duty in embracing it.

But this is not explicit. Let me tell the whole from the beginning. One night Mr. Gryce came to my house fooking older and more feeble than namal and was known to have sold followed. up at any pawnbroker's within the knowledge of the police. This was

three years ago.
"The next occurrence of a like charac ter did not take place till a year after. This time it was a poor old man from Hartford who vanished almost as i were before the eyes of these astounded villagers. He had come to town to get subscriptions for a valuable book issued subscriptions for a valuable book issued by a well known publisher. He had beer more or less successful and was looking very cheerful and contented when on morning, after making a sale at a certain farmhouse, he sat down to dine with them, it being close on to 19 o'clock. He had eaten soveral mouthfuls and was chatting quite freely when sudden ly they saw him pause, clap his hand to his pocket and rise up very much disturbed. 'I have left my pocketbook behind me at Deacon Spent'a, 'said he. 'I cannot eat with it out of my posses behind me at Deacon Spear's,' said he.
'I cannot eat with it out of my possession. Excuse me if I go for it.' And

to think of it, if this street were the scene of such an unexplained series of

horrors as you have described, I do not think I would move."
"I thought not," he responded curt-

and was known to have sold fully half of his goods. Consequently he must have had quite a sum of money upon him. One day his pack was found lying under a cluster of bushes in a wood, but of him nothing was ever again heard. It made an excitement for a few days while the woods were being searched for his body, but nothing having been discovered he was forgotten and everydiscovered he was forgotten and every-thing went on as before, till suddenly public attention was again aroused by the pouring in of letters containing in-quiries in regard to a young man who had been sent there from Duluth to col-lect facts in a law case and who after a certain date had falled to communicate with his firm or show up at any of the places where he was known. Instantly the village was in arms. Many remem-bered the young man, and some two or three of the villagers could recall the fact of having seen him go up the street with his hand bag in his hand as if on his way to the mountain station. The landlord of the hotel could fix the very day at which he left his house, but in-quiries at the station failed to establish quiries at the station failed to establish the fact that he took train from there, the fact that he took train from there, nor were the most minute inquiries inthis fate at that time or afterward ever attended by the least result. He was not known to have carried much money, but he wore a very handsome watch and chain and a ring of more than ordinary value, none of which has ever shows.

strove hard even at that exciting moment to keep within the bounds I thought proper-to my position as a non-professional, interested in the matter four walls; "Four walls," was his answer. "Just four walls; nothing more."

his heme in Hartford. This was the most astonishing mystery of all. If the sound had seen in a populom country town this man disappeared as if the road had swallound him and closed again. It was marvelons, incredible and remained as even after the best entries of the country police to solve the mystery, had exhausted themselves. After this the town began to solve the mystery had exhausted themselves. After this the town began to solve the mystery had exhausted themselves. After this the town began to solve the mystery had one or two families moved away. Yet ne one was found whe was willing to admit that these various persons had been the victims of foul play till a month later ansther case came to light of a young man who had let the village for the hillinde station and had never arrived at that or any other destination so far as could be learned. As he was a distant relative of a wealthy cattle, owner in lows, who came on posthaste to inquire into his nephew's fate, the excitement ran high, and through his efforts and that of Mr. Trobm the services of our office were called into play. But the result has been nil. We have found neither the bodies of these men nor any clew te their fate."

I could not help casting an envious glance at the pocket where I felt sure that the map I had asked for lay.

"Yet you have been there?" I suggested.

He nodded.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "And you came upon no suspicious house, me suspicious person?"

The finger with which he was rubbing his eyeglassea. went round and round the rims with a slower and slower and still more thoughtful motion.

"Every town has its suspicious looking house," he slowly remarked, "and, as for persons, the most kness of the wind and round the rims with a slower and slower and still more thoughtful motion.

"Every town has its suspicious looking house," he slowly remarked, "and, as for persons, the most kness of the wind and round the rims with a slower and slower in appearances of that kind."

"What else can you trust in," I said, "where all is impe

case?"
His finger, going slower and slower, suddenly stopped.
"In my knowledge of persons," said he, "knowledge of their fears, their hopes and their individual concerns. If I were 90 years younger"—here he stole a glance at me in the mirror which made me bridle; did he think I was only 90 years younger than himself?—"I would," he went on, "make myself se acquainted with every man, womas

would," he went on, "make mysel se acquainted with every man, womas and child there"— Here he drew himself up with a jerk. "But the day for that is passed," said he. "I am too eld and too crippled to succeed in that undertaking. Having been there once, I am a marked man. My walk alone betrays we have word fortung it will be marked man. My walk alone betrays me. He whose good fortune it will be to get at the boftom of these people's hearts must awaken no suspicious as to his connection with the police. Indeed I do not think that any man can succeed

ted. This was a frank showing I started. This was a frank showing of his hand at least. No man! It was a woman's aid he was after, then. I laughed as I thought of it. I had not thought him either so presumptuous or a preciative of talents of a character so directly in line with his own.

"Don't you agree with me, madam?"
I did agree with him, but I had a character of great dignity to maintain, so I only looked at him with an air of marked severity.
"I do not know of any woman who

served.
"No?" He smiled with that air of forbearance which is so exasperating to me. "Well, perhaps there isn't any such woman to be found. It would take

such woman to be found. It would take one of very uncommon characteristics, I own."

"Pish!" I cried. "Not so very!"

"Indeed I think you have not fully taken in the case," he urged in quiet superiority. "The people there are of the higher order of country folk. Many of them are of extreme refinement. One family"—I thought his tone changed the least in the world here—"is poor enough and elegant enough to interest enough and elegant enough to interest even such a woman as yourself."
"Indeed!" I answered, with just a bouch of my father's hauteur to hide the stir of ouriosity his words naturally

evoked.
"It is in some such home," he wen
on with an ease that should have warn ed me that he had started on this pur suit with a quiet determination to win "that the clew will be found to the mystery we are considering. Yes, you may well look startled, but that conclusion is the one thing I brought away with me from—X. let us say. I regard it as one of some moment. What do you think of it?"

like recalling that pish I uttered a few minutes ago. It would take a woman of characteristics to assist yo in this matte

am glad we have got that far, said he.
"A lady," I went on.

"Most assuredly a lady."

I paused. Sometimes discreet silence
is more sarcastic than speech.
"Well, what lady would lend herselt
to this scheme?" I asked at last.
The tap, tap of his fingers on the rin

of his glasses was my only answer.

'I do not know of any,' said I.

His eyebrows rose perhaps a hair's
breadth, but I noted the implied sar
casm and for an instant forgot my dig a lout of no great attractions," he responded carelessly—too carelessly, I thought. "Now," said I, "this will not do

Now, said I this will have you mean me—Amelia Butterworth, woman who—but I do not think it is necessary to tell you either who or who I am. You have presumed— Now do not put on that look of innocence, an above all do not attempt to deny who above all do not attempt to deny wast is so manifestly in your thoughts, for that is the one thing which you could do which would make me feel like show-ing you the door."
"Then," he smiled, "I shall be sure not to make it. I am not anxious to leave—yet. Besides, who could I mean but you? A lady visiting friends in this remote and beautiful region—what opportunities might she not have to probe this important mystery if, like yourself, she had tact, discretion, excellent understanding and an experience which it

derstanding and an experience which is not broad or deep is certainly such as to give her a certain confidence in herself and an undoubted influence with the man fortunate enough to receive her advice." "Bah!" I exclaimed. It was one of

his favorite expressions. That was perhaps why I used it. "One would think I was a member of your police."
"You flatter us too deeply," was his instant deferential answer. "Such an honor as that would be beyond our To this I gave but the faintest sniff.

That he should think that I, Amelia That he should think that I, Amelia Butterworth, could be amenable to such barefaced flattery! Then I faced him.

than"—
"You had in meddling in the first,"
he politely, too politely, interpolated.
"I understand, madam."
I was angry, but put a curb on every
expression of it. I was not willing he
should see that I could be affected by anothing he could say.

"The Van Burnams are my next door neighbors," I remarked sweetly. "I had the best of excuses for the interest I took in their affairs."

I took in their affairs."

"So you had," he acquiesced. "I am glad to be reminded of the fact. I wonder I was able to forget it."

Angry now to the point of not being

"Les us talk or something conmid.
But he was equal to the occasion.
Drawing a folded paper from his pooket, he opened it out before my eyes, saying quite naturally: "That is a happy
thought. Let us fook over this sketch
you were sharp enough to sak for a few
moments ago. It shows the breatage the
village and the places where each of
the remonal have mentioned to you was

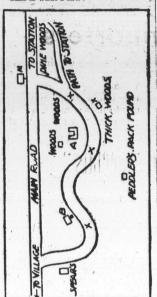
that mean:

I have mentioned to you was last seen. Is it not what you wanted?"

I know that I should have drawn back with a frown, that I never askould have allowed myself the satisfaction of casting so much as a glance toward the page, but the human nature which links me to my kind was too much for me, and with an involuntary "Exactly!" I leaned over it with an eagerness I leaned over it with an eagerness I strove hard even at that exciting most that we have a supplied to the station.

"You entered this hut as well as the big houses?" I intimated.

"Just



"Mr. Gryce"—this after a few minutes' close contemplation of the diagram before me—"I do not suppose you want

any opinion from me."

"Madam," said he, "it is all you have left me free to ask for."

Receiving this as a permission to speak, I put my finger on the road marked X.

marked X.

"Then," said I, "so far as I can gather from this drawing all the disappearances seem to have taken place in or about this especial road."

"You are as correct as usual," said he. "So true is this that the people there have already given to this winding way a special cognomen of its own.

For two years now it has been weafted Lost Man's lane." "Indeed!" I cried. "They have got

"Indeed!" I cried. "They have got the matter down as close as that and yet have not solved its mystery? How long is this road?"

"A half mile or so."

I must have looked my disgust, for his hands opened deprecatingly.

"The ground has undergone a thorough search," said he. "Not a square foot in those woods you see on either side but has been gone over." side but has been gone over."
"And the houses? I see there are
three houses on this road."

"Oh, they are owned by most respectable people—most respectable people, 'he repeated with a lingering emphasis that gave me an inward shudder. 'I think I had the honor of intimating as

think I had the honor of intimating as much to you a few minutes ago."

I looked at him earnestly and irresistibly drew a little nearer to him over the diagram.
"Has none of these houses been visited by you?" I asked. "Do you mean to say you have not seen the inside of them all?"

"Oh," said he, "I have been in them all, of course, but a mystery such as we are investigating is not written upon the walls of parlors or halls." on the walls of parlors or halls."
"You freeze my blood," I murmured.
Somehow the sight of these homes
drawn out before me seemed to bring
me into more intimate sympathy with

the affair.

His shrug was significant.

"I told you that this was no vulgar mystery," said he, "or why should I be considering it with you? It is quite worthy of your interest. Do you see

"I do," I nodded. "Well, that is a decayed mansion of imposing proportions set in a forest of overgrown shrubbery. The ladies who

"Ladies!" I put in, with a small shock of horror "Young ladies." he explained, "of a refined if not overprosperous appearance.
They are what is left of a family of some repute. Their father was a judge, I believe."

"And do they live there alone," I asked, "two young ladies in a house so large and in a neighborhood so full of mystery?"
"Oh, they have a brother with them,

SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY!

"Four walls," was his answer. "Just four walls; nothing more."
I let my finger travel along the footpath I have just mentioned.
"Steep," was his comment. "Up, up all the way, but no precipioes. Nothing but pine woods on either side, thickly carpeted with needles."
My finger came back and stopped at the house marked M.
"Why is a letter affixed to this spot?" I asked.

"Because it stands at the head of the "Because it stands at the head of the lane just as Deacon Spear's gnards the foot. Any one sitting at the window L can see whoever enters or leaves the lane at this end. And some one is always sitting there. The woman who lives there has two crippled children, a boy and a girl. One of them is always in 'hat window."

"I see," said L Then abruptly,

"I see," said I. Then abruptly,
"What do you think of Deacon Spear?
"Oh," said he, "a well meaning
man, none too fine in his feelings. He
does not mind the neighborhood; likes
quiet, he says. I hope you will know
him for yourself some day," said he.
At this return to the forbidden subject I held myself very much aloof.
"Your diagram is interesting," said
I, "but it has not in the least changed
my determination. It is you who will
go back there and that very soon."
"Not very soon," said he. "Whoever
goes there on this errand must go at
once, tonight, if possible; if not, tomorrow at the latest."
"Tonight! Tomorrow!" I cried. "And
you thought"—

you thought"—
"No matter what I thought," sighed. "It seems I had no groundwork for it." And folding up the map he slowly rose. "The you ig man we have left there is doing more narm than good. That is why I say some one of real ability must replace him and that immediately. "But detective from New York ately. The detective from New York

dismissal.
"I shall watch the papers," I said. "I have no doubt that I shall soon see in

have no doubt that I shall soon see in them some token of your success."
He cast a rueful look at his hands, took a painful step toward the door and dolefully shook his head.

I kept my silence undisturbed.
He took another painful step.
"By the way," he remarked as I stood watching him with an uncompromising air, "I have forgotten to mention the name of the town in which these disappearances have occurred. It is called X., and it is to be found on one of the spurs of the Berkshire hills." And the spurs of the Berkshire hills." And being by this time at the door he gave me a bow in which was concentrated all the insinuating suavity of which he was

the insinuating suavity of which he was capable and in another moment was gone. The old for was so sure of his gone. The old fox was so sure of als triumph that he did not even wait to see it. He knew—how I never have thought it necessary to inquire—that X. was a place I had often threatened to visit. There was living there the family of one of my dearest friends. She had been a schoolmate of mine, and when she died I had promised myself that I would not be many morths elanes. that I would not let many months elapse before making the acquaintance of her children. Alas, I had let years go by!

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

I SUCCUMB.

That night the tempter had his own way with me. Without much difficulty he persuaded me that my neglect of Althea Burrougha' children was without any excuse; that what had been my duty toward them when I knew them to be left motherless and alone had become an imparative demand upon—me come an imperative demand upon me now that the town in which they lived had become overshadowed by a mystery which could not but affect the comfort and happiness of all its inhabitants. I could not wait a day. I recalled all that I had heard of poor Althea's short and none too happy marriage and immediately felt such a burning desire to see it her delicate, and espiegle beauty—how well I remembered it—had been repeated

in her daughters that I found myself packing my trunk before I knew it. I had not been from home for a long time—all the better reason why I should have a change now—and when I called together Mrs. Randolph and the servant and told them of my intention of leav ing on the early morning train it creat ing on the early morning train it created quite a sensation in the house and n

little surmise But I had the best of explanations to But I had the best of explanations to give. I had been thinking of my dead friend, and conscience would not let me neglect her dear and possibly unhappy progeny any lenger. I had purposed many times to visit them, and now I was going to do it. When I came to a decision, it was usually suddenly, and I never rested after having once made up my mind. my mind.

My sentiment went so far that I

some does," is the old theoret

cal adage, but after all it's the

see it, and the torment of the

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