Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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SAVED BY A PRAYER.

FROM THE GALLOWS.

cident Resulted In Changing the

"I read not long ago," said a Buffalo citizen, "an amusing account of a man who prayed against time for an object, and it reminded me of a prayer against time that I heard when I was a boy. That prayer was a serious matter, too, I want to tell you, for the lives of two men depended on it, although they didn't know it. It saved their lives, but it came mighty near killing the man who prayed. And this put me in mind, too, that only the other day in rummaging among some And this put me in mind, too, that only the other day in rummaging among some old papers I found a time stained sheet of paper on which was printed a poem, a dozen or more verses in length, entitled the 'Mournful Ballad of Carr and Smith.' I hadn't seen or heard or thought of that poem for 60 years, but the moment I saw it every word in those 12 verses came back to my mind, for I had read them so often when I was a boy that I knew them by heart. I will repeat you the first verse to ahow you what you might expect of the other 11. This is the way it goes:

"Come, all ye weeping friends, and see

Come, all ye weeping friends, and see Alexander Carr die on the gallows tree,

Alexander Carr die on the gallows tree,
For awful crime he did commit,
To it abetted by Solomon T. Smith.
And see Solomon, he, too, will die
The same awful fate, be hung on high.
Blind Justice with her awful sword
Cuts off these two with one accord.
"Justice must have been blind indeed
in the case of Messrs. Carr and Smith, for
she was going to cut them off with her
awful sword for the heinous crime of
stealing an ox! The poet, though, wasted awful sword for the heinous crime of stealing an ox! The poet, though, wasted the time of his muse, for, although hun-dreds of weeping friends and others who did not weep accepted the invitation of the ballad, they did not see either Alexanthe ballad, they did not see either Alexan-der Carr or Solomon T. Smith die on the gallows tree, notwithstanding that Alex-ander and Solomon T. were both on hand ready to be out off with one accord. They were saved, and saved by prayer too. And that's the prayer I am going to tell you

"It will seem incredible that within the memory of any person now living capital punishment was the legal penalty in Canada for the steaking of live steak, but such is, the fact, for I remainer when that was the law there. The year this ballad was printed must have been 1823, that in which Carr and Smith were to have been hanged at the little village of Vittoria, not far from Toronto, for the alleged stealing of an ox. I was a little boy then, living in Vittoria, but I remember the circumstances well, although the main incidents I know from having them frequently related by others. Carr was a simple minded man of middle age, and Smith was a younger man of about the same mental a younger man of about the same mental caliber. A farmer in the vicinity had an caliber. A farmer in the vicinity had an ox stolen one night. The skin was found in a place where Carr and Smith had been seen, and the two men were arrested, charged with being the thieves. The case made out against them on the trial seemed to satisfy the jury that they were guilty, and they were convicted and sentenced to be hanged.
"Among those who held that hanging

'Among those who held that hanging condemned men and used all their influ-ence for them on the trial, but in vain. The day was set for the hanging and the gibbet erected in a public place. On the morning of the day of execution Dominie Ryerson and Dr. Rolf resolved to make a Inal effort to save the two men. The do tor was to mount his horse and ride post tor was to mount his horse and ride post-haste to Toronto and appeal to the gov-ernor for a reprieve or pardon, while the domine, as spiritual adviser of the con-demned men, was to delay the hanging until the doctor's return by exercising his

until the doctor's return by exercising his privilege in prayer.

"A great, surging crowd of people surrounded the galfows when Carr and Smith were carried under the gibbet in a cart. I was one of them, having stolen from home for the occasion. The sheriff of course granted Dominie Ryerson's request to offer prayer for the two unfortunates. It was a hot day, and there was no shelter for any one from the fierce rays of the sun. No one had any suspicion that the good preacher had any ulterior motive in making that prayer, and for the first 15 minutes of it the sherilf and sweltering crowd listened with respectful patience.

making that prayer, and for the first is minutes of it the sheriff and sweltering crowd listened with respectful patience. Then something of uncastness began to take possession of the great audience. But the dominic prayed on. The sheriff moved about to call the preacher's attention to the fact that time was passing, and the sweating crowd began to sway and nurmur. But prayer was not to be rudely interrupted even on such a pressing occasion as what, and the dominic prayed on. An hour passed. The preacher's voice had grown husky. His threat was dry and parched, his tongue almost clung to the roof of his mouth, and his lips were shriveled and cracked, but still he prayed. The condemned men themselves became impatient and showed by their looks that they longed for the good man to cease. Still he prayed, uttering words of no significance and almost inarticulate.

"The crowd became noisy in their heat

"The crowd became noisy in their heat and impatience, and the sheriff, at last ling that duty should take the place of ce, was about to take the do reverence, was about to take the dominic by the shoulder and compel him to cease when there was a shout heard on the outer edge of the crowd, and the people made way mechanically for a man who strug-gled through the surging mass toward the gibbet, waving a paper over his head. The man was Dr. Rolf, and the paper was a reprieve signed by the governor. "At the sight of the doctor with a paper Dominic Ryerson fell insensible on the

Dominie Ryerson fell insensible on the cart, and it was for a long time a matter of grave doubt whether he would recover from the effects of the extraordinary physical and nervous strain his prayer against time had subjected him to, but he came to n good time. The reprieve led to further nvestigation into the case of Carr and Smith, and the result was a pardon for both of them and the abolition of the death nalty in upper Canada for any crime ex-

Lot's Poor Wife.

According to Harlem Life, a Sunday school teacher was telling the story of Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt. One of her pupils was little Isabel, who had spent most of her life on a western cattle ranch. The teacher ended the story by saying, "For all I know, the pillar of salt may be there now."

"Say, was that a cattle country?" asked Isabel.

west, I think so," replied the teacher.
"Well, let me tell you." with an air of
perior knowledge, "those cattle would
we licked her up long ago."

STAGE FRIGHT

ctors Have Been Known to Die From the Malady. From the Malady.

Perhaps the most terrible malady which can attack the actor in the course of his

can attack the actor-in the course of his performance is the poculiar disease known as "stage fright." Through its evil effects strong men and women have been known to faint, break down and do many other queer things, and there are even on record several cases of people who have died through this horrible seizure. Some years ago a young novice, who was to appear for the first time, arrived at the theater very white and shaky. Brandy being given him, he appeared slightly better, but no sooner had he set his foot on the stage than he clapped his hand to his heart with a low cry and fell down dead. The overwhelming sensation induced by The overwholming sensation induced by stage fright had attacked his heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its

stage right and attacked its heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its beginning.

Quite as ghastly was the case of the young amateur actress who, strangely enough, had never experienced stage fright when playing with her fellow amateurs, but who was seized with the attack on making her first professional appearance. She went through the scene, alded by the prompter, her eyes glazed, her hands rigid, and when the exit came it proved her exit from life's stage as well as the mimlo boards, for she staggered to her dressing room and fell into a comatose state from which side never recovered.

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through 30 years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him, and that he did not think he could ever act again.

him, and that he did not think he could ever act again.

His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and after making several vain efforts to speak fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.—Pearson's Weekly.

One Favored Feline That Had : Weakness For Asparagus. If you happen to be the fortunate pos-essor of a handsome Persian cat, take my advice and allow its beauty to remain un advice and allow its beauty to remain unadorned. Any sort of necklace, even a ribbon tie, is most detrimental to the luxuriant growth of its neck ruffle, in which, together with its bushy tail, the Persian pet's chief magnificence lies. Have you ever noticed how much more affectionate and doglike in nature are Persians and Angoras than the ordinary housetop and doorstep species? In many respects their habits and conduct diverge radically from the traditionally accepted cat nature. My own Persians—and I have possessed some beautiful specimens—scorned the fireside even in the coldest weather and would any day prefer a sheet of brown paper on which to coil themselves up to sleep. They were exclusively devoted to their mistress, whose footsteps they followed all over the house, and would sooner starve than partake of their meals in the precincts of the kitchen. adorned. Any sort of necklace, even

One—she was a beautiful smoke blue, One—she was a beautiful smoke blue, very small, but of exuberant furriness—was the daintiest little beast conceivable. Food from the dining table was rarely to her taste, and her meals had nearly always to be specially ordered. She would not look at butcher's meat, she scorned salmon and would not touch milk. She demanded to be fed on pigeon, game, whitefish and asparagus. It was only her uncontrollable passion for asparagus that caused her on rare occasions to forget her usually porfect manners. Her scent was keen, and the moment it warned her of the approach of her beloved dish she would dash upon my shoulder, and if I did not at once pron my shoulder, and if I did not at once ceede to her pitcous pleading would at-empt to intercept the desired dainty on front paws. So great was her greed in this respect that I could never induce her

to leave even the hard stalks. She would swallow the whole stick!—London Out She Thought He Was Dead.

Maginnis had been ill for some time, and, like a great many invalids, he was somewhat irritable, and when things failed to meet his approval the noxt unfortunate who came within range was pretty apt to be reminded of it in a way far more foreibie than polite. He lingered in this condition for several weeks, daily growing weaker, but still holding his own sufficiently to make things lively and more or less interesting for those about him.

Finally one day when the family doctor called he met the long suffering Mrs. Maginnis coming out of the sickroom, and, She Thought He Was Dead.

ginnis coming out of the sickroom, and, rubbing his hands, he cheerily remarked: "Ah, good morning, Mrs. Maginnis! How is our patient today?"
"It's dead the poor mon is, O'im afther
thinkin, Hivin rist his sowl!" was the re-

The proprietor of the restaurant had ust issued a new advertisement intended to call attention to a reduction in rates. After quoting the prices of various articles to conclusively demonstrate the fact that verything was cheap he added at the bottom of the advertisement, "Bread, butter and potents from."

tom of the advertisement, "Bread, butter and potatoes free."
He knows better now. If he had to do it over again, he would word it a little differently, and all because a solemn looking man came in one day and after taking his place at a table pointed to the advertisement and asked:

"Is that on the square?"
"Cortainly," replied the waiter.
"Then give me some bread, butter and potatoes," said the man.
"Yes, sir. What else?" asked the waiter.
"Nothing else," replied the man.
"That's all that's free, isn'tit?"—Chicage Post.

A hospital sister summoned the wife of one of her patients into her private room and began to tell the woman gently that the doctors thought very badly of her hus-

band, "Well, miss, that's jee wot I sez to 'lm lawst visitin day. 'Tom,' I sez, 'I think you're breakin up,' I sez. 'Butwe'd miss yer wages of a Saturday,' I sez, 'if so be as it pleased the Lord to talke yer.'"—Cornall Magazine.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Booth's Great Recitation That Thrilled and Fascinated His Auditors. "I think the most thrilling experience I ever passed through was in New York city one time," said James O'Neil, "when, quite by accident, a number of foreign diplomats from Washington, a few American statesmen, some prominent New Yorkers and one or two of us professionals were gathered together in a smoking room of a well known hotel, and somebody asked Booth, who by the merest chance happened to be there, if he would not repeat the Lord's Prayer for the assemblage. I was sitting not far from the tragedian when he fixed his eyes upon the man who made the request. I think that it was Lord Sackville West, at that time British minister to the United States, and I shall never forget the peculiarly searching expression that Booth shot out of his dark eyes. They seemed to penetrate the very soul of the man at whom they were directed, and then, as if satisfied, resumed their wonted diplomats from Washington, a few Ameri-

wous density.
We were all breathless with anxiety at least I was—for seldom would be recite
off the stage, but at length be arose, walked to a little cleared space at one end of
the room and began, a recital that even
after all these years makes me thrill
through and through. He said: 'Our Father,' and never before had those two
words been clothed with the majesty and
reverence with which his look and tone
enveloped them. And then he carried us
into celestial regions, our spirits seeming
to leave our bodies and to follow his behest. He lowered us into depths too dark
for Dante's genius to conceive or Dore's

resonant tones sounded slowly through the pom, und as he swayed his lithe body we unconsciously followed his motion. It was something borrible, beautiful, serible, fascinating—I cannot find words in the language to express it. There are none.

the language to express it. There are none.

"I would not go through the scene again for a thousand worlds, and yet if I had the opportunity I would brave any danger to hear it once more. Do you understand? Those few score words as delivered by Edwin Booth were the most powerful argument for Christianity I ever heard, and could every being out she face of the globe have heard them there would no longer be athelem. Booth strode out of the room when he had finished, and a simultaneous sigh of relief area, while without a wordwe stole away singly and on tiptoe, and I do not believe that any of us think of that thrilling evening without a shudder. He was a great man, a great man."—Lewiston Journal.

CHINESE IDEAS OF WAR.

They Have Never Held Military Are In Good Repute. In Good Repute.

M. Leon de Remy has made a curious communication respecting the ideas of the Chinese concerning war. Although it has often been necessary for the Chinese to engage in war, the military art has never been in good repute among them. In their view every war is a misfortune, if not a sin. They avoid talking to their children of laurels, orwans and triumphs won in war, but teach in their schools that the most glorious battles are at bottom simply homicides, abominable disasters to both parties.

An emperor who decides to sacrifice nu-

bers to both parties.

An emperor who decides to sacrifice numerous existences on a field of slaughter is reputed an unwise and unjust prince.

A general who has won a battle ought to A general who has won a battle ought to wear mourning for the quantity of blood his success has cost. These doctrines are not gross or immoral, but in the existing conditions of scoiety generous thoughts are not without some inconvenience, and it is easy to understand how with such ideas concerning war the Middle Kingdom has been conquered sometimes by peoples of no great importance and net very well armed.

Nevertheless it is a curious ethnographical fact that whenever the Chinese people

Movertheless it is a curious ethnographical fact that whenever the Chinese people have been conquered they have absorbed their conquerors to their almost entire disappearance. The successors of the Mantchoo conquerors are now reigning in China, and it can hardly be said that any Mantchoos exist in Asia. Those who serve are treated at the court like slaves, while the powers are very careful not to show any lack of respect to the Chinese. The Manchu language, in spite of efforts to give, it some literary and political importance, has been thrown into the background and is hardly more than one of the rude jargons of central Asia.—Popular Science Monthly.

It took only half a look to tell that she originally came from the Emerald Isle and was absolutely ignorant of the wonderful things there are to be seen in America. says the Chicago Journal.

Although she was green, she looked as if she might learn, and a woman on Michigan avenue engaged her as maid of all work within a short time after her arrival in Chicago. were overlooked, and beginning to feel end

One day she had a watermelon sent up. One day she had a watermelon sent up. It was duly delivered at the kitchen door. Not long before dinner Nora came to the door of the sitting room.

"Miss McPherson," she said, "I've been a-cookin that big aig an a-cookin it, an sure I can't do nawthin with it. Won't you be afther comin out in the kitchen an lookin at it?"

Russian Royal Incomes. No sovereign is so rich as the emperor of Russia, and no sovereign has such-heavy calls upon his purse. The Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge and Paul Alexandrovitch, as well as the Grand Duke Mahadel Nicholaiseithe, as the Grand Duke Mahadel Nicholaiseithe, as the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch, as well as the Grand Duke Michael. Nicholejevitch, as the sons of emperors of Russia, receive from the head of the house an annual sum of 185,000 rubles, which, added to their private means, makes them very rich. The wives and widows of Russian grand dukes receive 40,000 rubles, their sons 150,000 rubles. It was the late Emperor Alexander III who made the rule that every member of the Russian importal family must spend a part of the year in Russia or else lose a third of his or her allowance.—San Francisco Argonaut.

This is how a Chinese visitor in this country describes Americans in a Chinese paper: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they est bullocks and a mouthful of rice; they eas bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and klok balls as if paid to do it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

THE ROYAL BOX.

sultan, but is the title given to his mother, The present emperor of China's peculiar fad is ceramics, of which he has a large collection, and he is the author of a treatis

The queen of Roumania is adding to her She is a musician of wide gifts and When Kaiser Wilhelm travels on Ger-man railways, a detailed bill is made out

for every engine and car used and for the he pays the Prussian railways about \$25,-

THE OMAHA SHOW.

Omaha has demonstrated that with a good Midway an exposition can be carried on successfully without the aid of a bel-ligerent board of lady managers —Kansas City Journal

It is largely owing doubtless to the exertions of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, otherwise Neb-Ras-Ka, that the days of the Omaha exposition were so suco Chicago Tribune.

Everybody will regret that scandals have turned up in connection with the awards at the Omaha exposition. It would have been much better to have made the Midway tougher and preserved the purity of the management.—Kansas

POLITICAL QUIPS.

He langhs best who laughs last, and in politics that truism applies to cheers.—Detroit Journal.

Figures may not lie, but just before election they often tell a different story from that of the ballot box returns.—Sloux (ity Journal.

"Like the bloyole rider," said the corn fed philosopher, "the politician has to keep going to have any standing."—Indianapolis Journal.

Explained.

Mrs. Bliffers—Your old friend has uch a sad face. Why is it? Mr. Bliffers—Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and— Mrs. Bliffers—And she refused him? Mr. Bliffers-No. She married him. -London Answers.

St. George's Bay, Newfour contains an immense coalfield fully 20 miles in length and 10 in breadth. It has been estimated that if the output were to reach 250,000 tons per annu coal bed would not be exhausted in a century. Some old hawking gloves have the

hands and thumbs made in red velvet, the outside of the hand covered with the finest embroidery in many tones of silk, mixed with metal threads. They appertain to the days of good Que Bess.

pen to portray. The power exerted every to England every year.

THE WIND UPON A SUMMER DAY.

The wind upon a summer day— How sweet it stirreth in the trees! The shifting shadows as they lie Across the fields, the bending type, The blue flowers in the grain, and you To love the livelong summer through— There are no sweeter things than these.

The dawning of a winter's day— How sad it is! The leafless trees, The frozen meedow lands that lie All cold beneath the snowy sky— The oid year's bitterness, and you To lack the lovelong winter through— There are no sadder things than these! —M. L. Van Vorst in Soribner's

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead and watched my mother's nale and anxious gaze rest upon him. Night after night did Maude and I lie

side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty in wondering what trouble was bovering wondering what trouble was bovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly failing him, a fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon heave he was to prove mortrogen heavily the knew he must mortgage heavily the farm, and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

whispered conversations to better pur-pose—to decide that we were strong and young and healthy, and that such gifts were given to us to be made use of, and so it ended in our sending off a mysteri-ous letter to the old schoolteacher and us letter to the old schoolteacher and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as gov-erness at a competency which to us seemed wealth.

seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take any one on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role.

who must go. She was older than I, and she thought she would be happier away working than at home sitting with fold-ed hands. She was so pretty, so loving and lovable that it seemed as though we could not let her go among strangers. At first father and mother would not listen to it, but we overruled all objec-

on, and Maude wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat, with its long, drooping feather, that I did not wonder the control of the con the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented its aristocracy

er attractions.

I saw them glance round once or twice, as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention of from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in

which we were.

But after she had gone and at night I went for the first time to my room-alone I felt that she had chosen the better part—that it was easier even to go forth among strangers, with her hand at the plow, than to sit down quietly

on the vacant hearthstone.

However, I soon found plenty for heart and hands. My father grew rapidly worse instead of better, and it was hard work so to to word my letters to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home—the shadow of

and when at last I told her that our father grew no better, she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I read the name—Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request, but I said nothing to extern and opportunity.

father of her desire, and one morning. about a week later, his card was put into my hands. With quick, trembling limbs, I has

Sultana does not mean the wife of a rultan, but is the title given to his mother, is there and daughters.

The present emperor of China's peculiar iad is ceramics, of which he has a large pollection, and he is the author of a treaties of the control of the cont

quietly, and, taking my hands, said: "Come, we will have a little talk first, and then you shall take me to see your father." I quickly obeyed him and sat down beside him, as he directed, while he, not seeming to observe my sgitation, told me of my sister—of her happiness in her new home, how already she had won her way into their hearts and how

glad he was that business at this time called him to this spot and enabled him to perhaps be of some assistance.

Then I found words, and when he left me to visit my father I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that could mortal aid avail him he would find it in Dr. Melrose's

The melancholy days have come,
The grayest of the gray,
When all our fool election bets
It takes cold cash to pay. A half hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew

I might hope.
"It is not so bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall in-

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he bade me goodby, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said, "You must take care of yourself as well and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

It did not seem strange that she should have won the heart of a man as high in the world's favor as Ernest Melrose stood. It would not have seemed my eyes she might have graced any throne.

wonderful results. How father improved wonderful results. How lather improved day by day, and how with health came hope and courage, so that soon the clouds would scatter and we should have her home again.

But she answered, begging me never to think of her except as happy; that in

Mrs. Marvin she had found a second mother and in her work only pleasure. She rarely mentioned Dr. Melrose's name, but I could well understand why she was silent.

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. My parents grew to welcome him as a friend, and I, in my heart of hearts, as a brother, for I felt sure I

had guessed the secret of his love for He talked of her so constantly, tell-ing me how bravely she did her duty and how her beauty of character far exceeded even the charm of face and form. We looked to him almost as our defather's health and vigor were at last restored, but when he asked

him for his bill be laughingly replied: JINGLES AND JESTS.

Slightly Bewildered.

How It Helps Business

When de feller gits in office, den it's "glo

Very Serious Indeed.

Guyer-T'e die e between England and France is beginning to assume a very

and France is beginning to assume a very serious aspect.

Quizzer—Serious?

Guyer—Yes; the English papers are be-ginning to treat it as a joke.—New York Journal.

More Dangerous Than Scorching

"Yes, rode a tandem with a pretty girl and got all broken up.—Detroit Free Press.

Amid the gath'ring thunderclouds,
Deep in an awasome wood.
Unsheltered from the blust'ring winds,
A tiny maiden stood:

Her face all tear decked and distraught

Jack—Been bicycling.
"Met with an accident?

Jim-You look awfully, glum, What's

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that." My father looked amazed, but I could an account of the could account the could be could Slightly Bewildered.

Our town of Pawpaw-on-the-Crick set out to stir the nation
By celebratin peace. We planned a monster demonstration,
But presently black eyes was scattered through the hull committee
Because the chairman made remarks that wan't exackly pretty.

Wives sided with their husbands, as they'll do in outside matters;
School children took it up, tore one another's books to triters,
The neighborin townships all mixed in, the row's been go tith thicker
Till life insurance compinies dodge a Pawpaw-on-the-Cricker. My rather looked amazed, but I could appreciate the payment he would accept and imagined their surprise when he should demand it at their hands. The summer was rapidly approaching—the time for Maude's home coming

was at hand.
With glad, happy heart I decorate windows, looped them back with sprays of flowers, all the while singing aloud

in my joy.

I had reason to be happy, for Maude

It's what he calls a paradox, my friend,

was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trousseau when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectation.

At last I heard the sound of wheels.

able condition

Which he singests is what we need, an
then the bayonets rattle,
An all the monarchs put themselves in
readiness for battle.

It beats my time to see the funny way
that things'il-happen,
With everybody yeilin "Peace!" an everybody scrappin!

—Washington Star. At last I heard the sound of wheels.
Nearer and nearer.
"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I piotured, fancied, hoped I only know that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs, and, burying my head in the pillow, sob aloud.
"Ellie darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet, girlish voice. And I sprang up, ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.
She had come back lovelier than ever. Ah, I could guess what had deepened

on the fourteenth floor. "But it gave me a crick in the nuck.".

"Ah!" pleasantly observed Dr. Rybold, the celebrate patch medicinal compounder. "You have come to the right place.

This little mixture will cure that, my Ah, I could guess what had deepened the flush upon her cheek, the radiance to her eye!

I smoothed my disordered hair, listen-ing the while to her merry talk, though

friend, or the money will be cheerfully refunded. Only 25 cents. Take according to instructions on the bottle. Thanks." And he bowed the astonished young

ing the while to her merry falk, though not a word did she say of him, whose deep, manly tones I could hear now and then as he sat talking.

"Look your best," she said, with a roguish twinkle—"your very, very best! There—I am satisfied."

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat. Dr. Melrose arose and came forward with his old smile of welcome and made a movement as though he When de feller gits in office, it too frequent is de case

He furgits de man dat holp him fur ter
climb up ter de place.

When he heahs de folks hurrahin, he's de
biggest man in town. and made a movement as though he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret

was not yet disclosed. The evening passed rapidly away in pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose An "I livin mighty happy, an I don't keer An "I liv'n mightly mappy,
much fur you!"

I up heah on de housetop, I de biggest
man in town,
An I don't keer fur de ladder, an I gwine
ter kick it down!"

Atlanta Constitution. to bid us goodnight, and as he held my hand a moment in his he whispered: "You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. Tomorrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for manufacturing?"

burst into tears.

All through that long night I watch-ed my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with How natural that he should love her, and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London wisiting there constantly, but their gaze did not often wander from the stylish, elegant Misses Leonard to seek any others attractive. The second of the seek and the second of the sec

-none would suspect it.

I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With per-haps a shade less color, a little quiver-ing of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose, who stood waiting for me "I have come, as you know, to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you guess it?" A momentary struggle with myself,

then I answered bravely:
"Yes, I know it all. You have my consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said: "Then you know, Ellie? Since

day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your "But Mande?" I almost gasped. "Maude is only too happy in the hope that I may win you. She is en-gaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's, and who is soon coming to

claim her. He is a splendid fellow and well worthy of her, but I, ah, my dar-ling, can scoept no other payment than yourself!"

And, in a wild burst of passionate joy, of marvelous unbelief, I gave it to him, as he sealed it with the first kiss of our betrothal.—Chicago Times-Her-

Hired Help. The Old Friend-I don't believe you realize the dignity of your position. The New Millionaire—Don't have to I've a butler hired for that.—Cincinnat

A Righteons Retribution. A Righteons Retribution.

"This miller's life must be a grind," he said. And we ignored him.

"Those milistones go against his grain," he added. We abhorred him.

"I see he gets his op meals, too!" he yelled. We gathered round him.

And when he said the big wheel's spray was "milldew" then we drowned him.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Good Thing For the Sign Painters.

When some men make an extra dollar, they at once go out and have a sign painted with the word "Private" on it and put it on their office door. Not the Only One.

The difference between horse radish and a horse is that to be good one should bite and the other shouldn't.—L. A. W. Bulle-

KIDNEY-SICK PEOPLE!



Good News from the North Country—

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE—Is a nerve healer. Cures indigestion and all stomach troubles nich are forerunners of nervous collapses.

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The 1898 Up-to-Date

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Returned Traveler—You say Mrs. Estable has quite lost her love of the antique. What has happened?

Resident—Her husband got squeezed in Wall street, and she must now go and live in the old shanty that her grandfather was born in.

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Athens

3L CKSMITHING WOOD-WORKING

Her bosom racked with throbs, Her clothing by the brambles caught, Her uttrance choked with sobs. "Oh, shan't I catch it?" thus the maid to notify the community at large that they are prepared to

A Rumor. "The czar's peace proposal will have no ractical result."
"You can't tell. They say the nihilists have offered to reduce their annual output of dynamite bombs if the czar can give them a satisfactory quid pro quo,"—Nug-

"Mamma, what had manners Mrs Busybody must have!" "Wby, I heard Aunt Jane say she want

Brooklyn Life. Advice For the Russian Bear.

Monst'ous big you is, I s'pose,
But go li'tl' slow wid dat big nose!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Attendant—Shall I put à ticket "Do Not Touch" on this picture? Gallery Superintendent—What picture is it?

Was Surprisingly Large. An Irishman and a Scotchman were traveling through a petroleum works when Pat noticed one of the big tanks that are Pat noticed one of the big tains that are used to store petroleum oil in. "Shure, and what do you call them?" inquired Pat. "I dinna ken," said Sandy. "Faith, and that is where you be wrong. You've never seen a dinner can in your life the size of that, I'm sure!"—Chicago Journal.

Very Original Indeed. Meeks—My wife is nothing if not original. Now, what do you suppose she said when I asked her to marry me? Weeks—Oh, something about its being so sudden, I suppose!

Meeks—No, indeed! She said: "Well, I think it's about time. I've been expecting you to make a, break for three months!"

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