SALLY DOWS

An After-War Romance OF THE SOUTH

BY BRET HARTE

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WHAT had been in the cool gray of that summer morning a dewy country lane, marked only by a few wagon-tracks that never encroached upon its grassy border, and indented only by the faint footprints of a crossing fox or coon, was now, before high noon, already crushed, beaten down and trampled out of all semblance of its former solitude. The heavy, springless jolt of gun carriage and caisson had deeply cut through the middle track, the heads of crowding cavalry had shrunk there and shredded the wayside vines and bushes to bury them under a cloud of following dust, and the dull, plunging double-quick of infantry had trodden out the bushes and bore one broken branch along, and many wounded highways, melons muskets, form accoutrements, knapsacks, caps and articles of clothing were scattered, with here and there the larger wrecks of broken-down wagons, roughly thrown aside into the ditch to make way for the living current. For two hours the greater part of an army corps had passed and repassed that way, but, coming or going, always with faces turned eagerly towards an open slope on the right which ran parallel to the lane. And yet nothing was to be seen there. For two hours a gray and bluish cloud, rent and shaken with explosion after explosion, but always closing and thickening after each discharge, was all that had met their eyes. Nevertheless, into this unknown, ever-moving mass of gray or blue had that tendril of fair hair and the word "Sally." in the breast pocket was a sealed letter with the inscription! "For Miss Sally Dows, to be delivered if I fall by the hireling's hand." A faint smile came over the officer's face. He was about to hand the articles to a sergeant, but changed his mind and put them in his pocket.

Meantime the lane and woods beyond, and even the slope itself, were crowding with reserves and waiting troops. His own battery was still unlimbered awaiting orders. There was a slight commotion in the lane.

"Very well done, captain. Smartly taken and gallantly held."

It was the voice of a general officer passing with his staff. There was a note of pleasant relief in its tone and the middle-aged, care-drawn face of its owner was relaxed in a paternal smile.

The young captain flushed with pleasure.

"And you seem to have had close work, too," added the general, pointing to the dead man.

The young officer hurriedly explained. The general nodded, saluted and passed on. But a youthful aid airily lingered.

"The old man's feeling good, Courtland," he said. "We've rolled 'em up all along the line. It's all over now. In point of fact I reckon you've fired the last gun in this particular fratricidal engagement."

The last gun! Courtland remained silent, looking abstractedly at the fragment it had crushed and broken at his feet.

"And I shouldn't wonder if you got your gold leaf for to-day's work. But who's your sunny southern friend here?" he added, following his companion's eyes.

Courtland repeated his story a little more seriously, which, however, failed to impress the young aid's levity. "So he concluded to stop over," he interrupted, cheerfully. "But," looking at the letter and photograph, "I say—look here! 'Sally Dows?' Why, there was another man picked up yesterday with a letter from the same girl! Doc Murphy has it. And, by Jove! the same picture, too, eh? Look here, Courty! you might get Doc Murphy's letter and hunt her up when this cruel war is over. Say you're 'fulfilling a sacred trust' here? Good idea, old man! Ta-ta," and he trotted quickly after his superior.

Courtland remained with the letter and photograph in his hand, gazing abstractedly after him. The smoke had rolled quite away from the fields on the left, but still lung heavily down the south on the heels of the flying cavalry. A long bugle call swelled up musically from below. The freed sun caught the white flags of two field hospitals in the woods and glanced tranquilly on the broad, cypress-fringed, lazy-flowing and cruel but beautiful Southern river, which had all unseen crept so smilingly that morning through the very heart of the battle.

THE HANDSOME ARTILLERY OFFICER DISMOUNTED AND WAS GENTLY ARRANGING THE DEAD MAN

HE POINTED SIGNIFICANTLY TO THE RAILS.

CHAPTER I.

AT two o'clock express from Redlands to Forestville, Ga., had been proceeding with the languid placidity of the river whose banks it skirted for more than two hours. But unlike the river it had stopped quite frequently; sometimes at recognized stations and villages, sometimes at the apparition of straw-hatted and linen-coated natives in the solitude of pine woods, where, after a decent interval of cheery conversation with the conductor and engineer, it either took the stranger on board, or relieved him of his parcel, letter, basket, or even the vocal message with which he was charged. Much of the way lay through pine barren and swampy woods which had never been cleared or cultivated; much through decayed settlements and ruined villages that had remained unchanged since the war—whose last gun had been fired three years before. There were vestiges of the severity of a former military occupation, the blackened timbers of railway bridges, still unrepaired: and along the line of a certain memorable march, sections of iron rails taken from the torn up track, roasted in bonfires and bent while red-hot around the trunks of trees, were still to be seen. These mementoes of defeat, seemed to neither excite revenge, nor the energy to remove them; the dull apathy which had succeeded the days of hysterical passion and convulsion still lingered; even the slow improvement that could be detected was marked by the languor of convalescence. The helplessness of a race, hitherto dependent upon certain [illegible] conditions or political place [illegible] power, unskilled in invention and suddenly confronted with the necessity of personal labor, was visible everywhere.

A HAND WAS LAID ON COURTLAND'S SHOULDER.

plain, since I have taken up this matter for the company, I have satisfied myself from personal observation that the negro—even more than his master—cannot handle his new condition. He is

A SINGLE RIDER WAS SEEN GALLOPING FURIOUSLY.

driver glanced back on the tense chain and hesitated. "Go on," yelled the prostrate man, and the wheel went over him. Another and another gun followed out of the dust cloud, until the whole battery had deployed on the slope. Before the dust cloud had fairly settled, the falling back of the panting horses with their drivers gave a momentary glimpse of the nearest gun already in position and of the four erect figures beside it. The yell that seemed to have evoked this sudden apparition again sounded nearer; a blinding flash broke from the gun, which was instantly hidden by the closing group as and its and a deafening crash with the high ringing of metal ran down the lane. A column of white, woolly smoke arose as another flash broke beside it. This was quickly followed by another and another, with a response from the gun first fired, until the whole slope shook and thundered. And the smoke, no longer white and woolly, but darkening and thickening with unburnt grains of gunpowder, mingled into the one ominous vapor, and driving along the lane hid even the slope from view.

The yelling had ceased, but the grinding and rattling heard through the detonation of guns seemed nearer still, and suddenly there was a shower of leaves and twigs from the lower branches of a chestnut tree near the broken hedge. As the smoke thinned again a rising and falling medley of flapping hats, tossing horses' heads and shining steel appeared for an instant, advancing tumultuously up the slope. But the apparition was as instantly cloven by flame from the two nearest guns, and went down in a gush of smoke and roar of sound. So level was the delivery and so close the impact that a space seemed suddenly cleared between, in which the whirling of the shattered remnants of the charging cavalry was distinctly seen, and the shouts and oaths of the inextricably struggling mass became plain and articulate. Then a gunner serving the nearest piece suddenly dropped his swab and seized a carbine. For out of the whirling confusion before them a single rider was seen galloping furiously towards the gun.

The red-capped young officer rode forward and knocked upward the gunner's weapon with his sword. For in that rapid glance he had seen that the rider's reins were hanging loosely on the neck of his horse, who was still dashing forward with the acquired impetus of the charge, and that the youthful figure of the rider, wearing the stripes of a lieutenant, although still erect, exercised no control over the animal. The face was boyish, blonde and ghastly; the eyes were set and glassy. It was Death itself charging the gun.

Then that last flame came, more furious had turned vindictively to the north and passed resolutely to their quarter for help and direction. They scanned eagerly the faces of their energetic and prosperous neighbors—and curious foes—upon the verandahs of northern hotels and the decks of southern steamboats, and were even now watching from a group in the woods the return of the halted train, where the head and shoulders appeared of two men of manifestly different types, but still alien to the country in dress, features and accent.

Two negroes were slowly loading the engine tender from a wood pile. The rich brown smoke of turpentine knots filling the train with its stinging fragrance. The elder of the two northern passengers, with sharp eastern angles in his face, impatiently glanced at his watch.

"Of all created shiftlessness this beats everything! Why couldn't we have taken in enough wood to last the ten miles further to the terminus when we last stopped? And why, in thunder! with all this firing up, can't we go faster?"

The younger passenger, whose calm, well-bred face seemed to indicate more repose of character, smiled quietly.

"If you really wish to know—as we're only ten miles further to go—I'll show you why. Come with me."

He led the way through the car to the platform and leaped down. Then he pointed significantly to the rails below them. His companion started. The metal was peeling off in thin strips from the rails, and in some places its

HE POINTED SIGNIFICANTLY TO THE RAILS.

thickness had been reduced a quarter of an inch, while in others the projecting edges were torn off or hanging in iron shreds, so that the wheels actually ran on the narrow central strip. It seemed marvelous that the train could keep the track.

"Now you know why we don't go more than five miles an hour, and are thankful that we don't," said the young traveler, quietly.

"But this is disgraceful, criminal!" ejaculated the other, nervously.

"Not at their rate of speed," returned the younger man. "The crime would be in going faster. And now you can understand why a good deal of the other progress in this state is obliged to go as slowly over their equally decaying and rotten foundations. You can't rush things here as we do in the north."

The other passenger shrugged his shoulders as they remounted the platform and the train moved on. It was not the first time that those two fellow travelers had differed, although their mission was a common one. The elder, Mr. Cyrus Drummond, was the vice president of a large northern land and mill company which had bought extensive tracts of land in Georgia, and the younger, Col. Courtland, was the consulting surveyor and engineer for the company. Drummond's opinions were a good deal affected by sectional prejudice and a self-satisfied and righteous ignorance of the actual conditions and limitations of the people with whom he was to deal, while the younger man, who had served through the war with distinction, retained a soldier's respect and esteem for his late antagonists, with a conscientious and thoughtful observation of their character. Although he had resigned from the army, the fact that he had previously graduated at West Point with high honors had given him preferment in the technical appointment, and his knowledge of the country and its people made him a valuable counselor. And it was a fact that the country people had preferred this soldier, with whom they had once personally grappled, to the capitalist they had never seen during the struggle.

The train rolled slowly through the woods; so slowly that the fragrant pine smoke from the engine still hung round the windows of the cars. Gradually the "clearings" became larger; they saw the distant white wooden colonnades of some planter's house, looking still opulent and pretentious, although the fence of its inclosure had broken gaps, and the gate wagged on its single hinge.

Dr. Drummond sniffed at this damning record of neglect and indifference. "Even if they had been ruined they might still spend a few cents for nails and slats to enable them to look decent before folks, and not parade their poverty before their neighbors," he said.

"But that's just where you misunderstand them, Drummond," said Courtland, smiling. "They have no reason to keep up an attitude towards their neighbors, who still know them as 'Squire' so and so, 'Colonel' this and that, and the 'judge'—owners of their vast but crippled estates. They are not ashamed of being poor, which is an accident."

"But they are working, which is deliberation," interrupted Drummond. "They are ashamed to mend their fences themselves, now that they have no slaves to do it for them."

"I doubt very much if some of them know how to drive a nail, for the matter of that," said Courtland, still good humoredly; "but that's the fault of a system older than themselves, which the founders of the republic retained. We cannot give them experience in their new condition in one day, and, in fact, Drummond, I am very much afraid that for our purposes—and I honestly believe for their good—we must help to keep them for the present as they are."

"Perhaps," said Drummond, sarcastically, "you would like to reinstate slavery?"

"No. But I should like to reinstate the master. And not for his sake alone, but for freedom's sake and ours. To be

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Read the dancing chapters of our new story "Sally Dows" in this issue.

$300,000 is the appropriation asked for by Hon. C. F. Fraser for the Brockville asylum buildings. The expenditure of this large sum should make the Island City boom.

The subject of "Missions" will occupy the attention of the Epworth League this evening, and it will be treated in such a way as promises to make the session very interesting.

The sporting editor of the Recorder evidently doesn't intend visiting Charleston this spring, for this is what he says: Charleston Lake has a professional carsman who is said to be quite capable of surrounding 13 hard boiled eggs at one sitting, besides other ample quantities of ordinary kruck.

Mrs. (Rev.) Murdock was called to Toronto on Friday last owing to the serious illness of Mr. Murdock's sister, a young lady in the prime of life. Later, a telegram conveyed the sad intelligence that the young lady was dead. We are sure Rev. Mr. Murdock will have the sympathy of all our townspeople in his sad bereavement.

Jacob Hugaboom, one of, if not the, oldest settler of Yonge Front, died at his residence, Cointoma, on Friday last at the advanced age of 91 years. We know nothing of Mr. Hugaboom's family history, and trust that some of our correspondents will favor readers next week with a short biographical sketch of the deceased gentleman, who was universally respected by a very wide circle of acquaintances.

Judging from the number of short stories that have appeared in recent issues of the Reporter our readers would naturally conclude that we were trying to publish "the greatest story paper on earth." Such, however, is not the case. We believe that variety is the spice of life, and in future promise our readers weekly installments of the popular serial "Sally Dows" and a choice miscellany, embracing the [illegible] of a German farmer, comique, Bill Nye. Of course, this in addition to the very latest home and foreign news.

News reached here on Saturday that on Friday morning James Hollister, formerly a resident of Athens, aged about 60 years, had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor at the Watertown hospital. For two months he had been in the hospital under treatment for a disease of the knee. He cut his throat from ear to ear, making a gash six inches in length, but it is thought he will recover. While in Athens he appeared to suffer considerably from his disability, and his rash act was no doubt prompted by despondency resulting from his long illness.

Wm. H. Sherman of this village passed over to the silent majority on Saturday last, after a lingering illness with that dread disease consumption. He was born at Hard Island and has always resided in this locality. He was a mason and plasterer by trade and had a reputation for honesty and uprightness second to none; in fact, it was a general remark that he was too honest for his own good. A few years ago he started a fine two story brick residence for himself, but failing health and a lack of means prevented him him from completing it. His funeral to the Methodist church yesterday (Monday) was largely attended.

Methodist Church Athens.

At the May meeting of the quarterly board of the Methodist church, Athens, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—

Moved by M. B. Holmes, seconded by Horace Brown, and resolved—That this quarterly board appreciate the faithful services and earnest christian work of Rev. John Grenfell, our beloved pastor, for the past two years and we hereby extend to him a hearty invitation to remain with us another year.

Moved by Stanley S Cornell, seconded by Horace Brown, and resolved.—That we, the members of the quarterly board of the Athens Methodist church, observe with regret the removal from official relations with us of Bro. Joseph T. Towriss, whose character has been such as to merit our confidence, and whose activity in church work has been attended with beneficial results, and hope for his continued maintenance of the high principles that are taught in our Christian religion only, and for his still more thorough enjoyment of God's providence in matters temporal.

MALLORYTOWN.

MONDAY, May, 8.—Mr. H. Hugaboom leaves to-day for Syracuse. Herm will be greatly missed by his large circle of friends.

Quite a number of farmers in this section are raising hops this season. We hope that the price and crop will be good.

Mr. D. S. Mallory has put in a fine new stock of goods in the store formerly occupied by B. Dixon and is doing a rushing business.

The roads in this vicinity are in a frightful condition. One can scarcely get through the village with more than one in a rig.

WOODBINE

Late Willstown

MONDAY, May 8.—The family of Mr. Morley Earl have been very ill with la grippe, but are now recovering.

Arbor day was not kept at our school, but the teacher is jubilant over the addition of two new blackboards to the school machinery.

Mr. Frank Findlay has been engaged by Mr. W. W. Rowsom of this place.

Professor Lewis of Addison has organized a large music class among the girls here. We expect some nice musicians, but are afraid we'll lose the hat.

PLUM HOLLOW.

MONDAY, May 9.—The roads are in a very bad condition.

The boys of Plum Hollow and vicinity are fishing in the creek for something they cannot find.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Knapp is still gaining.

Miss Kate Bolin, who has been suffering from inflammation of the eyes, is able to be out again, under the skilful treatment of Dr. Dixon of Frankville.

Miss Agatha Huffman has returned home from Watertown.

Miss J. A. Rogers, of Portland, was the guest of Miss Kate Bolin last week.

A new supply of cheese makers this summer at Knapp's factory.

A matrimonial wave is view at present, at the White House.

Mr. A. Prane intends taking to himself a better-half in July.

A span of horses and top buggy at Mr. Bolen's last Sunday.

CHARLESTON

MONDAY, May, 8.—Miss W. Cox is dress making for Miss L. Heffernan this week.

Miss Julia Foster was a guest at Cedar Park last week.

John Hudson's Betsy Ladd, at the age of twenty-five years dropped a fine colt.

John O'Shea was a guest at Mr. D. Heffernan's on Sunday.

THEIR DRIVE.

Some Strange Things That Happened on a Bright Spring Day.

Late in the afternoon of a bright spring day Bob and I decided to take a little drive. But, alas! we did not have the price. However, we had decided to go, and we were going. All of our friends knew us quite well, so of course we could not borrow any currency. We tried to "hang up" the livery man, but he refused to be suspended.

So we retired to the curbstone and played poker. In a few minutes I won enough from Bob to pay for a rig.

Carefully laying aside our business cares and worries, we started out to enjoy well merited recreation. The sun was just setting. Bob said it was setting in order to bother us a new day, but I laughed him to scorn and called upon the wonderful western sky painted with nature's inimitable brush, one mass of glowing prismatic colors.

It was an inspiring scene, and as I gazed upon it my soul was filled with joy.

"Ah," I ejaculated, "if I had but improved the opportunities of youth I might now be an alderman instead of a poor, unimportant professional cuss."

Bob was also affected. He stopped the horse, took a handful of the sand and recited some other appropriate poetry. "Bring of that mixture in a bucket," he ejaculated, "if I had but improved the opportunities of youth I might now be an alderman instead of being unable to get trusted."

Meanwhile the sun modestly retired behind the horizon. One by one the silvery hues vanished until all had disappeared, and we sat in the gloaming and in the carriage enveloped in night's sable garments.

Bob was just resolving to lead a better life and I was almost determined to lead a still better one when crash! "Blank, blank!" A man's coarse oath brought us back to earth with a thud that echoed and heard for miles. While obscured by the darkness some one had collided with us.

"You blank heathen, you ———!!!" howled the naughty, profane fellow. "What do you mean by obstructing the road? You have ruined my lovely song and dance phaeton."

He continued to shriek and moan hideously for hours, then asked our names. I mildly replied that if I remembered correctly mine was Algernon Seymore.

Bob couldn't quite sure, but thought his was Claudius DeSmith.

"I know your fathers," said our persecutor, "and they shall pay me $700 in the morning." We politely wished him a pleasant ride home and drove on.

All poetry and sentiment was knocked out of us, and as we drove along in silence we talked stocks, politics and baseball.

Suddenly a maiden's silvery voice was wafted through the night air. She was evidently in distress.

We sprang with an athletic, agile spring from our vehicle and rushed in the direction of the unearthly racket.

Never shall I forget the scene. It is engraved indelibly upon my mind.

A small watery lake glimmering in the soft mellow moonlight, a lovely young lady evidently not a successful mermaid, floundering unromantically in its midst.

We looked on for 10 minutes; then the practical Bob said, "Let's save her." As though pursued by my mother-in-law, I sprinted madly down the road to the city, bought 15 tons of blotting paper and returned with it under my arm.

Bob calmly informed me that the maiden had sunk twice.

No time was to be lost. Ton by ton I threw the blotting paper in until all the water had been absorbed. Then Bob dashed boldly in and rescued her.—Brooklyn Life.

On Him.

When General O. O. Howard was in Chattanooga the other day, a beggar with a withered arm, from which the fingers and part of the hand were missing, came up to him and asked for alms. The general, with a twinkle in his eye, held out his empty sleeve and said, "You are better off than I am, for you have your arm left, while I have lost mine." The cripple gazed at the empty sleeve for a moment and then extracted 15 cents from the pocket of his tattered jeans trousers. "Here," he said, turning to General Howard, "this is all I've got, but you're welcome to it." There was a general laugh at the expense of the distinguished commander of the department of the east, and he made the man happy by giving him a silver dollar.—Argonaut.

Dear at the Price.

The duchess dowager had married her son to the wealthy heiress of a leading manufacturer and was escorting the young bride round the family mansion.

"Come, my daughter," she said, "come and I will introduce you to your ancestors, for you will now enjoy the inestimable privilege of possessing ancestors of your own."

"Who doubts about that," replied the young lady, quite unabashed. "I'm sure they are my own, for I paid a pretty stiff price for them."—Journal de Vienne.

The White and Green of It.

Querist—How beautifully white and clean your walls and ceilings look in their new finish.

Jester—Yes, and the funny part of it is that every particle of that whitening was done by green hands.—Boston Courier.

A Bequest.

From a Last Will—My faithful servant Johann is to receive 2,000 empty wine bottles, the contents of which he drank during my lifetime.—Fliegende Blatter.

Truthful James.

"Great Scott, old man! what on earth are you doing?"

"Well, don't give it away, but I don't want to take the children to the circus this afternoon, and I'm trying to get up a headache."—Harper's Bazar.

Another Mystery Solved.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it?

Bright Boy—I guess it's 'cause after folks finds it they stops hunting.—Good News.

Gradually Chilling Affection.

She—I don't believe you love me any more.

He—Why?

She—You don't say so but about six times during a call now.—Chicago Record.

Something That Would Stump Him.

"He's a dandy, isn't he?"

"You bet! Takes the shine off everything."

"He does? I should like him to tackle my diagonal suit."—New York Press.

Lessons From the Past.

A Retrospective Glance—Tribute of Respect to the Early Pioneers Who Sleep in the Athens Churchyard.

Editor Reporter:

DEAR SIR,—From time to time you have asked me to write an article for your paper, and at your last request I promised to do so. The subject which I have thought best to write a few lines upon, I am sure, will commend itself to most of your large list of readers, as all are interested in the old village grave yard, which we love to visit and there meditate over the graves of buried love and early settlers, thinking, as we stand by their lowly beds, how we could have discharged our duties more faithfully to the living.

While my friend J. P. L. and I were passing along the walk the gate was half unclosed, as though it would invite us to pass through and linger a moment among the beds of those whose spirits have departed to a better world, and as I am about to leave for a distant land where I shall doubtless visit the graves of the world's illustrious dead, I felt in my heart that no grave or graves could be more cherished or distinguished than the graves of one's father, mother and playmates of childhood hours.

He must have a dull and sluggish soul who can look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this country—who can tread upon their mouldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils—who can from their tombs look out upon the rural loveliness, the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the [illegible] the dead who won [illegible] their hearts and [illegible] brows the blessing [illegible] only to cherish a [illegible] the forest, [illegible] the house of tranquil musing, but to win a home from the ruggedness of uncultivated nature and in despite of the dusky savage thirsting for their blood. Oh, for the [illegible] of a tear to pour out a befitting tribute to the dead. He caught from the sanctity and softened associations of an English grave yard an inspiration that rendered him immortal. But the graves among which he stood were the resting places of men whose lives had been tranquil and undisturbed, who had grown up amidst the fruitfulness of a civilized and cultivated country and had enjoyed the protection of institutions long firmly established and the security and cheering influence of ancient usage. How much deeper would have been the tones of his harp had he stood in our own village grave yard, had he been surrounded by the graves of those who found this country a wilderness and left it a garden, who pitched their tents among the solitudes of nature, as the early settlers did, and left to their children her fairest charms, heightened by the softening touch of art! They had to build up institutions as they built up their lowly dwellings, but, nevertheless, they bequeathed to their descendants the security of settled government, the advantages of political freedom, the means of moral and religious improvement, which they labored to secure but thousands never lived to enjoy. We have no abbeys or cathedrals where our warriors and statesmen are preserved, we have no monumental piles fraught with the deeds of other days to claim a tribute from the passer-by—the lapse of ages, political vicissitudes, violent struggles, and accumulated wealth are necessary to this; but in every village of our infant country we have the quiet graves of those who subdued the wilderness, who beautified the land by their toils, and left not only the fruits of their labors but the thoughts and feelings which cheered them in their solitude to cheer and stimulate us amidst the inferior trials and multiplied enjoyments of a more advanced state of society. May we, while contrasting the present with the past, never forget the debt of gratitude we owe, and while standing beside the humble graves of our early settlers may we ever feel our spirits awakened by the recollection of their lives, our thoughts enobled by the remembrance of th[illegible]

ROUTE BILLS

The Athens Reporter Office is supplied with the largest and finest stock of horse cuts in the county, embracing

Clydesdale
Draught
General Purpose
Carriage
Trotting
—Several each kind.

By getting your route bills printed at this office you will obtain a cut to match your horse and the price will suit your pocket. Orders filled same day as received.

THE REPORTER OFFICE

Servant Girl Wanted.

To do general housework in Brockville. Good wages. Apply at Box 214, Athens. 2 in.

Addison Lodge A. O. U. W.

NO 356

Regular communication on second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Temperance Hall, King st., Addison. All qualified visiting brethren welcome.

NORMAN BROWN, M. W.
CLARENCE HAWKES, Rec.

How about your ad?

Send along your orders to the 'Old Reliable House' where you have dealt before and where your Father used to deal

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SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE

LARDINE MACHINE OIL AND OTHER HIGH CLASS OILS

Lardine is the Champion Gold Medal Oil of the Dominion and our Cylinder Oil will wear longer, and give better satisfaction than any other Oil.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR McCOLL'S OILS

Sold by all leading dealers throughout the Country.

It Is Not Disagreeable

Everybody knows that most preparations of Cod Liver Oil are disagreeable to the sense of smell and taste. Almost everybody knows that *Scott's Emulsion* (of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda) is not like the [illegible] It is a wonderful curative agent. [illegible] cough, heals and strength[illegible] wasting disease and [illegible]

Scott's Emulsion cures [illegible] Colds, Consumption Scrofu[illegible] all Anæmic and Wasting Dis[illegible] Prevents wasting in children. [illegible] most as palatable as Milk. Get o[illegible] the genuine. Prepared by Scott [illegible] Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all Drugg[illegible] 50 cents and $1.00.

Athe[illegible]

Lumber for Sale.

All kinds of hard and soft lumber (excepting pine) for sale, in quantities to suit, at the Athens sawmill.

SHELDON Y. BULLIS.

Athens, May 4th 1893. 2 in.

Dress-Making.

Go to Miss A. Richards for first class dressmaking at reasonable prices. Opposite town hall, Central St., Athens. 17-3m.

Notice.

The annual meeting of Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade for election of officers will be held in Brockville on Thursday, May 11th, 1893, at half past one p.m. All persons interested in the dairy industry are hereby invited to attend.

T. C. SINGLETON, ESQ., President. O. J. GILROY, Sec.-Treas., Glen Buell.

Wanted.

Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals, to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms, and secure choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

IMPROVED

Yorkshire - Boar

BRED FROM

IMPORTED STOCK

Terms—$1 for Service.

CHAS. A. KINCAID,

Residence of the late Henry Palmer. Plum Hollow

Presses for Sale.

Having replaced our Washington press with a steam power cylinder we offer the Washington for sale at a great reduction for cash. The press will print a double Royal sheet and is in perfect order. A good two-cylinder distributor and patent composition roller in first-class condition and would go with the press. We also have for sale a small, two roller, self-inking, foot power press, 8 by 8 inches inside chase, which will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

REPORTER OFFICE, Athens.

Having p[illegible] stone building near our old premises and moved our woolen-work[illegible] into it, we will be ready to receive orders for Carding, Spinning [illegible] and Cloth-dressing about the first of May. Watch for our annou[illegible] at that date in this space.

Athens, April 5, 1893. JAS. F. GORDON

STOVES!

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