THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 9, 1896

THE Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY

...

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

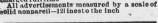
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NOT THE ONLY TURTLE. When you think the world's your eyscher, and fei'date yourself. On your standing and your bulance in the bank. Just remember there are others as respect-able as you. You're not the only turtle in the tank. The colonel of militia is a very mighty man. His ormentes will reli you of his synk. But there's captains, and there's sergents and cortorals besides. He's not the only turtle in the tank. Don't think because you have views on politics and serd. The mones of the only turtle in the tank. Don't think because you have views on politics and serd. The world within the boards of reason you may "Watte not the only turtle in the tank. Don't think because you have views on politics and serd. The world in the of sort in the tank. The self made man's a wonder, he will tell. The self made many a wonder, he will tell. and has always in reserve some very fine moves. Look at the head of the fox, examine his demeanor, and all the finesse of his character becomes appar-ent. Small eyes, ever on the watch, and a somewhat foreclass averaging ent. Small eyes, ever on the watch, and a somewhat feroclouis expression. These all exist in the face of the fa-mous M. de Talleyrand, whose talent as a diplomatist made him immortal. Of a penetrating mind, and of elever intellectual faculties, he possessed all the instincts of the fox. He always avoided the direct road when he had any important design in view.

HON. A. R. M'CLELAN.

of the Life of the New Lieut,-Governor of New Brunswick.

Governor of New Brunswick. The successor of the late Lieutenant-Governor Fraser of New Brunswick is Senator Abner Reid McCleian of Albert, N.B. He is descended from an Irish family which came to Londonderry, N.S., in the latter part of the last cen-tury. He is the youngest son of the late Peter McCleian, Esa., J.P., and was born at Hopewell, Albert county, N.B., on Jan. 4, 1831. Mr. McCleian was educated there and at Mount Alli-son Academy, Sackville, N.B. He mar-ried Anna B., daughter of the late W. J. Reid, Esa., Collector of Customs of Port Harvey. He is a retired merchant and has been a governor of Mount Allison Wesleyan College and ylce-

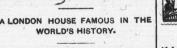
Deacon Joshua Kenyou was plowing what he called the "west lot" one warm morning. Reaching the end of the furrow, he sat down to rest both himself and his team. A voice be-hind him said briskly. "Deacon Ken-yon, I believe. Pardon me, I mean Deacon Joshua Kenyon of the Me-thodist Episcopal church." "That sounds most as grand as bein' called a bishop," Joshua thought, but he said, "That's my name, mister."

10 DOWNING STREET. The Historical Structure, the Official Res dence of the Prime Minister of Great

Britain, Is to Be Torn Down-Re miniscences of the Pile.

The within the bounds of reason you may like within the bounds of reason you may like a state you make a strate sum and then I never you in a diametic. You was not the only turtle in the tank. But there's no and but himself to really what he clear the only turtle in the tank.
So take your honors easy and be just like the rest. The world can do without you, can forget you in a day. For whether you're a prize or are a blank. The world can do without you, can forget you in a day. For whether you're a prize or are a blank. A SUCCESSFUL GAME.
Deacon Joshua Kenyon was plowing warm morning. Reaching the end of the furrow, he sat down to rest both himself and his team. A volce be

Britais, is to Be Torn Down-Re-miniscences of the Pile. Inasmuch as for the last 200 years or more the British empire nas been governed from the dingy-house known by the name of "No. 10 Downing street," the news that it is about to be demolished in order to make way for the site of the new offices of the Board of Trade is exciting a consider-able amount of discussi in and of pro-test. And not without reason; for when one remembers the fuss that has been made about the preservation of the house of Carlyle and those of numerous other less distinguished per-sens, it is difficult to understand why means cannot be tak in to save from detruction a house that is made fain-ous, as it were, not by any one name illustrious in English history, but by hundreds of them. No. 10 Downing street has been the official residence of the Prime Minister of that rank being Sir Robert Wal-pole, who is described by his brilliant won Horace as "sitting in strange, un-worth fashion without speaking, and with eyes fixed for an hour together, lost to the jovial good sense which had secured the Hanoverian succes-sion." Among his successors at No. 10 Downing street was to a room at No. 10 Downing street that the great Lord



If I could be a boy again— A little boy, like you; If Time could speed me back to when My years were only two— If I might change for lifetime's morn My own life's rising noon, Dear Paul, 1 pledge that I'm forsworn If I would crave the boon.

Sweet prattl'sr, singing to my heart Such songs as once I sung, itefacting all the better part Of time when I was young And reveled on my parent's knee, And rode his equine shoe And solde his equine shoe And shoe his equine shoe I do not envy you.

I would not be the boy you are-A joyous two-year-old-For-let us say a heaping car Of very precious gold; If but a word might spout with wings, And, as some stork-like bird, Could bear me back to boyish things, I would not say that word.

My life is no such blameless one As stirs my pride a bit, And if it were again begun I'd greatly alter it; Yet should there come to me the chase To re-live youthful prants And cancel them, the circumstance Would not evoke my thanks.

Nay, nay! I would not be a boy-A little boy like you-For all that revely and joy Of those woose years are few, I love you, love you, Baby Paul, Fut, ah, sweet son, I know The penalty is more than all Those joys of long ago.

I have no wish to hurry back, And be like you again; Instead Til face Old Time's attack, As is the due of men. No memory enough endears That thought of lifetime's morn, For me to wait for thirty years For you, Paul, to be born.

Done!



NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

NO, 10 DOWNING STREET. Chatham was carried after he swooned in the House of Lords during the me-morable debate on American affairs, and it was there, too, that Pitt the younger, the Heaven-born Minister, who made it his constant residence, had his heart broken by the first Napoleon. Fox lived there, and so did Canning, while the only occasion on which Lord Nelson ever met the great Duke of Wellington was in the walt-ing-room drawing-room of No. 10 Downing street, where both were waiting to see the Prime Minister. Wellington, at that time only Sir Arthur Wellesley, knew the celebrat-ed admiral from his picture, Nelson, however, did not know Sir Arthur, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he might be Earl Gray made Downing street his residence, as did also Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, while Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Der-by, and Lord Palmerston merely used amid much wonder nis excitement, caught up the mug, whereupon the man pfcked up the money beneath it and walked out, amid much laughter, as the landlord shout-ed: "Done at last?" Of course, the man

the mug, the landlord lost the bet.—Tit-Bits. andlord lifted it and so

TIT FOR TAT.

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and Lord Beaconsfield, while Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Der-by, and Lord Palmerston merely used

by, and Lord Palmerston merely used it as their offlees. From the days of Sir Robert Wal-pole, however, until those of Lord Salisbury's first Premiership, No. 10 Downing street has always been the place of meeting of the British Cabinet. The councils were held in a room on the ground floor, with large windows or ming upon a terrace, looking into a large old-fashioned garden. It was on the ground floor, and the large windows of the state of the state of the state 'ty when Mr. Gladstone became 'ty one Minister and included a large 'ty one of statesmen in his Cabinet 'ty had until that time been cus-ton 'ty that the meetings were trans-ton 'ty that the meetings were trans-fired to a larger room upstairs, look-ing out on the so-called Horse Guards parade.

parade. The outward appearance of the house is very plain, and that part which faces Downing street conveys no idea of the size of the wing be-hind, which contains several mag-nificent recention-rooms one of them of them



New Subscribers to the Athens Reporter who pay \$1.00 in advance for the year

1897

Done! A village innkeeper in the Midland counties tells how he was cleverly tricked by one of his customers. One day he was talking to a bar full of people, and saying that no one had ever been able to get the better of him, when a strange man entered, and, hearing the remark, said to a neighbor: "I'll be you a sovereigen L will do will receive the paper for the remainder of this year free. The news of the Village, of the County, of the Dominion, of the World, appears each week in the Reporter.



hind, which contains several mag-nificent reception-rooms, one of them adorned with a series of fine portraits of all the former official occupants of the house. Siftee Lord Sallsbury has been Prime Minister he has been in the habit of having the Cabinet meet at the Foreign Office, where he makes his official headquarters, and his example was fol-lowed for a time by Lord Rosebery, although he ultimately reverted to Downing street for the sake of old traditions and associations. It may be added that Mr. Gladstone, as welly as a number of his predecessors, used to make a practice of entering the



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enough to keep in bed, yet you are unable to go to work. It is severe suffering in every place and all the time. This is discussed that dowdy old cape, and came on in a beautiful fur-trimmed English ulster."

Flaw in the Argument. "Desmond, you seem to have lost your interest in that pretty girl you wanted so much to meet?" "Yes-I found out that her first name "He made ducks and drakes of his

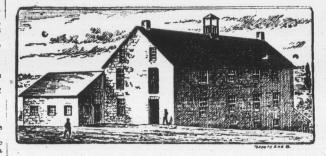
"Yes? And those promissory notes of "Decoys!" Stout Indeed. "Portly has bought a wheel to reduce his fiesh." "Well, it is high time; he told me the other day he couldn't knock at a door without backing up to it."

One or the Other Ailment. "Did you get any news over the tele

"No," hopelessly. "What's the matter? Busy?" "No-buzzy!"



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