## Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

## B. LOVERIN

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### **OUTCAST OF MILAN.**

nead; ne nad not tooked beniffd film; and yet he showed by his speech that he knew just what the youth had seen. How could he have known this if he had not known who were at hand?

But the question was no sooner answered in his own mind than he was called upon to defend himself; for while he yet gazed to see if the strangers were inclined to advance, the bravo attacked him.

"Insolent cur!" the guardsman shouted, raising his sword, and preparing for the blow, "you have sealed your own doom. This is the fate of those who interfere with officers on duty!"

Mattee was probably astonished when he found that his sword spent its force upon empty sir; but he was not long in recovering himself, and his next blow was given with more care and precision. He did not hit his mark, however; and a fierce oath escaped him. Our hero very quickly discovered that his antagonist was a mere lout at handling the sword; though his immaense physical power gave him fatal advantages over ordinary swordsmen.

"Forbear!" cried Orlando, after the third passage. "I want no more of it."

"Ha, ha—von don't, h! But I do. I

passage. "I want no more of it."
"Ha, ha—you don't, ch! But I do. I
must have your life—Ha! Take care—here

must have your life—Ha! Take care—here it is!"
And so it is was; but not as Matteo meant. He fancied that he was about to cleave the head of his opponent; but instead thereof the point of the youth's sword entered his body directly below the arm; passing through his heart; and, in a very few moments more, his gigantic body tumbled over upon the ground; but not, however, until he had cried out in sharp agonizing tones that he was killed.

had cried out in sharp agonizing tones that he was killed.

Before Vendorme could fairly recover himself from his shock, the men whom he had seen behind the paling, three in number, rushed in upon him with their swords drawn; and as they came near he saw that they were what he had supposed them to bemembers of the ducal guard.

"Hold!" he shouted, starting back against the edge of the platform. "What means this violence? Who are you?"

"We'll bet you know who we are," returned the foremost of the guardsmen, stopping for an instant when he reached the body of his fallen companion. "It think for once we'll take a dead prisoner into our hands!—Look, my brothers," he continued, addressing his followers, "this wretch has slain our lieutenant, and he acts as though he meant to serve us the same. There's no mercy now!"

With fierce oaths the three stout soldiers set upon our hero, and the appearance was, that they would soon overcome him. They evidently looked to see him fall at once; but in this they were disappointed. Still they were very good swordsmen, and so keenly did they ply their blades that the youth had as much as he could do to defend himself. Had he but taken the precaution to wear his shirt of mail, he might have laughed at their blows while he swept them from his path; but as it was, he was forced to defend every part of his body with his own sword. with fierce oaths the three stout soldiers

nis path; out as it was, he was forced to defend every part of his body with his own "Sword.

"Saint Peter!" cried one of the villains, "can we not hit this fellow! Let me take a fair sweep at him. There!"

If the rascal had kept his tongne to himself his furious onset might have accomplished something; but his boastful words had caused his companions to fall back so that he might have room; and thus, for the moment, he was the youth's only antagonist. His sword came down with a powerful sweep, but was caught and turned away, and before he could recover himself he was pricked through the neck. At this time the other two lunged forward, and they might have borne the young armorer down had not the play been suddenly interrupted.

"Orlando! Orlando!" cried a voice from the gate-way, accompanied by the sound of rushing feet.

"Ha!—here!—here! Ouick. my

here! —here! Quick, my good Michael !"

It was Michael Totilla, and just in sea-

moment more the remaining ruthan was sent to earth with his skull almost severed in twain.

"By the mass, my good Michael;" said Orlando, as soon as he had time to take breath, "this is a curious work."

"Indeed it is, my master," returned the artizan, gazing around him. If I mistake not, yonder lies the luge body of Matteo."

"Yes," replied Orlando. "He attacked me first; and as I slew him, these other three followed his example." And thereupon the youth related minutely all that had taken place.

"I came just in time," said Michael, after he had heard the story. "I feared there might be some danger when Cinthia told me that you had gone out; for I knew there had been people lurking around the house; so I came away after you as quickly as possible; and my instinct was true. They meant to finish you, surely."

"Aye. And who, think you, planned this thing?" queried Orlando.

"It must have been some one who held control of the guard," replied Michael.
"Certainly; and I think the duke is the prime mover. But what shall we do now?"

This was a question which Michael did not feel competant to answer.

"You have but to command," he said, "and I will obey; but I can give no advice in this case."

Orlando reflected awhile, and finally he

this case."
Orlando reflected awhile, and finally he

said:
"I think I will go home and sleep upon
it, and in the morning I shall be prepared
to decide. We will let these bodies remain
as they are, and those may find them whe
will. Can you recommend anything bet-

as they are, and those may find them who will. Can you recommend anything better?"

"No, my master."

"The armores reached their house without further molestation, and as they did not wish that Cinthia should know what had transpired, they said nothing of the bloody fray, but conversed as thought nething truusual had happened; and so they retired to their rest without awakening any suspicion in the mind of the anxious wife.

On the follewing morning, Orlando had made up his mind to go to the duke and make a plain statement of what had transpired.

"It is better so," he said. "Of course the finding of those dead bodies will make noise, and it is not impossible that the work may be traced to us; in which case our silence would weigh against us. I shall repair directly to the audience chamber, while it is open to the public, and there make my statement. What think you?"

Michael might not have advised such a course; but now that his master had presented it, he thought it a good one. And Cinthit, too, finally came to look upon it in the same light. She had learned what had transpired, and her gratitude for Orlando's escape had partially overcome the disposition to fear.

"Certainly," she said, after due deliberation; "you must go. If you openly avow the truth, the duke will not dare to do you open harm; and as for his secret hate, I do not think that this event can increase it. In short, I do not believe that Manfred can have any greater disposition to harm, you on account of this, than he has already had.

"You speak wisely," said Orlando; "and your yoice has decided me. My course is plain, and I shall follow it, trusting in God for the triumph of right."

shall be done now? Hath this fellow as charmed life?"

"He hath had most marvellous fortune," replied de Castro, smiting himself with vexation.

"But the end is not yet. And yet I would see the end of this upstart, my captain."

"You shall see it, my lord."

"But how? I thought when Matteo was sworn to the work, that he had him most surely."

"So did I; but we were mistaken. However his lease of liberty is not long."

"Mark me, de Castro; our own safety may depend upon a speedy removal of this Vendom."

"How can that be, my lord?"

"I don't know. I can only assure you that I feel it. Did you not mark how the crowd stood by him? how they gloried in his deeds? and how they followed him from the chamber? I dare not trust such inflammable material with my people. These Milanese are a passionate set, and ripe for mischief. And, my captain, I do not trust much to their love for me."

"True, my lord."

"Nor in their love for you, either, de Castro."

Castro."
"True again, your highness. I know them s well as you do." eas well as you do."

"And do you not believe that they would glory in following such a champion as this Orlando Vendorme, if they should once fall

Ornando Vendorne, it drey should once had into his lead?"

"By my soul, I do."

"And," pursued the duke, "his knighthood would give him good character for such leadership."

"You speak my own thoughts, my lord."

"Then we must have him. We have failed."

""
"But," interrupted de Castro, smiting hifiste together, "we will not fail again! I have a plan, safe and sure."
"Mind you," said Manfred, "there must be no noise—no outward sign; for I know that the youth hath powerful friends."
"Rest easy, my lord. I have it in my mind, and the execution shall be swift and secret. There shall be no second escape. There you have the sun goes down at the close of day."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF A DARK JOURNEY.

Orlando Vendorme returned to his shop,
there he found Michael and his wife ex-Orlando Vendorme returned to his shop, where he found Michael and his wife extremely anxious.

"Not wholly on your account have I worried," said Cinthia, after our here had taken a seat. "My hasband is somewhat implicated, and I have feared for him."

"You need fear no more," returned Orlando. "The duke has heard the whole truth, and he has dismissed the case. If there is danger beyond this, there must be another pretext for it."

"For myself," remarked Michael, "I have no idea that Manfred will cherish vengeance, but for you I have not the assurance. "I understand you," said Orlando, "and I am prepared to have a care for myself. I know that the duke hates me, and I know that Huge de Castro hates me, and I know that Huge de Castro hates me, and in thermore, I have become convinced that they will try to remove me from their way. Why they should feel thus—why they should regard me with such deadly hatfed—I cannot understand." "I can understand it," said Cinthia, "The duke and the prince have not forgotten that Rosabel of Berramo loves von."

ceived was a request for him to open the door.

Surely it was a female voice that spoke.

"Who is it?" he repeated. "I cannot open my doors at this hour to a stranger."

"I cannot give my name here," replied the applicant. "If my voice is not a sufficient passport, I must go away as I came. I am alone, and must not be seen by curious eyes. Will you not open to me?"

Orlando did not think of danger now. Aye—that voice was a passport to his confidence—not that he had ever heard it before, but simply because it was the voice of a female, and without further question he unbarred the door, and drew it open. A woman entered, and as she did so bade him close the door as quickly as possible.

"I must not be seen," she said, "or there may be danger to one who is already in danger enough."

One here closed and harred the door as he fore, but simply because it was the voice of a female, and without, further question he unbarred the door, and drew it open. A woman entered, and as she did so bade him close the door as quickly as possible.

"I must not be seen," she said, "or there may be danger to one who is already in danger enough."

Our hero closed and barred the door as he had been requested, and then turned towards his strange visitor. She was enveloped in a large cloak of dark cloth, which completely covered her head and concealed her face.

"Lady, your wish has been obeyed," an-nounced Orlando, as he approached the spot where she stood near his bench. "I think I speak with Orlando Ven-

where she stood near his benefit.

"I think I speak with Orlando Vendorme?"

"You do."

"Are you alone?"

"Only you and myself are present; and I think there are none others stirring beneath this roof. Now, lady, may I know who and what you are?"

The visitor threw her cloak back from her head and shoulders, revealing a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a very pretty young face. She was not bewritching, nor was she beautiful; but she was fair and intelligent, and better looking than the majority of females of her age. And when she spoke she exhibited a set of pearly teeth, and a curious smile played around the little dimples in her cheeks and chin. In short, as the youth gazed upon her, he fancied that she was just such a being as the princesses and maidens of the Orient used to send on secret missions of love.

"Sir knight," spoke the girl, a little uneasily, "I have come on a mission from one whom you will not disobey. Do you remember Rosabel of Bergamo?

"Yes," replied Orlando, quickly. "I refmember her as one who can never be forgetten."

"Would you obey a message from her?"

member her as one who can never be forgotten."

"Would you obey a message from her?"

"If I had assurance that it came from her I would obey it, though mortal danger stood in the way."

"You speak as my mistress hoped you would speak, sir knight; and I think I may deliver her message. Ever since you were banished she has been threatened with the hateful prospect of giving her hand to Ludovice; and thus far she has escaped by such means as were in her power. A part of the time she was really sick, as you him."
"Did you put him there, de Castro?"
"I closed the door upon him, my lord."
"Then there are others, beside ourselves, who know his whereabouts?"
"One other your highness,"

A COL Miner's Record

The state of the control of t

ment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or

ord chains!
Orlando Vendorme starts forward with a

CHAPTER IX.

The duke of Milan arose in the morning, and when he entered his closet he found Hugh de Castro there; and at the same time the prince Ludovico came in by another door.

loor.

"Ah, my captain," cried Manfred, "I see uccess stamped upon thy face. There has een no miscarriage this time?"

"No, my lord."

"What," exclaimed the prince, starting

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success stamped upon thy act.

Steen no miscarriage this time?

"No, my lord."

"What," exclaimed the prince, starting forward, and, for the first time since the tournament, moving without any show of lameness, "is the dog dead?"

"Not dead," returned de Castro; "but he is safe within our power.

"No, no," cried Ludovico; "he is not safe for us while he is alive."

He is where he can very easily be disposed of," remarked the captain, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Stop a moment," said the duke, putting out his hand to his son, who was upon the point of speaking again. "Let me have the captain's report. Now de Castro, what have you done?"

"My lord,? was the reply, "I have seen Orlando Vendorme lodged in the deepest dungeon of the old palace. He is in the place where Marmori died; where Sforza died; where Deletti died; and where the life of even the great Yusef wore itself away. He is down in that rock-bound pit, and the door of triple iron is bolted upon him."

"Did you put him there, de Castro?"

"Blow of the loss of th

or south Amerian reverse, which done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince remedy." A trial bottle will you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

IDOL OF FREE TRADERS.

here he invented a rail for street railroads, and had it patented. From lack of capital, he had some difficulty in getting this rail manufactured, but managed to raise enough money to induce the Cambria Iron Company, of Johnstown, Pa., to roll some rails experimentally, and their sale and the subsequent improvements in design assured the success of the invention, and shortly after the Johnstom, Pa., with A. J. Moxham as manager. It became one of the largest rail manufacturing establishments in the country, but is not a member of the steel rail trust.

Meanwhile Mr. Johnson purchased a much relish as a well person would sit down to a much relish as a well person woul

vaine, but which his foresight showed him would one day be a valuable property. He also became the owner of a street railway in Cleveland, Ohio, where he made his home. The most important thing that Mr. Johnson did in the fifty-second congress was to introduce the whole of Henry George's famous book on the tariff, "Protection or Free Trade," as the specches of himself and five other members. Each member introduced one-sixth of the book. It was tiber frinted in the Congressional Record and issued as a Complete work in pamphlet form, as a public document, first in small type as a 64-page pamphlet, and then in a larger type as a 112-page edition. Over 1,024,630 of "St. George," as it was called, were circulated, and very many found their way into Canada in the ordinary course as public documents. By many shrewd and far-seeing political experts of both parties Tom L. Johnson is believed to be on the highway to the United States presidency, and there is no denying the fact that his economic creed and candor of speech are making the oldfashioned political workers stand aghast. Personally. he is a delightfully genial man.

"When you come to gage a thing's speed by its size, where's your bird, and your man, and your railroad, alongside of a flea? The fastest man can't run more than about ten miles in an hour—not much over 10,000 times his own length; yes, and he can make five jumps a second, too, 750 times his own length; yes, and he can make five jumps a second, too, 750 times his own length; no ne little second; for he don't fool away any time stopping and starting—he does them both at the same time; you'll see, if you try to put your finger on him. Now, that's a common, ordinary third-class flea can jump interest him is own length. It's ninety miles a minute; it's considerable more than 3,000 miles an hour. Where's your man now? Yes, and your bird, and your man now? Yes, and your bird, and your main own than 300 times his own length. It's ninety miles a minute; it's considerable more than 5,000 miles an hour. Where'

Preserving Baby's First Shoe Preserving Baby's First Shoes.

A recent fad among young mothers is to have baby's first shoes made objects of beauty and sentimefital interest through the agency of some metal preparation that is poured over the little shoe, causing it to retailf'its shape and showing all those dear little spots and dents, so precious in the eyes of the fond parent. An enterprising firm has hit upon this plan, and from the success they are making the idea proves itself a very popular one.

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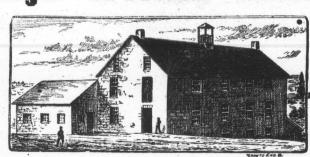
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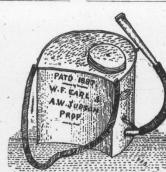
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