## Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON - BY -

#### B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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#### ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL. An Interesting Process Described by Dr.

The problem then was to convert the energy of coal more directly into electricity; to do away with the dynamo and the steam engine; possibly even to do away with heat itself.

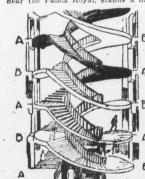
A multitude of experiments were made. In the earlier days my attempt was merely to do away with the dynamo and with steam, and convert heat into electricity. A fire of coke, burning on an insulated grate, gave some slight electrical manifestations, but they were not encouraging. Experiments with various novel forms of thermopile were tried, but a consideration of the theory of the subject soon made it evident that it was not even theoretically possible to convert more than a very small percentage of the energy of the coal into electricity in this way. The generation of electric energy of the coal into electricity in this way. The generation of electric currents by alternately heating and cooling the magnetic cores of wire ceils gave no promise of efficient results. I tried nature's plan of producing light-

rave no promise of efficient results. I tried nature's plan of producing light and the evaporation of water and continual dissipation of vapor globules and though I succeeded in producing miniabre thunderstorms, the quantity of electricity obtainable was not sufficient for any commercial use. Indeed, my researches have led me to doubt whether the total energy of a sood brisk thunderstorm, dramatic as is its display, is equal to the energy radiated from a bedroom fire. For a minute fraction of a second the force of stroke of lightning is terrific, but duration is so brief therite, but duration is of his brief therite, but duration of a second the force of stroke of lightning is terrifie, but duration is so brief therite, but duration is soon brief therite, but duration i

may abandon even composition of the stored by a standard or the control of the stored by a standard or the stored by a standard in the coal to standard or the stored by a cannot take place, the chemical admi-tity of the coal for the oxygen is con-verted directly into electricity, and not into heat. Liquids which thus allow atoms of oxygen and a current of el-William M. Jacques, in Harper's Mag-

#### A CURIOSITY OF PARIS.

Set of Winding Stairs With a Double



dat kitchen m' If I kin find d lazy miger dat brung you dat slop I gwine miger dat brung you had be able to the accompanying cut, borrowed from the Free was a gwine miger dat brung you have been differed in the central court of the bottom at the potential proposed and would be able the bottom at the potential proposed and would be able to con

#### AUNT LETTY.

AUNT LETTY.

"Moster, please buy me."
The voice was plaintive and pleading—legaling with that unmistakable, thin, strident quality, born of long physical suffering—pleading with that unmistakable, thin, strident quality, born of long physical suffering—pleading with grading with that unmistakable, thin, strident quality, born of long physical suffering—pleading with said."

The words arrested the steps of a young physician who was waiking rapidly along —— street in the city of the problem of living and making both ends insect.

"Moster, please buy me."

He turned and looked and beheld—"
"Soated on a bench where it was the custom to display slaves for hire or sale, was a negro woman—a creature, so black as to make the blankers so black as to make the

Mrs. Morton smiled, raised her head Mrs. Morton smiled, raised her head expectantly and saw enter the poor, crooked creature the doctor had just purchased. She fell back on her pillow, too much overcome to speak.

"This is your mistress, Aunt Letty. I expect you to get well and be her stay and comfort for many a day."

"Yes, moster, but don't never forgit bout Edmund—my baby!"

"Just as soon as 1 am able, Aunt Letty, I'll buy him. I give you my promise."

promise."
Aunt Letty managed by shuffling along on her cane to reach the bedside and at once, by her good face, won over her new mistress as she had the over her new mistress as she had the master.

The old slave, accustomed to utter idleness, even under the burden of her infirmities, with a definess her appearance would have made seem impossible, straightened the covers, smoothed the pillows, put her crooked arm under the invalid's head and lifted her to a comfortable position.

What's dis, mistiss, dey done brung you here? Does somebody 'roun' here

câll dis-tea an' toast? Ain't you got no cook? I reckon I kin find my way to dat kitchen, an' if I kin find de lazy nigger dat brung you dat slop I gwine wallup her myself, if I is old and stiff."

had died the estate had been settled up and Edmund had been sent with a number of other slaves to the plantation—that was all.

"I do believe it will break her heart," said the doctor. "It will be more than she can bear. How can we tell her?"

spair, said his wife, and so they obtain orbiting.

It was pitiful, indeed, after this when the good old soul would come more and more hesitatingly and ask: "Moster, ain't you ready yet?" and he would answer: "Oh, Aunt Letty, way see what a family I have to look after I am so sorry for you. I would gladly get your boy for you, but I can't do it now. Don't be discouraged. He must be a fine fellow by this time."

ling female frowned down upon him impositably from the doorway, "lady, will you be so white as ter give me is its or little pinch of salt-that's all;" The severe female became somewhat disconcerted at the unusually modest request.

"Lady, I've been unfeelingly refused er cold spack at so many houses that I heve been driv night ter desperation. I've caught this little builtrog—"Yes, Unche Rufus, Can't you give me some points on the best way to keep chickens?"

"Yes, Unche Rufus, Can't you give me some points on the best way to keep chickens?"

"Yes, Unche Rufus, Can't you give me some points on the best way to keep chickens?"

"Yes, "Unche Rufus, Can't you give me some points on the best way to keep chickens?"

"Yes, wan't jimson, yo's heerd of can't the pinch of salt, lady, I tink as how I kin make me er humble, er very and him and pinched the frog so it squirmed. And Perambulating Pete sighed gleomly and pinched the frog so it squirmed. And Perambulating Pete sighed gleomly and pinched the frog so it squirmed. The pinch of salt so's you can eat that poor, innocent little builtrog, you crue! man! We'll see about that. Me and Joshua belong to be solved that. Me and Joshua belong to be solved that. Me and Joshua belong to be solved that was escorted off, and was so on breaking macadam for the bunfat of the state.—New York Journal.

Cause for Coolness.

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Cause for Coolness.

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.



in there?"

"Ah, nothing much," rejoined the scene shifter, rather positively.

Indeed, a debauched but inexorable public taste would rebel were very much to go on in there.—Detroit Journal.

"That young Borus, who writes verses for the papers, is rather clever, but he's merely an imitator."
"Dou you know, I've often suspected that? If anybody yawns in his p.e-senge he always yawns, too."—Chicago Tribune.

"No-only dad."
"An' what did he git?"
"Lots! One man give him a bottle er whiskey, an' nuther man give him thirty days!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Medium (to party at sitting)—The spirit of your deceased husband desires to converse with you.

Wife—Huh! If he ain't got no more spirit now than he had when he died

hand
lensis

He had left school three months previously, and had been in search of a situation where he could begn in a very small way and gradually rise in the esteem of everybody, as he had noticed was the case in the biographies he had read, until he should have a junior partnership thrust upon him and finally be known as a merchant prince. Constitution.

Civen Epa Lest.

Halifax, N.S. Dec. 28.—The schooner and finally be known as a merchant prince.

He halfax, N.S. Dec. 28.—The schooner and finally be known as a merchant prince.

Too Much Self-Confidence.

The junior clerk was busy footing up fong columns of figures, and he was not particularly impressed with the exceedingly dignified looking stranger who eyed him so severely.

"Is Mr. Folio in?" the latter queried in tones of most excruciating condession.

"No," replied the clerk politely, "but he will be—" and the will be w

A TRUE WOMAN.

An Incident Which Emphasizes Her Many- ided Couracter. "It can never be," said Ethel Guf-fey, sadly. "I have no desire to give you pain, but I must tei, you, once for all, that I can never be your wife." Harold McPartiand sax shent under the blow for a full minute. Then, heaving a great sigh of despair, he asked:

asked:
"What are your objections to me?
I want to know so that i may make
myself, if possible, the kini of man
you could love."
"Oh, I cannot go into details," the
girl answered. "You are not at ali
what—I mean, I cannot, cannot be
your wife." "I do not drink," pleaded the young

"I do not drink," pleaded the young man.
"I know it," said the giri.
"Or gamble or go about nights," he continued. "I have no bad habits, I give close attention to my business, and I am rapidly making a fortune."
"That is all true," she replied wearlly, "but my decision is made and is unalterable."
Harold McPartland went away in

"My baby, moster, just seven years old," she would answer, and it is doubtfull if she ever thought of him as any other than the baby boy she had aparted from.

"As he sat watching the dying embers and bread in the word of the state of bad bread in the word of bad bread in t

Widow (ordering tombstone)—And I on't want any maudlin sentiment on ; just put: "Died, Age 75. The Good ole Young."—Phil May's Annual HIS MARRIAGE FEE.

come over to our place to get dion.

I was gone, but the hired man sold them to him, by weight, and they amounted to just ten dollars and thirty-five cents.

"Parson Steadman told the man that he hadn't the memey by him, but would be over again in a few days and settle, and the hired man told him that would be all right.

"Well, when we were married, I gave the parson a brand new ton-dollar bill, one that I had got clean from the bank for that purpose.

"Next morning bright and-early over came the parson to our place. He asked the hired man if I was at me, and when I came out he was pretty much surprised to see that I was the same man that he had murri dinaght before. He turned kind of red and looked a little queer, and said he had come over to settle for these two him the night before, and thirty live cents besides and handed them to me. I burst out laughing, and he looked Rind of soher for a mileute, then he burst out laughing, too.

"If I had recognized you as the man I owed for the pigs, when you were at my house last night," he said. I could have handed you the thirty five cents and we should have been through the form of passing the money back and forth, you were practically bought for two pigs, minus thirty-five cents."

"So you see, M'ri, that while we went through the form of passing the money back and forth, you were practically bought for two pigs, minus thirty-five cents."

"An he ighted his cigarctte with his breath."

"An he spoke a gratifier likit can to me. What is man to me. The present cost of red-hot macadam, with the accent on the dam, a new payer have cents and we should have bacen as the first of the present cost of red-hot macadam, with the accent on the dam, a new payer have constant for two pigs, minus thirty-five cents."

"An he spoke a gratifier likit can to me. The present cost of red-hot macadam, with the present cost of red-hot macadam, with t

Consumption

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WATCH IT GROW.









And he lighted his eigarcte with his breath.

"We won't do a thing to it to-day."
As he spoke a gratifier light compine to his eyes, but was promptly turned off by the economical Prime Minister. "To-day is New Year's on earth and we'll get hell's annual pavement to-morrow, and it won't cost a conteither."

How He Got Pie. In reply to his tale of hunger, she had asked him if he would saw wood His chin fell to his breast and he re-His chin fell to his breast and he replied:

"Yes, mum! I'd gladly saw yer wood, but yer see, mum, dat would be takin' der work what rightly berlongs ter der poor o' yer own neighborhood, an' it's 'gainst me princerples ter der prive any man o' der chance ter earn his lifin'. No, mum, when I t'inks o' dose poor fellers what has large famblies ter serport, wid cryin', hungry children an' wid er delercate wife what's sick in bed, I can't, mum, have der cheek ter take der work what 'ud make 'em so happy an' what by rights berlongs ter 'em. I wus dat way meself wunst, an' I knows what 'tis."

self wunst, an' I knows what 'tis."

A Humorous Sound,
Old 'Ikeystein—Shakey, mein poy,
your Uncle Levi Cohenstein vos getting very funny in his old age.
Young Ikeystein—Vot has he done,
fader, dot is funny?
"Oh, it vos de cratest shoke in the
world, mein son."
"Vot vos it, fader?"
"He advertises dot he has made an
assignment—Oh; I haf to sthop till I
laugh a viles."
"But dere vos nutting funny apout
an assignment, fader, Dot vos pisness,
you know. You haf made some assignments yourself, fader."
"Oh, yes, I know. Ve all haf to
mage assignments, or ve don't mage
any money, but your Uncle Levi Cohenstein (he' he') he says he mages de
assignment for de benefit of his greditors! Vot you tink of dot, Shakey?

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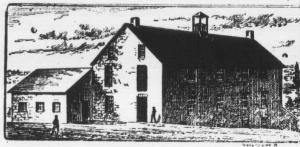
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