Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIE

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INAL THAM TOOL A SECOND EPISODE, MAMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

which I did not like to remember lay a

that very minute too nearly under our feet for my own individual comfort. However, this has nothing to do with the reply I made to William.

the reply I made to William.

"I hope," said I, "the does not run with the buggy. I want to take a ride very much this morning and could get small pleasure out of it if that dog must be consequently."

"I cannot go out this morning," William began, but changed his sentence, possibly at the touch of his sister's foot under the table, into: "But if you say I must, why, I must. You men folks are so plagued changeable. Yesterday I wanted to go; today I don't, but don't let that make any dif-Wishes of his guest."

Had he been ten years younger I would have boxed his ears; had he been

that much older I would have taken cue and packed up my trunk before he could have finished the cup of coffee he was drinking. But he was just too old to reprimand—that is, in that way, and reprimand—tast is, in this way, and not old enough to appreciate any display of personal dignity or self respect. Besides, he was a knave; so I just let his impertinence pass with the remark:

"I have purchases to make in the villers" and set that matter anded, mani-

festly to the two girls' relief, who natu rally did not like to see me insulted even if they did not possess sufficient power over their brother to prevent it. One other small episode and then I will take you with me to the village.

As we were leaving the table, where I As we were leaving the table, where I ate less than common, notwithstanding all my efforts to seem perfectly unconcerned except at those demonstrations of Saracea, from which they all expected me to shrink, Lucetta, who had waited for her brother to go out, took me gently by the arm, and, looking at me closely, said:

me closely, said:
"Did you have any dreams last night,
Miss Butterworth? You know I promised

I was a little taken aback and for s moment felt like taking those two girls into my confidence and bidding them fly from the shame and doom so soon to fall upon their brother, but the real principle underlying all such momentary impulses on my part deterred me, and in as light from the shame and doom so soon to fall apon their brother, but the real principle underlying all such momentary impulses on my part deterred me, and in as light a tone as I could assume and not be an absolute hypocrite I replied that I was sorry to disappoint her, but I had no dreams, which seemed to please her more than it should, for if I had had no dreams I certainly had suffered from the most dreadful realities.

"I could not be surer," said I, "for I have seen with my eyes and almost touched with my hands the body of one of the victims."

"Quite sure," I returned, nettled.

"Why do you doubt it? Because I have kept so quiet and not sounded one note of alarm from my whistle?"

"No," said he. "The ENIGMA OF NUMBERS.

"When I told you that Mother Jane was out of the question in this matter, I meant out of the question for you. She was a subject to be handled by the police, and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her cabin." Here Mr. Gryce paused and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her cabin." Here Mr. Gryce paused and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her cabin." Here Mr. Gryce paused and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her cabin." Here Mr. Gryce paused and was out of the question in this matter, I meant out of the question in this matter, I meant out of the question for you. She was a subject to be handled by the police, and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her cabin." Here Mr. Gryce paused and was out of the question in this matter, I meant out of the question in this matter, I was a subject to be handled by the police, and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her was out of the question in this matter, I was a subject to be handled by the police, and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I made a search of her was out of the question in this matter, I was a subject to be handled by the police, and we have handled her. Yester-day afternoon I m

the most dreadful realities. the most dreadral realities.

I will not describe that ride into town. Saracen did go with us, and indignation not only rendered me speech, less, but gave to my thoughts a turn which made that half hour of very little. tle value to me. Mother Jane's burly figure orouching in her doorway otherwise have given me opportunity for remark, and so might the dublow met on the high unacoustomed that I had difficulty in recognising myself as the but of so much doubt and possibly dislike. I at-tributed this, however, all to the ill re-pute under which William so geserved-ly labored and did not allow myself te more than notice it. Indeed, I could only be sorry for people who did not know in what consideration I was held at home and who, either through igno-rance or prejudice, allowed themselves rance or prejudice, allowed themselves privileges they would be the first to re-gret did they know the heart and mind of the real Amelia Butterworth. Once in the village, I took the direc-

tion of affairs.
"Set me down at the hotel," said I,

"Bet me down at the hotel," said I,
"and then go about such business as you
may have here in town. I am not going
to allow myself to be tracked all over
by that dog."
"There no business," was the surly
reply.
"Then make some," was my sharp
retort. "I want to see the locksmith—
that locksmith who wouldn't come to de
an honest piece of work for me in your
house, and I want to buy dimittes and
wools and sewing silks at the dry goods

I wood I have a thou.

The down that he so bones.
"You and I have come to issue over
such matters before," said he, "and
therefore need not take too much account of the feelings it is likely to engender. I will merely state that my
clew points to Mother Jane and ask if
you have found in the visit she paid at
the house last night anything which
would go to strengthen the suspicion
against her."
"Perhaps," said I in a state of disthat locksmith who wouldn't come to do an honest piece of work for me in your house, and I want to buy dimittes and wools and sewing silks at the dry goods store over there. Indeed I have a thou-sand things to do and expect to spend half the morning before the counters. Why, man, I haven't done any shopping for a week."

reprience of city ladies to go by, took the at my word and prepared to beat an omorable retreat. As a result I found myself ten minutes later standing on the top step of the hotel porch, watch-ing William driving away with Saracen perched on the seat beside him. Then I realized that the village held no com-panions for him and did not know

fore my quiet was disturbed were spent by me in thinking. I had not only in-formation to give to the police, but I had many little questions to settle in my own mind, for which a spell of un-

sary. One of these was whether, in the event of finding the police amenable, I should reveal or hids from these with dren of my old friend the fact that in the machine secret had been discovered. I wished—I hope—that the affair might be so concluded, but it all seemes no impossible, especially since Mr. Gryce and so concluded the fact that it was the work of a moment of mand to direct mate tera, that I spent very little time on this subject, deep and important as it was to all concerned.

The thing to which I devoted my most serious attention was the necessity of telling my story so as to excussed the girls as much as possible. They were mistaken in their devotion and most unkappy in the exercise of it, but they ware not innately wicked and should not be made to appear as. Perhaps the one thing for which I should yet have the best cause to congratulate myself would be the opportunity I had gained to give to their connection with the affair its true and proper coloring.

I was still dwelling on this thought when there came a knock at my door which advised me that the visitor I expected had arrived. To open and admit him was the work of a moment, but it took more than a moment for me to overcome my surprise at seeing in my visitor no leaser person than Mr. Gryce in the hink! I forget for a moissification will be admitted to the control of the control of the proper coloring.

I was still dwelling on this thought when there came a knock at my door which advised me that the visitor I expected had arrived. To open and admit him was the work of a moment for me to overcome my surprise at seeing in my visitor no leaser person than Mr. Gryce is the proper coloring.

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expected.

"You have?" he asked, with just that shade of incredulity which it is so tantalising to encounter.

"Then I suppose congratulations are in order. But are you sure, Miss Butterworth, that you really have obtained a clew to the many strange and fearful disappearances which have given to this 'ang its name?"

for he launched immediately into the matter with no further play apon my curiosity, which was now, as you can believe, thoroughly aroused, though I could not believe that anything he had to bring up against Mother Jane could for a moment stand against the death and burial I had seen and almost played a part in in Miss Knollys' house during the two previous nights.



I SHRANK A STEP UPWARD.

"I could not be surer," said I, "for I |

is my reason."
"What is it, then?" I urged. "Well," said he, "my real reason for doubting if you have been quite as suc-cessful as you think is that we ourselves have come upon a clew about which

there can be no question. Can you say the same of yours?"

You will expect my answer to have been a decided "Yes," uttered with all the positiveness of which you know me to be capable. But for some reason, — haps because of the strange influence this man's personality exercises on all—yes, all—who do not absolutely steel themselves against him, I faltered just long enough for him to cry:

"I thought not. The clew is outside the Knollys house, not in it, Miss Butterworth, for which, of course, you are not to be blamed or your services scorned. I have no doubt they have been inthe same of yours?'

ed. I have no doubt they have been invaluable in unearthing a secret, if not

"Thank you," was my quiet retort.
I thought his presumption beyond all bounds and would at that moment have felt justified in snapping my fingers at the clew that he so boasted of had it

Pernaps, said I in a state of dis-dain that was more or less unpardon-able, considering that my own suspicions previous to my discovery of the real tragedy enacted under my eyes at the Knollys mansion had played more or

less about this old crone.

"Only perhaps?" He smiled, with a playful forbearance with my mood for which I should have been truly grateful to him.

'She was there for no good purpose, said I, "and yet if you had not charac-terized her as the person most responsi-ble for the crimes we are here to inves-tigate I should have said from all that I saw then and previously of her con-duct that she acted as a supernumerary To the clerk who came to meet me land quietly, "Boom No. 3 if you please," at which he gave a nod of in telligence and led me as unostentations ly as possible into a small hall, at the end of which I saw the number I had asked for.

"If you will take a seat inside," saic he, "I will send you whatever you may desire for your comfort."

"If think you know what that is."

Is aw then and previously of her conduct that she acted as a supernumerary rather than principal, and that it is to me you should look for the correct clew to the criminal, notwithstanding your confidence in your own theories and my momentary hesitation to assert that there was no possible defect in mine."

"Miss Butterworth,"—I thought he looked a trifle shaken—"what did Mother Jane do in that closely shuttered

desire for your comfort."

"I think you know what that is," said I, at which he nodded again and left me, closing the door carefully be brind him as he went.

The few minutes which elapsed because it was disturbed were seen.

I must have looked irritated, and in-deed I think I had cause.

"Mother Jane ate her supper," I snapped out angrily. "Miss Knollys gave it to her. Then she helped a little with a piece of work they had on hand.

It will not interest you to know what

take as a compliment, con fond he is of concentrating all his wis-dom upon small and insignificant ob-

"I wonder," said he, "what you would have done in such a search as that. It was no common one, I assure you. There are not many hiding places between Mother Jane's four walls."

eagerness, of course.
"I wish I had been given the opportunity," said I—"that is, if anything was to be found there."

He seemed to be in a sympathetic mood toward me, or perhaps—and this is the likelier supposition—he had a minute of leisure and thought he could afford to give himself a little quiet

nt. However that is, he answered me by saying:
"The opportunity is not lost. You have been in that cabin and have noted,

have no doubt, its extreme simplicity. Yet it contains, or rather did contains up till last night, distinct evidences of more than one of the crimes which have been perpetrated in this lane."

"Good! And you want me to guess where you found them? Well, it's not fair."

"Ah, and why not?" "Because you probably did not find them on your first attempt. You had time to look and change your mind and look again. I am asked to guess at once and without second trial what, I war-rant, it took you several trials to deter-

mine."
"Humph!" He could not help but laugh. "And why do you think it took me several trials?"
"Because there is more than one

thing in that room made up of parts."
"Parts?" He attempted to look pussled, but I would not have it.
"You know what I mean," I declared; "70 parts, 38, or whatever the

numbers are she so constantly mutters."

His admiration was unqualified and "Miss Butterworth," said he, "you are a woman after my own heart. How came you to think that her muttering had anything to do with a hiding

"Because it did not have anything to her. When I handed her 35 cents, she cried, 'Seventy, 38 and now 10!' Ten what? Not 10 cents or \$10, but ten''— "Why do you stop!"
"I do not want to risk my reputation

on a guess. There is a quilt on the bed made up of innumerable pieces. There made up of innumerable pieces. There is a pavement under foot of neatly laid "And there is a Bible on the stand

whose leaves number many over 70."

"Ah, was it in the Bible you found"—
His smile put mine quite to shame.
"I must acknowledge," he cried,
"that I looked in the Bible, but I found
gothing there beyond what we all seek
when we open its sacred covers. Shall I
tall my story?"

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He was evidently bursting with pride.
You would think that after a half sentury of just such successes a min would take his honors more quietly. But pahaw! Human nature is just the same in the old as in the young. He was no more tired of compliment c: of awakening the astonishment of those he confided in than if he wis out on his first great case. Of course in presence of such weakness I could do nothing less than give him a sympathetic car. I may be old myself some day. Besides, his story was likely to prove more or less interesting. It has nothing to do with your clew, I

was likely to prove more or less interesting.

"Tell your story," I repeated. "Don't you see that I am".—I was going to say "in ging and needles till I hear is," but that is a vulgar expression for a woman like myself and might prove I was becoming deteriorated by the business into which I had been pushed more or less against my will; so I altered the words happily before they were speken into"that I am in a state of the liveliest enricalty concerning the whole matter? Tell your story, of course."

"Well, Miss Butterworth, if I do it is because I know you will appreciate it. You, like myself, placed weight upon the numbers she is forever running over, and you, like myself, shave conceived the possibility of those numbers having reference to something in the one room she inhabits. At first glance the extreme bareness of the spot seemed to promise nothing to my ourlosity.

the extreme bareness of the spot seemed to promise nothing to my curiosity. I looked at the floor and encountered ne signs of any disturbance having taken place in those symmetrically laid bricks for years. Yet I counted up to 70 one way and 38 the other, and marking the brick thus selected began to pry it out. It came with difficulty and showed me nothing underneath but green mold and innumerable frightened insects. Then I counted the bricks the other way, but nothing came of it. The fleer dees not appear to have been disturbed for years. Turning my attention away from the fleor, I began upon the quitt. This was a worse job than the other, and it took me an hour to rip apart the block I settled upon as the suspicious one, but it all came to nothing also. There was no hidden treasure in the quilt. Then I searched the walls, using the measurements 70 by 38, but no result followed these endeavors, and—what de you think I did then!"

"You will tell me," I said, "if I give

think I did then?"

"You will tell me, "I said, "if I give you one more minute to do it in."

"Very well," said he. "I see you do not know, madam. Having searched below and around me, I next turned my attention overhead. Do you remember the strings and strings of dried vegetables that decorate the beams above?"

"I do," I said, not stiating any of the astonishment I really felt.

"Well, I began to count them next, and when I reached the seventieth onion from the open doorway I crushed it be-

from the open doorway I crushed it be-tween my fingers and—this fell out, madam—worthless trinkets, as you will

madam—worthless trinkets, as you will immediately see, but''.—
"Well, well," I urged.
"They have been identified as belong-ing to the pediar who was one of the viotims in whose fate we are interested." "Ah, ah!" I cried out, somewhat amased, I own. "And number 28?"
"That was a carrof, and it held a really valuable ring—a raby surrounded by diamonds. If you remember, I once spoke to you of this ring. It was the property of young Mr. Chittenden and worn by him while he was in this village. He disappeared on his way to the rallway station, having taken, as many can vonch for, the short detour by Lost Man's lane, which would lead him divectly by Mother Jane's othere." ectly by Mother Jane's cottage."
"You thrill me," said I, keeping

down with admirable self possession my own thoughts in regard to this matter.

"And what of No. 10, beyond which she said she sould not count?"

"In 10 was your 35 cent plees, and in various other vegetables small coins whose whole value was of a pitiful smallness. The only numbers which the said of the plant of the

smallness. The only numbers which seemed to make any impression on her mind were those connected with these

mind were those connected with these srimes. Very good evidence, Miss Butterworth, that Mother Jane holds the clew to this matter, even if she is not responsible for the actual killing and putting away of the individuals represented by this property."

"Certainly," I acquiesced, "and if you though to examine her after her return from the Knollys mansion last night you would probably have found upon her some similar evidence of her complicity in the last crime of this terrible series. It would needs have been small, as silly Rufus, as I take it, neither indulged in the, brass trinkets sold by the old pedlar nor the real jewelry of a well to do man like the young westerner."

"Silly Rufus?"
"He was the last to disappear from these parts, was he not?"
"Yes, madam."

"And as such should have left so clew to his fate in the hands of this old orone if her motive in removing him was, as you seem to think, entirely that

"I did not say it was entirely so. Silly Rufus would be the last person any one, even such a non compos mentis as Mother Jane, would destroy for hope of

Mother Jane, would destroy for nope or gain."
"But what other motive could she have, and, Mr. Gryce, where could she bestow the bodies of so many unfortunate victims, even if by her great strength she could succeed in killing them?"

"There you have us," said he. "We have not been able as yet to unearth any bodies. Have you?" "No," said I, with some little show of triumph showing through my disdain, "but I can show you where to unsarth

"But I can allow you want to ne."

He should have been startled, prefoundly startled. Why wam's he! I saked that of myself over and over is the one instant he weighed his words before answering.

"You know something then, definite ly," he declared. "You have come across a grave or a mound which you have taken for a grave."

I shook my head.

have taken for a grave."
I shook my head.
"No mound," said I. Why should I not play for an instant or more with hicuriosity? He had with mine.
"Ah, then, why do you talk of unearthing? No one has sold you when you can lay hand on Silly Rufus' body, I take it."

I take it."
"No," said I. "The house Knollys is not inclined to give up its secrets."
He started, glancing almost remore fully first at the itp, then at the head of the cane he was balancing in his

hand.
"It's too bad," he muttered, "but you've been led astray, Miss Butter worth, excusably, I acknowledge, quite excusably, but yet in a way to give you quite wrong conclusions. The secret of the Knollys house— But wait a mo ment. Then you were not locked up in your room last night?"
"Scarcely," I returned, wavering be tween the doubts he had awakened by

his first sentence and the surprise which his last could not fail to give me. "I might have known they would nobe likely to catch you in a trap," he remarked "So you were up and in the

"I was up," said I, "and in the halls.

May I ask where you were?"

He paid no heed to the last sentence. He paid no heed to the lass sentence.
"This complicates matters," said he,
"and yet perhaps it is as well. I understand you now, and in a few minute,
you will understand me. You thought
it was silly Bufus who was buried lass
might. That was rather an awful
thought, Miss Butterworth. I wonder

Traly you are a wonderful woman—s very wonderful woman."

"A trues to complimenta," I cried. "If you know as much as your word show of what went on in that ill omened house last night, you ought to show some degree of emotion yourself, for it was not ally Rufus who was laid away under the flower parlor who, then, was if! No one for whom tear could openly be shed or of whose death public acknowledgment could be made, or we would not be sitting here talking away at cross purposes the morning aft er his burial."

"Tears are not shed or public acknowledgment made for the subject of a half crasy man's love for sol nitiff in vestigation. It was a dog you saw buried, madam—a favorite dog which Mr. Knollys loved, but which for all that could not escape that half monster's passion for vivisection."

"You are playing with ms," I cried, "outrageously and inescensably playing with me. A dog laid away is such scarcey and with such a degree of feeling as I was witness to? You must shink me in my dotage, or else"—

"We will take the rest of the sentence for granted," he said. "You know that I can have no wish to insult you intelligence, Miss Butterworth, and if I say dog I must have ample reasons for it. Can you contradict those reasons. Do you know it was a man that was buried there last night? If you do, then is me more to be said, or, rather, there is everything to be said, for that wonts give to the transaction of last night's very dreadful and tragic significance which at present I am not disposed to ascribe to it."

"Jaken aback, almost overwhelmed by a statement for which I was in no degree prepared, and yet which I could not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think false for all his quiet sell not but think fal

whenable."

"Madam"—he was not angry; fellow feeling for the disappointment he somsidered me a prey to made him very gentle to me—"madam, if you know it was not a dog, say so. I do not wish to waste my time."

"I do not know it."

"Very well, then, I will tell you why I think my supposition true. Mr. Knollys, as you probably have already discovered, is a man with a secret passion for vivisection."

for vivisection."
"Yes," said 1, "I have discovered

"Yes," said I, "I have discovered that."

"It is known to his family, and it is known to a very few others, but it is now known to the world at large, not seen to his fellow villagers."

"I can believe it," said I.
"His sisters, who are gentle girls, feel dreadful about it. They have tried in every way to influence him to abandon it, but unsuccessfully so far, for he is not only entirely unamenable to persuasion, but has a nature of such bratality he could not live without some such excitement to help away his life in this dreary house. All they can do, then, is to conceal these cruelties from the eyes of the people who already exercise him for his many roughnesses and the undoubted shadow under which he lives. Time was when I thought this the undoubted shadow under which he lives. Time was when I thought this shadow had a substance worth our investigation, but a further knowledge of his real fault and a completer knowledge of his sisters' virtues surned my inquiries in a new direction, where I have found, as I have told you, actual reason for arresting Mother Jane. Have you anything to say against it? Cannot you see that all your suspicions can be explained by the brother's cruel impulses and the sisters' horror of having those impulses known?"

pulses and the sisters' horror of having those impulses known?"

I thought a moment; then I cried out boldly: "No, I cannot, Mr. Gryce. The anxiety, the fear, which I saw depicted on those sisters' faces for days might have some such explanation perhaps, but the knot of crape on the window shutter, the open Bible in the room of death (William's room), Mr. Gryce, proclaim that it was a human being for whom Lucetta's sobs went up, and so shall I continue to think till investigation has proved my mistake."

shall I continue to tains till investiga-tion has proved my mistake."

"I do not follow you," he said, moved for the first time from his com-posure. "What do you mean by a knot of crape, and when was it you obtained entrance into William's room?"

entrance into William's room?"

"I have points to relate," was my quiet retort, "as interesting as anything you have told me of your investigations at Mother Jane's cottage. Did you think I simply walked on the outside of things, Mr. Gryce?"

"I should not have done you that interesting."

"I have pierced, as I think, deeper than even yourself into William's character. I think him capable—but do satisfy my curiosity on one point first, Mr. Gryce. How came you to know as much as you do about last night's proceedings? You could not have been in the house. Did you succeed, then, in making Mother Jane reveal on her return what it was she took part in?"

what it was she took part in? The tip of his cane was up, and he frowned at it. Then the handle took its place, and he gave it a good natured

smile.
"Miss Butterworth," said he, "I have not succeeded in making Mother Jane at any time go beyond her numerical monologue. But you have been more successful." And with a sudden marvelous change of expression, pose and man-ner he threw over his head my shawl, which had fallen to the floor in my as-tonishment, and, rocking himself te and

tonishment, and, rocking himself te and fro before me, muttered grimly: "Seventy! Twenty-eight! Ten! No more, I can count no mere. Go."
"Mr. Gryoe," I exclaimed, "it was then you! asw"—
"In Mother Jane's cottage with Mr. Knollys," he finished. "And it was I who helped to bury what you now declare, to my real terror and astonishment, to have been a human being. Miss Butterworth, what about the knot of crape? Tell me."

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIFLES, BUT NOT TRIFLING.

But I am methodical even at the most critical instant, as those who have read "That Affair Next Door" have had ample opportunity to know. Having heard him make this startling declaration, I could not proceed to establish my standpoint till I knew a little more about his "Excuse me one moment," said I. "If you had the handling of one of those ropes, you were nearer the heart of this business than I. Is that why you decided it was no human being you were burying?"

"In a measure, yes. Having someskill in these disguises, especially where my own infirmities can have full play, as in case of this strong but half bentwoman, I had no reason to think my own identity was suspected, much less discovered. Therefore I could trust what I saw and heard as being what Mother Jane herself would be allowed to see or hear under the same circumstances. If, therefore, the Knollys and this old crone had been, as you seem to think they are, in league for murder, 'Lucetta would hardly have greeted me as she did when she came down to meet me in the kitchen."

"And how was that? What did she say?"

"She said: 'Ah, Mother Jane, we

"She said: 'Ah, Mother Jane, we have a piece of work for you. You are strong, are you not?" "Humph!"
"And then she commiserated me a

bit and gave me food which, upon my word, I found hard to eat, though I had saved my appetite for the occasion. Pa-

moment came in: 'There is no use trying to explain anything to her. Show
her when the time comes what there is
to do and trust to her short memory to
forget it before she leaves the house.
She could not understand my brother's
propanity or our share to she could not understand my broth propensity or our shame in pander to it. So attempt nothing, Hann buly keep the money in her view.'' "So, and that gave you in déen?" "It save me the idea I have unnes

WELL KNOWN WOMEN.

Some London papers refer to the wife of Lord Curson as the 'Leiter of Asia."

Mrs. James A. Garfield, widow of the president, spent the greater part of the winter in southern California.

Mary Anderson, now Mrs. Navarro, has grown a trific thinner since she reigned the queen of the stage in this country, but she appears in the best of health. Her husband appears short beside her.

Mrs. Sarah Storey of Philadelphia is chief companion, which is the supreme head of a woman's national organization known as the Companions of the Forest, which has 40,000 members and 500 circles.

Lady Cook & Co. have gone into the stockbroking business in London, the motto of the firm being, "Never sell what you haven't got; buy at the lowest figure; be satisfied with quick returns and small profits."

be satisfied with quick returns and small profits."

Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., who died recently in New York from an overdose of morphine, taken to relieve a fit of great nervous depression and intense physical jain, was a daughter of General Mercer of Maryland.

Adelina Patti is not the only person in artistic life with the title of Baroness Cedarstrom., Mrs. Hartmann, a famous Swedish actress, is in private life a baroness of the same name. Her husband and Patti's are cousins.

Mrs. McKinley is a great dog fancier

HARDWARE

ess of the same name. Her husband and Patti's are cousins.

Mrs. McKinley is a great dog fancier and owns the largest St. Bernard in the world. Its name is Washington. A special servant is appointed to take care of the pets of the president's wife, and the dogs are groomed every morning.

Mrs. Barbara Moon of Rolvenden, England, has the distinction of being the only baby that was present at the battle of Waterloo. She was born in Gibraltar in 1811, and her father, a sergeant, took her and her mother to Belgium with him, and they were on the field during the fighting.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, whose round the world mission for the W. C. T. U. is well remembered, has returned to Boston to live after an absence of 15 years.

Mrs. Leavitt was elected honorary life president of the world's W. C. T. U. at its first convention in Boston, November, 1891.

Mrs. Daniel Manning will go to the

Mrs. Daniel Manning will go to the Parls exposition in 1900 as the president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This society has appropriated \$4,000 for her expenses. She will also take a prominent part in the dedicatory exercises of the Lafayette monument, to be held on United States day, July 4, 1900.

be held on United States day, July 4, 1900.
Mrs. Annie Besant is sald to have renounced England altogether and to have
adopted eastern customs of living as well
as thinking. She is reported as sitting
cross logged on a carpet, living and eating
like any Bengali in Calcutta and dressing
in a modification of the native costume.
She is starting a school and college as She is starting a school and college at Benares for Hindoo boys.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Keeping the orchard trimmed adds much to the beauty of the farm. Give the first spraying on the apple tree as soon as the leaves are out well. Well rotted manure from the woodpile makes one of the best top dressings for radishes.

make one or the best top dressings for radishes.

For strawberries select land that has been in cultivation two or three years. Plow deep and harrow well.

Old tin cans with the tops and bottoms taken off are good to set over plants as a protection against outworms.

On every warm, sunshiny day the hotbed sashes should be opened so as to admit plenty of pure air to the plants.

When set out, if the trees are leaned considerably to the southwest, they will be straight by the time they come into bearing.

Plants that have been growing in pots during the winter may be set in the open ground as soon as the danger of frost is fully past.—Exchange.

TRUST THRUSTS.

No. The tile and the hat trust have no

branch of a trust. Trusts have many arms. So have devilfishes.—St Louis Post-Dispatch.

Now comes the vinegar trust to sour the spirit of the times. The concern expects to place its competitors in pickle.—Now York Mail and Express.

The defenders of the trusts may argue till they are exhausted, and the fact remains that it is not safe to place in the hands of a few men the power to lower wages and increase the price of necessary articles when it is to their personal gain to do it. Human nature is too frail to be tempted as the managers of a trust must be.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Spinels, olivines, pearls and diamonds are favorite stones for the enrichment of gold belt clasps, which come in both solid and openwork styles.

The craze for jeweled hatpins and hair ornaments of every description continues to be as strong as ever. The spider is the latest "lucky" hatpin device.

Superhystones appearing in a few fine

Superb stones appearing in a few fine rings just now are "orange" diamonds, whose name exactly defines their magnificent golden hue. These gems, when absolutely clear and flawless, are both rare and oestly.

Chains much in favor and intended to be worn at the throat or on the wrist are very slender and flexible. They are provided with a jeweled slide, often in round button form, and each end terminates in a pendant of a large-and handsome pearl, diamond or ruby.—Jewelers' Circular.

WAYS OF WOMEN.

A woman always has the last word—and incidentally about 90 per cent of the preceding conversation.—Chicago News.

Some women are like the ostrich. They think a gay hat will divert the public mind from a frayed skirt binding.—Chicago Record.

Wearing gloves of kangaroo and shoes of antelope skin, the up to date golfing girl shouldn's have any trouble bounding over the links.—St. Louis Republic.

A New York woman filled up with wine

A New York woman filled up with wine and smashed things around in a lively manner because of a nowspaper story that she had traded the urn in which were the ashes of her deceased husband for a plaster of paris image. The "storied urn" start-ed her upon an animated "bust," as it Athens

A Sure Enough Cynic

A Sure Enough Cynic.

A philosophic man, who has been reading protests against certain fashions which threaten to overtake long suffering womankind, says:

"Oh, well, there are too many people in the world anyway. If women clog the pores of their skin with powder, throw their internal organs out of place by wearing high heeled shoes, further complicate matters by lacing and then fall sick and die, there will be more room for the survivors. A good many years ago a faint lemon complexion was fashionable. It sould be acquired by copious drafts of vinegar. Much vinegar is unwholesome. What matterf Hundreds of silly girls died of their vinegar potations. Who shall say that their early death was not better than that they should live to hand on their empty headedness to ten times their own number of little fools?"

After all, perhaps the gentleman is not quite calm enough to be called a philosophes.

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