WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

ADVERTISING Siness notices in local or news columns 10 per line for first insertion and 5c perling for sach subsequences.

isoment ameasured by a scale ceil—12 lines to the inch.

MAN EMANTED A SECOND EPISODE AMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

down an old album and began hunting up the pictures I had brought away with me from boarding school. Hers were among them, and I really did ex-perience more or less compunction when I saw again the delicate yet daring features which had once had a very great influence over my mind. What a teas-ing sprite she was, yet what a will she had, and how strange it was that, having been so intimate as girls, we never Had it been her fault or my fault? Was Mad it been her fault or my fault was her marriage to blame for it or my spin-sterhood? Difficult to tell then, impos-sible to tell now. I would not even think of it again, save as a warning. Nothing must stand between me and her children now that my attention has

een called to them again.

I did not mean to take them by sur-rise—that is, not entirely. The invita-ion which they had sent me years ago was still in force, making it simply nec ssary for me to telegraph them that I had decided to make them a visit and that they might expect me by the noon train. If in times gone by they had been properly instructed by their moth-er as to the character of her old friend, this need not put them out. I am not a woman of unbounded expectations. I do not look for the comforts abroad I am accustomed to at home, and if, as I have reason to believe, their means are not of the greatest I should only be provoked at any extra effort to make me feel at ome in the humble cottage suited to

their fortunes.

So the telegram was sent and my preparations completed for an early de-

parture.

But, resolved as I was to make this visit, my determination came near re-ceiving a check. Just as I was leaving the house, at the very moment, in fact, when the hackman was carrying out my trank, I saw a man approaching me with every evidence of haste. He had a letter in his hand, which he held out to me as soon as he came within reach.

"For Miss Butterworth," he said.

"Private and immediate."

"Ah," thought I, "a communication

from Mr. Gryce," and hesitated for a soment whether to open it then and here or thrust it in my pocket and read

ant look warned me that he would never leave me till I had read the note, so with a sigh I called Lela to my aid, and after several vain attempts to reach my glasses succeeded in pulling them out at last and by their help reading the fol-

DEAR MADAM—I send you this by a swifter messenger than myself. Do not let anything that I may have said last night influence you to leave your comfortable home. The adventure offers toe many dangers for a woman. Read the inclosed. G.

The inclosed was a telegram from Obadiah Trohm, sent during the night, and evidently just received at headquarters. Its contents were certainly

Another person missing. Seen to have en-tered Lost Man's lane. Never seen to have some out of it. A harmless lad known as Silly Rufus. What's to be done? Wire orders. F.

"Mr. Gryce bade me say that he would be up here some time before noon," said the man, seeing me look with some blankness at these words.

Nothing more was needed to pull me ogether. Folding up the letter, I put

together. Folding up the letter, I put
is in my bag.
"Say to Mr. Gryce from me that my
intended visit cannot be postponed," I
remarked. "I have telegraphed to my
friends to expect me, and only a great
emergency would lead me to disappoint
them. I will be glad to receive Mr.
Gryce on my return." And without
further parley I took my bundles back
from Lela and Tweeded at once to the from Lela and proceeded at once to the carriage. Why should I show any failcarriage. Why should I show any failure of courage at an event that yas but a repetition of the very dms which made my visit necessary? Was I a likely one to fall victim to a mystery to which my eyes have been opened? Had I not been sufficiently warned of the degrees of Lord Mar's lane to keep my. which my eyes have been opened? Had I not been sufficiently warned of the dangers of Lost Man's lane to keep myself at a respectable distance from the place of peril? I was going to visit the children of my once devoted friend. If there were perils of no ordinary nature to be encountered there, was I not all the more called upon to go if only as a moral support to these young people, who perhaps themselves were paralyzed by fear?

Yes, Mr. Gryce, and nothing now.

haps themselves were paralyzed by fear?
Yes, Mr. Gryce, and nothing now should hold me back. I even felt an inshould hold me back. I even folt an in-creased desire to reach the scene of these mysteries and chafed some at the length' of the journey, which was of a more te-dious character than I expected. A poor beginning for events requiring patience as well as great moral courage, but I little knew what was before me and only considered that every moment spent on this hot and dusty train kept me thus much longer from the embraces of Althea's childreu. I recovered my equanimity, however.

I recovered my equanimity, however, we approached. The scenery was lly beautiful, and the consciousness really beautiful, and the conactousness that I should soon alight at the mountain, station which had played a more or less serious part in Mr. Gryce's narrative awakened in me a pleasurable excitament which should have been a sufficient warning to me that the sairts

were mearing Lost Man's lane, we were meaning to the mement of alighting, but as seen at laws safely again on terra firms I threw a heavy glance around to see if any of Althea's children were there to meet me.

I self that I would know them as come and the self that I would have them as come. She had been so characteristically pretty they could not fall to show some likeness which weuld lead to an intent recognition while they could not fall to show one which we had lead to an intent recognition while they could not fall to show one which we had the particles a more many stream of the seen of the search of inagination could be regarded as of Althea Burrough's blood or breeding.

Somewhat disappointed, for I had expected different results from my telegram, I stepped up to the station master and asked him whether I would have any difficulty in procuring a carriage to take me to Miss Knollys' house. He stared, it seemed to me unaccessarily leng, before replying.

"Waal," said he, "Simmons is usually here, but—I don't see him reund today. Perhaps one of these farmer lads will take it."

But they all drew back with a sort of scared look, and I was beginning to tuck up my skirts preparatory to walking when a little old man of very meck appearance drove up in a very old fashioned coach, and with a hesitating air, springing entirely from bashfulness, managed to ask if I was Miss Butterworth. I hastened to assure him that I was whereupon he stammered out some words about Miss Knollys and how sorty she was that she could not come for me herself. Then he pointed to his scach and made me understand that I was to step into it and go with him.

It was not an altogether encouraging outlook, especially as I saw the heads of the various enlockers draw together and many curious looks directed at us both and the conveyance that was to be an added spur to my course. The provided in the provided in the seen and the provided in the provided in the provided in the seen and the provided in the provided in the provided in the provided



I SAW A FLASH IN ONE OF THE UPPER WINDOWS.

But it seems I was not to be allowed to enter upon this adventure without another warning. While the old man another warning. While the old man another warning. While the old man another warning was engaged in bringing my trunk, the station master approached me with station and the centfortable enjoyment of the shortest journey, and the glasses without which I cannot read a word were in the very bottom of my pocket under some other equally necessary articles of smaller size.

But it seems I was not to be allowed to enter upon this adventure without another warning. While the old man another warning. While the old man another warning is was engaged in bringing my trunk, the station master approached me with great civility, and with a touch of his constitution of the shortest journey, and the glasses without which I cannot read a word were in the very bottom of my pocket under some other equally necessary articles of smaller size.

But it seems I was not to be allowed to enter upon this adventure without another warning. While the old man another warning the old man another warning. While the old man another warning that touch of his that they were the victims of elements of the old man another warning. While the old man another warning that t But it seems I was not to be allowed

that what you mean?"

"Yes," he answered. "One person, a boy, disappeared only two days ago."

"That's bad," I said, "but what has that do with me?" I saked smilingly, for I saw he was not at the end of his talk.

"One person, a did I fail to find it fixed again upon me as we rode by the little hut ecoupled by the old woman considered so harmless by Mr. Gryce.

Perhaps he had a reason for this, as I was very much interested in this hut and its coorporat, about which I felt free

talk.

"Oh, nothing," he cried eagerly,

"only I didn't know but you might be

"only I didn't know but you might be timid!"—
"Oh, I'm not at all timid!" I hastened to say. "If I were, I should not have come here at all. Such matters don't affect me." And I spread out my skirts and arranged myself for my ride as if the horrors he had mentioned had need no recer impression when me than

as if the horrors he had mentioned had made no more impression upon me than if his chat had been of the weather.

Perhaps I overdid it, for he looked at me for another moment in a curious, lingering way; then he walked off, and I saw him enter the circle of gossips on the platform, where he stood shaking his head as long as we were within his head as long as we were within

sight.

Before taking his seat my driver es-Before taking his seat my driver escort gave me a furtive glance as he stooped to tear from one of the spokes a bit of rag that seemed to have been caught there. He was evidently preparing to make a good impression and to do me suitable honor.

My companion, who was the shiest man I ever saw, did not speak a word while descending the hill. I talked and endeavored to make him too, but his re-

endeavored to make him, too, but his replies were mere grunts or half syllables which conveyed no information whatever. As we cleared the thicket, hewever, he allowed himself an ejaculation or two as he pointed out the beauties of the landscape. And indeed it was well worth his admiration and mine had my mind been free to enjoy it. But the houses which now began to appear on either side of the way drew my attention from the mountains. We were still somewhat rentice from the town, were rapidly approaching the head of that lane of evil fame with whose terrible history my thoughts were at this time.

In my life had my eyes falles upon now grows a more given over given for given in the hospitality.

In mot a strong person, "she mother vide of the way drew my attention to order in the way the vines rapidly approaching the head of that lane of evil fame with whose terrible history my thoughts were at this time. endeavored to make him, too, but his retion from the mountains. We were still somewhat remote from the town, were rapidly approaching the head of that lane of evil fame with whose terrible history my thoughts were at this time full. I was so anxious not to pass it without one look into its grewsome recesses that I kept my head persistently turned that way till I felt Iwas attracting the attention of my companion. As this was not desirable I put on a non-chalant look and began chatting about what I saw. But he had lapsed into his early silence, and only answered by a chair standing are checked of a surface at the same and that I, who have never been able to see a chair standing are checked of a surface at the same and that I, who have never been able to see a chair standing are checked of a surface at the same and that I, who have never been able to see a chair standing are checked of a surface at the same and that I.

lys. I told him that it was, and, thinking it best to establish my position at once in the eyes of the whole town, added with a politeness equal to his own that I was an old friend of the family and had been coming to visit them for years, but had mever found it convenient till now and that I hoped they were all well and would be glad to see me.

He made some sort of reply, showing considerable embarrassment, then plucking up his courage said with marked constraint:

"Perhaps you have not heard that this village just now is under a cloud."

"I have heard," I said innocently, "that one or two men have disappeared from here somewhat mysteriously. Is that what you mean?"

"I have heard," I said innocently, "that one or two men have disappeared from here somewhat mysteriously. Is that what you mean?"

rods farther on cown the road. "She will be powerful glad to see you, miss. Company is scarce in these parts."

Astonished at this sudden launch inteconversation by one whose reserve even I had found it impossible to penetrate, I gave him the affable answer he evidently expected and then looked eagerly toward the house. It was as Mr. Gryce had intimated, eminently forbidding even at that distance, and as we approached nearer and I was given a full view of its worn and discolored front I felt myself forced to acknowledge that never in my life had my eyes falles upon a habitation more given ever to neglect or less promising in its hospitality.

She started, looked at me eagerly, almost a my dear?"

She started, looked at me eagerly, almost a my dear?"

She started, looked at me eagerly, almost a my dear?"

such a sense of unreality that I descended from the carriage in a and of a
dram and was making my way through
one of the gaps in the high antique
fence that separated the yard from the
gateway when Mr. Simebury stopped
me and pointed out the gate.

I did not think it worth while to
apologise, for the broken palings certainly effered as good as extrance as
the gate, which had alipped from its
hinges and hung but a few inches open.
But I took the course he indicated, holding up my skirts as well as my packages would allow and treading gingerly
for fear of the mails and toods that insumbered such portions of the path as
the weeds had left visible. As I went
on something in the silence of the spot
struck me. Was I becoming eversandtive to impressions or was there something really uncanny in the absolute
lack of sound or movement for at that instant I saw a finsh in one of the upper
windows as of a curtain being stealthily drawn and as stealthily let fall
again, and though it gave me the promise of some sort of greeting there was a
furtiveness in the action that was so in
keeping with the suspicions of Mr.
Gryce that I felt my nerves braced at
smoe to mount the half dozen uninviing looking steps that led to the front
door.

But no sconer had I done this with door.
But no scener had I done this with what I am fain to thing was my best air than I suddenly collapsed with what must have been a movement of sudden and to me quite comprehensible fear, for, while I do not quall before mes

lor, while I do not quail before mess and have a reasonable fortitude in the presence of most dangers corporeal and moral, I am not quite myself in face of a rampant and barking dog. It is my one weakness. I can divalge that much now, and while I usually can, and under most circumstances do, succeed in hiding any outward manifestation of my inner trepidation I always feel that it would be a happy day for me when dogs would be banished from the affections and homes of men. Then I think I would begin to live in good earnest and perhaps enjoy trips into the country which now, for all my apparent bravery, I regard more in the light of a penance than a pleasure.

I regard more in the light of a penance than a pleasure.
Imagine, then, how hard I found it to retain my self possession or even any appearance of dignity when at the moment I was stretching forth my hand toward the knocker of this inhospitable mansion I heard rising from somewhere I never rightly knew where the howl of a dog so keen, pieroing and prolonged that it frightened the very birds over my head and sent them flying from the vines in clouds.

vines in clouds.

It was the unhappiest kind of welcome for me. I did not know whether it came from within or without, and when after a moment of indecision I saw the door open I am not sure whether the mile I called up to grace the occasion had any ef the real Amelia Butterworth in it, so much was my mind divided between a desire to produce a favorable impression and a very decided and not to be hidden fear of the dog who had greeted my arrival with such an ominous howl.

"Call off the dog!" I cried almost before I saw what sort of person I was ddressing.
Mr. Gryce, when I told him of this

significant introduction of myself to the

CHAPTER IV.

A SPECTRAL HOME.

The hall into which I had stepped The hall into which I had stepped was so dark that for a few minutes I could see nothing but the indistinct outline of a young woman with a very white face. She had uttered a sort of murnur at my words, but for some reason was strangely silent, and if I could trust my eyes seemed rather to be looking back and over her shoulder than into the face of her advancing guest. This was odd, but before I could quite satisfy myself as to the cause of her abstraction she suddenly bethought herself, and throwing eyes the door of an adjoining room she let in a stream of light by which we were enabled to see each other and exchange the greetings suitable to the cocasion.

"Miss Butterworth, my mother's old

"Miss Butterworth, my mother's old friend," she murmured with an almost pitiful effort to be cordial, "we are so glad to have you visit us. Won't you—you sit down?"
What did it mean? She had pointed to a chair in the sitting room, but her

so a chair in the situation from, from in the firm in the situation in the do for me to ask nor was it wise for m to show that I thought this reception a strange one. Stepping into the room also pointed out to me, I waited for her to follow me, which she did with mani-fest reluctance. But when she was once out of the atmosphere of the hall, or out of reach of the sight or sound of what of reach of the sight or sound of what-ever it was that frightened her, her face took on a smile that ingratiated her with me at once and gave te her very delicate aspect, which up to that mo-ment had not suggested the remotest likeness to her mother, a piquant charm and subtle fasoination that were not un-worthy of the daughter of Aithea Bur-roughs.

"You—you must not mind the pover-

Perhaps he had a reason for this, as I was very much interested in this hut and its occupant, about which I fels free to cherish my own secret doubts—so interested that I cast it a very sharp glance and was glad when I caught a glimpse through the doorway of the old crone's bent form and toothless jaws mumbling over a piece of bread she was engaged in eating as we passed her.

"Mother sane," explained my companion, breaking the silence of many minutes. "And yonder is Miss Knollys," he added, lifting his whip and pointing toward the half concealed facede of a large and pretentious dwelling a few rods farther on down the road. "She will be powerful glad to see you, miss."

Company is scarce in these parts."

Activatived at this graden launch into

She seemed to think she must talk of her mother, though I noticed that the word gave her pain. As for me, no topic could be more agreeable save one. I therefore answered her in a way to prolong the conversation.

"Yes, your mother was small," said I, "but never thin or pallid. She was like a fairy among ne achooldris. Does

like a fairy among us schoolgirls. Does it seem odd to hear so old a woman as I speak of herself as a schoolgirl?" "Oh, no!" she said, but there was no heart in her voice. "I had almost forgotten those days,"

The second of th

some seeing a many zeep up une conversation if we were not to sit in total silence, "till I happened to hear the
name of Althan mentioned the other
day. Them my whole early friendship
with your mother recurred to me, and
I started up—as I always do when I
come to any decision, my dear—and
sent that telegram, which I hope I have
not followed by an unwelcome prescance."

"Oh, no," she repeated, but this time
with some feeling, "we need friends,
and if you will overlook our shortcomings— But you have not takes off your
hat. What will Lorsen say to me?"

And with a sudden nervous action as
marked as her late listnessness she
jumped up and began busying harself,
ever me, untying my bonnet and laying
adde my bundles, which up to this moment I had held in my hands.

"I—I am so absentminded," she
murmured. "I—I did not think—I hope
you will accese me. Lorsen would have
given you a much better welcome."

"Them Lorsen should have been
here," I said, with a smile. I could not
restrain that slight rebuke, yet I liked
the girl, notwithstanding everything I
had heard, and her own odd and unacountable behavior there was a sweetness in her face when she chose to
mile that proved an irresistible attraction. And then, for all her absentantiad.

"Here is not given the constrained total absence of any
thing. like adornment to her person
could hide that fact. It was in every
line of her thin but graceful form and
in every inflection of her musical but
constrained voice. Had I seen her in
my ewn parlor instead of between these
have and moldering walls I should have
said the same thing. She is such a lady! I unconsciously manifested by
her sister.

She was more beautiful than Lucetta
her were not better the plain black

The dignified reserve of her bearing,
the quiet way in which she appreached
and above all the even tones in which
above all the even tones in which
and then, for all her absentanind
educes and the total absence of any
thing like adornment to her person
could hide that fact. It was in every
line of her th

enestrained voice. Had I seen her in my own parlor instead of between these bare and moldering walls I should have said the same thing. She is such a lady! But this only passed through my mind at the time. I was not studying her personality, but trying to understand why my presence in the house had se visibly disturbed her. Was it the embarrassment of poverty not knowing how to meet the call made so suddenly upon it? I hardly thought so. Fear would not enter into a sensation of this kind, and fear was what I had seen in her face before the front door had closed upon me. But that fear—was it dread of me or of something disconnected with me and threatening her from another portion of the house?

I could not but think the latter. The

me and threatening her from another portion of the house?

I could not but think the latter. The way her ear was turned, the slight starts she gave as some sound—I could not gather what—came from the farther recesses of the house, convinced me that her cause of dread lay elsewhere than with myself and therefore was of a character worthy of my deepest attentions. Though I chatted and tried in a way to arouse her confidence and set her at ease in regard to myself at least, I could not help asking myself between my sentences: Is it her sister? Would it prove to be her brother? Was it anything connected with the dreadful matter that had been the first cause to draw me here, or was it the sign of some habitual distemper which, misunderstood by

connected with the dreadful matter that had been the first cause to draw me here, or was it the sign of some habitual distemper which, misunderstood by Mr. Gryce, had given rise to the suspicions which it was my possible mission here to dispel?

Anxions to force things a little, I said, with a glance at the dismal branches that almost forced their way into the open casements of this side of the house: "What a scene for young eyes like yours! Do you never get tired of these pine boughs and clustering shadows? Would not a little cottage in the summer part of the town be preferable to all this dreary grandeur?"

She looked up with sudden wistfulmess that made her smile pitcous.

"Some of my happiest days have been passed here and some of my saddest. I do not think I should like to leave it for any sunny cottage. We were not made for benny homes." said she. "The

Strange things have happened in it, or have been thought to, which is just as bad. I thought that some one might have been kind enough to tell you at the station."

Secret terror that enveloped it. But Miss Knollys, while more attentive to my remarks than her sister had seen, showed still by certain unmistak-

There was a gentle sort of sarcasm is the tone; only that, or so I thought at the time. I began to feel myself in a nebody—I suppose it was the station master—did say something to me shout a boy lost somewhere in this por-tion of the woods. Do you mean that,

my dear?"
sne norded, giancing again over ner
shoulder and partly rising as if moved

shoulder and partly rising as if moved by some instinct of flight.

"They are dark enough," I observed with another look toward the heavily ourtained windows, "for more than one person to be lost in their recesses."

"Yes," she marmured, reseating herself and sying me nervously while she spoke. "We are used to the terrors they inspire in strangers, but if you"—she leaped to her feet in manifest eagerness and her whole face changed in a way she little realized herself—"if you have any fear of sleeping amid such gloomy surroundings, we can procure you a room is the village where you a room in the village where

Rheumatic

Torture

matic Cure Cures in

1 to 3 Days.

Solomon Woodworth, of Hopewell Hill, N.B., is rescued from a deplorably helpless condition, induced by the agonies of rheumatism. Mr. Woodworth had contracted rheumatism of the severest form and in a very short time was incapacitated for work—for weeks he could get no rest—suffered the most violent pains in his arms and shoulders—grew, worse and felt he could not live, so terrible were his sufferings—his arms became perfectly helpless. He began taking South American Rheumatic Cure—after the second dose he experienced great relief and at the end of three hours every vestige of the pain was gone—the use of his hand and arm returned gradually and he feels altogether like a new man and to-day re-foices in a cure which he proclaims almost a miracle. South American Rheumatic Cure cures in z to 3 ddys

her sister.

She was more beautiful than Lucetts in form and feature, and even more markedly elegant in her plain black gown and fine lawn ruffles, but she lacked the evanescent charm of the other's smile, and though admirable to all appearance was less levable on a short acquaintance. She had not had as much suffering as Lucetta.

But this delays my tale, which is ene of action rather than reflection. I had naturally expected that with the ap-

do not think I should like to leave it for any sunny cottage. We were not made for bonny homes," said she. "The somberness of this old house suits us." "And of this road," I ventured. "It is the darkest and most picturesque I ever entered. I thought I was entering a wilderness." a wilderness."

She for a moment forgot her cause of anxiety beyond. She looked at me quite intently, and a subtle shade of doubt passed slowly over her features.

"It is a solitary one," said she; "quite solitary. I do not wonder it struck you as dismal. Have you heard has any one ever told you that—that it would be interesting for law would not be the thing that it would be interesting for law wo concerning these events which I show concerning the same concerning these events which I show concerning the show conc fe?" I repeated, with—God for was that weighed so heavily upon the

[CONTINUED.] OVER THE OCEAN.

England is going to spend \$140,000,000 innal peace.—Now York Press.

In a fight between the Italians and Chinese it is hardly to be expected that Iroland will show much sympathy either way.—Washington Star.

Several travelers have just accomplished.

the feat of crossing Tibet. Modern events move fast, and in a dozen years Tibet may be sliced up by Europe.—St. Loui Globe-Democrat.

The man who was accused of libeling the French army in his book has been acquitted. Evidently the Dreyfus scandal satisfied the court that it would be difficult to libel the army.—Baltimore Herald. Mr. Stead's paper, 'War Against War,'
in which he champions the czar's policy of
disarmament, has been officially prohibited
from circulation in Russia. Between such
friends as himself and Mr. Stead the czar
is evidently of opinion "few words suffice.'
—Chicago Tribuna.

6

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