WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL.

An Interesting Process Described by Dr. Jacques, the Inventor. The problem then was to convert the

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.

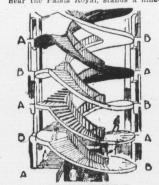
A multitude of experiments were made. In the earlier days my attempt was merely to do, away with the dynamo and with steam, and convert heat into electricity. A fire of coke, burning on an insulated grate, gave some slight electrical manifestations, but they were not encouraging. Experiments with various 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 currents by alternately heating and cooling the magnetic cores of wire cells gave no promise of efficient results. I tried nature's plan of producing lightning—the evaporation of water and coaling the magnetic cores of wire cells gave no promise of efficient results. I tried nature's plan of producing miniature 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 good bried aligned of the producing miniature 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 good bried for any commercial use. Indeed, my researches have led me to doubt whether the total energy of a good bried that the t cient for any commercial use. Indeed, my researches have led me to doubt whether the total energy of a good brisk thunderstorm, dramatic as is its

chest for any commercial use. Indeed, my researches have led me to doubt a present the hard form of that community. The hard design of the hard form of the hard through the way? Yes by the highest through the hard through the way? Yes by the highest through the hard through the way? Yes by the highest through the way? Yes by the way was a way to be the woman and then inquired about the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way was a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way is a way to be the woman and then inquired about through the way? Yes by the way the way

way from the source and as temporarily entering into chemical union with each of a row of atoms of the liquid, just as each successive man as he circles around in-the "grand right and left" of dancing temporarily clasps hands with each of the ladies of the set. When one substance passes through another in this way it furnishes a path in which an electric current may flow, so that by causing the oxygen to combine with the carbon through the intervening liquid opportunity is furnished for an electric current to develop, and since combustion cannot take place, the chemical affinity of the coal for the oxygen is converted directly into electricity, and not not heat. Liquids which thus allow atoms of oxygen and a current of electric current nto heat. Liquids which thus allow stoms of oxygen and a current of el-serricity to pass through them may be salled." electrolytic carriers."—From "Electricity direct from Coal," by Dr. William M. Jacques, in Harper's Mag-azine for December.

A CURIOSITY OF PARIS.

Set of Winding Stairs With a Double



dat kitchen, an' if I kin find d. lazy migrer dat bruing you ust slop I gwine disconcerted at the unusually modest a flicted creature was nevér called on for any service, she voluntarily did a great many things, and she soon filled a niche in the household economy ded, would have seering and the stairway is situated an inche in the household economy ded, would have seering the stairway is situated and is open to the sky at the top. Its and is open to the sky at the top. Its peculiarity of construction can best be understood by reference to the accompanying cut, borrowed from the Frinch scientific journal, La Nature. It is evident at a glance that there are two separate spirals intertwined, each trurning in an opposite direction. A person entering at the bottom at the point marked A would ascend in section of the floors above, and all of his landing places in every case being indicated by the letter B. These landings are in every case on the same level, but at the opposite sides of the circular well containing the stairway. The two persons could keep continully within sight of one another and would be able to converse, yet they could never get any closer.

sing, I gather flowers fair,
I laugh, and hear, behind the laugh,
y Sorrow sobbing, and I dare
ot turn nor listen. "Look, thou there
den cry to me, and point the staff.
answer. "Yea, I'm well aware."
O vanquished Sorrow!
—Florence Converse.

AUNT LETTY.

"Moster, please buy me."

The voice was plaintive and pleading—pleading with that unmistakable, thin, strident quality, born of long physical suffering—pleading with the cry of despairing appeal, as if it said:
"Give me this or I die."

The words arrested the steps of a young physician who was walking rapidly along—street in the city of Louisville, intent even at that moment on the ever-increasing difficuity of the problem of living and making both ends ineet.

"Moster, please buy me."

He turned and looked and beheld—what a spectacle!

fort to Mrs. Morton, who was obliged, while there were negroes standing around to be stumbled over, negroes to be fed and clothed, to be cared for in sickness and health, to give much of her attention to the kitchen routine, and she had often sighed for a cook such as Aunt Leah had been in her father's old home—a cook by instinct, "a lucky cook," a genius of a cook—one who could indifferently dash things together and have them always come right.

together and have them always come right.

She was thinking some such thoughts as these this morning (for, lying there ill, there was no one to prepare for her an inviting dish to tempt her feeble appetite) when the door of her room opened, her husband entered and said: "Wife, I have brought you a cook."

said: "Wife, I have brought you a cook."

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 hout Edmund—my baby!"

"Just as soon as I 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.

to a comfortable position.
"What's dis, mistiss, dey done brung
you here? Does somebody 'roun' here call 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

THE JESTERS' CHORUS.

a number of other slaves to the plantation—that was all.
"I do believe it will break her heart," said the doctor. If will be more than she can bear. How can we tell her?"
"Don't let's tell her," said his wife.
"It will be better for her to hope on."
"She will think so meanly of me. She will distrust me," said the doctor.
"That will be better than her despair," said his wife, and so they told her nothing. "That will be better than her despair," said his wife, and so they toid her nothing. It was pittful, indeed, after this when the good old soul would come more and more heshtatingly and ask: "Moster, aint you ready yet?" and he would answer: "Oh, Aunt Letty, saw see what a family I have to look after. I am smoory for you. I would gladly get your bord for you. I would gladly get your bord for you. I would gladly get your bord to defouraged. He must be a fine fellow by this time."

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

For 21 years that faithful servant cooked for the family with skill so unerring as to make them forget there ceuld be such things as the first yote, and grandchildren who had been the coming had cast his first yote, and grandchildren who had oome to bless the house had slept in that same cradle and wear win turn wheedling and coaxing Aunt Letty, she had served, bearing about with her always her unabated longing to see her baby boy, but still beard without reproach. Never once did she say: "Moster, you promised me!" but always: "Moster, the would be more than the poor mother could bear.

Before the end of those long years of

had died, the estate had been settled up and Edmund had been sent with a number of other slaves to the plan

Given Epas Lost.

Halifax, N.S. Dec. 28.—The schooler Autors, which left \$E. John's, Nfd., Nov. 12. for Charlottetown, has been given up as lost. She had a crew of three or four men on board.

"Lady" began Perambulating Pete humbly, as the gaunt and severe-looking female frowned down upon him inhospitably from the doorway, "lady, will you be so white as ter give me is its er 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 snack at so many houses that I heve been driv nigh ter desperation. I've caught this little builfrog—"Perambulating Pete produced the diminutive animal in question from his pocket and held it up sorrowfully.

"—an' ef you'll just give me' de if title pinch of salt, lady, I t'ink as how I kin make me er humble, er very humble table de hotey dinner off'n him." And Perambulating Pete sighed glowing and pinched the frog so it squirmed.

"So yo's gwan inter the poultry yard business, Mas' Jimson, yo's heerd o' Cesar Green, de cuil'd genman wo' lives up de road yender?"

"Will, Mas' Jimson, yo's heerd o' Cesar Green, He knows a heap about raisin' chickens,"

"All right, Uncle Rufus. I'll hire him in "And Perambulating Pete sighed gow and at that poor, innocent little builfrog, you cruel man! We'll see about that. Me and Joshua belong to the Society for the Prevention of Crue elly to Animals, we do! J shaus!

At her call a flerce-looking gentle.

Second Nature.

A TRUE WOMAN.

have a junior partnership thrust upon him and finally be known as a merchant prince.

He had now formed a connection, as they say, with a substantial retail furniture store, and was endeavoring stenuously to merit the favor of his employer. What if he could rise at one bound! The mere thought of it filled him with an ecstasy that nerved him into a tentative plunge. He saw that the house was too conservative; it needed to be pushed. The small display of goods at the door should be placarded. Merely to mention this would be small glory for him. He must paint the signs himself, and then, when the surprising results had been disclosed he would be called into the office and duly recognized for his farseeing, merchant-prince-like fusiness sagacity. He dreamed of it that night. In his fervor he reached the fusiness sagacity. He goods were arranged at the door. One neatly lettered placard was pinned with nervous hand to a roll of carpet. He had seen the same sign at many other stores.

His employer came and went several times during the day without observing the sign, but Tom noticed that passers by pointed at it. In the even "Do you know who put that on men on board.

Too Much Self-Confidence.
The junior clerk was busy footing up long 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 condescension.

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

"Ah, back in a few minutes, I suppose. No need for you to go into details. Fil take a seat and wait for him." In accordance with his last remark, the stranger carefully produced a copy of the daily newsyaper from his pocket and was soon deeply absorbed in its contents. After about an hour-had elapsed, however, he commenced to get restless, and finally spoke to the junior clerk again.

"May I ask when you expect Mr. Folio to be back?" he will be swall glory for him the sorbed that formed a marked contrast to those he had employed in the first instance.

"In about ten days," replied the clerk, without even looking up from his work. "He is off on a vacation."

"When His Old Gag Didn't Work.

"Lady," began Perambulating Petehumbly, as the gaunt and severe-looking female frowned down upon him intonspitably from the doorway. "lady, will you be so white as ter give man is ter 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 disconcerted of get preman wot

Railroad Engineer (to fireman, perplexed)—Whittikers, Bill! What sort of signalling do you make that out ahead? Suthin's wrong, sure!

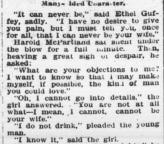
Fireman (leaning from cab, reassuringly)—Rest easy, Hi, it's only de new Hebrew brakeman rattled, wid a lantern in each han' an' gettin' de overlead wwing mixed wid de gestic'lations of de clothin' business."

Most Unfortunate,

Little Mendicant—Please, sir, give me a copper.

me a copper.
Benevoient Clergyman—Have you no parents?
Little Mendicant—No, sir; I'm an orphan by birth.

An Incident Which Emphasizes
Many- ided Caura ter.



"I do not drink," pleaded the young man.

"I know it," said the girl.

"Or gamble or go about nights," he continued. "I have no bad habits, I give close attention to my busmess, and I am rapidly making a fortune.

"That is all true," she replied wearily, "but my decision is made and Is unalterable."

Harold McPartland went away in despair. Next day, however, he felt impelled to make a confidante of his sister. She listened to his story and gave her opinion with sisterly bluntness.

bers, a sudden gust of wind blew down the chimney."—Harper's weekly.

"Does the man want the postoffice?"
"No; the man frequently stated be fore election that he had no hope of reward. He was working for the good of the country."
"Why does the man circulate a petition?"
"To get signatures."
"Is it to raise money for some charitable purpose?"
"No, it is a petition praying that he be appointed postmaster."
"But he does not want the postoffice but he has learned that it is likely to fall into unworthy hands unless he takes it, and his patriotism comes once more to the rescue of the country."—Chicago Journal.

Attendant—What would your Iliustrious Eminence be pleased to eat for dinner to-day?
African Chieftain—I think a hump would be very nice.
Attendant—What would your Iliustrious Eminence be pleased to eat for dinner to-day?
"It's pretty tough," sighed the small, sickly tree. "There are the girls in this block learning to ride the bicycle, and I am absolutely the only object hey can run into. If there was only a hydrant or something:"—Detroit Tribune.

"Do you mean to say, Chumley, tyat you spend less money since you were married than you did before?"
"That's what it amounts to. I have much less to spend."—Detroit Triesune.
"You see he was a young man with a future—""
"You see he was a young man with a future—""
"You see he was a young man with a future—""
"You see he was a young man with a future—""
"You see he was a young man with a future—""

Just the Plain Truth.



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

mean by it. I believe you're saying that just to hector me."
"No, M'ri." answered her spouse, when his mirth had some chat subsided. "Til tell you how it happe.ed. as "You know I had been running the farm for father before we were married, and Parson Steadman, who married us, had just come to town. He wanted a couple of pigs, and had just come over to our place to get them. I was gone, but the hired man sold them to him, by welght, and they amounted to just ten dollars and their ty-five cents.

"Parson Steadman told the man that he hadn't the mency 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 ten-dollar bill, one that I had got clean from this hank for that purpose.
"Next morning bright and early over came the parson to our place. He asked the hired man if 1_was at none and he took from his jock to had been one over to settle for these two much surprised to see that I was the had come over to settle for these two man I owed for the pigs, and he took from his jock to had been besides and handed them to me." If I had recognized you as the hard come over to settle for these two this pigs, and he took from his jock to the purst out laughing, and he looked kind of sober for a minute, than he burst out laughing, and he looked if I had it gave him the night before, and thirty live cents and we should have be to 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 be to get the form his yield the provided the provided

Consumption
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WATCH IT GROW









And he lighted his cigarcte where the breath.

"We won't do a thing to it to-day."

As he spoke a gratifier light compinto 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 cent, either." How He Got Pic. 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 takned to be takened to be tak A Humorous Sound,

A Humerous Sound.

Old Ikeystein—Shakey, mein poy, your Unce Levi Cohenstein vos getting very funny in his old age.

Young Ikeystein—Vot has he done, fader, dgt 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 asgignments, or ve don't mage any money, but your Uncle Levi Cohenstein (ie), he!) he says he mages de assignment for de benefit of his greditors! Vot you tink of dot, Shakey?

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A comfortable cutter, Swift, gliding in tion,—
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