Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion.

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Advertisements sent without written in-de charged full time.

advertisements was described and advertisements was tisements measured by a scale of reil—12 lines to the inch.

> A LEGACY OF HATE. He used to hise me on the hair, My winding hair that wanders so. It left a perfume fine and rare Which faded slow.

He used to kiss me on the brow, Upon my brow that seems so cold. Ris breath was warm. I wonder now If I am old.

He used to kiss me on the lips,
False kisses, ah, my lips so red!
To burn and sting like poisoned whips
Till I am dead!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

A LOVE TRAGEDY.

They be sich a darned mixture of feelin's,
They love and they hate in a breath,
They il be false to one love in five minutes,
And they il stok to another till death.
As to minds, they ain's got none, I reckon.
It's heart as prompts all as they do.

Eave I seen some rum things with these women.

The story of Ellen Crawford and her the story of Ellen Oraword and he two lovers may serve as an illustration of the Sims philosophy. She's just a woman, pretty, tender, loving and good. But Ellen Crawford was not exempt from the little weakness of her sex. She did not know her own mind. She yielded to the mistaken impulse of an undis-niplined beast and wrecked her own life and those of the two men who loved her to their own destruction.

A husband seeking solace in drink

a nusband seealing states in the curses the waywardness of woman; a sullen, angry man bereft of her who would have made his happiness stalks, gun in hand, over the mountain side, cursing all humanity, and the authoress of the mischief sits by her father's fireside, sad eyed and weeping, brooding over the fragments of a wrecked life.

Martin Dome was a strapping boy of 12 and the pride of the little village of Hayesville, N. C., when one day he heard that Dr. Hardin, a physician famous in that part of the country, had retired from practice and was about to pass the rest of his days in that beautiful gree. The doctor came, bearing with ful spot. The doctor came, bearing wi him a pretty baby of 8 years, whom all those around him knew as Nellie. Her black eyes, curly hair and dimpled, rosy checks soon became one of the most attractive sights of the village. Martin Dome watched over her as she

grew up, and in his big, lumbering, awkward way he loved her—loved her as baby, as girl, as woman. But he had never dared to mention the matter. At 18 he could thrash any man twice his size in those parts; he could "shoot the batter had been as the could be size in the parts." straight," even for Carolina, where "shooting straight" is part of the edu-cation, and he sat his horse like an

Apache.

But in the presence of the divinity who held his fate in the hollow of her hand he was ever the big, awkward boy; his knees seemed always in the way, his fingers twice as lumbering and thick and heavy, and he could have stock still and turn red and blush like a schoolgirl and stammer, "Lor, Miss Ellen!" whenever she touched on the

question of the weather.

She knew that he loved her—had known it as soon as she was old enough to know anything. Somehow at last she found a way of making him tell her so. found a way of making him tell her so.
When her father, in pursuance of his
long cherished plan, sent her to Nashville for the completion of her education, it was known all over the countryside that the young farmer and the
doctor's daughter were to be man and
wife some time.

wife some time.

She left Hayeaville a specimen of dainty, unsophisticated rusticity. She came back a clever, cultivated, witty woman—somewhat masterful, somewhat impetuous, changeable as the winds, but all sweet and womanly.

The change in her most striking and ominous of all was the change in the expression of her eyes as they rested on Martin Dome. The light that had once been there was gone, and Martin Dome knew why, when presently there came to Hayeaville John Crawford, a young man she had met in Nashville. He had the ways and manners of the city; he

man she had met in Nasivite. The worse of the city; he worse city clothes as no country bred man could wear them. He had the superficial veneer polish that comes of a three years' course in a western college. He was of her caste.

He was of her caste.

"Is has all been a mistake," she said
to Martin one day. "I love him. The
man I marry must have my heart."

And in the heart of the man whose
doom she spoke there stirred the deep,
fathomless well of passion that had been
hidden under the placid surface of his
rustic life.

against him.

Is was known positively that he had left Tennesses and gone into Texas, and svery one felt happier.

"Wa're waiting for him; he'll find ma here when he drifts back." said the old doctor with a quiet smile. At sunrise the next morning the villagers brought home the deed body of his oldest boy, shot through the heart in a fight, and the fight had its origin over the jilting of Martin Dome by Ellen Crawford.

Two years had gone—two years of

Two years had gone—two years of hopeless waiting and watching by the father, robbed of all that had made the sunshine of his old age. His hair was white now, his stop was feeble and halting, his voice was weak and tremulous. His 55 years had changed to 70. But one day a yellow envelope was put into his hand. It was a telegram that bore the signature of T. E. Lake, a private detective:

private detective:

"I have found your man hiding in a saloon," it said. "I have him fast. Come to Knoxville or send Crawford and swear out the warrant for his ar-

Orawford and the father stood in the office of Commissioner Broyle, awaiting the arrival of the detective and the police with their quarry. They came presently, and the enemies stood face to face. The faces of the father and the husband The faces of the father and the husband gleamed with hatred of the man who stood before them in rags that would second before them in regardless we searcely hold together, unshaven, unkempt, haggard, poor and ill, with the hunger of many days and nights.

And then all started to their feet as a graceful little figure that they knew stood in the doorway with hand uprais-

ed, a light in her eyes such as her hu band had never seen there. ed, a light in her eyes such as band had never seen there.

"Send that man away!"
These were her first words. Her finger pointed at the detective.

"He shall not harm a hair of Martin

Dome's head."

Father and husband strode toward her and grasped her by the arms.

"Girl, do you know what you say—
do you know what this means?" oried

e doctor.
"I do.'' she answered. "He must not e arrested.''
Lake dropped his hold of the prisonr, stood with his mouth wide open and

stared at the woman.

"Let me be sure that I understand "Let me be sure that I understand this clearly," said the husband after a pause, "Let me know that I am not mad or dreaming. This is the situation as clearly as I can make out: This man has ruined your father, he has tried to kill me, he has brought about the death of your brother, yet you may that he of your brother, yet you say that he

"I mean that if he be punished I will owith him to the end of the world, she answered, looking at Dome with all her heart in her eyes. "What care I for what he has done? He loved me and we were to have been man and wife before you and I ever met. The wrong has been my wrong. The fault has been my fault from the beginning. It is all a mistake—all a dreadful mistake." a missace—ail a dreadul missace.

Her eyes softened and her voice melted into tears as she gazed upon the broken man before her. And he was weeping

"I thought—I thought—you had for-gotten the old days when we were ohil-dren and all in all to each other," he

"I never forgot," she softly said "Now, father, take me home. I am tired of living this life."
"Will the husband kill the man who

sweetheart?" ask the men.
"What fools men are! She wasn't worth the trouble, New York World. the trouble," say the women.-Ancestors and Ancestry.

Now it must be admitted on common sense principles that the formation of hereditary societies has reached a natural limit, and it is time to cry a halt. The reasonable conclusion is that these societies should unite in work, if not in societies should unite in work, if not in organization, and justify their existence by practical deeds. The end, however, is apparently not yet. The ancestor quest drives its followers to absurd lengths. Forefathers conjured up rise from the genealogical caldron in a sort of harlequin procession—the ancestor in buff and blue, the ancestor in scarlet tunic, the bewigzed ancestor, the inch or harredun processor in scarles tunio, the bewigged ancestor, the jack botted ancestor, until from the dim twilight of heraldic tradition the crowned ancestor looms up in the shadow. Is there not something decidedly incongruous in the spectacle of descendants of those who bade defiance to the third George of the name seeking to establish kinship with royalty through Saxon chief or Norman freebooter? Does not this latest departure tend to prove that ancestor hunting has no limit, that it is simply a question of enterprise, research and credulity? If we may establish the Order of the Crown, why may we not in due course welcome a new we not in due course welcome a new hereditary society, lineal descendants of the mariners of the ark, the Araras chapter, with preper insignia—suspended from a navy blue ribbon, a dove bearing the čitve branch?— Harper's Bazar.

No Need of It at All. "Have you given up your idea of mastering some European language?"

mastering some European language said the courtier. "Yes," replied the Chinese emperor. "What's the use? There is no means of telling which I will need in order to talk to my neighbors."—Washington

A hotel keeper in Brussels was oblig-ed the other day to buy 80 pairs of shoes for his guests. The porter had decamped wish that number placed in his charge,

ESCAPADES OF A DESPERADO. Rode Over the Country and Dared Officers to Shoot.

And in the heart of the man whose doom she spoke there stirred the deep, fathomless well of passion that had been hidden under the placid surface of his rustic life.

"Who is the man?" he cursed. "Is it that white livered puppy from the city who has taken you away from me?"

"I won't answer you. You've no "I won't answer you. You've no right to ask," she cried. "He's a gentleman, which you never were. It is Mr. Orawford, if you will know."

"Than I hope I may never kill him."

"Those were his last words. The next moment he was gone. On the day of the marriage all Hayesville and many people who had known the doctor in the world outside were assembled in the village church. One great gasp of surprise and horror burst from the crowd as Crawford, the happy bridegroom, entered the church, limping on a crutch, his head swathed in bandages, his face battered out of all recognition.

"Thrown from his carriage while driving," he said. And only Dr. Hardin knew that Martin Dome had waylaid him in the woods and beaten him almost to death.

In the city of Knoxville the young couple were living happily, but it was noticed that Mrs. Crawford was always tired and ill, that her step dragged and that the light had gone out of her eyes. Of Martin Dome only one thing was certain—that he was somewhere in the mountains and that he had joined the mountains and that he had joined the

hands and then took all the values had.

"Middleton was finally captured by Beputies Lewellen and Hasen, who were sent out by Governor Thayer of Nebraska. Doc was taken to Omaha, where he received a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He was shown isniency because he always pretected the white settlers and only stele the stock belonging to the Indians. At the expiration of his term Doc returned to Atchison, Neb., and became a law shiding citisen."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

Two Gases In Which a Fleasant Page Saved the Owner's Life.

Many years age the late Br. Shippen of Philadelphis left his heuse in early morning and was hurrying down the street when he neticed a singular and fercolcus looking man, whose gase was fastened upon him. With instinctive politoness and bonhomis he@miled, raised his hat and passed on, when suddenly he heard a shot. Turning, he found that the stranger had just left his home with the insane intention of hilling the first man he met. He was the first man, but his absolute fearlessness and constitutional as well as cultivated coursesy had put the man off his guard, and the next passerby had caught the bullet intended for him. That smile and how had saved his life.

When the country was a contury younger and the Indian was yet in the land, agenticman upon the then frontier was hunting with friends, got separated from

ger and the Indian was yet in the land, a gentleman upon the them frontier was sunting with friends, got separated from them and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night covertook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept profoundly. In the merning he awoke with a start, with that indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leader of the band, in war pains and feathers, was bending ever him in no ambale mood.

the leader of whe bland, in what has been described, was bending over him in no amiable mood. He took in the situation at a glance, knew his immediate danger and had no means of averting it. Neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self possessed, knew the universal language of nature and believed that even under war paint and feathers "a mean's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear, bold eye upon the Indian and—smiled. Gradually the fleroeness passed away from the eye above him, and as lass an answering smile oame over the face. Both were men, both were brothers, and he was saved! The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam and after a few days restored him to his friends. Courage, self command and tact had gained the day.—Lipplncott's.

Fell Dead in the Come Brantford, May 17.-While Mrs. Robert Brantford, May 17.—While Mrs. Robert Westmore, aged 64, was in the cometery yesterday afternoon, waiting for the arri-val of a funeral, she fell dead; supposed cause, hears failure.

THE QUEEN'S GUARD.

ypes of the 140 Old Soldiers Who Com



THE QUAINT OLD YEOMEN.

oivil list. The headquarters of the Yeo men of the Guard is at the Tower of

of the Guard is at the Tower of London.

Visitors to the gray old tower are familiar with the sight of the "beef-sater" whe pilots the sight of the pilots of interest, date of the structure's erection, names and died in the dungeons, and the dark deeds committed thers. If the visitor, by the closest attention, can catch ten words of the guide's remarks, he or she is lucky, for, what with the Yeoman's speech being ratiled off in a breath the extraordinary accent, rendered still more unintelligable by the age of the speaker, the latter might as well be talking in the meaning his words convey.

The "beef-sater" of the Comps of yeomen. These latter are in attendance upon the sacred person of the Queen herself. Their title is lengthened out te "Her Majesty's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard are among the mest important personages in her kingdom. Halberd in hand, their quaint coats emblazoned with the royal apartments and are looked upon with envy by the titled dames who are forced to go through the ordeal of being mauled and crushed before they reach the holy of holies to which these ancient men of the ancient body guard have such ready access.

The secompanying photograph shows some of the Yeomen in their new uniforms in full regalla, and armed uniforms in ful

-Q. J. Boden.

BY A BRACELET.

All the anger had died out of his voice, the half smoked pipe had dropped from his fingers upon the sand, and his head was bowed despondently. The girl seated on the upturned beat clasped her hands behind her neck and swung back, watching him factivals.

hands behind her neck and swung back, watching him furtively.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now, Kitty," he said, with a plaintive gesture of conciliation. "You're only jokin, ain't you? I guess I ain't half good enough for you, but you ain't goin to throw me overboard, are you? The plotur' was grand, and no mistake, an you looked just like yourself. It ain't the pictur': it's—it's'—

plotur'; it's—it's''—

He broke off short and glanced at the little circle of gold that spanned the girl's white wrist. With a quick movegirl's white wrist. With a quick movement she drew down the sleeve of her pink blouse, covering it from sight.

"You've good cause for it, Jem," she said. "Perhaps you didn't mean all you said, an I hope you didn't, lad, for 'twas no way to speak o' your betters. Did I ever promise to marry you, or any one else? Can't I take a present from any one without bein spoke to as if I'd committed murder or robbery or summat worse? Well?"

"I guess you can de what you like,

"I guess you can do what you like, Kitty," he said sadly, "an nobody— least of all me—has no right to say a

word."
"That's good. Maybe for the futur you'll know your place. Good night."
He watched the little figure in place He watched the little light in his hurrying over the sands till it dwindled and disappeared among the shadows of the gabled street, and then drew out-s-boat to row across the bay. By and-by there was a shout, and he glanced over his shoulder and apathetically backed

his shoulder and apathetically backed the cars.

"Can's you look where you're going, you dolt? Do you want to run me down?"

"I guess I'll set you swimmin if you're not civil," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Mebbe you think we're no blood in our veins because we live rough, an don's dress fine an ain't able to earn much money. I guess if you an me quarrel you'll be the sorriest; so stand clear! Good night!"

The young man in the tweed suit

The young man in the tweed suit stood up, heedless of the heavy pollock tugging at his line, and started after the retreating heat. tugging at his line, and such the retreating boat.
"The impudent hound!" he blurted out. Then, as he cleverly played the fish and drew it in till it lay gasping the about he laughed softly.

sah and drew it in till it lay gasping under the thwark, he laughed softly. "Another of the girl's admirers, I suppose," he said.

In the morning Jem and Ted Trewlowe came down the village street together. Jem carried a coil of rope and a pointed iron bar—the stock in trade of his hazardous profession, that of egg hunter.

There are no prouder men in Her Majesty's dominions to-day than those ancient gentlemen, quantity appareled, who are known officially and irreverently as "beef-eaters." The reason that the Yoomen of the Guard are strutting around like so many peacocks is that the entire corps has just been fitted out with new uniforms.

The Yoomen of the Guard constitute one of the time-honored institutions that are as dear to the hearts of Englishmen as the white coliffs that encircle their native shores. It is an ancient corps recruited from ancient men, and every man has seen service in battle.

The Yoomen of the Guard are shundred and forty old soldiers. The corps was first formed in 1845 by King Henry VII., and the quaint costume they wear to-day is the identical costume that was adopted as the uniform over four hundred years ago.

The officers of the corps are a captain, who is usually a peer of the realm, a lieutenant and an ensign. There is figed a clerk, called an adjutant. All these appointments are held by old army officers and are considered as very important positions. The whole expense of the corps is carried on the sovereign's or his hazardous processor, the orange hunter.

The boat was headed for the gray white column across the bay, the Witches' pillar. They scrambled up the rift in the cliff and reached the breezy uplands. The iron bar was driven deep into the seil, and five minutes later the figure of a man swung high __ver the sea, terrifying the birds and looming black against the lighter background of the cliff.

Little Trewlowe sat steadying the

pies scarring the smooth surface of the distant water, and his head reeled. With trembling fingers he knotted the rope firmly to the bar and, throw-ing off his coat, swung himself over the brink.

brink.

The sun climbed the sky and slid down lazily behind the Witches' pillar, decking the sky with gold, and the big eye of the faroff lighthouse started dessling through the gloom. The boats

desning through the gleom. The boats came in one by one.

Long after the light in the west had melted into a hazy gray Kitty sat and mused in the cottage porch. When the shadows drew in, the lighthouse unclosed its ponderous eye and glared at her for a moment like some huge beast as it circled round, eleaving the darkness.

"I think I'll just run down an see Mrs. Trewlowe, dad," she said shakily, looking through the open door.

Jem's little cottage, with its screen of tall fuchsias, stood silent and deserted. The frensied beat of her knuckles on the door schoed back to her mook-

od. The frencied back to her mockingly through the two tiny rooms.

A panting woman, with a director thrown over her head, met her down. Seme instinct, intangues.

A pneumatic railroad, driven by direct propulsion, involving no metive mechanism on the vehicle, has been invented by an English engineer. The operation of a working model is described by the Engineer as follows: Between the ordin-

"Mello!"
An answering ory in a man's deep tones echoed across the water, and she bent to the cars once more. Then she drew back her arm and tossed something into the air—something that glistened with a yellowish tinkle at the artist's feet.

It was a narrow chain of gold, em-hellished with a heart shaped pendant bellianed with a near anapeu personal his gift raturned.

The note of the boat veered round and they headed up the bay. The woman still rocked herself, sobbing softly, but Kitty's cheeks were dry, though her breath came and went in uncertain

her breath came and went in uncertain gasps.

A coarse cheer swelled up through the night and set their hearts singing. Kitty's head went down on her hands, and tears came at last, as the heavy burden of agonized suspense fell from her. One by one the boys toiled across the light and were scaked up by the darkness under the Farcombe shore. Kitty roused herself and followed.

There was a chattering crowd of men and women outside the Merry Mariners, but they fell aside to let her pass, and they through the doorway ourlously.

but they fell aside to let her pass, and they througed the doorway ourlously. The room inside was packed, and little Trewlowe, very pale and shaky, was jerkingly narrating the adventure between the sips of his brandy and water. But Kitty saw no one but Jem.

He sat in the middle of the room, the sat in the middle of the room, the He sat in the middle of the roun, are ashen hue of his face showing clearly through the grime, his hands bruised and bleeding and his clothes torn to shreds. They had out away the left sleeve of his coat, and the brawny villeger of his coat, and his coat,

sleeve of his coat, and the brawny vil-lage doctor was setting the splintered bone of his arm.

In a moment she was kneeling beside him, heedless of them all, with her arms clasped round his neck and her check pressed to his.

"Oh, Jem!" she whispered. "Jem,

"On, Jem" and whapteed by and by they went down the road together in the darkness, Jem's uninjured arm circling the girl's waiss and her head resting on his shoulder.
"It was mighty lonesome up there, lassie,"he said softly, "an I was thinkin of you mostly. Little Ted couldn't get back an couldn't get to me neither, so I guess I had plenty o' time to think. I'll work hard for you, darlin, but I guess I shan't be able to buy you no—no"."—She draw down his big hand and

She drew down his big hand and pressed it against her slim wrist.
"Hush, Jem!" she said. "It's gone—
I've given it back to him."—Planets
and People.

THE HIGHEST BEACON.

The highest lighthouse and the world—that is, the lighthouse standing at the greatest altitude—is the beacon on the Cape End rook on Fame island, on the English coast. This structure is exposed to the rigors not only of the sea but of the elements as they sweep the mountain tops.

The men who keep this lofty light are more isolated than seven Robinson Crusoes on seven different islands. They

to their aerial perch on the hilltop.

The lighthouse quarters are roomy and comfortable, but this hardly mitigates the terror of their complete isolation and the storms that seem to concentrate here from every part of the globe.

There are separate houses for each man—there are generally two, but sometimes three, at such stations as this —built low, with no second story to catch the pitiless winds that sweep the wild promontory and desolate rocks. They are whitewashed like coastguard stations, and man-of-war cleanliness is exacted by the visiting officers. The life of these light-keepers is a hard but apparently a healthy one, for the men have been in the service for many years.

The gradual cooling of France is prove by its vegetation. The Italian pola-common in early French etchings, is no seldom seen in the country, while the lemon and orange are disappearing fas

20 Years in Prison. Chatham, Ont., May 12.—John Two-hey, the man who attempted to kill Police Magistrate Houston a few days ago, came up for trial yesterday before Judge Bell. He was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years in Kingston

Thin Blood

Where the blood loses its where the blood loses its intense red—grows thin and watery, as in anemia, there is a constant feeling of exhaustion, a lack of energy—vitality and the spirits depressed. Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is peculiarly adapted to correct this condition. The cod-liver oil, emulsified to an exquisite fineness, enters the blood direct and feeds its every corpuscle, restoring the natural color and giving vitality to the whole system. The hypophosphites reach the brain and nerve centres and add their strengthening and beneficial effect. If the roses have left your cheeks, if you are growing

cheeks, if you are growing thin and exhausted from overwork, or if age is beginning to tell, use SCOTT'S Emul-

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Tor

working model as described by suc Engineer as follows: Between the ordin-ary rails, and supported by the sleepers, is fixed a supplementary rail of timber. On this rail is the motor tube, which, in its normal position, i.e., flat, appear as a narrow stretch of heavy canvas is fixed a supplementary rail of On this rail is the motor tube, in its normal position, i.e., flat, as a narrow stretch of heavy

tubing. Within this tube, and effectually protected by it, is what would appear as a strip of india rubber, in reality a tube, but so mounted on a flat wooden core that either side represents a firm, even surface. This motor tube is firmly attached by side fillets of wrought iron to the centre wooden rail. To utilize the power which air under pressure, when admitted to this tube, is capable of exerting, a rubber-tired wheel, wider than the motor tube, revolves freely on its axie, which is attached to the center of the car, midway between the ordinary wheels. This wheel, by means of a lever in connection with the axie, can be raised from or lowered en to the tube at will, and, in conjunction with the brakes, is worked by the conductor in charge, who thus has full control of the car. By depressing the wheel on to the defiated surface of the tube an air tight joint is formed, and on air under pressure being admitted to tife tube, on the side opposite to that in which the carriage has to travel inflation takes place, and thus a powerful propelling force is exerted against the wheel, causing the car to travel at a speed practically limited only by the spend of the air in the tube.

In the model illustrated the motive fluid is carbonic acid gas, stored in flasks in a highly compressed state, but reduced before it is admitted into the motor tube to a pressure of about eight pounds per square inch. This gas has been employed THE BAILROAD IN PERSPECTIVE.

before it is admitted into the motor tune to a pressure of about eight pounds per square inch. This gas has been employed in order to dispense with an engine and compressor. The gauge of the railway is two feet, and the weight of the truck in working order is about half a ton. The line is a dead level for about three-fifths of its length, when it has a slight fall and then a rise. But at the further end is a short length, with a gradient of about one in six, which has been constructed to show the capability of the system for working up an incline. This is shown in one of the illustrations. With a pressure of about eight pounds in the tube the oar could be easily started up this incline. Numerous applications

STARTING UP THE INCLINF. this system of propulsion suggest the system of propulsion suggest emselves; for instance, quick light

SAFETY DEPOSIT BUSINESS.

A Husband's Statement Concerning His Wife's Appearance Causes Trouble.

The growth of the safety deposit business since 1893 has been enormous in all large cities. The boxes in these palaces of nickel and steel and marble rent by the year from \$3 for a small one to \$50 and upward for the large ones. The renters cover every grade and walk of life. Womban are often renters, and in many of the yaults special accommodations are made

nn are often renters, and in many or the yaults special accommodations are made for the gentle sox.

They are encouraged to go there not enly on business connected with the yaults, but for social and business purposes. In some of the vaults, besides the private retiring rooms, which are provided in which to examine the contents of the boxes, there are reception rooms in which women who rent boxes may meet their friends and have a cup of tea or chocolate or a lemonade.

The renters of boxes hap post, yaults, besides giving the officials sary information concerning themselves, such as full name, signature, residence, business, age, height, weight, color of eyes, hair and general complexion, are also required, if they desire their wives to use the second key to the box, to give similar details concerning her. The manager of one popular vault says-thast the ignorance of most men encoroning the general physical characteristics of their wives is marxing. The marker-letter of their wives is marxing. concerning the general physical character-istics of their wives is amazing. The ma-jority are uncertain as to her complexion, and not 1 in 20 can tell the color of the wife's eyes or hair, although probably 75 per cent of them wrote sonnets to both when they were courting.

per cent of them wrote sonnets to both when they were courting.

They are equally at sea as to her age and weight, or at least they appear to be. Not long age a man who had given very uncertain answers concerning his wife brought her down a fortnight afterward and introduced her to the manager. She was shown about the place and then requested to put her signature at the foot of the page which her husband had filled out. The husband was looking over his box in a private room. She put her name in the book and then looked over the page. Her eyes began to dilate and her lip quivered; then she burst into a torrent of tears. She snatched at the page and before they could prevent her she tore it from the book and threw it on the floor, tramping it under foot. As she did so she said between her sobs: "Tat-ta-thirty-aveny years old! The brute! Hair auburn! Tat-the w-r-retch! I wonder who he-was t-t-thinking of! Weight, 160 p-p-pourds!" And she swept out of the building to settle with the bus band when he came home.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Small Girl Whose Life Is a Continuous
Performance of Tragedy.
Down on Fourth avenue there is a small
girl whose life is a tragedy—and a continuous performance too. She told a good
natured old gentleman about it the other
day when he went into her father's shop
to buy a canary. A birdshop is a confusing sort of place, and the old gentleman
wandered about in a dazed, nearsighted way, listening to the proprietor's account of the virtues of each bird. Finally he took a fancy to an aggressive canary that hurled torrents of musical defance at the would be purchaser. The owner of the shop was called away for a few moments, and presently the old gentleman became conscious of a scrap of a girl who was looking at him out of big, tearful eyes.

"Pleath, thir," said a quavering little voice. Then it stopped in sheer fright.

"What's the matter, dearler" asked the old gentleman, who had grandchildren at home.

home.

The 'dearie' was so distinctly encouraging that the child plucked up courage.

'Pleath, thir, buy another one; not thith

"Pleath, thir, buy another one; not thith one."

"Why mustn't I buy this one?"

The tears left the eyes and trickled down either side of an absurd little nose.

"It's always that way," the foriorn little maid wailed. "Thuth ath thoon ath I love them real much thomebody comth and buyth them. I'm tho tired of getting uthed to new ones! Thith ith the withest one of all, and I want to keep him mythelf, tho I do."

She put a few inches of solied kerchief to her eyes, and the canary shrieked his opinion of old brutes who made little girls ory.

ory.
"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman remorsefully. "You do have an awful life, don't you? Now, don't you worry. I'm not going to buy this canary."

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ro decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

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lapsed into gloom.
"Thomebody eith will," she prophesied

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