#### Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

### B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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Advertisements sent without written in-ructions will be inserted until forbidden d charged full time. I advertisements measured by a scale of iid nonpareli—12 lines to the inch.

THE OLD SONG.

There is a garden sweet with rose and pink Where honeymokic grows and virgin's bowse. Soft turfed and shelving to the river's brink. And in that garden grows my heart's white

She moves about it like a living rose, And from my boat as I come up the stream I see, mid all the flowers her garden grows, The living Hy of her garments gleam.

At night I walk beside the darkling tide Where the drowned stars among the lilies str, See her bright window on the farther side And bless the happy roof that shelters her.

and when I touch that fair, enchanted land
Among the roses in the sunlit noon
She comes to me and takes me by the hand,
And life's a song and love, true love, the -Pall Mall Gasette.

#### THE LEAD SOLDIER.

It was a little before the revolution At Brienne, attending the military school, was a young nan who amused himself in the evenings by drilling lead foot soldiers. Everybody laughed at him, but, regardless of their mockery, he took great delight in reviewing his soldiers when ready for battle, and, radiant, led them to imaginary victories.

His schoolmates called him fool and enthusiast. He listened to them with his large, dreamy eyes opened wide, and, smiling, continued to direct his

liminutive army.

This was his sole enjoyment. More earnest than the others, he worked all day, even during the hour of recreation. When evening came, as recreation he took the little soldiers from their boxes,

sook the little soldiers room and taking to them as he would to human beings, he reviewed them.

One evening, after having worked harder than usual, the young men sallistlessly drilling his soldiers. He was evidently tired. As he leaned on the table he saw one of his lead soldiers turn toward a comrade and say these

very tired tonight."

The young man started. He rubbed his eyes, believing it to be a dream; but

no, he was wide awake.
"This is," thought he, "a hallucina-

And he put his soldiers, one by one, into their boxes.

When the boxes were closed, he made

his way to his bed. He was about to re-tire when he heard behind him a tiny voice murmur:
"The emperor is very sired tonight."

Vaguely frightened he said the three

words:
"Whe has spoken?"
"I," murmured a little voice.
"Who are you?"
"I have no name. I am a very little lead solding."

The frightened young man looked at the boxes of soldiers scattered about on the table and distinctly saw that one of

one of the soldiers standing upright on a comrade and looking at him as he made a military bow. Then the young fellow threw himself on his bed, wish-

ing to see or hear no more. He thought he was going crazy.

A few years later this young man was made captain of the artillery.

A few years later this young man was made captain of the artillery.
At Toulon he fought the English, distinguishing himself as one of the bravest, attouishing his troops by his daring and his science, amazing his superiors by his courage and his unfailing designs. After several weeks Toulon was taken. The victorious army entered the other states of the first time since the the city, and for the first time since the campaign the young captain fell into a

campaign the young capatal left into a deep sleep.

He who always slept armed, he who awakened at the slightest noise, slept like this? It was because he knew his work was accomplished; he had the right to take a moment's rest. During the night he dreamed that he was at Brienne, playing with his little lead soldiers, and he distinctly saw one of them salute him in a military style and

'The emperor is very tired tonight.' "The emperor is very tired tonight."
The captain awoke, and, rubbing his
eyes, saw that it was broad daylight.
He arcse, dressed and went out, dreamily murmuring:

"Emperor, emperor! Might it not be
possible? Does the little lead soldier
speak trule?"

speak truly?"
Then he heard a tiny voice murmur
at his side: The little lead soldier cannot be de-

ceived."
He turned in the direction whence came the voice and saw, perched on a pebble, a tiny lead soldier saluting and looking at him steadily.

The last instant the apparition

ooking at him steadily.

In the next instant the apparition The pupil at Brienne, the captain at Toulon, Napoleon Bonaparte, is emperor. He has been crowned this very morning, and this evening he received the embassadors of other nations and the generals of the armies. He is exhausted.

hausted.

Adjoining his superb reception room
as a small cell furnished with a camp

ped and one chair.

Disdaining the grand bed of state, he retires to his cell. There, at least, he

can sleep. He falls asleep. And now in a dream he sees his lead oldier of old, who again murmurs:
"The emperor is very tired tonight."
The emperor starts. Then he asks:
"Who spoke?"

who spoke?'
"L" says a weak voice.
"Who are you?'
"I have no name. I sim a tiny lead
idder."

"You have no name. Do you want

"I do indeed, sire."
"Very wall; you shall be called." L'Biglia" What shall I he?"

After a moment's reflection the emperor mys:

"Fight, but my nothing."

"Size," replies the lead soldier, "I will fight and never spak. But I wish to wear you that, when about to die, I shall speak once more, but for the last time. And I shall my to you, what I have always said, "The amperer is very tired tonight." When I shall have said that, I will be at the point of death and you. but to be vanquished."

The soldier coased speaking. The emperor slept on, but dreamed no more.

A few days after while reviewing his old quard the emperor remarked a new recruit. He wondered and saked who the soldier was.

of them will speak, saluting him, as in the past, by the sweet name of emporor. But the little lead soldiers are silent. Never again will they speak. L'Etoile is dead. The emperor is fallen. The little lead soldiers will speak no more.—From the French For Chicago Times-Herald.

Looking to the Future. "Yes," said the man who had been looking at some apartments in the big building, "it's very nice, but I don't see how I can take the place."
"What's the matter?" inquired the

janitor.

"I observe by your printed rules that you don't keep the elevator running all night, and I must say I don't like the idea of walking up and down ave or six flights of stairs every time my wife wants to know whether a burglar is trying to get into the cellar."—Washington Star.

Or Him? (New word still needed.)
"How do you get along with your new typewriter?"
"It or her?"—Chicago Tribune.

Hundreds of men today own rich claims and are reckoning up their thousands, when, if it had not been for a credit given them and goods allowed them by Jack McQuesten they would still be toiling amid the mosquitoes for a living. He has done all this from kindness of heart, without any salfish motive whatever, for if he had been exacting or had demanded even the share which he would have been entitled to on a grub stake agreement he would probably be today one of the richest men in that country, which means a very rich man in any country.

in any country.

The Leading Citison of the Yuken. In The Century Mr. John Sidney Webb has an article on "The River Trip to the Klondike." Mr. Webb says: The "Father of the Country," and a Trip to the Klondike." Mr. Weep says. The "Father of the Country," and a very worthy one to bear that name, is known throughout the length and breadth of the mining district as Jack McQuesten, although his name happens to be Leroy Napoleon. McQuesten has been there for over 25 years, engaged in trading with the Indians for furs and keeping a store either for himself or for the Alaska Commercial company, and as such he has come in contact with almost every man who has been in that country. He has probably supported, outfitted and grub staked more men and kept them through the long cold winters when they were down on their luck and unable to obtain supplies or help from any one else than any person knows except himself and the company. Hundreds of men today own rich claims and are reckoning up their thousands.

of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this, and you still have a tonic in the hypophosphites of lime and soda to act with the food, For thin and delicate children there is no remedy superior to it in the world. It means growth, strength, plumpness and comfort to them. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsi

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Che

A PRINCIPAL PROPERTY OF THE PR

BALFOUR BROTHERS.

time. And I shall my to yes, what I have always said. "The sungerer is very tired tonight." When I shall have said that, I will be at the point of death and you. lout to be vanquished."

The soldier caused spashing. The sungerer step to a but dreamed no more.

A few days after while reviewing his old guard the emperor remarked a new recruit. He wondered and asked who the soldier was.

"Why, you know him, sire; he brought me a line signed by your hand begging me to accept him is, my regiment."

The emperor, upset, approached the soldier.

"Bo you are called L'Etolie?"

The soldier bowed his head as though to say yes.

"Why do you not say yes? You can speak."

The soldier shook his head, meaning no. The emperor remembered, and, as if dreaming, murmured:

"You are mute?"

The soldier showed his head—yes. And the emperor passed on and once more asked himself if he were not dreaming.

The soldier, L'Etolie, fought like a lion on the battlefields. He could asver be an officer, but he was made a chevalier of the order of the Legion of Honor and never was a cross more deservedly worn. Every time the emperor passed him he would say:

"Good day, L'Etolie."

And he would continue his way, happy to see L'Etolie still dumb, for he remembered the words of the little lead soldier.

"When I shall speak, I will be at the point of death and you about to be van quished."

"Good day, Lifecilla."

And he of docutinash his way, happer membered the words of the little lead soldier.

"When I shall speak, I will be at the point of death and you about to be varguished."

After victory, then defeat!

After victory, then defeat!

Emperor have for the hisland of the many continues and deeply as the roar of devision gave in volume, and deraid, when he realized his his mean, and the point of death and you about to be varguished."

After victory, then defeat!

Emperor hinks of returning to France. He returns the has hardly landed before he send for L'Etolle and speak to him. L'Etolle remains slicat.

And, confident, Napoleon or oneses Prance and realilies begin to wage war against him. He, without being disconverted, raise armise, fights every day always brave, always defeated, but hopeful for the future, for L'Etolle and yet spoken.

But in the midst of his lesses Napoleon wondwars if L'Etolle has not been marked.

Wasterloo! Behold, Waterloo!

The battle is facco. The last square alone now remains. The emperor, from an elevation, looks over the plain. With a fieldigate has looks for L'Etelle. In own he deseavately.

Estolle is about to speak. Will he speak?

Suddenly he falls, structs by a bullet. The emperor neither hears nor sees anything.

He consumes to the plain with the structs of the little can be a seen anything.

He consumes to the speak will be possible to his structure of the history and the hear and and structure of the history and the structure of the structure of the word of the structure of

The Architecture of the Dachshund. The Architecture of the Decanaud's "I understand about the dachshund's legs," said Mr. Goslington, "that the grey-heund has the rest of them, but why its "body should be built on the tubular prin-ciple is still a mystery to me."—New York Sun.

True are is to conceal art, but the wom-an who paints a velvet lambrequin hangs it on her parlor mantle.—Chicago Record.

The Royal Geographical society of England has now hearly 4,000 members and a library of 70,000 books and pamphlets. One million acres of forest land are used ap every year in Europe to supply the railways with sleepers.

Puny\_ Children

Who would prescribe only onics and bitters for a weak, puny child? Its muscles and nerves are so thoroughly exhausted that they cannot be whipped into activity. The child needs food; a bloodmaking, nerve-strengthen and muscle-building food.

Scott's Emulsion

THE COST OF SELLING.

ollowing items of expenditure are here-vith printed.

The first is the traveling man's ex-tenses, which seem enough to take the

The first is the traveling man's expenses, which seem enough to take the heart out of a season's profile. The next is that for advertising, which has to be considered as a most important part of the business. Then there is the general expense, such as attorney's fees, cost of collections, sasticinery, telephone, telegraph, det. Following in order are the office expenses and office salaries, and those of the financial department, taking in the sustomary interest and discount tenns. The mechanical expenses must not be left out, either.

Bioyele financers will have much to contend with this year in order to maintain a profit on the low-priced '98 wheels. The expense of preduction, which is necessarily big, will have to be deducted from a smaller principal this year than heretofore unless the quantity of machines sold is sufficiently in excess of last year's number to counter-balance the big cut in prices that prevails. In view of the fact that the reduct on in prices of this year's models amounts to from 25 to 40 per cent. it seems difficult to figure out how the manufacturers are going to stand it. They seem to have no fears, however, as it is reasonably certain they would not plunge into a business it some financial benefits did not seem to be forthcoming.

With such a list of deductions from a season's profits it is not to be wondered why people sat themselves how much it costs the average maker to build one, whel that will flavorably meet all opposition. A few years ago, when a comparatively few makers monopolized the business, things were far different from the state of affairs that exists to-day. Makers could charge almost what they wished then.

Inventors Claim That It Will Stand Much Hard Usage.

The object of this invention is to provide a tape which will not wear out as quickly when in use as does the ordinary tape. To attain this the tape is made as follows: A narrow strip of canvas is coated on one side with a layer of adhesive ed on one side with a layer of adhesive material in the same manner as common tape. The other side of the canvas is, however, supplied with a layer of vulcanized rubber or other material which will stand wear. This strip of rubber should extend over but one-half of the width of the tape. In using this tape it is wound about the tire in the usual manner, forming a spiral, the portion of the tape which has the vulcanized strip thereon being wound so as to lap over that por-



NEW TIRE TAPE. tion which has no vulcanized sirrp upon it. This will result in covering that part of the tape which is not protected by the vulcanized rubber and leaving exposed only that part of the tape which is protected. At the termination of the wrap the tape may, if desired, be trimmed of the portion which is exposed and not covered by the rubber. By this means the term is supported in such manner that is

covered by the rubber. By this means the tape is protected in such manner that is will wear an indefinite length of time. The cost will be but slightly greater than that of the ordinary tape, while the length of wear will be much increased, and there will be less inconvenience axperienced in the use of the tape.—Cycling Gazette.

THE DECAY OF STONE. THE DECAY OF STONE.

Byen the Most Densely Compacted Silicocous Rocks Succumb to Time.

Whoever expects to find a stone that will stand from century to century, deriding alike the frigid rains and soorching solar rays, without need of reparation will indeed search for "the philosopher's stone."

There is scarcely a substance which, after having been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for a considerable time, does not exhibit proofs of "weathering." It may even be observed on the most densely compacted silicocus rocks. The fullest extent of this inquiry can only be to slucidate relative duration and comparative labor of appropriation to useful or ornamental purposes.

mental purposes.

By examining the various productions of nature we find evident proofs of her industry in all ages. Changes have been going on from the remotest antiquity to the present time on every substance that comes within our observation. All the actual combinations of matter have had a former existence in some other state. Nothing exists in sature but what is likely to change its condition and manner of being. No material is so durable as always to retain its present appearance, for the most solid and compact bodies have not such a degree of impenetrability and so close a union of the parts which compose them as to be exempted from ultimate dissolution.

Even in the great globe which we inhabit nothing is more evident to geologists than a perpetual series of alterations. There can be discovered, to vestige of a beginning, ne prospect of an end. In some bodies these changes are not so frequent and remarkable as in others, though equally certain at a more distant period. The venerable remains of Egyptian splendor, many of them executed in the hardest granite between 8,000 and 4,000 years since, exhibits large portions of exfoliation and gradual decay, thereby following the primitive, immutable and universal order of causes and effects—namely, that all objects possess the materials of which they are composed only for a limited time, during which some powerful agent effects their decomposition and sets the elementary particles at liberty again to from other equally perfect combinations. Thus by divine and unerring laws order is restored amidst apparent confusion.—Architect. Even in the great globe which we in

And the Only One Seen on a Trip by Rail
Through a Winter Fog.

It was a damp day. The earth was saturated with water from the melting gnows, and the air was thick with fog arising from it. Outside of the cities, with their paved streets, the roads were wet and muddy, the trees dripped moisture, the men wore rubber boots, the horses rubber blankets. There was dampness everywhere, and everything was made of a dull and uniform coler by the enshrouding fog.

The train tore along through the luniversal dampness on time, itself dripping, and its passengers looking out upon the gray landscape through the film covered windows. Seen close at hand, some things were resolved out of the general gray into celors of their own, the railroad stations and the things seen about them. But these things were all blacks and slates and grays, and when a few stations had been seen it was realized that they were all alike in their way, all pitched in a low brown tone, all, like the succeeding miles of country, overcome by the general dampness.

And so a glint of color that at one spot appeared was all the more striking. It was seen at one of the stations at which the train stopped. The building and everything about it, the men and the baggage and the platform and the road beyond were dull and somber, but through all this came a Chinaman wearing a black sleeved coat of brilliant purple.

He came down a platform past the end of the station toward the platform at the front, with his hands in his pockets and the sides of his purple bodied coat caught up over them. Walking slowly, himselt as involving meteer in a cloudy sky, the side toward of color seen in all the strip.

Such a soul reaching smile, filled with imme-cent frust,
Must be caught from the cheruba above!
Not the riches of usury ever could buy
Buch a smile from the lips that I leve!
If at times in some mase I am tensybed to stray
Then I seem to hear softly a warning:
"Oh, forget rot the faithful—the happy at
home!
Do not cloud the bright smile of the moraing."
—Grace H. Horr in New York Ledger.

She Wanted Her Alcohol Full Strength and Get It.

"Speakin of b'ilin things," remarked-Deacon Puffer to the throng in the village store, "reminds me of my wife. Some time ago she ses tu me, ses she, 'Josiah, ef th' exertion won't be tu much fur ye, I'd be obleeged of ye would fetch me 'bout a pint of alcohol. An, Josiah, 'ses she, 'I want it strong."

"What she wanted it fur 'pears I've furgottin neow, but when I fetched it tu hum she smelled of it several times, an sez she: 'It du beat the world, Josiah, how these peaky critters du 'dulterate things neowadays. Why, 'sez she, 'if this hain't more'n half water then my Christian name hain't Malvina.' Well, gentlemen," said the deacou, uncrossing his legs and then crossing them again, "Malvina bein Mrs. Puffer's Christian name, as ye all be knowin, it warn't fur me tu dispute, an I vowed thet th' best thing fur tu be done was fur me tu take th' stuff back an suggest thet what was wanted was pure stuff, or none 'tall. 'An then hev 'om send worse stuff than afore,' remarked Malvina. 'No, Josiah,' ses she, 'them critters be past redeemin. Leave it tu me, Josiah.' "Heft it tu Malvina, gentlemen," ex.

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

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ands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premation of the property of the pro

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IAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED!

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aur, an whon 1'd convinced ber of their fact, an that she had not been called as yet, she up an told me all 'bout it.

"It 'pears, gentlemen," continued the deacon, 'that Malvina had decided to strengthen that alcohol, an she concluded that the up to the she it is down. She put it in a b'iler, slapped it on th' stove, an then goes 'bout her work. Th' stove was putty hot, an afore Malvinshed done more'n to er three things, as hed jes' started to look to see how that b'ilin process was a-comin on, th' durn thing blow up. Malvina never sed much bout it, moren' tu tell me how it happened, an if she's hed alcohol in th' house sence I hain's heard of it."—Washington Star.

pened, an if sho's hed alcohol in th' house sence I hain's heard of it."—Washington Star.

Dull boys often 'scome clever and successful men, but the is simply on account of the fact that dull boys are only slow boys, and it takes more time for their brains to grow than the others. It is steady work, ceaseless endeavor, that tells. Then, again, we forget that a bright boy may be handicapped by other qualities. He may not have the physical strength or energy of the other, while the dull boy is carried forward by never failing energy and strength, for it is often his dullness at school that makes the dull boy's subsequent success so conspicuous. How many dull boys have become still duller men, and how many bright boys still brighter men! Like the old repreach about ministers' sons, one bright boy that turns out ill is made to stand for the whole class, and one dull boy that turns out well giorifies his whole class. Notwithstanding all our inventions, all our progress, the old Scripture doctrine still holds good—that men reap what they sow and cannot gather grapes of thisties nor figs of thorns. It can be set down, therefore, as an established rule that bright boys generally do turn out to be dull men. This, you see, gives the latter a chasse, which can be fortified by declaring that good boys always turn out good men and generally successful men.—New York Ledger.

A Sydney newspaper man who has been visiting Samoa describes a cricket match he saw in Apis. The match was being played in aid of the church funds. It had been in progress for about three months. There were 90 or 100 on each side. Most at the inhabitants of the village being engaged in it, there was, of course, no chance of gate money, so cach player put in a shilling before taking the bat and when bowled out could go in again on payment of another shilling.

maivina. 'No, Josiah,' sez she, 'them critters be past redeemin. Leave it tu me, Josiah.'

"Ileft it tu Malvina, gentlemen," explained the deacon after helping himself to a hit of obeese and a cracker, "an out I goes tu du my chores. I s'pose I was at 'em fur 'bout five or six minutes when all of a sudden I heard th' durnest explosion an th' tallest yellin from th' kitohen, where I left Malvina, thet ye ever heard tell of. I runs in there, an what ye s'pose I find?

"Durn my buttons," chuckled the deacon, before any one could reply, "eff I didn's discover Malvina flat of her back by th' stove, which was busted all tu thunder, with her eyebrows all gone, an no more hair on her head hardly than ye'd find on a baby's. 'Bury me from th' meetin house, Josiah,' sez she as I bent over her, 'an don't 'low Hannah Perkins in th' door, fur I'm done fur.' But she warn's done

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