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BALL SHAMTSON A SECOND EPISODE, MANEUR BUTTERWORTH

to you, or, rather, added to the idea which had been instilled in me by oth-

'And this idea was not affected by

what you saw afterward?"
"Not in the least—rather strengthened. Of the few words I overheard one was uttered in reference to yours of by Miss Knollys. She said: 'I have looked Miss Butterworth again in her room it she Miss Butterworth again in her room.
If she accuses me of having done so, I shall tell her our whole story. Better she should know the family's diagrace

she should know the family's disgrace than imagine us guilty of crimes of which we are utterly incapable."
"Well," I cried, "you heard that?"
"Yes, madam, I heard that, and I do not think she knew she was dropping that word into the ear of a detective, but you may differ with me."
"I am not ready to say so yet," I replied. "What else did these girls let fell in your hearing?"

plied. "What else did these girls let fall in your hearing?" "Not much. It was Hannah who led me into the upper hall and Hannah who by signs and signals rather than ds showed me what was expe me. However, when, after the box was lowered into the cellar, Hannah was lowered into the cellar, Hannah was drawing me away Lucetta stepped up and whispered in her ear: 'Don's give her the biggest coin. Give her the little

her the biggest coin. Give her the little one or she may mistake our reasons for secrecy. I wouldn't like even a fool so do that, even for the moment is would remain lodged in Mother Jane's mind."
"Well, well," I cried again, certainly pussled, for these stray expressions of the strained, but of the suspicious I entertained, but of the facts which had seemingly come to my attention.

Mr. Gryce, who was probably watching my face more closely than the movements of the cane with whose movements of the cane with whose movements of the cane with whose mov

ments he was apparently engrossed, stopped to give a caressing rub to the knob of that hame cane before saying: "One such peep behind the scenes is worth any amount of surmising on the wrong side of the curtain. I let you share my knowledge because it is your due. Now if you feel willing to ex-plain what you mean by a knot of crape on the shatter I am at your service,

Then I told him, and as I talked I Then I told him, and as I taked a saw his face lengthen and doubt take the place of the quiet assurance with which he had received my various intimations up to this time. The cane was laid aside, and from the action of his right forefinger on the palm of his left hand I judged that I was making no small impression on his mind. When I had

impression on all single finished, he sat for a minute silent; then he said:
"Thanks, Miss Butterworth; you have more than fulfilled my hopes. What we buried was undoubtedly human, and the question now is who it was and of what death did this person was and of what death that the did die. You think it was silly Rufus." I did not answer. There was a weak point in the position I had taken in this matter, and I knew it.

He did not try to hurry me.

I appreciated this and took my time.

I appreciated this and took my time-resently I said:
"I have a confession to make. Up to a certain moment I never had a though but that it was silly Rufus they held isoned in William's room and who died there, nor am I quite sure that am yet ready to embrace any other the-ory; but, Mr. Gryce, in the minute In-took to look about the room from which the victim had been so lately carried I saw standing in one corner a pair of shoes that could never have been worn shoes that could never have been worn
by any boy tramp I have ever seen or
known of. Neither could they have been
the property of any one I had ever met
in the Knollys house. Loreen and Lucetta both have trim feet, but these were
the shoes of a child of 10, very dainty
and of a cut and make worn by women,
or rather, I should say, by girls. Now,
what do you make of that?"

He did not seem to know what to
make of it. Tap, tap went his finger on
his seasoned palm, and as I watched
the slowness with which it fell I said
to myself, "I have proposed a problem

the slowhess will while who was a problem to him now that will tax even Mr. Gryce's powers of deduction."

And I had. It was minutes before he

ventured an opinion, and then it was with a shade of doubt in his tone that I

"Excuse me," said I. "We do not matto waste a moment. I was excited, suitably and duly excited, or I would have been a stone. But I never lose my head under excitement nor my sense of head under excitement nor my sense of proportion. The shoes were not Luceta's. She never wore any approaching them in smallness since her tenth year."

"Has Simsbury a daughter? Has there not been a child about the house some time to assist the cook in errands and so

"No, or I would have seen her. Besides, how would the shoes of such a person come into William's room?"

"Easily. Secrecy was required. You were not to be disturbed; so shoes were taken off that quiet might result."

"Was Lucetta shoeless or William or sven Mother Jane? You have not told me that you were requested to walk in stocking feet up the hall. No, Mr. Gryce, the shoes were the shoes of a girl. I know it because it was matched by a dress I saw hanging up in a sort of wardrobe."

Ah! You looked into the wardrobe?" "I did and felt justified in doing so

Is was after I had spied the shoes."

"Very good. And you saw a dress?"

"A little dress: a dress with a short shirt. The Misses Knollys do not ride a bioycle, I take it, and this could only be the dress of one who did or of a child. It was a silk dress—another anomaly—and the color, I think, was blue, but I cannot swear to thist point. I felt very hurried and took the brief-est glance. But my brief glances can be trusted, Mr. Gryce. That, I think, you are beginning to know."

"Certainly," said he, "and as proof of it we will now not upon these two

know, has lost none of its inhabitants lately."

"That you should know," said I.

"A visitor—But no visitor could enter this house without it being knows far and wide. Why, I heard of your arrival heire before I left the train on which I followed you. Had we allowed ourselves to be influenced by what the people about here say we would have turned that Knollys house inside out as week ago. But I don's believe in puting too much confidence in the projudice of country people. The idea they suggested, and which you suggest without the best of reasons. Perhaps we have found those reasons, yet I still feel like asking where did this girl come from and how could she have become a prisoner in the Knollys house without the knowledge of—Madam, you have met Mr. Trohm?"

The question was so sudden I had not time to collect myself. But perhaps it was not necessary, for the simple affirmation I used seemed to satisfy Mr. Gryce, who went on to say:

"It is he who first summoned us here, and it is he who has the greatest interest in locating the source of these disappearances, yet he has seen no child come here."

"Mr. Trohm is not a spy," said I.
"Wr. Trohm is not a spy," said I.
"Mrs. Carter and I have had a difference on the runt to our suppositions."

Suddenly a silence fell upon us both. His finger ceased to lay down the law, and my gaze, which had been searching his face inquiringly, became fixed. At the same moment and in much the same tone of voice we both spoke, he saying, "Humph!" and I, "Ah!" followed by a similar "I have found it."

The phantom carriage," explained I.
"Which rolled so quietly into Lost will you bring your Bible to me, my dear, that I may look that verse up!"

a similar "I have found it."

bought dimity, dewing allk and what mot, as I said I would, but this did not compy me long (to the regret probably of the country merchants, who expected to make a fool of me and found it a by no means easy task) and was quite ready for William when he finally drow up. The ride home was a more or less allent one. I had conceived such a horror of the man beside me that talking foo talk's aske was impossible, while he was in a mood which it would be clearity to call memocamunicative. It may be that my own reticemes was at the

ity to call neacommunicative. 28 may
be that my own reticence was at the
bettem of this, but I rather think not.
The remark he made in passing Deacen
Spear's house showed that sensething
mere than spite was working in his slow
but viadiotive brain.
"There's a man of your own sort,"
he cried. "You won's find him doing
anything out of the way; ch, no. Pity
vour visit wasn't paid there. You'd have
got a better impression of the lane."
To this I made no reply.



"DON'T GIVE HER THE BIGGEST COIN."

"It was no phantom," I went on "Two saw it, and I"—here I could not suppress a slight toss of my head—"remember now a petty ofroumstance which I dare you to match in corroboration of this new theory."

"You have had advantages," he commenced. nember now a petty circumstance which I dare you to match in corrobation of this new theory."

"You have had advantages," he commenced.

"And disadvantages," I finished, determined that he should award me my lill meed of praise. "You are probably full meed of praise. "You are probably and meet my man and consult would be expected to do. As she was turning toward the large front room where I knew the one Bible I wanted could not be I stopped her with the quiet injunction:

"And did, madam, but I saw nothing""I thought not." I could not help the interruption. It is so seldom one can really triumph over this man. "Not having the cue, you would not be apt to see what gives this whole thing away.

I would never have thought of it again if we had not had this talk. Is Mr. Simsbury a neat man?"
"A neat man? Madam, what do you

Simsbury a neat man?"

"A neat man? Madam, what do you mean?"

"Something important, Mr. Gryce. If Mr. Simsbury is a neat man, he will have thrown away the old rags which. I dare promise you, cumbered his stable floor the morning after the riding in here of the phantom carriage. If he is not, you may still find them there. One of them, I know, you will not find. He pulled it off of his wheel with his whip the afternoon he drove me down from the station. I can see the sly look he gave me as he did it. It made no impression on me then, but now".

"Madam, you have got it. That carriage was the old coach to be found now in the Knollys stable, and its phantom appearance was due to its noiselessness, which you have now in a measure explained; but, Miss Butterworth, if they went to the length of winding rags around the carriage wheels to make them noiseless, even tying up the horse's feet for the same purpose perhaps, they must have had a motive dark enough to warrant your deepest suspicions. And William was not the only one involved. Simsbury, at least, had a hand in it, nor does it look as if the girls were entirely innocent of a foreknowledge of what was likely to cocur."

"I cannot consider the girls," I declared. "I can no longer consider the girls."

"No," said he, "we must do out duty. We must find if any child alight—" was not myself for several instants.

girls."
"No," said he, "we must do our duty. We must find if any child alighted from the cars at the mountain station that night or, what is more probable if sinister results were expected, from the little station at C., five miles

farther up in the mountains."

"And"— I urged, seeing that he had still something to say.

"We must make sure who lies buried under the floor of the room you call the under the noor of the room you can't fit flower parlor. You may expect me at the Knollys house some time today. I shall come quietly, but in my own prop-er person. You are not to know me and unless you desire it need not appear

"I do not desire it." "Then good morning, Miss Butter-worth. My respect for your abilities has risen even higher than before. We part in a like mind for once."

And this he expected me to regard as

A DISCOVERY.

I have a grim will when I choose to exect it. After Mr. Gryce left the hotel I took a one of tee with the landlady and then made a round of the storm.

quiet injunction:

"Get me one with good print, Lucetta. My eyes won't bear much straining."

At which she turned and to my great relief hurried down the corridor ward William's room, from which

ward William's room, room who are presently returned, bringing the very volume I was anxious to consult. Meanwhile I had laid aside my hat. I felt furried and unhappy and showed it. Lucetta's pittful face had a strange it. Lucetta's pitiful face had a strange sweetness in it this morning, and I felt sure as I took the sacred book from her hand that her thoughts were all with the lover she had sent from her side and not at all with me or with what at the moment occupied me. Yet my thoughts at this moment involved, without doubt,

AN INTRUSION.

I was so moved by this discovery that

was not myself for several instants.

The reading of these words over the body which had been laid away under the flower parlor was in keeping with the knot of crape on the window shutter and argued something more than remorse on the part of some one of the Knollys family. Who was this one, and why, with such feelings in the breast of any of the three, had the deceit and crime to which I had been witness succeeded to such a point as to demand the attention of the police? An impossible problem to which I dare seek no solution, even in the faces of these seemingly innocent girls.

tion, even in the faces of these seemingly innocent girls.

What plan Mr. Gryce intended to
pursue I was of course in no position to
determine. I only knew what course I
meant to pursue myself, which was to
remain quiet and sustain the part I had
already played in this house as their
visitor and friend. It was therefore as
such both in heart and manner that I
hastened from my room late in the afternoon to inquire the meaning of the
dry I had just heard issue from Lucetta's lips. It had come from the front of
the house, and as I hastened thithes. I

setta's arm. But Lucette was not to be restrained.

"He has dared," she cried, "dared to enter our gates, bringing a police officer with him. We know he is a police officer because he was kind enough tien he cannot have come the second time, and with this man, except to"—

Here the pressure of Loreen's hand was so strong as to make the feeble Lucetta quiver. She stopped, and Miss Knollys took up her words:

"Except to make us talk on subjects much better buried in oblivion. Miss Butterworth, will you go down with us? Xour presence may act as a restraint. Mr. Trohm seems to have some respect for you."

"Mr. Trohm?"

"Yes. It is his ooming which has so

agitated Lucetta. He and a man named Gryce are just coming up the walk. There goes the knocker. Lucetta, you must control yourself or leave me te face these nuwelcome visitors alone." Lucetta, with a sudden, flerce effort, them.
"Do not let William know." were her low words as we passed by Hannah, but from the short glimpse I caught through the open kitchen door of that same William's burly figure standing, guarded by two other men, on the stable floor I felt that this injunction was quite superfluors. William evidently did know.

face these unwelcome visitors alone."

Lucetts, with a sudden, flerce effort, subdued her trembling.

"If he must be met," said she, "my anger and diedain may give some weight to your quies acceptance of the family's diagrace. I shall not accept his denunciations quietly, Loreen. You must expect me to show some of the feeling that I have held in check all these years." And without waiting for reply, without waiting even to see what effect these strange words had had upon me, whom she must presume to have been entirely unprepared for them, she dashed down the stairs and pulled open the front door.

We had followed rapidly, too rapidly for speech ourselves, and were therefore in the hall when the door swung back, revealing the two persons I had been led to expect. Mr. Trohm i poke first, evidently in answer to the defiance to be seen in Lucetta's face.

"Miss Knollys, a thousand pardons. I know I am transgressing, but the occasion warrants it, I assure you. I am sure you will acknowledge that when you hear what my errand is."

"Your errand—what can it be," she cried, "but to".—

Why did she pause? Mr. Gryce had not looked at her. Yet that it was under his influence she ceased to commit herself I was as sertain as we can be or anything in a world which is half de esit.

"Let us hear your errand," put in

to lead the way, which he did with

This the two foremost detectives ex-

This the two foremost detectives examined very carefully, detaining us often longer, I thought, than Mr. Gryce desired or Lucetta had patience for. But nothing was said in protest nor did the older detective give an order or manifest any especial interest in the investigation till he saw the men in front stoop and throw out of the way a coil of rope, when he immediately hurried forward and called upon the party to stop.

The girls, who were on sither side of me, crossed glances at this command, and Lucetta, who had been tottering forward feely for the last few minutes, fell upon her knees and hid her face in the hollow of her two hands. Loreen came around and stood by her, and I do not know which presented the most striking picture of despair, the shrinking figure of Lucetta or the straight but quivering form of Loreen lifted to meet the shafts of fate without a droop of her cyclids or a muruur esit.

"Let us hear your errand," put in
Loreen, with that gentle emphasi.
waich is no sign of weakness.

"I will let this gentleman say," returned Mr. Trohm. "You have say him before—a New York detective of whose business in this town you cannot be ignorant."
"He professed," fell from Lucetta's

lips in celd and distinct tones, "to have visited this lane for the purpose of secking out a clew to the many disappearances which have unfortunately taken place within its precincta."

"Yes," Mr. Trohm's nod seemed to the purpose of the purpose say. But Lucetta was looking at the

detective.

"Is that your business?" she asked.

"Miss Enollys," he began — hew quiet and fatherly his accents fell after the alternate fire and iciness with which the herself had addressed his companion and herself—"I hardly know how to

out a droop of her eyelids or a murmur from her lips. The light of the one lan-tern which intentionally or uninten-tionally was concentrated on this pa-thetic group made it stand out from the midst of the surrounding darkness in a answer you without arousing your just anger. If your brother is in"—
"My brother would face you with less patience than we. Talk to us, Mr. Gryce, and not till we fail to answer

premises, and, serene as was Loreen's nature and powerful as was Lucetta's will, the apprehension under which will, the apprehension under which they labored was evident, though neither attempted whas evident, knough netters attempted either subterfuge or evasion.

"If the police wish to search this house, it is open to them," said Loreen.

"But not so Mr. Trohm," quoth Lucetta quickly. "Our poverty should be our protection from the curiosity of

oetra quickly.

our protection from the curiosity of
neighbors."

"Mr. Trohm has ne wish to intrude,"
said Mr. Gryce, but Mr. Trohm said
nothing. He probably understood why
Lucetta wished to curtail his stay in

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE CELLAR.

I had meanwhile stood silent. There was no reason for me to obtrude myself, and I was happy not todo so. This does not mean, however, that my presence was not noticed. Mr. Trohm honored was not more than one glance during these trying moments, in whose expression I read the anxiety he felt lest my peace of mind should be too much disturbed, and when in response to the undoubted dismissal he had received from the treatment of the his leave it. doubted dismissal he had received from Lucetta he prepared to take his leave it was upon me he bestowed his final look and most deferential bow. It was a tribute to my position and character which all seemed to feel, and I was not at all surprised when Lucetta, after carefully watching his departure, turned to me with childlike impetuosity, say-

which all seemed to feel, and I was not at all surprised when Lucetta, after carefully watching his departure, turned to me with childlike impetuosity, saying:

"This must be very unpleasant for you, Miss Butterworth, yet must we ask you to stand our friend. God knows we need one."

"I shall never forget I cocupied that position soward your mother;" was my straightforward reply, and I did not forget it, not for a moment.

"I shall begin with the cellar," said Mr. Gryce.

Both girls quivered. Then Lorsen lifted her proud head and said quietly:

"The whole house is at your disposal. Only I pray you to be as expediant."

"I was in was any straightforward reply, and I did not forget it, not for a moment.

"I shall begin with the cellar," said Mr. Gryce.

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"The whole house is at your disposal. Only I pray you to be as expediant."

"I was a stratus assume an aspect quite uncommon to them.

"Your mother's grave?" said he, looking from her to Loreen with very evident doubt. "I thought your mother yetlent doubt. "I thought your mother will have been dead many, many years, but not to us. We closed her eyes night before last, and it was to preserve this secret, which involves others affecting our family honor, that we resorted to expedients which have perhaps attracted the notice of the police and drawn this hamiliation down upon this visit, ushered in as it was by Mr Town."

Mr. Gryce.

Both girls quivered. Then Loreen lifted her proud head and said quietly:

"The whole house is at your disposal. Only I pray you to be as expeditions as possible. My sister is not well, and the sconer our humiliation is over the better it will be for her."

And indeed Josephawa; in a state

and the sooner our humiliation is over the better it will be for her."

And, indeed, Lucetta was in a state that aroused even Mr. Gryce's anxiety. But when she saw us all hevering over her she roused herself with an extraordinary effort, and, waving us all saide, took the first steps herself in the direction of the kitchen, from which, as I gathered, the only direct access could be had to the cellar. Mr. Gryce immediately followed, and behind him came Loreen and mysalf, both too much agitated to speak.

At the flower parlor Mr. Gryce paused as if he had forgotten something, but Lucetta urged him feverishly on, and before long we were all standing in the kitchen. Here a surprise awaited us. Two men were sitting there who appeared to be strangers to Hannah at least, for the lewering look she cast

them as she pretended to be busy over her, store was so out of keeping with her usual good humor as to attract the attention even of her young mistrees. "What is the inatter, Hannah?" asked Lucetts. "And who are these men?" "They are my men," said Mr. Gryos. "The job I have undertaken cannot be carried on alone."

The quick look the two sisters interchanged did not escape me, or the quick is of 'resignation which was settling alowly over Loreen.
"Must they go into the cellar, too?" she asked.

AN ARTISTIC MIX UP.

"Must they go into the cellar, too?" she saked.

Mr. Gryce smiled his most fatherly smile.

"My dear young ladies," said he, "these men are interested in but one thing—they are searching for a clew to the disappearances that have occurred in this lane. As they will not find this in your cellar nothing else 'that they may see there will remain in their minds for a moment."

Lucetta said no more. Even her indomitable spirit was giving way before the inevitable discovery she saw before them.

when finished would be promptly mailed to her address.
In due course of time the package ar-rived, and the delighted girl hurried back to the kitchen to open it.
A few moments later one of the other members of the household heard a dull

thud, accompanied by a wild crackling. She hurried back to the kitchen, and there was the maid sitting flat on the floor, having evidently tumbled from the coal box, grasping a photograph in either hand and wearing a smile of costatio delight. "Looky dat, missy," she cried, "looky dat! Did yo' evah see anythin mo' beautiful in all yo' bo'n days? Wonder what 'Rastus'll say to his baby now? But, oh, missy, I'se moe' 'fraid dat fotumgraphes has done got me jes' a illi might too pale? She held up the photographs.
They were unmistakably the likeness of a white gir!.
At about the same time a Euclid avenue belle was opening a similar package. There was a smile of delightful anticipation on her face as she drew forth the conknow.

I was not going to descend the cellar stairs, but the girls made me.

"We wish yos," said Loreen, and in no ordinary tones, while Lucetts paused and would not go on till I followed. This surprised me. I no longer seemed to have any clew to their motives, but I was glad to be one of the party.

Hannah, under Loreen's orders, had furnished one of the men with a lighted lantern, and upen our descent into the lark labyrinth below it became his duy

There was a smile of delightful anticipation on her face as she drew forth the contents of the envelope. Then she gave a wild shriek and toppied back in her chair. The face that smiled up at her was black! "It must be the effect of some dreadful chemical change," suggested the horror stricken mother.

"Chemical rubbish," cried the daughter, "those are not my pictures."

Of course you see how it was. The pictures were mixed up by the Butteroup whose business it was to package them up.

to lead the way, which he did with due circumspection. What all this underground space into which we were thus introduced nad ever been used tor it would be difficult to tell. At present it was mostly empty. After passing a small collection of stores, a wine cellar, the very door of which was unhinged and lay across the cellar bottom, we struck into a hollow void, in which there was nothing worth an instant's investigation save the earth under our feet.

IT WAS A NEAT JOB.

Surgical Operation That Was Performed by the Skipper.

The Surgical Operation That Was Performed by the Skipper.

The retired sea captain got reminiscent with me the other day.

I was telling him I supposed that in the old days the skitper had to be all things to his crew.

"That's right!" said he. "Why, you never knew what was coming up next. A skipper had to be able to preach a funeral sermon. He must also be able in the next minute to whale the eternal stuffing out of a sailor that talked back. And, more than that, in case he knocked too much stuffing out of the man he had to be able to put it back again.

"That is to say, the sea captain that wanted to be considered as anyways up in the king row had to be able to do a good job as a surgeon or adoctor.

"Why, one time I remember a sailor foll clear from the main top to the deck. By good rights the fellow ought to have been killed. But he struck a rope or two his fall and got off with a broken leg. But that leg was broken worse than a sailor's pledge when he gets shore leave.

"They carried the man down into my cabin, and I found the bone sticking right out through the fiesh.

"There was no use talking—the leg had to come off. And I did it. You never saw a better piece of surgery. I took up the arteries, made the flaps, sewed the edges, and the mate, who had been in the hospitals more or less and had watched operations there, said that he didn's see how one of the requirars could possibly do any better. I took my time about it, never slighted a thing, and I felt pretty proud of the job when the fellow was carried down to his bunk."

"I don't blame you a bit," I broke in. "How long was it before the man was able to be around again?"

"Oh," said the skipper carelessly, "the man was deader'n a spike in Tophet the next morning. I couldn't help that, of course. But I did as neat a job on his leg as you ever saw in all your life."—Lowiston Journal.

What Fresidents Cost.

Presidents "come high, but we have got

Then there is a contingent fund of \$8,000 a year, which the president may use according to his discretion.

In furniture and repairs to the White House the sum of \$16,000 more, to be used by the direction of the president, is provided by the nation and is always expended. For fuel alone \$3,000 is allowed, and for necessary repairs to the greenhouse there is \$4,000.

Altogether the presidential "finding annually amounts to the snug sum of \$64,805, nearly \$15,000 a year more than his salary. The two aggregate \$114,805.—Boston Journal. communication has been made with this place through an opening into the room above. See!" And taking the lantern from the man at his side he held it up Trom the man at his side he hold is by soward the ceiling.

There was no hole there now, but the evidences of there having been one, and that within a very short time, were apparent to all. Loreen made no further attempt to stay him.

"The house is at your disposal," she repeated, but I do not think she knew what she said. The man with the bun-They Eat 'Em.

A southern man who recently returned home after a visit to Boston said to a neighbor, "You know these here little round white beans?" The other admitted that he did. "We feed 'em to hosses down." "Yes."
"Well, sir, up to Boston they take then

what she said. The man with the bundle in his arms was already unrolling it on the cellar bottom. A spade came to light, together with some other tools. Lifting the spade, he thrust it smartly into the ground toward which Mr. Gryce's inexorable finger still pointed. At the sight and the sound it made a thrill passed through Lucetta which made her another creature. Dashing forward, she flung herself down upon the spot with lifted head and outstretched arms.

"Stop your descerating hand!" she cried. "This is a grave—the grave, sirs, of our mother!" "Well, sir, up to Boston they take them beans, boil 'em for three or four hours, slap a little sowbelly and some molasses and other truck in with 'em, and what do you suppose they do with 'em?"
"Gosh, I do' no."
"Well, sir," said the first speaker sententiously, "I'm hanged if they don't eas 'em!"

Never Thought of Rounds.

"That follow laid for him," said the man who had been reading, the sporting news, "and gave him a solfir plexus blow in the fourth."

"Why can't you be more explicit? asked the professional pugilist languidly. "How am I to know whether you mean the fourth paragraph, the fourth chapter or the fourth act?"

INVESTIGATION.

The shock of these words—if false, nost horrible; if true, still more horrile—threw us all aback and made even

Mr. Gryce's features assume an aspec

Trohm."

"Miss Lucetta," Mr. Gryce spoke up quite quickly—if he had not I certainly could not have restrained some expression of the emotions awakened in my own breast by this astounding revelation—"Miss Lucetta, it is not necessary to bring Mr. Trohm's name into this maters of that of any other person than my-

ter or that of any other person than my-self. I saw the coffin lowered here,

All the flowers of the arctic region ar said to be either white or yellow, and ther are 769 varieties.

Helen's Request.

It was Helen's first day in school, and she talked right out loud, just as she did when she was at home. Helen's teacher said, "Now, little folks, don't talk, but whenever you want anything just hold up your hand."

Pretty soon up went Helen's little hand. "Well, Helen, what do you want?" And Miss Pomeroy was surprised when Helen said, "Some candy, please."—Youth's Companion.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD.

ter or that of any other person than myself. I saw the coffin lowered here,
which you say contained the body of
your mother. Thinking this a strange
place of burial and not knowing it was
your mother, Miss Knollys, to whom
you were paying these last dutiful rites,
I took advantage of 'my position as detective to satisfy myself that nothing
wrong lay behind so mysterious a death
and burial. Can you blame me, Miss
Knollys? Would I have been a man to
trust if I had let such an svent ge by
anohallenged in this lane?"
She did not answer. She had heard The farmers' excursion from Stratford and points north to the Agricultural College, Guelph, by the Grand Trunk on the 18th inst., was participated in by the 18th inst. was participated in by 2,000 people.

At Smithville a moeting was held on Thursday of representative farmers, fruit growers, nurserymen and merchants from all the municipalities along the tipe of T. H. & B. Railway, asking the Pestoffice Department for a postal car service swice daily each way from Hamilton to Welland. The antiquated coach service still prevails in the section.

"You saw my mother's coffin lowered? Where were you that you should
ese that? In some of these dark passages,
let in by I know not what traitor to our
peace of mind." And her eyes, which
seemed to have grown almost supernaturally large and bright under her emotions, turned slowly in their sockets till
they rested with something like doubta Photographer's Mistake.

A well known attache of the Hollenden hotel has a mail servant in his household whose complexion would make Erebus took like early twilight. Some time ago this dusky maid determined she would have her picture taken. She wanted a number of copies to send to 'Rastus and her other friends, and she had a personal desire to see how her looks had improved since the last photograph.

Nothing would do but she must patronize a leading photographer. So one day, attired in her Sunday go to campmeeting lothes she visited the studio, looked pleasant and was assured that the photographs when finished would be promptly mailed to her address. preserves the leather. You can keep new harness from wearing out and renew the life of old harness with

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