### Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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#### OLD LOVERS.

Bears of my hears, when the day was young Hope sang to life with a silver tongue, Hope beckened love down a Sowery way, Where 'twas always morning and always May And two true lovers need never parb-lo you remember, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, when the noon was high Work showed the way we must travel by, Duty spoke cold and stern in our ears, Bidding us bear all the toll and tears, Partings and losess, servow and smark— Have you forgotten, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, in the setting sun We sit at peace, with our day's work done, in the cool of the evening we two look back On the winding pathway, the noon's rough

And the morn's green pleasance, where roses twine, Heart of my heart, with your hand in mine.

Eeart of my heart, when the night is here Love will sing songe of life in our ear. We shall sleep awhile 'neath the daisied grass Till we put on the glory and rise and pass To walk where eternal splendors shine, rt of my heart, with your hand in mine.

--E. Nesbit in Argosy.

### A BIT OF SILVER.

"I want to ask you a question, Go

mez."
"Well, my dear boy, what is it?" "Where did you get your money?" The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow, and—we had dined. To say truth, we had not only dined, but wined, and it was over some excellent postprandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant oigars that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you

why.
Some two years before Gomes was poor as a church mouse. He was always a good fellow, but then, you know, a good fellow, but then, you arrow, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. And, to my shame be it spoken, I think I liked him better rich than poor. Well, as I said, he was almost destitute. He as I said, he was almost destruct. He had a profession, it is true—he was a journalist, but in Spain the gains of the fratornity of the pen are not large. What little he did earn went to the bad, for he was an inveterate gambler. But from a poverty stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the mest fashman of wealth. He had the indees horses, he belonged to the most fash-ionable club, he had the most luxurious-ly fitted town house, he had purchased the country seat of a decayed grandes, he had the best cook in Madrid, and he ved in the best society, for, alas, even

in Spain the golden key is beginning to open all portals. But do not think from what I say that Gomez was not a gentleman, for he came of an excellent family.

Well, as I said, we had just finished

money?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, and

"There are all sorts of stories," I re-plied; "some probable, some wildly impossible, some good humored, more ill natured. You will pardon my frank-ness if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'ill gotten gains,' whisper of retired highwayman, and the like. There are others who hink and the like. There are others who him darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a widespread belower classes there is a widespread be-lief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatu-ral or no. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the source of my fortune has nover been discovered was because the only man who knew of it left the city the day after"—

"The day after what?" I queried. "Well I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one and should be

He lit a fresh cigar and then began: "You knew me two years ago when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me: 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for love of it. I played and play simply for down to the formation of the because I was poor. I was not a gambler. I was a speculator. I had fixed apon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduters are the profession.

nsiy you know.''
He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke wreaths curling over his head for a moment and

"One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning which had been intrusted to me by a which had been intrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts. He had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gam-bing hell and seated myself at the rou-lette table. Fortune was against me. The few duros that belonged to me The few duros that belonged to he were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me that night. I was not myself. I did what I never should have draamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all.

I was about to speak. mn me." he interrupted. "You could say nothing severer than were my self reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round

my brain seemed to spin round toe. My senses seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if life were no lenger dear to me. Penniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain the night were on. The bables were gradually deserted. Boon there was but one left lighted—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gamester was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearled, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling hell."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted; "Jose Herrara, who disappeared se suddenly a couple of years ago!"

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued:

"The hanker looked at we inquiring."

tinued:

'The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the
street, and that I did not do so is owing street, and that I did not do so is ewing to one of the strangest of circumstances—so strange that you will not blame me for wondering whether it was supernatural. I half rose, I say, and as I did so I saw upon the floor a round, bright object which had a silver shimmer as the gaslight fell upon it. It was a coin, a "—
"A peseta," I interrupted breathless-

ly.
"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a peseta. But it saved my life. I placed my foot upon it, and, motioning to the banker, said:
""A peseta on the 17!"
"The banker knew me well—he had cause to—and without making any inquiries he repeated my wager after me

'Seventeen wins,' said he, and on

the 17 clanged seven silver dures.
"Do you leave it there?" said he.
"I nodded. 'Again the ivory ball spun round and

again it stopped at 17.
"'Seventeen wins," said the banker. "Again I left the glittering pile upen the 17 and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess Fortune smile upon me. And when I stepped it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank. The poverty stricken wretch who a few mo-ments before had contemplated suicide

was now wealthy."
"And the pesets," said I. "You have that still, of course?"
"No," he replied, with a strange

smile.
"Why," exclaimed I, with surprise, all my life."
"No," he replied, with the same peouliar smile, "you would not have kept

it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin,
I found—nothing."

"Nothing!" I cohoed. "Why—what

"That which I had taken for a peseta was not a coin. The round, silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was?'—
"What?"

"A drop of water."—Adapted For Argonaut From the Spanish. BNOWY DAY.

Thermometer at twenty—flood and field
Are treble locked and petrified by frost.
Fair nature's lovely face is half concealed
And all her rich variety is lost
Beneath a spotless well of virgin white.
The clouds are densely black, the wind
nor'east,
And yonder schoolboy's shouts are heard a
mile.

mile.

The idle plow stands on the upland height,
Frost bound immovably, and man and beast
Suspend the industry of daily toil.
Some forth and breathe the crisp and bracing all mind and body thrill with genial glov.

Ome forth and see, and seeing tell how fair.

The beautiful monotony of snow.

—Exchange.

#### AN EXPERIMENT.

"Miss Maitland, is it possible that we may have the pleasure of traveling

Reneath the lamps of Liverpool street station they exchanged a glance which suddenly illuminated the commonplace surrounding with a flash of poetry and mystery the eternal poetry, the unfathomable mystery of love.

Emily Maitland was tall, pale and fair; she was colorless as some flowers are, but with the vigor of flowers, with "Where did I get my money?" he repeated slowly. "And what says Dame
Humor concerning it, Pedro?"
"There are all sorts of stories," I re"There are all sorts of stories," I re"There are all sorts of stories," I re"There are all sorts of stories," I re"The stories which emphasized
blue traveling dress, which emphasized eyes were of blue, and she wore a gray blue traveling dress, which emphasized their radiance. The doctor felt himself absurdly foolish and romantic, for in spite of the hustling porters and ahrieking trains he experienced in meeting her the persistent sensation of a twilight wood woven through with the blue of violets and stars. In appearance the doctor was anything but romantic; he was of the massive build, black haired and black bearded, robust mentally as well as physically; a splendid head, well as physically; a splendid head, that held the most intimate secrets of psychology; a dominant will that over-rode every obstacle. But in his student years at Guy's the disease stricker women and children of the borough had women and children of the borough had learned to love his almost reverential tenderness, while his colleagues of to-day respected, though they did not al-ways sympathize with, his overscrupu-

lous conscientiousness.

Fate, contrary to her reputation, had evidently planned this meeting with extreme kindness and forethought. She wished well to the young people and determined that the course of their true love should run smoothly. A journey

love should run smoothly. A journey gave scope for many unobtrusive attentions and would doubtless afford happy epportunity for the all important question. If they reached Rotterdam without a pledging of vows, fate, at least, was not to blame.

"I thought," said Emily, as she settled herself among the cushions, "that I should have to travel alone. My maid was summoned into the country only this afternoon to see her mother, who is ill, and I do not join my brother till I reach The Hague."

is ill, and I do not join my brother till I reach The Hague."

"It is more than a happy chance," said the doctor gravely, "that I should happen to be crossing tonight. The conference at Amsterdam does not begin till the 16th, but I was anxious to visit some little Dutch hospitals and to do some little exploring among the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee."

"I am very glad you thus advanced your journey," said Emily. "It is so very lonely traveling by oneself. What is the subject of your conference this year?"

is the subject of your conference this year?"

"It is to be a meeting of brain specialists," replied McLare. "We shall discuss chiefly the bearing of recent investigations on hypnotism, animal magnetism and kindred subjects. The world is quite unaware, I believe, how largely these actual if impalpable influence enter into its everyday life. But I must not bore you with my medical chatter. Won't you close Your eyes a little and take a rest? We are some distance yet from Harwich, and you look dreadfully tired."

from Harwich, and your from Harwich, and you will am dreadfully tired," said Emily.
"If am dreadfully tired," said Emily.
"My poor maid went off in the greatest fluster, and I could not find where she had put any of my things. There are disadvantages in having a maid, you man."

Presently her eyes closed. Dr. Mc-Lare took out the programme of the medical centerence and, began glancing

OUR FINNY FRIENDS.

over it. He was himself a hypnotizer of no mean order. He possessed the power to a remarkable—may, he sometimes thought, to a dangeron—extent. It is dangerous to be able to influence men's thoughts and turn them in the direction you desire. The paper slipped from his hand. She lay, more like a flower than ever, in the yellow light. Her soft breath came regularly. She was saleep. Might he not send into her mind a dream of love, a dream all built up of violet color and violet odor, but with something of his own personality woven through its structure? Might he not reveal his nobler, better self to her by a whisper into her thoughts? The world only seas the trivial and poorer sides of men; the veil of the flesh not only hides, but distorts; she could never love him for his world self—the prosperous physician, the courted diner out. And yet she had seemed to care for him without the intervention of his suggestion. What if all this time he had been exercising unconscious hypnotic influence upon her? What if from the first

without the intervenue on an suggestion. What if all this time he had been
exercising unconscious hypnotic influence upon her? What if from the first
moment of his attraction toward her the
power of his will had compelled her
thoughts to him? Her tender smiles, her
responsive glanges, would, on this supposition, have been purely automatic.
And then the cruel injury to her! It
was horrible! There she lay asleep, like
a flower. Had his overmastering will
dared to chain any of her delicate, fiesting impulses—dared fo crush out the
bloom and spontaneity of her personality? At least—at least, his interferance
with her springs of feeling had been unwitting; he had not to face the agony
of conscious guilt.

A sense of foreboding passed through
Emily's sleep. She roused suddenly
and surprised a face of blank misery

staring at her from opposite. "What—what has happened?" she murmured, not fully awake. The startled pain of her expression confirmed his terrible theory. Even at this moment he had unconsciously conveyed to her mind a sense of hopeless loss. "I think I have been dreaming," she said as her surroundings regained familiarity, "uncomfortable dreams. It is better to be awake. You are looking very grave, Dr. McLare. Have you had bad dreams too?"

say, it is better to be awake."

She grew quite white. What could have happened while she slept to make his manner so cold and distant? It was as if a wall of ice had suddenly risen between them. She knew instinctively that all was over.

All night, after he had seen her safely to her cabin, the doctor paged to and

in technique as his own is simply marvelous.

It is one of the phenomena of musical
history that, while orchestral, operatio
and other branches of music were in
their infancy in Bach's day and have
developed since then, Bach brought orgam music to its climax. He was not
the small source whence flowed a rivulet which in time was to expand into a
broad stream; he was the broad stream
itself. The word "Bach," in German,
means a brook, which led a famous
German composer to say punningly that
this great master was not a Bach, but
an ocean.—Forum ean.—Forum

The plum pudding was unknown in England until the middle of the eighteenth

No Dectors Needed In Turkey.

No Dectors Needed In Turkey.

It is not generally known that medical science has made no progress whatever in Turkey and that the poorer classes of that country have ne skill at all in the treatment of disease. The popular belief among these people is that disease is God's will and that to attempt to cure disease would be to interfere with the Divine judgment.

Missionaries have frequently found cases of people ill with smallpox entirely neglected in order that the Divine will should have its own way. The so called cures that are practiced show an equally unenlightened spirit.

When, for example, a baby is suffering from croup, the following prescription is considered infallible: A hea's egg is obtained, and seven round holes are made in the shell. The contents are poured into some water and lifted quickly over the basin, so that the water will stream into the basin. This operation is repeated \$9 times. The contents of the basin may then be used for washing the little sufferer. The few doctors who have administered to the natives have been received as though they were gods. Whenever travelers go into the interior of Turkey they are appealed to as if every one of them were doctor. The average Turk or Armenian seems to believe that any man wearing a European hat is competent to treat all bedily allments.—Pearson's Weekly.

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BOYS AND GIRLS MAY ENJOY

quisites Necessary to Secure Lasting Success in the Piessant Study of

Aquatic Life.

There used always to be a big tub standing under the spout of the pump near the barn. It was rely half of a hogsheat that had been send in two so many years before that no one remembered to have seen the other half, and the part under the pump spout was green with mess and red with caking rust at the bands. The tub was kept nearly full of, water, which was constantly fresh, for the cattle came to the tub to drink and the water had necessarily to be replentished every day.

We boys used to look into the bluish depths of the imprisoned water and we often thought how much mere attractive it would look if there were only some fish in it. When the spring days came and the pretty little "punkin-seeds," er sun fish, began to dart among the water lily leaves, when the tadpoles wriggled their wee shadow-like bodies in the marsh pools, and desens of sorts of small fish fisshed like streaks of sunshine through the shallows of the river, then we steatishly put a family of very young perch in the tub under the spout.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed granditables when he noticed the fish the next day, "I never thought this spring was connected with the river, but it must be if we are pumping up fish," and the old gentleman chucked in a knowing way and looked at us ever his spectacles. "But you must keep the water fresh or the cattle won's drink it," he con-

been dreaming. The summer was a far any summer and the decidence of the summer so cold and distant? It was as if a wall of look hard baddenly rively to he make that could have happened while she slept to make his manner so cold and distant? It was as if a wall of look had endedny rively to he could have happened while she slept to make his manner so cold and distant? It was as if a wall of look had endedny rively to he could have happened while what could have happened while she slept to make his manner so cold and distant? It was as if a wall of look had endedny rively to he could his he doot ponced to and for on the windy deck. How could have happened while she would he could have happened while she she will have been the flower of her life into the worldy change of his. He would control down the flower of her life into the worldy change of his. He would be endednedned to have he would her entitle her to have the flower of her life into the worldy change of his. He would her entitle her had to have her to have her to have been THE SKELETON AQUARIUM.

which we sound where the water plants grew. In front of the dividing beard (marked "3" in the accompanying picture) we placed an inch layer of clean sayd from the river's bank. On top of this we put a one-half-inch covering of very fine gravel and scattered some stones, as well as building a sort of mound of them in one corner.

The back part of the aquarium was te be reserved for the plants. We went to the river and selected some plants that were just beginning to send up shoot. Carefully digging them up and taking as much of their soil with them as we could we transplanted them to the muck bed back of the dividing board. We alse dug among the water-lily-roots in a neighboring pond until we found some new bulbs. These we transplanted in the aquarium. The plants all placed, we filled in the back of the aquarium with muck to a depth of seven inches at the back. Above the muck we put a layer of river sand one-half inch desp at the front and seven inches deep at the front and seven inches deep at the front and seven inches deep at the stand till the plants had become vigoreus. This required three weeks and the water was changed several times.

At last the aquarium with water to a depth of twelve inches and let it stand till the plants had become vigoreus. This required three weeks and the water was changed several times.

At last the aquarium was ready for the finny creatures that were destined to make is their home. We captured sunfish, catfish, perch, infants black bass, shiners and any other fish that we could find small enough to do well in the aquarium we got some water turties and even a little "leather back" not larger around than a half-dollar. We caught a band of water "skates," that whirled on the surface of the aquarium contentedly. We had some baby eels and one or twe small fregs. To keep the front from

jumping out we had a screen of whe netting which fitted over the front portion of the aquartum, as you will notice it in the accompanying ploture. Last or all we got a number of sprigs of sea weed and anchored them in the sand, where their plume-like shapes added attractiveness to the aquartum.

Any boy or girl may make one of these aquartums and stock it with ever so many interesting things. It is very necessary to have plenty of plant life in order that the water may be kept fresh if you have your aquarium properly adjusted in this respect it will never be necessary for you to change the water. The fish should be small.

EFFECT OF THE RECOIL.

Bank by Their Own Guns - The Deady Broadside Fire.

That the big battleships and cruisers of the United States navy are likely to capits themselves by the discharge of their win guns is the claim put forward by F. T. Jane, a well-known British naval architect, in the Contemporary Review. His article is a vigorous defence of the British Admiratly against the attacks of "amateur naval critics" in England. The latter have been pointing out the superior armament and armor of foreign war ships, especially American, as compared with British ships of the same tonnage. The American havy he stigmatizes as "a collection of war ships designed solely to tickle the popular imagination." The American and other foreign ships, he declares, are overarmed and unseaworthy. Some of them would captize if they fixed a broadside.

of 11,000 tons, carries a heavier armament.

The Rossia, the most heavily armed Russian cruiser, would split to pieces if she fired all her guns at once. Here are some of Mr. Jane's own ominous words:

"It might startle some of these gentlement to know that, huge as the Majestic is, neither she nor any of her sisters have yet fired all their guns in one simultaneous broadside. Te put the matter bluntly, it has not been considered quite wise te do so. The energy thus developed is sufficient to move the 15,000-ton irondad six feet sideways through the water.

"Now, if the 15,000-ton Majestic is thus almost evergunned, it needs no very vivid imagination to speculate as to what a broadside would mean to some of the



makes we shen cut groores one-half inch
ing."—Ethel Wheeler in London Sun.

Organ Music and Bach.

Organ music reached its climax with
Bach; it may perhaps be said that all
music did. As any rate, one thing is
certain—vis., if there has been any
progress in music since the day of
Bach, it has been due to him. Bach's
music is polyphonic, and polyhony is
tree music. To its foundation upon this
stree music in German
no decadence in music in German
norganitis and probably will always reman it est
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When a young woman opens her windew in December, and leens out and
watches the young man who has been
calling on her as long as she can see him
going down the street, the neighbors are
thetided in suspecting that her feeling for
him is conteining more than sisterly rederd.—Semerville Journal.

## Weak

If you have coughed and coughed until the lining membrane of your throat and lungs is inflamed.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil will soothe, strengthen and probably cure. The cod-liver oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues. The glycerine soothes and heals them. The hypophosphites of lime and soda impart tone and vigor. Don't neglect these coughs. One bottle of the Emulsion may do more for you now than ten can do later on. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c, and \$2.00, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toron

Death of His Friend.

One of the most motorious of French duclists at the period of the restoration of the Bourbons-in-1815, when scarcely a day passed without a hostile meeting, was the Count de Larilliere, a native of Bordeaux

swith Do watch.

It was been declared to the Bourbons in 1915, when soarcely a day beand without a houtile meeting, was the Count of facilities, a native of Bordeaux. At that time he was a man of about 35, tall, well made and with polithed manners. His appearance, indeed, steerly believed the recklessness of his dispation.

In course of time Larilliere had to beast of having two being in a strong fanoy.

The decream of the which he proposed to rest was a continue his practice with the new early saber, to which he had taken a strong fanoy.

The strong fanoy.

The decream of the court was sealed of the bay. The bay had been and strode up to the table at which he formidable count was sealed of the bay. The bay had been dear the formidable count was sealed of the bay. The bay had been dear the bay had been dear the formidable count was sealed of the bay. The formidable count was sealed of the counts' glass, threw away the punch is the formidable count was sealed of the counts' glass, threw away the punch is place.

Winessee of the seense sy that at the momentor of the search of the counts' glass, threw away the punch is glass to be first time in their lives in contained and advanced the watter in a loud yeloc to bring a small bottle of orgest in the place.

""" Secondaril' be exclaimed, "You do not seen the stronger smale." It soon want a HORSE BOE see the new 2 wheel o Bottle to the first time in their lives in the stronger smale.

"It know who you are perfectly well," the other replied coidly, forcing Larillier's viciously back into hid to the live of the stronger smale.

"It know who you are perfectly well," the other replied coidly, forcing Larillier's viciously back into hid to their free and whout vasturing to interfere, analously waited the lasse of this stranger smale.

"It know who you are perfectly well," the other replied coidly, forcing Larillier viciously back into hid to the live of the stronger smale.

"It know who you are perfectly well," the other replied coidly, forcing Larillier viciously back in

waited the issue of this strange provocation.

"Waiter," exclaimed the stranger, "be
quick with that bottle of ergent!"

At this second command the bottle was
brought, and the masked man, drawing a
pistel from his pocket, proceeded to address his adversary thus:

"Unless in the presence of this company
and for my own personal satisfaction you
at once swallow this glass of orgent I will
blow your brains out with less compunction than I would those of a dog. Should
you, however, comply with my bidding, I
will do you the honor of fighting you tomerrow morning."

"With the saber?" demanded Larilliere,
convulsed with rage.

"With what weapon you please," replied
the stranger disdainfully.

Whereupon the count swallowed the orgeat, every one present preserving a death-

Wheroupon the count swallowed the or-geat, every one present preserving a death-like silence.

The masked man, satisfied with the re-The masked man, satisfied with the result, now retired, saying in a voice loud enough to be heard by all in the room:
"Today I have humbled you sufficiently; temorrow I intend to take your life. My seconds will wait upon you at 8 o'clock in the morning. We will fight on the spot where you killed the young Chevalier de C." This was the name of the count's last victim.

where you killed the young Chevalier do C." This was the name of the count's last victim.

The following morning Larilliere found himself in the presence of a man no longer wearing a mask, who appeared to be some five and twenty years old and of a culm and dignified but singularly resolute bearing. His seconds were two private soldiers belonging to one of the regiments of the garrison. They brought weapons with them, but Larilliere's seconds took exception to them, at which, a searcely perceptible smile passed over the stranger's face.

The combat commenced, and at the first passes the count was convinced that he had to deal with as skillful antagonist. However, his courage did not fail, though at times he seemed to lose somewhat of his customary composure. Linges and parryings succeeded each other with rapidity on both sides. Larilliere had already tried his usually fatal finishing thrust more than once, but each time only to find his effort turned saide by his adversary's blade.

Harassed at finding his efforts unavail-

Harassed at finding his efforts unavail

"Well, sir, at what hour do you intend "Well, sir, as what nour do you have to kill me?"

A momentary silence ensued. Then the stranger, who seemed to have profited by that slight interval to assure himself that the advantage lay decidedly with him, quietly remarked, "Immediately."

Rushing forward, he thrust the point of his sword through his adversary, who sprang backward, tottered and sank into the arms of his nearest second.

Putting his right hand on the wound, the count was just able to say:
"That, sir, is not a saher out. It is a thrust with the point. With the saher I feared no one." And in a few minutes he fall back dead. The stranger now advanced politely to-ward the seconds of the man he had shin and inquired if he was at liberty to defell back dead.

part.
"Will you at least tell us your name?" "Will you at least tell us your name?"
they asked in reply.
Larilliers's opponent proved to be one
of the young officers of Blaye, who had
determined to avenge the murder, as he
considered it, of the count's last victim.
When the fact of Larilliere's death become
generally known in .Bordeaux, many
mothers of families actually had masses
said in thankfulness for having been delivered from so dreaded a sourge.—Chambers' Journal.

She Liked Sailing.

we have coughed and

so he is benicle. The twenty tons, and floats in a function. The twenty tons, and floats in a follow steel ordinder. So he friction that it may be child's finger. It is a question liamp may not be made use of war by rigging it as a so sweep the approaches to f New York and thus dissence of a hostile fleet.

She Is suspected.

She Is for it is described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreements giving her the right, at any time during the life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels.

When the agreement was closed she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the parewille Journal.

This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at reduced rates by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up her privilege; but this she would not do. Her reply was: "You got the land cheap, and I like salling; so we ought both to be satisfied." She Liked Sailing.

Christian Motherhood.

It is an old proverb, but one full of truth, "They who rook the cradle rule the world." That is, the character of the training and instruction received in infancy is manifest in all after life and endeavor. The language of the nursery is echoed in all subsequent relationships. Its voice sounds from the pulpit, and from the public forum. Its principles guide conduct both in private and in public relations and obligations. The mother in the home sets the example which the child through all the after years of his life is striving to reproduce. The nature of man's after development depends mainly upon the direction given during the impressible day of childhood. Christian Motherhood.

The Clever Artist.

Man Wall and Action

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Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, R.p. of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Til Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamp and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

eries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods-in short, we have so

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WM. KARLEY

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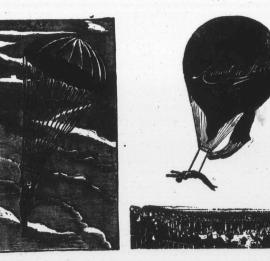
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R. WALKER.



### PRINCE LEO AT CANAQUE

DOMINION DAY-JULY 1ST

Gananoque Lodge No. 114 I.O.O.F. will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization by a grand demonstration at the Fair Grounds on Friday, July 1st-Dominion Day. It will be a big day in Gananoque. Excursions will be run from many points on the river and a large number of lodges from New York State and Ontario will be present.

The Clever Artist.

Not infrequently the art student falls in arrears for the rent of even his airty perch on the "istienne," and landlords have scans sympathy for beings who can "soar to the empyrean," but can't pay cash. One young man, six months in arrears, knew that his landlord was keeping a wachful eye on his trunk, which stood opposite the door, feeling sure that the aware would not stood opposite the door, feeling sure that the stood opposite the d The programme will include a grand salute at 7 a. m.

On the grounds there will be base-ball and lacrosse on the grounds there will be base-ball and lacrosse while it was there the owner would not depart. Our artist painted a portrait of his trunk on the wall opposite the door, and in the night took himself and his belongings quietly away; nor was he belongings quietly away; nor was he missed for several days. Good work semestimes serves very inartistic ands.