### Athens Reporter

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### B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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IOST MAN'S LANE. A SECOND EPISODE,
AMELIA BUTTERWORTH. MATHARINE AUJHOR OF THE JEANSHIND CLUTED DOORS'

angerous character hardly mattered in angerous character hardy materies in my eyes. While the blight of it rested apon this family eyes would be lowered and heads shaken at their name. This, if I could help it, must no longer be. If guilt lay at the bottom of all this fear and subterfuge, then this guilt must be known; if innocence— I thought of the brother's lowering brow and felt it incompatible with innocence, but remembers. brother's lowering brow and felt in-compatible with innocence, but remon-bering Mr. Gryce's remarks on this sub-ject read an instant lecture to myself and, putting all conclusions aside, deroted the few minutes in which I found myself alone in the dining room to a careius preparation or my mind for its duty, which was not likely to be of the simplest character if Lucetta's keen wits were to be pitted against mine.

CHAPTER IX.

When my mind is set free from doubt and fully settled upon any course, I am capable of much good nature and seeming simplicity. I was therefore able to maintain my own at the breakfast table with some success, so that the meal passed off without any of the disagreeable experiences of the night before. Perhaps the fact that Loreen presided at the coffee urn instead of Lucetta had something to do with this. Her calm, even looks seemed to put some restrain apon the boisterous outbursts to which William was only too liable, while her less excitable nature suffered less if by any chance he did break out and startle the decorous silence by one of his rude

to hurry through that meal or be left eating alone at the end. This did not put me in the best of humor toward its se, for I hated to risk an indigestion just when my faculties needed to be unusually alert. I compromised by leaving the board hungry, but I did it with such a smile that I do not think Miss Knollys ever knew that I had not risen Knollys ever knew that I had not risen from any table so ill satisfied in years. "I will leave you to my brother for a few minutes," said she, hastily tripping from the room. "I pray that you will not think of going to your room till we

have had an opportunity of arranging

I instantly made up my mind I would subject as I turned back to

promising subject as I turned back to him and followed his huge but ungainly figure toward the front of the house. "I thought you might like to see the grounds," he growled, evidently not enjoying the roje assigned him. "They are so attractive," he sneered. "Children hereabout call them the jungle." "Who's to blame for that?" I asked, with only a partial humoring of his ill nature. "You have a sturdy pair of arms of your own, and a little trimming arms of your own, and a little trimming here and a little trimming there would have given quite a different appearance to this undergrowth. A gentleman usu-

ally takes pride in his place."
"Yes, when it's all his. This belongs to my sisters as much as to me. What's the use of my bothering myself about

tr''
The man was so selfish he did not even seam to realize the extent of the exhibition he made of it. Indeed he semed to take pride in what he probably called independence. I began to feel the most intense aversion for him, and only with the greatest difficulty could prolong this conversation unmoved. noved.
"I should think," said I, "that it

would be a pleasure for you to give that much assistance to your sisters. They do not seem to be sparing in their

They do not seem to be spiring in their attempts to please you."

He snapped his fingers, and I was afraid a dog or two would come leaping around the corner of the house. But if was only his way of expressing disdain. "Oh, the girls are well enough," he grumbled, "but they will stick to the please I neets a might have married #

prumbled, but they will stick to the place. Lucetta might have married it half dozen times, and one time I thought she was going to, but she turned straight around and sent him off, and that made me mad beyond everything. Why should she hang herself or to me like a bur when there are other than stilling to take out the hunden?

folks willing to take on the burden?"

It was the most palpable display of
egotism I had ever seen and one of the
most revolting. I was so disgusted by it that I spoke up without any too muc

"Perhaps she thinks she can be use ful to you," I said. "I have known sis ters give up their own happiness on no better grounds."
"Useful?" he sneered. "It's a useful

ness a man like me can dispense with.

Do you know what I would like?" Do you know what I would like?"

We were standing in one of the tangled pathways with our faces turned to ward the house. As he spoke he looked up and made a rude sort of gesture to ward the blank expanse of empty and

frequently curtainless windows.
"I would like that great house all to

"She was a beautiful girl," I remarked on the principle that, the ice once broken, it is not best to hesitate about jumping in. "Was your father equally handsome for a man?"
"My father—yes, let's talk of father. He was a judge of horses, he was. When he died, there were three mares in that stable not to be beat this side of Albany, but those devils of executors sold them, and I—well, you had a chance to test the speed of old Besay sesterday. You weren't afraid of being thrown out, I take it. Great Scott, to think of a man of my tastes owning no other horse than of my tastes owning no other horse than

that!"
"You have not answered my question," I suggested, turning him about and moving toward the gate.
"Oh, about the way my father looked! some though. Folks say that I get what-over good looks I have from him. He was big—bigger than I am, and while he lived— What did you make a fellow

talk for?' I don't know why I did, but I was certainly asterfished at the result. This great, huge lump of selfish clay had actually shown feeling and was ashamed of it, like the lout he was. "Yesterday," said I, anxious to change the subject, "I had difficulty in the control of the selfished was are also because the subject, "I had difficulty in the selfished was are also because the subject, but as the subject was are subject.

come in time?"

"What—what has procured us the change the subject. I had difficult in getting in through that gate we are pointing for. Couldn't you lift it straight with just a little effort?"

He paused, looked at me to see if I were in earnest, then took a dogged step toward the gate I was still indicating honor of this visit?" she asked, moving up beside William as if she would add

"LUCETTA IS A FOOL," HE CRIED.

he could touch it he saw something on that deserted and ominous highway

prise. "Why, Trohm," he cried, "is that I instantly made up my mind I would to there, and that, too, before the aranging process was over. But I must see what I could make of William first.

I thought that he was not a very mornising subject as I turned back to a very and pleasant voice, and before I hearty and pleasant voice, and before I could quite drop the look of mingled soverity with which I was endeavoring to shame this young man into some de-cent show of interest in this place and assume the more becoming aspect of lady caught unawares at an early morn ing hour plucking flowers from a stunted syringa a gentleman stepped into sight on the other side of the fence with a look and a bow so genial and devoid of mystery that I experienced for the first time since entering the gloomy pre-

> f pleasure.
> "Miss Butterworth," explained Mr. Knollys with a somewhat forced gesture in my direction. "A guest of my sis-ter's," he went on and looked as if he hoped I would retire, though he made

pincts of this town a complete sensation

hoped I would retire, though he made no motion to welcome Mr. Trohm in, but rather leaned a little conspicuously on the gate as if anxious to show that he had no idea that the other's intention went any further than the passing of a few neighborly comments at the gate.

I like to please the young even when they are no more agreeable than this host of mine, and if the gentleman who had just shown himself had been equally immature I would certainly have left them to have their talk out undisturbem to have their talk out undisturbed, but he was not. He was older; he was even of sufficient years for the judgment to have been thoroughly matured and his every faculty developed. It therefore could not see why my so-ciety would be considered an intrusion by him, so I waited and was the recipi-ent of his next sentence.

"I am happy," said he, "to have the

pleasure of a personal introduction t Miss Butterworth. I did not expect it The surprise is all the more agreeable I only anticipated being allowed to leave this package and letter with the maid. They are addressed to you, mad-am, and were left at my house by mis-

I could not hide my astonishment.

"I live in the next house below," said he. "The boy who brought these from the postoffice—you see they are registered mail matter, madam—was a stupid lad, and I could not induce him

stupid lad, and I could not induce him to come any farther up the road. I hope you will excuse the present messenger and believe there has been no delay."

I bowed with what must have seemed an abstracted politieness. The letter was from New York, and, as I strongly suspected, from Mr. Gryce. Somehow this fact created in me an unmistakable entergraph. this fact created in me an unmistakable embarrassment. I put both letter and package in my pocket and endeavored to meet the gentleman's eye with my accustomed ease in the presence of strangers. But, strange to say, I had no sooner done so than I saw that he was no more at his ease than myself. He smiled glanged at William made an "I would like that great house all te myself, to make one, huge bachelor's chall of. I would like to feel that I could the walk of I would not seen an echo I did not choose to hear there. I would not find it too lone it too big. I would not find it too lone it too big. I would not find it too lone of fill it, wouldn't we, Saracen? Oh, I forgote Saracen is locked up."

The way he mumbled the last sentence showed displeasure, but I gave time es showed displeasure, but I gave little nieed to that. The gleating way should remained that I began to cast about for the means of ridding ourselves." but it was so very evident in his whole look and manner that I began to cast about for the means of ridding ourselves of William when that blundering youth

A STATE OF THE STA

at her gate."
Shocked! I should rather have said

terrified. Nothing but fear—her old fear aggravated to a point that made all attempt at concealment impossible—could account for her white, drawn fea-

tures and trembling form. She looked as if her whole thought was, "Have 1

"Nothing that need alarm you," said Nothing that need aight tone of intention in his kind and mellow voice. "I was rather unexpectedly intrusted this merning with a letter for your agreeable guest here, and I have merely come to deliver it."

him to me I thrust my hand into m

measure an untruth.

"Oh!" she murmured as if but half convinced. "William could have gone for it," she added, still eying Mr. Trohm

with a pitiful anxiety.
"I was only too happy," said the "I was only too happy," said the other with. a low and reassuring bow. Then, as if he saw that her distress would only be relieved by his departure, he raised his hat and stepped back into the open highway. "I will not intrude again, Miss Knollys," were his parting words. "If you want anything of Obadiah Trohm, you know where to find him. His doors will always be open to you."

open to you."

Lucetta, with a start, laid her hand Lucetta, with a start, and new hand on her brother's arm as if to restrain the words she saw slowly laboring to his lips, and leaning breathlessly for-ward watched the fine figure of this per-fect country gentleman till it had with-drawn quite out of sight. Then she turn-ed, and with a quick abandonment of all self control, cried out with a pitiful resture toward her, brother. "I thought gesture toward her brother, "I thought all was over; I feared he meant to come into the house," and fell stark and seem-ingly lifeless at our feet.

CHAPTER X.

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS.

For a moment William and myself stood looking at each other over this frail and prostrate figure. Then he stooped and with an unexpected show of kindness raised her up and began carrying her toward the house.

"Lucetta is a fool," he cried suddenly, stopping and giving me a quick glance over his shoulder. "Because folks are terrified of this road and come to see us but seldom, she has got to feel a most unreasonable dread of visitors. She was even afraid of you coming till we showed her what folly it was for

her to think we could always live here like hermits. Then she doesn't like Mr. Trohm; thinks he is altogether too friendly to me—saif that was any of her business. Am I an idiot? Have I no sense? Cannot I be trusted to take care sense? Cannot I be trusted to take care of my own affairs and keep my own secrets? She's a weak, silly ohit, te go and flop over like this when, d.—n it, we have enough to look after without nursing her up and—I mean," he said, tripping himself üp with an air of polite consideration so out of keeping with his usual churlishness as to be more than noticeable, "that it cannot add much to the pleasure of your visit to

in her brother's arms and struggled pas-sionately to her feet. "Oh, what has happened to me?" she oried. "Have I said anything? William, have I said said anything? William, have I said enything?" she asked wildly, olinging

dil it had given me a sort of turn. I be gan to have semesting more than as a version for the man. He imprised as with something II state that the source of the man to leave the same to leave your sisters entirely out of your calon lations. How would you mother regard that if she could see you from the place where she is gone?

He turned upon me with-a look again that of shought if the could see you from the place where she is gone?

He turned upon me with-a look again that of shought if the could see you from the place where she is gone?

He turned upon me with-a look again that of shought if the see alook here to me she to me after the could not you force he turned to the same that made his features positively unally the see alook again that it shought is would all assemed to see the second that the second the server will be seen to see the second that the second that it is a second to see the second that the second the second that it is a second to see the second that the second that it is a second to the second that the second that it is a second to the second that the second that

Was he so dull, or was he—I had not time to finish my conjectures even in my own mind, for at this moment a quick cay rose behind us, and Lucetta's light figure appeared running toward us with every indication of excitement.

"Ah," murmured Mr. Trohm, with an appearance of great respect, "your sister, Mr. Knollys. I had better be making on. Good merning, Miss Butterworth. I am sorry that circumstances seem to make it impossible for me to offer you those civilities which you might reasonably expect from so near a neighbor. Miss Lucetta and I are at swords points over a matter upon which I still insist she is to blame. See how shocked she is to see me even standing at her gate."

the hall.

I had no wish to interfere with Hannah just then. I had my letter to read and wished to do it undisturbed. So I slipped into the sitting room and carefully closed the door. Then I opened

It was, as I supposed, from Mr. Gryce, and ran thus:

DRAN Miss BUTTHEWORTH—I am astonished at your determination, but since your desire to visit your friends is such as to lead you to have the dangers of Lost Man's lane, allow me to suggest certain precautions which it is for our credit as well as your own that you regard.

First.—De not trust anybody.

Becond.—Do not proceed anywhere alone or an foot.

an footon footon footmany very standard or seal peril, blow
ence shrilly on the whistel I inclose with this
if, however, is expected to the content of the
first of the content of the content of the
mercet to enatch ever you, let the blast be
abort, sharp and repeated—twice to summon
sistence, three times to dall attention.
I advise you to fasten this whiste about
your neck in a way to make it easily obtains
the.

your neek in a way to make it easily obtains ble.

I have advised you to trust nebody. I should have excepted Mr. Trohm, but I do not think you will be given an eppertunity to speak to him. Remember that all depends upon your not awakening suspicion. If, however, you wish advice or desire to make any communication to me or the man secretly holding charge over this affair in X., seek the first op portunity of riding into town and go at once to the hetel where you will sak for room S. It has been retained in your service, and once shown there you may expect a visitor who will be the man you seek.

As you will see, every confidence is put in your fudgment.

There was no signature to this—it

There was no signature to this—it needed none—and in the packet which came with it was the whistle. I was plad to see it and glad to hear that I was not left entirely without protection in my somewhat hazardous enterprise. The events of the morning had been ounexpected that till this moment I

had forgotten my early determination to go to my room before any change there could be made. Recalling it now, I started for the staircase and did not stop, started for the starross and did not stop, though I heard Hannah behind, calling me. The consequence was that I came full tilt upon Miss Knollys coming down the hall with a tray in her hand. "Ah," I cried; "some one sick fit the

The attack was too sudden. I saw her recoil and for one instant hesitate before replying. Then her natural self posses-sion came to her aid and she placidly

remarked:
"We were all up to a late hour last

we were all up to a late how assight, as you know. It was necessary for us to have some food."

I accepted the explanation and made no further remarks, but as I had caught sight on the tray of the half eaten portion of a certain dish we had had for breakfast I reserved to myself the privilege of doubting its exact truthfulness.
To me the sight of this partially consumed breakfast was proof positive of there being in the house some person of ing with a letter for your agreeable guest here, and I have merely come to deliver it."

Her look of astonishment passing from portant fact to have established. I felt that in this one disc

him to me, I thrust my hand into my pocket and drew the letter out which I had just received.

"From home," said I without properly considering that this was in some measure an untruth.

"Oh!" she murmured as if but half convinced "William could have some convinced to the c front rooms.

"This is to be your room," said she,

"but I do not know that I can move you today."
She was so calm, so perfectly mistress of herself, that I could not but admire her. Lucetta would have flushed and fidgeted, but Loreen stood as erect and fidgeted. didgeted, but Loreen stood as erect and placid as if no trouble weighed upon her heart and the words were as unimportant in their characteras they seemed. "Do not distress yourself," said I. "I told Lucetta last night that I was perfectly comfortable and had no wish to change my quarters perfectly comfortable and had no wish to change my quarters. I am sorry you should have thought it necessary to disturb yourself on my account last night. Don't do it again, I pray you. A woman like myself had rather put herself to some slight inconvenience than move." "I am much obliged to you," said she and came at once from the door. I don't know but after all I like Lucetta's fidgety ways as well as this unmoved self possession.

ed self possession.
"Shall I order the coach for you?"

"Shall I order the coach for your she suddenly asked as I turned toward the corridor leading to my room.
"The coach?" I repeated.
"I thought that perhaps you might like to ride into town. Mr. Simsbury is at leisure this morning. I regret that neither Lucetta nor myself will be able

to accompany you."

I thought what this same Mr. Simsbury had said about Lucetta's plan and hesitated. It was evidently their wish hesitated. It was evidently their wish to have me spend my morning elsewhere than with them. Should I humor them or find excuses for remaining home. Either course had its difficulties. If I went, what might not take place in my absence. If I remained, what suspicions I might rouse. I decided to compromise matters and start for town even if I did

matters and start for town even it it due not quite go there.

"I am hesitating," said I, "because I noticed when I was standing at the gate with your brother two or three rather threatening looking clouds toward the cast. But if you are sure Mr. Simsbury can be spared I think I will risk it. I really would like to get a key for my door, and then riding in the country is

so pleasant.''
Miss Knollys, with a bow, passed imwe have enough to look after winder nursing her up and—I mean," he said, tripping himself up with an air of polite consideration so out of keeping with his usual churlishness as to be more than noticeable, "that it cannot add much to the pleasure of your visit to have such things happen as this."

"Oh, don't worry about me!" I cried eurly. "Get the poor girl in. I'll look after her."

But as if she heard these words and was startled by them Lucetta roused in her brother's arms and struggled passionately to her feet. "Oh, what has happened to me?" its order. Have I I found my bed made and everything

I found my bed made and everything

wishes. If isee no good reason why I skould tell your sister of this fainting fit, I shall certainly hold my peace."

She seemed moved by my manner, if not by my werds.

"Oh," she cried, seising my hand and ion pressing it. "If I sared to tell you of my troubles! But it is impossible, quite in peach in most ble."

If was the longest sentence with which he had henored me. Finding he account with the market of the main reason with the market of the seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed moved by my manner, if agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed may be agreeable agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed in agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed in agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed have agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed in agreeable, a proceeding which he seemed to be agreeable, a proceeding which he

"It's the way I am most accustomed to," said he. "But we can go the other way if you like. Perhaps we will get a glimpse of Deacon Spear. He's a widower, you know."

The leer with which he said this was intolerable. I bridled up—but no, I will act admit that I so much as manifested by my manner that I understood him. I merely expressed my wish to go the old

He whipped up the horse at once, al-He whipped up the norse at once, at-most laughing outright. I began to think this man also capable of most any wioked deed. He was forced, however, to pull up suddenly. Directly in our road was the stooping figure of a womroad was the stooping figure or a well-an. She did not move as we advanced, and so we had no alternative but to stop. Not till the horse's head touched her shoulder did she move. Then she rose up and looked at us somewhat in-

dignantly.
"Didn't you hear us?" I asked, willing to open conversation with the old crone, whom I had no difficulty in recog-nizing as Mother Jane. "She's deaf—deaf as a post," mut-

tered Mr. Simabury. "No use shouting at her." His tone was brusque, yet I noticed he waited with great patience for her to hobble out of the way.

Meanwhile I was watching the old creature with much interest. She had not a common face or a common manner not a common race or a common manner. She was gray, she was both less, she was haggard and she was bent, but she was not ordinary or just one of the crowd of old women to be seen on country doorsteps. There was force in her

aged movements and a strong individuality in the glances she shot at us as she backed slowly out of the roadway.

"Do they say she is imbecile?" I asked.
"She looks far from foolish to me."

"Hearken a bit," said he. "Don't "Hearken a bit," said he. "Don't you see she is muttering? She talks to herself all the time." And in fact her

lips were moving.
"I cannot hear her," I said. "Make her come nearer. Somehow the old creature interests me." He at once beckoned to the crone, but he might as well have beckened to the tree against which she had pushed her-self. She neither answered him nor gave

any indication that she understood the gesture he had made. Yet her eyes nevgesture he had made. Yet her eyes never moved from our faces.

"Well, well," said I, "she seems dull as well as deaf. You had better drive on." But before he could give the necessary jerk to the reius I caught Mall dazette says that the resolution is a

necessary jerk to the reius I caught sight of some pennyroyal growing about the front of the cottage a few steps beyond, and pointing to it with some engerness I orted: "If there isn's some of the very herb I want to take home with me! Do you think she would give me a handful of it if I paid her?"

With an obliging grunt he again pulled up. "If you can make her understand," said he.

I thought it worth the effort. Though Mr. Gryce had been at pains to tell me there was no harm in this woman and that I need not even consider her in my inquiries I remembered that Mr. Gryce had sometimes made mistakes in just such matters as these and that Amelia Butterworth had felt herself called upon to set him right. If that could happen once, why not twice? At all events, I was not going to lose the least chance of making the acquaintance of the people is the set of the people is the people is the set of the people is the set of the people is the p once, why not twicer At all events. I tutes in Europe and America was not going to lose the least chance of making the acquaintance of the people living in this lane. Had he not himself said that only in this way could we hope to come upon the clew that had eluded all open efforts to find it?

Knowing that the sight of means was the company was the

enuced all open efforts to find it?

Knowing that the sight of money was the strongest appeal that could be made to one living in such abject poverty as this woman, making the blind to see and the deaf to hear, I drew out my purse and held up before her a piece of silvers. She bounded as if she had bean silver. She bounded as if she had been shot, and when I held it toward her she came greedily forward and stood close beside the wheels looking up. "For you," I indicated, after making

ion toward the plant which had attracted my attention.

She looked from me to the herb and nodded with quick appreciation. As in a flash she seemed to take in the fact that I was a stranger, a city lady with memories of the country and this hum-

ble plant, and going to it with the same swiftness she had displayed in advancing to the carriage, she tore off several of the sprays and brought them back to me, holding out her hand for the money. I had never seen greater eagerness and I think even Mr. Simsbury was astonished at this proof of her poverty or her greed. I was inclined to think it the latter, for her portly figure was far from looking either-fill fed or poorly cared for. Her dress was a decent calloo and her pipe had evidently been lately filled, for I could smell the odor of to-bacco about her. Indeed, as I afterward heard, the good people of X. had never allowed her to suffer. Yet-her fingers closed upon that coin as if in it she

anowed nor to suiter. Yet her magers closed upon that coin as if in it she grasped the salvation of her life and into her eyes leaped a light that made her look aimost young, though she must have been fully 80, if not more.

"What do you suppose she will do with that?" I asked Mr. Simsbury, as the typical away in an avident for I

with that?" I asked Mr. Simsbury, as she turned away in an evident fear I might repent me of my bargain. "Hark!" was his brief response. "She is talking now." I did hark and heard these words fall-from her quickly moving line. from her quickly moving lips:
"Seventy; 38, and now, 8 or 10,
which shall it be?"

"Seventy, 38, and now, 8 or 10, which shall it be?"

Jargon; for I had given her 25 cents, an amount quite different from any she had mentioned.

"Seventy!" She was repeating the figures again, this time in a/tone of almost frenzied elation. "Seventy! Thirty-eight, and now 3 or 10! Won't Lizzle be surprised! Seventy! Thirty'— I heard so more—she had bounded into her cottage and shut the door.

"Waal, what do you think of her now?" chuckled Mr. Simsbury, touching up his horse. "She's always like that, saying over numbers and muttering about Lizzle. Lizzle was her daughter. Forty years ago she ran off with a man from Boston, and for 38 years she's been lying in a Massachusetts grave. But her mother still thinks she is alive and is coming back. Nothing will ever make coming back. Nothing will ever make her think different. But she's harmless, perfectly harmless. You needn't be afeard of her."

This because I cast a look behind me of more than ordinary curiosity, I suppose. Why were they all so sure she was harmless? I had thought her expression hittle alarming at times, especially

[CONTINUED.]

Happy Tokens.

En good Lawd sen' de weather En spread de vi'let bed We'li all git home tergether Whar de melon heart is red! —Atlanta Consti

Unruly Waves. Comedian (during ocean scene)—Wha are the wild waves saying? Manager—They threaten to strike if don't raise their salaries.—New Yorl "Talk" Won't Build Roads.

We've heard it stated, "Talk is cheap!"
So while the mud is two feet deep
In many highways of the land
The people scold to beat the band.
But very likely, by and by,
Whan sunmer comes, and roads are dry,
The ness who now put up a bluff
Hall any, "Our roads are good enough!"
—L. A. W. Bulletin

Ground For a Pension "What grounds have you for asking pension?"
Applicant—Why, when the engager
began I lost my head.—Baltimore Je

When the realistic artist
Got thirsty at his work,
He seized his facile pencil
And deftly drew a cork.
—Detroit Journst.

Northern Company has agreed to lay the cables immediately. Fourteen institutes have already replied favorably to the

POLITICAL QUIPS. Jerry Simpson's book is to be entitled "If the Devil Came to Congress." Why the "iff"—Philadelphia Ledger. We are unable to restrain an inclination commend the noiseless manner in which

to commend the noiseless manner in which Hon. Wharton Barker is running for the Hon. Whaton Barker is tunning to the presidency.—Washington Post.

The New Hampshire legislature has adjourned, not to meet again until the last month of the present century. Happy New Hampshire!—Boston Herald.

The announcement that Congressman Smith is in Washington in quest of census jobs for his constituents will keep numer-ous Michigan districts in a state of terri-



THE-HARDWARE

WAN

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

### BICYCLES

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