Athens Reporter

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B. LOVERIN

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[A modern complication.]

I met a little girl one day.
She was eight years old, she said;
A hat that was made in a wonderful way
Rose high above her head.

She had a fin de siecle air, And she was richly clad. Her eyes were black, her face was fair, Her beauty made me glad.

"Bisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said, And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you, tell.

"And two came into the family
Along with my second mother;
boy and girl, so they, you see,
Are my sister and my brother."

"You say that two with your mother dwell And two with your pa and you. So far it's all as clear as a bell. But what of the other two?" Then did the little maid reply: Four and two are six, and I
Make the seventh. Don't you see?"

You've got it wrong, my little maid As sure as you're alive.

Subtract your new stepmother's two
And ye are only five."

"My ma and pa live far apart, My ma has two to cheer her heart,
My sister and my brother.

"My father took my sister Jans, My brother John and me. If you can count, it must be plain Enough that he has three.

"Three and two are five, you know, And then those other two Make seven in all. Now I must go, Bince I've made it plain to you." "Those two your stepma brought will not Have seate with you in heaven."
"Twas throwing words away, for she
with pitying looks regarded me
And answered, "We are seven!"
—Chicago Nowa.

SAVED THE FARM.

John Smith had a hobby, an unconquerable aversion to old maids. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet an-tipathy, his only child, Sarah, had dereloped into the hated object, right in

his own household. Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing and her disposition mild and amiable. She her disposition mild and anniable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making pre-serves, apple butter or piecing quilts while other girls were making merry. One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called he told Jackson his days were num

bered. Then it was that his batred for old maids proved itself. "I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said

fiercely.
"But, father, Sarah's never had nochance; we've always kept her down,"
remonstrated his weeping wife.
He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come tomorrow.

There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesske, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarsh.

facts to Sarah. "Mother, would he turn you out of

"Mother, would be turn you out or the old place just because he hates me?" and Sarah looked incredulous. The elder woman nodded; then Sarah dissed the round, sunburned face and maid: "Mother, I never have revolted gainst father, but I'm going to save against father, but I'm going to save the place for you. I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over," and putting on her pink sunbon-met she went out the back door. When some distance from the house, she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice she resolved to

outwit him.
"There's Josh Mullin, he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John Howard, but"—and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and, giving a jerk to her sunbonnet, she started down the path across the mead-

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching, he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern

the old man worse, Sarah?" he "Yes. Dr. Brown says be can't live more than two or three days, and—oh, John, it's ewful the way he is!"

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you"—
"Oh, you don't understand, John! He's going to leave everything to-to Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed. "You can't mean it, Sarah! Why— "You can't mean it, Sarah! Why-why, that would be outrageous. Wha makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because — because — I am an old maid; he hates all old maids," and her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet.

John Howard shifted the hoe to the
other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—oh,

John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her urned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong John-not so bad as letting mother b John—not so bad as letting motivate be put out of her home." She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was slient her pink face suddenly paled. "Ierecken it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me. I couldn't see any other way. Goodby, John." She was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp. He'd see right through it, but—if—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Enil s this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah. We could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

he said, under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walk-ers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah ers—her mother was a Walker. Saran—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. Call Sarah. I want to give her the brindle heifer."
When the lawyer came the next day, he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his believed describers Sarah, who had glad. loved daughter, Sarah, who had glad-

dened the last hours of his life. A few days later, with all due cere-mony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her moth-

er. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.
"Will you come in, John?" she asked.
"I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did. I—reckon I ought to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone—and you'll be kind of lone-

father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her

would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off of you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that, John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "I't would be the easiest way out of our—our—dilemme, but, if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that, it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me, and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel men and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always wanted you, but now!

at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you.—I've always wanted you, but now I feel I can't stay—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.
"John"! Her eyes were open wide in amaze, and the face so lately tear stained became radiant with unexpected joy.
"You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

cinnati Commercial Tribune. Beckford, author of the once famous "Vatherk," and his daughter possessed extraordinary vocal gifts. The father took it into his head to practice in a back room the shrill cry of a peacock. He had noticed that when one peaceck screamed satother on the opposite side of the house screamed defiantly. At last believing himself proficient, he gave his peacock erg, hiding himself behind a tree. To his great delight the peacock en the opposite side of the lawn screamed defiantly. Immediately after this, which occurred just before breakfast, he came into the breakfast room, saying with triumph to his daughter, "And, Susan, the other peacock as swered me." The Answering Peacock.

wered me."
To his great annoyance his daughter purst into a fit of laughter. Rather provoked at this, he said, "Well, I think you might have congratulated me."
And then, though still hardly able to speak for laughing, she said, "Why, papa, I was the peacock that answered yeu!"

An Outrageous Slandering.

An Outrageous Slandering.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and eloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife, its broken English, of conduct the reverse of admirable (to put its mildly). He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for made the following actounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles!"

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."—Cornhill Magazine.

Queer.

Queer that a little inland state like Vermont, whose only seaport is Bellows Falls, where they make you wait three hours for any train you want, no matter which way you are going, should have furnished to the navy two such thorough sallors, as Dewey and Clark. It must be the gradie in their systems that makes them that they are.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Poet's Son.

"Why, Freddy, how dirty you are, and only yesterday you wrote a verse for papa's birthday, promising always to wash your hands clean."
"Well, manma, that was only a poetic license."—Fliegende Blatter.

A revolver invented in Bayaria fires six shots within two seconds, after but one pressure on the trigger, and the balls have a great penetration Scientists say that the cat is almost without a rival in its capacity for carrying disease germs from place to place.

BITES THAT POISON. MIMALS WHOSE TEETH GARRY

VERDICT OF DEATH. The Power That Is In the Snap of the Jaws of the Lion, the Leopard, the Wolf and the Tiger—The Orocodile's Formidable Row of Spikes.

Sarah. We could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one clee, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was enger.

"No, I don't mind. I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's nigh neon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have along the face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as row as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as an egaced at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to buildness for same content of the face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as row as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as an egaced at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to buildness for same of the complex. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is comile to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Whi you come in, John, and skap about some? I'd—I'd rather you'd tell him, if you dun't mind," Sarah said.

John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would loss the most valuable pessession you had."

"I's the berindle heifer, "interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes smapping an grily. "John Howard, you think be cause I am on my deathbed that you and he specified possession you had be cause I am on my deathbed that you get that angry over that law and law until"— He sank back exhauted from his outburst.

"I's put the teaper have you to shoot a neighbor's know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the helf, the proper had been to take a farm."

"Married — Sarah!" and Jackson Good helf, the proper had be the control to the work of the finger and the force which "works" those of a s muzzled mastiff will hurl a man to the ground in the effort to fasten its teeth in his throat or shoulder. Then the driving and crushing force of the jaw muscles is and crushing force of the jaw muscles is astonishing. The snapping power of an alligator's jaws is more or less intelligible. They are long and furnished with a row of pointed teeth from end to end. But the jaws of the lion, leopard, tiger, otter, ferret or baboon are short, and the long and pointed teeth are few. Yet each of their species has a biting power which in proportion to its size is almost incredible. Sir Samuel Baker, who had a long and varied acquaintance with the bites of the carnivora, noticed that the tiger usually soized an Indian native by the shoulder and with one jaw on one side and the oth-

went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked.
"I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did. I—reckon I ought to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone—and you'll be kind of ionesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix upfather's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her receiving a said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of her said of many of the feldes. Scarces the said of many of the feldes.

than a quarter of its length without the
tail. Some judges set it at nearly a third
of the total length of its body. The bite
is always a snap, which will tear away a
mass of flesh from a still running animal
or inflict a mortal wound on the lower
parts of the body. The crocodile bite is
the most formidable of the snapping order.
Though its teeth are only a row of spikes,
it can cut off a limb or bite a fish weighing 70 pounds into two pleces as cleanly
as it they were divided by a knife.

Horses usually seize a person by the arm
or shoulder when they bite. The result is
more often a very bad bruise, like a jam
in a door, than a wound. But the great
offender in this respect is "our friend the
dog," and the greatest sufferers are young
children. We have known a little girl of
a 10 years almost bitten to death by a petted
St. Bernard dog which was jealoue of her
and a boy of 6 mauled and lacerated by a
buildog for the same reason. As most persons keep dogs for their own amusement,
it is incumbent on them to remember that,
thungh the best of domesticated animals,
there are notantially denogrous wild beasts. igh the best of domesticated anims they are potentially dangerous wild beas and if they show signs of vice should dismissed by euthanasia, not sold to some one else.—London Spectator.

How It Struck Him "Ser-rmons in stones?" quoted Mr. Doo-lan after his literary daughter. "Ol dunno about that, but sure there is some good arguments in them, there is."—Cincin-net Enquirer.

s on Ju'y 4, 1829, that omnibu in England. Two then began to in the Bank of England to the line Stingo inn, on the New road. carried 22 passengers inside, but

THE TATTLER.

Miss Helen Gould, it is reported, recent-y furnished four electric kitchens for the tospital ship Missouri.

Miss Ada Rehan is at her bungalow, near Drigg, in Cumberland, on the coas of the Irish sea. She will return to Amer

Sister Ellen Joseph of Baltimore enjoys the distinction of being the oldest religituse in the country. She has just passed her one hundred and seventh birthday. Sarah Bernhardt visited Depterd, England, the day after the Prince of Wales had been there and quietly assumed that the decorations were in her honor. She expressed herself as gratified by the attention.

Adelina Patti, the famous singer, is now 55 years of age. She has been twice married and once divorced and was re-cently made a widow by the death of her second husband, Signor Nicolini, the

tenor.

The pelice pension board of Chicage has awarded a pension of \$1,250 a year, which is half a police captain's pay, to the widew of Inspector Michael J. Schaack. Mrs. Schaack's husband served the city 20 years as captain of police.

Miss Sarah G. Weeden, a relative of the
post John G. Whittier, has been made superintendent of the Massachusetts state
almshouse in Charlestown, and it is to be
devoted henceforth solely to the care of

devoted nenectaria solve women and aged couples.

Mrs. Harriet R. Stafford of Cottage City, Mass., is said to have in her possession the flag of the United States frighte Bonhomms Richard, first displayed by Commodore Paul Jones in the fameus engagement with the British Serapis.

Mrs. John Bradbury of Los Augeses, whose elepoment about a year age caused such a sansation, has become a raving maniae. After reconciliation with her husband they went to Mexice, and it is thought remerse for the folly which had wrecked their home finally made her insane.

American mission school with merchan 100 pupils, and Bowker Hall, one of the two large buildings of the American Col-lege For Girls in Constantinople.

THE WRITERS.

Georg Moritz Ebers, the famous Egyp-A new volume novel by Kipling will ap-pear this fall. It is to be called "The Day's Work," and the author has been working on it for the past three or four working on it for the past three or four years.
Maarten Meartens is at work on a new-book. The action will take place in Egypt and Palestine, where the Anglo-Dutch au-thor has been for some time collecting material.

material.

New York state lost the best authority on her history in the recent death of George S. Conover at Geneva. His original researches resulted in the accumulation of much valuable material.

Mr. Rider Haggard is at work upon a bucolic volume to be called "A Farmer's Year; Being His Commonplace Book For 1898." It deals with country life in the English county of Norfolk and gives a daily record of experiences on a \$60 acre farm.

farm.

An MacCell, the Scottish-Canadian poet of Toronto, who has just died at the age of 90 years, was born in Kennsore, Argyleshire, Scotland, became a contributor to The Gaelio Magazine of Gleagow in 1887, came to Canada in 1890 and until recently was an attache of the Kingston custom house.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The rolling wheel gathers the punctures. Some men resemble dice—casily rattled, There are times when the brave deserved munity from the fair.

Nothing curdles the milk of human kindness like indifference. kindness like indifference.

The man in love loses self possession in trying to got possession of another.

The patriotism of some men is limited to red, white and blue poker chips.

The wife who chases her husband with a poker rules him with a rod of iron.

Some men have a delicate sense of humor, and the humor of others is esnesies.

Practice makes perfect. The older a woman is the better she should carry her age.

woman is the petter and should be age.

Darwin's theory may be at fault, but lots of men make monkeys of themselves nevertheless.

After a woman has been married two or three months she goes around with an expression on her face that looks suspiciously-like wisdom.—Chicago News.

GLEANINGS. Astronomical instruments of glass were used by the Chinese as early as 2383 B. C.

The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high and weights 17 tons.

In Japan men sell caged locusts, singing crickets and other noisy insects in the streets of cities.

Severe earthquakes are frequently not felt at all some distance below the surface, as in deep coal mines.

There is a well in West Virginia which discharge matterly wealth a roar that

There is a well in West Virginia which discharges natural K.—with a roar that can be heard sig miles away.

A Brighton (England) young man has silled himself because his wife made fun of him for kissing the servant girl.

The new zoological garden in New York will be the larges; in the world, comprising within its boundaries no less than 261 acres.

acres.

Nearly 1,800,000 bounds of colors are used by the government annually for printing paper money, revenue and postage stamps.

SPANISH SPANKS.

Spain's mission: Submission.—Beston Herald. It is not likely another United States warship will ever be blown up in a Span-ish port.—Indianapolis Journal. Alfonso XIII is over his attack of mea

sles, but he is still suffering from nervous prostration of his empire.—Philadelphia Times. Spain is down on all fours looking for peace. Are these the Spanish fours we have heard so much about?—Syracuse Standard.

It would be several hundred millions in Spain's pocket if it had agreed several years age to sell Cuba to the United States. The chase after honor that it preferred has yielded nothing but less and humiliation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE HORSE SHOW.

The gelding Genta, record 2:81%, by Quartermaster, has shown a pacing inite

Quartermaster, has been as 1816.

Thorn, 9:18, winner of last year's Futurity, was distanced in her first race in 1898 in 9:1994.

The wrenched ankle of Lettie Lorraine, had that she will

8:05½, is said to be so bad that she will probably be bred.

Nowaday, 2:16 at 3 years of age, is credited with showing eighths in 14½ seconds in her work.

A new half mile track is being built at Ephrata, Va., by Mr. Seth Griffin for Mr.

T. A. Willson, Reading, Pa.

The suit that Barney Demarest drives in this year is said to be the loudest thing ever seen on the turf in the line.

Marion Mills, guideless pacer, paced the Detroit track in 2:06½. This is the fastest mile of the season at this rig.

Howard de Wees, blacksmith of the Belmont track, Philadelphia, is under contract to go to Austria for a year by Dec. 1.

B. F. Dutton of Beston is driving Susle F, 9:0½, and Edith M, 2:10½, together at Mystic park. They went a mile in 3:30, last half in 1:12.

The great breed mage Esther, by Ex.

2:30, last half in 1:13.

The great broed mass Esther, by Express, has a yearling filly, Monesta, by Monaco, that showed an eighth in 20½ seconds at Palo Alto recently.

Guy Wilkes is said to have gained 420 pounds since his purchase by the Two Minute Stock farm. When sold, ne was in very poor fiesh, weightag enly 730 pounds. Me now weighs 1,150.

One of the most remarkable races on

pounds. Me now weighs 1,150.

One of the most remarkable races on record was the 2:30 class pacing at Rockport, O., July 29. Ten heats were paced before a decision was reached, and no less than five horses entered the ranks of standard speed.

A correspendent from France writes that a match race between MM. K. Andrews and Drake has been arranged for American horses, to trot 60 miles in three hours, in England. The wager is said to be 10,000 francs against 5,000 francs.—Turf, Field and Farm. Turf. Field and Farm.

BIG AND LITTLE "S."

The letter S is in the ascendant—Samp-son, Schley, Shafter and Santiago. The sibilant is sounding.—Buffalo News. The letter S is also in the descendant.
Witness Spain's sickly smile as she seeks
succer and sinks in the soup. See?—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

His Definition

"What is a flirt?" asked the small boy.
"A flirt," replied the old bachelor, "is a "A firt," replied the our based on protty woman."
"But what kind of a pretty woman," persisted the small boy.
"Any kind of a pretty woman," answered the old bachelor.
"Well, how pretty must she be?" the youngster insisted.
"Oh, pretty enough to have a chance to firt!" returned the old bachelor irritably.
And still the boy was not satisfied, but as he grows older he will understand it better.—Chloago Post.

Sam Jones in one of his spiritual dis-closures spoke of a clergyman's wife who was a better preacher than her husband, because he always required a text for a sermon, while all she needed was a pretext. Christmas cards first came into fashion

Sure Curefor Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

appeared.
Old coughs are also cured;
we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable
lungs. Even the hard coughs
of consumption are always

Cherry **Pectoral**

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs. Put one of

Dr. Ayer's **Cherry Pectoral Plasters** over your lungs

The Best Medical Advice Free I We now have some of the most emi-nent physicians in the Unified States. Unusual opportunities and ong experi-ence eminently fit write fryelly all the medical results of the state of the particulars in your cyse. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

A Sad Discovery.
When I was young and ardent, I had a lot to About an author's "mission" and the seli denying way
That he should lead men enward, ignering
care and strife,
And never hope for glesy—ar money—in his

But since I've gone to sertirbling it really is quite strange. The way my views are taking on a most de-oided change. For if I'm right the baker and the tailor must be wrong. be wrong.
For they won't allow a discount to help my
cause along.
So I've learned from their demeaner when my
bills are overdue
That even folks with missions must work for
money too.

-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The colonel enters, livid with rage.
"I see, sir," he hisses, "that you head
the report of my romarks at the grave of
the late Major Snigloy, sir, with the caption, 'Hio Jacet,' sir.''
"Yes, sir," we reply. "We did, sir.

Did His Best.

Yes, sir."

Yes, sir."

"Well, sir," the colonel proceeds, "I have called, sir, to say, sir, that you're another, sir. Yes, sir."

The colonel, observe, does not talk in dialoct, neither do we, which is in itself rather funny.—Detroit Journal.

"Why, Joseph," she cried to the return ed soldier, "what a sight you are! You must have had a fearfully hard time."
"I did," he replied briefly.
"And yet you told me to have no fear, as your colonel was thoughful and considerate and would take the best care of his men."
"Yes, but unfortunately my colonel didn't have anything to do with the commissary department."—Chicage Post.

Teacher-Now, children, we all know what the word posterity means, do we not?
Pupils—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—Well, then, write a sentence containing the word. (Five minutes later). Now, Johnnie, you may read yours.
Johnnie—"I am sorry for the kids of posterity that will have to learn this war ou!

ook. We have a regular snap A Harmless Storn

It rained last night while I was out Courting my darling Ella, And I had left my mackintosh At home, and my umbrella. And yet I suffered lack of these Without the least dejection, And, though the rain kept up an hou I needed no protection.

For I am speaking of the rain
Of darling Ella's kisses.

—Up te Date Up to Specifications.

'I thought you told me you were a ightning chopper,'' remarked Farmes tumplott, after he had watched for a few ents the efforts of his new hired man moments the efforts of his new alread man, to hack down a tree.

"I am, b'gosh," answered the hired man, making another gash and another grunt. "I never st wiced in the same place."—Chica e.

And such a storm as I was in The fear of storms dismisses,

Eathusiasm.

"And," the new ste-friend asked,
"was the audience v enthusiastic!"
"Enthusiastic!" she reelled. "I should
think so. Why, when I had to say, along
toward the end of the first act, that I was
going away to drown myself, searly everybedy in the house just rose right up and
cheered."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Consumption

Will SCOTT'S EMULSION cure consumption? Yes and no. Will it cure every case?
No. What cases will it cure then? Those in their earlies stages, especially in young people. We make no exaggerated claims, but we have positive evidence that the early use of

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver oil with Hypo phosphites of Lime and Soda in these cases results in a positive cure to a large num ber. In advanced cases, how ever, where a cure is impossi ble, this well-known remedy should be relied upon to prolong life surprisingly.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE. Chemists, Toronto **********************

ODD NUMBERS IN PRICES

marked down articles that are being sold on our bargain counter. Notice those neckties that are marked at 87½ cents, three for \$1. It is an actual fact that we sold twice as many of them at \$27½ cents as we would sell at \$5, and we sell as many again by allowing three for \$1. When a man sees them selling at \$7½ cents, he naturally imagines that they are \$0 cent goods, and he reasons that he can get three cheaper than he can one, so he takes three. He really does got a bargain, but he would not take it at a less attractive figure.

MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

grim old warrior turned and addressed us thus:

"'Five minutes ago I was commander of this arsenal; but, in consequence of the weakness of my command, I was obliged to surrender, an act which I have never hitherto had to do during my entire military career. If I had a force equal to or even half the strongth of your own, I'll be d—d if you should have entered that gate until you walked over my dead body. You see, I have but three men. If they were soldlers instead of common laborers, we would be fighting yet. I now consider myself a prisoner of war. Take my sword, Captain Jones."

"I did take it mechanically and under the spell of his outburst, but immediately returned it and told him he was too brave a man to disarm. Spontaneously the en.

disarm. Spontaneously the en-mand gave three cheers for Powell and there was not one of us who did not

James Russell Lowell said, "All deacon

of course the astonished gentleman "said so," and the squire went home jubilant over "a hull half pound o' mustard that never cost me a red cent."

"Did you bewitch — te death?" asked the judge.

"Yes," was her reply.

"Did you come in the form of a black cat and breathe on him so that he languished away?"

"I did."

And then the grave judge heard a whisper at his ear, and his little daughtor—she was only 10 years old—begged him to ask the woman if she had bewitched John Symondes te death.

the woman if she had bewitched John Symondes te death.

The question was put and immediately answered in the affirmative. How had she done it? Then she told one of her former stories, at which all the company laughed. The reason of the merriment was that John Symondes was the judge's brother-in-law and at that moment was standing near him in court. The judge then asked why she had made such a statement.

ine."

"Are you no witch?"

"Ne; God knows I'm not."

"Ne add you ever see the devil?"

"Ne, never in all my life."

On further examination she said she had been told that if she did not confess she would be tertured until she did, but that

"What did you say was the name your horse?"
"Nait."
"Nail?"
"You, Nail—N-a-1-1."

"I Gs, Nail—N-a-l-l,"
"What induced you to give the animal such a queer name?"
"Nail is the most appropriate name imaginable. My wife can't drive him."—
Montgemery Advertiser.

Plants That Hate One Another Flants That Mate One Another.
Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely applications.

of the last of

Nine Cent Goods Sell Bester Then Right.
In speaking of special sales the other day and of the figures that seem to attract the public the most, as well as the class of oustomers who frequent these sales, an old and successful merchant said:

"There is a fascination in odd numbers that always draws purchasers. Now, I will call your attention to some of the marked down articles that any being sold on our bargain counter. Notice those

takes three. He really does get a bargan, but he would not take it at a less attractive figure.

"Speaking of odd numbers, it is a ourious fact that some are much more attractive than others. Nine cents, for intance, is one of the most attractive figures and sells more goods than 8 cents would. Thirteen and 17 cents are by no means of good as 19 cents for running off an extre line, while 21 and 23 are comparatively poor sellers. Thirty-seven and a half cents is a great favorite and better than 18 by far. Forty-nine used to be much better than it is now. I attribute the fact that it is less popular to the number of jokes that have been made upon it.

"When you get above 50 cents, people commence to look more at the real value of a thing and less at the price charged. Seventy-nine cents is a great favorite, and 90 is one of the best figures still that we have to sell at, although not so good as it used to be. It will sell, however, 25 per cent more goods than will \$1."—Washingto Post.

Commander Powell Won the Admirati

Athens feel proud that he was an American cit zen."—Detroit Free Press.

are good, but there are odds in deacons," and it may be added true there are odds and it may be added that there are odds in other varieties of men. Squire Blank, according to Harper's Bazar, was not only the richest man in his village, but the stinglest as well. Nothing even him such keen delight as to get something for nothing.

One day he and several of his neighbors had been in conference with a manufacturer who contemplated establishing a mill in the town. The conference was held in the one store of the village, and at its close the manufacturer stepped up to a showcase containing cigars and said:

"Have a cigar, gentlemen."

showcase containing cigars and said:
"Have a cigar, gentlemen."
All the men selected a cigar except
Squire Blank. He did not smoke. Therefore he said:
"Thank you, sir, but I don't smoke.
But as the cigars are a dime apiece I'll
take a dime's worth o' mustard if you say
"."

A SHREWD LITTLE GIRL. She Prompted the Question Which Saved as Old Woman's Life.

Elizabeth Janfield, afterward Lady Falkland, was called an 'odd shild.' Sometimes her father, who was a judge, took her with him to court. On one of these occasions a woman was brought before him on a charge of witchcraft. It was said that she had bewitched two or three said that she had bewitched two or three s to death. The frightened

"Alas, sir, I knew him not," replied the weman. "I said so because you asked

if she admitted all the accusat acquitted, and she owed her release probably her life to the shrewdness of little girl.—Youth's Companion. The Englishman's Sports.

English officers carry their tools for tennis, polo and golf with them to war as religiously as they carry their swords and pistols. But that is not to be wondered pistols. But that is not to be wondered at, since they carry these toys everywhere that they go except to bed. If they go te luncheon at a country house or start on a fishing or shooting trip or for a run on the continent, wherever they go, even upon purely business trips, they are sure to carry their tennis rackets at least, for every Englishman plays tennis, whether he be an admiral on the China station or a general in India, a shopkeeper in a village or a clerk in the city. No man over here is toe excited or important te play tennis once a day as a means of indulging in the open air and exercise, the getting of which is a madness with these people.—London Letter in Providence Journal.

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

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Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call. parts of the world.

WM. KARLEY

1898

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tured by the National Fence Co., Lyn. This is no doubt the Coming Fence.
The Best and Cheapest ever offered. Circular and other information sent on GEO, P. McNISH,

Lyn Agricultural Works.

The Be-t and Cheapest ever offered. Circular and other inform application. Sand always commands respect and consideration from those who are themselves brave men. Captain Jones, who was in command of the Florida troops when they took the United States are and at Apalachicola, always delighted in telling this incident: "Commander Powell was in charge of the areenal," related the captain. "He had been in the service for 20 years and he had been in the service for 20 years and he made a gallant defense against overwhelming numbers. To be accurate, he did about all the flighting himself and gave us the impression that he had quite a respectable force back of him. When we entered, the grim old warrior turned and addressed us thus: "Five minutes ago I was commander" Perfection Cement Roofing

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