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> INAL ? HAM TOU A SECOND EPISODE AMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

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when she took the money from my when she took the money from my hand. If I had refused it or even helc it back a little, I think she would have fallen upon me tooth and nail. I wish-ed I could have had a peep into her cot-tage. Mr. Gryce had described it as four tage. Mr. Gryce had described it as loud walls and nothing more, and indeed it was not only of the humblest proportions, but had the look of being a mere tions, but had the look of being a mere than the look of being There was even no yard a weather. There was even no yard avenue to the common to th Mr. Simsbury had been so talkative up

Mr. Simsbury had been so talkative up to now that I was in hope he would enter into some details about the person and things we encountered which might assist me in the acquaintanceship I was anxious to make. But his loquacious ness ended with this small adventure I have just described. Not till we were well quit of the pines and had entered into the main thoroughfare did he deign to respond to any of my suggestions, and then it was in a manner totally unsatisfactory and quite noncommunica satisfactory and quite noncommunica tive. The only thing he deigned to offer

tive. The only thing he deigned to offer a remark upon was the little crippled child we saw looking from its window as we emerged from the forest.

"Why, how's this?" said he. "That's fare you see there, and her time isn's till arter mon. Bob allers sits there of a mornin. I wonder if the little chap's sick. Sirons I ask " As this was just what I would have suggested if he had given me time, I nodded complacently, and we drove up

and stopped.
The piping voice of the child at once spoke up:
"How d'ye do, Mr. Simsbury? Ma's

in the kitchen. Bob isn't feelin good to day."

I thought her tone had a touch of
mysteriousness in it. I greeted the pale
little thing and asked if Bob was often

me, he cannot walk. But I'm not t talk about it, ma says. I'd like to, but''-

Ma's face appearing at this moment wer her shoulder put an end to this in-"How d'ye do, Mr. Simsbury?" came a second time from the window, but this time in very different tones. "What's the child been saying? She's

"What's the child been saying." She's so sot up at being allowed to take her brother's place in the winder that she don's know how to keep her tongue still. Bob's a little languid, that's all. You'll see him in his old place tomorrow." And she drew back as if in polite row." And she drew back as if in polite intimation that we might drive on.
Mr. Simbury responded to the suggestion, and in another moment we were trotting down the road. Had we staid a minute longer, I think the child would have said something more or less interesting to hear. She looked bursting with a desire for goessi, but then goodness.

esting to hear. She looked bursting with a desire for gossip, but then, goodness me, who wouldn't if obliged, like her, to sit in one window the half of the life you did not spend in a little dark bedwarm mach house the care of contact the care. room under the eaves of a cottage whose whole dimensions could be embraced by the walls of my parlor?
The horse which had brought us thus

The horse which had brought us the far at a pretty sharp trot now began it lag as we drew into town, taking up so much of Mr. Simsbury's attention that he forgot to answer even by a grunt more than half of my questions. He spent most of his time looking at the rang's hind feet, and finally, just as we came in sight of the stores, he found has tonger aufficiently to aunounce that this tongue sufficiently to announce that the horse was casting a shoe and that he would be obliged to go to the black-

he would be obliged to go to the black-smith's with her.

"Humph, and how long will that take" I saked.

He heatated so long, rubbing his nose with his finger, that I grew sus-picious and cast a glance at the horse's foot myself. The shoe was loose. I be-rean to hear it clang.

gan to hear it clang.
"Waal, it may be a matter of a couwaai, it may be a matter of a cou-ple of hours," he finally drawled. "We have no blacksmith in town, and the ride up there is two miles. Sorry it hap-pened, ma'am, but there's shops here, you see, and I've allers heard that a

you see, and I've alters heard that a woman can easily spend two hours haggling away in shops."

I glanced at the two ill furnished windows he pointed out, thought of Arnold & Constable's, Tiffany's and the other New York establishments I had the bear of the property of the constable of the property of the constable of the cons been in the habit of visiting and suppressed my disdain. Either the man was a fool or he was acting a part in the interests of Lucetta and her family. I rather inclined to the latter supposition. If the plan was to keep me out most of the morning, why could that shoe not have been loosened before he left the stable?

left the stable?

"I made all necessary purchases while in New York," said I, "but if you must get the horse shod, why, take him off-and do it. I suppose there is a hotel parlor near here where I can sit."

"Oh, yes," and he made haste to point out to me where the hotel stood. "And th's a very nice place, ma'am.

Mrs. Carter, the landlady, is the nices with of person. Only you won't try to

Mrs. Carter, the landlady, is the mices sort of person. Only you won't try to go home, ma'am, on foot? You'll wait till I can come back for you."
"It isn't likely I'll go streaking through Lost Man's lane alone," I exclaimed indignantly. "I'd rather sit in Mrs. Carter's parlor till night."
"And I would advise you to," he

mid. "No use making gossip for the village folks. They have enough to talk

Not exactly seeing the force of this

The man must have been struck by my appearance, for he stared at me quite curiously for a minute. Then he gave a hem and a haw and said:
"'Oertainly. What kind of a door is it?" When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to step back to where his

assistant was working with a file.

"You will be sure to come in time to have the lock fitted by night," I said in that peremptory manner of mine which means simply, "I attend to things when and where I promise and expect you to

same."
"Certainly" struck me as a little weaker this time, possibly because his curiosity was excited. "Are you the lady who is staying with them from New York?" he asked, stepping back, seemingly quite unawed by my positive

meanor.
"Yes," said I, thawing a trifle; "I am Miss Butterworth."

He looked at me almost as if I were a ariosity.
"And did you sleep there," he urged,

"last night?"
"I thought it best to thaw still more.
"Of course," I said. "Where do you think I would sleep? The young ladies

reasoning, but quite willing, seeing the he had no intention of taking me had at once, that he should leave me to my own devices as soon as possible, I point ed to a locksmith's shop I saw near by and bade him put me down there.

With a mi.' I might have interpreted in any way, he drove up to the spot pointed out and awkwardly assisted me to alight

"Trunk key missing?" he ventured before getting back into his seat.

I did not think it necessary to answer him, but walked immediately into the shop I thought be locked dissatisfied at this, but whatever were his feelings he mounted press lily to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock file.

"No," said he, "I won't forget it." But there was something not quite hearty in his voice which should have warned me that I need not expect to have a locked door that night.

CHAPTER XIL

THE PHANTOM CARRIAGE. Well, I am getting on famously, thought I. Ghosts added to the other somplications. What could the fellow have meant? If I had pressed him, he would have told me, but it did not seem formation this way, especially when it seemed likely to involve Lucetta. Yet did I think I would ever come to the end of this without involving Lucettal My good sense said "No." Why, then, had my instinct triumphed for the nonce? Let those who understand the workings of the human heart answer. I am simply stating facts.

am simply stating facts.

Chosts! Somehow the word startled me, as if in some way is gave a rather "If thought it best to thaw still more.
"Of course," I said. "Where do you think I would sleep? The young ladies are friends of mine."
He rapped abstractedly on the counter with a sma'l key he was holding.
"Excuse me," said he, with some remembrance of my position toward him as a stranger, "but weren't you afraid?"
"Afraid?" I echoed. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?"



"HE FELT THE HAIR RISE ON HIS FOREHEAD."

"The felt of the was entirely too sharp to accept, I added stiffly: "It is for my deor. I am not accustomed even at home to sleep with my room unlocked."

"Oh," he murmured, totally unconvinced. "I thought was my faces were pearing at me from as a such a thing as that, as as I indulged in these conjectures, and intent as my mind was upon them I could not but note the curiosity and in the rest which my presence exorted in the simple country folk that are invariably to be found lounging about a country folk that are invariably to be found lounging about a country folk that are invariably to wholly unprofitable.

"You see," the good woman went on, with a relish for the marvelous that stood me in good stead, "there is an old tradition of that road connected with a carriage. Years ago, before any of us were born and the house where you are was a gathering place for all the gay "Oh," he murnured, totally uncon-vinced, "I thought you might have got a scare. Folks somehow are afraid of that old place, it's so big and ghostlike. I don't think you would find any one in this village that would sleep there all

night."
"A pleasing preparation for my rest there tonight," I grimly laughed. "Daugers on the road and ghosts in the house. Happily I don't believe in the latter."

The gesture he made showed incredulity. He had ceased rapping with the key or even to show any wish to join his assistant. All his thoughts for the moment seemed to be concentrated on

"You don't know little Rob," he in-"You don't know little Rob," he in-quired, "the crippled lad who lives at-the head of the lane."
"No," I said; "I haven't been in town a day yet, but I mean to know Rob and his sister too. Two cripples in

one family rouse my interest."

He did not say why he had spoken of him, but began tapping with his key

again.

"And you are sure you saw nothing?"
he whispered. "Lots of things can happen in a lonely road like that."

"Not if everybody is as afraid to enter it as you say your villagers are," I
retorted.

retorted.

But he didn't yield a jot.

"Some folks don't mind present dan-

But he didn't yield a jot.

"Some folks don't mind present dangers," said he. "Spirits"—

But he received no encouragement in his return to this topic. "You don't believe in spirits" said he. "Well, they are doubtful sort of folks, but when honest and respectable people such as live in this town, when children even, see what answers to nothing but phantoms, then I remember what a wiser man than any of us once said— But perhaps you don't read Shakespeare, madam?"

Nonplused for the moment, but interested in the man's talk more than was consistent with my need of haste, I said with some spirit, for it struck me as very ridiculous that this country mechanic should question my knowledge of the greatest dramatist of all time, "Shakespeare and the Bible form the staple of my reading." At which he gave me a little nod of apology and hastened to remark:

"Then you know what I mean—Ham let's remark to Horatio, madam, "There are more things,' etc. Your memory will readily supply you with the words."

I signified my satisfaction and perfect comprehension of his meaning, and feeling that something more important lay behind his words than had yet appeared. I endeavored to make him speak more suplicitly.

"The Misses Knollys show no terror

I endeavored to make him speak and application.

"The Misses Knollys show no terror of their home," I observed. "They cannot believe in spirits either."

"Miss Knollys is a woman of a great deal of character," said he. "But look at Lucetta. There is a face for you, for the transfer of their twenties, and at Incetta. There is a tage for you, for a girl not yet out of her twenties, and such a round cheeked lass as she was once! Now what has made the change? The sights and sounds of that old house, I say. Nothing else would give her that

notice the fact I could not but see how many faces were peering at me from store doors and the half closed blinds of adjoining cottages. No young girl in the pride of her beauty could have awakened more interest, and I attributed it, as was no doubt right, not to my appearance, which would not perhaps be apt to strike these simple villagers as remarkable, or to my dress, which is rather rich than fashionable, but to the fact that I was a stranger in town and, what was more extraordinary, a guest of the Knollys.

My intention in approaching the hotel was not to spend a couple of dreary

My intention in approximation are not below as not to spend a couple of dreary hours in the parlor with Mrs. Carter, as Mr. Simsbury had suggested, but to obtain if possible a conveyance to carry me immediately back to the Knollys massion. But this, which would have mansion. But this, which would have been a simple matter in most towns, seemed well nigh an impossibility in X. The landlord was away, and Mrg. Carter, who was very frask with me, told me that she not only did not dare, but would find it perfectly useless, te ask one of the men to drive me through that lane. "It's an unwholesome mot." sk one of the men to drive me through
that lane. "It's an unwholesome spot,"
said she, "and only Mr. Carter and the
police have the courage to brave it."
I suggested that I was willing to pay
well, but it seemed to make very little
difference with her. "Money won't hire
them," said she, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that Lucetta had tri-umphed in her plan and that I must sit out the morning after all in the pre-cincts of the hotel parlor with Mrs.

Carter.

It was my first signal defeat, but I was determined to make the best of it, and if possible glean such knowledge from the talk of this woman as would help me to pluck out victory from it. She was only too ready to talk, and the first topic was little Rob.

I saw the moment I mentioned his name that I was introducing a subject that had already been well talked over by every eager gossip in the village.

that had already been well talked over by every sager gossip in the village. Her attitude of importance, the air of mystery she assumed, were preparations I had long been accustomed to in wom-en of this kind, and I was not at all surprised when she announced in a way that admitted of no dispute: "Oh, there's no wonder the child is sick. We would be sick under the cir-cumstances. He has seen the phantom-earriage."
The phantom carriage! So that was

made me set my lips a little grimly.

reasoning, but quite willing, seeing that he should leave me to my own devices as soon as possible, I point ed to a locksmith's shop I saw near by and hade him put me down there.

With a smid I might have interpreted in any way, he drove up to the spot I pointed out and awkwardly assisted me to alight

"Trunk key missing?" he ventured before getting back into his seat.

I did not think it necessary to answe him, but walked immediately into the shop I thought be looked dissatisfies at this, but whatever were his feelings he mounted-presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the look flesting interests in X.

I mean was seen an an alignment of taking my errand. Finally I said:

"Miss Knollys, who lives up the road over there, wishes a key fitted to one of her doors. Will you come or send up there today? She was too occupied to see about it herself."

The man must have been struck by my appearance, for he stared at me quite curiously for a minute. Then he gave a hem and a haw and said:

"You won't forget the key," I said, preparing to walk out, in my dread less with this stranger, much as I wond like to have Innov." I remonstrated, taking up my black satin bag, without which I never stir. "One would think the terrors of the lanes she lives in might. But Lacetta has never spoken of these days.

The man must have been struck by my appearance, for he stared at me quite curiously for a minute. Then he gave a hem and a haw and said:

"You won't forget the key," I said, preparing to walk out, in my dread less within a control of the was seen last.

"You won't forget the key," I said, preparing to walk out, in my dread less within the server of the said of the will be server of the said of the will be server of the said of the will be server of the said of the server o

"I should think so," I cried with be-coming credulity. "But how came he

"I should think so," I cried with becoming credulity. "But how came he to see it? I thought you said it only passed at night."

"At midnight," she repeated. "But Rob, you see, is a nervous lad, and night before last he was so restless he could not sleep, so he begged to be put in the window to cool off. This his mother did, and he sat there for a good half hour alone, looking out at the moonlight. As his mother is an economical woman there was no candle lit in the room, so he got his pleasure out of the shadows which the great trees made on the highroad till suddenly—you ought to hear the little fellow tell it—he felt the hisr rise on his forehead and all his body grow stiff with a terror that findle his tongue like lead in his mouth. A something—a thing he would have called a horse and carriage in the day-time, but which in this light and under the influence of the mortal terror he was in took on a distorted shape which made it unlike any team he was accustomed to—was going by, not as if being driven over the earth and stones of the road, though there was a driver in front, a driver with an odd three cornered hat on his head and a cloak about his shoulders, such as he ramembered as having seen hanging in his grandmother's closet, but as if it floated along without sound or stir—in fact, a specter team which seemed to find its proper destination when it turned in Lost Man's lane and was lost among the shadows of that ill reputed road."

"Pahaw," was my spirited comment as she paused to take her breath and see

Henceforth I am mother to no one."

"They found her lying on the grass outside. As she could no longer sustain herself on a horse they put her into the carriage, gave the reins to her devoted lackey and themselves rode off on horseback. One man, the fellow who had driven them to that place, said that the clock struck 13 from the chapel tower as the carriage turned away and began its rapid journey home. That may be so and it may be not. We only know that its apparition enters Lost Man's lane at nearly 1, always at nearly 1, the hour "Pshaw," was my spirited comment as she paused to take her breath and see

as she paused to take her breath and see how I was affected by this grewsome tale. "A dream of the poor little lad! He had heard stories of this appartition and his imagination supplied the rest."
"No; excuse me, madam, but this is the very point of the tale. He had been carefully kept from hearing any such stories, having enough to do to bear his own troubles without that. You could see this was true by the way he told about it. He hardly believed what he had seen himself. It was not till some foolish neighbor blurted out, "Why, olish neighbor blurted out, "Why,

My second panaw was no less marked than the first.

"He did know about it, netwithstanding," I insisted. "Only he had forgotten the fact. Sleep supplies us with these but memories. We remember then what may never recur to us in the day-

"Very true, and you might be right, liss Butterworth if he had been the Miss Butterworth, if he had been the only one to see this apparition. But Widow Jenkins saw it, too, and she is

This was becoming serious.
"Saw it before or saw it after?" "Saw it before or saw it alter" I saked. "Does she live on the highway er somewhere in Lost Man's lane?"
"She lives on the highway about a saif mile from the station. She was up with her sick husband and saw it just as it was going down the hill. She said it made no more noise than a cloud slipting her She everet to lose old Rause.

were born and the house where you are was a gathering place for all the gay young bloods of the county, a young wan came up from New York to visit Mr. Knollys. I do not mean the father or even the grandfather of the folks you are visiting, ma'am. He was greatgrandfather to Lucetta, and a very fine gentleman if you can trust the pictures that are left of him. But my story has not to do with him. He had a daughter at that time, a widow of great and smarkling attractions, and floough she was a long past. The hour of the tryst was long past. The will never come!" A lew if with glosts to trouble her and a lover to be moan she has surely some exponsions of the carry living! Let her go, professor!"

"Yes, I don't deny it. But why has sho a lover to bemoan? He seemed a proper man beyond the ordinary. Why let him go as she did? Even her sister admits that she loved him."

"I'do not know the circumstances," "You said this wasn't poetry," said the irracted girl. "But happly I know a neat song and dance which will perhaps enable mot earn my living! Let her go, professor!"

The hour of the tryst was long past.

"He will never come!" "But why has sho to earn my living! Let her go, professor!"

The audience thundered applause, appreciating at once the exquisite art with in the melodrama.

There is a Great Difference.

"You said this wasn't poetry," said the irracted girl. "But happly I know a neat song and dance which will perhaps enable mot earn my living! Let her go, professor!"

The hour crother cred dir. not to do with nim. He had a daughter at that time, a widow of great and sparkling attractions, and though she was older than the young man I have mentioned every one thought it would be a match, she was so handsome and such as hereas

"Well, there isn't much story to it.
He is a young man from over the mountains, well educated and with something of a fortune of his own. He came here to visit the Spears, I believe, and seeing Lucetta one day leaning on the gate in front of her house he fell in love with her and began to pay her his attentions. That was hefore the lane got such an heiress.

"But he failed to pay his court to "But he failed to pay his court to her, and though he was handsome him self and made a fool of more than one girl in the town every one thought he would go as he had come, a free hearted bachelor, when suddenly one night a horse and carriage were found lacking from the stables, and he was found lackwith her and began to pay her his attentions. That was before the lane got its present bad name, but not before one or two men had vanished from among us without anything being known of their fate. William—that is their brother. you know—has always been anxious from the stables, and he was found lacking, too, and, what was worse, the young widow's daughter, a chit who was barely 15 and without a hundredth part of the beauty of her mother. Love and an elopement only could account for this, for in those days young ladies did not ride with gentlemen in the evening for pleasure, and when it came to the old gentleman's ears, and, what was worse, came to the mother's, there was a commotion in that house the schoes of which some say have never died out. Though the pipers were playing and the fiddles were squeaking in the great room where they used to dance the night away, Mrs. Knollys, with her white brocade tucked up about her waiss, stood with her hand on the great front door, waiting for the horse upon which she waiting for the horse upon which she was determined to follow him. The father, who was a man of 80 years, stood by her side. He was too old to ride him-

by her side. He was too old to ride himself, but he never sought to hold her
back, though the jewels were tumbling
from her hair and the moon had vanished from the highway.

"I will bring her back or die,' the
passionate beauty exclaimed, and not a
lip there said her nay, for they saw
what no man or woman had been able
to see up to that moment, that her very
life and soul were wrapped up in the
man who had stolen away her daughter
and that it would be death in life for
her, te live with the knowledge that she
had given him a wife of her blood who
was not herself.

carriage."

The phantom carriage! So that was what the looksmith meant. A phantom carriage! I had heard of every kind of phantom but that. Somehow the idea was a thrilling one or would have been to a nature less practical than mine.

"I don't know what you mean," said I. "Some superstition of the place? I gever heard of a ghostly appearance of that nature before."

"No, I expect not. It belongs to us. I never heard of it beyond these mountains. Indeed, I have never known it to have been seen but upon one road. I need not mention it, madam. You can guess perhaps what I mean."

Yes, I could guess, and the guessing made me set my lips a little grimly.

was learned the conclusion of that quest. For an hour and a half they rode; then they came upon a chapel in the mountains in which were burning unwonted lights. At the sight the lady drew rein and almost fell from herhorse into the arms of her lackey. 'A marriage,' and pointed to a carriage standing in the shadow of a wide spreading tree. It was their family carriage. How well she knew it. Bousing hierself, she made for the chapel door. 'I will stop it,' she cried. 'I am her mother, and I have the right.' But the lackey drew her back by her rich white dress.' Look!' he cried, pointing in at one of the windows, and she looked. The man she loved stood before the altra with her daughter. He was looking in that daughter's face, and his look showed a passionate devotion. It went like a dagger to her heart. Crushing her hands against her face, she wailed out some fearful protest; then she dashed toward the door with 'Stop!' on her lips. But the faithful lackey at her sidders her her first hurried look was uttering his benediction. She had come too late. The young couple were married, has stood ready at the door to greet hem as they issued forth, and when they saw her there, saw the rich bedraggele doe and the gleam of jewies on a neck she had not even stopped to envelop in more than the veil from her hair, he seemed to see what he had done and stopped the bride, who in her confusion would have fled back to the altar where she had just been made a wife. 'Reel!' he cried. 'Kneel, Amarynth! Only thus can we sak pardon of our contents of the process of the same her somewhat puzzled will have been been been made as wife. 'Reel!' he cried. 'Kneel, Amarynth! Only thus can we sak pardon of our contents of the same her somewhat puzzled to change in her somewh

william! Would the utterance of that name heighten my suggestion? I surveyed her closely, but could detect no change in her somewhat puzzled countenance. she had just been made a wife.
'Kneel!' he cried. 'Kneel, Amarynth!
Only thus can we ask pardon of our

countenance.

"My allusions were not in reference
to the disappearances," said I. "I was

mether.' But at that word, that word which seemed to push her a million miles away from these two beings, who but two hours before had been the dear set beings on earth to her, the unhappy woman gave a cry and fied from their presence. 'Go! Go!' were her parting words. 'As you have chosen, continue. But let no tongue call me mother! Henceforth I am mother to no one.'

"They found her lying on the grass."

He Needed a Map En Needed a Map.

"Here is the direction given in the south to a bewildered New Yorker desirous of finding a certain man who had some lumber to sell: "When you come to Fonso Payne's gate—you know the fellow what owns Jim Gray—turn to your left and ride on 300 or 800 yards till you come to a frame house in a locust grove, where the Porters—John, you know—lived 'foh the a frame house in a locust grove, where the Porters—John, you know—lived 'foh the war and some English people lived there some time ago, but they're gone. Reckon it's rented, for I saw a hawg in the house yard. Then keep up the hill until you come to a blown over chestnut; somewhar down the hill thar's a gate; turn in and keep the mountain road for two miles and then turn to your left, and you'll come to the hollow, and I reckon Goss'il be there."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

its apparition enters Lost Man's lane as nearly 1, always at nearly 1, the hour at which the real carriage came back and stopped before Mr. Knollys' gate. And now for the worst, Miss Butterworth. When the old gentleman went down to the carriage from the door, where he had stood without movement

none too reassuring answer

CHAPTER XIII.

waid L
"Well, there isn't much story to it.

where he had stood without movement ever since she started after the lovers, it was to find the lackey in front and his daughter sitting all alone in the car-riage. But the soil on the white brocad-ed folds of her white dress was no longer that of mud only. She had stabbed hered folds of her white dress was no longer that of mud only. She had stabbed herself to the heart with a bodkin she wore in her hair, and it was a corpse which the faithful negro had been driving down the highways that night."

I am not a sentimental woman, but his story as thus told gave me a thrill I do not know as I really regret experiencing.

"What was this unhappy mother's name?" I asked.

"Lucetta," was the unexpected and none too reassuring answer. He Fooled Himself.

Danger of Piano Practice.

Dr. Waetzold, says Le Journal d'Hygiene, thinks that the chloroses and neuroses from which so many young girls suffer may be largely attributed to the abuse of the plano. It is necessary, asys the author, to abandon the deadly habit of compelling young girls to hammer on the keyboard before they are 15 or 16 years of age. Even at this age the exercise should be permitted only to those who are really talented and are possessed of a robust temperament. GOSSIP.

This name once mentioned called for more gossip, but of a somewhat different nature.
"The Lucetta of today is not like her ancient namesake," observed Mrs. Carter. "She may have the heart to love, but she would never show that love by

any act of daring."
"I don't know about that," I replied, astonished that I felt willing to enter into a discussion with this woman on the very subject I had just shrunk from talking over with the locksmith. "Girls Dr. Waetzold shows that out of 1,000 young girls studying the piano before the age of 12 years 600 were afflicted with nervous troubles later on, while the numtalking over with the locksmith. "Girls as frail and nervous as she sometimes astonish one at a pinch. I do not think ber having affections of this kind was only ber having anections of this kink was 50.3, 200 for those who commenced the study of the plano at a later age, and only 100 were affected among those who had never touched this instrument. The study of the violin produces even more disastrous results than those attributed to the plano.

astonish one at a pinch. I do not think
Lucetta lacks daring."

"You don't know her. Why, I have
seen her jump at the sight of a spider,
and heaven knows that can be nothing
new to her among the decaying walls
in which she lives. A puny chit, Miss
Butterworth; pretty enough, but weak.
The very kind to draw lovers, but not
to hold them. Yet avery one pittes her. "He comes not!" she faltered, wringing The hour of the tryst was long past.

"You said this wasn't poetry," said the irate subscriber to the query editor, holding up a rhyme that some one had asked about. "I want you to understand, sir, that it was written by one of the greatest poets that ever lived." "Evidently you did not grasp the import of my answer," was the conciliatory reply. "I did not say it was not written by a poet. I merely said it was not poetry."—Chicago Post.

Important Distinction. Telephone Girl—You must not swear over the telephone, sir. Indignant Volce (at other end of wire)— I'm not swearing over it. I'm swearing at it

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has fastened its relentless grip upon some member of nearly every family in the land. Competent authorities estimate that from eighty to ninety per cent. of the entire population of this continent suffer from some form of this repulsive and dangerous malady. If you or any of your family suffer either from recognized catarrh or from the lingering colds which mark its early stages—don't trifle with it. It is the precursor of consumption and death.

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9 I have had chronic catarrh ever

lar diseases. It is delightful to use.

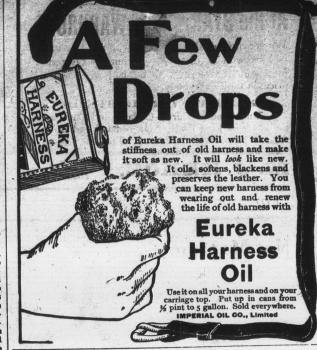
"I have had chronic catarrh ever
since the war," says J. C. Taylor, of sae
N, Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J. "I had
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