

Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR
\$1.15 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be stopped until all arrears
are paid except in case of the publisher.
A post office notice of discontinuance is not
sufficient unless a settlement to date has been
made.

ADVERTISING

Business notices in local or news columns take
per line for first insertion. For each subsequent
insertion, 50% discount. Professional cards, 50%
discount. Legal advertisements, 50% per line. For
each subsequent insertion, 50% discount. For
advertisements for contract advertisements
advertisements without written
instructions will be inserted until forbidden
and charged full rate. All advertisements measured by a scale
of 10 lines—12 lines to the inch.

LOST MAN'S LANE.
A SECOND EPISODE.

THE LOST MAN'S LANE.
A SECOND EPISODE.
BY ANNA E. BOLLIS.

(Copyright, 1897, by Anna E. Bollis.)

When she took the money from my hand, I had refused it or even held it back a little, I think she would have fallen upon me tooth and nail. I wish I could have had a peep into her soul. Mr. Gryce had described it as for walls and nothing but walls and indeed it was not only of the humblest proportions, but had the look of being a mere shanty raised to protect her from the weather. There was even no yard at the back of it, only a little open place in front in which a few of the commonest vegetables grew, such as turnips, carrots and onions. Elsewhere grew the roses and geraniums, the great pine tree, through which this portion of the road ran. Mr. Simsbury had been so talkative to me that I had hoped he would tell me some details about the person and things we encountered which might assist me in the acquaintance I was anxious to make. But his loquaciousness ended with this small adventure I have just described. Not till we were well out 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 noncommittal. The only thing that I learned was a remark upon the little crippled child we saw looking from its window as we emerged from the forest.

"Why, how?" I asked. "That's the way you see them, and her time isn't still after noon. Bob says she's there a month. I wonder if the little chap's sick. B'pose I am."

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 sick.

"Never," she answered, "except, like me, he cannot walk. But I'm not, I tell you, I'm as strong as a horse. Ma's face appearing at this moment over her shoulder put an end to this innocent garrulity.

"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 so set up at being as strong as a horse, but she's a little leech, that's all. You'll see him in a minute, he's in the yard. And she drew back as if in polite intention that we might drive on.

Mr. Simsbury 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 had a good deal to say 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 the other? The whole dimensions could be embraced by the walls of my parlor!

The horse which I brought us thus far at a pretty sharp trot now began to lag as we drew into town, taking up so much of Mr. Simsbury's attention that he forgot to answer even to a grunt more than half of my questions. He spent most of his time looking at the nag's hind feet, and finally, just as we came in sight of the store, he found his tongue sufficiently to announce that the horse was casting a shoe and that he would be obliged to go to the blacksmith's with her.

"Humph, and how long will that take?" I asked.

He hesitated a long time, rubbing his nose with his finger, and then he said: "I don't cast a glance at the horse's foot myself. The shoe was loose. I began to hear it clang.

"Well, it may be a matter of a couple of hours," he finally drawled. "We have no blacksmith in town, and the ride up there is two miles. Sorry it happened, ma'am, but there's shops here, you see, and I've all 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 been in the habit of visiting and pressed my lips. 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 of the morning, why could that shoe not have been loosened before he left the stable?

"I made all necessary purchases while in New York," said I, "but if you will get the horse shod, why, take him out and do it. I suppose there is a hotel par near here where I can get a room."

"Oh, yes," and he made haste to point out to me where the hotel stood. "And it's a very nice place, ma'am. Mrs. Carter, the landlady, is the nicest sort of person. Only you won't try to go home, ma'am, on foot? You'll wait till I am back for you."

"It isn't likely I'll go strutting through Lost Man's Lane alone," I exclaimed indignantly. "I'd rather sit in Mrs. Carter's parlor till light."

"And I would advise you to," he said. "No use making gossip for the village folks. They have enough to talk about as it is."

Not exactly seeing the force of this

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

With a snarl 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 he looked dissatisfied at this, but whatever was his feeling mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock-fitting interests here.

"I am in a great anxiety in broaching 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 today? She was too timid 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 hew and a haw and said: 'Certainly. What kind of a door is it?'

"When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to work back to where his assistant was stepping back 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 do the same.'

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

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

He looked at me almost as if I were a curiosity, and then he said: 'And did you sleep there,?' he urged, 'last night?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

Not exactly seeing the force of this

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

With a snarl 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 he looked dissatisfied at this, but whatever was his feeling mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock-fitting interests here.

"I am in a great anxiety in broaching 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 today? She was too timid 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 hew and a haw and said: 'Certainly. What kind of a door is it?'

"When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to work back to where his assistant was stepping back 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 do the same.'

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

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

He looked at me almost as if I were a curiosity, and then he said: 'And did you sleep there,?' he urged, 'last night?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

Not exactly seeing the force of this

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

With a snarl 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 he looked dissatisfied at this, but whatever was his feeling mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock-fitting interests here.

"I am in a great anxiety in broaching 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 today? She was too timid 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 hew and a haw and said: 'Certainly. What kind of a door is it?'

"When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to work back to where his assistant was stepping back 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 do the same.'

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

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

He looked at me almost as if I were a curiosity, and then he said: 'And did you sleep there,?' he urged, 'last night?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

Not exactly seeing the force of this

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

With a snarl 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 he looked dissatisfied at this, but whatever was his feeling mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock-fitting interests here.

"I am in a great anxiety in broaching 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 today? She was too timid 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 hew and a haw and said: 'Certainly. What kind of a door is it?'

"When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to work back to where his assistant was stepping back 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 do the same.'

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

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

He looked at me almost as if I were a curiosity, and then he said: 'And did you sleep there,?' he urged, 'last night?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

"Why, then, do you want a key to your room?'

"I thought it best to stay 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 small 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 asked. "Afraid in Miss Knollys' house?'

Not exactly seeing the force of this

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

With a snarl 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 he looked dissatisfied at this, but whatever was his feeling mounted presently to his place and drove off. I was left confronting the decent man who represented the lock-fitting interests here.

"I am in a great anxiety in broaching 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 today? She was too timid 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 hew and a haw and said: 'Certainly. What kind of a door is it?'

"When I had answered, he gave me another curious glance and seemed uneasy to work back to where his assistant was stepping back 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 do the same.'

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

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

He looked at me almost as if I were a curiosity, and then he said: 'And did you sleep there,