



# The Athens Reporter

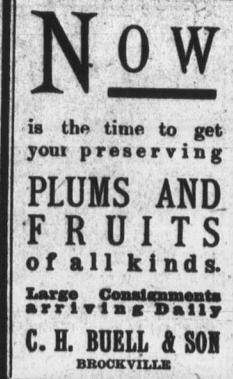
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## COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Vol. XVII. No. 40.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1901.

B. Loverin, Prop'r



BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE.

### ..Friday Bargains..

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE.	
<b>..Friday Bargains..</b>	
Handkerchiefs—Pure linen, assorted hem; worth 20c to 25c each; a snap at	
Friday each.	12c
Silk Handkerchiefs—Ladies' black or fancy, with two clasp, adjustable; 25c pr; for Fri	10c
Old Gloves—Black, brown, red, laced; were \$1.25 pair; sizes 6 and 6½ only;	75c
Corsets—Just a few pairs, were \$1.00 and \$1.25, unbreakable corded sides; grey	50c
Men's Underwear—Grey, have all wool ribbed; were 75c each, (shirts only);	48c
Men's Underwear—Fine all wool shirts only, slightly soiled by dust; \$1.00 each	80c
Puff Ties—Pure silk—big selection, best silk; red price 50c each, for Friday.	50c
Straw Hats—Pure silk—odd lines of 25c ones to clear, at each Friday.	100c
Cuff Links—Black, fine lines, some tarnished—need polishing—25c to 50c pairs;	10c
choice for Friday.	80c
Prints—Yard wide percales—fast colors—light patterns—10 and 12½ yd. for Fri	10c
Tapestry—Pure silk—black and gold—best English Tapestry—was used in	25c
millinery room, \$4.50. 25c Friday.	25c
Table Cover—Mixed colors—fine tapestry, slightly used, 10x12 ft, was \$5, for Fri	10c
Table Cover—2 ft table covers, considerably damaged, were \$1.50 each, Friday.	25c
Mats—Made from coarse cloth, carpet borders; fine velvet and	80c
Brussels at \$1.25 yard—size of mats, 40 inches square; carpet borders were	100c
carpet mat for Friday.	10c
Plates—Fancy—2 pieces black and white, 2 pieces red and white—were	75c
90c to 40c yd. for Friday.	10c
Skirt Patterns—4 only, fine camel's hair goods; 4 yards, \$2.50, for \$1.40; 34 yards	1.30
Feather Trimming—Old, fine, trimming and silk couchings were	30c
25c to 40c yard for Friday.	10c
Cotton Mop—Very fine—all colors—suitable for underskirts; regular price,	15c
90c—Friday.	10c
Mantle Cloths—Still a number of \$1.25 to \$2.50 per yard; cloths to sell at Friday.	15c
Blouses—The balance of summer Chambray and Print blouses, 60c and 75c each	10c
Jackets—A few of last season, \$4.50 and \$5.00 jackets in black and colors to sell	25c
at each Friday.	10c
Dinner Plates—Round dinner plate, full size, regular price 25c, each for Friday.	10c
Sauce Pan—Heavy reticulated, round, 10 in. diameter, for Friday.	10c
Fruit Graters—About 10-inch size, regular price 5c each, for Friday.	10c
Tea Dishes—Splendid, serviceable wire soap dishes, for Friday.	10c
Plates—Plain white plates—old, hand-decorated, fancy shape; Friday.	10c
Cup and Saucer—Plain white for common use, don't crack easily, Friday each.	10c
Pudding Dish—Extra large size—new shape—Friday each.	10c
Tea Pots—Brown Rockingham ware, individual size, Friday, each.	10c

Robert Wright & Co'y

IMPORTERS.

BROCKVILLE

LEWIS & PATTERSON

See That YOU GET  
The RIGHT KIND

Taffetta Silks

Our New English Taffeta Silks are right in quality and price.

Colored Taffetas—Pale Blue, Cardinal, Brown, Fawn, Navy Blue, Pink, Grey, Turquoise, all 75c.

Soft English Taffeta—Cardinal, Blue, Navy Blue, Nile Green, Purple, Cream, White, Pink and Black.

Black English Taffeta, extra good quality, full width, the kind that wear well, at 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 to \$1.25 per yard.

Our price are as low as you will find and you can probably just what you want here.

LEWIS & PATTERSON

TELEPHONE 161

DUNN & CO'Y,

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville.

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

### KITLEY'S FAIR.

Was A Record-Breaker  
Both in Point of Exhibits and Attendance.

Ideal Weather for An Ideal Show.  
Great Interest Maintained and Keen Competition in All Classes.—Grand Concert in The Evening.

The annual Frankville fall fair, more commonly known as Kitley's Big Fair, was successfully held on Thursday and Friday last on the society's grounds at Frankville.

The attendance fully equalled former years and consequently the directors were well pleased.

The last day, Friday, was one of those delightful Indian summer days, and as number of people were heard to remark, "just made for Dave's Dowsley's fair."

The reputation that this fair has gained among the numerous Canadian fairs, places it in the front rank of agricultural shows. From early morning on Friday until late in the afternoon, the roads leading into Frankville were black with people in rigs and vehicles of every description, all bent on having a good day's sport, which they certainly did—thanks to the keen-sightedness of the directors for providing such an excellent program.

The exhibits, both in and outside of the palace, were very good—the ladies' work and the farm machinery had a constant stream of admirers.

The booths on the grounds, judging by the large number of purchasers, must have done a rattling business. There were also ball throwing and wheel-of-fortune stands on the grounds. There were several people bitten, then they learned that the old saying, "You can't beat a man at his own game," was true.

The contests in the ring, in this, as well as all other fairs, were the center of attraction to the majority present. The judges, by their careful and impartial judging, really deserve praise at the harmony which prevailed before and after the different events were run off.

The result of the competitions was as follows:

**GREEN RACE.**  
Nellie S., M. B. Stack, Lyn... 1 1 1  
Billy P., F. Clow, Lyn... 2 2 2  
Sir Vivian, P. Alford... 3 3 3

**FARMERS' RACE.**

C. Eyre, 1st; L. Dunham, 2nd; J. Eaton, 3rd.

**FREE-FOR-ALL.**

Billy K., J. Hudson, Charleston 1 1 1  
King Ben, W. Murphy, Portland 2 2 2  
Billy Ross, M. Stack, Lyn ... 3 3 3

**BICYCLE RACE.** 1st B. Ellis; 2nd H. Fairlie.

**BARREL RACE.** 1st B. Ireland; 2nd L. Leverett; 3rd G. Pipe.

**WHEELBARROW RACE.** 1st Glen Leverette; 2nd Jas. Mackie; 3rd C. McGuire.

**SACK RACE.** 1st Geo. Pipe; 2nd W. Murphy; 3rd Fred Stewart.

**SMOKING RACE.** 1st W. Murphy; 2nd S. D. Hoy; 3rd F. Stewart.

**SHOE RACE.** 1st S. D. Hoy; 2nd H. Fowler; 3rd Glen Leverette.

**Egg Race.** 1st G. Leverette; 2nd W. Leverette; 3rd Ross DeWoof.

**Rooster's Race.** C. H. Smith.

**Combination Race.** 1st Geo. Pepper; 2nd H. Jones.

**Running Jump.** 1st A. Ireland; 2nd C. Marshall.

**Bun Eating Contest.** 1st G. Leverette; 2nd D. Dowsley; 3rd G. Pipe.

**Running Race.** 1st S. D. Hoy; 2nd Nathan Whalen; 3rd H. Fowler.

**Hurdle Race.** B. Ireland; 2nd S. D. Hoy; 3rd H. Fowler.

**Prettiest Baby.** under 1 yr., 1st Mrs. J. F. Clow's baby, Glen Buell; 2nd Mrs. J. Kinch's baby, Newbliss.

In the rings allotted for horses were to be seen some very fine specimens of horse flesh, the principal exhibitors being J. F. Corbett, Smith's Falls; L. Jackson, Domville; J. Miller, Lombardy; P. P. Slack, Athens; McCaw

& McGrath, Brockville; W. Drummond, Toledo; W. B. Percival, Chantry; H. C. Smith, Athens; Sheridan & Power, Brockville; A. Cumming, Brockville.

The cattle department showed about the same quality, the leading breeds being on exhibition. The main exhibitors were W. Davis, George Steacy, J. Loucks, E. Soper, H. Lyman, A. H. Parker, all of Frankville, and C. B. Barber of Plum Hollow.

The sheep pens contained some nice looking animals of different breeds. The owners were mostly G. Steacy & Sons, Frankville; H. W. Imerson, Chantry; V. Judson, W. Davis, Frankville.

The supply of hogs showed that industry was developing. The animals shown were those of Geo. Steacy, E. Soper, H. Lyman, V. Judson, F. F. B. Blanchard, all Frankville, and W. Miller, of Rockspring.

The poultry exhibit was not large, but the quality was good. Among the exhibitors were A. Manhard & Sons, Fairfield; R. Foster, Greenbush, O. Lillie, Westport; F. Mott, Frankville. The leading cheese exhibitor was J. W. Jones, Frankville.

In the line of fancy work, domestic manufactures, etc., the exhibitors were G. M. Leverette, Frankville; J. Kirkland, Morton; E. J. Suffe, Soperon, A. Scott, Athens; S. M. Duolin, Addison.

Farm implements were shown by Z. Wilts, Addison; V. Judson, H. B. Brown, Addison.

A. Brown, Athens, had a good exhibit of harness.

W. L. Lee, Addison, showed a large quantity of honey.

E. M. Fair, Athens, had an exhibit of carriages.

In the way of roots, vegetables and fruit, the main exhibitors were W. J. Mitchel, M. Judson, W. Ennis, L. Livingston, all of Frankville, and S. Y. Brown, Athens.

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# WOMAN'S REALM

The Old Fashioned Woman.  
No clever, brilliant thinker she,  
With college record and degree,  
She has not known the paths of fame,  
The world has never known her name,  
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,  
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love her  
dower—  
She seeks no other world of power  
To make home sweet, bring heaven  
near.  
To win a smile and wipe a tear,  
And do her duty day by day  
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are  
twined,  
As round some reverend saint en-  
shined.  
And following hers the childish feet  
Are led to ideals true and sweet,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed  
still—  
God rules the world in good and ill;  
Men in her creed are brave and true,  
And women pure as pearls of dew,  
And life for her is high and grand,  
By work and glad endeavor  
spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she

A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!  
L. M. Montgomery, in the Congre-  
gationalist.

## French Proverbs.

Among the French are some apt-  
proverbs that go directly to the  
point. The following, translated by  
Margaret Harrington, seems to have  
lost none of their wit by being put  
into English:

The first and worst of all frauds  
is to cheat one's self.

To be happy one must have nothing  
to forget.

The slave is not she who is sold,  
but she who gives herself.

A good intention makes but a short  
ladder.

Happy is he who is not obliged to  
sacrifice any one to duty.

For all misfortunes there are two  
remedies—one the heart sleeping.

The greatest, the strongest, above  
all the cleverest man, is he who  
knows how to wait.

It is rare that the heads of kings  
are made to fit their crowns.

The sorrows of to-day makes the  
happiness of to-morrow.

## War Painting by Woman.

One of the most successful pictures  
shown in this year's Royal Academy  
was painted by a young woman, Lucy  
Kemp-Welch. It has been purchased  
by the trustees of the Cheltenham  
Museum. The subject is Lord Dundoun-  
ald's Dance at Ladyonmynt, and it is  
said to be wonderfully truthful in its  
presentation of detail. Lord Dundoun-  
ald was greatly interested in  
its progress and gave the artist much  
assistance in regard to the portraits  
and other details. Miss Kemp-Welch  
lives in the little town of Cheltenham  
and works in a glass studio in order  
to get out-of-door effects without  
undue exposure to the weather. As  
its floor is the fresh green grass,  
she brings the horses she wishes to  
paint within the glass walls and  
studies them at her leisure in sun or  
rain. Horses are her favorite subject.  
She began her work by illustrating  
her father's books on entomology.—  
Chicago Record Herald.

## Superstitions of the Bride.

Never in rehearsing the ceremony  
read the marriage service entirely  
over.

A bride should use no pins in her  
wedding clothes.

There is an old superstition against  
May marriages.

Dec. 31st is a favorite wedding day  
in Scotland.

A bridegroom wear nothing green.  
That color is emblematic of evil,  
says the Pittsburgh Press.

To change the name and not the  
letter is change for worse and not  
for better.

The origin of slipper throwing is  
not known. It means however, good  
luck.

In Yorkshire, England, the cook  
used to pour hot water over the door-  
step after the couple had gone to  
keep the threshold warm for an-  
other bride.

It is said "blessed is the bride on  
whom the sun shines."

## LOUISE'S WEDDING DRESS.

**She Admits it is "One Solitary Burst  
of Extravagance."**  
Louise has come home from her  
two-weeks' vacation, engaged to  
be married. At the wedding will be  
an early one, in mid-October, she  
is setting to work to collect her  
trousseau. She has worked at cat-  
keeping for two years, after tak-  
ing the "library" course—and as she  
lives at home, has been able to  
save some money and set it aside  
for her wedding clothes and outfit.  
This is a convenience to her par-  
ents, who are not well off. Now she  
is making lists of house linen and  
steadily acquiring the clothes she  
will wish need to take with her  
into her new home.

Contrary to the advice of those  
who suggested she should be mar-  
ried in a handsome travelling suit,  
which could do duty afterward all  
the autumn, Louise has determined  
to treat herself to one solitary  
burst of extravagance, or senti-  
mentalism, as you choose to regard  
it. She resolved to have her own

real fine dress. She is the model of her pretty  
dress. It is a white crepe

de chine. The foundation skirt is  
cut circular, with a trained skirt,  
and has an accordion-pleated fall  
of taffeta to set it out at the foot.  
Over this is a drop skirt of the  
crepe de chine, finished with a deep  
flounce, which is curved with un-  
derside upper edge of the flounce is  
made of white chiffon. At the wave-  
like border of tiny chiffon rosettes.  
Three rows of these are applied at  
the hem, which is eight inches apart.

The bodice has a waistcoat front  
of chiffon below the yoke. The chiffon  
is arranged in rows of shirred  
tuckings. The yoke is of fine lace  
in lace over white crepe de chine.  
The lace is laid on perfectly flat  
to show the handsomely design. The  
revers are gathered at the waist and  
broad part on the breast and shoul-  
ders. The revers are continued as  
a rounded shoulder collar across  
the back, but below the yoke, which  
is here much more shallow than in  
front.

There are long close-fitting sleeves  
of crepe de chine, with a shaped  
piece pointing down and covering  
half the hand. Mechlin lace inser-  
tion is wound about the sleeve, in  
a pattern matching the yoke of lace.  
There is a girdle of soft chiffon  
folds, finishing with accordion-  
pleated scarf ends, which are ar-  
ranged on the left side and float  
loose like a sash.

Louise will wear a tulip veil with  
unhemmed edges and one white  
rose in her coiffure.—Philadelphia  
Record.

## Recipe for a Rose Jar.

Here is a recipe for a rose pot-  
pourri, which accomplishes this ob-  
ject as near as possible: One pint of  
dried rose leaves, six ounces of cam-  
phor, six ounces of oil of roses, one  
ounce of benzoin, one ounce of ton-  
gue, one ounce of cloves, one-half  
ounce of mace, 20 grains of musk.

## Advice From a Dentist.

"Don't think," said the Dentist,  
"that brushing is all your teeth need.  
Besides this, you should draw a bit  
of very fine cotton or dental silk  
between them tightly. It is impos-  
sible to clean between the teeth if  
every particle of food is removed  
from between them, and it is neces-  
sary that this should be done, if you  
want to keep them in good order  
and prevent them from decaying."

## The Kind Girls Want.

He is a young man whose unbound-  
ed assurance has ever been his chief  
characteristic. When he proceeded to  
talk to the practical old gentleman  
about marrying his daughter he was  
evidently prepared for the usual  
quarrel.

"Do you think you can support my  
daughter in the style to which she  
has been accustomed?"

The parent spoke with the air of a  
man who thinks he has uttered a  
pose.

"Let us talk the thing over," he  
said. "Do you think your daughter is  
qualified to make a man a good  
wife?"

"Yes, sir. Her mother and I are  
both practical people and we have  
given her a practical education. She  
can not only read Greek and play the  
piano—she practices three hours a  
day—but she can cook a good dinner,  
and do the marketing as intelligently  
as an experienced steward. More-  
over her abilities with the needle are  
a necessity to work up a treasure,  
and we don't suppose she has  
any doubt about her future."

"You were asking me if I thought  
I could support her in the style to  
which she has been accustomed."

"I was."

"Well, I could. But I don't propose  
to. After she marries me she's not  
going to practice three hours a day  
and may have no cook dinners, or  
handy words with practical people.

She's going to have all the sewing  
she enjoys, whether it is Greek or  
Choctaw, and go to the theatre  
twice a week. It's time the girl had  
some enjoyment in life."

## Fascinating at Forty.

It is when she has passed the  
fourth decade that a woman is now  
said to be most dangerous to the  
susceptibility of the other sex. Her  
face may have lines that "sweet  
seventeen" deems graceful; it may  
even be that Art has to step in  
where Nature fails in the matter of  
hair and complexion, but it is man-  
ner which tells. In carriage, in  
interests, in thought, the woman of  
40 at the present day is as young  
as her husband less than half her  
years; but her mind is better developed  
than her judgments are clearer.

—London Lady's Pictorial.

## Girl on the Battlefield.

A monument of an uncommon kind  
is to be unveiled on the battlefield  
of Gettysburg on Sept. 16th. It is  
in memory, not of a general or a  
regiment of soldiers, but of a girl.  
Twenty-four years ago, a piece of the  
battle field of battle: this girl of 16 was  
not even born on the rolls of the  
army as a nurse. Yet she well de-  
serves the granite memorial which  
has been raised at Gettysburg.

Jennie Wade was her name. She  
and her sister lived in a little house  
near the Federal lines. They might  
have gone to a safer neighborhood  
when Lee and Meade met at that  
Pennsylvania town; but they stay-

ed SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

## AFTER A LAPSE OF MANY YEARS

## A Letter Comes to Light Which Shows the Undoubted Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Edward Patterson, of Conboyville, Ont., Sept. 28.—(Special)—Mrs. Edward Patterson, of this town, is one of those who can testify to the lasting nature of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Over 36 years ago, Mrs. Patterson, wife of C. P. Silliman, of Vincennes, Indiana, was a good standard beauty. Some time ago, wearying of society and the luxurious living of the wealthy, Mrs. Silliman decided to adopt the life of a milkmaid purely as a diversion. Every morning at 4 o'clock this society belle can be seen starting from her elegant country home in an outfit that is a veritable house on wheels. Unadorned she drives from home to her home, and carries a quart or quart of lacteal fluid daily, as she receives her callers in evening dress.

The bodice has a waistcoat front of chiffon below the yoke. The chiffon is arranged in rows of shirred tuckings. The yoke is of fine lace in lace over white crepe de chine.

The revers are slashed the broad part on the breast and shoulders. The revers are continued as a rounded shoulder collar across the back, but below the yoke, which is here much more shallow than in front.

There are long close-fitting sleeves of crepe de chine, with a shaped piece pointing down and covering half the hand. Mechlin lace insertion is wound about the sleeve, in a pattern matching the yoke of lace.

There is a girdle of soft chiffon folds, finishing with accordion-pleated scarf ends, which are arranged on the left side and float loose like a sash.

Louise will wear a tulip veil with unhemmed edges and one white rose in her coiffure.—Philadelphia Record.

## Opened a Hall.

The Countess of Aberdeen has opened  
a hall, erected in connection with the  
Savoy United Free Church.

Lady Aberdeen said that in these  
times the people must understand  
how the work of congregations

could be carried on without some  
such place as that. The need of it  
was felt at every turn, and she was  
sure it meant a great deal to every  
district to have a centre such as  
that, where all could meet for mu-  
tual improvement, recreation, and a  
variety of purposes which she under-  
stood the hall was to be used for.

It is many years, perhaps ten or  
twelve, since I started taking  
Dodd's Kidney Pills, and then it  
was not for Rheumatism that I took  
them. I was feeling miserable,  
did not know what ailed me, and  
while reading a testimony of some  
one who had been cured by Dodd's  
Kidney Pills, I found it helped me  
feel better. I continued taking them  
and have been free from rheumatism  
ever since.

It is many years, perhaps twelve, since  
I started taking Dodd's Kidney  
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and have been free from rheumatism  
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I am a widow, and have been  
alone for many years. I have been  
very ill for a long time, and have  
been taking Dodd's Kidney Pills  
regularly for a long time, and have  
been well ever since.

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for a long time, and have been taking  
Dodd's Kidney Pills regularly for a  
long time, and have been well ever  
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## Church Attendance

**Rev. Dr. Talmage Denies Absolutely That It Is on the Decline**

Washington, Sept. 15.—Most encouraging to all Christian workers is this discourse of Dr. Talmage while denying the accuracy of statistics which represent Sunday audiences as diminishing; text Hebrews x, 25, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

Startling statements have been made in many of the pulpits and in some of the religious newspapers. It is heard over and over again that church attendance in America is in decadence. I deny the statements by presenting some hard facts. No one will dispute the fact that there are more churches and more flaming evangelists. I declare that a man who cannot preach himself cannot teach others how to preach.

Young ministers are told they must preach Christ and him crucified. Yes, but not as an abstraction. Many a minister has preached Christ and him crucified in such a way that he preached an audience of five hundred down to two hundred, and from two hundred to one hundred, and from one hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty, and on down until there was little left save the sexton, who was paid to stay until the service was over and lock up. There is a great deal of cant about Christ and Him crucified. It is not Christ and Him crucified as an abstraction, but as an omnipotent sympathy applied to all the wants and woes of our immortal nature—a Christ who will help us in every domestic, social, financial, political, national, struggle—a Christ for the pastor, Christ for the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for the church, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the congressional assembly, a Christ for the court room, a Christ for every trial and every emergency and every perturbation.

In all our cities within a few years churches have been built large enough to swallow up two or three of the old-time churches. I cannot understand with what kind of arithmetic and slate pencil a man calculates when he comes to the conclusion that church attendance in America is in decadence. Take the aggregate of the number of people who enter the house of God now and compare it with the aggregate of the people who entered the house of God 25 years ago, and the present attendance is four to one. The facts are most exhilarating instead of being depressing. That man who presents the opposite statistics must have been most unfortunate in his church acquaintance.

You are not to argue adversely because here and there a church is depicted. Churches have their day. Sometimes merchandise will entirely occupy a neighborhood and crowd out the churches and families ordinarily attendant upon them. Sometimes a church perishes through interne strife. But there are no facts to overthrow the statement that I have made in regard to the diminishing attendance upon the house of God. Now, I am ready to admit that there are churches which have been depleted, and it is high time that a sermon be preached for the benefit of young men who are just entering the gospel ministry and for the warning of prosperous churches as to what are the causes of decline in any case. If merchandise crowd out church, that cannot be helped, but under all other circumstances decadence in church attendance is the fault either of the church or of the pastor.

Churches are often cleared of their audiences by the attempt to transplant the modes of the past into the present. The modes and methods of fifty years ago are no more appropriate for to-day than the modes and methods of to-day will be appropriate for fifty years hence. Dr. Clark, Dr. McElroy, Dr. Mason, Dr. De Wolf, Dr. Vermilyea and hundreds of other men just as good as they were never lacked audiences, because they were abreast of the time in which they lived. People will not be interested in what we say unless we understand the spirit of the day in which we live. All the woebegone statistics are given by those who are trying in our time to work with the wornout machinery of the past times. Such men might just as well throw out modern platforms and modern pulpits and substitute the wineglass pulpit up which the minister need to climb to the dizzy height of Mont Blanc's loftiness and then go in out of sight and shut the door after him. When you can get the great masses of the people to take passage from Albany to Buffalo in stage coach or canal boat in preference to the lightning express train which does it in four hours, then you can get the great masses of the people to go to a church half a century behind the time.

The trouble begins away back in the theological seminaries. It is a shame that larger provision is not made for ministers of religion, for the sick and the aged and the infirm who have worn themselves out in the service of God. We have many asylums and soldiers' asylums for men who fought on land and sea for our country when they have become aged or crippled, and it is a shame that larger provision is not made for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who have worn themselves out in battling for the Lord. But lack of provision in that respect makes a tendency to turn our theological seminaries into hospitals for sick and aged and infirm ministers. When a man begins to go down, they give him the title of D.D. by way of resurrection. If that fails, then the tendency is to elect him to a professorate in some theological seminary. There are grand exceptions to the rule, but it is often the case that the professorate in a theological seminary is occupied by some minister of the gospel who, not being able to preach, is set to teach others how to preach. In more cases than one the poorest speaker in the faculty is the professor of elocution. We want more wide awake, more able-bodied, able-minded men, more enthusiastic men in our theological seminaries and in the professorates—men like Addison Alexander, who could during the week teach the theory of preaching and then on Sunday go into the pulpit and with the thunder and lightning of Christian eloquence show them how "What would you think of a faculty of unsuccessful merchants to train young lawyers?" It is often the case that theological seminaries cut a man and clip him, and square him and mold him and bore him and twist him until all the indi-

## Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1.  
OCTOBER 6, 1901.

Joseph Sold Into Egypt.—Gen. 37: 12-36.

drum of religionists. Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You hear over and over again, "Come to Jesus" until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes?

You say that all Sunday school teachers and all evangelists and all ministers must bring their illustrations from the Bible. Christ did not when He preached. The most of the Bible written before Christ's time, but where did He get His illustrations? He drew them from theilles, from the ravens from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a camel from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from a fishing net, from debtors and creditors. That is the reason multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and understandable. Therefore, if you and I find illustrations for a religious subject and the one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible I will take the latter, because I want to be like the Master.

Christian workers, we have got to freshen up what is the use of our going back in the Christian classics to find an illustration of the victorious Christian deathbed when my personal friend, Alfred Cookman, a few years ago went away in an imperial grandeur as did Edward Payson? Is it any less an illustration to me and to you because I met him a few weeks before in front of Trinity church, Broadway, and I said, "Good man, you look as if you were working too hard?" Where in all the classics is there such a story as that of Cookman in the factory, a Christ for the congressional assembly, a Christ for the court room, a Christ for every trial and every emergency and every perturbation.

My friends, churches will be largely attended just in proportion as we ministers can meet their wants, their sufferings, meet their bereavements and meet their sympathies. If there is a church with small help, small audience, medium help, medium audience; large help, large audience. If there is a famine in a city and three depots of bread and one depot has 100 loaves and another 500 loaves and another depot 10,000 loaves, the depot that has 100 loaves will have applicants, the depot that has 500 loaves will have far more applicants, the depot that has 10,000 loaves will have throngs, throngs, throngs.

Oh, my brethren in the Christian ministry, we must somehow get our shoulders under the burden of the people on the Lord's day and give them a good stout lift, and we can do it. We have it all our own way. It is a great pity if, with the floor clear and no interruption, we cannot during the course of an hour get our hymn or our prayer or our sermon under such momentum we can, by the help of God, lift the people, body, mind and soul, clear out of their sins, temptations and troubles.

I think that ministerial laziness often empties the church of auditors. Hearers, who are intelligent through reading newspapers and by active association with business circles, will not on the Sabbath sit and listen to platitudes. Hearers will not come to sermons which have in them no important facts, no information, no stirring power, no adaptation, no fire. The pew will not listen to the pulpit unless the pulpit knows more than the pew. Ministerial laziness has cleared out many churches. Still ministers saunter around from parlor to parlor under the name of pastoral visitation and go gadding about through the village or the city on errands of complete nothingness and wrap their brains around a cigar and smoke them up, and then on Saturday afternoon put a few crude thoughts together and on Sunday morning wonder where the spirit of Christ and His crucifixion does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremiads for the religious newspapers about the decadence of church attendance.

People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thousand people in any city who will get up in the morning and say: "The Bible says I must go to church. It is my duty to go to church, therefore I will go to church." The vast multitude of people who go to church go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be. I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the centripetal force of the church mightier than the centrifugal force.

We must make our churches magnets to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying: "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half-past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said, what has been going on." When the impression is confirmed that our churches, by architecture, by music, by sociality and by sermon, shall be made the most attractive place on earth, then we will want twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will not half accommodate the people.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put on more force, more energy and into our religious services more vivacity if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First you will find the men of large common sense and earnest love. The education of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives, qualify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that such semi-imbeciles can get any pulpit to preach in. These are the men who go into the statistics of the church decadence. Frogs never croak in running water; always in stagnant. But I can say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday school teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the gospel, if we want our Sunday schools and our prayer meetings and our churches to gather the people we must freshen up. The simple fact is, the people are tired of the hum-

drum of religionists. Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You, of course, know his father left him several thousands!"

"He could have bought a good practice with that," she continued meditatively, "and, with his character—"

Quite artlessly the girl with the green eyes talked on, gradually unfolding a story. As she listened, Hilda went a shade paler, and leaned back in her seat. At the conclusion Celia rose and held out her hand to her.

"What made you tell me that?" asked Hilda, in a low voice.

"Oh, I only thought you'd be interested. Good night, dear."

The residents of Clinton street east were considerably astonished the next afternoon at the speed of a smart carriage which passed through the quiet midday. They were still more interested when they saw it draw up before the tall, gloomy house in which the doctor lived, and a young lady alighted and gave some directions to the coachman.

Hilda—for it was she—knocked at the door and waited. Presently it opened, revealing an effeminate boy of about 8, with his right arm in a sling. He contemplated her critically.

"Is Doctor Eston in?" she asked. "No, 'ain't, but I 'speaks 'im' almost directly," he answered. "Will you come in an' wait?" he added, hopefully.

He walked the way through the dark passage to a fairly large room: it was evidently the doctor's living apartment.

"Yer see," explained the boy, "Mrs. Assal, 'is 'ousekeeper, is laid up with a bad ankle, an' so I 'ad to look after 'im myself."

"What's your name?" asked Hilda in surprise.

"Algus Dent. I ain't much good just 'nar!" he said, with a pathetic glance towards the arm in a sling.

"Master Dent?" he added, in a burst of confidence. "Orspital was full, so the doc 'ad me 'ere." "E's goin' to send me to a 'ome in the country next week; that's the sort of place 'e does is!" he finished, a flush of enthusiasm lighting up the placid little face.

He walked limply to a door.

"E's bin at it orn'ight, an' most of the day, so he just abaut want 'is tea. You sit down an' amos yerself, whilst I git it."

"You can't do much with that arm!" said Hilda, with a laugh.

"With you let me help you?"

"I don't mind," replied Master Dent graciously.

And so, when Eston came in, a few minutes later, he found her busily engaged in cutting bread and butter. He rubbed his eyes, to make sure he was awake.

"Hilda!" he cried.

She smiled at his astonishment, and after a few words, to how she sat there, refused to give him any further explanation until he had sat down and drunk the tea she had prepared.

At length, when Master Dent had retired to a back room, he rose from his chair and faced her inquiringly.

"Last night, after you were gone, some one told me of the wrong Lord Grenton once did to you," she said, nervously.

"What did you hear?" he asked, lightly.

"That he and you were great friends at college," she went on speaking hurriedly, and with bent head. "That he got heavily into debt, and that, to oblige him, you put your name to a bill for a large amount, on the understanding that he would come in his fortune when he was 21." She paused.

"Because I couldn't. Better to live in the east than starve in the west," he laughed again. "Oh, it isn't so bad, now. Hard work, but it's interesting. I like it, it's 'omey,' it's me."

"It's goin' to send me to a 'ome in the country next year," he finished, with a ring of enthusiasm in his voice.

"I think it's a nobel life," she said gently. "Yet until now you have never come to tell me of it."

He looked her frankly in the face. "I dare not trust myself," he said, simply, "even though the turn in the wheel had made it impossible." The woman was very pale, her eyes aglow. "I have got over it now, little girl! I don't grudge another man what I know I cannot have myself."

His glance rested on Lord Algus' figure at the other end of the room. "You see, I know your secret!" he continued, softly. "Mrs. Garland told me of the thing that is going to be, and my dearest wish is that you'll be a nobel, immensely happy!" he said, abruptly.

She made no reply, and they sat in silence for a few moments. Then suddenly he glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"The East is calling: I have to be back to a case by twelve," he said, holding out his hand. "Goodbye! I shall be back reading the society papers, just to hear of Lady Grenton's triumphs!" he added, laughing.

Then he turned away, and she watched him disappear in search of her aunt. She sank back in her seat, and a sense of uttermost loneliness crept over her. A dramatist came up and began talking to her of his plays, but she hardly heard him, and answered in monosyllables.

Presently Lord Algus found her alone once more. She glanced up at his face, and saw immediately what was in his mind—that which her aunt had schemed for incessantly, the thing to which she had been driven to give her consent.

He leaned a trifle nearer to her, and there was a pleading look on his careless, handsome face. He did not love her, she knew. He was an attractive young man with a title and nothing else beyond a moderate allowance from a relative; she knew.

"I have a doctor in the East End, and living there—good Lord! I'm awfully grateful to you, Celia, for saving me from looking quite a fool."

"I haven't Hilda's money, but my few thousands are better than nothing," she said. "Besides, I've been silly enough to love you for years, though you are a frightful scoundrel, Algus."

"I should dearly like to know who told her of my little business with Eston," he murmured, meditatively.

The girl with the green eyes laughed softly.

"So should I!" she said. —M. A. P.

Nell—Does Miss Antique come of an old family? Boisie—Both her parents are over ninety, and still living.

Those Walks.  
Drap  
These slippery walks,  
Bents all  
Why folks can't keep 'em  
Clean.  
Wish I hed  
Half the idiots that hav slippery walks  
In my right hand,  
And half  
In my  
Left.  
Like tu  
Knock  
Their heads together till they saw  
Stars.  
Hey!  
There goes Brown on his  
Back.  
Haw!  
That's a sight to make a feller's heart  
Glad;  
Et the old fool wasn't  
Ex clumsy ex an ox.  
I'd a kept  
Haw!  
Did ye see him  
Sprawl?  
Wish I knew who owned that walk  
Glad;  
Et the old fool wasn't  
Ex clumsy ex an ox.  
I'd a kept  
Haw!  
Buy.  
Haw!  
Say,  
Wouldn't that make you laugh!

PRACTICAL SURVEY.  
Undoubtedly Joseph was a type of Christ. He was sent by his father to look after the welfare of his brethren. He came to his own, but his own received him not. For a price he was delivered into the hands of his enemies.  
Joseph went to look for his brethren in Shechem, where a few years before, to avenge an indignity to their sister, the sons of Jacob had wrought such fearful slaughter. But not finding his brethren there he was directed on to Dothan. No sooner

dent in his youth. You, of course, know his father left him several thousand dollars!"

"He could have bought a good practice with that," she continued meditatively, "and, with his character—"

Quite artlessly the girl with the green eyes talked on, gradually unfolding a story. As she listened, Hilda went a shade paler, and leaned back in her seat. At the conclusion Celia rose and held out her hand to her.

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## A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.**

Three sizes: \$1.00, enough for an ordinary cold; \$1.50, just right for bronchitis, heartburn, hard colds, etc.; \$1. most economical for chronic cases. Send for sample.

J. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## DISTRICT NEWS

### DELTA.

Farmers are busy at present plowing and getting out their roots.

Some farmers are busy cutting corn and putting it in silos.

Miss Priscilla Henderson has gone to Montreal after spending two months holidays with her sister, Mrs. W. A. Russell.

Joel P. Copeland has just got a nice mikado buggy from Brockville Carriage Co.

A number from here attended Ottawa Fair and had the pleasure of seeing the Duke and Duchess of York. They had a good time in general.

Rev. James Lawson, of Addison, is well known here. The Methodists of Delta circuit are pleased to learn that he is on a fair way to recovery.

S R. Gilbert is preparing to build a new hog pen.

The Delta fair, of which our townsmen, L. Phelps, is efficient secretary, was this year pronounced a great success.

Mrs. Mallory, of Escott, is at present visiting her son, Dr. C. N. Mallory, for a few days.

From the appearance of the orchards generally pies and apple sauce will be dished out at a premium this winter.

### ADDISON

Mr. John Wiltse left Monday morning for Belleville, where he will take a course in Albert College. His many friends here wish him every success.

A good many from here attended Frankville fair and report it the best for many years.

Rev. Mr. Lawson is fast recovering from his recent illness, and will soon be able to resume his pastoral work again.

Mr. James Lee, of Raynard Valley, has just finished a very commodious stone silo for Mr. William Wiltse, of Kitley, which is the best in this section.

Miss May Taplin who has been confined to the house for some time is around again much to the satisfaction of her many friends.

Mr. John Mail has purchased a McCormick corn harvester and is doing a rushing business around here with it.

Mr. Samuel Ray is the guest of our King street Blacksmith this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, of King street, attended the Lombardy fair, on Saturday last and report a good time.

The proprietor of the model farm at Mt. Pleasant, has succeeded in filling his mammoth silo which he finds is not sufficient for his stock and he intends building one another year.

### 'A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.'

A few weeks ago we published an article under the above heading, detailing the case of Wm. Gossage, who told a pitiful story of his wrongs, amongst other paragraphs was a few lines referring to Messrs. Hutcheson & Fisher's connection with the case and one paragraph said "That through some unexplained reason they had decided to throw up the case." These gentleman took exception to that paragraph and sent us a long letter explaining their action in the case which we published in full the following week. A few days later Mr. Gossage called with a letter in reply, but as it contained some statements in direct contradiction to some of Hutcheson & Fisher's statements we decided to send them a copy before inserting it. They at once replied emphatically denying Gossage's statements. Under these circumstances we have decided to drop the subject as far as insertion of any more correspondence is concerned, simply saying that while we have every sympathy for Gossage and consider him unfairly treated in not getting some redress from the company that he was working for when hurt, still we think that the high professional standing of Messrs. Hutcheson & Fisher is such that we must accept their unqualified denial of Gossage's statements and conclude that he must be mistaken in regard to their action in the case.

### W.C.T.U. ELECTS OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. held last week the following officers and superintendents of departments were appointed:

President—M. E. Stone.  
1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. Wm. Johnston.  
2nd Vice Pres.—Mrs. Mary Merrick.  
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. C. C. Slack.  
Rec. Secretary—Mrs. H. R. Knowlton.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. Jones.  
Auditor—Miss Annie Gilbert.

### SUPERINTENDENTS OF DEPARTMENTS.

Railroad and Literature—Mrs. Wing and Mrs. McLaughlin.

The Press—M. E. Stone.

Sabbath Observance—Mrs. J. Jones.  
Lumberman's Work—Mrs. Knowlton and Mrs. Slack.

Parlor Meetings and Parliamentary Drill—M. E. Stone.

Flowers, Fruit and Delicacies—Mrs. Stone and Miss Mulvagh.

Woman's Journal—Mrs. Nash.

Narcotics—Mrs. Rappell and Mrs. Mott.

Purity and Mothers' Meeting—Mrs. Johnston and Stevens.

Sunday School Work—Mrs. Massey and Mrs. Cornell.

Library—Mrs. Arnold.

Evangelistic—Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Knowlton.

Y. Work—Misses E. Blanchard and Rappell.

### 'VICTOR' AND OTHER POEMS'

Is the title of a volume of poems by M. Stanley Lehigh. This is the second volume of poems that Mr. Lehigh has given to the public. We will quote from his romance of Victor:

"Near him seated, pensive gazing,  
Is a girl whose thoughtful brow  
Speaks an intellect awakening;  
While the dark blue eyes allow  
Glimpses of its subtle workings,  
Of its wondering eagerness,  
Of its longings, timid shrinkings,  
Conscious of its meagreness;  
Till the face, though plain and homely,  
Is illumined with beauty's lamp."

And

The fairy flowers the glades adorning,  
Listening to the rippling rill

Gliding softly o'er the mosses,  
Creeping through the springing grass,

O'er the rocks it leaps and dashes,

Hill and dale doth quickly pass.

Calm and peaceful the St. Lawrence

Slept, with chilled and icy bough,

In its bed of downy softness,

Of the blue and glistening snow;

Till the smiling sun came nearer,

And the warm winds kissed its cheek,

Lovingly awoke the dreamer.

Who, its home, sped on to seek

In the ocean, vast and boundless,

As it flowed past pale and wood;

Tween high banks, calm, deep, and

soundless;

O'er the rapid's rocky bed."

We quote these as illustrations of the vivid description, practical demonstrations of some phases of our social life, and also of the grace and purity of style of this beautiful poem. The scenes are all drawn true to nature, and the story is pathetic and realistic. In his shorter poems he gives both interest and variety.

### ENSILAGE CORN AND SILOS.

Despite the fears of a good many farmers at corn planting time this year, that owing to the cold, wet, backward season, the corn crop would be only a partial crop at best, there has never been such an immense crop of silo corn harvested in the County of Leed.

During the past week a representative of the Reporter has driven to Frankville, Greenbush, Brookville, and through part of Elizabethtown and found that nearly every farm he passed had from two to twenty acres under corn crop. This fall has also witnessed the erection of more silos than at any previous fall. Along the routes taken by the Reporter representative, over thirty new silos had been erected, and in one day he passed thirteen farms where the work of filling silos was being carried on.

The corn has in most cases been harvested in good condition. Still on many farms the corn was still standing, and in some sections was considerably damaged by frost. It seems a great mistake for farmers to toil in getting in and taking care of a corn field during the summer and then allow it to stand out uncultivated until the fall frost practically destroys it.

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

On Oct. 16th 1887, the first opening service was held in this church in Athens, and every year since, as nearly as possible the congregation have held their annual anniversary. This year as usual the anniversary will be held on Sunday, Oct. 20th, and the arrangements have all been completed.

The Sunday services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Curry, of Knox church, Perth, at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. and a musical and a literary entertainment will be held on Monday evening following of which due notice will be given by posters.

### Discoverer of the "Light Cure."

Prof. Finsen of Copenhagen, the discoverer of the "light cure" for lupus, is himself an invalid, suffering from heart disease, but he nevertheless is a tireless worker.

### Subscribe for the Reporter.

### MILES VARY IN LENGTH.

Seventeen Countries That Have Special Measurements of Their Own—Geodetic Article to Cut Out and Paste.

English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mil passum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legions great supply capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile.

The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and one-half times the length of ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,183 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,841 yards long and the Vienna post mile is 8,796 yards in length. So here is a list of 12 different miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile.

The Brazilians have a mile that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a farsak, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.

SHOT HIM WITH A CAMERA.

During the siege of Mafeking the trenches had grown very close to each other; in fact, so near that conversations could be shouted across the intervening space. An Englishman called out:

"Hey, I say! One of you Boers stand up, and I'll take a photograph of you."

"Have you got a camera?" came back the reply in good English.

"Yes."

"You won't shoot me if I stand up, upon your word?"

"No, we won't shoot."

"Pass it down the line."

The word was passed down the line, and soon it was shouted back that it was all right. At that a young Boer about 23 rose out of the trenches and stood buttoning his coat.

The greatest river is the Amazon. It is navigable for ocean steamers for 2,000 miles from its mouth. At parts of its course one bank cannot be seen from the other. The observer seems to be looking out upon a sea of fresh water.

### WAVES OF WATER.

The average depth of the Pacific is 2,500 fathoms, or the Atlantic 2,200 fathoms.

The Rhine is only 960 miles long, but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas.

The Irish river in Siberia is 2,200 miles in length and drains 600,000 miles of territory.

The Potomac river is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an erratic than a straight stream.

From the equator the average temperature of the sea at the depth of a mile is but 4 degrees above freezing point.

The Paraguay river, so called from the repulsive of the same name on its banks, is 1,500 miles in length. At points in its lower course it is from 5 to 15 miles wide.

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GATHERING CLOVES.

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove tree begins to bear at the age of 10 years and continues to do so until the age of 75 years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December.

The tree is an evergreen and grows from 40 to 50 feet high, with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from 10 to 20. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green and at the time of gathering bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time and the bunches of blossoms are gathered with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment.

### How Gold Beaters Work.

It is interesting to watch gold beaters at work in a gold leaf factory. These men whose skins are sallow from the stain of gold, take a thin film of the virgin metal, pass them between steel rollers, whence they come forth like paper, and pass them through closer and closer rollers, until they are but little thicker than paper. The sheets of gold are next placed between pieces of leather that are called gold beaters' skins, and men beat them through the skins with mallets until they are reduced to an unimaginable tenacity. It has often been proved that skilled gold beater can turn out gold leaves so thin that it would take 282,000 of them to make the thickness of an inch, so thin that if formed in a book 1,500 of them would only cover the space of a single leaf of paper.

WHAT HE SAID.

"Oh, he swore so!" sobbed the young wife. "I think he must be getting some terrible mental trouble. Oh, my!"

"Tell me all about it," said her mother soothingly. "Did he really swear?"

"Indeed he did; frightfully. It was at the table. He had just started to eat a nice dessert I had made for him, when all of a sudden, for no apparent reason, he jumped up and yelled: 'Jumping Jehoshaphat! What the deuce!'

THE NEW BABY.

Happy Father—We've got a new baby at our house.

Friend—So? What do you call him?

Happy Father—We don't call him; he does all the calling himself.

Different.

"It seems strange to hear you speak so bitterly of him. You used to say you admired him for the enemies he has made."

"Yes, but I'm one of them now."—Philadelphia Press.

FASHION FORTISSIMO.

Hewitt—Do you think this suit of mine too loud?

Jewett—Why, my boy, that suit would make a good selection for your graphophone.

DIFFERENT.

## THEY LOOK PLEASED, Our Customers Do.

You will be exactly suited in our new fall outfits. They, of course, show the latest styles, and are the perfection of honest workmanship and will give you an air equal to any social occasion you may run against.

### We Invite Your Inspection

Of our stock, and we believe you will save money every time by dealing here.

### We have a fine assortment

of Waterproof Coats, Leather Coats, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Underwear, Socks, Braces, and Neckwear.

## M. SILVER,

West Corner King and Buell Sts., BROCKVILLE

P.S.—For up-to-date Boots and Shoes try SILVER'S.

THE

Athens

Hardware

Store



We keep constantly on hand full lines of the following goods:

Paints, Sherwin & Williams and all the best makers, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope (all sizes), Builders' Hardware in endless variety, Blacksmith Supplies and Tools, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, and Drain Tools, Spades and Scops, Iron Piping (all sizes with couplings), Tinware, Agateware, Lamps and Lanterns, Chimneys, &c., Pressed Nickel Tea Kettles and Tea Pots, Fence Wire, (all grades), Building Paper, Gums and Ammunition, Shells for all guns (loaded and unloaded), Shot and Powder, &c., &c.

Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world.

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

**Wm. Karley,**

Main St., Athens.



## Perfection Cement Roofing

### THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability, and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply to

**W. G. McLAUGHLIN**

Athens

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The practical side of science is reflected in



A monthly publication of inestimable value to the student of every day scientific problems, the mechanic, the industrial expert, the manufacturer, the inventor—in fact, to every wide-awake person who hopes to better his condition by using his brains. The inventor, especially, will find in The Patent Record a guide, philosopher and friend. Nothing of importance escapes the vigilant eyes of its corps of expert editors. Everything is presented in clean, concise fashion, so that the business may take time to read and comprehend. The scientific and industrial progress of the age is accurately mirrored in the columns of The Patent Record, and it is the only publication in the country that prints the official news of the U. S. Patent Office and the latest developments in the field of invention without fear or favor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

**THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.**

THE  
**Athens Reporter**  
ISSUED EVERY  
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON  
BY  
**B. LOVERIN**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

### SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR  
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS

No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.

Notice to discontinue is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been

### ADVERTISING

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion, and 5c per line for each insertion thereafter.

Professional Cards, 6 lines or under, per year \$3.00; over 6 and under 12 lines, \$4.00.

Local advertisements, 8c per line for first insertion and 5c for each subsequent insertion.

Liberal discount for contract advertisements.

Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full rate.

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## MURDERER IN COLLAPSE.

Moans and Yells When He Reaches Auburn.

## SORRY FOR HIS CRIME.

His Talk on the Way to the Prison—Wouldn't Do It If It Was to Do Over Again—Hopes Mrs. McKinley Will Live.

Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Czolgosz, President McKinley's murderer, in the custody of Sheriff Caldwell of Erie county, and twenty-one regular and special deputies, arrived in Auburn at 8:15 a.m. The prison is just across the road from the depot, the distance which the party had to walk after alighting from the car being less than fifty yards.

Awaiting the arrival of the murderer was a crowd of only about 200 people, but either from fear of the crowd, which was not very demonstrative and which made no attempt to harm the man, or from sight of the prison,

Czolgosz's Legs Gave Out, and two burly deputy sheriffs were compelled to practically carry the man into the prison. Inside the gate his condition became worse, and he was dragged up the stairs and into the main hall. He was placed in a sitting position on the bench while the deputies were removing his coat, but he fell over and remained prostrated, evidencing the most abject terror. As soon as the cuffs were unlocked the man was dragged into the principal keeper's office. In the case of all prisoners, the officers immediately

### Proceeded to Strip Him,

and put on a new suit of clothes. During this operation Czolgosz cried and yelled, making the prison corridor ring and re-echo with evidence of his terror. The prison physician, Dr. John Gerin, was summoned, and on his arrival he examined him and ordered his removal to a cell in the condemned row, which he will occupy until he is taken to the electric chair.

The doctor declared that the man was suffering from fright and terror, but declared that he was shamming to avoid execution.

The villainy of the murderer was a surprise to every one. En route from Buffalo he showed no indication of breaking down.

### ASSASSIN'S REBROZE.

Talks Freely of His Crime and His Trial.

Rochester, Sept. 26.—"I wish the people to know I am sorry for what I did. It was a mistake and it was wrong. If I had it to do over again, I never would do it. But it is too late now to talk of that. I am sorry I killed the President. I was alone in what I did and, honestly, there was no conspiracy. No one else urged or told me to do it. I did it myself. There was one mistake about the trial. It was that I did not go to Niagara Falls to kill the President. I only thought of killing him for about three days before I did it. But I was all alone. No one else had anything to do with it, and I have nothing to say to any who may think that what I did was a wise or good thing. It was not. I don't know anyone in Paterson. I don't know Count Malatesta or Mrs. Brusigoli.

### Wished it Undone.

"It is an awful thing to feel you killed someone. You do not feel the same after you kill them. It is hard and much different. You are not the same person after you do the crime. I wish I was my same old person again. You never can be the same. I wish I was the same for the little time left.

have nothing more to say to all the people. My mind was stirred up, and I don't know what was in it or what influenced it. Some ask where I was between August 29th and Sept. 1st. I was in Buffalo on Aug. 29th, and went to Cleveland for two days. No, I do not know Hippolyte Havard. My two Toledo references to Mr. Nowak were not Anarchists. When I shot the President I had nothing against him personally.

### Hair Trial.

"My trial was fair. It was more than I thought. The judge could not help doing what he did. The jury could not. The law made them do it. I do not want to say now that the law is wrong. It was fair to me and it was right. It seems too late now, but I am sorry for Mr. McKinley. I hope she does not die."

So spoke Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin, as he rode in the special car that is taking him to Auburn. He said he hoped his brother Waldeck would not suffer by his act as no one knew of it but himself. He said it was not true he was married to someone down in West Virginia. He repeated again and again that there was no conspiracy. He talked freely of his visits to Chicago and Cleveland.

### "It is Too Late."

As the train neared Rochester he stopped talking suddenly, looked out and then said, slowly: "It is too late, but I would like to live."

The party with Czolgosz was headed by Sheriff Caldwell. The talk of Czolgosz with the Express reporter was in the presence of Louis Seibold, of the New York World, and Jailer Mitchell.

Czolgosz also talked in Deputy-Sheriff Metzler's presence and said it was not true that anyone had struck the handkerchief over his hand. "The handkerchief was not tied," he said. "I put it over my hand, and held the pistol with my finger on

the trigger. I felt nervous all the time and thought someone would catch me. I held my hand against my body to keep the handkerchief from falling or rubbing off."

He spoke of his desire to commit suicide, and whether he feared it would be at the moment of his dying and whether he feared it. "I want to be ashamed of myself," said Czolgosz. "It is worse than I knew before I did it. I hope I don't make myself ashamed." He referred to his desire not to weaken when he faced the death chair.

"Will you let a priest or minister before you die?" he was asked.

He hesitated, then answered:

"Yes, I think so. Maybe a priest."

## QUEEN OF ANARCHISTS.

The Career of La Bella Teresa.

## A FAIR PLOTTER OF MURDER.

Small doubt exists among those who have followed the progress of the anarchist movement during the recent years, says the London Daily Mail, that one of the instigators of the attempt on Mr. McKinley's life was Teresa Berugnoni—better known, perhaps, as La Bella Teresa, friend and comrade of Bresci and Malatesta, a woman of singular beauty and magnetic influence, who for a period of eight years has made London her home.

The death watch took charge of him the moment he shuffled into the cell, and two men will constantly watch him. They will be changed every two hours. His spiritual adviser will be allowed communication with him at all reasonable times, and before his death he will be allowed to say good-bye to his wife.

An application for a new trial will be made, but it is not likely that any stay of proceedings will be granted.

BOERS APPEAL TO HAGUE.

Claim Britain Has Broken Rules of War.

## THEIR RIGHT TO INDEPENDENCE.

New York, Sept. 27.—Charles D. Pierce, representative in the United States of the Orange Free State, has received a copy of the appeal made by the Boers to the Administrative Council of the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague.

The appeal, which is dated The Hague, Sept. 10, runs in part:

"Now that this war has gone on for nearly two years without prospects of an end thereto, except in the way only recently acknowledged as being the most efficacious and at the same time the most equitable means of deciding international differences, wit: submission to arbitration, the parties will mutually, for such a peaceful termination cannot but become more and more acknowledged. The States represented by the undersigned, therefore, consider that they should repeat the proposal already made by them to end the war but rejected by England, to submit the arbitration of the settlement to the differences which gave rise to the war."

"In this way particularly it is necessary to have in view the question whether England is right in alleging that any action was taken by the Republics which had for its object the suppression of the English element in the colonies of South Africa, and generally whether the Republics have made themselves guilty of any act, which, according to internationally recognized principles, would give England the right to deprive them of their independence."

Unile Emma Goldman, who is a creature of hysteria, La Bella Teresa has no love for theatrical display, and only on rare occasions takes to the platform.

In her early childhood her father kept the poor house at Molaret, and when she left her mountain home above the valley of the Dora she took up her abode with her maternal uncle, Igihna, in Turin.

Igihna was the moving spirit of the Maffatiori and a desperate anarchist. He was banished, and came to London, bringing Teresa with him in 1892. Here she first met Malatesta, who used his recruiting sergeant.

Her influence was too magnetic for weak men to resist. The murderer Bresci first met her in America in December, 1899.

He was married and had shown no worse taste till La Bella Teresa came into his life than to wear a tie and distribute anarchist tracts. She sold them to the plotter of the plot to murder the unfortunate King, and commissioned Bresci to carry it out; while Lana was sent to try to murder Queen Margherita. When Bresci went on his diabolical mission La Bella Teresa journeyed to London and waited for news.

**Her Early Life.**

In 1895 Teresa Igihna—her real name is Brugnoni—she had adopted her mother's surname—went to France as a delegate to the Italian Congress, accompanied by Malatesta. She gained an international reputation by charging the Socialists with encouraging trade unionism and declared the followers of Karl Marx were the enemies of freedom.

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The governments of the States represented by the undersigned are fully prepared, as soon as an opportunity thereto shall be afforded them, to substantiate the allegations herein made by setting forth and proving the particular facts to which they refer.

Since England sees fit to deny the rights of the peoples of the laws of warfare, the States represented by the undersigned consider that they may also in regard to this difference seek a decision of the permanent court of arbitration. Should the English give the Government an unavoidable reply that they will thereby be manifestly at fault, they dare not submit themselves to the judgment of a conventional court of inquiry.

The appeal is signed by W. J. Leyds, A. Fischer, A. D. W. Wolmarans, plenipotentiaries of the South African Republic, and A. Fischer, C. H. Wessels, plenipotentiaries of the Orange Free State.

## FOUND DEAD IN THE WATER.

Body of an Unknown Man Picked Up in Grenadier Pond.

Toronto, Sept. 28.—The body of an unknown man was found at three o'clock yesterday afternoon in Grenadier Pond on the west shore of Lake Ontario in Rennie's place. It was discovered by George Long and Daniel Bryson of Elgin Avenue, lying in shallow water scarcely knee-deep. Dr. Cotton, who was called in, said the body had been in the water ten hours. It was that of a man apparently between 65 and 70 years of age. He had a disfigured face, recently broken large mouth, closely-cropped grey hair, grey moustache and full beard, also closely cropped and full eyebrows. He was dressed in a blue check shirt, grey socks, heavy black boots, brown trousers, brown coat and vest, and black stiff hat. In his pockets were a quantity of tobacco and a little religious tract called "Forward," a copy of a Toronto evening paper of August 17, a bunch of sandwiches, a mittened hand, and a pocket comb. There was no clue to his identity.

"Nihilists Fenians, Anarchists, or whatever you call yourselves, your time is come. You can only invoke the terrorism of anarchy and statesmen—whether King, Emperor, Czar or Republican President. You do not want the slow evolution of government to unwind; it is too long, and delays are dangerous."

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*A few years ago Blue  
Ribbon Ceylon Tea was  
unknown, today it is a  
household word. Why?*

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"What do they want? What ought I to do?" Gillian says, breathing fast. "I have no one to advise me, you see. I haven't many friends. Couldn't you advise me what I ought to do?"

The childlike heart is so full of dismay, so terrified by a sense of its own ignorance and helplessness as to have or the time forgotten every suggestion of the other woman's feelings.

"How can I be your friend?" he asks, almost sternly, in his agitation. "How can I advise you, except to tell you to trust nobody—let yourself be persuaded or coaxed or coerced into going into a wrong country to your conscience and your heart's desire. If—if your wishes and desires and happiness lie in the way you are persuaded to go, then so far well and good. At any rate, I can't advise you any further," he adds abruptly and agitatedly.

"I feel it I have acted a sort of mother-hen to you in this matter; only you are so young and innocent and friendless—pardon my saying—so over-trustful and generous, that I thought it was less cowardly and cruel to warn you than to simply hold my tongue."

"How am I over-trustful and generous?" Gillian says, honestly puzzled. "Lady Damer said that, too. And—why cannot you and Anne be friends, if I wish it?"

"I quite agree with Lady Damer in that assertion, and at all events," he says, briefly, "you certainly do require a leave of worldly prudence and hardness in your disposition. For your second question, how can I be your friend, with honor? I told you so before."

Gillian remembers something else he has told her at the same time, and the light in his blue eyes as he told her that friendship between them was impossible and she tries to draw her hands away.

But George is a wild, unshapable and savage, and reckless, at his own course of painful pain dealing, and as a natural consequence does not shrink from making the girl suffer a little of the pain and discomfort he is enduring.

"I told you before that we couldn't be friends," he says, roughly. "We don't want men to be our friends, do we? I suppose, though you are young and innocent, you are not such a little baa-lamb as not to know a wolf when you see him!"

There is a certain suggestiveness in the sudden gleam of his eyes and the sharpness of his smile as he strides before her, looking down at her height and strength on her slim girlishness. In her clinging white gown and short-cut locks of bright brown hair, and Gillian resolutely takes her hands away from him, trembling a little, and biting her lips nervously.

"I am not a friend, Miss Deane," he says drawing a long breath, and the smile fading instantly. "I have wanted to tell you this since yesterday morning, and I was unwilling to intrude myself either into your society or your confidence. I will say good-bye to you now, and I will go; and I will not likely you will meet often during your visit at Mount Ossory. I never visit here, as I told you. I have no right to be here now. The hostess never invites me, and the host is not master in his own house."

"But, surely I may sometimes see such friends as I choose?" Gillian says, quickly, with a surprised look. George for the second and third time by an evidence of a latent will, and courage, and resolution which exists somewhere in the girl's unformed character. "Lady Damer is not my mother or my mistress, that I should give her any more obedience than is due from a visitor to her hotel."

"But I may not class myself amongst the friends who visit you, Miss Deane. I tell you that before, and you will soon see for yourself," George says, smiling faintly. "Will you think of what I have said? It has been hard to say it, and I trust to your discretion and forgiveness if I have offended you in any way."

"You have meant nothing but kindness, I am sure," she says, with a quick, upward glance of her dark, appealing eyes, "but you have made me very miserable. I shall not be able to feel I have a friend."

"No, sir, I will be your friend in any way that lies in my power. You may always command me, and trust me to serve you if occasion should arise; more, I cannot do. I cannot attempt to befriend you or advise you."

"Can't you?" she asks, with a slight, bitter disappointment, and her fingers begin anew to twist about the filmy green-white clematis blossoms.

"Well, I can ask Anne, and Anne can ask you," she says, falteringly, "when I want to be advised. Anne is so clever and sensible, and then, in that way, you and Anne can be friends with me, if you will be very good friends." She half-whispered with a pitiful little smile; "and when you told me you were poor, I thought I should like—if you wished—to lend you some money—it is quite my own in two years' time—if it would be useful to you, and Anne, and so on, and I could not wait and I went out—oh, some time ago."

"Well, upon my word!" Mr. Damer says, too incensed and disappointed to care if even Gillian perceives his thoughts. "George is a disgrace to his country. Whoever heard before of an Irishman being afraid to be

urges, gathering courage from his silence. George is silent because, in fact, he is dumbfounded by the suspicion, gathering certainty with each instant, that reveals to him all that has puzzled him, that overwhelms him with shame and mortification at his own absurd mistake.

"What do you mean?" Anne asks hurriedly. "Anne would much rather you didn't!" he adds, with a short laugh. "Anne's fortunes and mine are not bound together in any way, whatever you have been told or have imagined!" he adds, sharply.

"Lovers!" he exclaims, angrily. "Lovers?" Gillian asks, staring at him, and waiting with parted lips and pausing heart anxiously for his answer.

"Lovers!" he exclaims, angrily. "No, indeed! Who told you we were?"

"Nobody," falters Gillian, burning crimson in the tips of her ears, and dreadfully ashamed. "I fancied—you were, from the first moment I met you," she adds, meaningly, and looking at him resolutely despite her confusion. "I was sure you were attached to each other."

"So we are," answers George, coolly. "We are the greatest regard for and respect for him, for she is as kind as a sister to me; but there is not an idea of anything more than friendship between us."

"You are sure?" Gillian asks, in a very low, clear, quiet voice, as she partly turns her face away, and stoops to snuff the verbenas, thrusting the small, soft weeds in amongst the long, green, crisp leaves.

"Quite sure!" George says curtly, but laughing. "Well, good-bye, Miss Deane."

Gillian turns around, keeping her hand which supports her head partly shielding her face—that and the Mahon's farm, and have tea and a dance in their barn, with Irish fiddles and pipers, and show our little cousin—"with her hand on Gillian's shoulder again—some of our rustic songs."

"Yes, faith, and have Mahon expecting a reduction of ten per cent. on this half year's rent on the strength of it!" Mr. Damer says, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I don't know how you're going to get us all over the hills after our luncheon, my lady."

"Speaking for myself, and myself and my son, and I am fourteen odd. Think of us, my dear," he says to Gillian, "two fat old fellows climbing a mountain to get a dinner, and then climbing another to have a dance. Troth, my lady, I'll be reckoned among the missin' if I'm not among the slain at your festivitie."

And for this frolicsome speech Mr. Damer receives such a scathing flash of impatient contempt from his large lady's cold, keen eyes that he fairly winces.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to favor us with an improvement of the programme since you dispense?" George says, coolly.

"Oh, faith, we'll wash my hands of it altogether!" Mr. Damer says, rather shortly and resentfully. "You rejected my programme altogether, you know."

"You are inaccurate, as usual, my dear Mr. Damer," her ladyship says, coolly. "It was your favorite, George Archer, who overthrew your programme. We were in a most agreeable frankness and frankness he refused my invitation to the picnic, and kindly informed us we could use Darragh Castle for our dance and supper in the evening as he would not be at home. Did any one ever hear anything so exquisitely hospitable as that?"

"I am afraid I should be covetous and greedy—Irishmen are, they say."

"Covetous and greedy?" she repeats with her good little trembling laugh.

"Yes," she says, with her hands in his once more: "I should want much more than your money before I accepted it!"

And then he stoops his broad shoulders and his fair head, and kisses her hand, kisses the soft little pinky fair arm under the lace pletings, twice, thrice over, and then dashes away through the darkening trees and lonely woodlands from Mount Ossory, as he had been guilty of a crime, and had stabbed fair Gillian amongst the flowers, instead of leaving her to ponder over a paradox, and to hide those tall-tale crimson marks on the soft, warm little arm.

A long time afterward, when Mr. Damer, resting at home again—it having taken that worthy gentleman three-quarters of an hour to take off one coat and put on another—she is hiding those tell-tale marks still with her happy tears, alone with the treasure of her new-found, glad, sweet home in the happy twilight.

"That is George?" Mr. Damer demands, after searching glance into every corner of the room, up on the window sill and into the recess behind Anne's harp.

"Oh, yes, I know," she says, hurriedly, starting up and keeping well in the shadow of the window curtains. "He had to go away, he said. Mr. Damer, and he did not come back, and I went out—oh, some time ago."

"Well, upon my word!" Mr. Damer continues, watching her with a keen side-glance.

"And was so discourteous and inhospitable into the bargain!" Gillian adds, with a pretty girl for a few minutes?"

### CHAPTER XII.

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Damer?" Lady Jeanette demands to ask her wedded lord. "Think of the weather, my dear?" Mr. Damer answers with alacrity, being so honored. "Why—upon my honor—I don't know what to think. I'm afraid the fine weather has lasted a little too long."

"Fraction!" Lady Jeanette says,

with a supercilious little grimace.

"What am I to make of the oracular question? Bingham, what do you think?"

"I think your picnic will have the usual fate of picnics. Aunt Jeanette," Captain Lacy says, coolly. "A deliciously beginning, ending in torrents of rain, and incalculable rheumatism. However, if we all take our umbrella, like the country man in Punch, we shan't be disappointed."

"You bird of ill-omen," her ladyship says, dropping her eye-glass, with which she has been surveying the appearance of air, earth and sky, it being so honored. "And what do you think?"

"I think it is very short-sighted," she finds it useful, and the play of half-dimmed glasses is capable of much, and rather pretty and piquant in expressiveness.

"And what does our pet think?" her ladyship continues with her sweetest smile, laying her long, bony, white hand, with its diamond ring, on Gillian's head.

"I think what everybody else thinks," Gillian says simply, blushing uncomfortably, and trying to shrink away from the touch of Lady Damer's hand.

These sugared words and bland smile, and absurdly caressing epithets, which are bestowed in unlimited measure on Gillian by her hostess, have the result of possessing the gift of an unnatural sweetness.

"You are two impudent creatures!" Lady Damer says, with her sharp laugh, showing her long, blushing white teeth.

She is always "pairing" Gillian and Captain Lacy in one fashion or another.

"But it will be too bad if our day be spoiled by the weather," she says, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"It is very needful, however," he says, coolly. "You yourself may be practising policy at this moment, Miss Damer."

"How so?" Gillian asks, rather sharply, but smiling.

"You may be wishing me a hundred miles off and some one else in my place beside you, but you are too kind and courteous to tell me so plainly; you are practicing a considerate policy toward me, in a word," he says, coolly.

"What reason have I given you to interfere with me?" Gillian demands, angrily, blushing and speaking at a cold, offended tone.

"Very little reason—none at all, I might say," he replies, gently, and his voice is as soft as a woman's, modulated and persuasive. "Your considerate policy is only from the dictates of a naturally kind disposition and a gentle heart. But one learns a thing intuitively some time."

Gillian is silent, vaguely understanding the gently-spoken approach. "How do you like mountain climbing?" he says the next minute, pleasantly. "This is your first attempt, isn't it? I hope that you won't decide to-day that it shall be your last."

"Why?" Gillian asks, smiling. "I don't find it so very arduous an undertaking as yet, and I think the air delighted me, and the view is splendid. I never saw anything like it."

"Miss Damer, the idea of March has come, but they have not yet gone," Captain Lacy says, with an emphatic shake of his head. "Do you see those snow-white clouds all gathering over that dark, low land to the right?"

"Yes. How awfully dark and sultry that place looks! What is it?" Gillian asks, with a little shoulder shrug.

"You are sure it will rain?" Gillian asks, with a little amused dimple.

"I am afraid," he repeats, tragically. "It always rains in Clemenach, except on three days of the year, people say. On those days I did not happen to come, I suppose. It always rains in broad Doric," he adds, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Several times in summer, coldly smiling, whilst he glances scrutinizingly at the changing expression of the face which is kept now a little averted, with eyes studiously bent on the mosses and scrubby heather at her feet. "I've been here with him on his geological expeditions—right across the country, and all the time I had terrible dreams, and in the morning there was a lump in my side as big as an apple. Now what do you think I had lain all night on a diamond sunburst that had given me all those bad dreams and nearly broke a rib. Such methods of hiding valuables are barbarous."

The retired burglar looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said in a prophetic voice:

"And one night I slept in the guest chamber of a gentleman who was out of town with his family. I never slept so badly—in an elegant room and in a matress bed with \$100 pounds of white hair. I had horrible dreams, and in the morning there was a lump in my side as big as an apple. Now what do you think I had lain all night on a diamond sunburst that had given me all those bad dreams and nearly broke a rib. Such methods of hiding valuables are barbarous."

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"May the blessing of Heaven rest upon you all!" he said, and then he disappeared.

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