

Athens Reporter

NEWS TOPICS OF A WEEK

IMMEDIATE EVENTS IN FEW WORDS FOR BUSY READERS.

A Complete Record of the Week's Happenings Carefully Compiled and Put into Handy and Attractive Shape for the Readers of Our Paper.

Subscription information: 10c per copy, 10c per week, 10c per month, 10c per quarter, 10c per year.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Business notices: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

Advertisements: 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for subsequent insertions.

DID HE KILL HIMSELF?

Suspicious Death in the Queen City—Was Got the Insurance?

Toronto, Aug. 28.—Last April John L. ...

The body of a man about 60 years of age was found in ...

The partly-decomposed body of W. D. ...

The New England coast has been swept by a storm which destroyed shipping and did much damage on land.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

The quantity of grain arriving at Montreal for export continues to be unusually large.

The New C.P.R. grain tariff for Manitoba and the Northwest has been announced.

The Ontario Bureau of Statistics has issued a bulletin on the crops of 1893.

THE VERGE OF DEATH

There was great excitement at Newell's ranch.

Miss Rose Newell was coming out from the east to visit her father, and the employees of the ranch, with three exceptions, were on the tiptoes of expectancy.

Those three exceptions were old Barton and his wife and James Lyall, Deacon Jim, as he was more commonly called.

The morning of the day on which Miss Rose was to arrive at the ranch, with the exception of Deacon Jim, spent two hours or more in making preparations for the event.

Deacon Jim alone appeared in his ordinary everyday clothing.

"Why don't you fix up, deacon," some one asked, "and do the honors of the occasion?"

"I don't propose to make a fool of myself," Jim replied, "by parading before Miss Newell like a circus clown. I'm not so anxious to show off what little clothing I own, and I guess she's seen better days."

"Humph! Have you fellows got an idea that Miss Newell is going to take any notice of you? It's hardly likely she's going to come out here and see you in that sort of a way."

"I don't know," Jim replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

A FULL HARVEST

Another minute would have been upon her.

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

There she felt a pair of strong arms about her.

She was lifted up and set upon a horse's back.

A man sprang quickly in front of her to the saddle, and planting his spurs in the animal's side swept away at full speed.

There were a few minutes of uncertainty, a few minutes fraught with terror, alternating with hope and despair.

Then it was over, and amid a wild shout from the assembled cowboys, the horse halted at the ranch, with the hard sweep of his new rider's spurs.

It was Deacon Jim who had saved Miss Newell's life, and everybody agreed that he had performed a brave deed.

Every Anson said he admitted that Jim, however he considered his act of every little consequence except for the result, and he did not like her to be mentioned.

The next morning Miss Rose sent for Jim, and blushing and trembling he went to her room.

She was lying on a couch looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her before.

She thanked him profusely for her rescue, and showed not only by language but by her looks how truly grateful she was.

How the deacon ever came to see it no one could surmise, and even he could never account for such boldness and audacity.

"Miss Newell," he said, "do you see a service in a glorious reward of itself. To save your life, believe me, is a privilege worth living for."

Then, blushing at his own temerity, he arose to leave the room, but she held out her hand to him.

Soon it became known about that the deacon and Miss Newell were to be married in a few days and that the deacon was to become a half owner of the ranch.

This information was not pleasant to Anson and Ab, but bitter as it was they had to swallow it.

"I can tell you how it came about," said old Barton, "it's a girl of sense, she looks that takes with her, but it's the way she does. Jim won her by his actions, which appealed to her heart, while you chased her to win her by your dress. If it's clothes a girl wants to marry, she can best take you fellows all hollow by going to a clothing store and buying a suit."

"Blamed if I don't believe she could!" said Anson.—Boston Globe.

Slavery in Siam.

Slavery in Siam has been abolished in name, but it can never be abolished in fact, for the slaves have no means of supporting themselves outside their masters' houses.

Every member of the Buddhist upper class has a man who has been to Europe, and who once actually got into serious trouble for trying to agitate a sort of woman's rights movement in Siam.

I made my way by mistake into a part of his grounds which he had fastened down to the ground in an ingenious kind of pillory in which he could not move hand or foot, while another slave tortured him with a succession of a bamboo rod at the word of a member of the family in order to force him to confess to some mischief.—Contemporary Review.

Curious Marriage Presents.

One New Jersey clergyman received for a marriage fee in a monogrammed envelope a bridegroom ticket of the railroad.

Another got something neatly wrapped in paper. He took it to a grocer, told him that it was a wedding card, but he had not opened it, and did not know what it was, but would give it to him, "eighty cents," for a watermelon.

The grocer agreed, the dominie seized his melon, and the grocer found in the paper a silver 3-cent piece. One day later, the grocer, who had been told to do some gardening, was thinking the depleted old gloves might be useful after all. He attempted to put them on, but the 10 fingers there was a \$3 bill.—True Bostonian.

He Had to Go.

We were about 70 miles to the northeast of Santa Fe when we met a man driving a span of mules attached to a light wagon.

He was a rough looking chap, and his mules had been hard pulled, but he reached the head of the train, and if we had entertained any suspicions they were soon dispelled by his statements. He was down and pulled a tombstone out of the back end of the wagon and said:

"You passed my cabin back there at Blue Jay creek about seven miles from here. Bill lives there with the old woman for the last 10 years. She died about two weeks ago."

"And what about this tombstone?"

"Well, I wanted one for my grave, and I went up to Santa Fe to look around. Got this one of a cheap for \$3."

"But, man, this won't answer for your wife's grave. The inscription reads, 'Sacred to the memory of Jim Whelan, who was shot Dec. 14, 1891, by Jack Henry.'"

"Does it read that way?"

"Of course. Can't you read?"

"Not a line."

"Whoever sold you this stone took advantage of you and ought to be punished. Well, now, to be honest about it, I said the man was returned the stone to the wagon, 'nobody didn't sell it to me. I stole it out of the graveyard myself, and I loaded her up and put the mules on the run. I felt as if the old woman ought have something to mark her grave, and I wasn't able to come down with the cash."

"And what will you do with it?"

"Take her home and set her up. She's got to go. I can't afford to lose three days' time over this job. I don't keep so much about names and dates and particulars, but I'm after something to write on your dress and ornament the old gal's last resting place. I'll do first rate, and if any of 'em up their greasewood, don't let on that you stole the bereaved on this 'ere trail."—M. QUINN.

Cur-Set Faring.

"What part of speech is kiss?" asked a teacher at Vassar college.

"A conjunction," replied one of the smart girls.

"Wrong," said the teacher severely; "next girl."

"A noun," put in a demure maiden.

"In no sense a noun!" continued the proctor.

"Well—it is both a common and proper noun," answered the shy girl, who was noted for her wit.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The first cabin was built on the site of Salt Lake City in 1847.

Iceland is not as cold as many parts of the United States.

An American moon-meat and Italian less than the price of any other nation.

Since 1850 \$7 worth of wheat a part of the name was "City of" which was wrecked or lost.

In ancient days nearly all Greek cities were divided in white. Any other color was considered impure.

The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelation contains more words than any other verse in the New Testament.

Now that its name from the Latin word "nunc," the ninth hour, which among the Christians was the time of setting the table for the day.

THE VERGE OF DEATH

There was great excitement at Newell's ranch.

Miss Rose Newell was coming out from the east to visit her father, and the employees of the ranch, with three exceptions, were on the tiptoes of expectancy.

Those three exceptions were old Barton and his wife and James Lyall, Deacon Jim, as he was more commonly called.

The morning of the day on which Miss Rose was to arrive at the ranch, with the exception of Deacon Jim, spent two hours or more in making preparations for the event.

Deacon Jim alone appeared in his ordinary everyday clothing.

"Why don't you fix up, deacon," some one asked, "and do the honors of the occasion?"

"I don't propose to make a fool of myself," Jim replied, "by parading before Miss Newell like a circus clown. I'm not so anxious to show off what little clothing I own, and I guess she's seen better days."

"Humph! Have you fellows got an idea that Miss Newell is going to take any notice of you? It's hardly likely she's going to come out here and see you in that sort of a way."

"I don't know," Jim replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "but you don't know what you're missing."

"I don't know," Deacon replied, "but I don't care. I'm going to look my best, and I'm going to be as good as I can be."

"That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's visit."

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to see her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," Deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for me."

THE VERGE OF DEATH

There was great excitement at Newell's ranch.

Miss Rose Newell was coming out from the east to visit her father, and the employees of the ranch, with three exceptions, were on the tiptoes of expectancy.

Those three exceptions were old Barton and his wife and James Lyall, Deacon Jim, as he was more commonly called.

The morning of the day on which Miss Rose was to arrive at the ranch, with the exception of Deacon Jim, spent two hours or more in making preparations for the event.