THE ATHENS REPORTER, AUG. 2, 1911.

ndifference.

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Mme.J.B. Renaud Montreal

incidentally mentioned that she had met Mrs. Bright, who was in great distress about her son.

"What lias happened to him, Aunt Constance?" asked Vane, with assumed

"I thought I said that he was in love

with this girl-wished to marry her, in fact-and is so troubled at her refusa

that he has determined to leave Eng-

"Ah!" ejaculated Vane, looking up suddenly, her coid blue eyes shining like stars. "Reuben Morris has gone to Aus-

tralia, you say?" "He starts at the end of the week; he



room look so small and shabby before. The delicate gleam of Vane's white gar-The denoate gream of values while gain ments contrasted strongly with her own dingy, dust-stained black dress, the placid beauty of Miss Charteris' face brought back the thrill of pain to her heart. How different they were! Who

was she, to compete with such a woman. She roused herself from her thoughts as she met Vane's cold clear eyes watch

ing her. * "I beg your pardon," she said quick-ly, yet with unspeakable grace. "You have had a long drive; may I give you a cup of tea-or perhaps you would prefer some milk?" She moved toward an inner room; but Vane stopped ner. "Neither, thank you," she replied cold-h-- she was growing more and more "Neither, thank you," she replied cold-h-- she was growing more and more "Neither, thank you," she replied cold-h-- she was growing more and more "Neither, thank you," she replied cold-h-- she was growing more and more "Neither, thank you," she replied cold-h-- she was growing more and more sign to the grossness of the insults that had been offered her. Suddenly her strength failed, and, with a groan, she "I beg your pardon," she said quick-

ly-she was growing more and more such back on her chair, hurring her annoyed every moment. She was being face in her hands. The thought of her annoyed every moment. She was being treated with every courtesy, with all re-gard for etiquette, as though her host-ess were a duchess instead of a common village girl! It was insupportable; she must hasten to break down that calm ex-terior which irritated her beyond mea-terior which irritated her beyond mea-ure "Sither thank you" she remeated. sure. "Neither, thank you," she repeated, tion of Stuart from her, to think of him

unce, but not before she had seen the she could not succeed. Her mind would girl's slight frame wince and her cheeks grow paler.

still grasping the chair. A few moments before she had thought it impossible to suffer greater mental pain than she had endured; now she was experiencing pangs still greater. for her wound was being probed. Weak, faint from want ing probed. Weak, faint from want graded her shamefully, her love was of food as she was, she determined to be brave, to stand firm before this woman still the same.

-her rival. "I scarcely know how to begin." conand concern. "It is a delicate subject; yet I could not well refuse Stuart." She hesitated for an instant tinued Vane, with well-assumed kindness hesitated for an instant, then held out her well-gloved hand. "Miss Daw," she said impulsively, "will you forgive me if anything I may say in the course of our conversation should vex you? I would not indeed willingly cause you any pain." Margery's eves were fixed on the golden-tinted trees beyond the garden: the door, and began to think.

she did not notice the outstretched hand. "Why should you cause me pain?" she asked, in reply. "There is nothing in

Common between you and me." Vane let her hand drop to her side: den pain, and her whole frame shake girl's control? this

"I am glad you judge me rightly." she no other course onen to her-she must go, and soon. Ah. if she could but rush "I am giad you judge me rightly. she responded, "for I am and have been much distressed by my errand. Stuart has asked me, Miss Daw to express to you his sincere sympathy in the loss you have sustained by the death of Mrs. away at once, and let the veil of dark-ness cover her humiliation! But whither Morris. He begs me to tell you that he trusts you will apply at the castle now could not meet Robert--poor Robert! Like a flash of light in darkness cam that you are left without a guardian. He has enlisted his mother's good-will the remembrance of Miss Lawson, and a your behall, and he sends you this nall sum to assist toward anything you ay require." She held out a small packet as she was not a week ago. This must be her the letter from her sister. small sum to assist toward anything you may require.

finished, and had the satisfaction of see-ing Margery's lips twitch as with sud-den pain, and her whole frame shake with passion beneath the insult.

tremnung, and used on her bonnet. She would go to Miss Lawson at once; the place might still be vacant; she might start perhaps in the morning! The thought leut her strength. She forced was his intention to write to you as far back as last Thursday," went on Vane, "but he had the misfortune to, nerver in her body was quivering from nerve in her body was quivering from break his right arm, and writing was impossible; therefore, as he though you The simp impossible: therefore, as he though you would require some explanation from him, he asked me to come." "I thank you," fell from Margery's beit a message for Reuben at the next cuttage and started in a the next

She leaned back languidly in her chair and somehow the thought struck Mar-gery that she had never seen the little low her to notice him at all, there would be sufficient to fire Stuart's anger and determination to learn the truth; and then-

Vane's face flushed at the thought of the humiliation she would undergo in in such a case; and she registered a vow In such a case; and she registered a tow that she would never permit it to hap-pen. Margery must go and at once. Margery remained standing at the door as Vane walked down the path. She did net more so in a dim way the saw did not move as, in a dim way, she saw

Lczema on Leg for 25 Years

<text> sure. "Neither, thank you," she repeated, "I shall not stay long. It is, as you say, a tedious drive; but my cousin, Stuart the one man who had darkened the glory of life for her, as the man who had plucked the sweet blossom of her love only to trample it under foot; but grow paler. "That shot went home!" she told her-met, till it wandered to that day in Weald Wood, when, with her hand clasp

(uticura) Soap and Ointment attord the speediest and most economical treas-ment for affectuous of the skin and scalp. A state rable of Cutients Scap and box of Cuti-cura Olstment are often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Sole Props. Boston. Send for free 33-page Outieurs Book on treatment of skin diseases. She shook back her wealth of red-gold curls and rose to her feet; she was grow ing calmer. She reflected that she had yet to plan her future. She pushed the chair to the door-way and sunk into it The sun was sinking behind the woods the air was soft and balmy-its touc

seemed like a kiss upon her cheek. Th musical note of a bird twittering it ite "Have you spoken to Reuben?" she "good-night" amid the leaves. th asked. ble of the distant brook, soothed her. She leaned her weary head against the "No; but I will at once. He leaves Hurstley himself at the end of the

week. "Well, I am heartily glad, chiid, you have decided on this. I think you will One idea stood out clearly — she must leave Hurstley. She dared not even picture to herself a future in the village be happy" "I shall be away from here, and that where her eyes would rest on Stuart smil ing on that cold, cruel woman-where she must sit down beneath a repetition of insult that had already roused her spirit almost to madness. No, there was will be enough," was Margery's mut tered thought.

"I will speak to Mrs. Carr to-night She will spare me to-morrow. I know, continued Miss Lawson. "You must h ready about eight in the morning. Mar Your luggage will not be gery. perhaps you can arrange with Reuben to take it for you to the corner of the and to whom could she go? Reuben could not take her with him. Mrs. Bright would welcome her for awhile; but she Bright lane. and I will meet you there with the

village fly. "Thank you." said Margery again. All was settled, and a feeling of peace

stole into her breast. She would dis-appear-leave behind her everything her sister. late? It hat recalled her brief dream of bliss, chance. She rose hurriedly, her limbs trembling, and tied on her bonnet. She

fully.

"You

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gloves slowly. "I scarcely think that, Vane," she replied, "for Margery Daw has refused to become his wife. His mother is highly incensed and greatly troubled, poor creature, about it. No, I cannot think that, Vane." SHERLOCK IN SUMMER.

"It will prove to be the truth, nevertheless," Miss Charteris said, quietly; adding, "and, as such, it is welcome as a in the country? Bocker-Yes, and he can't find any of his clothes in the bureau. full and complete solution to a difficult and disagreeable question. Poor Stuart

EASY FOR THEM. - I am sorry for him!" Mrs. Crosbie glanced at her niees, leaning languidly against the open win-(Puck) (Puck) Mrs. Dorcas—This is a harder world for women than it is for men. Dorcas—Don't you believe it. A woman can find relief any time by merely taking off her shoes and unlacing her corsets. dow, almost frail-looking in her delicate white gown, and could scarcely reconcile the strong, cold, relentless spirit with so lovely an exterior. For an instant a feeling of disgust at this girl's calm

trickery and deceit, and at her own share in the matter, passed over her. Then her pride came to the rescue, and she consoled herself with the thought that tuart had been saved from dishonor and trouble, and that Vane had don well. She bent and kissed her niece's delicate cheek.

"Yes, you are right," she said, thought-ully. "The problem is solved. and you have done it. I can not thank you en A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

ough, Vane." "Do not thank me at all." the gir whispered. "You know why Idid it-it was my love for Stuart that prompted Miss Knicker-That young man never nows when to go home. Mr. Knicker-No wonder; his father

me. Some day he will thank me, perhaps. Yet for the present I fear he will suf-THIS SURELY MEANS WAR. "With you near, Vane, that will not

Mrs. Crosbie left the room. The next day came, and Stuart still lived in his bliesful dreams. Then with a Capt. Hobson's attention is called to the fact that the team of Jap ball-players has been observed inspecting the American batteries. rough hand they were ruthlessly shat

tered. Vane was reading in the colon-nade that afternon, when she heard hur-ried steps aproaching, and, on looking up, saw Stuart. his face as white as his tenis-coat, beside her. "What is it, Stuart?" she asked hur-iedur (Harper's Bazar.) First Little Surburban Girl.-Why does your father go to town every day? Second Little Surburban Girl.-To make encugh money to sleep out here at night.

riedly

"Vane, something has happened s strange and yet so absurd that, were that recailed her brief dream of bliss, her agony of grief. Stuart would be troubled no more with the sight of her sad face to dim his happiness. He had without heart, mind or pride—a toy with which to while away the long. dull hours: and, as as he had forgotten her —as she had gone from his memory— she would creep away in deed and in truth. She felt, as she sat in the twi-light of the room that had seen her so often in her young. fresh coutent, that she would be satisfied if her name could ne for support, "that it quite stag-gred me. Of course there is some mis-take; but it haunts me. nevertheless.



The faith in immortal life is the great poetic achievement of the human

mind. Belief in immortality is the one thing that makes this world habitable for be-ings constructed like ourselves. The destructon of the sublime con-ception of immortality would be like de-priving a planet of its atmosphere. The crude primeval ghost world is always closedly associated with the ethi-cal side of life; out of this association have grown some of the most solossal

have grown some of the most colossal governing agencies by which the devel-opment of human society has been influ-The fact that primitive man misstated his relation to the Unseen World in no wise militates against the truth of his

(New York Sun) Knicker-Is the great detective's wife in the country? assumption that such a world exists. Primitive theorizing is sure to be faulty (a primitive instinct is likely to be

true). The belief in a future life is coevil with the beginnings of the human race, in the history of evolution.

the diferential attributes of humanity. Man is not the only animal that pos-sesses articulate speech and the power of reasoning: he is the only creature who

leath. That wholesale tskepticism which is That wholesale competitions whatever exists or has existed in the shape of an ancient belief that violent outbreak of materialistic atheism of the eighteenth century, is surely one of the most mournful epi-sodes in the history of human thought. We ver cometimes are entertained by We yet sometimes are entertained by a belated eighteenth century naturalist who is fully persuaded that his denial

exampled resolution.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth cen-tury. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowa days. In 1480, however, they were be-ginning to be cultivated, for Holinshel

The belief in a future life is one .of expects to survive the event of physica

who is fully persuaded that his denial of human immortality is an inevitable corollary from the foctrine of evolution. The more we try to explain, the bet-ter we realize that we live in a world of

unexampled resolution. Those who seek to prove anything by the evidence of disembodied spirits who hold communication with certain med-iums are not likely to make much im-pression upon minds trained to investi-cetion.

ration. How to Cure Toothache.

new to cure Toothache. Any aching tooth can be relieved in-stantly with Nerviline. Fill the cavity with batting dipped in Nerviline and rub the gums with Nerviline also. If the face is swollen and sore bathe the pain-ful parts with Nerviline and cover with a flannel. This can't fail because Nervi-line kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. Stronger, quicker, more satisfactory than any other lim-ment, Nerviline has been the largest ael-ler for nearly fifty years; try it your-

(Detroit Free Press) "Help, help! I'm drowning!" cried the young woman at the seashore. "Wt're all married men here!" shouted one of the crowd on the beach. "Never mind, then." replied the young woman. "Till get to shore myself." ler for nearly fifty years; try self. 25c per bottle.

WILD STRAWBERRIES.

A CROSS-COUNTRY RUN. (Chicago Daily News) Property man. Did your company have a long run in Skiduuk? Comedian-They chased us only two miles out. VOLUNTARY.

(Washington "Herad") "My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?" "I got out," replie Weary Wombat with dignity. "I didn't hafter be thrown out."

(New York Sun.)

(Marion (O.) Star.)

HER REASON.

A WASTED EFFORT.

COMPARATIVE SPEEDS.

"Yes, sir?" "Have you ever been to the Zoo?" "No, sir, why do you ask?" "I was just thinking how thrilling rouvd find it to sit and watch the tor-cises go whizzing by."

GETTING BACK.

APPROPRIATE.

CONSOLATION

(New York Sun.)

(Washington Star)

"Waiter." 'Yes, sir?"

lips in cold strained tones.

"Then I may feave this?" Vane said interrogatively, rising and placing the packet on the table, "And you will pro-mise to apply at the castle with respect to anything concerning your future? I believe, but I am not sure, that Mrs. Crosbie has already written to some Margery made no answer, and Miss Charteris waited a few moments, and then moved to the door, feeling strange-ly uncomfortable, and by no means vie-

torious. She looked back as she stood at the door. "You have no reply ?" she asked.

"Mr. Crosbie's explanation requirenone." Margery answered, still in the same cold even tones. questions. "Then I will wish you good-after-

noon.

"Stay!" eried Margery: and Vane turned toward her. "You have forgot-ten your packet." Margery added, pointing to the table. ane took it up without a word. Then

a thought seemed to strike her, and she turned the money round and round in her hand, hurriedly.

"Perhaps you will write to Stuart or to his .nother?" gery's eyes met Vane's in an un-

flinching gaze. "Write!" she repeated, with unuter

de scorn and pride in the word. "There indead ditule in common between us. estion deserves no answer.

Vane's brown contracted. She urned and walked quickly to the carriage, and entering it, grove swiftly away. Her entering it arove swiftly away. musings were not altogether pleasant during the first mile or so of her return journ v. See had succeeded and succeede

ceeded so well that she need never fear Margery Daw again: yet her spirit was "The sooner the better-in fact, tovexed even at her victory, for. though she had forever separated Stuart and this girl, she had not lowered her rival answered, with a weary smile, pushing aside her curls.

the dust, as she had intended. This thought rankled for some time: then her mind wandered to the more im matter of dealing with Stuart. She had no settled plan; but, as he was still so unwell, there would be a day or two yet in which to arrange matters. For the present she must satisfy him when there: you can repay me out of your first quarter's salary." Margery bent her lips to Miss Lawloving messages and explain that Margery was too distressed by her grief son's hand.

to accompany her back to the castle. She see her aunt immediately, and get she whispered; "you are too good to

her to use her influence in some way to have the girl sent from the village. It would never do to risk a meeting be with a jerk; but her face bore no trace tween Stuart and Margery, for though of anger.

cottage, and started in feverish haste for the rectory, losing all thought of fatigue in the rush of eager desire and hope that burned within her. Miss Lawson was seated at her win-Miss Lawson, turning from her writow, writing, when her eyes fell on ing desk, saw the plaintive look on the Margery's figure coming rapidly up the path. The governess noted the girl's pale cheeks, her worn look of pain. and figure coming rapidly up the girl's face. "What is it, Margery?" she asked,

abruptly. Margery broke from her thoughts. "I was wishing," she began, then he er heart thrilled with sympathy. "Well, child?" she said, as the girl came in "Miss Lawson--" began Margery, and

"I was wisning," she began, then hesi-tated, rose suddenly, and went and stood beside her governess, putting one then her rapid walk told on her. and she ittle hand on the elder woman's. are so kind, so thoughtful," she said, had receied to a chair.

The governess rose, untied her bongently. "You ask me no questions, do not examine me as to why I have come to-night. I must leave Hurstley, and at net, and held a glass of water to her lips. She saw at a glance that something was wrong; but she asked no once: there is a reason, but I cannot tel

you yet. Still, you will believe me and trust me, will you not? Yes, yes, I know you will. I have only you to help bee now in the whole world, and you will out fell unt? "You have walked too quickly, as usual. Margery," was all she observed as she turned away with the glass. "I wanted to see you." murmured Margery, then, after a brief pause, she murmured ot fail me." 'You wish me to do something more?' added slowly. "You remember what you

"I want to be lost to Hurstley. said. Miss Lawson, that evening we parted you would help me? I have come to claim that promise. I want--" ant no one but you to know where I ave gone. I want you to keep my sec-"Tell me what you want." "I want what I refused that night-Miss Lawson drew the girl into the

Miss Lawson drew the girl into the fast-fading light, and scrutinized her face earnestly, almost sternly. The weary sadness in the beautiful eyes, the trembling lips, the wistful expression, told their tale. Miss Lawson was satisto leave Hurstley-go away altogether. Is it too late oh, Miss Lawson, is it too late to go to that young lady?" Miss Lawson looked at her keenly "No." she replied: "it is not too late. Strangely enough. I have heard from 'd. "Yes," she promised, "I will do as you my sister again, urging me to persuade ish-your secret shall be safe." This letter I am writing to her

CHAPTER XIII. I can tear it up." Margery felt the first thrill of pleas-Immediately on her return to the cas-

ure she had experienced during during the long dreary day. Vane Charteris sought her aunt, and hispered to her the success of her mis "And soon-I may go soon !" she ask-Mrs. Crosbie willingly agreed to

drive over early the next morning, and see what could be done with respect to spatching Margery from the viliage; and Vane went up to her room, both satsfied and triumphant. Stuart's eager-

ness was fed by fictitious tender mes-sages from Margery, which Vane uttered glibly and without the slightest effort: "Then I will telegraph to my sister in the morning, when you start. I will go with you to Chesterham and see and so the first part of her plot proved most successful. She learned from her aunt that the mother and son had met. you into the train, and I think you had better get yourself one or two things and that Mrs. Crosbie had carried out her part to the letter, thereby causing

tuart no little surprise and pleasure. The news of Margery's disuppearance came like a thunder-clap to Vane. She "I can never thank you sufficiently." ad never contemplated this denoue-

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ment, and was a little puzzled how next to act, until Mrs. Crosbie, in recounting the occurrences of her morning's drive,

be forgotten by Hurstley ake; but it haunts me, with her departure, the veil of mystery that hung over her birth might envelop her in its folds, and she might be lost. Vane, will you drive me to the village? he asked abruptly. "I must make in uiries."

"Willingly:" and Vane at once put lown her book.

"How good you are!" exclaimed Stuart trying to force a smile. "You are in-deed a friend."

(To be Continued) Fatal Catarrh. It Causes the Weak to Die Young

and Invariably Leads to In-

curable Consumption.

Catarrhi has at least one fortunate feature—it can be cured by "Catarrh-ozone." In every case this remedy gives instant relief. Never was it known to nstant relief. fail in curing thoroughly. Mr. Archibald Bass, of New Harbor,

Knicker-My wife is always praising he men she rejected for me. Brcker-Never mind; she will praise ou to her second husband. writes: "Catarrhozone proved a remarkable remedy in my case. I suffered ter-ribly from catarrh in the throat and

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE. nose, and was so stuffed up every morn-ing I could barely draw my breath. The us dropped back into my stomach upset my digestion and kept me sick all the time. Catarrhozone relieved in " short time and cured perfectly." Surely

your case isn't worse than this. Cat-arrhozone will cure if you give it the chance. The complete ontfit lasts two months and costs \$1; this size is guaranteed to cure. Sample size 25c., at all dealers. Get Catarrhozone to-day!

HE IDENTIFIED HER. (New York Sun.)

Three o'clock was the very earliest the Three oclock was the very earliest like man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then. " I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before 3 I will telephone the clerk at the information bureau near the main entrance and if you will just step over and ask him where I am he will tell you." At two minutes past three the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

nel has anything.

At two information as to the whereabouts of his wifer mattion as to the whereabouts of his wifer who said her husband from a woman, who said her husband would inquire for her about 3 o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you that she has gone over to Blank's store over on Sixth avenue to finish her shop-over on Sixth avenue to finish her shop-over on the store over the said to tell you induce the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill-ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted her find anything here and this is posit-ively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course, that might not have been your wife-" "Oh, yes," said the man, "that was she, all right." A man naturally has his hair cuc

when he doesn't want it any 4onger.

THE REAL SORROW records under that (Baltimore American.) "Did your operation cost you much

fine crop grown by the Bishop of Ely on the grounds of his palace, now cov-ered by Hatton Garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as "Yes, but I didn't mind that so much as the dollars it cost." He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the Bishop, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakes-pears in "Richard III." Still, even the bickie's fauit would not sensal much to (Louisville Courier-Journal.) "On your way," shouled the lady of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nuthin' you could do arcund here." "Eut madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer, with dignity. 'I could give you a few lessons in grammar." Biship's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about 4d. a bushel.-1.ondon (Boston Transcript) Figg-What are you baving carved on he photographer's tombstone Fogg-Taken from life," Chronicle

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by practically all druggists, grocers and general stores throughout Canada. They kill many times more flies than any other article.

STREET MEETINGS.

STREET MEETINGS. (Montreal Witness) We must have in Montreal one law for very form of religion and if the Jews want to hold a religious meeting they have smuch right to as any other body, and must be protected in that right with the acting Mayor draws a distinction-ary reasonable one-ostwoen preach-ery like those of the Salvation Army, who hold meetings for no other purpose who hold meetings for no other purpose who hold meetings for no other purpose familiar to the police, the penjae would not be prepared to make police with the present to make police, the penjae would not be prepared to make police would police the accounted a safe court of appeal. ALMOST AN ANGEL.

ALMOST AN ANGEL.

ing in Chicago abcat matrimon "Marrimony is periaps a litis to tealized." he stid. "These June activity of June suishing, seem care ananging carth into heaven, and a re of fact they are not copable. much any

ig of the sort." am in hearty sympathy with old wh. to when young black said at edding:

"A know a man, " Yes, that's ro,' old Brown agreed "My wife came bear making one of me with her first batch of dougnats."

(New York Sun).

Nurse-What's the matter? Johnny-The baby is a false: I threw him on the floor and he didn't bounce a

(Puck)

Major Gore-The Colonel, Fam sorry to sav, hahdly eval knows when he has had enough. Judge Bead-No, suh. When the Cuh-nel has had enough he doesn't know

good wife can make a veritable

AN EXPERIMENT.

WHERE PROPERTY IS GOING UP. (London Opinion) Prospective Tenant-I like the house, but I don't like that huge building in front. It's such a dreary outlook. Agent-Oh, but that's only a gunpowder foctory. It might explode any cay.

• (Washington Star George Ade was talking at a ling in Chicago about matrix intermony is actuals a litti

AT THE SEASHORE

"A man should follow a determined course regardless of criticism," said the resolute idealist. "Yee," replied Miss Cayenne; "but so many of you are that way only when you waits!" AT THE CLUB. (Lippincott's Magazine)

Lady President-What book has helpd you most? New Member-My husband's check

(Boston Transcript)

(Boston Franscript) Ethel—The professor says filtat my pati-ing suit is exigious. Alice—Is that a compliment? Ethel—I don't know. There isn't a dic-ionary in the hotel.

HIS FAILING.