Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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distressed! it' was easy, pleasant work enough, and I am much better busy."
"There is one thing I must ask, Edith," he resumed after a-pause; "a last favor. You will grant it, will you not?"
"Victor! is there anything I would not grant?"

"Victor! is there anyoned grant?"
"It is this, then—that when I am gone, you will take what is your right and your due. This you must promise me; no node false pride—the widow of Sir Victor Cathalian hers. Juan Cathalian hers. false pride—the widow of Sir Victor Catheron must take what is hers. Juan Catheron is marffed to a Croole lady, and living in the island of Martinique, a reformed man. He inherits the title and Catheron Royals, with its income, *s* heir-at-law. For the rest you have your jointure as my widow; and my grandmother's large fortune, which descended to me, I have bequeathed to you in my will. So that when I leave you, my dearest, I leave yoa free from all pecuniary troubles. It is my last wish—nay, my last command, that you take all without hesitation. You promise me this, Edith *"
"I promise," she answered lowly. She could not look at him—it seemed like the Scriptural words, "heaping coals of fire on

ptural words, "heaping coals of fire on head." Then for a long time there was silence. He lay back among the pillows with closed eyes, utterly exhausted, but looking very, happy. The bitterness of death was passed—a great peace had come. They could all see that the last great change was near. Pain had left him—he was entirely at rest.

"Read to me, Edith," he said once as the "Read to me, Edith," he said once as the day wore on. She took up a volume of sermons that Lady Helena was fond of. She opened it, haphazard, and gead. And presently she came to this, reading of the crosses and trials and sorrows of life. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

His eyes were fixed upon her with soradiant a light, so infinite a thankfulness,

that she could read no more. Her voice choked—she laid the book down. Later, as the sunset came streaming in, he awoke from a long slumber, and looked at the glittering bars of light lying on the carpet. "Open the window, Edith," he said; "I want to see the sun set once more." She obeyed. All flushed with rose light.

one obeyed. All flushed with rose light, and gold and amythist splendor, the evening sky glowed like the very gates of paradise. "It is beautiful." Edith said, "but its untold beauty brought to her somehow a sharp pang of pain.
"Beautiful!" he repeated in an ecstatic whisper. "O love! if earth is so beautiful, what must Heaven be!"
Then she heard him softly repeat to himself the words she had read: "And God shall wine all tears from their eves. and

self the words she had read: "And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death; neither sor-row nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." He drewa long, long breath, like one who is yery weary and sees rest

near.
"Darling," he said, "how pale you are—white as a spirit. Go out for a little into the air—don't mind leaving me. I feel the air don't mind leaving sleepy again."

She kissed him and went. All her after that their hor bear her bear her bear and the statements and the statements and the statements are statements. She kissed him and went. All her after life she was glad to remember that their last parting had been with a caress on her part, a happy smile on his. She descended the steps leading from the window with unquestionable obedience, and passed out into the rose and gold light of the sunset. She remained perhaps fifteen minutes—certainly want more. The red light of the October sky was fast paling to cold gray—the white October moon was rising. She went back. He still lay as she had left him—his eyes was fast paling to cold gray—the white October moon was rising. She went back. He still lay as she had left him—his eyes were closed—she thought he was asleep. She bent over him, close—closer—growing white almost as himself. And then she knew what it was.

"And there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there he any more nair."

neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

A cry rang through the room, the long, wailing cry of widowhood. She fell on her knees by the bed. An hour after, the passing bell tolled sombrely through the darkness from the steeple of Chesholm Church, telling all whom it night concern that Sir Victor Catheron had gone home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One brilliant, August noonday a Cunard ship steamed gallantly down the Mersey and out into the open sea.

There were a great number of passengers on board—every cabin, every berth, was filled. Every country under Heaven, it seemed, was represented. After the first two or three days out, after the first three country under the seamed, was represented.

or four times assembling around the dinner-table and congregating on the sunny decks, people began to know all about one another, to learn each other's names and histories.

There was one lady passenger who from the first excited a great deal of talk and curiosity. A darkly handsome young lady in widow's weeds, who rather held herself.

ceaseless flow of humanity, she alone finds curiosity. A darkly handsome young lady, in widow's weeds, who rather held herself aloof from everybody, and who seemed all sufficient unto herself. A young lady, pitifully young to wear that sombre dress and widow's cap, remarkable anywhere for her beauty, and dignity, and grace. Who was she? as with one voice all the gentlemen on board cried out that question the moment they saw her first.

She was a lady of rank and title, an English lady, travelling with her two servants—otherwise quite alone—the name on the passenger list was Lady Catheron.

For the first two days that was all that could be ascertained—just enough to the solitude and seclusion of the ladies' cabin the maid servant became confidential with one of the stewardesses, and narrated, after the manner of maids, her mistress's history as far as she knew it. The stewardess retailed it to the lady passengers, and the lady passengers gave it at third hand to the gentleman. This is what it was:

Lady Catheron, young as she looked and was, had neverthelsss been a widow for two years. Her husand had been sir Victor Catheron, of Cheshire, who had died after the first year of married felicity, leaving an immensely rich widow. Miserable Sir Victor! thought all the gentleman. She—Sarah Betts, the maid — had not known her ladyship during the year of hermarried life, she had been engaged in London, some months after my lady's bereavement, to travel with her on the coutinent. My lady had travelled in company with her aunt, the Lady Helena Powrss, and her cousin, a "Mrs. Victor. They had spent the best part of two years wandering leisurely through every country in Europe, and now my lady was finishing her tour of the world by coming to America alone, Betts thought, at the world by coming to America alone, Betts thought, at the came of the steward on the countinest denote the countinest den she had heard my lady was an American oy birth. Everywhere my lady went she had been greatly admired—gentlemen Liways raved about her, but she seemed as cold as marble, very high and haughty, utterly indifferent to them all. She did not go into acciety—she had been awfully fond of her late husband, and quite broken-harted at losing him so soon. That was Miss Betts' story, and like Sam Weller's immortal valentine, was just enough to make them wish there was more.

vish there was more.

For the man servant and avant courier of my lady, he was a genteel, dignified, tacium gentleman, like an elderly duke in lifficulties, with whom it was impossible

the places and people who had known them once, knew them no more." That was

all.

It could not be, then, that the hope of meeting them was in Edith's mind, and yet, her whole soul yearned to meet them—to ask their forgiveness, if no more. To clasp Trixy's hand once again,—honest, loving, impulsive, warm-hearted Trixy,—to feel her arms about her as of rd, it seemed to Edith Catheron, she could have given half her life. Of any other, she would not let herself think. He had passed out of her life forever and ever—nothing could alter that.

life forever and ever—nothing could alter that.

"Everywhere she went, she was admired," her servants had said, "but to all she was cold as marble." Yes, and it would always be so while life remained. There had been but one man in all the world for her from the first—she had given him up of her own free will; she must abide by her decision; but there would never be any other. One loveless marriage she had made; she never would make another. Charley Stuart might—would, beyond doubt—forget her and marry, but she would go to her grave, her whole heart his.

They reached New York; and there were many kindly partings and cordial farewere many kindly partings and cordial fare

"I'll give you the address if you like," he goes on; "it's not the most aristocratic neighborhood in the world, but its perfectly quiet and safe." He scribbles something in poncil. "Here it is—due east you see. Trix won't be ho me until seven; she's at work in a fancy shop in Sixth avenue, you know—no, you don't know of course, but she is, and I generally call round for her at closing-up time. But you're safe to find her at home any evening you may name, Lady Catheron, after seven p. m."
She takes the slip of paper very humbly—very unlike the Edith he used to know—her lips quivering, as he can see.

"May I go at once?" she asks in that humble little voice; "I can't wait. I want to see your mother, and I will stay until Trixy comes."

"My mother will be there, and charmed Trixy comes."
"My mother will be there, and charmed "My mother will be there, and charmed to see you. Of course you can go at once —why should you hesitate.—it's very kind of you and all that: I would escort you there if I could, but unhappily I'm on duty. You'll have no trouble at all finding it."

He is perfectly cordial—perfectly indifferent. He looks at her as he might look at Mrs. Featherbrain herself. Yes, Edith it is all over for you!

and marry, but she would go to her grave, her whole heart his.

They reached New York; and there were many kindly partings and cordial fare were many kindly partings and cordial fare vants drove away to an up-town hotel, where coms had been engaged, and all papers duly chronicled the distinguished arrival. One day to rest—thendown to Sandypoint, and walked slowly through elderly geatleman behind her. And in the twiight of an August day she entered Sandypoint, and walked slowly through the little town, home. Only three years since she had left, a happy, hopeful grid of eighteen—returning now a saddened, lonely woman of twenty-one. How strangely altered the old landmarks, and yet how at familiar. Here were the stores to which she used to walk, sulky and disconting marketing. Here spread the wide sea, smiling and placid, whereon she and Charley used to sail. Yonder lay the marsh where, that winter night, she had saved his life. Would it have been as well, she thought with weary wonder, if they had both died to begin—here the gate where the had come upon her that wet, dark morning with its mother's letters, when her life seemed to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died this mother's letters, when her life seemed to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died to begin—here the gate where they had both died this mother's letters, when her life seemed to begin—here the gate where they had both died the gift of carpeties stairs, and knocks at a door on the upper landing. It is opened, and the well-remembered face of Aunt Chatty looks out.

"Mrs. Stuart!"

A darkiy, beautiful face is before her, wo biack glove! hands are outstretched, wo brave the familiar and no blook of the family with the proposed of his control of the family with the proposed of his control of the proposed

pain.
"I'll give you the address if you like," he

"Mrs. Stuart!"
A darkly, beautiful face is before her, two black gloved hands are outstretched, two brown brilliant eyes shine upon her through tears. And Mrs. Stuart recoils with a gasp.
"Oh, dear me!" she says, "it is Edith!"
Yes, it is Edith, with tears large and thick in her eyes, who kisses the familiar face, and who is sitting beside her, how, Mrs. Stuart never knows in her amaze and bewilderment, in the humble little front room.

strong-mindedness, you insist upon going—ing—"i to well known to readers of the Tribune to need any further introduction. He was also seen and tilly confirmed what Mr. (Charlesworth said. Some time ago go by myseli.")

Strong-mindedness, you insist upon go frait-file is name is to well known to readers of the Tribune to need any further introduction. He was also seen and fully confirmed what Mr. (Charlesworth said. Some time ago Mr. E. ischild suffered from previous

See and the second properties of the second pr

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 15, 18

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dead and buried. As no doubt indeed it is, She handles the gloves she still holds nervously, for once in her life at a loss.

"Your mother and Trix are well?" she says, after a pause.
"Quite well."

She looks up desperately:
"Charley," she exclaims; "mayn't I see them! I have wanted to see them so much finish the sentence.
"Certainly you can see them," Mr. Stuart answers promptly: "they will be delighted. They will be delighted. They will be delighted. I may be says this in the old lazy, plessant voice, but it is quite evident he does not mean to spare her—his self-sarcastic accent makes her wince as though in actual bodily pain.
"Till give you the address if you like," he as he once was he consented to give a simple statement of his case. About thirteen years ago, while living in the southern part of Illinois, near Cailo, he had several attacks of malvrial fever and ague, which left his blood poor and thin, and so deranged his system that for about ten years after he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. He came north after residing there for some years in order to try to shake off the eff cts of the malaria, but without much success. He has not had, while in the north, another real attack of ague, but every season he has had incipient attacks, which were only warded off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious fever also threatened in the same way. He also suffered severely from indigestion. Determining to make a decided effort.

he has had incipient attacks, he has had incipient attacks, were only warded off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious fever also threatened in the same way. He also severely from indigestion. be has had incipient attacks, which were only warded off by the prompt seath other tull in the face—genume ad miration in Miss Seton's—keen, jealous scrutiny in Lady Catheron's. She saw a girl of two or three and twenty, undersized and rather plump, with a face which from a point of beauty would not, for one instant compart with her own or Trixy's either. But it was such a thoroughly good face—And the blue, bearing eyes the soft smiling mouth, gentle, and strong, and sweet, surely made to win all hearts at sight. Not a beauty—something infinitely better, and as a rival, something infinitely better, and as a rival, something infinitely better, and as a rival, something infinitely mere dangerous.

"Lady Catheron's name is familiar to me as a household word," Miss Seton said, with a frank little laugh, that subdued Edith at once. "Trix wakes with your name on her lips, I believe, and goes to sleep mirmuring it at night. Lady Catheron doesn't know how madly jealous I have been of her before now."

Edith turns once more to Trix—faithful, friendly, loyal Trix—and stretches forth

corn doesn't know how madly jealous I have been of her before now."

Edith turns once more to Trix—faithful, friendly, loyal Trix—and stretches forth both hands with a swift, graceful impulse, tears standing, large and bright, in here, which was now Pli run away." Miss Seton exclaims brightly: "auntie will expect me, and I know Trix has ten thousand things to tell and to hear. No, Trixy, not a word. Charley, what are you doing with your hast put it down instantly—I don't want you. I would very much rather go home alone,"

"Yes, its so likely I'll let you. There's nearthly reason why you shouldn't stay; but if, with your usual obstmacy and strong-mindedness, you insist upon going."

"I do insist upon going, and without an "fairchile's name is to well known to readers of the Tribune to need any"

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go by myself."

Charl-sworth said. Some time ago Mr. E-i-child suffered from nervous prostration brought on by overwork, as she sees the look. He says something in too low a tone for the rest to hear. Miss Seton laughs, but her color rises and she objects no more. Edith sees it all. A gray kilded hand is extended to her.

A Charl-sworth said. Some time ago with the side of the ment of the says something in the back of the head. After spending some time at a famous Chicago says. to low a tone for the ress of same seconds a long flight of carpetless stairs, and knocks at a door on the upper landing. It is opened, and the well-remembered face of Annt Chatty looks out.

"Mrs. Stuart!"

A darkity, beautiful face is before her, two black gloved hands are outstretched, two brown brilliant eyes snine upon her through tears. And Mis. Stuart recoils a with a gasp.

"On, dear me!" she says, "it is Edith." Yes, it is Edith. with tears large and thick in her eyes, who kisses the familiar, thick in her eyes, who kisses the familiar.

"Is to look a tone for the ress of rises and she objects no more. Edith sees it all. As gray-kidded hand is extended to her. "Good-night, Lady Catheron," Miss Seton's bright, pleasant voice says, and Lady Catheron takes it, feeling in her heart that for once she cannot dislike a rival. This girl who will be Charley's wife—O blissful fate!—is worthy of him. They go out together laughing as they go.

"Isn't she just the dearest darling!" Cries Trix in her gushing way: "and O Edith! whatever would have become of its found this unhandy to take with him as her travelfed, he decided to try. Pink of the head. After spending some time at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take something to build up his blood, the doctors men ioning Pink Pills in their list of things advised. At first he took a fluid preparation, but as he found this unhandy to take with him as her travelfed, he decided to try. Pink Pills, as Mr. Charlesworth had very some brains in your stomach the head that a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take sometime at a famous Chicago sanistarium he was advised to take



money, you wouldn't be so that ing it!

Mrs. Jinks.—Earn it, indeed! How would you men feel if you had to beg

Some Noted Instances of Their Characteristic Sharp Repartee.
When Col. Thomas Ochiltree was in congress he was popular, not only because he is a prince of good fellows with all the world, but for his ability to return a sharp answer where occasion seemed to demand a quick wit and ready tongue.

world, but for his ability to return a sharp answer where occasion seemed to demand a quick wit and ready tongue.

"Ochiltree" a member said to him one day, with an impertinent sneer that grated on colonel's sensibilities, "if I had your cheek I'd be on top of the heap."

"You snipe," exclaimed the colonel, "if you had my cheek and your brain you'd be kicked out of every decent place."

Thaddeus Stevens possessed the same gift, and old members of the house tell one arecdote of an occurrence in which Mr. Stevens and the speaker of the house got into a sharp tangle, ending in Stevens savagely rolling up some documents on which he had been addressing the chair, and turning his back to the speaker in the which he had been addressing the chair, and turning his back to the speaker in the most impolite way while passing furiously up the aisle toward the cloakroom, says the Washington Post. "Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the speaker?" shouted that

as if nothing had happened, while the house roared with laughter. Cannon has never seen the point of the joke.

Mr. Springer has several times been the victim of Mr. Reed's sarcasm, but the story that the members who were in the fifty-first congress relish more than any other is the one relating to Mr. Springer's ringing declaration in the course of a speech: "I'd rather be right than be president."









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oung or Middle You have led a gay life or indulged in the vices of early youth. You feel Aged Man. the symptoms stealing over you. Set abuse or later excesses have broken own your system. Nenaday, physically and sexually you are not the man you need to be of hould be. Lustin practices reap rich harvest. Think of the future. Will you heed the sack week and kidneys irritable; as piral into modern and gloomy, speech selver ever, such week and kidneys irritable; as piral into modern and choose the selver of the selver ever experience of the selver ever experience in urine; weakened manhood; pimples on face; ever sunken and cheeks hollow; poor nemory; careworn expression; Varioucele; tired in morning; lifeless; distructful; lack energy extengil, and ambition. Our New Method freatment will positively cure you. It will nake a man of you and life will open news. We gargate to cure your refund at money paid.

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The word of the grant which cured them when all else failed. The words in medical science so efficient for the cure of Syphilis and with the state of the words. The words which had builted scores of physicians were cured in a few weeks. It may own eyes and know it to be a fact."

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