

"As you have settled the matter, there his mar-lood, broke through his eye-nothing left for me to say," returned lide, and treckled through his fingers, until at length his strong frame shook is nothing left for me to say," returned Clarence, gloomily. "I have settled it, but for one more

ord or so. I wish you to write to Miss Haven, stating that you are pleased over the contemplated union between her and myself." "I cannot do so, for it would be false!"

declared Clarence. "It would be an ar-rant falsehood to state that I am pleased, when, on the contrary, I am most bit-terly opposed to this maddest of all mad marriages.'

The old gentlemen sprang to his feet, with the alertness of a boy of seventeen, linstead of a feeble man of two and sev-

command you to do as I sav!" he cried furiously, shaking his forefinger ominously at the pale young man who

faced him so sorrowfully. "And-I refuse!" said Clarence, in a law, faltering voice. "I cannot disgrace my manhood, and my principles by writ-ing an untruth," he maintained.

"Again I repeat that I command you to do so!" cried the banker, his fine old face fairly distorted and unrecognizable

through his intense rage. "Nothing on earth, not even your command, could force me to countenance such a monstrous union!" flashed out Clarence, bitterly,

Clarence, bitterly. That was the speech which was like a brinstone match to the gunpowder of the father's anger. The words were spoken almost in a whisper, but they seemed to echo like warning thunder through the room, and repeat themselves over and over again during the moment of utter silence which ensued. Butker Neville stood motionless and

Banker Neville stood motionless and dumb, glaring into the handsome, white, determined face, with a baleful light in his gray eyes, which boded no good to the young man, who met his gaze un-flinchingly.

"Porgive me for refusing you-ask anything else, and I will gladly do it; at which my spirit, my heart and my conscience would revolt as I penned them never!" all the years of his past life he In

had never seen his father give way to such a torrent of ungovernable rage as seared him. was unprepared for the burst of

passion to which the old man gave Forgive you!" he retorted; "never

while the sun rises and sets-not to the last hear of my life! From this hour you are no son of mine. I regret that my blood runs in your veins, but I will forget it-ay, forget from this hour that I ever had a son to thus set my command at defiance. God. Leave my house, and never enter it again, not even if I lay dead within these walls, Go! and take my curse with you! I disour your you shall never inherit one dollar that is mine!" T

CHAPTER XXXIX.

It had all come about so quickly this It had an come about so quickly—blus terrible rage of his father's—and his being driven from home, sent out home-less and penniless to face the world — that for the moment Clarence Neville

He had but a confused idea of his moments with his father, and what had

repeated, in a high, shrill, rasping voice, "You shall leave my home at once; it will be home to you no longer, I shall away empty-handed.

with heart-wrung sobs. What strange trick was fate playing him? But a few short months before he had been fortine's favorite; now he was fickle fortune's plaything—buf-feted about by her as she would.

For a moment, when his heart wa

nearest to bursting, with the weight of his woe, he wished that he could die. Then, manfully, he shock off the horrible feeling from him. No, he could not die for the wishing,

for his time had not yet come. He must struggle on manfully, and meet what-even fate was in store for him. For a young man who had known ev-ery luxury to be thrust all at once up-

on his own resources, seemed, for the time being, appalling. He had counted ais friends by the hundreds, gay, washing college fellows, whose aim had been to shine in society's

world-young men who were proud of their family positions and of their inheritances.

Would any of these old chums receive him or stand by him now that he was penaless and an outcast from his once palatial home? He thought not. There was not one among the many to whom he could go for sympathy, expecting a glod hand to be held out in welcome to tim

He wondered vaguely what Bab would say or think when she heard of his plight. Probably rejoice because she was freed from the boads which bound her

freed from the boads which bound her to a beggar, as it were. Wave after wave or sorrow swept over him. Then, by a great effort, he aroused himself. "I will show them all that, although

while 1 still have my health and strength!" I am penniless, I am not cast

So ruminating, he arose from the fallen log. standing in the path hesitating-ly, meditating whether he should go now.

He would not take one cent of the money his father had said he would place in the hands of his lawyers for him, though he starvel with hunger b the wayside. As he stood there, fate de cided the present for him if not the future

Clarence was about to move on, little caring, little heeding which arrection he took, when suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a piercing scream.

Turning quickly in the direction from whence it proceeded, he beheld a sight which caused all thought of self to blot quietly from his mind: A young girl flying across an adjacent field, screaming with terror, while down the patch in full pursuit of her, tore an enraged bull, attracted by the fluttering crimson scarf she wore. Clarence Neville took in the situation

at a glance and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had decided upon hiown course of action, which was to save her life by imperiling his own.

With a dozen flying leaps he had reached the young girl's side, crying out: "Courage: help is at hand: I can and

"From this hour, henceforth and for-it disinherit you," his father had side," leaped of in an opposite direction over the fields, brandishing the red silk-

en scarf above his head. For an instant the animal stood quite will be home to you no longer. I shall not do by you as you deserve send you away capty-handed. I shall leave a small sum for you in the hands of my lawyers. You can collect it, and "

Wyers. You can collect it, and " Characterize had held up his hands with built by his brilliant, glowing color flut-tering in thee sunshine, the next instant the infuriated beast had whirled about and was plunging in the direction the red, flying scarf had taken, seeming to lost sight utterly of the screaming girl he had been pursuing but a moment before.

THE ATHENS REPORTER, AUG. 27, 1913

BABY LO

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"It seems a miracle," replied the gen tleman, "but in reality it came ab in a very ordinary way. I saw whole occurrence—the enraged ani

whole occurrence—the enraged animal chasing the young girl, who is my daugh-ter and your noble rescue of her, draw-ing the attention of the ferocious beast

ing the attention of the ferocious beast upon yourself. In less time that it takes to tell, I had dashed info the house for my rifle. I was just in time to make good use of my weapon, while running toward you, to wing him as he leaped upon you. It was a miracle that the shot took effect, but it did, and he fell with a roar of pain, barely escaning centahing you.

escaping crushing you. We had you conveyed here to my home, and here you have been ever since." Clarence Neville gazed in astonishment

Clarence Keville gazed in astonishment into the kindly face. "Yes, yes, I can recollect all now," he said. "The young girl was saved then?" "Yes, thanks to you, and was un-harmed," replied the father, with tremu-

too, shall aid my thanks-ay, my heart-felt gratitude for both. You have been

The young girl had retreated from the opposite side of the bed, but after

few moments stole quietly out of the

new her father would soon join her.

This proved to be the case. "How is he, papa?" she cried, hurry-

ill," went on the old gentleman very ill," went on the old gentieman, "the doctor says it was a relapse of a fever from which you had not wholly

it until you are able to sit up.

"She wishes to thank herself for saving her life, but I have advised her not to talk with you about

And

ous lips.

the

and nursery.

wanted, and the evening always passed without their being able to locate it. If Charence Neville had been heart whole and fancy free, Lillian Harvey's bright repartee and merry wit might have aroused in him some interest. As it was he quite forgot her very exist-ence when she was out of his sight. Us one thought was: HIS BATH His one thought was: "Would he, by any chance, see Bab, ere the sun, which had just risen, would He bought the dairy papers, and per

ne bought the damy papers, and per-used the society column with feverish interest, for very often he found in it little paragraphs concerning Bab. They always called her the prettiest girl of the Hub—in fact, the belie of

Now that the chill month of Boston. Now that the chill month of November had rolled around, so-ciety had begun to awaken from its summer lethargy, there was no end of gay, social functions, and "Thank Heaven, he has regained con-sciousness at last; ay, my dear," he went on, "I agree with you. I am heart-ily glad that he is through babbling empty nothings and has returned to the light of reasoning once more." "But who is he, papa?" whispered the lovely young girl, nestling her telltale, blusbing face and curly, golden head on her father's breast. her father's breast. "His name is Neville, my dear, and

by what I can gather from his remarks. he must have recently come from New York. The doctor was right about a previotas illeness—he had just recovered from an attack of brain fever in one of the hospitals there." "He must indeed be a New Yorker, then," returned the girl, thoughtfully. "How are we ever to reward him, papa, for the great savvice he rendered m in

for the great service he rendered m in saving my lif?" "I think that will be easier than we anticipated," returned her father; "for the young man is in search of a posi-

ion "Oh, papa, and you are in want of a secretary," cried the girl, breathlessly. 'Did you think of that?"

"Did you think of that?" "You anticipate what I was going to say, my dear Lillian," replied the gen-tleman, laughingly. "I offered the young gentleman the position, and he has accepted it. Indeed, I may say he was your gel of it Lidd me say he was

"And will he live here with us, papa ?"_ inquired Miss Lillian Harvey, engerly. The old judge took the lovely young face between the palms of his hands, and kissed it repeatedly. " "As my office and his work is in Bos-ton, he may prefer residing there. He may live here if he cares to—life in the dull little village of Brookline may not be suitable to a young man from New York; generally it is the older men who like living in neighboring villages, going in every morning and coming out each night. We must leave that to him to de-cide."

ing, at the peril of his own, shows me that he is a manly young man, and one-of sterling quality. Inceded no other reference. In conversing with him I soon learned that he had been a Yale stud-ent. That also argued his respectability." "And will he live here with us, papa?"

"Mamma is sure he is a perfect gen

"And how about the daughter?" asked the judge, pinching the rosy cheeks. "I don't mind his living," replied t replied the girl, trying to look serious, though her whole face beamed all over with smiles at the prospect.

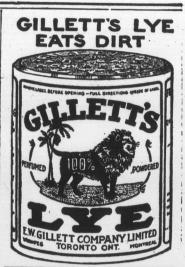
"There is just one drawback to the arrangement," said the old judge, looking thoughtfully out over the distant cornfields

"And what is that?" queried the girl, eagerly, quick disappointment notice-able in her voice. To be Continued.)

BRITAIN'S OIL FUEL PROBLEM.

(Philadelhia Record)

(Philadelilia Record) A hot debate has been raised by the pro-posal of the British Admiralty to sub-stitute oil for coal as fuel in all ships of their fleet. Lord Béresford declares it would be a gamble, but his lordship is always against the Government when any innovation in the navy is suggested. The issue does not turn on the relative as fuel; but the question is raised whether a kingdom with a world's supply of coal to draw upon in the island which is its naval base should resort to another fuel which must be imported from iands be-are few oil fields in British Empire; in-deed, if the uninportant Trinidad rield be excepted, there are none. Germany could get oil for her silps from Russia without running a blockade; but Great Britain would be dependent upon the lack of watchfulness of her navel emenles and the condescension for John D. Remember to brush your teeth always

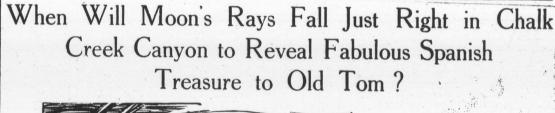


CHILD SLAVERY. (Montreal Herald.)

(Montreal Herald.) The early riser who happens to see the onrush of laborers, in the morning hours, is astonished to remark the great num-ber of little ones who board the trams. Small boys, and even small girls, hurry along the street, their dinner hastily wrapped up and carried under their arm. They almost tumble, as they go; for want of sleep. They look ahead, with hazy eves, as if they had an inking of the dreary path they are so soon con-demned to follow in the turmoil of the big city.

hav eyes, as if they had an inking of the dreary path they are so soon con-demned to follow in the turmoil of the big city. They are already bent forward, as if under some unseen burden, and they thread the way with that creeping step which recalls the chained inmate of the ergastula. They are devold of flesh. The pallor of their cheeks asserts the murder of childhood, and their strained lips hint at the coming of that dread disease which slays its thousands and its tens of thousands, and society goes on without giving heed to this crying injus-tice done unto the men and women of to-morrow-if illness and misery do not mow them down. It pays no attention to the ever increasing threat that arises from these little outcasts from the world of childhood. The presence on the street of children going to work at six o'clock in the morning, with a meagre lunch under ther arms, is a slashing armament of all the official hypocrisy that dwells in official reports on that vile aspect of white slave-ry, the child laborer.

Occasionally you meet a man in real iffe who has almost as much dignity as a butler in a play





you are. my boy," said the old gentleyou are, my boy," said the old gentle-man, kindly, "and are having a hard time of it in getting your scattered thoughts together. Let me help you. Your last recollection was being chased, through the field by an enraged bull, you stumbled and fell headlong, lying there stunned, at the mercy of the furious animal rearing over you." "Oh, yes, 1--I remember," gasped Ciarence. "How did it happen that he did not kill me?" very glad of it. I did not ask him for

self than to the girl; "his brave act of Remember to brush your teeth always chivalry in saving your life, my darl- after eating acid fruit.

a reference," he went on, more to him-self than to the girl; "his brave act of

"Not one penny will I accept, father." he had said, interrupting him haught-ily. "I can and will do without it." Turning he had staggered, rather unsteadily toward the door. He had paused on the threshold with the knob his hand, and looked back, saying. huskilv

"You have been very hard in your judgment of me, father, and harder still in your treatment of me. I have loved and reverenced you all my life, and it outs me to the heart to see stranger a women young and fair - can come in between us and sever the ties of affection that should have re-mained unbroken between us while life lasts

Trere was not one cleam of softened tenderness in the harsh, stony, set face turned toward him; he had noted that with intense despair, "Good by, father!" he had said, husk-

"Good by, father?" he had sold, husk-ily. "Will you not say good by? I am passing out of your life forever, you know

The old banker had turned on his heel and walked switly into an inner room, closing the door after him with ;

that. Clarence knew that the stormly interview was at an end. He never knew how he turned away, groued his way down the broad stair-

nd reached the street. Whither he went he scarcely remem-bered: all that he knew was that he walked on and on until the stars died

out of the sky, and the gray dawn of early morning broke through the dusky ds in the eastern sky.

Like one in a strange, hewildered dream, he saw a blood-red ball of flame break through the gray mists, changing them to a glory of crimson and gold,

and he knew a new day had begun. He took off his hat for a moment, that the cool morning air might fan his fevered brain. Looking about him in the early dawn, he saw that he was en the outskirts of the little village of Brookline. As he looked at her in puzzled wonder,

The sat down on a fallen tree, and the sat down on a fallen tree, and the young girl turned quickly to some together, wondering what he had done that Heaven showed him so little merey "Oh, papa, papa! I think he is com-

such scant pity. Was it not enough to endure that he had lost Barbara, the idol of his heart, that this hist grief, the losing of the father he had loved so well, was added to it:

It's face dropped into his hands, and ille, endeavoring to rouse himself. burning tears, that were no shame to "I suppose you are wondering where

Terror had so overcome the young girl that she had barely time to earry out her rescuer's instructions ere she fell headlong in the thick, green grass r the other side of the fence in a dead raint :

Clarence Neville had barely time to note that she was out of danger, ere he wheled suddenly about, making for the fence, relying upon his swiftness to the tence, relying upon his swittness to outrun the plunging. bellowing beast who was so hotly pursuing him. In his college days he had been one of the best athletes in his class—he had outrun all of his classmates.

He depended upon the tactics he had

earned and practiced then to save his life now. Swifter and swifter he dashed over

the uneven ground; swifter and swifter the enraged beast tore after him.

the emaged neast tore after him. He tried to east the red scarf from him. Horror of horrors! its frange caught upon a button of his coat, from with his strength seeded unable to de-tach it, running as he was at that ter-rific rate.

rifie rate. He realized, too, that each effort to

disiodge it only took that much strength from him. The fence was scarcely three feet

from him now. He attempted to leap that distance, but in that awfal instant he stumbled and fell headlong, and the next moment the bull was upon him.

CHAPTER XL

A fortnight elapsed since the events narrated in our last chapter. When Clarence Neville opened his eyes, he found himself in a strange room, luxu-riously furnished, and was he mad or

"Oh, papa, papa! I think he is com-ing to, at last." This remark brought a short, stout,

"How is he, papa?" she cried, hurry-g to meet her father as he stood on

he threshold of the

"Ah, if he but knew it, I have fallen "Ah, if he but knew it, I have fallen in love with my handsome hero al-ready," she breathed, whispering her secret into the heart of the beautiful rose that nestled on her breast. "I al-ways had an idea," she ruminated, "that I should meet my hero romantically, and such was the case. It came near being a tragedy, however, but for his interference. How nice that papa will take him for a secretary," and she threw herself down on one of the place. "The first time I ever talk with him I shall know whether he is destined to like me or not. I seem to be gifted like me or not. I seem to ke gifted self down on one of the piazza seats. like me or not. 1 seem to I knew with a premonition that way. I knew would fall in love the last secretary would fall in love with me, and this he did, acting in such a perfectly ridiculous manner that

was obliged to send him awoy. 1 think this young man will be sensible. The old house was getting quite gloomy -how nice it will be to have some one of my own age to ta'k to, especially when evening comes," and Lilian Harvey nest-led herself in the broad depths of the great piazza chair, much after the fashion of a young kitten, day-dreaming, as romar.tie young girls will. CHAPTER XLI.

CHAPTER XLI. A week later Clarence Neville was duly installed in Judge Harvey's office in Boston, as private secretary. He was an inmate of his own country home of Proclime or his own country home at Brookline suburb, coming down on the train with him each morning, and returning with him each night.

It seemed almost a miracle to him that he did not run across a single per-son who knew him during the first fortnight

After the dinner hour. Clarence found ime hanging heavily upon his hands, or he had nothing to do during the ong evening but think, and those houghts were always of Bab, whom he had loved and lost, Bab, his bride of but

ne short, blissful hour: In that fortnight, fair Lillian Harvey he old judge's darling, the idol of his life, had taken it into her pretty head to fall desperately in love with her father's handsome young secretary. Mr. Neville spent most of his even-

ings in the judge's magnificent library, browsing among the gems of literature of centuries back which it contained, and here Miss Lillian usually found her way in search of some particular book which the merry rogue well knew was not to be found among those anstere works of grave old authors. Mr. Veville always faid aside his own

book to help her to search for what she

(By W. H. Alburn) Staff Corespondence Brown's Canyon, Colo, In "Colorado George's" cabin, several miles to the east, hidden in a gulch between steep mountains, lives an old miner who believes that he has the secret of a Spanish treasure greater than any ever carried by galeon across the

Spanish main. It is a lonely place, far from human habitation. But Tom Summers, the present tenant, wants no company. At evening, when the cliff shadows his cabin and the wild creatures of the hills come down to drink he lights his lamp and sits for hours poring

over a strange old parchment Often he sits thus all night. And then, at dawn, he shoulders his pick and shovel, with a haversack of cof-

fee, bread and bacon, and starts off on the long tramp to the base of Mount Princeton, southwest of Buena Vista. But he goes there only when the moon is near the full.

As long as his food lasts Summers moves slowly up and down the Chalk

Creek Canyon, tapping rocks, digging away aebris, peering into caverns, sleeping by day and working by moonlight, and pausing often to consult his

worn parchment. When he has found the locality have been found. And Summers' indicated by the chart, the moon's theory is that a band of them had rays, at a certain elevation, will fall taken the easiest and richest pick-ings of the mountains and then, be-fore they could get back to Mexico apon the entrance of the secret cav- mass of the monital and them been where the romantic "conquistad- fore they could get back to Mexico ores" stowed their gold. But Summers were attacked by Indians and cached has not yet discovered the precise their gold here for safety. Only one

or year when the moonbeams make ing the proper angle to bring into relief he the rudely carved figures of men and left

Johnstone

"HE LIGHTS A LAMP AND SITS FOR HOURS PORING OVER A VERY STRANGE OLD PARCHMENT. "

animals that mark the cavern and are not seen by daylight.

yon is a wonderful place. The chaik nuggets and the yellow stream runcliffs stand as mighty warders, and at their base thousands of mysterious caves and channels wind far back into bowels of the big mountain.

There were Spanish explorers and miners in these "Mexican Mountains" long before Americans penetrated the rich gulches-centuries before Cripple Creek and Leadvill. Evry-where traces of old mine workings

The searcher is sure that some day te will find the cavern and its old

ning in streams from the rotten sides. And with them, perhaps, will be rare old coins and handfuls of precious stones.

And then the quest of centuries will be ended.

For Summers is not the only man who has spent his life in this search. Many and many a miner has turn-ed back from the lure of gold-bearing of gold-bearing rock to the lure of the Spanish Treasure.

Residents hereabouts all know the tradition, in various forms, and the way it touches mens' minds in the lonely canyon.

ores" stowed their gold. But Summers were attacted to real stowed their gold here for safety. Only one mountains, has not yet discovered the precise their gold here for safety. Only one mountains, his last victim was spot, or the time of the night, month of them escaped, the story runs, bear-miners' brains. His last victim was ing the secret, and Summers thinks an engineer from the itio Grande rail-

