Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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mement they lost their heads.

Lady Henela Powyss, in sweeping moire and jewels, receiving her guests, looked at her and drew one long breath of great relief. She might have spared herself all her anxious doubts and fears—low-born and penniless as she was, Sir Victor Catheron's bride would de Sir Victor Catheron honor teanight.

bride would do Sir Victor Catheron honor to-night.

Trix was there—Trix, in all the finery six thousand dollars can buy, drew a long breath of great and bitter envy.

"If one wore the Koh-i-nor and Coronation Robes," thought Miss Stuart sadly, "she would shine one down. She is dazzling to-night. Captain Hammond," tapping that young warrior with her point-lace fan, "don't you think Edith is without exception the most beautiful and elegant girl in the rooms?"

And the gallant captain bows profoundly, and answers with a look that points the speech:

speech:
"With one exception, Miss Beatrix, only

"With one exception, Miss Beatrix, only one."

Charley is there, and perhaps there can be no doubt about it, that Charley is, without exception, far and away, the best looking man. Charley gazes at his cousin for an instant on the arm of her proud and happy lover, radiant and smilling the center of all that is best in the room. She lifts her dark, laughing eyes as it chances, and brown and gray meet full. Then he turns away to a tall, languid, rather passive lady, who is talking slowly by his side.

"Is Miss Darrell really his cousin? Really? How extremely handsome she is, and how perfectly infatuated Sir Victor seems. Poor Sir Victor! What a pity there is insanity in the family. How pretty Miss Stuart is looking this evening. Are all American girls handsome?"

all American girls handsome?"
And Charlie bows, and looks, and re-

plies:
"I used to think so, Lady Gwendoline.
I have seen English girls since, and think differently."

Oh, the imbecile falsehoods of society!
He is thinking, as he says it, how pallid
and faded poor Lady Gwendoline is look-

ing, ir. ner dingy green satin and white Brussels lace overdress, her emeralds and bright golden hair—most beautiful and expensive shade to be had in London.

But Lady Gwendoline, freighted with eleven seasons' experience, and growing seedy and desperate, clings to him as the drowning cling to straws. She is the daughter of a peer, but there are five younger sisters, all plain and all portionless. Her elder sister, who chaperones her ton-night, is the wife of a rich and retired manufacturer, Lady Portia Hampton. The rich and retired manufacturer has purchased Drexel Court, and it is Lady Portia's painful duty to try and marry her sisters off.

The ball is a great success for Edith Darrell. The men rave about her, the women may sneer, but they must do it covertly; her beauty and her grace, her elegance and high breeding, not the most envious dare dispute. Music swells and floats deliciously—scores are suitors for her hand in the dance. The flush deepens on her dusk cheeks, the streaming light in het starry eyes—she is dangerously brilliant tonight. Sir Victor follows in her train whenever his duties allow him; when he ing, in her dingy green satin and white

night. Sir Victor follows in her train whenever his duties allow him; when he dances with others his eyes follow his heart, and go after her. There is but one in all those thronged rooms for him—one who is his idol—his darling—the pride, the joy, the desire of his life.

"My dear, I am proud of you to-night," Lady Helena whispers once. "You surpass

whispers once. "You surpass a are levely beyond compare.

And Edith Darrell's haughty eyes looked

rather hurriedly, and moves off.

"Is Lady Gwendoline a pill, or a sugarplum?" she saks. "You certainly seem to
have had an overdose of her."

"I owe Lady Gwendoline my deepest
thanks," he answered gravely. "Her efforts to keep me amused this evening, have
been worthy of a better cause."

They float away. To Edith it is the one
dance of the night. She hardly knows
whether she whirls in air or on the wexen
floor, she only knows that it is like heaven,

whether she whirls in air or on the waxen floor; she only knows that it is like heaven, that the music is celestial, and that it is Charley's arm that is clasping her close. Will she ever waltz with him again, she wonders, and she feels, feels in her inmost heart, that she is sinning against her affianced husband in waltzing with him now. But it is so delicious—what a pity most of the delicious shings of earth should be wrong. If it could only last forever—forever! And while she thinks it, it stops.

"Oh, Charley! that was a waitz: sie says, leaning on him heavily and panting; "no one else has my step as you have it."
"Let us trust that Sir Victor will learn it," he responds coolly; "here he comes now. It was a charming waitz, Dirty, but charming things must end. Your lawful proprietor approaches; to your lawful proprietor fresign you."

He was perfectly unflushed, perfectly and the was perfectly unflushed, perfectly and the was perfectly unflushed, perfectly in the was perfectly unflushed.

prietor I resign you.

He was perfectly unflusked, perfectly unflusked.

He was perfectly unflusked, perfectly unflusked.

Five seconds later he is bending over Lady Gwendoline's chair, whispering in the pink, patrician ear resting against the glistening, golden chignon.

Edith looks once—in her heart she hates Lady Gwendoline—looks once, and looks no more.

ates Lady Gwendoline—looks once, and oks no more. And as the serene June morning dawns, and larks and thrushes pipe in the trees, Lady Helena's dear five hundred friends sleepy and pallid, get into their carriages and go home,

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

The middle of the day is past before one by one they straggle down. Breakfast awaits each new comer, hot and tempting. Trix eats hers with a relish, but Edith looks fagged and spiritless. If people are to be supernaturally brilliant and bright, dashing and fascinating all night long, people must expect to pay the penalty next day, when lassitude and reaction set in. "My poor Edie!" Mr. Charies Stuart remarks, "you do look most awfully used un. What a pity for their peace of miad, some of your frantic adorers of last night can't see you now. Let me recommend you to go back to bed and try an S. and B."

"An "S. and B."?" Edith repeats vague-ly.

ly. "Soda and Braudy. It's the thing, de land upon it, for such a case as yours. I've ----

London seasons in the blissful time to come?"
"I will grow used to it, I dare say. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
He smiles and bends lower, drawing one long brown silken tress of hair fondly through his fingers, feeling as though he would like to stoop and kiss the pale, weary face. But Trix is over yonder, pre-tending to read, and kissing is not to be thought of

sending to read, and kiasing is not to be thought of.
"I am going over to Catheron Royals," he whispered; "suppose you come-the walk will do you good I am giving orders about the fitting up of the old place. Did I tell you the workmen came yeareday;"
"Yes; you told me."
"Shall I ring for your hat and parasol?
De come, Edith."
"Excuse me, Sir Victor," Edith answers, with an impatient motion. "I feel too tired—too lazy, which ever you like—to latt. Some other day I will go with pleasure."
He turns to leave her with a disappointed

pleasure."

He turns to leave her with a disappointed face. Edith closes her eyes and takes an easier position among the pillows. The door closes behind him; Trix flings down her book and bursts forth:

"Of all the heartless, cold-blooded animals it has ever been my good fortune to meet, commend me to Edith Darrell!"

The dark eyes unclose and look up at ber.

her.
"My dear Trix! what's the matter with
you now? What new enermity have I

you now? What new enermity have I committed?"

"Oh, nothing new—nothing new at all," is Trixy's seornful response; "it is quite in keeping with the rest of your conduct. To be purely and entirely selfish is the normal state of the future Lady Catheron! Poor Sir Victor! who has won you. Poor Charley! who has lost you. Thardly know which I pity most."

"It don't see that you need waste your precious pity on either," answered Edith, perfectly unmoved by Miss Stuart's vituperation; "keep it for me. I shall make Sir Victor a very good wife as wives go, and for Charley—well, Lady Gwendoline is left to console him."

"Yes, of course, there is Lady Gwendoline. O Edith! Edith! what are you made of? How can you sell yourself as you are going to do? Sir Victor Catheron is no more to you than his ball porter. You love my brother and yet you hand him over to Lady Gwendoline. Cone, Edith, be honest for once; you love Charley, don't you?"

"It is rather late in the day for such trades enforcings in that." Edith renlies.

be honest tor once; you love charley, don's you?"

"It is rather late in the day for such tender confessions as that," Edith replies, with a reckless sort of laugh; "but yes—if the declaration does you any good, Trix—I love Charley."

"And you give him up! Miss Darrell I give you up as a conundrum I can't solve. Rank and title are all very well—nobody thinks more of them than I do; but if I loved a man," cried Trix, with kindling eyes and glowing cheeks. "I'd marry him! Yes, I would, though he were a beggar."

beggar."
Edith looked up at her kindly with a Edith looked up at her kindly with a smothered sigh.

"I believe you, Trix; but then you are different from me." She half raised herself, looking dreamily out on the sunlit prospect of lawn, and coppice, and woodland.
"Here it is; I love Charlie, but I love my. self better. I am what you call me—a selfish wretch—a heartless little brute—and I am going to marry Sir Victor Catheron. Pity him, if yon like, poor fellow! for he loves me with his whole heart, and he is a brave and loyal goftleman. But don't pity your brother, my dear; believe me, he doesn't need it. He's a good fellow, Charley, and he likes me, but he won't break his heart or commit suicide while he has a cigar left."

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Trix, "and I believe he has heard us."
"Let him come," Edith returns, lying listlessly back among her cushions once more. "It doesn't matter if he has. It

listlessly back among her cushions once more. "It doesn't matter if he has. It will be no news to him."

"It is a pity you should miss each other, though," Trix says sarcastically, as she turns to go; "such thorough philosophers both; I believe you were made for each other, and, as far as easy-going selfishness is concerned, there is little to choose between you. It's a thousand pities Sir Victor can't hear all this."
"He might if he liked," is Edith's answer.
"I shouldn't care. Charley!" as Charley comes in and Trix goes out, "have you been eavesdropping?"

comes in and Trix goes out, "have you been eavesdropping?"
"I have been eavesdropping—I never deny my small vices. Hammond left me to go to the stabley and, strolling under the window, I overficerd you and Trix. Open confession is beneficial, no doubt; but, my dear cousin, you really shouldn't make it in so audible a tone. I might have been Sir Victor instead of me. Poor Sir Victor! he loves you — not a doubt of that, Dithy—to the depths of idiocy, where you know so well how to cast your victims; but hard hit as he is, I wonder what he would say if he heard all this!"

And Edith Darrell's haughty eyes looked up for a moment and they are flashing through tears. She lifts the lady's hand with exquisite grace, and kisses it. Then smiles chase her tears and she is gone on the arm of some devoted cavalier. Onceonly once, she dances with Charley. She has striven to avoid him—no, not that either—it is he who has avoided her. She has seen him—let her be surrounded by scores, she has seen him—let her be surrounded by scores, she has seen him—wispering with Lady Gwendoline, fanning Lady Gwendoline, firiting with Lady Gwendoline. It is Lady Gwendoline he leads to supper, and it is after supper, with the enchanting strains of a Strauss waltz filling the air, that he comes up and asks her for that dance.

"I am sure I deserve it for my humility," has aid plaintively. "I have stood in the background, humbly and afar off, and given you up to my betters. Surely, after all the bitter pills I have been swallowing. I deserve one sugar-plum."

She laughs—glances at Sir Victor, making his way toward her, takes his arm rather hurriedly, and moves off.

"Is Lady Gwendoline a pill, or a sugar-plum?" she asks. "You certainly seem to have had an overdose of her."

"I owe Lady Gwendoline my deepest thanks," he answered gravely. "Her efthanks," he answered gravely. "Her efthank

shake hands, sir, and see each other more."

"No more?" he repeats.

"Well, for a year or two at least, until all the folly of the past can be remembered only as a thing to be laughed at. Or until there is a tall, handsome Mrs. Stuart, or, more likely, a Lady Gwendoline Stuart. And Charley," speaking hurriedly now, and not meeting the deep gray eyes she knows are fixed upon her, "the locket with my picture and the letters—you won't want them then—suppose you let me have them back."

them them—suppose you let me have them back."

"I won't want them then, certainly," Charley responds, "if by 'then' you mean when I am the husband of the tall, fascinating Mrs. Stuart or Lady Gwendoline. But as I have not that happiness yet, suppose you allow me to retain them until I have. Sir Victor will never know, and he would not mind much if he did. We are cousins, are we not? and what more natural than that cousins once removed should keep-each other's pictures? By the bye, I see you still wear that little trumpery pearl and turquoise brooch I gave you, with my photo at the back. Give it to me, Edie; turquoise does not become your brown skin, my dear, and I'll give you a ruby pin with Sir Victor's instead."

He stretched out his hand to unfasten it. She sprang back, ner cheeks flushing at his touch.

ouch.

"You shall not have it! Married or single, I shall keep it to my dying day if I choose. Charley—what do you mean, sir! How dare you? Let me go!"

For he had risen suddeny and caught her in his arms, looking steadily down into her dark eves, with a gaze she could not meet. Whilst he held her, whilst he looked at her, he was her master, and he knew it.

He laughed contemptuously, and held are still.

"Yes, Edith; suppose Sir Victor came in and saw his bride-elect with a sacrilegious arm about her waist? Suppose I told him the truth—that you are mine, not his; mine by the love that alone makes marriage holy; his for his title and his rent-roll—bought and sold. By Heaven! I half wish he would?"

We this Charley—Charley Stuart?

would!"
Was this Charley—Charley Stuart!
She eaught her breath—her pride and her insolence dropping from her—only a girl in the grasp of the sman she loves. In that moment, if he had willed it, he sould have made her forego her plight, and pledge herealf to him wholly, and he knew it.
"Edith" he said, "as I stand and look

at you, in your beauty and your selfish.

ass, I could hardly know whether I love
or despise you most. I could make you
marry me—make you, mind—but you are
not worth it. Go?" He opened his arms
contemptuously and relea-selt her. "You'll
not be abad wifet r Sir Victor, I dare say, as
fashionable wives go. You'll be that ornament of society, a married firth, but you'll
never run away with his dearest friend,
and make a case for the D. C. A week ago
I envised Sir Victor with all my heart—todo y I pity him with all my sou!"

He turned to go, for once in his life,
f.
thoroughly aroused, passionate love, passionate rage at war within him. She had
annk back upon the sofa, her face hidden in
he her hands, humbled, as in all her proud
life she had never been humbled hefore,
her silence, her humblity touched him.
He heard a stifled sob, and all his hot
anger died out in pained remorse.

"Oh, forgive me. Ridith?" he said, "forgive me. It may be cruel, but I had to
speak. It is the first, it will be the last
time. I am selfish, too, or I would never
have pained you—better never hear the
truth than that the hearing, should
make you miserable. Don't cry, Edith; I
can't bear it. Forgive me, my cousin—
they are the last tears I will ever make you shed!" An eternal farewell
was in the words. She heard the door
open, heard it close, and knew that her
love and her life had parted in that instant
forever.

She came downstairs when to-morrow
can be the room, and Edith was left alone.

Only another friend lost forever. Well,
she had Sir Victor Catheron left—he must
suffice for all now.

All that day and most of the next she
bed, her form, heard it close, and knew that her
love and her life had parted in that instant
forever.

The words he meant to soothe her, hurtto wound. "They are the last tears I will
ever make you shed!" An eternal farewell
was in the words. She heard the door
open, heard it close, and knew that her
love and her life had parted in that instant
forever.

shed."
The words he meant to soothe her, hurt more deeply than the words he meant to wound. "They are the last tears I will ever make you shed!" An eternal farewell was in the words. She heard the door open, heard it close, and knew that her love and her life had parted in that instant forever.

at all events, who urged the exodus to London.

"Let us see a little London life in the season governor," he said. "Lady Portia Hampton, and that lot, are going. They'll introduce us to some nice people—so will Hammond. I pine for stone and mortar, and the fog and smoke of London."

Whatever he may have felt, he bore it easily to all outward seeming, as the men who feel deepest mostly do. He could not be said to actually avoid her, but certainly since that a ernoon in the drawing room, they had never been for five seconds alone.

alone.

"And, my dear child," said Lady Helena
to Edith, when the departure was fixed,
"I think you had much better remain
behind."

it! Once more, my dearest daughter, it congratulate you on the brilliant vista opening before you. Your step-mather, who desires her best love, never wearies of spreading the wonderful news that our little Edic is so soon to be the bride of a great English baronet."

Miss Darrell's straight black brows met in one frowing line as she perused this parental and pious epistle. The next instand it was torn into minute atoms, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

There seemed to be some foundation for the news. Letters without end kept continuing for Mr. Stuart; little boys bearing the ominuous orange envelopes of the telegraph company, came almost daily to Powyss Place. After these letters and cable messages the gloom on Mr. Stuart's face deepend and darkened. What was it? His family noticed it, and inquired about his the lath. He rebuffed them impatiently, he was quite well—he wanted to be left almost.

The time of departure was fixed at the time of departure was fixed at the continuing parallel to the continuing parallel to the latter of the lower of the little finger.

The time of departure was fixed at the continuing parallel to the latter of the lower of the little finger.

The time of departure was fixed at the continuing parallel to the latter of the palm and extends the lower part of the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the line of fate begins in the lower part of the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends alone. If I can find time I'll run down to the palm and extends the lower part of the palm and extends alone. If the lower part of the palm and extends th

alone.
The time of departure was fixed at
Ingth; and the moment it was fixed, Trix
flew upstairs, and into Edith's room, with

length; and the moment it was fx d, 1ftx few upstairs, and into Edith's room, with the news.

"Oh, let us be joyful," sang Miss Stuart, waltzing in psaim time up and down tho room; "we're off at last, the day after to-morrow, Dithy; so go pack up at one, Our rooms are taken at Langham's, Edle, and that blessed darling, Captain Hammond goes with us. Lady Portia, Lady Gwendoline, and Lady Laura are coming also, and I mean to plunge headlong into the gliddy whirl of dissipation, and mingle with the bloated aristocracy. Why don't you laugh? What are you looking so sulky about?" Edith said, with a faint smile. "I don't feel sulky. I a faint smile. "I would, no doubt, only—I am not suld going." "Not going!" Thunderstruck, Trix repeats the words. "Not going!" Thunderstruck, Trix repeats the words. "No; it has been decided that I remain here. Yon won't miss me, Trix—you will have Captain Hammond may go hang him
"You would have taken of the west. The long, bright summer day the went. The long, brights summer day the went and procuring a conveyance to Powys Place. Lamps glimmered in the wild always a the was in Chester. There was some delay in procuring a conveyance to Powys Place. Lamps glimmered in the windows of the old stone mansion in intended the went. The long, bright submer day the went. The long, bright submer day the went.

"No; it has been decided that I remain here. You wint miss me, Trix—you will have Captain Hammond."
"Captain Hammond may go hang himself. I want you, and you! mean to have. Let's sit down and reason this thing out. Now what new crotchet has got into your head? May I ask what your ladyshipelect means to do?"
"To remain quietly here until—until—you know."

here. Yon won't miss me, Trix—you will have Captain Hammond my go hang himself. I want you, and you I mean to have. Let's sit down and reason this thing out. Now what new crotheth has got into your head? May I ask what your ladyshipelect means to do?"

"Oh, I know!" with indescribable scorn; "until you are raised to the sublime dignity of a barongt's wife. And you mean to mope away your existence down here for the next two months. Why, you are fading away to a shadow. You shall come up to London with us and recuperate. Charley shall take yog everywhere."

She saw her wince—yes, that was where the vital place lay. Miss Stuart ran on:

"The idea of living under the same roof for two mortal months with the young man you are going to marry! You're a great stickler for etiquette—I hope you don't call that etiquette? You started with us, and you shall stay with us—you belong to us, not to him, until the nuptial knot is tied. I wouldn't give a fig for London without you. I should die of the dismslis in a week."

"What, Trix—with Captain Hammond?"

"Geather Captain Hammond?"

"Garage of the same pain.

She was dressed for a dinner party. She wore violet silk, trailing far behind her, violet shot with red. Her graceful shoulders rose up exquisitely out of the point lace trianging, her arms sparkled in the ligote. In-fery few words he told her—the great tragedies of life are always easily told. They were ruined—he had engaged their passage by the next steamer—he had merely run down as they were never likely to meet again—for the sake of old times, to say good-by.

Old times! Something rose in the girl's threat, and seemed to choke her. Oh, of all the base, heartless, so ungrateful as she? Poor—Charley poor! For one moment—to go with him to beggary if need be. Only for one moment—I will do Miss Darrell's excellent worldly wisdom this justice.

"He are the pain always with a sharp pang of the same wore view listly. The held of the sore is the world with the world with the you are safe to the head of living many to a second

You May Learn their Characters-How It la Done.

ever make you shed!" An eternal farewell was in the words. She heard the door open, heard it close, and knew that her love and her life had parted in that instant forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two weeks later five of Lady Heiena's train, went up to London; Miss Edith Dartel! stayed behind.

Since the memorable day following the ball, the bride-elect of Sir Victor Catheron had dwelt in a sort of earthly purgatory. She had given up Charley—had cast him off, had battered herself in cold blood—for a title and an income. And now that he he held her ather true value, that his love had died a natural death in contempt and seorn, her whole soul craved him with a sick longing that was like death. Jealousy are had sever by Lady Gwendoline's side of late—ever at Drexel Court. His father had set his heart upon the match; she was graceful and high-bred; it would end in a marriage, no doubt.

"What a dog in the manger I grow," she said, with a bitter laugh. "I won't have him myself, and I cannot bear that any one less should have him."

She was losing flesh and color, waxing wan as a shadow. Sir Victor was full of concern, full of wonder and alarm.

"The sooner my guests go, the better, thooght Lady Helena. "The sooner she see the last of this young man, the sooner health and strength will return."

Perhaps Charley saw too. It was he, all events, who ruged the—exodus to London.

"Let us see a little London life in the season, governor," he said., "Lady Portial of very last of evening began to gather over the West End he stood impatiently awaiting his arrival. Mr. Stuart was ten of evening began to gather over the West End he stood impatiently awaiting his arrival. Mr. Stuart was ten of evening began to gather over the West End he stood impatiently awaiting his arrival. Mr. Stuart was ten of evening began to gather over the West End he stood impatiently awaiting his company to the proper the head of the family. The feat of the family concern, full of wonder and slarm.

"The sooner my guests go, the better, thooght Lady Helena. "The

to Edith, when the departure was fixed, "I think you had much better remain behind."

There was a emphasis in her tone, a meaning glance in her eye, that brought the conscious blood to the girl's cheek. Her eyes made no reply.

"Certainly Edith will remain," Sir Victor interposed impetnously. "As if we could survive dowh here without her?"

"It is settled, then?" said Lady Helena again, watching Edith with a curiously intent look. "You remain?"

"I will remain," Edith answered, very lowly and without lifting her eyes.

"My own idea is," went on the young baronet confidentially, to his lady love, "that they are glad to be gone. Something seems to be the matter with Stuart peresulate the question.

"Mr. Stuart? What did you say, Sir Victor? Oh-under a cloud. Well, yes, I have noticed it. I think it is something connected with his business in New York. In papa's last letter," Mr. Frederick Darrell had said this:

"One of their great financial crises, they tell me, is approaching in New York." In papa's last letter, "Mr. Frederick Darrell had said this:

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"One of their great financial crises, they tell me, is approaching in New York." In papa's last letter, "Mr. Frederick Darrell had said this:

"One of their great financial crises, they tell me, is approaching in New York." In papa's last letter, and the subject of the Couard ships, and found that the volving many failures. One of the most deeply involved, it is whispered, will be James Stuart. I have heard he is threatened with ruin. Let us hope, however, this may be exaggerated. Once I fanuels if would be a fine thing, abrilliant match, if my Edith married James Stuart's son." In four days, then, we sail. Meaning the father. The fit turns out not to be deeply involved, it is whispered, will be James Stuart. I have heard he is threatened with ruin. Let us hope, however, this may be exaggerated. Once I fanuels if would be a

SHOW US YOUR HANDS.

ing the Features of Your Friends' Hands

Whether there is anything of truth in the art of palmistry or not is a question difficult of decision; however, for those who may care to send their wits in this direction, most of the principal points from a recognized authority have been gleaned. Some knowledge of physiognony and an instructive ability to note characteristics truly will not in any way characteristics truly will not in any way interfere with the success of the ambi-

the success of the ambi-front pretty young girl or matron who wishes to play the role of secress for the annusement of her friends.

Soft hands suggest one who labors with fatigne, to whom heavy work is a bardship, y hile the hand and character, it is a hard and paracter, and the hand on if the large in proportion to the hand on a woman, betrays a scold, on a man a domestic tyrant. If the first phalange of the thum he large, executive ability, of the thum; Distarge, executive analysistro g will in carrying out a plan and power of control are present; if short, there is a lack of these characteristics, the owner is apt to be controlled by others, and will be weak in friendships The second di ision of the thumb, if

The second di ision of the thumb, if long, sh we a plan in r inftellect; therefore, if both divisions are of sufficient a i equal size, a strong, self reliant the recent with intellect to plan and will to execute his plans may be expected. The mounts of the hand are next in ordy. At the base of each finger is a mound, or should be, of flesh. at the base of the thumb is the Mount of Venus. It shows the physical strength and endurance of its possessor, the vitality and power of affection. If too well developed the nature is sen

sual.

The Mount of Jupiter is at the root of the index finger. Its indications are ambitious, honors, taste and intense s and dislikes founded on the im pressions. When too full it gives a tendency to vanity and egotism. Under the next finger is the Mount of Saturn. implies earnestness, industry a idence. The mount of the third fin ger is that of Apollo, which, if considger is that of Apollo, which, it considerable in development, shows one may gain success through artistic or literary alcuts if cultivated and applied.

The Mount of Mercury is found under the little finger; it is found fully developed in the hands of men of science, as in those of successful teachers, meaning and delayers. chers and debaters. The mount or the oner part of the palm below Mer-cury is Mars; its indications are courage, fearlessness in danger, and if over devel-oned, cruelty. Below Mars and opposite Venus is the Mount of the Moon sle owing sentimentality, love of solitude, chastiy in excess, and when quite a protuberance, discontent, saddess and cap ice are marked characteristics

Next to be considered are the three especial lines of the palm, with a few important accidental ones, and then we ive a rather complete, if not minu owledge of palmistry. First is the ine of life, showing the health, vitality and success of the individual. This line should begin midway between the thumb and forefinger, run clear and around the base of the thumb down the wrist; such a line of life predicts of health, freedom from trouble and cidents. If, however, it be cut and ken by tiny lines, look out for nerv

us diseases and head sicknesses.

Next comes the head line, beginning the starting point of the life line and stending through the middle of the tending through the induced of the induced of the induced of the induced of the induced; it speaks well of the stellect; if forked at the termination, it roves a possession of tact and policy. When this line joins and forms a welldefined angle with the life line, thought and action are in perfect harmony; if it loss not join and there is an open space between the stwo, one is warned of a croughly hypocritical character.

The Lird prominent line in the hand, or maining on the Mount of Jupiter i running straight across to the outer ac, is the line of the heart. This, lege and strongly marked, speaks well or the powers of affection; should it regin between the index and second gers one may suspect a heart sustified to the opposite sex; should it come under the second or third finger it con each subdishess in the layer raise.

left worth a thought, and never waster isn't worth a thought and never waster isn't worth and worth and worth tapering fingers indicates a mind of artistic bent.

A poet, painter or musician may have knotty and square tipped fingers, but he will always treat his subject in a material or practical way.

The servant started as he ushered him in a this pale face and duaty garments.

"You will tell Miss Darrell I wish to see her at once, and alone," he said, slipping a shilling into the man's hand.

He took a seat in the familiar reception now, and waited.

Worth at hought, and never waster to the heart and between this and the root of the little finger.

If one line only is formed the person is true to one object of the affections that will never be replaced.

A hand with tapering fingers indicates a mind of artistic bent.

A poet, painter or musician may have knotty and square tipped fingers, but he will always treat his subject in a material or practical way.

It wouldn't be too hard on her, Trix, if I were you' is formed the root of the little finger.

If one line only is formed the person is true to one object of the heart and between this and the root of the little finger.

If one line only is formed the person is true to one object of the heart and between this and the root of the little finger.

If one line only is formed the person is true to one object of the heart and between this and the root of the little finger.

If one line only is formed the person is true to one object of the affections that will never be replaced.

A hand with tapering fingers indicates a mind of artistic be

Hard hands love adventure and travel; soft hands are content to hear of these things; hard hands may be strong in their friendship or love without much show of tenderness, while soft hands, more demonstrative, will not be so firm

Now having some idea of the size and texture of the hand we will next look to its shape. A hand with smooth pointed fingers has little order, but if smooth and square at the ends the very sight and idea of order is pleasing.

Knotty fingers indicate order, logic and a bit of suspicion in the character.

New York Advertiser.

knives of a late period resembled modern razors. One in the Cambridge Museum was labeled "A Roman razor."

After dinner the cloth was cleared, hands were washed, as before the meal, and all commenced drinking. When King Edwy left the cup for the society of his newly made Queen, Dunstau forcibly dragged him back to the guests, because it was gross disrespect to leave off early after dinner. The cups were often of precious metals, curiously en-

off early after dinner. The cups were often of precious metals, curiously engraved and of much value, and were specially left in wills. The Abbey of Ramsey thus received from the Lady Ethelgiva "two silver cups for the use of the brethren in the refectory, in order that while drink is served in them to the brethren at their repast my memory may be more firmly imprinted on their hearts."

hearts."

In pledging they always kissed. Storytelling and singing in the humbler gatherings were partaken by turns. In this way Caedmon, the Anglo-Saxon Milton, was first made aware of his population. etical powers. Dancing was express by words meaning hopping, leaping, tumbling. It appears, therefore, to have been a somewhat violent exercise. The mirth among the men was often coarse mirth among the men was often coarse to obscenity, and scenes occurred in the halls which may not be described. In some cases lands were granted to vassals on conditions which would degrade the roughest London costermonger. The ladies modestly retired early from these process which frequently and in ones. orgies, which frequently ended in quar rels and bloodshed, and in their bower, which was a chamber built separate from the hall, amused themselves un

disturbed by the wassaliers.

The bower was furnished with a round table, stools and generally a bed. Chairs were for the great. The bed was a sack filled with straw and laid on a bench, hence the woods beach, and disturbed by the wassailers. hence the words bench and straw were commonly used for bed. When the bed was to be made, they took the bed sack out of the chest, filled it with fresh straw and laid it on the bench in the recess of the room, provided with a curain. Bedsteads were rare, and only used by people of rank.—Westminster

Watering garden plants. as common Watering gatten plants. as constant by practiced, is an absolute injury to vegetation, for the reason that it is not done plentifully enough. When the earth is dry and hot the application of all the water only increases the heat and has a tendency to make the soil more compressed and drier than before. The most of our soils are more or less calcareous, and the action of the sun's heat has the same effect as heat upor limestone. The carbonic acid is expelled, and when brought in contact with moisture heat is generated, and unless sufficient water is applied to overcome the heat vegetation suffers. A sprink ing pot should never be used in time of drought, unless the soil around the roots of the plants is at the same time thoroughly soaked, and the watering should always take place after sunset

when the dew has begun to fall.

This is in accordance with natural laws. Rain and sunshine seldom appear together, and further, when nature waters vegetation the atmosphere is fillwith moisture. Pool water and soap suds are good for the garden, and cistern water may be used, but should be exposed to the sun and air through the day before applying. Strong liquid-from the barnyard is death to garden plants and should only be used after diluting until very weak.—Farmers'

The Tramp on Salt Water "Did you ever know that tramps travel by sea as well as by land?" inquir-ed a sea captain. "Well, they do, and in the past two seasons more have taken to the salt water route than nave taken to the sain vascels out that ever before. Coasting vessels are the favorite craft for tramps. They manage to get aboard just as a boat is about to sail and hide themselves in the hold, where they stay until the algebra of the pulls of the sain transfer of the sain transf the vessel out casts off and leaves her, when they make their presence known. Sometimes there will be five or six of 'em aboard, and such a crowd is liable to make provisions run low before port to make provisions run low before port is reached. Of course they are put to some kind of work, but there's mighty little to do aboard a coaster that a land lubber understands. These tramps are just like their land brothers. They are merely desirons of going from one place to another and keeping on the move all the time, although they sometimes tell the time, although they so mighty pitiful stories. 1 the evil is a good deal worse on the

LOST THE PUINT.

Even the Best of Stories Wis es Fire When Awkwardly Told. Awwardly Told.

Last year while a certain distinguished English lady was traveling in this country she expressed astonishment at the vast fields of corn presented to her the vast-fields of corn presented to her during a journey through Indiana and Illinois and she windered what the Americans did with the enormous crop. To this a bright young American girl in the party answered: "We eat what we can and can what we can't." The within wastel here less them here the within wastel here less than the property of the within the world here less than the within the world here less than the world here were the world was the world here were the world here were the world here were the world was th ticism would have been lost upon her ladyship had it not been for the friendly offices of others in the party, who, by dint of labor, diagrams, chisels, etc. omces of others in the party, who, by dint of labor, diagrams, chisels, etc., finally got her ladyship to see the point of the joke. Then her ladyship was so pleased she put it down in her note-book to spring it upon her friends at home. This is the way the witticism sounded when it was let loose at one of her ladyship's dinner partiage. "In America. ship's dinner parties: "In America, you know, they have so much maize that they eat what they can, and tin

what they can't." When the Knights Templars journey ed to San Francisco the most felicitous toast offered at their splendid banquet was in these words: "The ladies—God bless them! what would our Knights be without them?" An Englishman pres ent was so delighted with the pleasantry—for the British adore punning—that when he got back to Australia he atempted to perpetrate the toast at tempted to perpetrate the today as a local local longuet, and he wondered why there we are outburst of hiliarious applause when he arose solemnly and cried passionately: "The ladies—God bless them! what would our Knights Temp-

lars be without them? lars be without them?
We have all heard of the German who
(having been fooled by a joker who
pointed to a church steeple and asked: more demonstrative, will not be so firm in affection.

The skin of the hand being too white suggests coldness and selfishness; if too red, coarseness and violent passions.

Now having some idea of the size and texture of the hand we will next look to its shape. A hand with

A German critic has been giving his views of England and English life in the Cologne Gazette. He talks of "Savoye's Restaurant," and of that place, as, in deed, of all places where man eats and drinks, he has a peculiar and extensive knowledge. There was some sherry at the Reform Club which appealed to TABLE MANNERS.

In the Old Days of Hard Eaters and Hard Drinkers.

Bread, milk, butter and cheese were the staple articles of food, bread being the chief. "A domestic was termed a man's hlaf-oetan," or loaf-sater." A lady was a "hlaf-dig," a loaf-giver. Bacon was the principal flesh food, and other meats were also salted, Hence boiling was the common form of cooking. They even boiled their geese. The

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C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with Itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston, livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, and highly recommended this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

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BROCKVILLE, Sept. 18, 1894. G. P. 1 (18H, Lyn Ag'l Works. Sir,—I purchased one of your Little Giant Root Cutters over a year ago and find it a first class article and would recommend it to all parties iecding roots to stock.

J. J. HENDERSON, Butcher

LYN, August, 1894. G. P. Mclil ynAg'l Works. DEAR SIR,-I consider the Little Giant Root Cutter one of the best labor-saving tools on the market. As to durability, I have cut hundreds of bushels of turnips when they were frezen solid and it stood it all right. JAMES H. MARSHALL.

PAT DONOVAN, of Escot Front, said at Lansdowne fair that he had cut five bushels of turnips in five minutes, and did it easily with a Little Giant Root Cutter

G. P. McNish, Lyn, Ont.

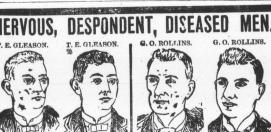
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27 No names used without written consent. \$1,000 paid for any case we take and cannot

Emissions "At 15 I learned a bod habit. Had losees for seven years. Tried four doctor Cured," and nerve tonics by the scene, without benefit; I become a nervous wree to be the property of Varioccele "Varioccele, the result of early vice, made life miserable. I was weak and nerGured. vons, eyes sunken, healful in society, hair thin, dre mis and lo-ses at night, no
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Sphillis "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight, pears. Had taken gaise
Gured. cury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on
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A Doctor — I know nothing in medical science so efficient for the cure of Speaks and Recommends Sexual Dis asses as the New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy & Korsan. Many it have seen this with my own eyes and know it to be a fact."

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