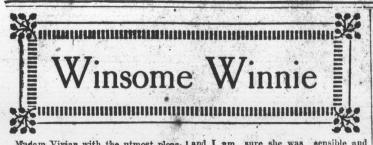
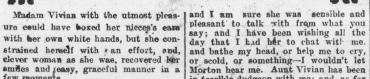
### THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 15, 1913.



herself, "in that odious Lord Mount-revorts yacht! That would just suit him and madam both! They would drive me mad is six weeks—the clever intrigning of the one, and the inane platitudes of the other-a painted, padded fop!" She was alone for a few minfites, while

madam super standed some milliner and, wearily surveying the dingy houses, the sews of inst-floor windows, the trim, flower covered balconies, the white pave

dull, dusty l, dusty decoronsness of mable street, Mildred let s fly off as birds from a sta which her on wild ad conjured poor



• am quite sure about the boar and tiger hunting, Millie, dear," the said, with a light Hugh, "but I think you may be able to realize your Nile and Meditornnean longings before another year," "Yes," Mildred muttered

'Yon, and I told her so!" "What did madam say" asked Ste-phen Tredennick, trying to restrain a noon. I know she was a nice gentle lit-tle creature from what madam says, mile "Oh, she inquired in her grandloquent

way." repled Mildred, sarcastically, 'what interest I could possibly take in a person of whom L-knew nothing what ever. And I told her that cousin Stephen liked her, and that was quite suf-ficient reason for me to take an interest in her.

"What did she say to that?" Captain Tredennick questioned agan. "Nothing,' replied Mildred, with a care

"Nothing,' replied Mildred, with a care less shrug; "she knew that I should keep on saying more and more astound-ing things, so she was silent. Poor lit-the Winnie! I think she was cruelly used. Stepheu; and I meant to let every one know that such was my thought, only that she went away, unfortunately, in that sudden manuer"

in that sudden manner." "Perhaps it was better for her, poor crild," suggested Stephen Tredennick, and, for a few minutes the last speaker's fhoughts went after the exile lit-the maiden with regret, and vain longing for her presence. CHAPTER XVII.

At half-past nine o'clock Stephen Tre-lennick returned from his hotel, and was ushered by smirking, courtseying Miss Trewhella at once into madam's dress-ing room, where he found his relative robed in black moire antique, point lace

crimson velvety roses, and point laplets on her silvery abundant hair, and dia-monds scintillating on her white plump hands, her round wrists, her neck, and from her dainty aristocratic ears as if they were dewdrops fallen from the drooping roses in her hair. She was very magnificent, but she was in consterna-

"She won't go, Stephen!" madam cried breathtessly with alarm and excitement and excessive vexation. "There was never any one more tried than I have never any one more tried than I have been this day! I positively declare that Miss Tredennick shall return to her fa-ther and mother to morrow, and let them send her to a strict school or con-vent, or wherever they like best— I wash my hands of her!" "Why does she refuse?" Stepherr Tre-dennick asked, in surprise and trouble. "How can I tell?" Madam cyclaimed, sharply, almost beside herself from vex-ation, "Because of one of her never-end-ing, abominably obstinate whins, I sup-

ation. "Because of one of her never-end-ing, abominably obstinate whims, I sup-

"Let me see her, aunt," Captain Tre-

"No, I don't," replied Mildred, shortly, "Yon had better lie down and bet

Her heavy eyes and pallid cheeks lit up with burning, angry determination, and Stephen Tredennick went away un-**Horse Distemper** willingly.

An Experienced Horseman Solemely Deciares Nothing is So Satisfact. ory as Nerviline. Says Nerviline is Fine Liniment

"After fifty years' experience in rais ing horses I can safely testify that no remedy gives such good results for an all-round stable liniment as Nerviline."

How to Cure

Thus opens the very earnest letter of J J. Evanston, who lives near Wellington 'I had a very valuable horse that took "I had a very valuable horse that took distemper a month ago, and was afraid I was going to lose him. His throat swelled and hard lumps developed. His nostrils ran and he had a terrible cough. I tried different remedies, but was un-able to relieve my horse of his pain and suffering till I started to use Nerviline. I wired a bottle of Nerviline and suffer

I mixed a bottle of Nerviline and sweet oil and rubbed the mixture on the throat and chest three times a day, and you would scarcely believe the way that would scarcely believe the way horse picked up. Nerviline cured him. I also have used Nerviline for colic in norses and cows, and carnestly recom-nend it to every man that is raising stock.'

For strains, sprains, swellings, colic distemper, coughs and colds, no liniment will prove so efficacious in the stable as Nerviline"-it's good for man or beast, or internal or external use. Whenever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Re

fuse substitutes. Large size bottles, 50c.; trial size, 25c., at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

ting up; and then she burst into tears, "Nothing ails me. I am perfectly well, as Madam has just told me, in a rage; but I feel as if I would rather be put into a prison cell than go to this hate-ful ball! I suppose I am over-tired, or something. There is no use in Madam's forcing me to go. I can't dance, or speak, or do anything but sit down and cry; my heart seems like lead, Stephen - something must be going to happen to

Stephen (Tredennick's kind broad brow

"Nothing is going to happen to you, my dear," he said, kindly; "it is just what you say yourself. You are over-tired, Millie dear; and I must say that night when she ought to be asleep, and inthe branch, see in she ought to be up, as fresh as the flowers. Dress yourself, dear, for this last time, and I pro-mise that you shall have no more ball-

going this year. Hurry, Millie, dear; your aunt's quite ready." "Oh, of course!" cried Milared, bitterly. "If I were ready to drop down dead, and Madam had said that I should g-somewhere, she would just go on with her toilette as calmly and

go on with her tollette as calmiy and carefully as usual and come in ten minutes too soon, with the last but-ton of her glove fastened, to know if I was ready." "If you feel ill, my dear cousin, you shall not go," said Stepuhen Treden-nick, decidedly. "I am not in the least ill, I tell you.

"Let me see her, aunt," Captain Tre-dernick said, deprecatingly, "perhaps Millie is not well." "Perfeature well." Stephen," Mildred reiterated, ringing her bell violently. "There, go away, and tell madam not to suffer any more anguish of mind on account of my obstin

"I am sure Mildred is not well, aunt," he said, as they sat awaiting her com-ng in the drawing room-"she seems so deversh and nervous." "Very!" returned madam, sarcastical-

"Very!" returned madam, sarcastical-ly, adjusting the wide black velvet and splendid flashing diamond solitaire that adorned her smooth white hare neck above the point lace of her coreage. Widow of fifty-seven as she was, she showed a handsome pair of shoulders, albeit a little less of them as she did at twenty-seven. "Very, Stephen! That is, you mean to say, calling things by their right names, that she exhibits a great deal of spoiled-child impertinence and ill temper." ind ill temper." "I think both her temper and manue

decidedly deteriorated since she same to town," said her nepher, decidedly. "Mildred was never ilc-tempered or disagree-able before; and she certainly seems thoroughly unhappy and dispirited (his evening."

evening." "Unhappy and dispirited!" echoed madam, scoffingly-"I dare say. It in-jurge Miss Tredennick's health very con-siderably not to have her own will and way in everything. She informed me this morning that she wanted her liberty to an entry the set of the to go where she liked, and when she liked; and she has been sulking the liveliked; and she has been surking the hve-long day because she hasn't this priv-liege, I suppose. Really Marion Treden-nick is not to be congratulated on her method of training her eldest daugh-

"She looks ill at all events, and has been crying bitterly," said poor Stephen, feeling himself to be, in a measure, be-tween two fires—for madam appeared to grow more irate.

"I have the prospect of a charming evening before me," she observed, stamp-ing her tiny foot—"to play chaueron to an unwilling young lady, who has been sulking, and complaining of low starts, and optimate the starts. and crying-to chaperon her in the people in town!". Perplexed and distressed, Stephen Tie-

lennick began to wish earnestly, for his own sake as well as for that of others, that the last ball of the season was well over, when, to his intense relief, he heard the rustling of silken robes descending the staircase, and presently Mildred er tered. She was dressed in her splendid robes of shimmering blue satin, of varied shades of brightness, and clouded over with a delicate, frost-like, misty veiling

of snowy lace, with clustering white roses in her rich chestnut hair, and white roses in her jewelled bouquetiere. The delicate hues and fresh pure brightness of her costume, like the cerulean tinte it is a shame to force any young girl and fleecy cloud shadows of a morning in this mill-round of staying up at night when she ought to be asleep, and liant beauty, those flushed checks and bright dark eyes, those curving red lips and flashing white teeth, the wealth of ruddy golden-brown hair, the lisson,

"So much for Miss, Tredenniek's low spirits and ill-health, Stephen, my dear!" said madam, too satisfied and triumph-ant to retain much ill-humor.

They were sitting together, or rather Stephen Tredennick was graciously per-mitted to form one of his aunt's little court of admirers and supporters—half a dozen or so—wao constantly loitered near vivacious, witty, clever, handsome Madam Vivian wherever she appeared during the season: and madam, with a sarcastic smile, indicated Mildred's blue dress and white roses whirling around in a valse a trois temps with Lord Mountrevor, with a movement of her plumed white fan, encrusted with tiny miculae and stars of jet and silver, to represent" mourning.", "I am very glad to see it," Stephen

SHORA

Tredennick returned, carnestly, but with a lurking dissatisfaction still. He had seen Mildred looking brighter, he nad seen Mildred looking brighter, happier, handsomer, many a time than she looked that epening a belle and beauty in her glistening azure satin and lace and white roses. He hated to see that hard, arrogant smile on her fresh that hard, arrogant smile on her fresh lips, that supercilious droop of those haughty white eyelids which was be-boming so habitual. She looked fevered and restless, for all her beauty and gaiety. He hated to think of gay, high-spirited, proud, warm-hearted, beautiful young Mildred's' being transformed into one of those cold, handsome, heartless, fashionable women whom Madam Vivian appeared to consider the nerfection of fashionable women whom Madam Vivian appeared to consider the perfection of high-bred womanhood. He hated to see llenry, Lord Mountrevor, with his arm around that girlish supple waist— a man he knew to be an effeminate dandy and a roue of the gracefully-immoral elegantly-knavish type, with not brains enough to be a very-great of clever knave, but with inclina-tion enough to be addicted to a great deal of knavery and immorality of a rose-water-perfumed, rose-color-veiled quality, and with intelligence and abil-ity enough to enable him to keep the outside of his own particular sepulchre fairly whited. There was not any great or particular wickedness worth mention. tairly whited. There was not any great or particular wickedness worth mention. ing, save his intense and fathful admr-ation of Mildred Tredennick. But Ste-phen Tredennick hated to think of his beautiful young cousin's bartering her-self for a share if that man's name, and eing crowned with the glory of a coro

net from his hand. Perhaps she knew what was passing in the Capitain's thoughts, from that calm, grave, expressive face of his, and the anxious looks that followed her from his kind dark eyes. Certain it is that the three dances she had promised him, Stephen got but one, and then Mildred went down to supper ou Lord Mount. went down to supper on Lord Mount revor's arm. Afterwards her cousin caught but an occasional glimpse of the brilliant, excited face, and tall, lissome figure-in pauses of the dance, in mo mentary, smiling encounters in the large, wonder at it, when you consider what well-filled saloons, through the flowe laden branches of exotics and the misty perfumed air, amid the gleam and glow misty and flash and glitter, with the soft, sweet, measured, ringing music throb-bing in unison with every pulse of gladness in one's being, until the gray sur mer dawn crept mer dawn crept through the curtained windows and the rolling away of carriages with their occupants left the great saloors more sparsely filled, and hare spaces of floor here and there and deserted niches in corridors and bolkloin showed the flotsam and jetsam of the ebbing tide-fallen, faded flowers, scraps of ribbon and lace, long remnants of tulle, a dropped cobweb of a gauzy hand-kerchief, spangles and trinkets. The tide ebbed away faster with the first tremulous golden rays of the new day, and presently the last ball of the season was over. (To be Continued.)

# A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day gave his opinion that the most wonder-ful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam.Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Bam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore. such inis insured against blood poison Not one species of microbe been found that Zam-Bak does not kill! Then again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore. a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their main. Mothers should never forget this.

WASHABLE WINTER COAT FOR Again. As soon as Zam-Buk is ap plied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are i so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's healthy tissue from below is Zam-Duk's secret of healing. The tissue thus form-ed is worked up to the surface and lit-but she was shy and rather gauche. Rich but she was shy and rather gauche. Rich it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are per-Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delovimier avenue, Montreal, called up-on the Zam-Buk Company and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores try. that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Bak was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To day-over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years - he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema! All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send fred trial box if you send this advertisement and a lc stamp (to may return postage.) Ad-dress Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

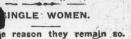
## Any Headache Cured, **Tired Systems Re-Toned**

When You're Dull, Tired, Restless Day and Night, Something is Wrong in the Stomach.

A Prominent Publishing Man Says the Quickest Cure is Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headaches never come to those who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and this fact use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and this fact is vouched for by the Assistant Manager of the Poultry Success Magazine, of Springfield, O., Mr. J. H. Callander, use writes: "No better medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. We use them Tu-larly, and know of marvelours current resisted everything else. They are the whole system, act as a tonic the blood, enliven digestion, help the novel ach and make you feel strong and well. For headaches, indigestion and stom-ach disorders I am confident that the one prescription is Dr. Harmton's Pills," Being composed of natural vegetable

Being composed of natural vegetable remedies, Dr. Hamilton's Pills possess great power, yet they are harmless. They aid all organs connected with the stomach, liver and bowels. In conse-quence, flod is properly digested, the blood is pure and nourishing, the body is kept/strong and resists disease. All druggists and storekeepers sell **Dr.** Humilton's Bills. 255 nor box 5 for **C** Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, 5 for 8t, or by mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffal, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada. N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.



vhole. women wish to marry, don't it is because the men don't ask them. Men are afraid of the

expenses of a household, and you cannot even a small, well-managed one entails. Take an ordinary middle-class family, with a wife, three children and three servants. The man of that, family is supporting eight people not to speak of the gardener and the dog. But oven if we faxed lachelors into matrimony, some women would still die unwed, since more women than men reach, maturity. So the American preacher with the Gen man name (and his like) should know better than to jeer at the innocent victims of human ignorance. Where science can determine sex, many more men will be born than women, and then there will be no "old maids," except from choice, says a writer in the London Chronicle. The people I want to build a gallowe for are the fathers who know they can leave their girls no moneyi, and yet do not have them trained to earn a living. If they happen to marry, well and good; but if they fail, they recruit the ranks of the incompetent, starve, pine and struggle, most helwless, most unhappy. In France, the system of giving every girl a dowry and arranging a marriage for her reduces the number of poor spinsters, and is more humane and intelligent than our want of system. Yet I hope our boys and girls will continue to marry for love, and not by arrange-ment, and that it will become a matter of course to give a girl a trade in case she should need it either for part of her life or to the end. In England at present money does not play a para-mount part in most matches, and that is wholly desirable and to be praised

Both in France and in Germany girls suffer untold mortifications from find Germany girls ing that they themselves count for less than the dowry, and that the marriage may be broken off if the financial no tiations go wrong. In England a girl without a penny who has a way with her will have twenty offers, while her neighbor, the heiress, has none. I have heard a girl with fifteen thousand a year who wished to marry and never had a chance. She was not deformed. were not attracted, and the poor

#### en ,as sh her own girlish aseology, she

"money enough," and, moreover, ildred Tredennick was charmingly in-mession at all times. "And how I should like to go to

India, and ride at daybreak-a long India, and ride at daybreak—a long stretching gallop at the seashore, as Berthe told me he used to have!" And then the cagod falcon drooped her proud head, and a dreary look clouded her whisperd with a ther glow an0'sc.03'fff"-bright eyes. "Bertie, my darling," Mil-dred whispered with a tender glow and soft fickaring swile on her face that soft flickering smile on her face that peer or coronet never could, never would bring there, "why don't you write to bring there, "why dou't you write to me? Bertie, my own dear love, three long months, and not a line! Oh, Bertie, what would I not give to be free to ramble about the world with you! How

happy we should be!" are an exceedingly extravagant girl, my dear," said malam, re-entering the rom; "but I must say that that dress, with those graduated shades of blue satin and poult-de-soie, and that ex-quisite white Brussels lace, is simply perfection."

But exquisite dresses were no novelty to Miss Tredennick; and, besides, she felt weary and low-spirited to-day. She posi-tively refused to "try on" the dress, saysay ng that one annovance of the kind was ufficient

"Don't you feel well, Mildred?" madam

"No, I don't," replied Mildred, shortly, "Yon had better lie down, and let Morton or Trewhella bathe your head with cau-de-cologne, and take a little red lavender," advised madam, in the

Mille is not well." "Perfectly well," asserted Madam, with a stamp of her foot; whereat Miss Trewhella chuckled internally. That worthy young woman was re-solved to endure no rival in her mis-

tress' consideration, and strove in her meek, enduring hypocrisy of affection-

LITTLE MISS CURLY-LOCKS

# acy. I shall go, and she may thank her-self for whatever happens."

"Nonserse, madam," said Miss "Fre-dennick, almost rudely: "I never surdennice, almost rudely: "I never sur-render myself helplessly into the hands of servants when I fell out of worts, to be fussed about and nursed like a sick lap-dog." And the eurtain-ed doorway fluttered and the door banged as Miss Tredennick swept out.

the first, and of jealous envy had be-come latterly simply an object of spite-ful hatred, since Miss Tredennick's own maid was now the recipient of Miss Tredennick's lavish presents. "Perfactly well," Madam repeated; Madam repeated;

he L

"but if you think you can talk that self-willed, unmanageable girl into rea-

"And you have no conception, Stephseat, almost regardless of her superb

Tredennick wishes to speak to her mis

"Thank you," said Stephen Treden-

"And you have no conception, Steph-en." madam said, late that evening to her mephew, who had come to dine with them, and later still to escort them to Hollingsley House. "you have no con-ception how Mildred has troided me to-day! First about her dress, which she would not try on, though it requires some alteration, and then about Lord Mountrevor, who called at three o'clock and she would not see him! I seamat tell what is the matter with the girl." concluded madam, almost in despair. "I will not undertake her chaperonage during another season if she does not during another season if she does net alter. I must say that she is not much comfort or society to me, either."

comfort or society to me, either." At the moment madam would not for her fortune three times over have wel-comed her unmanageable ward as her quiet, affectionate, kind hearted nephew's wife, and at the same moment, oddy enough, with her final words, her fnoughts went with sudden quick re-gret to one who had been the most thoughtful, patient, gentle, obedient and percented of neuron commission

"Poor little Winnie!" she said to herself, with a sigh. "If Mildred were ten times as handsome and clever, she would never be (me half as amiable and lov-

able as that poor foolish Hitle crea-Blessings brighten as they take their

flight." Winnie, departed to an unat-tainable distance, gone from all chance of exerting the wiles and charms which flight. madam's jealous suspicion dreaded, had become quite a treasure to be mourned over and a standard whereby to meas-

ure. "If the silly petulant little thing had

son, you are mistaken. You are at lib erty to try." She dropped indignantly down on a moire antique and point lace. "Typwhella, tell Morton that Captain

nick, coldly, passing out before the ob-sequious handmaiden, "don't trouble yourself, My cousin will see me have

no doubt." "Oh sir." objected Miss Trewhella,

"Oh sir," objected Miss Trowheila, stopping the way with an alaring curt-sey and shake of the head," you-you can't, sir-really, sir! Miss Tredennick's tout ong dizabilly, sir." Captain Tredennick put his strong hand on the woman's arm, quietly put her aside, and knocked at Mildred's dressing-room door. The young maid. a neat, pretty girl, with a frightened face and flurried manner, opened it fa-stantly.

stantly. "She's there, sir," she whispered, in reply to his query, and, motioning him toward one side of the dimly-lighted room, she gladly escaped for a while

from its precincts. "Millie, my dear

from its precincts. "Millie, my dear girl, are you not well? What is the matter?" The Cap-tain groped his way to the shaded lamp and turned on a bright blaze of gas. It the extinguished wax-candles at the mirror, and then he saw Mildred lying on the sofa, her face turned away and buried in the cushions--more as if she had flung herself there in pain or mis-ery than for repose, with the voluminery than for repose, with the volumin-ous folds of her dinner-dress lying on the carpet, her rich hair all disordered,

"FF

ure. "If the silly petulant little thing had not rushed off to America in that and surd and ungrateful fashion, without, without even coming to bid me good-bye, J might have taken her back again, perhaps." madam mused. "Cousin Stephen," said Mildred, weari-ly, as she entered as few mutes after by, as the entered as few mutes after wards, and they stood in one of the deep windows together. "you have no idea what a heavy, weary, dull, mireable de what a heavy, weary, dull, mireable de phen, strangely enough, I have been thinking of Winne Caerlycu all the after."

#### CONDUCTIVITY OF ALUMINUM.

The conductivity of aluminum is about 60 per cent. of that of annealed copper Accordingly, an aluminum conductor must be considerably larger in cross sectional area than a copper conductor if the two are to carry the same amount of current. Aluminum wife is always matching and the same area always coated with a thin oxide which server as an insulator. This insulation is en-ough, according to some European manufacturers, to permit of using bare al-uminum wire in the coils of magnets. As the oxide film is of inappreciable thick-

ones she knew were not the kind to hang their hats in a wife's hall. I am 1 am sorry for the girl, but I am glad that such a thing can happen in this coun-

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"She spoke at great length."

#### Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may the oxide film is of inappreciable thick-ness, a coil of fine wire thus construct-them from dust by brushing them with a coil wound with insulated copper soap, half a teaspoonful of each bollwire, H. F. Stratton, writing on this 6d with a quart of rain or other soft subject in the Electrical World, states water. Use when cold, and when they that he has been unable to secure suf- are dried the casts may be wiped with ficient insulation when depending upon a damp cloth without injury. To hard en casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and bush with white the aluminum oxide film as it naturally occurs in the commercial product. In order to increase this oxide, some Europ-ean manufacturers wet the coil and then heat it. This he thinks hardly sufficient, wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

but he has produced very successful re-sults by passing the wire thorugh sodium hydroxide, and then drying the coi by passing a durrent through it.

SURE OF HER AGE.

Boston.—Marshall Hatch of North-well has a hen that is twenty-one years old and still laying eggs. Hatch is sure the hen is twenty one because her eggs was set the day his mother died.

Wigg-Old Getrox made his money in We ge -Well, I can't see that it has IN A FEW DAYS.

it ain't turned ripe yet.

"Did you go to the theatre last night?" "I did." "And what did you see?" "A bow of chiffon, some tortoise shell combs, a couple of black plumes. a velvet knot, and a stuffed bird about the size of a hen."-Youisville Courisr-Journal.

Ikey-This coat is given! You mid it vas plum color ven f bought it has night. Moses - That's all right, my boy;