### Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON -BY-

#### B. LOVERIN

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#### QUEER ADVENTURES.

Many instances are on record where the second self has actually seemed to exhibit a foresight beyond that of the individual proper. One such is that of Lady Eardley, who, in her account of the mater says: "I went to the bathroom, locked the door, undressed and was just about to get into the bath, when I heard a voice say. '[Inlock the door!' The voice

about to get into the bath, when I heard a voice say, 'Unlock the door!' The voice was quite distinct and apart from myself, and yet it seemed to come somehow from inside myself. I was startled and leoked around, but of course no one was there. I had stepped into the bath when I heard the voice twice more, saying, 'Unlock the door!' On this I jumped out and did unlock the door, and then stepped into the bath again. As I got in I fainted away and fell down find in the water. Fortunately, as I fell, I was just able to catch at a bell handle, which was attached to the wall just above the tub.

ould certainly have been drowned."
The records of the Society For Psychic-The records of the Society For Psychical Research tell of a queer adventure that happened to the wife of a clergyman, Mrs. E. K. Elliott. She says: "I received some letters by post, one of which contained \$75 in bank notes. After reading them I went into the kitchen with them in my hands. I was alone at the time, no one being near me. Having done with the letters, I made a motion to throw them into the fire, when I distinctly felt my hand arrested in the act. It was as though another hand were gently laid upon my own, pressing it back. Much surprised, I looked at my hand and then saw that it contained not the letters then saw that it contained not the letters I had intended to destroy, but the bank notes and that the letters were in the other hand. I was so surprised that I called out, 'Who is here?' but there was

a man has reached a certain stage of in order to be sure that the latter does not do anything out of the way. Here, apdo anything out of the way. Here, apparently, is a case of partial separation of the two personalities. The subconscious mind seems to be responsible for the wonderful faculty displayed by calculating boys, who do not know how they solve the mathematical problems offered to them. Bidder could give the logarithm of any number to eight places at a moment's notice, but, like the famous Colburn and nearly all such prodigies, he lost the power before he grew up.—Rene Bache in Boston Transcript.

An Island In the Air. miles south of the Mesa En-in Mexico, is a splendid spect-fantastic erosion—an "island" in the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mush-groom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, chnological interest and romantic histow has no peer. This little town of Ancoma is one of the most perfect of types of the prehistoric Pueblo architecture. Most of the houses remain of the type invented when every house must be a fort. One climbed a ladder to his first roof and pulled up the ladder at night—living on the fairly level top, indented with count alled up the ladder at night—living on second and third floors and using the

the second and third floors and using the ground floor as a cellar. Against enemies armed only with bows and arrows this was a fair defense. Comfort had to be sacrified to safety. Nothing except the eagle sought such inaccessible eyries as these victims of their own civilization. Because they were farmers instead of freebooters; because they had homes, instead of being vagrants, they were easy to find, and they were the prey of a hundred nomal tribes. With inconceivable labor, this island town in the air was to inc, and they were the prey of a bundred nomad tribes. With inconceivable labor this island town in the air was built and fortified. It was reached only by a mere trail of toe holes up the stem of the "mushroom." The age of the island is not known-except that it was already old in 1540, when the first explorer yisited it and wrote an account of its wonders.—Public Opinion.

A Story of Henry Clay.

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:

While making the jougney to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stage coach, when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell rasleep, and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign. "What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising, he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true!" A Story of Henry Clay.

was true!"
It was characteristic of the man that It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach, lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.—
Youth's Companion.

Not So "Date" After All.

In the village of T. there is a clerk
who is known as "Datt Johnny," owing
to his having been confined in a lunatic
asylum several years. The other day,
shortly after his release, with a document
stating that he was now sane, he was
having an argument with several of his
fellow clerks, when one of them suddenly
exclaimed:

exclaimed:
"Look here, Johnny, you'd better hold
your tongue. You've only just come out
of the lunatic asylum, and we all know
you're daft." you're daft."
"Daft?" exclaimed Johnny, with sarcasm. "Why, I'm the puly man among the whole lot of you who has a certificate for being sane!"—London Standara.

Tax Assessor—Can you give me some idea of what your husband is worth? Lady—Oh, I don't know, but I wouldn't take a million for him.

# A WOMAN'S

BERTHA M. CLAY "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc.

"But why must I leave you?"
"Because I wish it"—saucily.
"I don't, though; and I ought to be master, you know."

instances of Apparent Foresight of

"The little witch." he smiled. "She has the spell of a Circe in her emerald eyes! Pshaw! How Harvey will chaff me for this day's work!"

#### CHAPTER X.

When she arrived at The Elms, Dul-When she arrived at The Elms, Dulcie found a telegram awaiting her. It was from her uncle, she knew, and her hands shook as she took it up. What would it say to her? She had told herself, when she wrote her letter, that the answer to it should decide her fate. It had come now; and she hung back, and felt afraid to open it and read.

"That arrived fully an hour ago," Mrs. Hardinge said, nausing on her way up-Hardinge said, pausing on her way upstairs to look in at Dulcie. "I kept the boy who brought it some time in case it should require an answer; but when uld not detain him longer.

"Thanks. I did not mean to be so "Thanks. I did not mean to be so late." the girl murmured inarticulately. Mrs. Hardinge went away, and at last, with a little shiver, Dulcie tore open her uncle's telegram and read the lines it contained.

"From Durer Levesque, London, to Dulcie Levesque, The Elms, Woorley, Kent. I have only just got back from Paris. Stay where you are for the present. Am well."

With a hysterical laugh, she crushed the thin sheet up between her palms.

the thin sheet up between her palms, till it was little botter than a ball. "Kismet." she said. "It is written! Why should I try to escape?"

At that moment Esther's voice called to her from the top of the stairs.
"My dress has come, Dulois! Do come and look at it.

and look at it.

Slipping the telegrem into her pocket,
Duicie went upstairs at once to Esther's
room. Mrs. Hardinge was there, and
Etty herself, in a white wrapper. with
all her hair about her shoulders.
"I never had such a dress in all my
life, Duicie," she cried out at sight of
her friend. "I tell Berat she has been
extravasantly good to me."

extravagantly good to me. eyes brightened, with true feminine de-light at sight of it, and Mrs. Hardinge, whose choice it had been, beamed with satisfaction at her praise. The dress chairs, in the bay of the window. It was made partly of satin, and partly of gauze thickly woven with threads of dull gold. Trails of leaves, of a warm yellow-green, caught back the sweeping train, and lay round the low bodice, and peeped from among the puffs of the dainty shoulder bands, for they could scarcely have been called sleeves. There was a fan to match the dryses; and satin shoes, and dainty gloves of ten or twelve buttons. Nothing had been forgotten, even to the small green and gold fly that was to fasten the knot of flowers at the bosom.

owers at the bosom.
"It is perfect," Dulcie said, touching

something—was it have the said to herself. "Why should I trouble her with my affairs?"

"I wish, more than ever, that you were coming with me," Esther said, leaning back, oup in hand, to look at the little figure on the rug. "I should thoroughly enjoy it, if you were."

"And I shall thoroughly enjoy staying at home."

And I saint toroughly enjoy staying at home."

Just then the time-piece chimed six.
"Six o'clock, Etty. You will never be dressed in time."

"Now, Duicle, don't worry me"—a little neryously. "If you leave me in peace I shall manage."

"Perhaps; but you'll be only half-dressed, unless some one hurries you, and helps you, too," Mrs. Hardinge said.
"Better be late than that that should happen," Duicle cried, gayly. "Come, I like set my heart on making you superb to-night!"

have set my neart to make the to-night!"

And she succeeded. When Mrs. Hardings awept in, in her rich broohe silk, the very model of a charming young matron, she looked in amazement at her sister, who stood in the center of the room, flushed and smiling, and already deceased.

room, nussed and smilling, and already dressed.

Could it be the same Esther she had known all her life, in dowdy country gowns, or later, in quiet toilets, that had little or no "style" about them? This Esther was a queen, indeed. Dulcie had dressed her; Dulcie had coiled and twisted the long, shining hair: Dulcie had put on the dainty satin shoes with their gleaming buckles of Rhins quarts, and buttoned the high gloves.

"It's a shame," she said, "to hide such glorious flesh. These gloves were intended as a refuge for scraggy arms. You do not need them."

And she was right; "Esther's arms were perfect.

ole carrying Esther's wraps, and giving her gny directions as to deportment.

"I hope I need not warm you against 'flirting.' Etty. It would be dangerous for you to attempt it to-night'—with a significant glance at Mrs. Hardinge.

That lady smiled loftlly.

"There's not the slightest danger, Dulcie. It's not in Esther to flirt like—some people."

"Me, for instance"—with a little grimace.

ace.
"Yes, you, for instance"—laughingly. "Yes, you, for instance"—laughingly. "You know you are an incorrigible filtr."

Long after the carriage had disappeared, the pale maist of the night—a fresh, fragrant night; the heavens luminous with strength of the night—a fresh, fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the pale maist of the night—a fresh, fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the new grass and the fresh opening the pale maist of the night—a fresh opening the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the new grass and the fresh opening the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the new grass and the fresh opening of the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the new grass and the fresh opening of the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the pale maist of the night—a fresh opening opening and the fresh opening opening opening the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the pale maist of the night—a fresh fragrant night; the heavens luminous with the pale maist of the night—a fresh opening opening opening opening and the fresh opening openi

her. by her pretentious airs and graces;
but Esther never did; she always comforted her. In some vague way, the
girl felt better for knowing how much
goodness there could be in a woman,
though she herself professed to no
more than her share—scarcely to that,
indeed.

where she stood.

Away in Brierton Wood she could
hear—by listening intently—the throbbing notes of a nightingale. It brought
a rush of tears into her eyes. That faint
pulse of sound—exquisite, penetrating—
smote straight to the hot girlish heart.
As if at some atrong smell. the worldly though she herself professed to no more than her share—scarcely to that, indeed.

"I wish it was time for you to dress," she said. "I am longing to see you in full costume. "You must let me do your hahr. I shall dress it as I saw the young Comtesse de Veillers' hair wora last spring at the Tuilerles."

"Oh, no I could never endure an elaborate French coffure. Do you want me to sink utterly under the burden of an honor unto which I was not born? My dress will be as much as I can manage to carry off for one night."

"Well, I shall at least have a home."

My dress will be as much as I can manage to carry off for one night."

"Now, I know exactly what you are thinking of, Etty. You have got ope of those awful befrizzled heads that one sees in Oxford street in your mind's eye. A pyramid of stiff bob-curis, on a base of puffs and plaits. Do you take me for a Goth? Your hair shall be a perfection of art and of simplicity."

"You may trust Duicie." Mrs. Hardinge said. "She's 'odd,' we know"—with a smile—"but she has good taste."

"Thanks"—with a low bow. "I am so glad that you can approve of my taste in—dressing."

Ilove.

"Well, I shall at least have a home," wheth a touch of litterness; ahe thought, with a touch of litterness; ahe thought of pyffs and plaits. Do you take me for a Goth? Your hair shall be a perfection of art and of simplicity."

"You may trust Dulcie." Mrs. Hardinge said. "She's 'odd.' we know"—with a smile—"but she has good taste." "Thanks"—with a low bow. "I am so glad that you can approve of my taste in—dressing."

"Berta, let us have a cup of tea. I feel exhausted."

"And then she felt the color surge up into her-face as she recalled all that had happened since "luncheon."

The three went together into Mrs. Hardinge's cozy sitting-room, and she rang for tea to be served there. Esther sat down in a great arm-chair, and Dulcie, drawing a low stool to the side of the hearth, leaned her head against the wall behind her. There-was a fire in the grate, though the day had been so warm out of doors; for the rooms in this wing faced the east, and caught the full strength of the breeze from the downs. The walls were a warm crimson, with little fakes of gold among it. The pretty hangings were of velyct, edged deeply with gold. There were one or two good pictures that would have graced a far more pretentious apartment. Altogether Dulcie could but think, as she looked about her; that Rerta Durrant had done well for her self when she married taciturn Jasper Hardinge. The two girls chatted and rested lazily in the luxurious warmth, while Mrs. Hardinge and Esther by the fire. Her own tea she drank standing, one shoulder against the mantel-piece, and her face a little in the shade. She was gervous and distraits in suite of her here the heroine—waiting to see her love before death comes to fetch hermshoulder against the mantel-piece, and her face a little in the shade. She was gervous and distraits in suite of her here the heroine—waiting to see her love before death comes to fetch hermshoulder against the mantel-piece, and her face a little in the shade. She was gervous and distraits in suite of her

She roused herself at that with a sigh of disgust at her own felly.

"One would thing my heart was broken," she said, mockingly, "I am getting awfully sentimental, I am afraid."

It was not so very long after that before she heard the carriage return. She ran quickly foodwastars, and met Mrs. Hardinge and Esther on the threshold.

"Well," she cried, gayly, "did my dressing take effect? Have you come back a conqueror?"

Esther smiled and flushed a little.

"I have come home dreadfully tired, dear."

"I have come home dreadfully tired, dear."
But Dulcie, looking at Mrs. Hardinge, divined that the night had not been quite barren as Esther would have her believe.

"We have spent a most delightful evening, Dulcie; most delightful. And Esther received a great deal of attention. I am sure she ought to be satisfied. Everybody worth knowing, for miles round, was there."

But still, to Dulcie's quick eyes, Esther did not look satisfied. When she was helping her to take off her dress in her own room, she saw this even more clearly. There was a dased, troubled look on her face that was not usual to it. She was evidently very tired, as she told her; but she was something more than tired. And Dulcie wondered! CHAPTER XI.

Somehow, after that dinner-party at Abbeylands, the friendship between the

little or ne "style" about them? This Eather was a queen, indeed. Dulcie had coiled and dressed her; Dulcie had coiled and dressed her; Dulcie had coiled and wisted the long, shining hair; Dulcie had option the dainty satis shoes with their gleaming buckles of Rhine quarts, and buttoned the high gloves.

"It's a shame," she said, "to hide such glorious flesh. These gloves were intended as a refuge for scraggy arms. You do not need them."

"And she was right; "Esther's arms were perfect.

"My dear," her sister said, walking round her, "I never saw you looking so well in all may life."

Esther laughed. She felt strangely glad that night-glad of her own beauty, glad of the praise showered upon her. It was nice—she owned to herself—to ees such a fair face, when she looked into the mirror. And her pretty dress, to—quite the grandest the girl had ever worn, almost the grandest he had ever worn, almost the grandest he had ever seen—added to her elation.

"You must thank Dulcie for it, dear. She has fairly transformed me. I must say with the old woman: 'If I be I, as I hopes I be,' for I'm honeely not sure of my own identity."

"You may "honeetly sure of your own loveliness," Dulcie Levesque-assured the refel herself a welcome guest whenver the failed me."

"I should not care to engage you in that capacity," Mrs. Hardinge said, dryly, "But there's no fear of your own loveliness," Dulcie Levesque-assured the refel herself a welcome guest whenver she had generally standing back at little way, the better to survey the effect of her skillful dressing. "Do you know", "with a laugh—"I think I might get a place as 'lady's maid' if all else failed me."

"I should not care to engage you in that capacity," Mrs. Hardinge said, dryly, "But there's no fear of your having to fill the maid's place; with a face like yours you may fairly aspire to the mistress."

"To be sure I shall 'aspire,' but might fail to win the and then, you know the adage—'When all fruits fail, welcome haws."

"To be sure I shall 'aspire,' but might fail to win

Esther's ,wedding-day,
On the eve of May-day Clare Harvey
rode over to The Elms, accompanied by
a groom. Esther and Dulcie were in
the lime-walk, sitting, the one on a low
buffet, the other on the grass. They
had come out there to work, at least
Esther had, for Dulcie, never fond of
her needle, had utterly refused to put
in a sitch one such an evening. and both flushed a little, each at her own thought as to whom the visitor might be. Presently Mr. Hardinge ap-

A droll smile flitted across Dulcle's face at the sight of her; but Esther welcomed her warmly. "Oh, Miss Durrant!"—scarcely paus-

"What is it?"—smiling a little at the tanned young face, dark red now with haste and earnestness.
"A very great deal! You can make

me as happy, as happy as anything,"— breaking down a little at the sight of Dulcie's amused face.
"Then I will do it. you may be sure,
if it is in my power," Esther answered.

"You promise— really?"
"Really,"—laughing a little. "Really,"—laughing a little.
"Then you may read this, and remember you have said 'yes' beforehand."
She had been fumbling in the pocket of her habit, and at last she brought out a letter, letting her handkerchief and a twisted paper fall out at the same time. She picked these up hastily, with a side glance at Dulcie, still sitting under the trees, with her gray boots peeping from under her pretty gray and red skirt, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the tree-tops above her head.

"Yes, I'll stay here," the girl sam,

e'clock?".

"Well, yes; we'll say five, then, if it must be to-morrow," Eather assented, amused at the girl's earnestness.

"I am so glad, Miss Durrant; and I thank you very much"-turning to Ducie impulsively—"for helping me to persuade her!"

They went through the house with Clare Harvey, and out to the front gate, where the groom waited with the horses.

gate, where the groom waited with the horses.

When she had kissed Esther, she turned to Dulcie and held up her face. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and Dulcie stared a little as she bent and kissed her.

"What a lucky girl you are?" she said to Betr, as they stood and watched the slender girlish figure galloping away.

"These grand folk have all fallien in love with you; and you don't need their love in the least, while poor little me, who would be grateful for it, they pass over as nobody."

"They are very good and very kind, I am sure; but I do wish Berta had not insisted on my accepting this invitation. I don't feel to want to go."

"Berta is right though, from her cwa point of view," Dulcie said coolly. "It's an awfully good chance, and no girl in the world but yourself would think of missing it."

"Don't you?"—laughing a little. "Then you are very obtuse. I should have thought any girl in her senses must have seen that the quiet master of Abbeylands. "Shall I not go, then?" she asked him.
"If it troubles you so, I will write and
tell Lady Harvey that I have changed my mind."
He looked as if he scarcely heard her. very stern and white. Meeting her look, he roused himself.

"You must go, of course, dear! You could not draw back now; and I"—with a kiss, and a faint smile—"must do the best I can without you. Thank Heaven, it won't be for long! In three weeks, Etty, our 'good-byes' will be over. I shall have you with me then, always to comfort me, and—and to make me forget all the world but yourself."

And Esther, listening felt her heart throb. A great joy came over her. Their future looked so bright that she could

future looked so bright that she could only bow her head and hide her happy tears against his breast.

The first evening Esther Durrant spent

it which the girl never quite forgot. The

ed through them. There were three in

ittle at her own conceit.
"Would you?"-eagerly. "Then you must like my—"
"Be quiet, Clare!"
Clare started, and Esther turned in

He led her away to the other end of

dued tights, the gorgeous colors, which somehow never seemed too gorgeous, but blended and contrasted with exquisite art that fascinates one in Eastern embroideries, these things enthralled her. Life here seemed so different from life elsewhere. Yet with all this grandeur, there was no stiffness; the simple charm of "home" was over all. And every one was so kind to her. Fifine, Lady Harvey's own maid, came to assist her to dress for dinner, and again at night to see if she was wanted. But Esther did not want her. In truth, she was glad to be alone, and able to think over the strange chance face lights up when you speak to him. Why, only last night, the way that he offered you those flowers was a revelation. He gave them with quite an air, as if to say, 'Take them if you please, and my heart along with them?'

Eather's very neck was crimson.
"I wish you would have more sense,
Dulcie! I should be awfully sorry if

Dulois! I should be awfully sorry it there was a grain of truth in what you say; but there is not. Lord Harvey would not look at me in that way."
"Would he not?"—innocently.
"No, and why should he? He can pick his wife from the fairest and best in the land, and what am I that he should think of me? Besides—besides, I am as good as a married woman now."

should think of me? Besides—besides, I am as good as a married woman now."

"A good deal better than most," Dulcie said, similingly,

"Now, Dulcie, you know what I mean," Esther rejoined. "Don't turn everything into a jest; it sounds so heartless. I feel as bound to be true to Percy, in thought and word, as I shall do the day we stand in church together. That is what I mean by being as good as a married woman. I love him with all my heart, as he loves me. I would no more think of looking at another man than he would think of looking at another woman!" I would no more think of looking at another man than he would think of looking at another woman!" Tears came into Duicie Levesque's

gold. The chairs and couches, the tables and tiny brackets scattered about, were ebeny, picked out with dull gold. Large mirrors, set in the wall, flashed back all this subdued magnificence.

If Esther Durrant thought the rooms in general use imposing, what would she think of the state apartments, where royalty had feasted, and courtiers, almost as powerful as their royal masters, had been received by the ladies of this old house?

From these rooms Clare Harvey led eyes, and a lump seemed to rise in her throat, making it hard for her to get faith indeed, faith and love.
"If that was Berta's reason for wishing me to accept this invitation," Esther said, turning back to walk to the house beside Dulcie, "she need not have troubled about it. If Lord Harvey were beside Dulcie, "sne and Harvey were troubled about it. If Lord Harvey were to ask me, twenty times over, to be his wife, I should only say 'no' to him. I would not give up Percy to be Queen of England!" had Empress of India," put in Dulcie.

The long picture gallery, and the most favored.

The long picture-gallery, and the most favored.

"No, not to be empress of the world."

the most favored.

Then came the long picture-gallery, where laddes with high ruffles up to their ears beamed side by side with ladies that could on no account be done without. When they had finished, they felt quite tired.

"A pity it isn't bedtime," Dulcie said.
"There doesn't seem anything worth going down-stairs again for to night."
At that moment Mrs. Hardinge came

in.

"Have you finished?"—looking round at the dire confusion that reigned all over the room.

"Yes, just finished," Duicle replied.

"Then you had better go down, Etty; Percy is in the drawing-room;"
"Percy!" Esther repeated, in surprise.

"What can have brought him at this hour?" There were high-bred faces, and beautiful faces, and one or two sinister faces, but through all a certain likeness ann. One picture/sttracted Esther's atten-

"Yes, just finished," Dufele replied.

"Then you had better go down, Etty;
Percy is in the drawing-room;"

"Percy!" Eather repeated, in surprise.
"What can have brought him at this hour?"

"He had to come to Crewdson's about the lease, he says, and then he came on here to see you."

Without waiting even to look at herself in the glass, Eather hurried off, and Dufele colled herself up in the corner of the big chintz sofa.

"I am terribly tired." she said, "and I know they don't want me, so I may little at her own conceit.

Clare started, and Esther turned in surprise. It was Lord Harver himself who had come up to them unheard. As Esther looked at him she knew at once why the cavalier in the picture had seemed familiar to her. The pictured face and the living face smiling at her were so exactly alike that the two men might have been twin brothers.

"Don't you see now?" Clare broke in, atgraptly, "the picture is like my brother?" "Don't you see now?" Clare broke in abundly, "the picture is like my brother?"

Yes Esther did see it; and she remembered her own words of praise. Had he heard them? Looking at him, she could not tell; but she felt her cheeks bura at the bare possibility.

"There is no great marvel in that," Lord Harvey said, smiling. "We Harveys are alike, more or less. If you really like pictures, Miss Durrant, we have one or two here that will interest you more than these old family portraits."

He led her away to the other end of

out a letter, letting her handkerchief and a twinted paper fall out at the same time. She picked these inp hastly, with a side glance at Dulcie, still stilling under the trees, with her gray bots peeping from under her pretty rays hostopeeping from under her pretty rays and red skirt, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the tree-tops above her head.

Bether took the letter and read it, an expression of wonder amounting almost to dismay coming into the eyes. It was a very courteous and even cordial invitation from Lady Harrey to spend a week or ten days with them.

"I think you would not refuse to come to us," she wrote, "if you only have how Clare has set her heart upon having you."

Eather was at at a loss what to do. She felt sorry to refuse a kindness, his only to the minger. But how could she go?

"My dear," she said aloud, holding the letter in her hand, and looking up at Clare Harvey. "I had no idea it were shiper. But how could she go?

"My dear," she said aloud, holding the letter in her hand, and looking up at Clare Harvey. "I had no idea it were shiper. But how could she go?

"My dear," she said aloud, holding the letter in her hand, and looking up at Clare Harvey. "I had no idea it were shiper. But how could be easier, I an arraid I cannot keep my promise."

"But you said you would do it if it were in your power, and it is in your power. Nothing could be easier, I and arraid I cannot keep my promise."

"To will it could—indeed I do; but I don't see how it can be! Do you, Duicie?"

"Do I what?' Dulcie inquired, languidy, coming back from her surrey of the tree-tops with apparent reluctance.

"Lady Harvey has sent me a mouth kind invitation to spend a few days with her. Do you think I ould go?! At this particular time, you know," she added, hastily, blushing a vivid crimson.

"Nothing had been seid to the Harvey cried, rapturously," but hank you mid in shout three weeks from to day, so that had not have the county of the line of the proper in the prope He led her away to the other end of the room, and then Esther saw, for the first time in her life some of those pictures that have made the names of their painters world-known.

There was a grand copy of Reu-brandt's "Descent from the Cross," and an exquisite one of the "Madonna and Child," by Vandyck. There were "bits of still life by Sneyders; quaint interiors after Van" Ostade; glowing landscapes from the hand of a Turner or a Con-strble. stable.

Evidently these Harveys had been lovers of art, whatever else they had been. Esther had never seen auything like these pictures before. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone as she looked at them. And her companion, looking at her, thought how far her breathing loveliness surpassed anything art could achieve.

"Now, if you are not afraid of a "Now, if you are not afraid of a climb, I should like to take you up to the old bell-tower. On a clear day like this, with a good glass, it is quite bos-

## A Well Known Minister

who has been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids writes:



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Yours truly
(Signed) REV. E. H. COWLES

Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids ntain only the pure natural dissolved Iron, carefully extracted from fre-closed in soft gelatine covers and called Gapsuloids.

very softly nestling a rosy cheek sgrainst him.

"Only a week, child. How much might happen in that time? And I need you, Etty, need your voice, your face, the touch of your hand, as surely no man ever needed a woman before."

For answer she turned her head, and pressed her lips to the hand that rested on her shoulder. This was the man Berta would have her give up for that plain, severe, Lord Harvey, who looked as if he had never known what love was!

"Oh, my dacling," she thought, "as if I would give you up for all the lords in erecation!" THIRE CAPSULOTDS contain all the natural Iron of 2 ounces of blood. C sontain no acid, all other Iron Medicines, whether Pill or Liquid, contain acid ennatural. Capsuloids don't injure teeth, stomach, or bowels. The new-rich blood dy taking Capsuloids quickly makes the whole system pure.



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