# Athens Reporter

### TUESDAY AFTERNOON B. LOVERIN

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There was a pause—an uncomfortable one for Trix.

"How long since you came to New York?" she asked at length.

Edith told her—told her how she had been wandering over the world since her husband's death—how she had come to America to see her father—how she had tried to find them here in New York—how signally she had failed—and how to-day, by purest accident, she had come upon Charley in the Broadway store.
"How astonished he must have been," his sister said; "I think I see him, lifting his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead. Did he take you for a ghost?"

"By no means, and he was not in the least surprised. He knew I was here, from the first."

"Edith!"
"He told me so. He saw my arrival in the paper when I first landed."
"And he never told me, and he never went to see you! The wretch!" cried

Frix.

"I don't know that he is to blame,"
Edith responded quietly. "I deserve no
better; and ah! Trixy, not many in this
world ar as generous as you. So you are
berfectly happy, darling? I wonder if
Captain Hammond, now, has anything to

Well, yes," Trix admits blushingly again; "I may as well tell you. We are to be married Christmas."

again; "I may as well tell you. We are to be married Christmas."
"Trix! Married!"
"Married at last. We, were engaged before I left England, three years, ago. He wanted to marry me then, foolish fellow!" says Trix with shining eyes, "but of course, we none of us would listen to so preposterous a thing. He had only his pay and his debte, and his expectations from a fairy godmother or grandmother, who wouldn't die. But she died last mail—I mean last mail brought a black-bordered letter, saying she was gone to glory, and had left Angus everything. He is going to sell out of the army, and will be here by Christmas, and—and the wedding is to take place the very army, and will be here by Christmas, and—and the wedding is to take place the very week he arrives. And, oh! Edith, he's just the dearest fellow, the best fellow, and I'm the happiest girl in all New York!" Edith says nothing. She takes Trix, who is crying, suddenly in her arms and kisses her. Angus Hammond has been faithful in the hour when she deserted them—that is her thought. Her self-reproach never

her. Angus Hammond has been faithful in the hour when she deserted them—that is her thought. Her self-reproach never ceases—never for one hour.

"We go to Scotland of course," said Trix, wiping her eyes; "and ma—also, of course, stays with Charley. Nellie will be here to fill my place don't you think she will make a charming sister?"

She laughs as she asks the question—it is the one little revenge she takes. Before Edith can reply she runs on:

"Nellie's rich—rich, I mean, as compared with us, and she has made it all herself. She's awfully clever, and writes for magazines and papers, and things, and earns occans of money. Oceans," says Trix, opening her eyes to the size of saucers; "and I don't know really which of us ma likes best, Nellie or me. That's my one comfort in going. Here comes Charley now—let's have tea at once. I forgot all about it, but nobody has the faintest idea of the pangs of hunger I am enduring." Charley sountered in, looking fresh and handsome, from the night air.

It was quite dark now. Trix lit the lamp and bustled about thelping to get supper. "You told Nellie?" she asked her brother in a low tone, but Edith canght the words.

"Yes." Charley answered gravely, "I

words.

"Yes," Charley answered gravely, "I told her."

"What did she say?"

"Everything that was like Nellie—everything that was bright, and brave, and good. She will be here in the morning to say good-by. Now, Mrs. Stuart, if you have any compassion on a famished only son, burry un and let's have sunper."

probability, this time forever. I shall certainly return here at Christmas, but you may have gone before that. To-morrow morning I start for St. Louis, where a branch of our house is established, and where I am permanently to remain. It is an excellent opening for me—my salary has been largely advanced, and I am happy to say the firm think me competent and trustworthy. I return as I said, at Christmas; after that it becomes my permanent home. You know, of course," he says with a laugh, why I return—Trix has told you?" So completely has she forgotten Trix, so wholly have her thoughts been of him, that she absolutely does not remember to what he alludes.

wholly have her thoughts been of him, that she absolutely does not remember to what he alludes.

"Trix has told me nothing," she manages to answer, and she wonders at herself to find how steady is her own voice.

"No?" Charley says, elevating his eyebrows; "and they say the age of wonders over! Trix in the new role of keeping her own secrets! Well, I very naturally return for the wedding—our wedding. Its extraordinary that Trix hasn't told you, but she will. Then—my Western-home will be ready by that time, and we go back immediately. My mother goes with me I need hardly say."

Still so absolutely wrapped up in her thoughts of him, so utterly torgetful of Trix, that she does not understand. Our wedding—he means his own and Nellie Seton's of course. His Western home, the home where she will reign as his wife. In the days that have gone, Edith thinks she has suffered—she teels to-night that she has never suffered until now! She deserves it, but if he had only spared her,—only left it for some one else to tell. It is a minute before she can reply—then, despite every effort, her voice is husky:

"I wish you joy, Charley—with all my heart."

She cannot say one word more. Some-

heart."
She cannot'say one word more. Something in the words, in her manner of saying them, makes him look at her in sur-

ing them, makes him look at her in surprise.

"Well, yes," he answers coolly; "a wedding in a family is, I believe, a general subject of congratulation. And I must say she has shown herself a trump—the bravest, best girl alive. And you"—they are drawing near a hotel—"may I venture to ask your plans, Lady Catheron? how long do you think of remaining in New Yerk?"

"I shall leave at once—at once," she replied in the same husky tone. To stay and meet Nellie Seton after to-night is more than she is able to do. They are close to the hotel now. Involuntarily—unconsciously, she clings to his arm, as the drowning may cling to a straw. She feels in a dull, agonized sort of way that in five minutes the waters will have closed over her head, and the story of her life have come to an end.

"Here we are," his frank cheery, voice

and the story of her life have come to an end.

"Here we are," his frank, cheery voice says—his voice, that has yet a deeper, more earnest tone than of old. "You don't know, Edith, hew, glad I am of this meeting—how glad to hear you never in any way blame me."

"I blame you! oh, Charley!" she says

y blame me."

'I blame you! oh, Charley!" she says
th a passionate little cry.

'I rejoice to hear, that with all its draw. "I rejoice to hear, that with all its draw-backs, you don't regret the past. I rejoice in the knowledge that you are rich and happy, and that a long, bright life lies before you. Edith," he takes both her hands in his strong, cordial clasp, "if we never meet again, God bless you, and good-by."

She lifts her eyes to his, full of dumb, speechless arony. In that instant he knows

down his life almost to win, is his wholly at last!

The revelation comes upon him like a flash—like a blow. He stands holding her hands, looking at her, at the mute, infinite misery in her eyes. Someone jostles them in passing, and turns and stares. It dawns upon him that they are in the public street, and making a scene.

"Good-by," he says hastily once more, and drops the hands, and turns and goes. She stands like a statue where he had left her—he turns a corner, the last sound of his footsteps dies away, and Edith feels that he has gone out of her life—out of the whole world.

She will be here in the morning to say good-by. Now, Mrs. Stuart, if you have any compassion on a famished only son, hurry up, and let's have supper."

They sat 'down around the little table where the lamp shone brightly—Edith feeling cold and strange and out of place. Trixy and Aunt Charty might, and did, forgive the past, but she herself could not, and between her and Charley lay a gulf, to be spanned over on earth no more. And yet—how beautiful and stately she looked in her little white widow's cap, her sombre dress, and the frill of sheer white crape at her throat.

"Edith!" Trix said involuntarily, "how handsome you have grown! You were always pretty, but now—I don't mean to flatter—but you are splendid! I tcan't be black becomes you, and yet—Charley, don't you see it? hasn't Edith grown lovely?"

"Trix!" Edith cried, and over her pale cheeks, there rose a flush, and into her dark, brilliant eyes there came a light, that made her for a moment all Trixy said.

Charley looked at her across the table—the cool, clear, gray syes, perfectly undazeled.

"I used to think it impossible for Edith to improve; I find out many others. As is is not permitted for one to say what he thinks on these subjects, one had better say nothing at all."

The flush that had risen on Edith's cheeks remains there, and deepens. After tea, at Trixy surgent request, she sits down at the little hired piano, and sings some of her old songs.

"Your very voice has improved, "Trix says admiringly. "Edith, sing Charley he's my darling, for Charley. It used to be a favorite of his."

She gives him a malicious sidelong glance. Charley, lying back in his mother's comfortable, cushioned rocking-chair, takes it calmly.

"It used to be, but it has ceased to be," he answers coolly. "Trix, go out like a good child, and get me the evening paper. Among my other staid, middle-aged habits, Lady Catheron, is that of reading the Post every evening religiously, after tea."

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Never Edith any more—always Lady Catheron—never the girl he loved three years ago—whom he had said he would love all his life, but the richly dowered widow of Sir Victor Catheron. He will not generously forget, even for an instant, that he is an impecunious dry goods clerk, she a lady of rank and riches.

She rises to go—it is growing almost more than she can bear. Trix presses her to stay longer, but in vain; he never utters a word.

"Shall Charley cail a carriage, or will you prefer to walk?" Trix ask adulutilly. "She will walk," says Charley, suddenly looking up and interfering; "the night is fine, and I will see her home."

For one instant, at the tone of his voice, at the look of his seys, her heart bounds. Her bonnet and mantle are brought—they have promised to dune with her tomorow—and goes forth into the soft October night with Charley. The old time comes back, the old feeling of rest and content, the old comfortable feeling that it is Charley's arm upon which she leans, and that she asks no more of fate. To morrow he may be Nellie Seton's—just now, he belongs to her.

"Oh?, she exclaims, with a long-drawn breath," how familiar it all is! these gas alit New York streets, the home-like look of the sever now and it half the provided her of the men and women, and—you. It seems as though! That left Sandypoint only yesterday, and you were showing me again the wonders of New York for the first time.

He looks down at the dusk warm, lovely

in the twilit window, looking down at the noisy, bustling street.

"She has remembered me most generous ly," Trix goes softly on; "poor, darling Edith! but she has left almost all to you. 'It would have been an insult to offer anything in my lifetime; she said to me; 'but the wishes of the dead are sacred,—he will not be able to refuse it then. And tell him not to grieve for me, Trixy—I never made anything but trouble, and disappointment, and wretchedness. I am sorry—sorry now, and my last wish and prayer will be for the happiness of his life.' When she is delirious, and she mostly is as night draws on, she calls for you incessantly—asking you to come back—begging you to forgive her. That is why I sent."

"Does she know you sent?" he asks.

"No—it was her desire you should not be told until—until all was over," Trix an swered with another burst of tears; "but I couldn't do that. She says we are to bury her at Sandypoint, beside her mother—not send her body to England. She told me, when she was dead, to tell you the story of her separation from Sir victor. Shall I tell it to you now, Charley?"

He makes a motion of assent; and Trix begins, in a broken voice, and tells him the sad, strange story of the two Sir Victors, father and son, and of Edith's life from her wedding-day. The twilight deepens into darkness, the room is wrapped in shadow long before she has finished. He never stirs, he never speaks, he sits and listens to the end. Then there is a pause, and out of a the gloom he speaks at last:

"May I see her, and when?"

"As soon as you come, the doctors say; they refuse her nothing now, and they think your presence may do her good—if anything cand oit. Mother is with her and Nellie; Nellie has never left her, and shaw! Five minutes later they are in the street, and on their way to Lady Catheron's hotel.

One of the medical men is in the sick-

rises with a sigh and puts on her hat and shawl. Five minutes later they are in the street, and on their way to Lady Catheron's hotel.

One of the medical men is in the sick room when Miss Stuart enters it, and she tells him in a whisper that her brother has come, and is waiting without.

His patient lies very low to night—delirious at times, and sinking, it seems to him, fast. She is in a restless, fevered sleep at present, and he stands looking at her with a very sombre look on his professional face. In spite of his skill, and he is very skilful, this case baffles him. The patient's own utter indifference, as to whether she lives or dies, being one of the hardest things he has to combat. If shonly longed for life, and strove to recruitif, like Mrs. Dombey she would "only make an effort." But she will not, and the flame flickers, and flickers, and very soon will go out altogether.

"Let him come in," the doctor says. "He can do no harm—he may possibly do some good."

"Will she know him when she awakes?" Trix whispers.

He nods and turns away to where Miss Seton stands in the distance, and Trix goes and fetches her brother in. He advances slowly, almost reluctantly it would seem, and looks down at the wan, drawn, thin face that rests there, whiter than the pillows. Great Heaven! and this—this is Edjith! He sinks into a chair by the bedside and deared her friends, and one other, nearer and dearer than father or friend, how went the professional face that part for fired, how went dearer than father or friend, how enter the friend, how enter the friend, how enter the principle and the stakes day for them? He he father is deaded hardly have told—all their after life they toked back, with a sick shudder, to that week.

For Charley Stuart the never wants to look back—never to the last da

and looks down at the wan, drawn, thin face that rests there, whiter than the pillows. Great Heaven! and this—this is Edith! He sinks into a chair by the bedside, and takes her wan, transparent hand in both his own, with a sort of groan. The light touch awakes her, the faint eyelds quiver, the large dark eyes open and fix on his face. The lips flutter breathlessly apart. 'Charley!' they whisper in glad surprise, and over the death-like face there flashes for a second an electric light of great amaze and joy. 'Humph!' says the doctor, with a surprised grunt; 'II thought it would do her no harm. If we leave them alone for a few minutes, my dear young ladies, it will do us no harm either. 'Mind, my young gentleman,' he taps Charley on the shoulder, 'my patient is not to excite herself talking.'

They softly go out. It would appear the doctor need not have warned him; they don't seem inclined to talk. She lies and looks at him, delight in her eyes, and draws a long, long breath of great content, For him, he holds her wasted hand a little tighter, and lays his face down on the pillow, and does not speak a work. So the minutes pass.

"Charley," she says at last, in a faint, little whisper, "what a surprise this is. They did not tell me you were coming. Who sent for you? when did you come?"

"You're not to talk, Edith." he answers, lifting his haggard face for a moment-poor Charley? "Trix sent for me." Then poor tharley? "Trix sent for me." Then poor tharley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the description of the moment-poor Charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor Charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we ware the moment-poor charley? "Trix sent for me." Then we

A WOMAN'S RESCUE. A REMARKABLE CARFER

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 22, 1896

\*\*Months of the Control of the

her dulled ears now as all others, the dim, almost lifeless eyes, that opened at rare intervals, were blank to the whole world. She lay in a species of stupor, or coma, from which it was something more than doubtful if she ever would awake. The few spoonfuls of beef-tea and brandy and water she took they forced between her clenched teeth, and in that darkened room of the great hote, strangely, solemnly quiet, Life and Death fought their sharp battle over her unconscious head. And for those who loved her, her father, her fireds, and one other, nearer and her friends, and one other, nearer and the forest than father or friend, how went the deaver than father or friend, how went the manufacture of the manufact derful medicine. They are also a specific in cases of locomotor ataxis, partial paralysis, St. Vi us' da ce, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, the after effects of la grippe, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases

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is on her finger—at last she is what she should have been from the first—Charley's wife.

He bends forward and takes her in his arms. With all her dying strength she lifts herself to his embrace. It is a last expiring effort—her weak clasp relaxes, there is one faint gasp. Her head falls heavily upon his breast—there is a despairing cry from the women, cold and lifeless, Charley Stuart lays his bride of a moment back among the pillows—whether dead or, in a dead swoon no one there can tell.

CHAPTER XXXI

At first they thought her dead—but it was not death. She awoke from that long, for a hair might weigh down the scale. And so for days after it was—for weary miserable days and night. The great reaction of the first great processions as left her, she lay white and the first great process of the prove the unequalled merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as there are thousands of women throughout the country similiarly troubled, her story of renewed health will point to them the rem-dy which will prove equally efficacious in their cases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuated which it was something more than doubt.

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Hadn't Time to Take Them Off. Fond Parent—Goodness, how you look, child! You are soaked.
Frankie—Please, pa, I fell into the "What! With your new trousers

What book has helped you most?" inquired Miss Bobleigh. And after long thought Cholly replied:
"My book of thigawette papahs."—

"I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em

Fool sh Destruction of Spiders. It is customary to kill the ordinary house spiders, partly because of the er-roneous impression that they bite, part-ly on account of the fact that they spin as no harm either. "Wind, my young gentleman," he tape Charly on the short of excite hereal gentleman is the stap Charly on the short of excite hereal gentleman is not to excite hereal gentleman in the short of th



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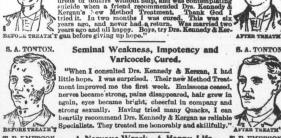
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