WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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A WESTERN KANSAS RAIN

One Might Almost Think This Story Was an Exaggeration.

we might say, however, that if the impression prevails in the effete east that it never rains in western Kansas it is a serious error. It is true that there are spells of drought when for several months there will not be sufficient moisture fall to wet a 2 cent postage stamp, but when it gets ready to rain out there the bottom seems to fall out of the sky. The story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City when one of the showers came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening the cleats between the axles, with spaces of half an linch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not ran through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the difell. Rushing down the side of the diand dammed up until the water ran over the wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence.

Real Dangers of Losing Them Through the Breaking of the Cord.

wy neck."

"The being late is immaterial, but did you find them all?" she was asked.

"No," the speeker continued, "there were 73 on the string, and five of them have slipped away, I fear never to be recovered, as every crevice and spot in the room has apparently been searched into. Perhaps I have been a little careless about not having them restrung

As a fact, pearls should be unfailingly restrung every three months, or they cannot be worn with security. The heavy silken cord that is generally used to string them appears to be the only thing that will give them the suppleness that adds so much to their charm, and it is only when this cord is new that it sequal to the not inconsiderable weight of the pearls. As soon as in places it begins to fray it is only a question of time before one of these weak spots will of these weak spots will

begins to fray it is omy a question of time before one of these weak spots will break and let fall the precious stones.

Since the very long strings have been morn this accident has not been an unfrequent occurrence in ballrooms, and last winter a commotion was caused in the hallway of an opera house simply by the breaking of one of these silken cords.

As a precaution and to keep them from swinging many women when dancing fasten their pearls to the front of their bodices with a brooch, or if the string is long enough they wind them about their wrists. It is a most reckless habit to twirl them nervously about the fingers and to make a plaything of them, for it must necessarily hasten the fraying of the cord. The cost of having a string of perhaps 50 pearls restrung at a reliable ord. The cost of having at a reliable aps 50 pearls restrung at a reliable is about 75 cents or \$1, and surely idering the comfort it brings the

Savage Crabs.

The most savage specimens of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his in nothing day of the scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another. The sand files as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and, with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off and bears away the palpitating e vanquished crap, twisters of and bears away the palpitating soff and bears away the palpitating soff are trophy of his prowess. Such is comes off and pears away limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such it a battle between warrior crabs.—Cincin nati Enquirer.

Where Children Marry. Where Children Marry.

The farther south one goes the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was 12 years old and that there were very many boys who were married at 18 and 14, while some at 15 had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widow of 15 and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precoclous and are sometimes married when only 11 years old, though 12 is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of 15 and 1,176 divorces of the same age.

No Gentleman. No Gentleman.

Superintendent—Did he purchase a copy of that commonplace book?

Salesman—Not even when I assured him it was a work without which no gentleman's library was complete.

Superintendent—In other words, he considered himself no gentleman and that therefore his library was complete.—Bostom Transcript.

Those who think a large family handitimers who are dying rich and leaving

A WOMAN'S

of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc.

"Miss Levesque is rather in the ha-bit of dropping her letters about," Percy

that?"

"Well" — laughing drily—"you would have lost that one, but for Hugh; and if I am not mistaken, I found a letter of yours on Brierton Common this afternoon."

sund, excitedly, why are your turned it?"
Hugh Fleming looked at her, a little surprised at her vehemence, but Percy Stanhope smalled maliciously.
"I have only waited for an opportunitation of the control of the cont

"I have only wanted ty to do so."
"Then give it to me now"—imperiously. Her face was pale, her eyes glowed.
As he handed it to her, she looked into his eyes. The rage in them had

Had he read it, she wondered. No, surely not! He was too true a gentleman for that.

But, when she looked at the letter that night in her own room, she found that it was without its envelope. In that case he must have read it partly, or he would not have known to whom it belonged. Hot blushes dyed her face at the thought. What must he have thought of her, as he read the foolish, fond words of the writer, for whom, he knew only too well, she did not care a straw?

"At all events," she said to herself, trying to find some comfort, "he will know I am not going to break my heart for him. Julian Carre is worth a dozen of him, I dare say, and perhaps I shall think so some day."

She sat up later than usual that night to write her uncle. Not that his letter required so speedy an answer, but because she was feverish and restless, and in no mood to go to bed. She slipped her dress off before sitting down to her writing, and put on a pretty Watteau

her dress off before sitting down to her writing, and put on a pretty Watteau wrapper of dark blue, covered all over with deep red flowers. A quaint, idyllic little shepherdess she looked in it, her bright hair curling about her throat and face. Long before twelve o'clock the whole house was quiet. When she had finished her letter she went to the window and opened it gently and looked out. The night was cloudless, intensely silent—as night can only be in the country—and full of deep peace.

With a little sight, Dulcle shut the window and drew the curtains close. All at once she remembered that she had left her purse on the sideboard in the dining-room. Without a second thought, she took a candle in her hand, and went down to get it. It is well

"What a coward I am, to be sure! Now, I'll go right in and make my mind easy. It could have been but fancy." It is said that "second thoughts are best," but she dared not trust to second thoughts; she knew she would run away if she did. She just opened the door and walked into the room, looking to right and left as she went, and horribly frightened, in spite of her show of bravery. And no wonder, for the gas was alight, and she knew that Mrs. Hardinge never went to bed and left it. Yet the room seemed undisturbed, and the windows were fast, she made sure of that.

No burglar or ghost could have fright No burgiar or gnost could have right-ened poor. Dulcie more than he did. Every bit of color faded from her face, till she looked like a ghost herself, the dainty little ghost of some "Lady Bell" or "Lady Kitty" come back in the "tea-gown" of a past century to revisit the earth.

"Dulcie!"
Then he strode across to her, and took the light out of her hand, and held her up, with his arm about her waist, or she would have fallen to the floor. He looked pale and worn, even ill. She saw that in the midst of her fright, and her heart gave a great throb of city.

pity.
"Whoever thought of seeing you here at this hour of the night! What brought you down?" She struggled out of his arms and

She struggled out of his arms and leaned against a table. The color had come back to her face with a rush. Yet she still trembled.
"I had forgotten something"—very low and faint. "And when I was going back up-stairs I heard a noise in here; and I—was frightened."
"I should think you were"—grimly.

"I should think you were'—grimity.

He had put her candle down on a chair, where it flickered, looking wan and white in the gaslight. He stood right opposite to Duicle, looking at her; and the girl shivered faintly as she felt the love and anger and cruel power of that look. She would have run away if she could, but her limbs shook under her.

her.

"So you have consoled yourself already? I might have known you were not a woman to live long without a lover. I hope you are going to treat this fellow better than you treated me. Don't break his heart—you have broken mine. It's a dangerous pastime, let me tell you."

"Come along, now," she said. "and see them for yourself. They are superb. I think your sister is not quite satisfied with one of them, and has gone to see about it, for which circumstance let us be thankful."

"Dulcke you are an awful girl! Have

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning Dulcie was up be-times and dressed in one of her smart-est gowns, with her shining hair colfed daintily. She was good to see as she came into the breakfast-room Mrs. Hardinge was not down, only Mr. Har-dinge and Hugh Fleming; so Dulcie presided at table.

dinge and Hugh Fleming; so Duicte presided at table.

Percy Stanhope was nowhere to be seen, and she dared not trust her tongue to ask for him.

When Mrs. Hardinge did come down she was in the very best of humors.

"Where is Percy?" she asked at once.

"Off for a walk an hour ago," her husband told her.

"Oh!"—with a chill smile. "We used to hear that 'early to bed was early to rise; but it seems he can rise early vern if he sits up half the night before."

Dulcie felt her cheeks crimson.

"I'll pay you off for that, my lady," she said to herself with a little frown of disgust.

she said to herself with a little frown of diagust.

"Are you coming to town, Berta?" Jasper Hardinge asked his wife, when the meal was over. "Because if you are you must let me know now, and then perhaps I can meet you."

"Of course, I must go. They have sent down the wrong sizes of gloves, and I must see about some buttons for Etty's gray serge; the ones they have put in are odious."

but in are odious."

"Very well, I'll meet you, if I can.
Usual time, I suppose."

And he went off to get his hat and
gloves. Hugh Fleming lingered behind
a few minutes, and when he did go Dula few minutes, and when he did go Dul-cie walked to the gate with him. "I wish Esther were home," Mrs. Hardinge thought, with a sigh that was almost a groan. "I shall know no peace till she is married. That girl seems to be witch every man she turns her eyes on."

on."
This was at sight of Dulcie's beaming face as she came back to the house. Ever since that first night of her visit, when Dulcie had worn her green velvet dress, and met Percy Stanhope so gravely, Mrs. Hardinge had suspected her. She would have liked her well enough parthags but for her rivairy of

window and drew the curtains close. All at once she remembered that she had left her purse on the sideboard in the dining-room. Without a second thought, she took a candle in her hand, and went down to get it. It is well known how stairs and boards creak when one tries to step noiselessly. Dulcie thought they creaked worse than usual that time. She found the dining-room door open, for a wonder, and very soon had her purse in her hand.

As she turned to go back, a slight stir in the room opposite startled her. It was the drawing-room and the door opened directly opposite to the dining-room door and close to the foot of the staircase. She stopped on the mat to listen, the light shaking a little with the trembling of her hand; but everything was quiet.

"What a coward I am, to be sure! Now, I'll go right in and make my mind easy. It could have been but fancy." It is said that "second thoughts are best," but she dared not trust to second thoughts; she knew she would run away if she did. She just opened the door and walked into the room, looking to right and left as she went, and horribly frightened, in spite of her show of bravery. And no wonder, for the gas was alight, and she knew that Mrs. Hardinge never went to bed and left it. Yet the room seemed undisturbed, and the windows were fast, she made sure of that.

"I am so glad you have come —holding both hands out and lifting her mouth to be kissed.

"And I am so glad to be here."

"Now, tell me everything." Dulcie insisted, when Esther had taken her

sisted, when Esther had taken her things off, and was resting cosily on the sofa.

"I don't know that there is much to tell. They were all very kind to me, and the house is something splendid—the kind of house one reads about, you know. The pictures are lovely. And then the plate, and the old china, and the gorgeous little knick-knacks. I never knew there were such exquisite things in the world."

"Ah!" Dulcie sghed. "And you might have been mistress of it. If I had only had the chance now!"

had the chance now!"
"You would not have taken it, dear, if you had loved Percy as I do."

Dulcie paled a little and laughed.

Dulcie paled a little and laughed.

"What a good soul you are, to be sure Ettl' One half ceases to believe in 'original sin' when one tooks at you. Now, since you have no news to tell me, what are you prepared to give me for some?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I am sepor," Esther laughed. "But what is your news?"

Dulcie, sitting upright on her low chair, shook her curly head solemnly.

"Words fail me, my dear Ettl. But let me be brief, and not harrow your ffelings by unnecessary delay. The dresses have come."

Esther burst out laughing, Dulcie joining in; then a deep flush stole from ohin to brow.

ohin to brow.

"What would I not give," poor Dulcie thought "to be able to blush like

with the control of t

At that moment a servant knocked at the door.

"Mr. Stanhope's compliments, Miss Esther, and could you come down to him, please?"

"Don't bouch the dress," Esther called out at the deor as she swept down stairs to see him.

She was not many minutes away, and when she came back she horrified Dulcie by insisting on putting on the dress.

"Oh! Etty, darling, don't do it," Dulcie cried, starting up from her knees, whre she had been amoothing out the platting on the shinding skirt. It's so awfully unlucky! Do listen to reason. No one ever did such a thing"—solemnly—"that did not come to grief."

Esther smiled.

common sense. Are you not always boasting how practical you are? What boasting how practical you are? What grief could I come to for trying on my own dress? Why, I should not think of putting a common house dress away without first seeing if it fitted me."
"But this is different. Indeed it is. Anyone will tell you that. Do be guided by me this time, dear," pleadingly. "But I have promised to go down in it. He is so anxious to see it."
"Never mind that. It could never make you more beautiful in his eyes, I know"—wistfully. No dress could do that, dear. Tell him your reason for not liking to do it, and then he won't mind."

that, dear. Tell him your reason for not liking to do it, and then he won't mind."

But Esther could not be turned from her purpose. Laughing and blushing and trembling a little in her shy, nervous haste, she put the dress on, and Dulcie, with something like a throb of dismay at her heart, helped her to do it. She tied back the long train and buttoned up the tight sleeves, which looked, when they were closed, as if they had grown on to the round, plumparns. Then she went down, because Etty would have her go, and saw the look of rapturous admiration that came like a flood of sunshine into Percy Stanhope's blue eyes at the sight of this white vision that lingered in the shade of the doorway for a second, as if afraid to enter and face his gaze.

Poor Dulcie! There are such things as looks that hurt worse than blows, just as there are words that cut keener than knife blades! A shade of the agony she was enduring fell over her face. Percy Stanhope, looking past his intended, saw this mute reproach in her eyes and on her lips and understood it. But it was only for an instant. One cannot cry out when one's hurt in this world of grown-up men and women. The next moment she was smiling and shaking hands with him, in the most nonchalast manner possible.

"Do you knew Mr. Stanhope, that I

am very angry with you both; you for asking, and Etty for granting such an unreasonable request. Have you never heard that it's unlucky to try on a bride's dress before the wedding day?"

bide's dress before the wedding day?"
"I never heard it, Miss Levesque, but if I had I should not have heeded. I should still have braved the ill-luck, and felt myself well rewarded."
There was no mistaking the tenderness in his voice as he said it. Ducie was far too keen te mistake it. This "white love" of his, as he often called her, was so beautiful that his heart thrilled at sight of her; so beautiful that he longed for the hour to come that should make her his own, so that she might win him forever from his other love, that only lived in his heart to tear it and wound it with vain passion.

she might win him forever from his other love, that only lived in his heart to tear it and wound it with vain passion.

"Well," Dulcie laughed, "I have warned you both, but, since you will not heed my warning, I shall waste me more of my valuable time upon you."

Then she ran up-stair to get ready for her walk with Julian Carre. When she looked at herself in the glass, she was startled to see how pale she was.

"Flattering for him, but not very nice for me," she thought. "What a fool I am, to be sure! My face is getting rather too much of an 'open book,' and assuredly Percy Stamhope must think it is a book 'bound in calf."

She rubbed her cheeks with her soft little palms, and slowly the bloom came back to them.

"That's more like yourself, Dulcie. If you go about with waxen cheeks like those, the new sweetheart will make 'tracks' like the old one. It behoves you to be careful now, you know."

CHAPTER XV.

was to make ab very brophy on to the two makes and the problem. The color against and went two as calculated the problem of the two makes and the part has been as the beauty of the life that would begin for her the day she should wear it that made the gain beart best, and had down most it that made the gain beart best, and had down most included it cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh treasures from the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh the would never do Instead of that she smiled and talked, and reflect the color of the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh the color of the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh the color of the cause. Her heart deed way to pick out fresh the color of the color o

fully.

"That accounts, perhaps, for your horror of married life?"

"It does," he answered her with most bitter frankness. "I know I shall never be able to endure my existence if you were to be in the same house with me. It would kill me in a month."

"Thank you."

"But where are you going?" he asked.

Duicie looked ruefully at her wet clothes, and said:

"Now I must get home; and I'm just afraid to meet that Mrs. Hardinge. She'll be sure to have something unpleasant to say about my being out in such a down-pour.

"The storm will be your excuse. Tell her you were sheltering, and never heed what she says; we must learn to be 'all in all' to each other, darling. You and I will have to face worse than Mrs. Hardinge will say to you. But we can face a 'world in arms' together, sweet."

Duicle sighed. Already some of the thorns were beginning to prick her fingers. Already some of the roses in this forbidden Eden of hers had the shade of decay upon them. "Thank you."

"But where are you going?" he asked. She had moved away from him to the edge of the frail. swaying plank. The river flowed rapidly past, so rapidly that her eyes ached as she watched it, and a faint, sickly feeling stole round her heart and made her head swim. The sky had turned from a dark blue to a dark cobait. The birds had ceased to twitter, and, save for that turbid, swirling water, the place was intensely still.

tensely still.

When Duloie looked up to answer that urgent question, some of the gloom of the gathering Stores had settled on her. Her eyes were dark and mistry; her cheeks and even her lips were nale.

of decay upon them.
When they had left the wood and

back to the city by the evening train.
"I will write and tell Etty everything
Trust me, I will be as gentle as can be

both, when I tell her all."

Dulcie's lips quivered, and she clasped her hands about his arm in sudden intolerable remorse and pain.

Levesque thought the bonniest of earth, was dimmed just then, as he he'd his little sweetheart's hand in his, and answered her with such blunt direct

CHAPTER XVI.

"I am going to be married to same Carre."

Her voice did not sound like her own as she said it. No blush came into her face, no smile into her eyes. She looked and spoke like a woman half dazed. The harsh laugh that answered her

"I wish him joy of his wife, then."
There came a low growl of thunder, and a patter of big rain-drops. Ducke started, and turned as if to step off the bridge, but he put out his hand and would not let her stir.

"Listen to me, Dulcie Levesque. I swear you shall never be this man's wife. While there is breath in my body, I will stand between you and him. I have suffered enough. Let other people take their turn sow. I don't care how he loves you. I care for nothing! I only know that you are mine, and that I will never give you up. I will die first."

"but your death or mine. The day I saw you in that fellow's arms I knew I could not live without you. I knew I never could marry Esther." that I will never give you up. I will die first."

The rain was falling heavily now. The wind, which had been hushed so long, was rising. It mingled with the roll of the thunder and the roar of the water. It caught the boughs of the trees, and tossed them atoft like signals of danger.

Percy Stanhope never gave a thought to the storm. The very fire of madness I never could marry estate?

His face had a curious gray pallor upon it; his blue eyes had a cold gleam in them; his lips were set and stern. The beauty of this face, which Dudcie

Percy Stanhope never gave a thought to the storm. The very fire of madness was working in his brain; his blue eyes glowed fiercely; his lips, under his heavy blonde moustache grew white with the passion that was mastering him, slowly and surely, as passion had never mastered him in all his pleasurloving life before.

Dulcie was no coward, but her heart failed her at sight of that threatening

failed her at sight of that threatening face. What might he not be capable or in his jealous fury? If Julian Carre came past at that moment—and he might pass at any moment on his way to or from the place of meeting at the weir—she dared not ansewer for the

home."
"Percy," she said, trying to steady, her-voice, "I don't think you mean to be cruel to me, but you are. Can't you see that we are going to have an awful storm? I shall be drenched though before we reach home, as it is. Don't keep While Dulcie changed her dress, Es-ther sat on the edge of the low, white bed, and talked to her.

have both been, Dulcie! What ever possessed us to think we could live without each other?"

The thunder was fainter now; the storm seemed to be passing off, after all, as that other storm had done before, but the rain did not abate. Dulcie, with ther cheek against his wet coat and her eyes lifted to his face, listened to him in silence. Her heart was beating with a fierce joy. She felt a hungry longing for this man's love, for the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand. What was all the word to her or to him? He was right; they could not live without each other. She felt as if it would be easier to die in his sarms than to turn away and leave him to Esther. All the love with which she had ever loved him rushed back now.

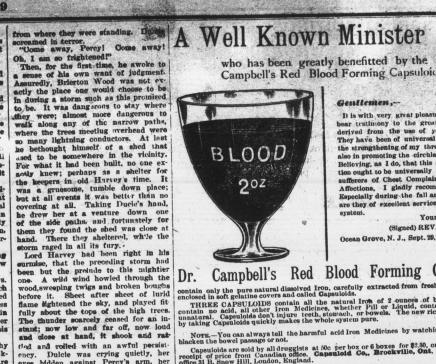
"If it be a sin," she said to herself, as she lay in the close clasp of his arms, i' cannot help it. I have no strength in me to give him up."

For a brief space there was silence between them; such silence as had been well called "golden." Again and again her soft lips pressed little furtive kisses on the breast of his coat, she thinking he did not know. Again and again her eyes looked up into his, only to droop again under the weight of their heavy tears.

"I loved him first," she thought. "I

had wrought her, in her a had before ly and passion, stood out naked before her now, and appalled her. She had her now, and appalled her. What

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



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answered her with such plant directness.

When he had gone, she walked quickly down the lane, and in at the gate of The Elms. Mrs. Hardings was locking out of the drawing-room window. She felt curious to know when Dulcie came in, and if any one came up the lane with her. No one did come with her, so far as she could tell, and that pacified her a little. Still it was with something

Remit \$1.25 to this office and you will receive both papers from da of parment in this year to January, 1901. Those who have already paid for R porter for next year may obtain the Journal on sending 25c to this

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THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability and general sit to shut out the light, and beginning or in a quick, nervous way that frightened Esther. This was so unlike Dulcie. Something must have hurt beer sorely to make her high spirit break down like this.

"Tell me all about it, darling," drawing her down onto the bed beside her.

MANF'R AND SOLE PROPRIETOR Ontario Athens