THE ATHENS REPORTER NOVEMBER 27, 1904

"Happy with me, Gillian ?" he asks. "Yes," she says, innocently. "I love you so." And then he registers a passion-ate, reckless vow that, come what may, he will give her the happi-ness her womanly heart yearns for as a flower for the sunlight. That he will take the happiness that her sweet womanly love can give him in his lonely, loveless, barren life. They are both young, they both mutually love; the happiness that her the won othe sweet, unsulided live her they will take and possess. And he registers the sweet known a lover's kiss but his. CHAPTER XXIII. And then he registers a passion-ate, reckless vow that, come what may, he will give her the happi-ness her womanly heart yearns for as a flower for the sunlight. That he will take the happiness that her sweet womanly love cas give him in his loneiz, loveless, barren life. They are both young, they both mutually love; the happiness that each can give the other they will take and possess. And he registers the vow on the sweet, unsulled lips that have never known a lover's kiss but his. CHAPTER XXIII. When you buy Blue Ribbon Beylon Jea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"But surcly, my dearest child, you do not need to be told," her lady-ship continues, with her insufferable w. or threaten or roomise under

particular reference to Mr. George Archer, for which there is no par-ticular reason, except to explain to you, dearest child, the fine but im-

passable barrier there is between

and to sit at our tables on certain occasions, but we never admit them

into our lives to be our intimates,

"However, Gillian, love, I simply mean this," she says, with her sweet-

est smile, rising with her rustling,

crisp sateen dress, and fresh ribbons and laces. "I wish to be courteous to Mr. Archer, and I fear I have not his good will. The poor fellow possesses a great deal of "amour propre"—with a slight glumbur of unor "issues."

great deal of "amour propre"--with a slight gliminer of a sneer---with a slight gliminer of a sneer---with i feax" I have not considered it suffi-ciently. But if you will second my in-vitatio., which I will send him in a lettér, it will prevent my having to give a verbal invitation, which he might refuse, and so widen the breach between us which, for Mr. Damer's sake, I am unwilling to do." "I will ask him, or second your in-vitation, as you call it," Gillian says, indistinctly; "bat you will not blame me if he refuses it, will you?" "No! Blame you, dear child! Cer-tainly not!" her ladyship laughs, with a maternal caress of her thin, long, white hand on Gillian's neck

long, white hand on Gillian's neck and shoulders, which Gillian un-gratefully shrinks from with a dis-

But you must sav everything kind

gracious in my name, dear pet then there is not much danger

and then there is not much danger of a refusal. You little innocent pet!" this in a rapture of maternal ad-miration—"you don't know your own power, very evidently. With such eyes, and such lips, and such a voice, on man living could resist you.

no man living could resist you, if you chose to be wicked, cruel little Gillian, instead of good, tender,

yon chose to be wicked, cruel little Gillian, instead of good, tender, kadhearted little Gillian. Good-bye, now, or rather au revoir, my pet," her ladyship con-clades, laughing, and hurrying away much as she had done yesterday evening, and for much the same rea-con. She had almost gone too far in probing Gillian's feelings and wounding her pride. For above all things she is de-tirous to avoid hearing the avowal which Gillian's self-esteem and

which Gillian's self-esteem and loyal love and honor for the man

who is to her the one man on earth. prompts her to make at all hazards.

sensation down her spine

our friends, our lovers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Act you will come, deorge?" Gillian repeats, for the fourth or fifth time, and for the fourth or fifth time George answers her, rather absently and reluctantly: "Yes, Gillian, I will. As you wish it." "I know. It is only for my sake -as I wish it," she answers, wist-fully and gratefully. "You will ac-cept Lady Damer's invitation as an overture of good will, for my sake! I will try to reward you,

dear George." And Gillian's love-lit eyes dwell upon her lover's handsome face with silent adoration, and her fin-gers clasp still more tightly the big face brown ones she endeavors to en

circle. "But you must do some-thing for me in return," he says, thoughtfully, taking her gratitude as a, matter of course, with masculine circle. elf-possession. "I cannot forego every prospect of independence, Gli-lian," he says, almost sternly. "You must consent to let me go abroad for this trip, at all events. My self-res-pent in guarding forpect is in question, my dear girl, for-

ship continues, with her insufferable air of superiority, "that we nous autres cannot in fact or feeling re-cognize the sons and daughters of anybody peasant born or plebeian born as our equals and mates, be they ever so worthy or estimable, or even attractive. "Of course I only speak this as a general estimate, and as having no particular reference to Mr. George Archer, for which there is no par-ticular reason, except to explain to you, dearest child, the line bat imif we are ever to be anything to each him to yield for her sake, if all other-I cannot propose myself to your father to bee e a pensioner on stand it fully, Gillian, love, as you grow older and takes your proper place in the world. We may admigrooms, those persons into our drawingrooms, his boarty." She trembles, and presses closer to his side, every feeling but the mighty, selfish passion of a woman's first love thrust into abevance.

thrust into abeyance. "To go away from me?" she whis-pers. "For a year or longer? Oh, George!" Ho smiles, the least little bit of an Immediate grad by every means in her power, and show him what she thinks and feels ut his concession. How she will strive to make his memory of this evening—his first evening as a guest of the host and hostess—one of the pleasantest of impatient smile, and looks down at the delicate, flower-like face, with

the shining eyes and crimso lips, with rather amused surprise. "Does that seem too dreadful?" he asks, ruffling her soft, perfumed hair with a lover's freedom. "You didn't know there was such a person as me

evening as a guest of the host and hostess—one of the pleasantest of memories. She will pay him such marked deference, extend to him such marked ed favor, that no one can fail to see how she regards him in respect a and esteem, though they do not know what place he holds beside. "Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast." Not just yet perhaps do they know. The secret which they have either with other is theirs alone perhaps for a few happy, blissful days. He has said dreaming of her happiness with word-less thanksgiving to Heaven. "And the afternoon comes slowly." She is counting the hours and the minutes until he comes. And the frag-rance of the clematis, with its wreaths of greenish-white starry bloom. floats in at the open window into the shaded, quiet room. She is guite alone, as Lynch and Nelly are fraternizing wonderfully in some remote part of the big barrad:--core in existence six weeks ago." "And now I feel as if I had never lived without you, as if I never could live without you any more!" she says, passionately. And George smiles again, rather

She does not think, poor, fond lit-tle soui, that the very lavishness of

her love is making its preclousness less considerable in his eyes. If one tread on flowers, one cannot prize them as the one blossom which is havond reach, or perchance is in pos-Session of another. "'I don't ask you to live without me, dear," George says graciously; thinking that, at least, the rich father will be forced to own that

the lover's cause has no such pleader as she, his only child; that he, the lever, can stand proadly aloof, cherishing his self-respect, until the rich man's pride gives way to his parentsome remote part of the big barrach castle. She is all alone with the frf g-rant, subtle flower scent, and the soft hum of the bees, and the golden stil-ness of the afternoon-waiting until

al love. It is not a generous thought, but a main is never generous to the wo-man who loves him with an avowed passion and absolute devotion. "I don't ask you to live without

It seems to the fond little heart that has given itself away so utterly and entrely as if these two blissful afternoons and the one evening con-stitute a lifetime. She has not lived me," he continues, "only to part with me for a while, until I have in some degree struck out a career for my-self which I shall not be ashamed to in those former gray, dull days. She In those former gray, dull days. She looks back on that pale, loveless, joy-less existence into the dim past where it seems to have receded, and pities that poor, lonely, timid, an-loved, unhonored girl before the glory and crown of her days had been given to her ask you to share. 1 cannot consent to live on your money, Gillian, though it may help us to have a home much socare than we otherwise would; but I cannot stay on here, relinquish-

ing every hope and endeavor — a mean-spirited fortune-hunter, wait-ing until you are old enough to defy your father and share your money with me! You will not ask me to do that?" She counts the hours and the minutes, even the minutes of this happy, expectant waiting; she will not leave this happiness again, per-haps, for some time. Her happy life in the paradise of this gray old "I will ask you nothing," Gillian says, huskily, and drawing away from him with a cold, sickening sense of

thinks. "I cannot allow her to un-

man me, and make me a dawding, dishonored fool! After all, it is only a little parting pain, and for a short

"I really have a prospect of mak-

he says,

disappointment and pain.

poses

LAS

with a burning blush and quivering lips. "May darling," he urges again, "don't be cold and unkind to me ! Re-member, it is only because of the great difference between us that I speak so, because I can feel that you have stooped to care for a poor fel-low who had nothing but his bare hand to offer you in return for your THE MURDER OF hand to offer you in return for your love, and youth, and beauty, and wealth."

He cannot let well enough alone, He cannot let well enough alone, like other foolish mortals. Having tried to tear away the clinging ten-drils that are wound around his heart, and begun to succeed, he sud-denly seeks to atone for his pain and hers, and woos the tender growth close to him once more.

"You speak so, when you know-you kn know !" she says, half audibly, turn-ing to him, and still trying to keep her face averted, "when you know that if all the world were offered to me on one side and your 'bare hand," as you say, on the other, I should take that as riches and honor beyond all that earth could give me without you " you !' "I believe you would !" he says, bit

terly, blaming himsel', and yet unable to shut his heart against her. "Gillian, my sweet little wife I shall com han, my sweet little wife, I shall come back to you true and faithful, my lit-tle love, even if we part for a while perhaps only for a few months. I shall come back to you, you know, and then, if they do not persuade you to forget me, and if your fath-er will not anathematize me for a penniless adventurer, we shall be married." But suppose that papa will not

but suppose that papa will not consent," she whispers. "He does not care very much for me, but he may not consent, you know." "Then we shall marry when you are twenty-one, my dearest," George says, very decidedly, "as I may then be able to offer you a home, and with your own money we can manhe is styled in the State papers-seems to have been a generous, high-spirited and fearless lad, well fitted for the task of restoring the fallen fortunes of his house and race. In early life he grew dissatis-fied with his position as a needy and suspected sojourner among with your own money, we can man-age to that you will not feel the age to that you will not leef the great difference in your position." "But, George, my money is——" Gil-lian says suddenly, and then stops as suddenly. "Your money is what?" he asks,

rather coldly.

The expression rather grates on

him. "Nothing-that is-of course it is mine," Gillian says, stammering. "It is mine-when I am twenty-one, as you know ?' "But—not before it ?" George asks,

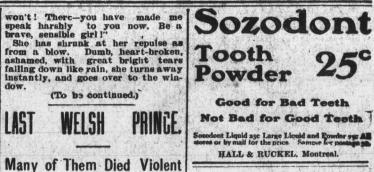
quickly, from some intangible sug-gestion in her manner. "It does not come to you sooner than that, does

"Oh, no! Not unless I were married," fillian says, rabbing over her words in a most desperate haste, and crimeology to the tips of her

and crimeoling to the tips of her ears as George langhs. "Oh! It comes to you as soon as you are married?" he asks, in a meaning tone. "So if I were to get a license, in forty-eight hours I should be possessor of twenty thou-sand pounds? Rather a temptation that, for a fellow who hasn't fifty pounds in the work! pounds in the world! Would you marry me in forty-eight hours, Gil-lian. if-I coax you ?" rade-in-arms to the noblest knight

Marry Die in forty-eight nours, on-lian, II-I coax you?" And poor little Eve creeps closer to her Adam, in perfect trust, and faith, and reverential love. "If I thought that papa, would not

The pitiful story of Prince Owen's death six years later is told with simple pathos in the vivid pages of Froissart, who was his contemporary, If I thought that papa, would not be very angry," she whispers, with her arm around his neck. "George, darling, you are my husband now in the sight of heaven, are you not? You said, I was your little wife!" "So you are! So I am!" George and perhaps an acqualatance. Owen was at the time laying siege to Mor-tagne-sur-Gironde. "This Yuan of Wales," so runs the old chronicler's story as translated by Lord Berners in 1523, "hadde an usage beyng be-"Bo you are! So I am !" George says, rather madly, feeling reckless. "Don't tempt me, Gillian ! I might play out the game of a rascally ad-venturer to the last degree ! But I won't ! I won't ! I won't do anything



OWEN.

Deaths.

[Speaker.

His Hereditary Foes.

Kembe His Heed

Kembe His Heed a good long space, and syt and be-holde the castell and the country about, beynge out of doute or feare of any thynge." Now, "on a mornyng betymes, wha' the wether was fayre and cleare," his body servant, John Lamb, came to him as he was thus sitting "on an olde stocke of wode." Lamb had been Prince Owen's squire for nearly a year, and had completely won his confidence. He had pretended to bring Owen tidings of his beloved Wales, where he said all men were looking anxiously to Owen for de-liverance from the English yoke. Early this summer morning, "every man beynge in their iodgynges aslepe," Owen bade Lamb fetch his comb. Lamb went into the tent, but "the devyll entred into him, for be-syde the combe, he brought with hym a lytell Javelyne of Spayne with a large heed of steel, and with the same strake this Yuan as he sate, clene through out the body, so it he sately forty years old, "slayne by great unhap and treason." His as-masin fied for refuge to the castle, where the English captain reluct, antly afforded him protection. Mr. [Speaker. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that with the death of Prince Llewelyn and his brother David in 1282 the royal line of Wales became extinct. Mr. Edward Owen, of the India Office, has recently proved in the "Transactions" of the Cymmrodorion Society that this was not so, but that the last male des-cendant of Llewelyn the Great only died a century after. Llewelyn, the died a contury after. Llowelyn, the last Prince, was survived by three brothers. Owen, the eldest, lived and brothers. Owen, the eldest, lived and died an obscure country gentleman in Carnarvonshire, and left no is-sue. The turbuient David, who had been created an English baron, was tried for high treason after Lle-welyn's death, and was hanged, drawn and quartered. The younger, Roderick, became a pensioner of the English King, married an English heiress, and lived and died in Engliand. His only son, Thomas, succeeded to two small estates in England, and one manor in Wales, but he was al-

sassin fled for refuge to the castle, where the English captain reluct-antly afforded him protection. Mr. Edward Owen has proved beyond doubt from State papers preserved in the Record Office that the murder of the gallant "Owen of Wales" was premeditated by the English King's Council and deliberately planned by the English officials at Bordeaux. The miscreant Lamb and his alders were liberally rewarded by the Eng-lish Government, and Lamb's receipt for the price of blood is still among our records. one manor in Wales, but he was always in want of money, and almost all the traces let of him are conan the traces lest of han here con-cerned with his dealings with money lenders. He left, however, at his death in 1363 a son named Owen, who redeemed his family's fame, who became a hero of romance even in the brightest age of chivalry, and whose tragic death was in keeping with the inhappy traditions of his ancient house. Owen ap Thomas ap Roderick—as he is styled in the State papers our records.

QUEER IDEAS OF CURES.

Leg of Mutton.

Modern wisdom smiles at the super-

He field to the Court of France, where he was received with the hon-ors due to the rightful Prince of Wales. He fought against the Eng-lish at Polctiers in 1356, and the mothers used to depend upon to cure their ills and preserve them in health .We are not all wise folk yet by any means, but at least we do glamor of his name drew many a Welshman away from the standard of the Black Prince. On the conclu-sion of peace between the English not believe, as the Devon and Cornwall people used to do, that the knuckle bone of a leg of mutton worn around the neck is sure cure for and French, Yenain de Galles-as "Owen of Wales" was called by his new friends-became captain of one of those free companies that sciatica, or that "blackheads" in the face will disappear immediately if the afflicted individual creeps under an spread terror throughout the mountains of Switzerland and the plains

ains of Switzerland and the plains of Lombardy. When war broke out again between England and France. Owen returned once more and led the expedition in 1372 against Guernsey, which all but captured the island from the English garri-son. He was, however, recalled to fight the English in France and Spain, and we find him appearing in Brittany as an honored com-rade-In-arms to the noblest knight A Somersetshire cure for consumption was to lead or carry the sufferer through a flock of sheep in the early morning, when they were first let out of the field. Some mothers used to place consumptive children in cots in the centre of a. sheep fold, and there leave them from 11.30 to 1 o'clock in the morn-

rade-in-arms to the hobest knight of Christendom, Bertrand Ju Guesc-lin, "and bore himself so well," says the old chronicler, "that he was greatly praised and well beloved with the French King and with all the best?

from 11.30 to 1 o'clock in the morn-ing, believing that the malady would pass away before the rising of that morn's sun. West of England folk say that an invalid, when going out for the first walk during the convalescence, must take care to go with the sun, from east to west, or west to east, if after sundown, otherwise a serious relapse cannot be avoided. In South Wales, as late as 1848, a woman who had been bitten by a mad donkey was persuaded by her neighbors to go and eat grass in the nearest churchyard.-McColl's Mag-asine.

The Virtue in the Kunckle Bone of a

stitious charms our forefathers and

arched bramble branch.

ponies and drives through the before her.

But when once she has passed the she scads the groom back with a note to be left at the inn "for Mr. Archer.

"Now," her ladyship says, tighten-Now, her hadyship says, tighten-ing her lips over those long, sharp, bluish-white teeth of hers, "if that girl's love-sick devotion to her swain, and the swain's self-con-fidence are not too much for me, I thiak I have got the lion into a and which are big devoted events net which even his devoted mouse can't nibble him free from-from which he can't disentangle himself,

which he can't disentangle himself, but which he can carry away with him to the cal of the earth with him to the the the hold August house the threatened me, I know; and I know what a violent-tempered, head is on a level with her dusky, sliken locks he gathers her-slender shivers again with a slight chill of the polies backs as they pace slowly up the long ascent toward Mount I was born and curse the hour I was

"He said I should regree the hour I was born and curse the hour I was oruel enough to do what I am going to do. 'You remember what Samson did, my lady,' he said," she mutters; trying to smile sconfully. " He pulled the house down on the heads of the Dublicings as well as on himself. the house down on the heads of the Philistines, as well as on himself. That's what I'll do,' he said; 'if ever you dare to try to punish the innocent for the guilty. I'll pull the house down on your head as well as on my own. Your head will be in the dust as well as mine—I swear it.' Of course he could mean nothing but an course he could mean nothing but an course he could mean nothing but an empty threat," she mutters again, reassuringly, sitting more crect and touching up the ponies into a brisk trot. "How could any disgraceful rev-elations of his early life affect my position? Besides he would not

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Lazative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All "Dear G druggists rofund the money if it fails to eure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. So happy."

tightly.

"Au revoir, dearest," her ladyship repeats, airily, fluttering away in her dairty morning robe of gray and evening. But other joys and hopes heliotrope sateen. "I shall drive over will follow; other hours, and days, for you about eight, dearest, with the brougham and plenty of wraps." She steps into her dainty little souls are we'ded, whose hearts and phaeton, and whips up her chestnut poules and drives through the souls are we'ded, whose hearts the poules and whips the the souls are we'ded whose hearts and poules are we'ded whose hearts the souls are we'ded whose hearts are poules and whips the souls are we'ded whose hearts are poules and whose through the souls are we'ded by the souls are we fore, man cannot put asunder. And age very quickly, looking straight then, as the clock strikes four and the hadows are beginning to deep-en in the silent old room, whose dark heavy furniture and somber fittings frame the bright young form with the virginal robes, the

comes.

given to her.

dishonored fool! After all, it is only a little parting pain, and for a short time. It would be nothing but un-manly weakness to let a little girl-ish disappointment at the loss of a lover's society, change all my purfair, pale face and starry eyes, "Like a precious stone, Set in the heart of the carven

gloom."

"I really have a prospect or mak-ing a career for myself if I get in with these people, and I had a most kind, encouraging letter from my friend Dairoy this very afternoon," he says hurriedly, his heart rather there comes to the longing eyes and there comes to the lenging eyes and listening ears the echo of the quick, strong steps through the silent corridors, and the sight of the open-ing door, and the tall, stalwart form, the fair head, and ardent blue eyes, the vision of her earth-ly desire, her soul's gladness. results and share and share and share and share and share and shares are gone from the face and form that droops visibly. "He as good as effers me the post of mineralogist and petrologist

Post of mineralogist and petrologist to this industrial Expedition, Gillian," he urges, coming closer to her again. "The pay is not much, only two thousand dollars for the year, and expenses of course, but it may lead to something better-balroy says he is sure it will somehe is sure it will; some-thing that will give me scope for efforts of body and mind; something to satisfy my intellect and the longings of my heart," he says, his handsome, sun-browned face flush-

ed with excitement: "something better than vegetating all my days here in this place as Mr. Damer's land steward, and the object of my against the waves of the rough ccean of life !--and kisses he pure, loving lips with a passion of tenderness that is strange to himself. "I can't help myself ! I can't deny myself this one taste of pleasure and delight even though L on tracming lady's gracious patronage!" "Yes, I see," Gillian says, quietly. And she does see and know the truth, and it is like iron entering

her soul. She possesses no influence over him. Her influence, nor all delight, even though I am trampling that her love can cast into the bal-ance, can weigh against one settled on self-respect and common sense in vielding ! he whispers to himself. an't resist her-Heaven help me if I am a weak, selfish wretch-I can't resist her, and her love, and sweet-ness, an? inncent tenderness, and innceent devotion." For the pure, fond lips have kissed him helt contra and the device self. purpose of his. "I see, I understand. And I would not stand in the way of your success, you know." She is very quiet and gentle, with

even a faint smile on the wistful face. But the light is gone from her eyes, and the music from her voice. The "rift within the lute" For the pure, fond lips have kissed him back again, and the dark eyes glow with unspeakable love into the blue eyes which are looking down on them; and the gentle head rests with a sigh of happiness on his breast, and one hot little white hand essays to clasp the big, herown muscular fingers has come

"As for the success, my darling," Stops the Cough

'Dear George," she whispers. "I am

clasp the big, brown, muscular fingers and Works Off, the Cold.

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wrong or shameful to win you. Let wrong or shameful to win you, Let me go now, dear; I have been here more than an hour, and I don't want to set Lady Damer's back up against me for any trespass on etiquette-besides-it is better I should go and think our set that is better I should go and And George draws away also, rising to his feet vexed and impatient, with a man's crudi lack of compre-hension. besides it is better a most be contraction of think over everything quietly. Gcod-bye, darling " "I shall not see you until to-mor-I must be firm with her," he

row evening," Glilan says, sorrow-fully, elinging to him still, though she keenly leels that he is eager to go. "No, not until to-morrow evening," he says, trying to say it cheerfully he says, trying to say it cheerfully child carelessly, and feeling half-ashamed of hinself that "to-morrow evening" seems afar off, across a dim gulf of separation. "I shall think it all over, Gillian, and when we meet I will tell you what I think will be the best for us both. We shall surely have a chance of a few words together-shall we not?" "We may," Gillian says, in a mournfully low tone. "Must you go now, George ?" "Yes, dearest, I must," he says, pressing one farewell kiss on her

"Yes, dearest, I must," he says, pressing one farewell kiss on her check. "No, Gilian, do not keep me, dear! You are tempting me and try-ing me too hard. I can decide on mething but you while I stay !" She laughs delightedly at this, as a welcome evidence of a certain power over him; but her yearning eyes follow him sadly to the door. Looking back he sees her standing alole in her white dress in the gloomy room, the familiar old room which he is leaving as he is leaving her; and an ominous, dreary sense of décolation-of cutting himself adrift from home and peace, and love and joy-an ominous chill of error, of mistake, and loss creeps over his spirit. spirit.

And she sees his hesitation, and his And she sees his hesitation, and his backward, lingering look, and thinks with desperate resolve and hope that she may prevail even now, and rushes to the door after him. orge! George! don't leave

to the door after him. "George! George! don't leave me!" she says wildly, her heart beating madly. "Don't leave me, George! My love-my husband-anything but leave me! Take me with you, George!" she mutters, hot and cold by turns with shame, and fear. and passionate hope, her words almost choking her as she utters them. "Take the money; it will be all yours then, you know, and take me with you'!." me with you'! " "Oh, Gillian ! Don't ! You are driv

"On, Gillian! Don't! You are griv-ing me mad!" he says almost fiercely, thrusting her back. "I can't marry you and take you with me now! I can't take all from you and be able to give you nothing in return! I

fore Mortagne at the siege, that gladly in the mornyng when he was up and redy, he wolde come before the castell, and sytte downe and The fellow hwo talks about himself is seldom an interesting conver-sationalist.



MR. G. H. KENT.

The above is a likeness of Mr. G. H. Kent, 408 Gimour street, Ottawa, taken from a recent photograph. Seven years ago Mr. Kent was cured of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has enjoyed good health ever since. The full particulars of this remarkable cure, as sworn to, were published in these columns a few days ago.

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