THE

Athens Reporter

IS ISSUED EVERY

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

—BY—

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION

$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE, OR

$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS.

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A Terrible Secret was commenced in the issue of Sept. 4. Back numbers containing the chapters to date can be obtained at this office. New subscribers who wish will be supplied with this story from commencement.

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

Winkie you are! For my part, I've never slept at all since I came on board this horrid ship! Now where are you going?"

"To get something to eat from my friend the stewardess," Edith answered; "I see I am too late for dinner."

Miss Darrell went, and got some tea and toast. Then wrapping herself in a blanket shawl, and tying a coquettish red wool hood over her hair, she ascended to the deck.

It was pretty well deserted by the ladies—none the worse for that, Edith thought. The full moon shone with untold splendor, over the vast expanse of tossing sea, heaving with that majestic swell, that never quite lulls on the mighty Atlantic. The gentlemen filled the smoking-room, the "Tabak Parliament" was at its height. She took a camp-stool, and made for her favorite sheltered spot behind the wheel-house. How grand it was—the starry sky, the brilliant white moon, the boundless ocean—that long trail of silvery radiance stretching miles behind. An icy blast swept over the deep, but, wrapped in her big shawl, Edith could defy even that. She forgot Sir Victor and the daring ambition of her life. She sat absorbed in the beauty and splendor of that moonlight on the sea. Very softly, very sweetly, half unconsciously, she began singing "The Young May Moon," when a step behind made her turn her head. It was Sir Victor Catheron. She awoke from her dream—came back to earth, and was of the world worldly, once more. The smile that welcomed him was very bright. She would have blushed if she could; but it is a disadvantage of pale brunettes that they don't blush easily.

"I heard singing, sweet and faint, and I give you my word, Miss Darrell, I thought it might be the Lurline, or a stray mermaid combing her sea-green locks. It is very beautiful, of course, but are you not afraid of taking cold?"

"I never take cold," Miss Darrell answered; "influenza is an unknown disease. Has the tobacco parliament broken up, that I behold you here?"

"It is half-past eleven—didn't you know it?—and all the lights are out."

"Good Heaven!" Edith cried, starting upaghast; "half-past eleven! What will Trixy say? Really, moon-gazing must be absorbing work. I had no idea it was after ten."

"Stay a moment, Miss Darrell," Sir Victor interposed, "there is something I would like to say to you—something I have wished to speak of, since we came on board."

Edith's heart gave one great jump—into her mouth it seemed. What could such a preface as this portend, save one thing? The baronet spoke again, and Miss Darrell's heart sank down to the very soles of her buttoned boots.

"It is concerning those old papers, the Chesholm Courier. You understand, and—and the lamentable tragedy they chronicle."

"Yes?" said Miss Darrell, shutting her lips tight.

"It is naturally a deeply painful subject to me. Twenty-three years have passed; I was but an infant at the time, yet if it had occurred only a year ago, I think I could hardly feel it more keenly than I do—hardly suffer more, when I speak of it."

"Then why speak of it?' was the young lady's very sensible question. "I have no claim to hear it, I am sure."

"No," the young man responded, and even in the moonlight she could see his color rise, "perhaps not, and yet I wanted to speak to you of it ever since. I don't know why, it is something I can scarcely bear to think of even, and yet I feel a sort of relief in speaking of it to you. Perhaps there is 'rapport' between us—that we are affinities—who knows?"

Who indeed! Miss Darrell's heart came up from her boots, to its proper place, and stayed there.

"It was such a terrible thing," the young man went on, "such a mysterious thing. To this day it is wrapped in darkness. She was so young, so fair, so good—it seems too horrible for belief that any human being could lift his hand against so innocent a life. And yet it was done."

"A most terrible thing," Edith said; "but one has only to read the papers to learn such deeds of horror are done every day. Life is a terribly sensational story. You say it is shrouded in darkness, but the Chesholm Courier did not seem at all in the dark."

"You mean Inez Catheron. She was innocent."

"Indeed!"

"She was not guilty, except in this—she knew who was guilty, and concealed it. Of that, I have reason to be sure."

"Her brother, of course—the Juan Catheron of the papers?"

"Who is to tell? Even that is not certain. No," in answer to her look of surprise, "it is not certain. I am sure my aunt believes in his innocence."

"Then who——"

"Ah—who?" the baronet said mournfully, "who was the murderer? It may be that we will never know."

"You will know," Edith said decidedly. "I am sure of it. I am a firm believer in the truism that 'murder will out.' Sooner or later you will know."

She spoke with the calm conviction of prophecy. She looked back to shudder at her own words in the after days.

"Three-and-twenty years is a tolerable time to forget even the bitterest sorrow, but the thought of that tragedy is as bitter to my aunt to-day, as it was when it was done. She cannot bear to speak of it—I believe she cannot bear to think of it. What I know, therefore, concerning it, I have learned from others. Until I was eighteen, I knew absolutely nothing. Of my mother, of course I have no remembrance, and yet"—his eyes and tone grew dreamy—"as far back as I can recall, there is in my mind the memory of a woman, young and handsome, bending above my bed, kissing and crying over me. My mother was fair, the face I recall is dark. You will think me sentimental—you will laugh at me, perhaps," he said, smiling nervously; "you will set me down as a dreamer of dreams, and yet it is there."

Her dark, earnest eyes looked up at him, full of womanly sympathy.

"Laugh at you! Think better of me, Sir Victor. In these days it is rare enough to see men with either memory or veneration for their mother—whether dead or alive."

He looked at her; words seemed struggling to his lips. Once he half spoke. Then he checked himself suddenly. When he did speak it was with a total change of tone.

"And I am keeping you selfishly here in the cold. Take my arm, Miss Darrell; you must not stop another instant."

She obeyed at once. He led her to her cabin-door—hesitated—took her hand and held it while he spoke:

"I don't know why, as I said before, I have talked of this; I could not have done it with any one else. Let me thank you for your sympathy with all my heart."

Then he was gone; and, very grave and thoughtful, Edith sought Trixy and the upper berth. Miss Stuart lay calmly sleeping the sleep of the just and the sea-sick, blissfully unconscious of the traitorous goings on about her. Edith looked at her with a sort of twinge. Was it fair, after all? was it strictly honorable? "Poor Trix," she said, kissing her softly, "I don't think it will be you!"

Next morning, at breakfast, Miss Darrell noticed that Mr. Stuart, junior, watched her as he sipped his coffee, with a portentous countenance that foreboded something. What it forebode came out presently. He led her on deck—offered her his arm for a morning constitutional, and opened fire thus wise:

"What were you and the baronet about on deck at abnormal hours of the night? What was the matter with you both?"

"Now, now," cried Edith, "how do you come to know anything about it? What business have small boys like you spying on the actions of their elders, when they should be safely tucked up, and asleep in their little beds?"

"I wasn't spying; I was asleep. I have no restless conscience to keep me prowling about at unholy hours."

"How do you come to know, then?"

"A little bird told me."

"I'll twist your little bird's neck! Who was it, sir? I command you."

"How she queens it already! Don't excite yourself, you small Amazon. It was the officer of the deck."

"The officer of the deck might be much better employed; and you may tell him so, with my compliments."

"I will; but you don't deny it—you wore there!"

"I never deny my actions," she says with royal disdain; "yes, I was there."

"With Sir Victor—alone?"

"With Sir Victor—alone!"

"What did you talk about, Miss Darrell?"

"More than I care to repeat for your edification, Mr. Stuart. Have you any more questions to ask, pray?"

"One or two; did he ask you to marry him, Edith?"

"Ah, no!" Edith answers with a sigh that is genuine; "there is no such luck as that in store for Dithy Darrell. A baronet's bride—Lady Catheron! no, no—the cakes and ale of life are not for me."

"Would you marry him, if he did? Will you marry him when he does? for that is what it comes to, after all."

"Would I marry him? She looks at him in real incredulous wonder. "Would I marry Sir Victor Catheron—I? My dear Charley, when you ask rational questions, I shall be happy to answer them, to the best of my ability, but not such absurdity as that."

"Then, you will?"

"Charley, don't be a tease—what do young persons of your juvenile age know about such things? I don't like the turn this conversation has taken; let us change it, let us talk about the weather—that's always a safe subject. Isn't it a splendid morning? Isn't it charming to have a perpetual fair wind? And how are you going to account for it, that the wind is always fair going to England, and always ahead coming out?

"'England, my country—great and free
Heart of the world—I leap to thee!'"

She sings, with a wicked look in her dark eyes, as she watches her cavalier.

Charley is not going to be put off, however; he declines to talk of either wind or weather.

"Answer my question, Edith, if you please. If Sir Victor Catheron asks you, will you be his wife?"

She looks at him calmly, steadily, the man she loves, and answers:

"If Sir Victor Catheron asks me, I will be his wife."

CHAPTER. IV.

SHORT AND SENTIMENTAL.

Two days later, and Fastnet Rock looms up against the blue sky; the iron-bound Irish coast appears. At noon they land in Queenstown.

"Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen," sings Charley's voice down the passage, early in the morning.

Charley can sing a little still. He is to lose Edith. Sir Victor Catheron is to win and wear! but as she is not Lady Catheron yet, Mr. Stuart postpones despair and suicide until she is.

She sprang from her bed with a cry of delight. Ireland! One, at least, of the lands of her dreams.

"Trixy!" she cries. "O Trixy, look out! The land of sweet Erin' at last!"

"I see it," Trixy, rolling sleepily out of the under birth; "and I don't think much of it. A lot of wicked looking rocks, and not a bit greener than at home. I thought the very sky was green over Ireland."

For the last two days Trixy's bitter trials had ended—her sea-sickness a dismal dream of the past. She was able, in ravishing toilet, to appear at the dinner-table, to pace the deck on the arm of Sir Victor. As one having the right, she calmly resumed her sway where she had left it off. Since that moonlight night of which she (Trixy) happily knew nothing, the bare civilities of life alone had passed between Miss Darrell and the baronet. Sir Victor might try, and did, but with the serene superiority of right and power Miss Stuart countermanded every move. Hers she was determined he should be, and there was all the lost time to be made up besides. So she redoubled her attentions, aided and abetted by her pa—and how it came about the perplexed young Englishman never could tell, but somehow he was constantly at Miss Stuart's side and unable to get away. Edith saw it all and smiled to herself.

"To-day for me, to-morrow for thee," she hummed. "I have had my day; it is Trixy's turn now. She manœuvres so well it would be a pity to interfere."

Charley was her cavalier those pleasant last days; both were disposed to take the goods their gods provided, and not fret for to-morrow. It would not last—life's fairy gifts never do, for to-day they would eat, drink, and be merry together, and forget the evil to come.

They landed, spent an hour at Queenstown, then the train whirled them away "to that beautiful city called Cork." There they remained two days, visited Blarney Castle, of course, and would have kissed the Blarney Stone but for the trouble of climbing up to it. Then off, and away, to Killarney.

And still Sir Victor was Trixy's captive—still Edith and Charley maintained their alliance. Lady Helena watched her nephew and the American heiress, and her fine woman's instinct told her he was in no danger there.

"If it were the other one, now," she thought, glancing at Edith's dark, bright face; "but it is quite clear how matters stand between her and her cousin. What a handsome pair they will make."

Another of the elders—Mr. James Stuart—watched the progress of matters, through very different spectacles. It was the one dream of his life, to marry his son and daughter to British rank.

"Of wealth, sir, they have enough," said the Wall Street banker, pulling up his collar pompously. "I will leave my children a cool million apiece? Their descent is equal to the best—to the best, sir—the royal rank of Scotland is in their veins. Fortune I don't look for—blood, sir—BLOOD, I do."

Over his daughter's progress after blood, he smiled complacently. Over his son's conduct he frowned.

"Mind what you're at, young man," he said, on the day they left Cork, gruffly to Charley. "I have my eye on you. Ordinary attention to Fred Darrell's daughter I don't mind, but no fooling. You understand me, sir? No fooling. By George, sir, if you don't marry to please me, I'll cut you off with a shilling!"

Mr. Stuart, junior, looked tranquilly up at Mr. Stuart, senior, with an expression of countenance the senior by no means understood.

"Don't lose your temper, governor," he answered calmly. "I won't marry Fred Darrell's daughter, if that's what you mean by 'fooling.' She and I settled that question two or three centuries ago."

At the village of Macroom, they quitted the comfortable railway carriage, and mounted the conveyance known in Ireland as a public car, a thing like an overgrown jaunting car, on which ten people can ride, sitting back to back, isolated by the pile of luggage between. There was but one tourist for the Lakes besides themselves, a large military looking young man, with muttonchop whiskers and an eye-glass, a knapsack and knickerbockers.

"Hammond, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Victor. "Hammond, of the Scotch Grays. My dear fellow, delighted to see you. Captain Hammond, my friend, Mr. Stuart, of New York."

Captain Hammond put up his eye-glass and bowed. Charley lifted his hat to this large military swell.

"I say, Sir Victor," the Captain of Scotch Grays began, "who'd have thought of seeing you here, you know. They said—aw—you had gone exploring to Canada, or the United States, or some of those kind of places, you know. Who's your party?" sotto voce; "Americans, hey?"

"American friends, and my aunt, Lady Helena Powyss."

"Now thin—look alive, yer honors," cried the car-driver, and a scramble into seats instantly began. In his own mind, Sir Victor had determined that his seat should be by Miss Darrell's side. But what is man's determination beside woman's resolve?

"Oh, p-please, Sir Victor," cries Miss Stuart, in a piteous little voice, "do help me up. It's so dreadfully high, and I know I shall fall off. And oh, please do sit here, and point out the places as we go along—one enjoys places so much more when some one points them out, and you've been along here before."

What could Sir Victor do? More particularly as Lady Helena good-humoredly chimed in:

"Yes, Victor, come and point out the places. You shall sit bodkin, between Miss Beatrix and me. Your friend in the Tweed suit can sit next, and you, my dear Mrs. Stuart—where will you sit?"

"As Charley and Edith will have all the other side to themselves," said Mrs. Stuart, "I guess I'll sit beside Edith."

"Ay, ay," chimed in her spouse, "and I'll mount with cabby. All serene, there behind? Then away we go!"

Away they went, clattering over the road, with the whole tatterdemalion population of Macroom after, shouting for "ha' pennies."

"Rags enough to set up a paper-mill," suggested Charley, "and all the noses turned-ups! Edith, how do you like this arrangement?"

"I think Trixy's cleverer than I ever gave her credit for," laughed Edith; "it's a pity so much diplomacy should be 'love's labor lost.'"

"Poor Trixy! She means well, too. Honor thy father that thy days may be long in the land. She's only trying to fulfil the command. And you think she has no chance?"

"I know it," Edith answers, with the calm serenity of conviction.

"Sir Victor, who's your friend with the solemn face and the funny knickerbockers?" whispers Trixy, under her white parasol.

"He's the Honourable Angus Hammond, second son of Lord Glengary, and captain of Scotch Grays," replies Sir Victor, and Miss Stuart opens her eyes, and looks with new-born reverence at the big, speechless young warrior, who sits sucking the head of his umbrella, and who is an honorable and the son of a lord.

The day was delightful, the scenery exquisite, his companion vivacious in the extreme, Lady Helena in her most genial mood. But Sir Victor Catheron sat very silent all the way. Rallied by Miss Stuart on his gloom, he smiled faintly, and acknowledged he felt a trifle out of sorts. As he made the confession he paused abruptly—clear and sweet rang out the girlish laugh of Edith Darrell.

"Our friends on the other side appear to be in excellent spirits at least," says Lady Helena, smiling in sympathy with that merry peal; "what a very charming girl Miss Darrell is."

Trixy shoots one swift, sidelong glance at the baronet's face, and answers demurely:

"Oh it's an understood thing that Dithy and Charley are never really happy, except when together. I don't believe Charley would have taken the trouble to come at all if Edith, at his solicitation, had not been one of the party."

"A very old affair, I suppose!" asks her ladyship, still smiling.

"A very old affair, indeed," Trix answers gayly. "Edith will make a charming sister-in-law; don't you think so, Sir Victor?"

She looks up at him artlessly, as she plunges her small dagger into a vital place. He tries to smile, and say something agreeable in return—the smile is a failure; the words a greater failure. After that, all Trixy's attention falls harmless. He sits moodily listening to the gay voices on the other side of the luggage, and finds out for sure and certain that he is dead in love with Miss Darrell.

They reach Glengariff as the twilight shadows fall—lovely Glengariff, where they are to dine and pass the night. At dinner, by some lucky chance, Edith is beside him, and Capt. Hammond falls into the clutches of Trix. And Miss Darrell proves her graceful shoulder deliberately upon Charley, and bestows her smiles, and glances, and absolute attention upon his rival.

After dinner they go for a sail by moonlight to an island, where there are the remains of a martello tower. Edith and Sir Victor, Trix and the Honorable Angus Hammond, saunter down arm in arm to the boat. Charley and the two Irish boatmen bring up the rear—Mr. Stuart smoking a consolatory cigar.

They all "pile in" together, and fill the little boat. The baronet follows up his luck, and keeps close to Edith. How beautiful she is with the soft silver light on her face.

"Am I too late?" he thought; "does she love her cousin? Is it as his sister hints, or——"

His jealous, anxious eyes never left her. She saw it all. If she had ever doubted her power over him; she did not doubt tonight. She smiled, and never once looked toward Charley.

"No," he thought, with a sigh of relief; "she does not care for him in that way—let Miss Stewart think as she pleases. She likes him in a sisterly way—nothing more. I will wait until we reach England, and speak then. She, and she alone, shall be my wife."

CHAPTER V.

Early next morning our tourists remounted the car and jogged slowly over that lovely stretch of country between Glengariff and Killarney.

Their places were as on the day before—Sir Victor in the possession of Trix, Charley with Edith. But the baronet's gloom was gone—hope filled his heart. She did not love her cousin,—of that he had convinced himself,—and one day he might call her wife.

It was a day of delight, a day of cloudless skies, sparkling sunshine, fresh mountain breezes, sublime scenery. Wild, bleak valleys, frowning Kerry rocks, roaring torrents, barefooted, ragged children, pigs and people beneath the same thatched roof, such squalor and utter poverty as in their dreams they had never imagined.

"Good Heaven!" Edith said, with a shudder, "how can life be worth living in such horrible poverty as this?"

"The bugbear of your life seems to be poverty, Edith," Charley answered. "I dare say these people eat and sleep, fall in love, marry, and are happy even here."

"My dear Mr. Stuart, what a sentimental speech, and sillier even than it is sentimental. Marry and are happy! They marry no doubt, and the pig lives in the corner, and every cabin swarms with children, but happy!"

They reached Killarney late in the evening, and drove to the "Victoria." The perfect weather still continued, the moon that had lit their last night's sea, on the wane now, lifted its silver light over the matchless Lakes of Killarney lying like sheets of crystal light beneath.

"Oh, how lovely!" Trix exclaimed. The rest stood silent. There is a beauty so intense as to be beyond words of praise—so sweet, so solemn, as to hush the very beating of our hearts. It was such beauty as this they looked upon now.

They stood on the velvety sward—Sir Victor with Trixy on his arm, Charley and Edith side by side. A glowing mass of soft, scarlet drapery wrapped Miss Darrell, a coquettish hat, with a long black ostrich plume, set off her Spanish face and eyes.

"I see two or three boats," remarked Sir Victor. "I propose a row on the lakes."

"Of all things," seconded Beatrix, "a sail on the Lakes of Killarney! Let us go at once, Sir Victor."

"Will you come with me, Edith?" Charley asked, "or would you rather go with them?"

She looked at him in surprise. How grave his face—how quiet his tone! He had been like this all day, silent, preoccupied, grave.

"My very dear Charley, how polite we grow! how considerate of others' feelings! Quite a new phase of your interesting character. I'll go with you, certainly."

"Come, then," he said, "let us have this last evening together; who knows when we shall have another?"

Miss Darrell's brown eyes opened their widest.

"'This last evening!' Who knows when we shall have another!' Charley, if you're meditating flight or suicide, say so at once—anything is better than suspense. If you're thinking of strychnine, say so—no one shall oppose you. My only regret is, that I shall have to wear black, and hideous is a mild word to describe Edith Darrell in black."

"Hideous!" Charley repeated, "you! I wonder if you could possibly look ugly in anything? I wonder if you know how pretty you are to-night in that charming hat and that scarlet drapery?"

"Certainly I know, and charming I undoubtedly must look to wring a word of praise from you. It's the first time in all your life, sir, you ever paid me a compliment."

"There's a time for everything," he answers, a little sadly. "Here is our boat. You will steer, Edith? Yes—then I'll row."

The baronet and Trix were already several yards off, out upon the shining water. Another party—a large boat containing half-a-dozen, Captain Hammond among them, was farther off still. In this boat sat a girl with a guitar; her sweet voice as she sang came romantically over the lake, and the mountain echoes, taking it up, sang the refrain enchantingly over and over again. Edith lifted up her face to the starry sky, the moonlight bathing it in a glory.

"Oh, what a night!" she sighed. "What a bright, beautiful world it is, and how perfectly happy one could be, if—"

"One had thirty thousand a year?" Charley suggested.

"Yes, exactly. Why can't life be all like this—moonlight, capital dinners, lots of friends and new dresses, a nice boat, and—yes—I will say it—somebody one likes very much for one's companion."

"Somebody one likes very much, Edith? I wonder sometimes if you like me at all—if it is in you to like any one but yourself."

"Thanks! I like myself, certainly, and first best I will admit. After that——"

"After that?" he repeats.

"I like you. No—keep quiet, Charley, please, you'll upset the boat. Of course I like you—aren't you my cousin—haven't you been awfully kind—don't I owe all this to you? Charley, I bless that night in the snow—it has been the luckiest in my life."

"And the unluckiest of mine."

"Sir?"

"O Edith, let us speak for once—let us understand one another, and then part forever, if we must. Only why need we part at all?"

She turns pale—she averts her face from him, and looks out over the radiant water. Sooner or later she has known this must come—it has come to-night.

"Why need we part at all?" He is leaning on his oars, and they are floating lightly with the stream. "I don't need to tell you how I love you; you know it well enough; and I think—I hope—you care for me. Be true to yourself, Edith—you belong to me—come home; be my wife."

There is passion in his tone, in his eyes, but his voice is quiet, and he sits with the oars in his hands. Even in this supreme moment of his life Mr. Stuart is true to his "principles," and will make no scene.

"You know I love you," he repeats, "as the man in the Cork theatre said the other night: 'I'll go down on my knees if you like,' but I can love you just as well standing up." Edith, speak to me. How can you ever marry anyone but me—but me, whose life you saved. My darling, forget your cynicism—it is but lip-deep—you don't really mean it—and say you will be my wife."

"Your wife!" She laughs, but her heart thrills as she says it. "Your wife! It would be pleasant, Charley; but, like most of the pleasant things of life, it can never be."

"Edith!"

"Charley, all this is nonsense, and you know it. We are cousins—we are good friends and staunch comrades, and always will be, I hope; but lovers—no, no no!"

"And why?" he asks.

"Have I not told you already—told you over and over again? If you don't despise me, and think me heartless and base, the fault has not been my want of candor. My cynicisms I mean, every word. If you had your father's wealth, the fortune he means to leave you, I would marry you to-morrow, and be," her lips trembled a little, "the happiest girl on earth."

"You don't care for me at all, then?" he calmly asks.

"Care for you! O Charley! can't you see? I am not all selfish. I care for you so much that I would rather die than marry you. For you a marriage with me means ruin—nothing else."

"My father is fond of me. I am his only son. He would relent."

"He never would," she answered firmly, "and you know it. Charley, the day he spoke to you in Cork, I was behind the window-curtains reading. I heard every word. My first impulse was to come out and confront him—to throw back his favors and patronage, and demand to be sent home. A horrid bad temper is numbered among the list of my failings. But I did not. I heard your calm reply—the 'soft answer that turneth away wrath,' and it fell like oil on my troubled spirit.

"'Don't lose your temper,' you said; 'Fred Darrell's daughter and I won't marry, if that's what you mean.'

"I admire your prudence and truth. I took the lesson home, and—stayed behind the curtains. And we will keep to that—you and Fred Darrell's daughter will never marry."

"But, Edith, you know what I meant. Good Heavens! you don't for a second suppose——"

"I don't for a second suppose anything but what is good and generous of you, Charley. I know you would face your father like a—like a 'griffin rampant,' to quote Trix, and brave all consequences, if I would let you. But I won't let you. You can't afford to defy your father. I can't afford to marry a poor man."

"I am young—I am strong—I can work. I have my hands and my head, a tolerable education, and many friends. We would not starve."

"We would not starve—perhaps," Edith says, and laughs again, rather drearily. "We would only grub along, wanting everything that makes life endurable, and be miserable beyond all telling before the first year ended. We don't want to hate each other—we don't want to marry. You couldn't work, Charley—you were never born for drudgery. And I—I can't forget the training of my life even for you."

"You can't, indeed—you do your training credit," he answered, bitterly.

"And so," she goes on, her face drooping, "don't be angry; you'll thank me for this some day. Let it be all over and done with to-night, and never be spoken of more. Oh, Charley, my brother, don't you see we could not be happy together—don't you see it is better we should part?"

"It shall be exactly as you wish. I am but a poor special pleader, and your worldly wisdom is so clear, the dullest intellect might comprehend it. You throw me over without a pang, and you mean to marry the baronet. Only—as you are not yet his exclusive property, bought with a price—answer me this: You love me?"

Her head drooped lower, her eyes were full of passionate tears, her heart full of passionate pain. Throw him over without a pang! In her heart of hearts Edith Darrell knew what it cost her to be heartless to-night.

"Answer me!" he said imperiously, his eyes kindling. "Answer me! That much, at least, I claim as my right. Do you love me or do you not?"

And the answer comes very humbly and low.

"Charley! what need to ask? You know only too well—I do."

And then silence falls. He takes up the oars again—their soft dip, and the singing of the girl in the distant boat, the only sounds.

"Come what may," Charley says at length, "it is better that I should have spoken and you should have answered. Come what may—though you marry Sir Victor to-morrow—I would not have the past changed if I could."

"And you will not blame me too much—you will not quite despise me?" she pleads, her voice broken, her face hidden in her hands. "I can't help it, Charley. I would rather die than be poor."

He knows she is crying; her tears move him strangely. They are in the shadow of Torc Mountain. He stops rowing for a moment, takes her hand, and lifts it to his lips.

"I will love you all my life," is his answer.

* * * * * *

This is how two of the water-party were enjoying themselves. A quarter of a mile farther off, another interesting little scene was going on in another boat.

Trixy had been rattling on volubly. It was one of Trixy's fixed ideas that to entertain and fascinate anybody her tongue must go like a windmill. Sir Victor sat and listened rather absently, replied rather dreamily, and as if his mind were a hundred miles away. Miss Stuart took no notice, but kept on all the harder, endeavoring to be fascinating. But there is a limit even to the power of a woman's tongue. That limit was reached; there came a lull and a pause.

"The time I've lost in wooing," began the English girl in the third boat. The idea was suggestive; Trixy drew a deep breath, and made a fresh start—this time on the

Lizards in the Stomach.

A REPTILE SWALLOWED WHILE DRINKING IN THE DARK.

Excruciating Agony Suffered by Mrs. Westfall—Nerves Shattered, and Death Looked for as the Only Relief

From the Trenton Courier.

The editor of the Courier having heard of this strange case of Mrs. Simon Westfall, made enquiry and learned the following facts. Mrs. Westfall said that one evening some three years ago she went to the well and pumping some water drank a portion. As she did so she felt something go down her throat kicking and told her mother so at the time. Little she thought of the agony in store for her through drinking water from a pump in the dark, for a female lizard found its way into her stomach and brought forth a brood. After a while the sight of milk would make her tremble and she had to give it up. The disorder increased so that the very sight of milk would produce effects bordering on convulsions. She lost her appetite but would feel so completely gone at the stomach that she had to eat a cracker and take some barley soup frequently to quiet the disturbance within. She took medicine for dyspepsia and every known stomach disease, but got no relief. She changed doctors and the new doctor having had an experience of this nature before, gave her medicine to kill and expel the lizards. For three years the woman suffered all kinds of physical and mental agony. Her whole system, kidneys, liver and stomach were all out of order. Her heart would flutter and palpitate so faintly as to be imperceptible, and a smothering feeling would come over her, that it was often thought she had given her last gasp. Her memory was almost gone, her nerves shattered so that the least sudden movement would bring on collapse through extreme weakness. Sitting or standing she would be dizzy and experience most depressed feelings and lowness of spirits. After the removal of the reptiles, the doctor sanctioned the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she took three boxes but found no apparent relief. She then gave up their use believing she was past the aid of medicine. At this time a Mrs. Haight who suffered twelve weeks with la grippe, and who was completely restored by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, urged Mrs. Westfall to begin the use of Pink Pills again. She did so and soon she perceived their beneficial effects. Her appetite began to improve and for two months she has steadily gained strength, health and steadiness of nerve and memory. She can do her household work and feels as well as ever. She says she cannot speak as strongly of Pink Pills as she would like to, and feels very grateful for the great good resulting from the use of this wonderful medicine.

Mrs. Haight, before referred to, is enthusiastic over her own perfect recovery from the after affects of la grippe, feeling as well as ever she did in her life. She also corroborates the above statement regarding Mrs. Westfall's cure.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from, Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Lamb, druggist.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. P. Lamb, druggist.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Distressed Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

Here's Comfort, Girls.

There was a time when after a girl had passed twenty she was called passe, so that it really became a matter of moment with her if it were necessary to state her age, and she was thought to exhibit some hardihood if she stated it without pressing reason. But so far has the world progressed while spinning down the grooves of change that now a girl at thirty is not so old in estimation as once she was at twenty; and such is the advance from that period when animal charm was the greater, that it is now acknowledged that at thirty five a woman is in her prime for all the uses and enjoyments of life to herself and to others.

Even although at forty her hair may show a thread or two of silver, they argue nothing against her charm and effect, and are not more unbecoming than was the powder with which she sprinkled her hair and made herself bewitching in masquerades of years ago; and they have very little to do with the decrease of beauty, anyway, for a fair skin and a rosy color are often brightened and made more attractive by what is considered prematurely gray hair than otherwise. And if there are lines about the eyes they are not noticed when the eyes kindle with intelligence and the lips curve in gentle smiles.—Harper's Bazar.

SPORTIVE STREET ARAB

HOW THE GAY GUTTER FREQUENTERS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Mysteries of Leap-Frog, Pitch-Penny, Throw the Stick—Fine Points of Cat, Red Rover, and Cherry-Pits, According to Kerb-Stone Rules.

When Theseus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" bids the Athenian youth "awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth," one might almost fancy that the pregnant mind of Shakespeare, brooding on things to come, was foreshadowing the gamesome city newsboy. For the street urchins who sell so many thousand copies of the dailies, and to make the byways of all our highways resound with their shrill advertising cries, find time between editions to play a variety of games that are exceedingly interesting to the observer. Many a tired business man stops to mop the dew from his brow and watch these gamins at their games, and looks as if he would like to forget the intricacies of business and the chase after the dear, delusive dollar in the mysteries of craps or the mazes of Red Rover.

Craps has been described too often to need revelation here, and any way is considered sacred, as it were, to our grown-up colored citizens rather than to the embryo polititians of the pave. But a description of some of the other most popular games played will be found of interest.

For instance, cat. This is generally played by two, but may be played by more taking sides. The cat is a piece of wood about the length of one's hand, sharpened at both ends so that these ends project about an inch above the gound. The four sides are marked, respectively, 1, 2, 3 and X. A small circle with a diameter about the length of the cat is drawn with chalk, or anything handy as a substitute, and fifteen or twenty feet away the pitcher takes his stand and endeavors to throw the cat into the circle.

If it lands inside, the striker, who is armed with a short stick, is declared out, or if it comes up with X on top, whether it goes into the circle or not, he is equally out.

Should it land on the edge of the circle or project over the edge, with the three on top, the striker has two chances to hit it; with two, only one chance. If with one on top he has no chance, but it is out also. Suppose him to have two chances. He then strikes the cat on one of the sharpened ends, making it bound into the air, and while it is in the air strikes it again, knocking it as far as he can. He then goes to that spot and repeats the operation, after which he sings out, "I'll give you six" (eight or ten, or as many as his fancy dictates), which means that the pitcher, starting at the circle, must try to reach the resting-place of the cat in the number of jumps prescribed by the striker.

Should he succeed, he counts one. If he doesn't, the count goes to his opponent. The game may be anything agreed upon—twenty, fifty, or a hundred, and some of the players are exceedingly skillful, both in striking, jumping and calculating the possibilities of their opponent's jumping powers.

"Throw the stick" is another game, for which, however, a rather unfrequented square or alley is necessary, or else one in which the passersby are able to become 'artful dodgers' at a moment's notice. A half a dozen or more urchins select a base of operations, generally a post, and lean a stick against it. Then one takes the stick and throws it as far as possible. The one who is 'It' runs after it, while the others scamper away and hide. He brings it back, leans it against the post again and starts out to find the fugitives. If he sees one he calls his name and runs back to touch the post, seize the stick, throw it and run to cover in an opposite direction, but if, before he gets back there, some other boy has rushed out and thrown the stick again, he has to begin all over.

"Red Rover" is another sport, which, like many of the pastimes of children, has a rhythmic and rhyming accompaniment. Two boundaries are chosen on a street, and in the middle of the street stands the boy who has been selected chaser, while the others stand on one sidewalk. He knows the names of all these boys, of course, and selecting one he sings out "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Charlie come over!" Whereupon Charlie jumps from the sidewalk and makes for one of the boundaries. If he catches Charlie, Charlie then becomes an additional chaser to help him "tag" the others. He now sings out "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Jimmie come over!" and if Jimmie reaches the boundary without being caught, Jimmie returns to the group on the sidewalk. This is kept up till all are caught.

The old games of "leap-frog," "cherry-pits" and "pitch penny" are too old and familiar to need description.

Live Stock Notes.

Young pigs will soon learn to eat mill-feed slop.

The sheep that is always thriving produces an even-fibred and strong wool.

When eating good grass or its equivalent, young animals will get all the fat-producing elements they need.

It is not difficult to keep sheep and hens from being sick, but it is not easy to cure them when they are sick. It is then easier and often cheaper to kill them than to try to cure them.

A Satisfactory Arrangement.

Committeeman (Dugout City): The prisoner says he thinks he'd like shooting better than hangin'.

Judge Lynch: Well, most of us would rather see a hangin'. We'll string him up first and shoot afterward, and then we'll both be satisfied.

The Dog Language.

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few moments and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two or three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in.

He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer that had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm.

KENDALL