THE ATHENS REPORTER, MAY 1, 1912.



They came down from the crags—they had taken an airy perch for this tender scene—with the radiant faces Adam and Eve may have worn that first day in Even Eden.

"And you love me. Sybilt" Macgregor was saying, pazing upon the lovely, blushing face with dark eyes of rapture. "You, my peetless darling, can stoop to me, weather beaten, old, poor, and—" The taper fingers went up and cov-ered the bearded lips. "That will do sir. I won't have any one I honor with my preference called names. Old, weather beaten, indeed!

names. Old, weather beaten, indeed! Think better of my taste, Mr. Angus Maegreger, Poor! what do I care for your poverty? There is money enough, if that be all; and what does it matter which of us has it??

which of us has it?" Macgregor smiled at this impetuous fominine logic. "Do you know what they will say, Sybil? That the impoverished penny-a-liner is a fortune-hunter." "Let them!" Miss Trevanion eried, with flashing eyes and kindling checks. 'Only they had best not say it in my hearing. Oh, Angus, it is you who stoop, not 1- you, with your god-like intellect, your matchess strength and daring-you, who any queen might be proud to wed-you, who have saved my life twicy. Oh, Angus!" life twice. Oh, Angus!" And here words failed this youthful

enthusiast, in love for the first time; but she lifted one of Macgregor's brown hands and kissed it passionately, with defiant tears standing in the stormy

defiant terrs stations in the blue eyes. And again Macgregor laughed. "Much obliged." he said. "You 'do me proud.? Miss Trevanion. God-like intellectual, quatha? Faith. I wish those merciless critics, who cut me up like whose meat every quarter, agreed with mince meat every quarter, agreed with you. And as for wedding a queen, Sybil, with every due reverence for her most gracious and widowed majesty, I had much rather wed you. Oh, my love, I do not realize my bliss! And yet I could not-no. I could not-have lost

you and lived." And then, of course, Mr. Macgregor emphasized his declaration by an ardent embrace. "Don't!" said Sybil. "See, even Doo

"Don't?" said Sybit. "See, even Doe-tor Paustus expresses his disapprobation of such proceedings by growling grimly. And as for Sylphide, she will bark her-self into a fit. Pray take me home. It grows late aist I want my dimer. You will dine with us, of course?" "Most certainly. My paradise is by your side. And I may tell mamma, may

"Oh. pray, not yet," shrinking sen-"There will be such asitively.

"Scale? Yes, I date say," Macgregor observed, coolly, "it is not the match she might reasonably have looked forward to for her beautifal daughter, And, Sybil, have you no doubts? Think, my own dearest, how little you know of

I love you!" Sybil answered in a very low voice.

"I may have been the greatest villain on earth-a low-born, unprincipled ad-venturer. Can you risk so much? Pause, Svioil, and think.

Sviol, and think." "Oh, hush!" Sybil passionately eried. "You have made me love you; don't make me doubt you. You are not unprincipled; you are not low-born. You are a gentleman, and my equal-my superior in all but the dross of wealth, 1 don't ask to know your para, if you choose to hide it; but -Oh. Angus," with a sudden volument cry, "tell me there is nothing in that past that Sybil Trevanion might not b

He lifted her hand to his hips and reverently kissel it. "Nothing," he said, looking at her

The vision of his servant, Joe, lumber-ing about the house, and blustering like the god of the wind, aroused him from the god of the wind, aroused him from his dream of delight, to the fact that time wore apace, and that two dozen sheets of foolscap paper must be covered with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" in time for the early London mail.

"Secure the windows and bolt the doors, Joe," his master said; "make all secure and go to roost. There's a storm

brewing." . He went into the house, flung off his coat, donned a dressing-gown of purple velvet-old, paint-smeared, but pictur-esque-filled his meerschaum afresh, produced his MS., and set to work. The radiant vision of Sybil retreated to the background for the present, while the penny-a-liner showed up Cheops to pos-terity, guillotized the brigand, and married the belle. The hours wore on while the industrious pen-scraper scraped over the paper: the author smoked, and drank a black detection of strong tea, and its was almost midnight before the last sheet of MS, was flung on the floor am-

ong its fellows. "Allab be praised, that's done?" the writer said, with a sigh of mingled re-lief and weariness. "I can send all the publishers and printers this side the Styx to the dickens for a week to come, at least. How goes the night, I wonder? Fill step out and see the storm break Charley's in for a drenching coming home, and the lad's as afraid of water as a cat."

He strolled out. The night had shut down black and starless; but that blood-red moon ,which lighted the widow and her companion on their ghastly errand, gleamed fierce and wrathful still through greamed merce and wratight still through the inky pall. The surging of the gale in the park was something tremenious, and one or two big drops, precursers of the tempest at hand, fell heavily as he opened the wicket and passed out. He turned into the Prior's Walk as usual The derivers of Frohms minued.

usual. The darkness of Erebus reigned; the trees writhed and groaned in travai

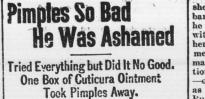
about him; the night and storm, down there in the woodland, were sublime. He walked on, fascinated by the terrible grandeur of the convulsed elements, un-til, as he neared the Priory, he stopped. For there, along the descrited rooms, he caught the swift glancing of a light. A light at midnight in the haunted

Priory. What did it mean? Had the dead Dominicans arisen from their graves to chant matins as of yore? Was it the ghostly prior going his unearthly rounds, or was it something human, and something worse, exploring the old man-or at this unchristian hour?

"Til see, by George!" cried Macgregor, striding through the wet grass, "Be he living or be he dead, as the children say in the nursery legen1, I'll ascertain what he's doing here.'

He followed the direction of the light and reached the open window. His first impulse was to enter and follow; but, ere he could act upon it, he saw the light returning, and heard the rapid tread of footsteps approaching .He drew back into the shadow of a projecting buttress and waited. A figure emergel-then another --then the first turned to close the window. Macgregor plunged forward; in that moment the man turned from the window with a cry of alarm and leaped away into the darkness. The second essayed to follow, but the muscular grip of her captor held her powerless.

"Come with me." Macgregor said, oolly, and let me see who you are." "Let me go!" a passionate voice, shrill with eyes whose trait, there was no doubting "nothing, so help me heaven! Before our welding day dawns, my own ging frantically: "let me go!" strug-A woman, by all that's a-tounding! turned to England to find a usurp When it's Macgregot's shrift whistle cut the air like a knife; "and I ought to him fifteen years before the honored know that voice. I'll wager a gainea know that took. it's Mrs. Ingram. still stringging madly: "let me go, 1 tell you! I have done nothing wrong." "That remains to be seen. I'll let you go presently, when I've had a little talk with you, Calm yourself, Madame Ingram cease your struggles; I won't let



'About seven years are pimples broke out all over my face and neck. When they would first come out they would be big and red, then after a while they would turn white, and matter would come out. Sometimes they would lich so I could hardly skep. I was ashamed to go down street, my face looked so bad. I went to several doctors and got medicine, which did me no good, and bought onitment, salves and patient medicines, but none of them would cure my face and neck. A friend advised me to try Cutierua Orithera. I got one box, and it took the pimples away before I had it all used up. I can say it is a wonderful remedy. Any onitment if they want a sure cure. I never had any soap cqual to Cutierua Soap." (Signed) Aylmer Mathers, Parkhill, Ont., Dec. 24, 1910.

Sores All Over Baby's Body

Sores All Over Eaby's Body "When my baby boy was six months old, his body was completely covered with large sores that scenard to litch and burn, and cause terrible sufferings. The eruption began in pimples which would open and run, making large sores. His hair came out and frage nails fell off, and the sores were over the cutire body, causing little or no skeep for baby or nayzelf. Great scabs would come off when I temoved his thirt. We tried a great many remedies but nothing would help him, till a friend induced me to try Cutheurs Soap and Ohntment. I used the Cutieurs Soap and Ohntment but a short time before I could see that he was entirely cured. He had suffered about six weeks before we tried the Cutieurs Soap and Ohntment, although we had tried several other things and doctors too. I think tho Cuticurs Remedies will do all that is claimed wrs. Noble Tubman, Dodson, Hont, Jan Ont, Soap and Cutieurs Ford Mrs. Noble Tubman, Dodson, Hont, Jan Cuticurs Boap and Cutieurs Ford Mrs. Noble Tubman, Dodson, Hont, Jan Cuticurs Bene of the cutieurs Soap and other things and dealers avery where. Send

23, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 55 Columbus Are., Boston, U. S. A., for a liberal free sample of each, with 33-p. booklet.

but she was not herself to night. The ghastly ordeal she had gone through, the ghastly sight she had seen, the intense fear she had of the lambent lightning. all conspired to unnerve her. She cowered before this man in abject

terror, and her teeth shattered audibly in her head.

He crossed over, leaned his arm on the mantel, and stood looking down or her, as a royal stag might look on trembling kitten. She tried to meet those stern, triumphant, merciless eyes,

but her own fell in pitiable dread. "Spare me!" she murmured, involun-tarily. "Oh, Mr. Macgregor! I have done

nothing wrong." "No? Then, what brought you and Cy-No? Incl., what brought out this un-holy hour of night? To find the lost will, was it not?"

The clever shaft, shot at random sped home. She looked at him with wild, dilated eyes and parted lips. "Miss Trevanion was right, then, from the first. You did know the where-abouts of the will, and the general? Did you murder him. Mrs. Dawson, as

you did your husband?" She made no reply. Her chattering teeth, her trembling form, her scared cyes, answered for her.

"Strange, Mrs. Ingram," Macgregor "Strange, Mrs. Ingram," Macgregor went on, "you did not do this sooner. The fellow who calls himself Cyril Tre-vanion-who is the galley slave I saw at the Bagne of Toulon-would have married you weeks ago; and you might have turned Miss Trevanion out, and reigned Lardy Paramount in her stead reigned Lardy Paramount in her stead. It is rather late in the day now. The galley slave and the murdress must give place to the rightful heir-to Uvril Trevanion hinaself!" "It is false, Angus Macgregor!" the

"It is failed, Atguin analysis of the second dle of the Pacific."

"He did not! Cyril Trevanion lives, and will claim his own as sure as Heav-en is above us. He did not go down with the burning ship; he clang to a spar, and three days after was picked picked up by a homeward bound vessel. He re-

she had shown to him, to her dead husshe had shown to him, to her dead nus-band, to her living son, to his father, he would show her; he had told her so, with a face stern and set as doom. All her fair prospects, so near their fruition, melted away in thin air; nothing remained but imprisonment or transporta-tion for life. Yes, one chance remained -one terrible alternative. No one knew as yet-no one would know until Sir Rupert's return on the morrow. He had said so. What if he were to die Her ghastly face turned dark red as

the devilish thought flashed through her mind. It was one chance—the only ner mind. It was one chance—the enly one. She would never be suspected; all might still go well. She might mar-ry the man the world as yet thought General Trevanion's son; she might leave England, and reign like a princess abroad. She might triumph over the woman she hated; the victory be hers, ofter all and and the second secon after all. And if the worst came-why, she could hardly be worse off, caught "red-handed," than she was now.

She got up and paced the floor, her black brows bent over her gleaming eyes, her lips set in a steely line. Once she thought of her lover; he might rid her of their enemy, if he had but half the spirit of a man. But he had not, and she scouted the idea at once. The lawy herin worked. In held an

The busy brain worked. In half an nour her rapid plan was formed. She sat down and scrawled a line to Miss Chudleich. Gwendoline,-Last evening's

"Dear mail brought me a letter from a friend in London, telling me she was dauger-ously iil. I leave by the 11.50 train, ously in. I leave by the 11-30 train, and will probably be absent a week. Be kind enough to inform your paps when he returns, and Colonel Trevanion, should he call. Attend to your studies, should be come, and believe me, "Affectionate'y yours, "Edith Ingr

"Edith Ingram."

She left the house, giving this note to Miss Chudleigh's maid; and so well had the cosmetiques done their work that the girl saw nothing unusual in the widow's look or tone. She was very simply dressed in a traveling suit of dark grey, soft and noiscless of texture, and with a thick mass of black lace in her pocket, ready for use And thrust her pocket, ready for use. And thrust into the bosam of her dress was a load-

ed pistol-a silver-mounted little toy, that years ago had been the property of Captain Hawksley. Mrs. Ingram did leave Speckhaven by the 11.50 train-but only to alight at the first station three miles off. Here she denned the black here mask Here she donned the black lace mask

fternoon sun was setting as she glided through the back streets and quiet lane into the high road which led to Monks

-- going to ruin like all the rest--admit-ted her, and she flitted away, and lost herself in the darkness of interlaced woodland.

the waning moon-only a slender silver sickle now-glanced down through the green boughs into the dark heart of the forest, where this lost woman crouched like a tigress in the jungle. There was no remorse in her heart, and no dread-unless, indeed, the dread of fail

ure. A whole hectacomb of lives would have been as nothing to her, standing in the way of her ambition, much less her liberty and life. Angus Macgregor must never tell his story or hers; he must die to night and make no sign.

> -James Clarke MacCallom. 47 Wood street west, Hamilton, Ont.

-and stole out from the covert. "He walks every night, Gwendoline bas told me," she muttered, "up and down the Prior's Walk, after he ceases

WIFE OF THE P. M.



THE OCEAN QUEEN.

The White Star Liner, Titanic, Wreeked April 12, 1912. Toll for the brave-

The brave that are no more. -Cowper. Within the deep and dark and unearthly tomb, The heroes of the ocean queen repose,

erene and calm -amid the wierdsome gloom. While overhead the wayward water

flows. Bedecked in splendor on her gay career. Across the ocean she did proudly

sweep; like a mystic meteor disappear Within the caverns of the mighty

deep. And with her did descend beneath the wave A band of noble-hearted mortals-

"Be British" was the gallant captain's cry, And when the ill-starrel vessel went be-

That slamber far beneath the watery

Where silence reighs suprere for ever

RUSSIAN SUICIDES.

in Progress.

the printing accounts of suicide clubs

the second se

of the St. Petersburg newspaper

nt they have been re-

Like British martyrs - they did nobly die.

less air:

frain

plain.

more.

and very slowly made her way back to town. So slowly did she walk that the II. All nations mourn their dire untimely doom. Pathetic sighs float through the form-

The giddy globe is overwhelmel in gloomwood Priory. A gap somewhere in the boundary wall A pensive sadness lingers everywhere The winds lift up their volces overhead, And seem to sing a solemn, and re-

And the summer stars came out, and In memory of the poor and lowly dead-

They're gone forever, but they've left behind would not stir; A name and fame that surely cannot be -By time and tempest's rayages consigned

Within the regions of obscurity Till countless years have winged their wayward flight Across life's bleak and barren, gloomy shore.

must die to night and make no sign. As the night wore on toward mid-night the sky clouded. One by one the stars sunk in the darkness, and were quenched. Slowly the moon hid its face behind the gathering clouds. It was black as Hades there where she cronched. She got up, drew forth the loaded pistol- the death-deating toy --and stole out from the covert. To mystic realms devoid of cartily Lgat.

Census of Motives for Self-Destruction

writing. It is close upon midnight now. I will watch him come out." (To be Continued.)

which suggest that they have been re-cently reading Robert Louis Stevenson s story. The table with the black cloth the calm president, the qualifications for sylcide mendership and other similar de-tables are predicts of fateey: but the theme is made actual choican by the secondary chains record of young peo-de in St. Processing, Messew and other big citles who take their own lives by the setters. TALKS TO WOMEN R clars twos, as or twos, A stricus consists of sublide motives ong attempted in Russian education astitutions. Reports have been rece-stitutions. Reports have been rece-d bins Polytech.

suggest

ently lack of motive among the youth of Russia during the years when they are supposed to be preparing themselves for careers of public usefulness.

THE BIRKENBEAD.

The Birkenhead was wrecked near Cape of Good Hope in 1852 (Feb. 26). Of 638 persons only 184 were saved: 454 of crew and soldiers perished.

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down; The deep sca rolled around in dark re-

pose; When, like the wild shriek from some

captured town, A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead kay hard and fast Caught without hope upon a hidden rock; Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when

through them passed The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks In danger's hour, before the rush of

steel, Drifted away, disorderly, the planks, From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near, Sharks hovered thick along that

white sea-brink. The boats could hold-not all-and it was clear

She was about to sink.

Out with those boats and let us haste

away," Cried one. "ere yet yon sea the bark devoure." The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say, No officer of ours.

would not stir; The base apeal we heard, but needed

not; On land, on sea, we have our colors,

We knew our duty better than to care

For such loose babblers, and made no

There rose no murmur fice the

By shameful strength unhanced life

Our post to guit we were not frained,

So we made the women with their

children go; The oars ply back again, and yet

again; W.ilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sat' low,

What follows, why recall?-The brave

nor taught To trample down the weak

p sat' low, Still under steadfast men.

ranks, no thought.

to seek;

vho diec

sir, To keep without a spct!

heart's daring, my life shall be laid bare to you. Much of foliy, much of madness, much of reckless wrong doing, there has been, but nothing which I may not tell you, my spotless bride, I swear it!"

And then, orm in arm, through the silvery summer moonlight, the lovers walked homeward, the highlingales jugjugging around them, and the holy Sub-

th hush over all. And Eden had opened to another son and daughter of Evel

CHAPTER NXVI.

"Sory you can't come, old fellow; and Godolphin and the rest of fear will be follow in the country, and Godelpain says it's a thousand pittes you're only

gor. You owe Liscelles his invenge at virginities. Simplify it was written.
(harley Lenox said this drawing on his backshin rilling gluyes, as he samter, do ut of the Retreat, in the dask of the summer evolut, followed his drawing by the backshin rilling gluyes, as he samter, do ut of the Retreat, in the dask of the summer evolut, followed his drawing by the backshin rilling gluyes, as he samter, do not of the Retreat, in the dask of the summer evolut, followed his drawing the backshing transitive.
"Can't possibly," the carther said.
"Can't possibly," the backshing for an the backshing of the backshing to the first, heads, the wind program. The forked lightning leap of hornor, as the backshing of the backshing in the backshing all of oblightning.
"Charle balle of the BC cost the sky if the thember crashed dateningly over the heads; the wind program sait of heads of the backshing for an and the backshing the backshing of the backshing for an and the backship for

you go until I find out what has brought you all the way from Cludleigh Chase in the dead waste and mid dle of the night.' Keep still-dol and come this way.

She ceased her struggles all at once She knew who was her captor, and 'et him lead her, sullenly. Fate was against says it's a thousand putes your only an author and a civilian. Futy you ent the service, ch? Better come, Macgara gor. You owe Liseches his revenge at gor. You owe Liseches his revenge at she followed him down the Piors

guest of his home. He stood still and watched them. He possessed a grim sense of humor, and the farce amused him. But now the play is played out, the battle is fought, the victory won. Cyril Trevanion comes to claim his own The lost will, which you have so kindly found for him to-night, will give him all; and the galley slave shall go back to his living tomb, and the murderess of Joe Dawson and General Trevanion will go to the Speckhaven jail and stand her trial for life Cyril Trevanion lives and woe to you, Rose Dawson, when he comes!" "I don't insueve it! I won't believe

it!" the wretched woman wildly scream ed. yit is a foul and baseless lie! will never believe it, unless I see Cyril Trevanion alive!"

andable young Rossian tithe thas the base of hame shot along the black transfer of rain and lightning, and the young Rossian tithe share during the base of hame shot along the that glack the shore along the rain and lightning, and the young Rossian title share along the that show it is the shore along the rain and have the shore along the rain along the have the rain along the have the shore along the rain along the have the rain alo

Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Her.

She Suffered for Two Years and Found a Cure for All Her Troubles in a Single Box.

Lower Caraquet, Glouester, N. B., April 29.—(Special.)—Mrs. Jos. O. Chins-son, wife of the police magistrate Lere, who for two years has been practically an invalid, is again in the best of health, and she is telling her friends how quick and complete was her cure when she took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My illness," Mrs. Chiasson says, "was caused by a strain, and for two years I was a sufferer. My back ached, I was always tired and nervous, there were dark circles under my eyes, and after sleeping I had a bitter tast. in my "I had a pressure and sharp pain on

The life Numerical has classified replaces to chestions put to L108 stations at Right of the total handler TSOR ES per cent answered that one time or another they had had there has a statistic better they and of these is committed subject better but, and 25 or 11 per cent, since that the association of the statistic better but, and 25 or 11 per cent, since that the association of the statistic better but, as but was the revolution year the algo personing statistic better into action. Since 866 the number of since set and attempts at valide anong the Russian youth in their clucational years has mounted starply. Most of the statistic work and contem-plated subjects and that their houghts. Next can be built the least the locational years has mounted starply. Most of the statistic work all to D104 being proved enjoy and hapfers. Next came builty disease as a motion, and the NUL-Novgeopal figures house allows on the starbids, then the lifet person of subjects the start of the personal disappointment, four of the statistic personal disappointment, four of the start the sciences. But only 20 per cent, of these of schedel age confessed to faulting person had the protones was admitted in the the science of the the theory in the schedel age confessed to faulte person the schedel age confessed to faulte the sciences from one of the schedel and the the schedel age confessed to faulte the sciences for the schedel to faulte the basing been in the state of the schedel wave theory of the schedel of the schedel for the schedel age confessed to faulte the basing been in the state of the schedel of the harder person was admitted for the basing been in the schedel for the schedel of the harder person was admitted for the schedel person in the state of the schedel for the schedel of the harder person in the schedel for the schedel of the harder person in the schedel for the schedel of the harder person in the schedel for the schedel of the harder person in the schedel form the for-ing the schedel person in the schedel for the sch the top of my head, I was always thirsty and my skin had a harsh, dry feeling. I was often dizzy. I perspired casily and

my perspiration had an unpleasant odor. "Almost from the first dose Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me and by the time I had finished the first box I was a well woman."

"Chiassen's symptoms showed with a trouble was her kidneys. That's Control of the send her so that the trouble was her kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her so

Died without flinching in the bloody surf; They sleep as well beneata that purple tide, As others under turt.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again, Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save

His weak ones not in vain.

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, w. . mmene-Chan haff fie preperson when a different is a serie of all used in the series is the or three years that a serie is the series of the series is the series of the ed our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees

reductives since a set of random consistent is a network where the main response to the constant X is an advantage of the main response to the random set of the main report is range in the random set of the set of the set of the random set of the tter