A Sure Cure for the Blues!

Brew one cup of Fragrant, Delicious



Tea in freshly boiled water, add sugar and cream to taste and drink slowly. In bad cases take another. That's all. Only One Best Tea -Blue Ribbon.

TAXABLE DE LE COMPANY DE LE



## AND THE RECEIPTER FOR THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP

"Good morning, Miss Bertram!" he said. "I have surprised you; you thought it was your brother, perhaps? I hope-I-I am not unwelcome?" Jeanne smiled and also stared, as she answered: you !

Jeanne stood aside, and sat down, looking at him. Yes, certainly he was changed.

unswered: "I am glad to see you. Did you ride wer?" "Yes," he said. "Yes—may I come in?" Jeanne stood aside, and sat down, ooking at him. Yes, certainly he was hanged. He sat down for a moment, then got pand stood at the door, wiping his orehead, and looking around the garden with what seemed an effort to regain composure. "you !" I was a foolish speech. Transfixed for an instant Jeanne paused, the fire in her check and eyes. "You have not got me yet," she said proudly; then she wrung her hands; "oh let me go—I won't hear any more !" "Won't e" he said, hoarsely, thorough-ly astounded by her persistent pefusal to hear him. "Let me tell you all—ev-crything. If—if you think that I am poor—" up and stood at the door, wiping his forehead, and looking around the garden with what seemed an effort to regain

"What a pretty place?" he said, at last. "I—I have never been in this part of the grounds before. Is this your arbor

-do you often sit here?" "Yes, very often," said Jeanne. "It is pretty, isn't it? Did you see Aunt Jane, Mr. Fitzjames or uncle?" "No," he said. "I-the fact is-I look-ed in the drawing-room and came straight through into the carden I thought I 

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Aunt Jane do as well-and better?"

nity, "that I shall tell no one whit-what you have told me this morning." "You wil not!" he said; "you are sure?" "I am quite sure," said Jeanne, her lips curling with the haughty scorn of her pasionate nature. "Thanks--thaaks," he exclaims. "I-I --of course, a fellow doesn't like to be pointed at, you know, and-it's very thoughtful of you." "You may rest quite assured," said Jeanne. "And good-by?" "You wil ltell no one?" he said. Jeanne hesitated a moment, a sudden crimson dyed her face. Then she said firmly and quietly: "No one. Good-bye," and she held out her hand. "God-by," he said, taking it confused-ly, and springing into the saddle, rode "CHAPTER XI. Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was

A LUCKY GIRL.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Charle Hamilton. Charle Hamilton. This was the letter, and Vernon Vane eyed it very gravely, and, with a decid-ed touch of annoyance, he folded it sharply and thrust it into his pocket. "Twenty miles from here," he mutter-ed; "it would not be safe to risk it. A word from her would spoil-well, my whim, and I have set my heart upon car-rying it out. I wonder if they would give me my Jeanne so soon-ah!" and at the thought an eager light fell on his face. "Strange how impatient I feel to make her my own-and yet I would trust her for a lifetime-my poor little Jeanne!" Meanwhile, where was Vane? It was very near morning before he startled Mrs. Brown from her beauty sleep by creeping on tiptoe up the narrow stairs to his room, and long before Jeanne had awakened from her first love dream, he was striding down to the sea again, his bathing towels on his arm.

his bathing towels on his arm. The draught of happiness which he drunk so heartily the preceding night had wrought a great change in him, and as he half ran, half trotted, along the beach, he found himself humming aloud, a thing he had not done in the open air for months. As for Jeanne, so with him; the whole of nature seemed rejoicing in Jeanne! (To be continued.)

the whole of nature seemed reporting in this joy.
He jumped into the boat, rowed out to sea, took his swim, and returned, giving a good morning to old Griffin, who was tinkering about the Nancy Bell.
"Fine mornin' for a sail, sir," says the old man, pulling his forelock. "Speet we'll see Miss Jeanne soon, 'cording to the wind God bless her".

we'll see Miss Jeanne soon, 'cording to crything. If—if you think that I am poor—" "I\_et me tell you all—ev-"I\_et me go !" cried Jeanne, below her "I\_et me go !" cried Jeanne, below her breath, and with clenched teeth. "If you think me poor and not in a position, "he werd on, still blocking her way, "you — you are mistaken. I was last night, but that is changed; the money I received was—" "Hear me!" he pleaded; "I am no long.

lodger very much as Aunt Jane stared at Jeanne, for he came in whistling "one of them furrin' tunes," as Mrs. Brown call-ed it, and "scemed like a boy," as he pitched the towels on a chair and strode

## HE ATHENS REPOR JUNE 21, 1903

-------Private John Jones.

When they mustered Prive ite Jones, I Y., out of the service he was covered with glory and scars. Otherwise he had little to show for his experience is as a soldier. He had blistered at Durban, hist te eth bad ebettered is the interval of the soldier is a soldier. He had blistered is burban, hist te eth

with a ringing cheer drove the enemy away from the blockhouse a bullet whose billet was "Jones, I. Y.," had found its destination, and the young volunteer lay many parched hours under a pitiless sky before the stretcher-bearers found him where he fell. where he fell.

where he fell. When they did pick him up most of Private Jones' life had oozed through a hole in his right breast, and it seemed hardly worth while to carry what re-mained of it to the big tent which serv-

ed as a field hospital. But out of a sense of duty they bore But out of a sense of duty they bore him in, perfunctorily, for at each new step the stretcher men suspected they were lugging "a dead 'un." As tor Jones, his pleasure had not been con-sulted. He had said just one word when they found him—"water"—and after that he fainted quietly and gently, and lay quite still and white.

lay quite still and white. Now the leak in Private Jones' side had moistened much soil with rich blood, and had very nearly done for poor Pri-vate Jones, but the whole pharmacopsia Saved from Deadly Decline by holds no remedy for gunshot wounds quite equal to youth, and when it comes to doctors the best in all the profession is Doctor Hope. These two pulled Jones around. After

"When I think of my former condisome burning weeks they bundled him roughly aboard an overcrowded trans-port, on which he got precious little that was fit for an invalid to eat, and put

"When I think of my former condi-tion of health," says Miss Winnifred Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong to-day, and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and mervousness. I was as pale as a sheet, and wasted away. The least noise would startle me, and I was troubled with fainting spells, when I would sud-denly lose consciousness and drop to the floor. At other times my heart would palpitate violently and cause a smother-ing sensation. Night and day my nerves were in a terrible condition, and I seemed to be continually growing worse. No medicine that I took help-ed me in the least until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had taken half a dozen boxes, I felt so much him ashore at Southampton. Only the constitution of a draught horse could have survived this double infliction, but Jones shut his teeth fight and stood it as best he could. He seemed even to pick up a bit. The truth is that the hope which had

drawn its bow across the thrilled strings of his eager heart was the hope that in the dear home-land Private Jones would see Mary Farrell. He thought of her soft voice and the

alm-bearing touch of her dear lips-if only these could be his to know once more, just once, why then he could die happy. It wouldn't matter so much-at

least, not to him. How Mary would feel about it he never paused to think. The fever had

him most of the time, you know, and fevers and calm thinking are not close bed-fellows. The big minute hand of the big clock in the hospital dragged slowly around its Roman dial many weary times before Private Jones parted company with de lirium and pain. Perhaps this battle

Irivate Jones parted company with de-lirium and pain. Perhaps this battle against odds might have been sooher won had youth fought alone. Hope became a deserter early in the action, for Mary did not come. When in his sane moments Private Jones real-ized her neglect his heart grew bitter within his bosom and rosy life looked gray as ashes.

The obcyced his nurse sullenly, and once his feeble hands tore off the ban-dages of his wound. After that they watched him closely, which was quite foolish, for when one doesn't care to live it is well to let him die. (The base ted it is well to let him die. The bees and the ants and the humble savage people understand these things much better than we do.

than we do. However, one sunshiny day, he chang-ed his mind, and determined to get well for spite. He would grow strong; he would arise and walk. The faithless fair one he would hunt and he would flaunt his unconcern in her chagrined face. There were other girls-and he was a hero, was he not?

a hero, was he not? There came a morning in September when Jones, I. Y., was hade to go and return no more. In addition to a "Heaven bless you" they gave him an honorable discharge, his fare to the dis-tant village, which had been his home, and certain few and stimer seconcine

soldier. He had blistered at Durban, his tt eth had chattered in the rain which swamp 'd the Veldt, and when he and his fellows with a ringing cheer drove the enemy Lawler, fishin'?" Lawler, fishin'?" John Jones was naturally piqued. He km 'w where he had been. They knew where he had been of course. They had been well enough aware when he went away. The whole population from over the hill find come down to see his com-pany when it went through from Rair-bury to join the regiment. How all of them had cheered him. And, there was one who cried. proudly.

one who cried, proudly. Lawler dragged his story from him by inches. The volunteer thought himself

ill-used.

But when he gasped the truth the sta-tionmaster whistled one long note of mingled pride and wonder. "Great bells," said he, 'but there's one will be chest,"

will be glad to see you, John." Then he fell again into a reverie of "Who, I'd like to know," queried John

crustily. "None of them thought it worth time to write or inquire." He still thought himself a much ill-used netrict

The still thought himself a much ill-used patriot. The stationmaster looked up quickly, a light breaking over his stolid face. "Oh. I'd forgot," he said. "Maybe you don't know you're dead." "Dead," "Yes, buried."

"I may be dead," said John, who was laughing now, for the sighted land, "but I'm blessed if I'm buried. Who buried

"Her." The stationmaster jerked an indicatory thumb across his shoulder, over hillwar

"Tell me about it," cried John, im-

patiently. And he told all too slowly for the imhad come of John's killing before Col-enso, of how it had been verified by official lists, of how the Rev. Gibson had preached a morning sermon upon patriot-ism with John as the theme. Of how Mary Farrell had fallen in the clutch of brain fever and woke with a mind a lit-tle astray. She was not violent, the sta-tionmaster said, nor mad, but only daft,

Let's see. To day you are a general." The volunteer looked his amazement. "It's this way." the stationmaster went on, enjoying his unusual loquacity, "she

on, enjoying ins unusual loquacity, "sne made a little memorial mound for you, sort o'grave like, you know, up there in the wood, and she keeps flowers and wraiths and things on it." "Well," cried John, whose eyes were moistened, "what has that to do with me being a general?"

eing a general?

being a general ?" "Oh, well, she painted some head-boards, 'Sacred to the memory of -- you know, who fell at Colenso, and each day she puts up a new one. Sunday reads 'Private John Jones,' Tuesday it says 'Sergeant.' This is Saturday. Chanches are she's up there now, sittin' up a board which says 'General John Jones,' and a-waterin' your grave with her tears." Even so it was

Even so it was. John halted long with his fingers on th gate of the churchyard.

Within the familiar enclosure sat upon the ground amid the autumn leaves the Mary he loved dearly, her hands within her lap, steadily looking at the mound of earth, at whose head shone a white

head-board, amid whose profuse lettering he could clearly read only one line, this-"General John Jones, I. Y." A twig cracked beneath his feet as he

tenned within

after all. But, well or badly, it stag-after all. But, well or badly, it stag-gered Jeanne, and kept her motiouless. "Yes," he said, eagerly, "I love you —that is why I came this morning: "Is that all?" he said, sullenly. "Is that all?" he said, sullenly. "That is all," said Jeanne; "except—" tech! He has gone, at any Tate, and and her eyes dropped; "I an yery—very here she is; a beautiful and as popular most devotedly, and I will do my very best to win your love. I—" "Stop—oh stop!" cried Jeanne, find-"Stop—oh stop!" cried Jeanne, find-

wished that I'd never seen that beastly "I mean," said Jeanne with a most dis-

Still less than before would one nave recognized in this gloomy brow and sul-len mouth the exquisitely calm and con-ming the while, then suddenly the air ceased, and he looked thoughtful, and that he hurried back into the house,

Aunt Jane do as well—and beiter?" He snilled uneasily, "Miss Bertram," he said, ""I'm afraid that I haven't appeared to the best ad-vantage—down here under—under the peculiar curcumstances, and—and, that you don't think very highly of me." "Indeed," said Jeanne, her forehead wrinkling itself perplexelly; "you have always been very kind to me, Mr. Fitz-james." "No; you have been very kind to me," "No; you have been very kind to me," 

in the stirrup to beat a histy retreat, when he heard her call him.
with his hands clasped on his knees, instantly the blood rushed to his face.
earnestly; "I haven't known my own mind—no, I mean that I knew what I wanted to do, and—and—like a fool, I haven't the courage to act like a man. Now it is different, and, Miss Bertram. I have come over early, like this, to tell you that—Jeanne—"
He stopped, for Jeanne, amazed and bewildered, had risen slowly.
"Don't go—I beg you won't go until you have heard met?" he said, earnestly, and rising hurriedly, so that he was between her and the opening.
"Let me say what I have to say, though I tell it so badly. The truth is, is first and not so badly.
It was said at last, and not so badly, after all. But, well or badly, it staggered Jeanne, and kept her motionless.
"Yes," he said, cagerly, "I love you?"
'-that is why I came this morning:
'-that is w

"Stop-oh stop!" cried Jeanne, find-ing her tongue at last. "I can't, I won't hear any more! Let me pass-let me pass!" for he blocked the dorway like an image of stone. "No, don't go, I implore you !" he pleaded. "I knew what you think, but I swear that I have thought of no one else than you, and that I feel certain that it could be no other than you. Do top! Jeanne, I swear I love you, and three decount. "No," said Jeanne, firmly; "formo one have iowed you all through; and I've "You mean."" here witself as straight as an ar-other witself as straight as an ar-other witself as straight as an ar-rested in her-oh, dear, no, "we have eu-estad in her-oh, dear, no, "we have eu-minutes." "No," said Jeanne, firmly; "formo one land-that the Leigh's place is within a score of miles of your present hermitage

Mirrors Cover His Walls

which didn't aggregate a penny a drop for the blood he had shed. He was pale and not too strong, so A rich man has the walls of his house overed with mirrors instead of pictures In every room he can see himself in pro-file, from the rear, from the left, from the right—in twenty different ways. He that a stout stick stood him in high stead, but the brilliant sky and the glor-

ous salted air wooed him, and he said ood-bye to his cot/and his comrades, his claims that these mirrors promote grace. He asserts he has these mirrors on his doctor and his nurses, without a pang, albeit one of the latter dropped an unchildren's account. Mirrors, according to this man's view,

seen tear behind a furtive apron after do not promote vanity. They promote self-study. and, in consequence, self-inyoung Private Jones had pressed her

young Private Jones had pressed her hand in parting. So Jones went home. At any rate he called it home. It was where he had lived as a boy and young man, where he had gone to school and learned his trade, It was where he had where his only kindred slept well in the little graveyard beyond the chestnut

grove in the lap of the hill. There Mary nved, too. He drew a long breath, as he thought of Mary, Queer, wasn't it? Not Mary alone, but write to him while he lay so long in ho

ing—are pictured in a true and unflat-tering . Way by mirrors. The average man or woman, perceiving these uglines-ses, would set to work to remove them. The trouble is, according to the rich man, that, the average person does not perceive his several uglineses and no one is frank enough to point them out to him whom he had worked ever since he could bridle a horse. Not even Pete Kellar, the friend of

This innovator, opposing hotly the

ontention that mirrors foster vanity, ooks at himself at home nearly all the time, and continually urges his chil-dren to look at themselves, to study themselves and to strive daily to improve in grace. keeping company" with someone else, never should she see the wound she had

him

reverse of the other complaint, is sel-dom under observation, and elaborate stopped on this shining morning the sta-tion-master came to his door in cyriosity, radiographs have been made of the suf-

ferer at various stages for the benefit of those who will not have the opporand you might run against her. of those who will not have the oppo Perhaps it would not be convenient to ' tunity to abserve the actual patients

certain few and stingy sover She turned about Then, with a swift sob she rose like a

startled deer and met his waiting arms. The promotion of Private Jones had come.—Illustrated Bits.

The Importance of Being Somebody.

Society was created by simpletons that satraps might live in it; and to live, to really live, although at first blush it may seem a very general occu-

pation, is, on the contrary, curiously rare. Few there are that live. The existence of the bulk of humanity is comparable to that of ants. It is just rare. as anonymous, quite as obscure. To escape from the horrors of that obscur-To

ty, to climb, however transiently, into iew, to be obvious, to have name, Queer, wasn't it? Not Mary alone, but though it be a bad one, men have gone to the scaffold, occasionally to the altar and thence back again to the obscurity rite to him while he lay so long in hos-ftel. No one had cared. Not even Millford, the farmer, for hom he had worked ever since he could ridle a horse. A stationary of the farmer, for the state of the pa-pers; it is still more dreadful not to. To

brille a norse. Not even Pete Kellar, the friend of his bosom, the only fellow in all Glén-haven who participated in the secret that pretty Mary Farrell had promised to wed sturdy John Jones, when the lat ter came home from the war. Well, he would soon know what it all to the could determine what the cardinal virtues, and should be to the cardinal virtues, and should be to the cardinal virtues and should be he would soon know what it and Then he could determine what If Mary had married or was geompany" with someone else, well she see the wound she had the world will do it for you? If you do the world will do it for you? If you do the world will do it for you? If you do

d. This Man Shrinks. While systems are now being develop-e ed to increase the height of those not tsatisfied with their inches. France has a medical wonder in a patient of the paris Academy of Science who suffers from that extremely rare disease, oste-malachia, or softening of the bones. Normally five fect four inches in height, the sufferer is now but three feet two, and the shrinking continues. It is the only instance wherein the shrink-age has not terminated fatally, and the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the bones harden info a rigid mass, are not uncommon, but this disease, which is the passengers. Therefore, when the puffing boreastion the node the passengers. Therefore, when the puffing boreastion the passengers the the puffing boreastion the reverse of the other complaint, is sel-

is not only important, it is easy. can fool everybody but yourseff.— Baltus, in July Smart Set. passengers. Therefore, when the puffing locomotice

hading his eyes with his hand. When he saw Private Jone saw Private Jones, I. Y. When he saw Private Jones, I. Y., of its own. It will be situated at feebly descend the steps and set his feet terspool, a few miles from the city.

.

-Edgar

Liverpool is to have a Crystal Palace It will be situated at Ot-