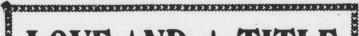


HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904. BY ALL GROCERS.





The count's eyes brighten. If there is he is young and handsome, and I know

The count's eyes brighten. If there is anything which a Russian finds irresist anything which a Russian finds irresist ible, it is a billiard-table. He rises with his most polished smile, and Jeanne, with a polite excuse to the princess, takes him away. In five minutes she is back again, and with an entirely different manner—oh, Jeanne, how can you be so de ceitful!—bends down and kisses the exercifice. "There!" she says, looking with laugh-ing eyes into Verona's startled face, "he is disposed of! Now come with me into my room. There is a cup of tea wailing tor us, and no one can disturb us. Let us go at once, or he will come back!" Verona colors and allows herself to be reled away. As Jeanne has said, a miniature tea service of costly Japanese ware is on table in the boudoir , and Jeanne, with gentle strength, forces Verona into the casiest of easy chairs. "At last!" she says, standing over her, "At last!" she

asiest of easy chairs. "At last!" she says, standing over her,

"At last!" she says, standing over her, and looking at her with a protecting smile. "I almost despaired of getting rid of him, he was so polite and courtly. Now, don't you think me very bold and for any to drag you here?" "No-no. not for me," says the princ-

forward to drag you here?" "I don't come against my will," says Verona, blushing. "I am very glad to come. Why are you so kind to me, maresss. "Because," Jeanne says, and then she

breaks off; "don't call me marchionesss; my name is Jeanne-unless you would "Oh, no-no!" says Verona, "I hate is it,"

Jeanne laughs,

'That is all right. And I may call you Verona? We seem like old friends already,"' says Jeanne, pouring out a cup of tea. "Perhaps it is because I heard so much about you from my brother—" "Your brother!" says the princess." stairs." bending her head over her teacup; "has]

spoken about me?" Jeanne nods. "Yes, a great deal. Dear old Hal-you e spoken about me?" Jeanne nods.

have seen a great deal of him?" "Oh, no, not much," says the princess, with a charming blush, "we have met once or twice.

Jeanne smiled.

"Called to inquire after your health." says Jeanne, with a smile. "Poor Hal!" The princess looks up with a sudden surprise. "Why do you pity him?" she asks, with

"Because," says Jeanne-"will you have any more sugar ?- because he is such a dear, good boy; not clever and bril-liant, like some people, but so good and so strong and brave; and he is so un-

happy just now." The dark eyes hide themselves behind their long lashes. "Unhappy?" she murmurs.

Hal. "Offended me !" she echoes, raising

her glorious eyes with a world of won-der and innocent reproach. "Oh, no-no! why should you think so ?" 'I didn't know," says Hal, anxiously. 'You- you seemed to avoid me. I feared that I had perhaps said or done something."

"Oh, no ! how should you ?" she in terrupts, with unconscious naivete. How could he offend her, or do, or say

nything wrong ! "I have not avoided you! Why should I? But the count—" Hal turns his head aside, and sets his "teeth hard at that hated title. "The count thinks that I ought not to "Land turns the handsome face to the light. "Vane, old man," hke says, "you are out of sorts. You don't look the thing. What's the matter? Confound it, you

What's the matter? Confound it, you ought to be the happiest man in crea-"The count thinks that I ought not to ride alone, or go out; and—and were you much hurt by your fall?" and she looks around at his forehead anxiously. "Hurt? Not a bit, says Hal; "it did me good !" "I are not the mark of the cut now." did me good !" "I can see the mark of the cut now," she said regretfully; "I was so sorry and—and I would have run to enquire, but—"
Uties, the garter, genus, and the love-lest young creature for a wife! Oh, it one of the old black fits?" Vane smiles bitterly. HELP FOR LITTLE ONFS.

"No,' he says, 'I haven't had one since "No, If says, I have no marriage." "No, I should think not, with such a sweet girl as Jeanne by your side !" says Charlie. "Vane." he goes on, with a sud-

Charlie. Charlie. "Vane," he goes on, with a sud-den gravity, "you used to come to me in all your old troubles; not that I've half the brain you have, but somehow I used to try and help you. Is there any-thing wrong now? Can I help you. I'd do anything — but, there, you know that!"

you will directly—" "Perhaps," says the princess, rather sadly, and looking around for Jeanne;

Jeannne, thoroughly frightened, bends "I must be going now-the count." Jeanne comes up, and meets Hal's eager, imploring glance. "The princess is not going, Jeanne, surch!"

surely! "No-no, not for me," says the princ-"No," says Jeanne, confidently; "the princess and the count will stay to din-Then, with a sudden effort she arises er, will you not, your highness?'

ner, will you not, your highness?" Verona starts, and looks up with a sudden flush of pleasure at Jeanne. "If I may," she says. "I shall be so pleased. "But," she adds, putting her hend on Jeanne's hand, imploringly, "you must not call me 'princess' or 'your high-ness.' I do not like it—from you. Would you be so kind as to call me Verona?" "Ind dries her eyes, pale and distressed. "Ind--forgive me," trying to smile. "But-but I do not know what has come to me. I cannot understand myself. Un-til lately I did not feel like this. What

"1 will tell you," says Jeanne; "you are in love." "In love," echoes Verona, and a yarm flush suffuses her face and neck. With you be so kind as to call me Verona? Jeanne takes the tiny hand, and draws

er toward her. -with whom ?' "May I? I will then-sometimes."

"Let us go down." says Jeanne; "I think my brother Hal will be down-And she kisses her. Hal's feelings, as he witnesses this are more easily imagined than described. But he conceals them by vigorously picking some flowers, and making a bou-

Verona looks at her with a half frighquet-the clumsiest that ever was made

quet—the clumsiest that ever was made probably—hands them to her.
"Will you take them?" he asks.
Verona takes them with a blush as vivid as his own.
"You've got flowers in your own gar, den a thousand times better than these.
Ilal tells me," says Jeanne.
"But I would like to have these," says the princess.
And she looks at her rough posy as though it were the most beautiful collection of rare exotics in the world.
They get back to the drawing room, and there is the count, all smiles and aches, all the paleness. very kind." "Has he?" says Jeanne, lightly; "he

is a good boy, is Hal; ah, a very good boy; a little rough and blunt." "Do you funnk so?" says the princess, gravely. "I don't think——." Jeanne laughs at the innocent heart

"Yes, he is rough and ready, but he is ood and true." The princess' eyes brighten.

The primess' eyes brighten. "Yes, that I am sure." she says. "Oh, yes, good and true," and then she sighs. "Let us go down," says Jeanne; "we mastn't let the count meet us." At the mention of the count, Yerona's face falls again. "Yes, we will go down," she says, with a very different sigh this time. Leanne and the Primess go down the

"Not come back yet !" says Jeanne.

It is Hai. With a sudden, vivid crim-

son mantling over his brown face, he jumps up, and, flinging away his cig-irette, comes toward them with an ex-

amation of surprise. "Why, Hal!" says Jeanne, "are you mposing a poem?" "How did you come ?" says Hal, hold-

"How did you come ?' says Hai, hold-ing Verona's hand and taking no notice of Jeanne. "I've been watching the drive," he says, innecently; then he stops as Verona blushes, "We came up the sidewalk under the trees," she explains. "That's how I missed you then," re-merks Hal naively. "How kind of you

marks Hal, naively. "How kind of you

"The count ?" says Jeanne, demurely. "He is in the billiard room. The princess and I are going to walk around to the south gardens; you may come, if you

st eagerly.

"Yes, we will go down," she says, with a very different sigh this time. Jeanne and the Princess go down the front staircase and into the smaller drawing-room, but the count has not returned. The fact is that they are quite del-ighted with him in the billiard room. boes not some one say that your well- "Most delign bred Russian is the nost polished gen- morning coat. tleman civilization has produced ? The "Oh, there is And he looks at his faultless been proved in thousands of cases. "but—" And he looks at his faultless morning coat. "Oh, there is plenty of time to make your toliette," says Jeanne. "And will you please bring Senora Titella to ac-company you?" The count bows. It is an artful stroke of Jeanne's, and throws off suspicion. "Thanks," he says. "We will return at once, if you are ready, princess." And with a multitude of bows and with courtly grace, he bears off his beau-tiful prize. count's manner is perfect; just as he charmed Hal at the hotel, so he charms charmed Hal at the hotel, so he charms Nugent and the rest of them in the billiard room. He can play—is there any game of skill which a Russian cannot play, but play well. While Verona is pouring her new and strange confi-dence into Jeanne's sympathetic bosom, the count is winning half-sovereigns with the most charming skill; he is the life and soul of the party, full of

his eves.

"T haven't seen you lately, princess-haven't you been for your usual drive?" She looks around timidly, and drops her eyes from his eager, wistful ones. "No," she says, softly. "Nor b y the stream ?" says Hal. "Have I—have I offended you ?" asks Hal. That you get more Solid Value per dollar

任命学生任何

Vane paced up and down the room

"Good Heaven, Vane !' he says, hot-

anxious face. "That you are fool enough-yes, fool -to be jealous of-of anybody.

Vane looks at him sadly.

(To be continued.)

DYING BY INCHES

Bloodless Girls Saved by Dr. Wil-

liams' Pink Pills.

but Charlie see it

ough-

THE ATHENS REPORTER NOV. 15 1905

Tea than any other kind on the market. ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

and turns the handsome face to the | land political excitement is renewed and

changes are imminent. Fires and explosions in London, storms in the United States and a financial crisis are predicted in May. The Kaiser is warned to "beware of rash actions" in July, and in August our statesmen must be prepared for a sud-den and startling denouement on the

It is a recognized fact that babiesand indeed all children-need a medi-cine of their own. Medical men know, too, that most baby medicines do more harm than good-that most of them contain poisonous opiates, that drug chil-dren into quietness without curing their little ills. Baby's Own Tablets is a mod-ern medicine for babies and young chilvane paced up and down die 100m, pulling at his mustache, then he stopped and held out his hand. "No, Charlie 'he says, "you can't do anything for me; no man alive can. Where is Jeanne?' he asks suddenly. bles, and by its natural, healthy action promotes sleep and repose. It makes little ones well and keeps them well. from the spring-board, and Melville gave

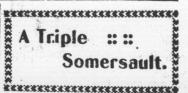
"Jeanne? I left her in the drawing-oom talking to Clarence." Vane starts slightly-not so slightly "you don't mean to say-"" "What ?" demands Vane, with a pale,

LAYING AN OCEAN CABLE.

Always Put Down From West to East

enough-to be jealous of -of anybody. "Why don't you say of Clarence Lane? says Vane. with a reckless smile. "Well, of Clarence, or of anybody else" says Charlie, energetically. "You can't be so blind-why, anybody can see with half an eye that Jeanne thinks of no-body but you-is devoted to you, and besides, I'd stake my life, my honor, on her single-mindedness and absolute truth -I'd--" This makes seven transatiantic cables after." worked in direct connection with the lises of the Postal Telegraph Cable Com-pany. All of them are duplexed, so that their combined capacity is fourteen mes-sages at a time. The postal Telegraph Cable Com-their combined capacity is fourteen mes-sages at a time.

June. The weather was heavy, and the colonia was compelled to heave to hours.



Dan O'Brien achieved the ambition of his life at the Hippodrome one morning recently when he executed a tripple somersault from a spring-board. The feat has never been accomplished before a lay audience, and a bare half dozen athletes have ever performed it and lived. It has slain its scores. That O'Brien escaped with nothing worse than strained muscles is a marvel to his acrobatic associates. They expected to carry him off the stage to a hospital.

O'Brien has spent his life leaping over elephants and camels. He claims the record double somersault distance of thirty-two feet, but had been deferred from attempting a third turn by the fate of comrades of the ring. "This keen fall weather has put new

life and energy in me," he announced one night to his fellow leapers at the one night to his fellow leapers at the Hippodrome. "Be here to-morrow morn-ing and I'll do something to boast about or quit leaping for good." Frank Melville, equestrian director, and Colay Morella, John Davenport, and

Thomas Cook, acrobats, assembled with O'Brien on the big stage at 9 o'clock, and the long, narrow runway and spring board were put in position. O'Brien lim bered up with a series of single and double somersaults, and announced him-self ready for the supreme trial. Propdren, and is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It cures stomach, bowel and teething trou-ed in awesome silence.

Mrs. W. E. Ansell, Ayer's Flat, Que, the signal. The spangled athlete dashed says: "I would advise every mother with sick or fretful children to use and hit the elastic plank with terrific Baby's Own Tablets. They are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever tried, and almost magical in their ef-fects." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Wil-liams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. then, when to the white-faced onlookers he appeared about to iall, he turned

again and landed limp and inert in the centre of the pad. Before his comrades had reached him side he was on his feet,

pale but smiling. "I lost all brain sense after the sec

their combined capacity is fourteen mes-sages at a time. The Atlantic cables are always laid from west to east, because of prevail-ing winds in the summer months on the Atlantic are from west and ships make much better weather going eastward, consequently the Colonia, the steamer which had the cable oboard, sailed di-rect from England to America, arriv-ing off the coast of Nova Scotia on Au-gust 16 and landed the heavy shore end gust 16 and landed the heavy shore end England, in 1859, turned twice, landed of the cable on the morning of August on his forehead and broke his neck. Sam 18. Moving out from the shore she Reinhardt, while traveling with Cooper 18. Moving out from the shore she Reinhardt, while traveling with Cooper struck a rock and remained fast on it & Bailey's circus, became dissatisfied for four days. The injuries she sus- with the double somersault feat and for four days. The injuries she sus-tained compelled her to go into dry dock was anxious to do a triple. He did it at Halifax with 2,300 miles of submarine at Toledo, Ohio, in 1870, making a high cable aboard. Repairs were made and leap, turned twice and a half, alighted the Colonia took the sea again. On on the broad of his back and was dis-

September 23 she laid her course from Casno, N. S., paying out cable. On October 3 she arrived, without the summer of 1860, but he never made mishap, at a point 187 miles from the coast of Ireland, where the final splice while practicing at a gymnasium in was to be made between the cable that Fourteenth street. He alighted in a she had paid out from the American side and the 187 miles of cable previous-ly laid westward from the Irish coast by the steamship Cambria in the month of June, 1870. He alighted on his head, June. The weather was heavy, and dislocating his neck, and died in a few the focusion was compelled to how the focus of the state of the

or dead who

Across Atlantic. The Commercial Cable Company's "I lost all brain sense after the sec-fifth Atlantic cable from Casno, N. S., ond turn," he panted, "and expected to to Waterville, Ireland, was completed and put in operation on October 6, This makes seven transatlantic cables worked in direct connection with the liese of the Poetal Telegraph Cable Comp

"Yes," says Jeanne, "very-very un-hamy. He has set his heart upon something which he thinks far, very far be-yond his reach. Don't smile, Veronica." "I was not smiling," says the princess,

raising her dark eyes, almost reproach

Of course, he is only a boy-how old are you, princesss?"

e you, princess?" "Seventeen," says Verona, softly. "Seventeen!" echoes Jeanne, clinking r teaspoon. "And how old is the

"The count? I do not know."

Ah." says Jeanne, slowly. "Well, poor Hal has set his heart upon something which he thinks he never can gain, and so he is unhappy. Verona, he is my only brother, and I am unhappy ing man !

"I am very sorry," says the princess. "It is not right that he should be unigns better than anything else in life, e is in no hurry to return and look happy-he is so kind and good and brave, after his beautiful betrothed. It was a

and _____" She stops suddenly, and colors a deep ucky chance which led Jeanne to think of the billiard-room—perhaps it was incarmine.

"And now tell me." says Jeanne, "about the count. Where did you meet tinct. Let us go out into the grounds." No scener had they descended from he terrace, and gone down the first

'Meet hum?" says the princess. "I-I don't remember. He is an old friend of papa's; I have know him ever since green alley of limes, than they come upon a solitary figure, seated on a seat which commands a view of the principal drive. He is smoking a cgarette, and is apparently watching met coursely. I can remember.'

"Ever since you can remember," says Jeanne: and you are going to marry him. How old is he, Verona." "How old," she repeats, with a little

frown. "I do not know

"Fown. "I do not know." "And are you very fond of him?" The princess klushes a deep scarlet. "Fond of him?" he says: "He is a very old friend and very kind." 'I see," says Jeanne. "And how long-have you been engaged to him."

e princess considers.

'Ever since I can remember, years ago, simply that the tears rise nne's eves. 'My poor darling," she taurmurs, as

if she were an old woman, a mother sym-pathizing with a daughter. "Have an-other cup of teg?" she says. The princess looks around the room.

she asks, to come. And where's ---- '

"What portrait is that?" she asks, looking at an oil color of Vane. "That." says Jeaune, "that is --my husband,"

The princess regards it fixedly.

"How handsome he is." she says. "and how young. Then she looks at Jeanne.

"And you are young—although you talk so—so—matronly—how happy you must be," and she sighs. "Do you think so?" she says. "Yes," says Verona. "You are young and beautiful—yes, very beautiful—and

tiful prize. "What a splendid fellow." says Nu-te gent—"most amusing man I've met for years. Can't he play. too! Lane, I thought you were a good hand at pool, but the count could give you long odds. But isn't he rather old, eh I suppose not, though." "Old!" says Hal. savagely; "he's as old as Methuselah!" And he goes out, muttering anecdotes and courtly stories which he tells even when he is making the most brilliant shots, his face wrinkled into a smile all the while. Oh, a most charm-And as he likes winning half-sover-

And he goes out, muttering. Nugent looks after him, and emits a other weak and ailing girl. They low whistle, but it is apparently lost on make new blood, and new blood Clarence, for he is bending low over brings health, strength and happi-Jeanne, and talking earnestly in his rapt, mesc. But you must be sure you have absorbed manner. Nugent looks at his the genuine pills with the full name

watch. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale "We'd better all get into civilized foothing," he says, but as Lane appar-around each box. All dealars cell ently doesn't hear him, he saunters out these pills, or you can get them by cently doesn't hear him, he saunters out these pills, or you can get them by alone, and goes to his room. It is in the same corridor as Vane's studio, and as he passes, seeing the door ajar, he pushes it open and looks in. Vane is seated at a table with writing materials, but evidently not writing, for he is leaning back with his hand shading his eyes. **ZADKIEL'S PREDICTIONS**.

Something about the figure sitting

phecies for 1906. there so solitary, so silent, so despondent, gives Charlie-he is Vane's oldest friend --a sudden chill. Zadkiel's Almanac for 1906, with its prediction of good and evil, has made its

"Asleep, man?" he says, cheerily. appearance.

Vane starts, and looks around. "No," he says. "Is that you, Charlie?" ome in." any harm during the ensuing year, al-"What are you doing-writing?"

"No," says Vane, with a smile, and though trouble threatens on the contin-with an effort at cheerfulness; "no, 1 ent. was enjoying a think."

Thus, in January, "Anarchism will de "Rather given to that lately, aren't velop alarmingly in the Russian army you, old man?" says Charlie, laying his boop and mingly in the reason army hand on the broad shoulder. "How's the and navy, and will make some in roads

hand on the broad shoulder. "How's the work getting on? What, not commenced in the armics of Germany, Austria and yet? I thought you'd finished it, you have shut yourself up here so much." Vane smiles, and stares at the canvas musingly. "No, I'm not in the humor for work, against the grain. I don't know why, of the French Republic somewhat shak-but I can't work lately." Charlie takes him by the shoulders, for popularity and power." In Eng-I am afraid Hal would'nt have waited

"The only person, living to enable her to make the final splices accomplished the feat successfully more which was made on October 6.

At some points the cable was laid at computate the read variant of the read of surface of the sea. The quantities of board. The firt time he attempted it the materials used in the manufacture of was at St. Louis in September, 1874, with the cable were 1,411,200 pounds of cop- John Wilson's San Francisco circus. He per, 799,688 pounds of gutta percha and made three triais over five horses, in 16,845 pounds of brass tape, jute, yarn, two of which he landed on his feet. The iron wire and preservative compound. next time he tried was at St. Louis in The signaling speed of this cable is 1876, with Howe's London circus. This 15 per cent, greater than that of any time he landed on a bed in a sitting time he landed on a bed in a sitting posture. He did it again at Eau Clair other cable of equal length in the Atin 1881, with Adam Forepaugh's show; lantic. The cost of the cable varied from \$1,000 per mile to \$6,000 per mile, according to the character of the ocean also a few days after, at La Crosse. The last time that he accomplished the feat bed and depth of water, the greatest variation in cost being due to the differwas at New Haven in 1884, with the how, in the presence of the Forepaugh Mayor of the city and nany newspaper ent diameters and weights of the seccorrespondents."-New York Tribune. tions of the cable, the cable which is laid

in the deepest water being the lightest for the important reason that it would be impossible to retrieve a heavy cable from deep water because of the ener-Only in England. France and America is the orange blossom the bridal flower. When the German fraulein becomes a mous pressure. Cable in deep water is practically safe from mechanical in jury and therefore does not need to be frau her head is garlanded with myrtle, except in certain sections, where gaudy wreaths of artificial flowers replace the o strong, so that the sections laid in deep water are of small diameter and less cost. The sections laid near shore natural blooms and are treasured from are of massive construction and very generation to generation. In Italy and the French cantons of Switzerland white

expensive. -----WETTEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Indian Province Carries Off the Paim for Rainfall.

Greek brides are garlanded, appropriate-ly enough, with vine leaves, and in Bo-The wettest place in the world, accord-ing to the Russian Meteorological Jour-nal, is Cherrapunji, in the Indian pro-vince of Assam. From 1805 to 1903 the hemia rosemary is supposed to bring luck to the bride who wears it. In most of the countries of Europe, however, the vince of Assam. From 1805 to 1903 the average annual rainfall was 11,223 met-ers (nearly 37 feet). Next came the en-virons of Bombay with 6.83 meters an-nually. But it should be noted that at the station of Debundscha in Kamerun 10,454 meters (34 feet) of rain fell annu-elly chieftr in summer. The without bridal wreath is considered as essential as the veil, and pretty sentiment cl ters about the faded wreath that is laid away, whether the wreath be of orange

ally, chiefly in summer. The wettest year in Cherrapunji was 14,789 meters (48 feet) in 1851, and in Debundscha 14.-

these extraordinary precipitations. It may be expected that the extension of meteorological observation will show about, to strike with, to scratch with other zones of rainfall more intense than and to do everything with, has been hitherto believed, as in Java "Therefore it is natural for all chil-

dren to grow up right handed."

alty, can Cherrapunji was the model of the same and the constraints of the same and the same and

oms or laurel.

the left arm and hand cramped up and the right arm and hand free to swing

Why We're Right Handed. "How does a mother carry her baby?

Not Aways Orange Blossoms.

rose are dedictaed to the brides as well as the dead, but in Spain red roses and pinks lend an additional touch of color

to the bridal dress of black and vellow