

"I am sorry," she says, resignedly. "But come into breakfast. In all our wanderings there has never been crisper ham and whiter cream, and ah, I am so hungry!" He puts his arm round her waist,

careless of any spectators there may

be, and kisses her. "Is this the same pale-faced young lady who used to turn with indiffer-ence from all the delicacies of a Paris-ian chef, and who caused a great doctor to look grave?" he says, with a gentle banter "Sometimes I think it is not," she

No, it is the same Signa who munched biscuits and drunk coffee without milk out of a tin cup in the Island of St.

"Would to heaven we were there now!" he says, unwitingly. "Without seeing Florence" she ex-claims, innocently. "But do you really? Why not go back, Hector? Do you

think I should mind? It is all one to me so that you are by my side. Dear old Northwell! Yes, I could give up Florence without a sigh."

"Could you?" he says, almost eager; then he shakes his head and "Coura you." ly; then he shakes his head and smiles. "No, we must obey the doctor and complete the cure. Let me see, which is our route!" """" she says, jump-

ing up and unfolding it, and leaning over his shoulder "It is always a mys-tery to me how you find our way by it. It all looks one mass of lines and caterpillars. I suppose there are not really so many mountains as they put

You think they are thrown in for effect?" he retorts, laughing. "Hem! "What's the matter?" she asks.

"Point out the road for me.'

He takes up a fork and traces the thin, dark line on the map.

"It's our friend the torrent, again," says, knitting his brows. "It stop he says, knitting his brows. "It stop-ped us yesterday, and will hinder us again to-day. We must go round there instead of straight forward, and-1'm afraid we shal find no inn that we could stop at under thirty miles." "Oh, the poor horses!"

At this moment Saunders' heavy British knock is heard at the door. He comes in quietly an drespectfully but looking rather grave. "Well?" asks Lord Delamere.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but it a very long journey to-day?" A quick look of apprehension comes into Lord Delamere's eyes.

Why?" "Then I am afraid the chestnut won't be able to do it, my lord." With an exclamation that sounds strangely in the ears of Signa and the man, with whom Lord Delamere's marked self-possession is a matter of course, Hector strikes the table.

We must leave here to-day; it-11 is imperative." "Yes, my lord," assents Saunders.

quietly; "that I must make some ar-rangements. Can we break the journey, my lord, a matter of twelve or fifteen miles-

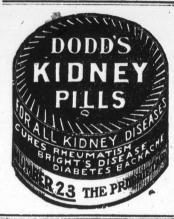
"The journey is twenty-five, and must be done in the day," replies Hec-tor, sternly. "If our horses cannot do it, we must get others Saunders looked rather doubtful.

"There is only one horse in the place; not a bad animal. take him all round, but he won't run in double I've tried him already, my

Lord Delamere gets up, crushing the map together with his hand, and stands with thoughtful brow. "Surely there are horses to be had;

borrow or buy them—anything; but get them." "No, my lord," says Saunders, re-spectfully, but firmly. "Knowing that your lordship wanted to get on, I made inquiries; there is only one horse, and we must have two for the carriage." "Yes, yes," assents Lord Delamere

impatiently. "Is there nothing you can suggest? Call the landlord."



The landlord comes in with an elab orate bow to milord and miladi, but he does not help the situation much The one horse is at milord's service; if there were a dozen horses they should be considered milord's, but there is but one; and he stretches out his hand.

"How soon can you get a couple?" demands Lord Delamere, curtly. The landlord ponders. The nearest village lies ten miles back. A man could obtain a pair from there-the expense would be great.

Lord Delamere makes an impatient local Delandere makes an impatient gesture, and paces the room for a moment. All-wonderingly, Signa looks on. To her this eagerness to leave this pretty nittle Tuscan vilage is inexplicable. Not for a moment does her memory connect its beautiful name with the story in Laura Der-went's letter; the only reason that occurs to her for his restless desire to push on is that he may spare her some trifling inconvenience, and she is about to speak and implore him remain, when he looks up with an air of relief.

of relief. "The chestnut?" he says to Saun-ders. "It is nothing serious. You must take her and the oay half-way; it is twelve miles only, they will It is twelve miles only, they will have nothing to drag, and rest her for at hour or two. We could follow with the hired pair and the carriage,

and so make Florence to-night." Saunders' face clears and he nods. "I never thought of that, my lord," he says, with admiration in his tone, "Certainly. Oh, yes, that's all she wants—to go the twelve miles easy, and rest a blt. I'd take her forty miles that way." Hector turns to the landlord

promptly.

the table. "You start at once, Saun ders, with our own horses; you can-not mistake the road, it is as straight as a die; ask for Florence if you are in doubt. You will arrive at a way-side inn, a small place, not so large as this. You know the kind. It is called the Factor at her badded? called the Eagle—eh, landlord?" "Milord is right."

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"You will know it by the painted sign-in case there should be no corn there-it is a poor little place-take a nose bag with you. Wait there till nose bag with you. Wait there till we come. I calculate for two hours' rest for the chestnut."

"Plenty, my lord, plenty," said Saunders, cheerfully. The landlord, taking up the note

with a reverent alr—you want to travel on the Continent to understand the value of a Bank of England note or an English sovereign-bows and follows him out. "What a mind!" he exclaims, ele

vating his eyebrows, and jerking his and backward.

Saunders grins. "What, my guv'nor? Rather! You can put him in a hole that he can't find his way out of, if there is a way. I say, landlord, if you were to get a few more like him to pass this way, and stop, the Mountain Goat would

make a fine thing of it!" "Truly, yes!" assents the landlord, with a sigh, as he hurries on.

With the same suppressed eagernes Lord Delamere comes out and watches Saunders harness the horses, and even assists with his own hands; and it is not until they have disappeared from view that he turns and re-enters the inn.

"Well we shall have time to do the lions, at any rate," says Signa. us go at once, Hector."

And she takes up her hat—a deer-stalker that has proved eminestly serviceable during the trip.

Reluctantly, with a forced smile, he puts her light cloak round her, and they go out. The little village street, with its

half dozen houses scattered irregular-ly on either side, is bathed in sunlight; a few peasant women, standing gossiping at their doors, cease their musical chatter to stare after the two strangers, and then utter swift words admiration of the young English miladi.

A venerable priest, with white hair and that profound expression of ser-enity and peacefulness peculiar to his class, comes slowly down the street from the chapel on the hill, and with a smle raises his clerical hat in pater nal greeting. Signa flushes with in-nocent pleasure and bows, and Hector lifts his hat in acknowledgment.

"What a beautiful place." she ex-claims, almost beneath her breath. "1 cannot fancy anyone being unhappy here, and yet I suppose they hear the fluttering of the wings of the angel of grief sometimes.

does not reply; with every step they take he grows more silent and moody; and once he stops and takes off his hat, as if to cool his brow, "The place is stifling," he says, with a sigh.

Signa looks up at him quickly. "Let us go back," she says at once. "No, no," he says, with an effort. "There is the chapel—you must see that. It will be cooler there," and he

quickens his pace. They ascend the green slope and reach the chapel door; it is wide open-for in Tuscany, as in Italy throughout, religion is something more than a one-day-in-the-week af-fair, and the weary peasant or trou-bled housewife can enter the doors at any hour and find peace and consolation.

With the reverend spirit which always falls upon Signa when she enters a house of prayer, she goes in sciftly, and stands for a moment looking into the interior, made peacefully shedy by the old painted windows. Coming out of the sun-glare into the dim, religious light, Signa can scarcely dis-err anything but the dark environe of "Dispatch a man for the pair you espak of without loss of time. Do not let him come away without them --you understand?" and he puts a ten pound Bank of England note on



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bent head-never in her life has she affected resignation. "The only hors-been guilty of regarding the cathe- es in all Tuscany, as it appears, canheen guilty of regarding the cathe-drais and chapels of the continent as

with the feeling of awe which always possesses her on the threshold of a sacred edifice, she stands silent and

motionless. Hector looks in thoughtfully, hesi tates a moment, then sinks on the stene seat in the porch. So they remain until suddenly, yet not abruptly the solemn tones of the organ break the intense silence. It is the organis practising for the coming harvest festival. With bowed head and hushed footsteps, Signa goes further into the chapel, and stands listening smile reverently. There is something in-finitely sad and mournful in the strains of music, and as she listens a

strange feeling comes over her that makes the tears well into her eyes. She waits until the music has ceased, and then turns to go cut, feeling awed and soul-stirred. As she does so a young girl who, unseen by her, has been close beside her, crosses her path and goes slowly out by a door at the other end of the chapel. As she passes she looks up, without the slightest trace of curiosity, with the deepest abstraction, at the bright, love ly face, and Signa and she exchange glances. The girl's face is a beautiful

one; but it is not the beauty which strikes Signa. it is the sad and somewhat wild expression which shines in the dark eyes. For a moment only she looks at her, then, as reverently and softly as she had entered, she goe out and rejoins Hector.

He looks up and starts as he sees the tears in her eyes. "Well?" he says.

She sinks down beside him.

"Why did you not come in, dear?" she says, and her voice is like the sweet tones of the organ. "It is a beautiful little chapel! Oh! I cannot uncerstand how some of the tourists car stroll around such a place in the cold-hearted, irreverent way they do? Often and often it has made me un happy to see them."

"They are not angels of goodness like my darling," he says, gently. "Shall we go now? Do you know that you have been in there over half an hcur? 'Have I! I should have stayed until

the organ ceased, though it had been an hour. Are you so hot still?" 'No." he says. "Let us go back."

They go back to the inn; the women are still gossiping at their doors, a

not be got, and we are doomed to re-main here another night." "It is rather a pleasant doom," says Signa, cheerfully

He looks at her, then glances at his watch. "Pleasant," he echoes. with

laugh that has a hidden bitterness. "Yes," she says. "I must add a postscript, telling Lady Rookwell how the omnipotent Earl of Delamere, who carried all before him at Northwell, was brought to bay at Casa

He stares at her, then forces

"Yes, do so," he says, grimly: "tell them that not even I can fight against Fate."

"Fate in the shape of a scarcity of horses," she says, with a happy laugh. Her light-heartedness awakens a faint response from him. "It is evident," he says, "that it is

easier to get into Casalina than out

It is the first time he has spoken the name of the village since last night, and he hesitates slightly, as if the name were distasteful to him.

The landlord glances from one to the other, then disappears, and pre sently a maid enters to lay the cloth Signa colis herself up in a window eat, and watches her with serence seat, and watches "her with serene contentment, and, the luncheon hav contentment, and, the lutencoon pay-ing made its appearance, is about to call Hector, when the clatter of horses' hoofs breaks the stillness. A moment after she hears the voice of the landlord in deep dialogue with in; and suddenly he enters with a piece of paper in his hand.

His face is pale and troubled, and atterly unlike its usual grave selfutterly possession. "By heavens!" he exclaims, "this

is too much!' "What is, Hector?" she springing up and coming to his side. "Don't be alarmed my darling," he says, controlling nimself. "There has says, controlling nimself. "There has been an accident. It is nothing seri-ous, but Saunders has been thrown— at least, I imagine so—and lies at the little inn I speke of, the Eagle, with

"Let me see his note. Poor fellow! And yet he thinks only of our con-

move.'

venience and the houses. Is there any one there to look after him. Hector?" He has put the question to himself

"I shall ride back on one of our own horses, darling." he says, hold-ing her in his arms, "and shall not be long-at least, I hope not! Some evil genius has taken possession of us' By heaven, for half a word I weuld By not leave you even now."

"I shall not speak that half word, dear," shall not speak that hall word, dear," she whispers, "I am not afraid to be left alone a little while. Why should I be? We should never forgive ourselves if we left poor Saunders for a moment longer than we could help! It would be desertion. Think, if we were in his plight, how he would fly to us."

"Saunders! Saunders! It is of you I am thikning!" he says, with wild bittemess.

"And I have no thought but for you you—and him," she says, gently. "Do I not know how you would feel if you did not go? Good bye, Hector, my own dorping!" own darling!

He strains her to him, almost wildly, then, with a suppressed groan, flings himself into the saddle and gallops up the street. (To be continued.)

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MONTREAL.



group of girls are chattering and already, and is afraid of the answer. laughing at the fountain in the middle of the street; it is for all the world like a scene from an opera, and Signa takes it all in with seen enjoyment; but Hector just glances around him and then lapses into moody self com-nunion only half concealed.

"I have some letters to write," says Signa, as she throws ner hat down. "I want to tell Lady Rookweil about this place, and Laura -1 wond * where she is, by the way? in London, per-haps. If I could paint, I should like to paint that chapel and the village street, women and all. But 1 must give them a word picture."

He stands at the table and looks down at the bright face with a thoughtful eye.

thoughtful eye. "Why choose this village out of all we have seen?" he says. "Wait till you get to Florence; you will have something to write about then. Would be been that we ways there dive to heaven that we were there?" She looks up from her writing case, "Why are you in such a hurry, Hec-

tor? Is it on my account? If so, you need not be; I am perfectly happy." tor? He kisses her, stands for a moment

watching her arrange her writing materials, then takes out his cigar case and goes to the door. Signa writes a long letter to Lady

Rcokwell, and a shorter one to Aunt Podswell, inclosing an affectionate note for Archie, and so the morning glides away.

Suddenly she hears an exclamation and looking up, sees the londlord, all shrugs and apoiogetic bows.

"Milord, 1 am sorrow itself! But I am powerless! The horses have been sent two leagues distant and cannot be obtained until to morrow!"

There is a hasty, impatient retort from Lord Delamere, a further apolo-getic explanation from the landlord. and Signa, throwing down her pen, goes out to find Hector leaning against the door with his extinguish-ed cigar in his hand, and his brows huitted in a dark from

knitted in a dark frown. He turns with a forced laugh as she appears, and flings the dead cigar into the road. "Fate is against us!" he says, with

"I do not know. Most probably not. What is to be done?" "You must ge to him." says Signa, quictly. "You will, won't you, Hec-tor?" tor?

and looks at her.

and looks at her. "And leave you here alone?" he says, troubled. "Oh, me? Do not think of me." she says, instantly. "We must think of him only, now. Poor Saunders: so of him only, now. Poor Saunders; so faithful and devoted as he has been. You must go, Hector!"

He stands pale and mestadore quite unlike his usual self. "I cannot He stands pale and hesitating-

quite unlike his usual set. "I cannot "But-but," he says, "I cannot leave you here alone!" "Why not?" she says, "It will be "Why not?" she says, "It will be the for a few hours. You will come only for a few hours. You will come back, or I will follow. Hector, I am

hot afraid." "Why should miladi be afraid! Of a creating, net" rules in the leadlord "Every core shall be taken of mi-

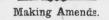
ladi." "Of course!" envs Signa, 'cheerful-ly, "I shall be guite esfe-safe' what is there to harm me? Don't think of me, dear. That poor fellow may be lying there quite helpless, with no one to understand him. Oh, you must go, Hector!"

Hector!" He stands motionless another mo-ment, then muttering, "Fate, fate!" he goes out. He and the landlord between them saddle the one horse in Casalina. then he comes back to



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Making Amends. A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, teing at work upon the root of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a ma. The picestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A som of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cold listened attentively and in the the end asked the slater whi-he had to say in his defense. "Dispenser of justice," answered accused, "it is even as this man y but heaven forbid that there shou evil in my heart. I am a poor ma-know not how to make amends. The son of the man who had been thereupen demanded that condig-ishment should be inflicted on the ed. The cadi meditated a few moment

ishment should be influence on the ed. The cadi meditated a few momen finally said, "It shall be so." T the slater be said, "Thou shalt s the street where the father of thi man stood when thou didet fail o And to the accuser he added shalt, if i please thee, so up on and fall upon the culprit even a upon thy father. Allah be prais