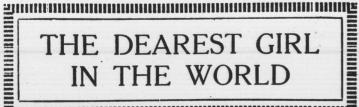
THE ATHENS REPORTER. JUNE 19, 1912.



"It's only me, Dorothy," she said. "Dorothy Wynter, from Lenthill!" ex claimed the housekeeper. "Bless my eyes, what a shock 1 have had!" She took the bundle from Dorothy, but in : moment Dorothy took it from her. In her confusion she had taken the wrong one. She had taken the precious coat. After she had taken the right one, and paid her the few pendies, Dorothy turned to go, and met Lord Wedderburn. She burried to him and gave him the coat, and without a word, save "I thank you." she walked down the path homeward.

Lord Wedderburn had not time to rehimself until the housekeeper was He adjusted his glass and looked 11.4.1 the retreating figure bewildered. The housekeeper was an old one at the castle, having been the only one

"How that child did shock me!" she exclaimed. "Bless my eyes, what a fright. If she stepped from that old picture frame in the north garret, I shouldn't have been more surprised." "What on carth dive she mean by What on earth days she mean by

that get-up?" asked Lord Wedderburn. "Simply this. All her life that child has had about as much care as a bundle of rags, not a hundralth part as much as your lordship's horses and dogs. There must be something amiss at Lenthill, or old Dame Wynter would never have sent her here. Dis a downright have sent her here. If A a downight shame and nothing more. With all that outrageous outfit on she looked like a fine old Vandyck, and, 1 mark it now, she is the living image of that old mys-terious portrait of Sir George's in the north garret, and they do say Dorothy is not akin to Dame Wynter at all." The barnity meansainer Darothy mean

The happily unconscious Dorothy was tripping along towards the village, the enowy white of her ankles scarcely hid. ble bad now reached a small stream of ble had now reached a small stream of water whose depths lay still and screne as a mirror. Dorothy peered over into the calm depths and all in a moment she knew why the castle people had acted so strangely towards her. In a moment she was bitterly lumiliated and creatifulen. Baliance us from her pair crestfallen. Raising up from her posi-tion, she straightened herself up proudly, then deliberately laid aside the bonnet, took off the dress and folded it care-fully on the grass, placed the stockings. slippets, and bonnet therein and pinned them in a bundle. Thank heaven' sho had her old clothes on. She took the unoffending bundle under her arm and once more set out for the village shop She hurried along, and when almost there took out one of her bright coins for the shopkeeper. She asked for some wo-pence worth and a very -mall was given her. The shockeeper i what else. In a moment thy understood there was more by So she bought buns, more tea, jelly, and several delicacies and was astonished that was Dorothy tarts. received so much money back. She auddenly realized that these, then, were gold pieces, and how rich she felt as she trudged home with all her packages-When she reached Leuthill she found ber Granny very ill. She laid aside her bundles and wery ill. She laid aside her bundles and weak to her. "Set, Granny, zele is tea, and tarts, and jelly, all for you," and she prepared

to make the tea. Who gave you all that " she asked; and when told this young Lord, she raised herself in bed and her face was of strange expressions. Derothy ther in a straightforward manner

wrything. "So you thought of me?" me!" she serea a.ed. "Hush, Granny, don't say thet."

Wynter's. A brother she had not seen for years, since she was a young girl, for years. when he had left for Australia; being a young minister. Dorothy left them alone and ran again

to the village. She had company now and must do the honors alone. She ran over the path and was soon at the village show. Here she bought her slender stock of provisions and returned be-fore they missed her. She prepared the tea, and altogether, it was an inviting repast. John Boughman was in close conversa-

tion with the dame, but Dorothy knew herself to be the subject of their conersation.

She put aside the remnants of the evening meal at last, and went out for more wood. She did not have to go so far, for the lord had said he would

so far, for the lord had said he would be offended if she did. She had not hurried, and found she was wanted. John Boughman was greatly excited. "Go at once to the castle, and bring Lord Wedderburn. Say that Dame Wynter lies dying and wants him." Dorothy bounded over the path with the flectness of a deer. There was only one light shining. That came from a large library on the ground floor. The window was open and there sat Lord Wedderburn, reading. Dorothy hesitat-ed one moment should she ring the great bell? No, she would just step through the open window and tell him. She was almost creathless, and when No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skintortured and disfigured infants. Although Cuticuurs Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealersieverywhere, a liberal sample of each. with 32-page hookte on treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, os applese tion to "Cuticuurs," Dept. SM, Boston, U. S. A. She was almost creathless, and when she reached him she fell on the floor at his feet. Poor Dorothy! Lord Wedderburn picked her up ten

Lord wedderourn picken aer up ten-derly in his arms. She could barely make him understand. She took his hand and drew him after her. When he did understand he quickened his

make yet. Yes, he must go for a few days, then he would come back and ar-range matters conveniently. He called Dorothy aside and explained that he must go for a few days. Then he would came back and arrange matters "How fortunate I had not gone. I was preparing to leave for London on the midnight train-having telegraphed my for her. If Dorothy heard his words she made no sign. He took out his watch and coming.

He had plenty of time to go to both places. If he had only thought to have told Marsten to pack his portmanteau. As it was he had left his lamp burning, and merely locked the window. He saw that he had yet time to catch the train. He called John Broughman to the As it was he had left his lamp burning, and merely locked the window. He would be home before he was missed. When he reached Lenthill he was at once taken to the bedside of the dying doorway and talked to him for a few minutes. Then he drew out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for a large amount, which he handed to the minis woman. Borothy and John Bonghinan remained outside. What passed, no living person knew, ter, John Broughman. Whatever explan-ation he made seemed all right, for Boughman followed him to the door-

save Lord Wedderburn and the dame who was dying. Lord Wedderburn went who was dying. Lord wedderourn went outside and sat on the stone steps. On his face there was a most peculiar ex-pression. It was doubtful and quizzical by unres. He heard voices distinctly, but

by turns. He heard votes he could not move. "Does Dorothy know this, and is she willing to do this?" he asked time and willing to do this? The again, but could find no reply. The world is the same all over. There is his hand said. He had not forgotten Dorothy, but she was nowhere to be seen, so he started off. There before him was Dorworld is the same all over. There is the deceit, the scheming, and all, only under different garbs. There was Dor-othy, as uncultured as a flower and as seemingly innocent, and a mere child, too!

"I cannot do this, Granny-I cannot do this!" came in sons through the windows. The lower voice he could not hear, but the words of the other were her face.

"Don't ask me, Granny. I cannot do this, and I want to please you! Don't you know he don't want me, Granny? Don't He that grand and high, and me like a weed in his path?" Lord Wedderburn was convinced Dorothy was an unwilling victim. This verthought gave him a sense of relief and pleasure. He did not listen for more.

you thought of me, me, some pleasare. He did not distent of more, and, "when I have bearen you and blue," ush, Granny, don't say that," Dorothy was still sobbing, and he had wronged her. Why not marry Dorothy? She was only a child, it was "Hush, Granny, don't say that." "Why didn't you spend it for yourself. or hide it until I am gone?? she fully bissed.

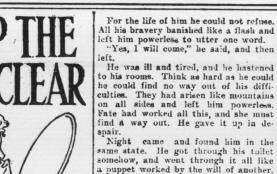
woman's reom.

"God blass you both."

Lord Wedderburn went at once to his you, I knew you liked good tea and fresh haus," she said, handing her a cup. I ac dame drauk it at once. "It is too late!" she cried, would kill his mother to give up Castle amends for all his past. This poor child would be thrown on the world a friend-Lady Marchmont, whom he found in a state of great excitement. "We were so afraid something serious had happened. Why on earth, Reginwould be thrown on the world a friend-less pauper. Why not do some good with his vast riches - fle had intended ald, did you keep us waiting su long ?" "Business which demanded my person-

possible '

the path.



With

Soap and Ointment

same state. He got through his tollet somehow, and went through it all like a puppet worked by the will of another. When he arrived at Lady Marchmont's Miss Staunton greeted him cordialiy.

"Shall I tell you, my lord, how glad we are to see you?" she asked archly. Her face was radiant with happiness. How beautiful she was! He had How beautiful she was! He had never before realized what a bright, beautiful woman she was. She was clad in pure white. Her dress

fell in graceful folds and was a mass fell in graceful folds and was a mass of exquisite old lace. Her toilet was simply perfect. The white dress re-called another to him-an old dress solied and bedraggled and time-worn--the one worn by Dorothy. He turned sick and faint.

"You are kind to think of me," he said. He had not thought how icy was his reply, but for the life of him he could say nothing else. Miss Stauntoa eyed him strangely. There was that icy chill on his face, and

she saw it. What had she done to dis-please him Perhaps she had been too way. She drew herself up proudly and played with the tassels of her cloak. Fortunately, Lady Emily came in and relieved the awkward silence; but a look at each did not reassure her.

"If they are not a handful, I wonder where I will find one?" she thought, and "We must be off," she said, and they

started at once. This was certainly a strange drive.

The conversation flagged most unmere fully, and there was many an awkward silence He mechanically went through one or two dances, then strolled into the con

servatory alone, and remained a con-siderable time until several of his friends came in. "In the dumps, Wedderburn?" asked

He answered icily, "No."

"I should not think you would court solitude, having brought the handsomest solutide, having brought the handsomest young lady in the room. You ought to thank me for my generosity, Wedder-burn, when you know I brought Lady Alice Harborough." "I do, certainly," he replied, with a smile, but it was only a ghost of a smile after all.

He rejoined the dancers, and seated himself beside the Marchioness Ely. Here way. "Yes, yes, my Lord, I will stiend to he was safe for a time at least. The marchioness had not daughters of her everything. I have your Lordship's permission to carry out the wishes of my sister as far as possible. I will com-municate with your Lordship as soon as The own to marry off; hence, was honest and straightforward in a remarkable degree.

As he bade him good-bye, Lord Wed-derburn pressed a roll of bank notes in "Lovely girl, that," she remarked. "Which one?" asked Lord Wedder uru.

"The one in white, Miss Staunton, and an American, too! Who would have thought she could be so utterly at home among us? Such a sweet face, too!" Lord Wedderburn felt angry, but he

othy. "I want to tell you, my Lord, that it was not my fault that I am forced on you. I did not want to do it." Her words were full of agony, as well as felt perfectly well acquainted with the marchioness and knew her kind heart. "What a lovely wife she will make some of you marriageables; Sir Philip Matden is a devoted admirer, but shall I tell you what report says " she asked. "It says that Lord Wedderburn is to marrie the limit American being " He took both her hands in his own,

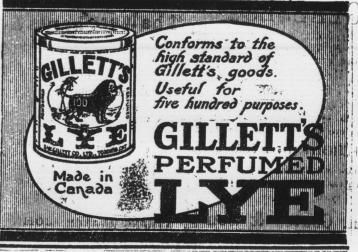
pressed them gently and rushed down narry the lively American heiress." "Report has paid me great honor, but He had only a few minutes to estel the train. He entered the room where the train. He entered the room where the lamp was still burning. The fire ou the hearth had almost smouldered out. He rang the bell for Marsten, his for once it is mistaken. respectful and honest ring in his voice The marchioness eyed him suspiciously.

man. He was certainly honest in what he did "We are late for that train. Can you Then there was some one in the way. Some Betty-milk maid or some rural pack my portmanteau in time?" Marsten left the room hurriedly. They beauty had stolen his heart. (To be Continued.)

"for immediate expenses,"

reached the station just as the train rolled up. CHAPTER IV.

Are You Droopy.



THE MOVIES.

Lizzie hurries home from work, Sie From the store where she is clerk, And she outs her humble dinner in flurry; And her mother says: "Now, Liz,

Indue haste unseemly is; Are you going out to night, and what's your hurry?"

To the movies, mother dear," She replies; "now never fear; That's where the melodrammer's cheap, That's For a nickel you may weep And may laugh until you're sore; ate smiles and sighs galore At the movies.

I'll see handsome Claude de Vero Win his sweetheart, Maybelle dear, In spite of every villain's masching

tions; [1] see cowboys, very pretty, les, they pose in Jersey City; Oh, 1 can't resist the movies' fascina tions.

To the movies, mother dear, Willie's with me, never fear; That's where true love always wins, Where the bad repent their sins; Hope they have a comic fillum, With a chase scene pleases Willum

At the movies.

d

"Pop, what was the tune the old cow died on?" "Probably a song of the land, Willie." fodder

SWAT THAT FLY

(Exchange.) summer's here, All stimmer's here, Cast up your eye, And strike to death The roaming fly; Where'er you find Him spare him not, But joh the class That swat, swat, swat.

If twenty times As big, he'd be Wiped out as man's , :.; : :

A million germs He freely brings As on our food he Crawls and sings; The time we learned Our foolish lot And saved our lives With swat, swat, swat,

Pray, say no more of man's advance Unfil he leaves Much less to chance. No longer with False ego sigh, But get you up And swat the fly.

Berause hes Small, We let him go To fill our graves Before we know

Her Small Playmates-Audience With the Prime Minister.

To-day the Princess Juliana, heiress to the Dutch throne, attains the age of 3 and her birthday will be the occasion of many festivities throughout Holland.

THE LITTLE DUTCH PRINCESS.

The Queen of Holland lives the greater part of the year at her country seat of the Loo, near Apeldoom, in Gelder-There the Princess spends the and. whole day in the royal park, where she has her little baby house, her poultry yard with the lowls she feeds with her own hands, her dog, two ponies and a

Every day at the Loo as well as at The Hague some children are invited to play with her in order to mitigate as much as possible the double loneliness of her position as the future queen and n only child. The Queen likes to invite various chil-

dren by turns, so that the Princess may learn at any early age to be friendly to all sorts of people and not to show too great a preference for a chosen few. These little three-year-olds are quite free in their games, and often treat their

royal hostes, with scant respect. One of them, proud of her dainty pat-ent leather shoes, said to the Princess: "I think my shoes much prettier than yours." Whereupon little Juliana look-ed ruefully at her strong laced up boots, saying, "And yet these are my very best."

A few days before the court left The Hague the Princess was taken for a Hague the Princess was taken for a walk in the Scheveningen woods. It had rained during the night, and for the first time it dawned upon her young mind how delightful it is to walk in the puddles, and especially to stamp one's foot in them till the drops fly about about.

This performance was witnessed by some admiring juvenile subjects, whose parents will no longer he able to ad-monish them with the saying so com-mon in Dutch nurseries: "Juliana never does this" or "Juliana always does that." Their paragon has proved to be only human after all.

only human after all. During an audience which the Prime Minister, Mr. Heeniskerk, had with the Queen a few days ago the Princess was ent for. When the nurse came to take her out for a drive the Queen said:

Now say 'Good-by, your excellency.'" She could not be made to repeat those words, but as soon as the footman had opened the door so that her retreat was safe, she cried out: "Good-by, curly head," which allusion to Mr. Heenikerk's flowing mane was much appreciated by those presen - From the London Daily Mail.

Every Indian Had an Umbrella. One of the incidents of the early days in Great Bend that cause a great deal of merriment among the white residents was the time the Indians bought all the parasols and umbrellas that were for cale in the town. This happened along in the 70s, and was on a rainy day. The Injuns were on their way south and came through the town of South Bend. They saw a number of men and women on the streets with umbrellas, and being plentifully supplied with money and a desire to own one of the handy contrivances, they got busy. The funny part of it was that they made no distinction between toy para-sols, silk ones and the serviceable linen ones. It was not long until the entire visible supply of all the stores had been

D

sinking back on her pillows;

late for what, Granny? You are so bad as that, are you Granny ion must live for me, for what should I do without you, Granny?" The words ere ball sobs. A great fear had A sense of her utter lonelis, ness and helphasuess.

you mean that your forgive me. That you do wish me to live? Can it be that you are as deceitful as all

do mean it, Granny, I do mean it, ou den't believe me l'Il pray right st at God will let me keep you." I do mean it. Granny, I do mean it. 11

100 undo all, but there's a part I can undo a part that will show you that I was to her, handed her the box of keys with nut all tad. I can not make up for all their different-colared strings whisper-these years. Dorothy, but I can show you that I telt kind y towards you when the calling Dorothy, to her, kissed her tenderly many times. Then, made signs to hate"

by was busying berself tidying room when there came a knock door. When the answered it the door. When she and evil vis-tors shad before her a most evil visaged innu. His face was long, thin and durb, and his words were slow, measured end solemn. He asked for Dame Wy

"Granuy is very ill, and I do not be will see strangers," answered-

am no stranger." he said. "Tell

Dorothy left the room as soon as she What must be do? He had telegraphed They loved darin ighted the candles, for it was growing his coming. It seemed a shame to de-lark now. Ere she left she knew that sert Dorothy in her great trouble, yet to "Then you go John Derginnen was to get of Dame gray incant erglandernis he lated not Mariboror, eff she ashe h

helping Dorothy, anyway. He had sat there some time thinking over it all, al attention," he replied.

until some one touchel his shoulder. He arose and followed him into the dying I have kept Miss Staunton here, wait-

I have kept Miss Stanton here, wait-ing all this time, until their visit to Scotland is really spoiled, but I have recompense for all this trouble; let me whisper to you what it is: You are safe now she have sure." John Broagianan was attending the dying woman; and Lord Wedderburn went after Dorothy. A fire blazed on the hearth and shed a low, she loves you.'

Lord Wedderburn turned cold as marble. What evil fate had befallen him. He was speechless. All the pleasure died out of Lody Emily's face.

She knelt then and there beside the bed, but she could not think what to say. "Dear Gol, soare me Granny." Spare me Granny. If she has been a little hard on me, it's because I needed it, for I am that uncommon metril." She could think of nothing more, she could think of nothing more, she could think of nothing shall be that. A doen sense of her unworthiness had and that. A veloped her. The old woman sank back exhursted. "Come to me, Dorothy," she stid softly. "Now, kiss me once," and Dorot y bent over her and kissed her one, twice, thrice. Westmoreland's, and

thrice. . the next, Dorothy, for me to ""How like her mother!" the dying wo-There was no sign that Lord Welderburn was listening. He was staring straight before him, and as impassive as etone "Have you been ill?" ask-d Lady

Marchmont.

for them to kneel at her bedside, which they did. "Some time you will know. Dorothy.

"Some time you will know, Dorothy, to conceal it from her. He had been I would atome, but it's too late, too she felt sure. She had almost given He had been ill. up in despair, when a thought came to ler.

"They holds want before they are seen they are seen the barrier of the fillers and send the stands from their bards to held the fillers bands from their bards to held the fillers. Us tragely was no mean to be done for life. Us tragely was

There was the soft pleading in his mind, but that of death was just begin-

"I am no stranger." he said, "Tell anded, hut that of death was just begins. Demo Wyntersthat John Bonghman has, ning. Come." "Being him in, thank Gol! Trank "Being him in, thank Gol! Trank Gedt. I was thinking how to manage, and John is the very person. Bring Shim in!" Dorothy left the room as soon as abe

They loved daring uncertainty.

My busines is not to remake myself, but make the tabsolute best of what God male .-- Browning.

Tired, Worn Out?

HERE IS GOOD ADVICE TO ALL WHO FEEL AS IF THEIR VIGOR AND LIFE HAD ALL OOZED AWAY.

There was

"Of what use are your agents, pray. This Condition Can be Quickly Cured by a Good Cleansing Medicine.

Your experience is probably some what femiliar to that de scribed by J. T. Fleming in the following letter from his home in Lebanon: "I think I must have the most sluggish sort of a liver. In the morning my month was bitter and that fonl, soit feeling that bitter and that foul, soft feeling that tells you, "No breakfast meeded here this morning," A cap of coffee would sort of brace me up, but in two hours f was disposed to quit work, all energy having oczel out of me. Supper was only my good meal, but I guess I didn't digest very well, for I dream to bet

the band. A friend put me wise to Dr Hamilton's Pills. I think they must have taken hold on my liver, perhaps my stomach, too, because the very start they made things go right. Look at me now not sleepy in the daytime, but hustling for the mighty dollar and get-ting inn out of life every minute. That's but what Dr. Hamilton's Pills have done to me they have rebuilt and rejuvenate my entire system."

To keep free from herdaches, to feel young and bright, to enjoy your meals, a sleep sound and look your best, noth ing can help like Pr. Hamilton's Pills 25e per box, five for \$1.00, at all drug "No, not exactly ill, but rather de-pressed," he replied. She eyed him narrowly. He was trying gists and storeleeners, or postpaid from Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

Being called to his feet unexpected!

at the gathering and asked to respond informally to the toast, "The Ladies," Mr. Gilfers behand and hawed, and be gan:

"My friends, all that I am, al l'hat have in the world, I owe to a woman-ny wife."

Here he was interrupted by that lady herself, who arose and said:

"I told you when you put the property in my name you'd give it away the first time you opened your mouth."-Judge's Library.

A FACT.

(Detroit Proc Press) Aboyt the bondes: man on the world a control is the man offer is too easily

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5-

NE TERRY GINGON

"Are the hills high out on this

"Wal, I guess. They're so high we

BLAMES HOME TRAINING.

Judge Charles N. Goodn Journ of Domestic Retations old the Mothers' Congress

tunnels through 'em to

Then the fun began. purchased Some of the toy parasols were made of cloth that was highly colored, and as soon as the water hit them the coloring matter began to mix with the water and drip down upon the Indians' clothes. They minded this not in the least, and vere seen going southward whooping and seemingly in the very best of spirits. Great Bend Tribune.

MAXIE AND MINNIE.

(Rochester Union and Advertiser.)

Gazing at a group of nine children gallered about a small stoop, says the Youngstown Telegram, an old hady called one of the little girls. "Are all of these children your broth-ers and sisters?" she asked. "Yes, mun," replied the youngster. "What is the largest one named?" "Whate, mun."

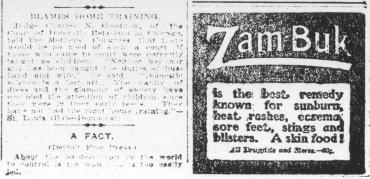
And what do you call the smaller

"Minnie, mum."

WHY MONEY IS CHEAP.

(Judge's Library.)

"I want you to tell me what this paper means when it says in its market report hat money is cleap." says Mrs. McPes o feer heaband, who like all husbands, s sampased to het en volonedle. Mories hid down the sporting sheet. "I's simply putting in a briefer form the statement that money talks." he replied, and that talk is cheap."



let the airships by

road had