

"'Because a thing must be probable, when t heyoung man turned toward or at least possible, before I can give credit for it,' he replied, harshly, add- in his hands, and that he was weeping as men seldom weep in a lifetime. "His sorrow is the same as mine," he thought. "The beautiful, young wife who visited him liere once, and who

pity

to come.

never came again, has deserted him. I say God pity him, from the bottom of my heart. I can understand now whŷ

nc is failing so rapidly. I repeat, Heaven pity him, and all other good, true men who have been hefooled by a woman?" CHAPTER XXXVII.

Not one word did Clarence Neville utter when he was notified that the

decree of divorce had been granted which separated him forever from the lovely little bride whom he had loved so madly,

so passionately. "If she wishes it so, then so be it,"

He arose from that sickbed so altered

that when he first glanced into the glass he did not know the face reflected there.

It was handcome still, though sadly care-worn and traced with lines, which should not have been engraven there for years

Should he go back to Boston to his father's banking house, or go elsewhere --where no one knew him? True, they

did not know his story, his friends of other days, and they would attribute his changed appearance to the illnesshe had just passed through. But this was not why he hesitated;

of his heart. He might meet her at any

he knew that Boston held Bab, the

turn in the road, on any sree.

any one of his arrival, and went

Clarence! have you been ill?" he claimed, in great fright.

his pallid face. "How is my father?" asked, in the next breath.

he cannot be well when he omits that

And, then, he does not go out of an

vening, as in other days, and I ofter

hear him pace the floor of his room for

hours after he has retired to avery dull ments. The old house has been very dull

and gloomy since you went away, Marse Clarence: things will be sure to bright

ten and look up now that you are

Clarence passed him hurriedly, stop

evening. "You will find him there, sir,"

turned the butler.

back.

he said to himself.

ing: 'I ought not to have one regret after a girl who can throw a man over as heartlessly as you would do. Heartless you have proven yourself to be --heartless and faithless. Even were you to take back the words you have utter-ed, I should still have lost my confidence in you. And a faith once broken can never be mended; it may be patched up, but a patched up faith will not do to go through life with, because a woman who hes deceived a man once, for one object, may deceive him a second time for another. Apply for your divorce, if you will,' he went on bitterly. 'I will not put a straw in your way to oppose it. Why should I seek to have and to hold an unwilling bride? By God's help, I will never see you again after to-day. Goand good-by-' "'Will we not part as friends?" she

faltered. 'Say you firgive me.' "'Falsehoods do not pass my lips as

glibly as they do yours,' he answered, bitterly, forgetting, in his intense agita-tion, the rudeness of the words he uttered-he who was always so kind, gentle and chivalrous to the lowliest of omankind as well as to the highestborn. 'If I should say that I forgive you thousand times, I should be no nearer the doing it. Good-by!' he said again, putting out his hand abruptly, feeling putting out his hand abruptly, feeling that the strain was getting too much for him to bear calmly much longer.

You will put in no answer when the -the papers are served upon you?' she queried anxiously.

"None!" he responded, briefly. 'A woman should have her way in such matwoman should have her way in such mat-ters; if she persists, and can-not be persuaded to love the husband whom she has wedded, she should be allowed to go. even though in going from him she transples

over his heart roughshod!' "'Good-by-and thank you,' she repled, in evident embarrassment, not knowing just what words she ought to use in this instance in leaving his pres-

"She had gained her object, and now all she had to do was to leave him. There was nothing more to be said, and she turned away and left him, with his face turned from her." "This was the story as told by India

Haven to Rupert Downing. What the fair impostor did not know was that ere she had passed out of the hospital ward, Clarence Neville had fallen back

upon his pillow like one dead. She wrote a long letter to India Haven, when she went back to her hote!, equainting her with the great success hus far in their scheme; that she had passed for Barbara without the slightest suspicion being aroused in the mind of the young husband that she was other than his bride. She told of his pleadings most graphically, and of her reluctant consent at last, to let her have her will concerning the divorce, adding:

"This is the first stage of the game," she wrote. "I await here for further orders from you, my benefactress, who saved me from starvation, that memorable day on the Boston common

India answered by return mail, giving her the instructions she asked for which were to go into an adjoining State and select an obscure lawyer, and apply for a divorce in the name of rbara Neville, remaining there until it was secured

This plan Clorinda, the actress, faithfully carried out to the letter. The papers were duly served upon Clarence Neville, in the hospital where he lay. Neville, in the nospice, made no op-He

THE ATHENS REPORTER, AUG. 20, 1913

SCALES, DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Head so Itchy Could Hardly Stand It. Dandruff Showed on Coat Collar. Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Cured in One Month.

223 Elizabeth St., Montreal, Que.-"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me perma-nently from dandruff and scalp itch that I was suffering with since over a year. I had an inflammation of the lungs and a very strong fever. When I recovered, my head was covered with scales and dandruff, and it was so lichy I could hardly stand it. The dandruff showed on my coat collar. I had used various medicines without relief. I heard of Cuticurs Scap and Ointment and decided to try them, and I am very glad of it, because I am perfectly cured. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap. It took one month to cure me. I take pleasure in recommending Cuti-cura Soap and Ointment to anyone who is suffering with scalp or skin diseases." (Signed) Hector Perras, Dec. 30, 1911.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent failing hair, remove crusts and scales, and allay itching and irritation of the scalp, frequent ahampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford the speedlest and most economical treatment. They assist in promoting the growth and beauty of the bar by removing these conditions which promoting the growth and beauty of the hair by removing those conditions which tend to make it dry, thin, and lifetees, often leading to premature grayness and loss of hair. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each malled free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 46D, Boston, U. S. A.

As he spoke the old gentleman stoop-d and recovered the mirror and the cortrait. Clarence noticed that he ushed the latter face downward under portrait. convenient pile of papers near his elbow

It was the old story of the moti and It was the old story of the moti and the flame—although it singed his wings he could not keep away. He had read in the newspapers of his father's arrival from abroad. He had refrained from writing to him from the hospital, know-ing what a fright it would be to him. He reached Boston without apprising any one of his arrival, and went directly "Sit down, sit down, my boy," he exclaimed. "Have you just returned-have you dined? I have so much to ask to his home. The old butler looked in astonishment at the white, drawn face, of you-where have you been, and why have you not written me-that I scarcely as he answered the bell and recognized

his young master. "The good Lord deliver us, Marse know where to begin." He had talked on so volubly, and in such excited embarrassment, that he had ex not had time to scarcely raise his eves to his son's face. Even when he did so, he did not discern how pale and haggard "I have been travelling more than was good for me," returned the young man, with a ghost of a smile flickering over he was, because he was sitting half in the shadow.

Clarence gave him a little ranning description of his travels, but made no The old butler's face grew solemn. "Like you, sir, his trip abroad did not benefit him; and then, I think he wormention of the hospital affair. For some moments after he ccased ried a little about not hearing from you. He does not take his wine, as speaking, the old gentleman plucked nervously at the silken cuff of his dress-8.8 he used to, with his dinner at night, and

ing-gown, "I, too, have something to tell you. my boy," he said, straightening himself up, sitting back in his great armchair, and twirling his white moustache nerv ously in his still, white fingers.

Clarence waited patiently for him to roceed. "Ever since you went away, a strange loneliness seized me," began the old banker, "and I cast about for amuseas a man naturally will, young ment.

Still, Clarence made no answer, and his father went on, desperately: "And I found it in the shape of-do

ping on the first landing of the grand staircase to inquire whether his father was still in his room, it being late in the not be exceedingly surprised, my son-I found it in the person of a beautiful re Clarence wanted to hear no more, but oung woman, whom I met at the home with all possible haste gained his fa ther's ther's apartment. The door was of a friend upon whom I called on evening. It was a fatal infatuation, at first eight, with me. Once more I felt and the son paused on the threshold, held speechless by the sight which pre-sented itself from within. the fire of youth coursing through my veins. We corresponded all the time that I was abroad, and I plucked up the courage to do by letter that which I feel sure I could never have accomplished in person. I asked have to be you beids Banker Neville sat in his great, Turk ish armchair, by a large marble table, which occupied the centre of the apartin person-1 asked her to be my bride, and I was accepted, my boy. I want you to wish me joy, Clarence. The bride you to wish me joy, Clarence. The bride I am about to bring home is as beautiful as the morning itself -a radiantly lovely creature, whom you have met. When I tell you who it is, you will be amazed that one so young and fair could care for an old man like me. I will show you her picture; you will see the name writ-ten beneath it."

"I see the situation in the true light am anxious to secure your happiness at any cost, father," he went on, "but "but for you. I see appiness in such a union for you. I see only discontent, dis-satisfaction and unhappiness, if not satisfaction and unnapplices, it acts abject misery." "I will hear no more!" cried the old man, wrathfully. "not another word. You are thinking not of my comfort, but of the few dollars I shall leave be-

hind me, and the fear is uppermost in your mind that another will share it with you."

"That is not true, father!" exclaimed the young man, flushing hotly. "The question of your wealth, or what dis-position you could or would make of it, in such a case, never once entered in my mind, I assure you. You wrong me in believing, even for an instant, that I would let any prospects of minestand in the way of your happiness. If you were to cut me off without a dollar, I should still exist, for I have two strong hands and a willing hast and although hands and a willing heart, and although I have been brought up an aristocratic I am not above work.

Clarence stopped abruptly, walked over to the window, and drawing aside the heavy silken curtains, looked out of the window.

at night from the time he had been a little child, believing that that par-ticular star was his dead mother's soul looking and shining down upon him. That was the sweet, quaint fancy his good old nurse had instilled into his childish beart.

realized what was about to take place, and if earthly griefs ever penetrated those white, drifting clouds to the souls of those who had loved and been loved

er's sacred place in his father's heart and home was a thought almost intolerable to him.

some, stalwart, manly figure standing in the shadow of the curtains, and liked him all the better for his show of spirit.

do," ruminated the old banker. "and it made a man of me. The young fellows who are born with a golden spoon in their mouths nowadays are illy fitted to cope with the world—and, the pushing men who crowd up closely from be hind

til Clarence turned from the window

ing up to the old man and laying his trembling hand on his shoulder, "weigh this matter carefully and well ere you plunge it. Take a year to think it

over. "Nonsense!" retorted the oid banker. "I am not so young that I should de-prive myself of a year of happiness and companionship, when there is no neces-sity for so doing. You will grant, I pre-sume, that I am old enough to know what I want?"

what I want ?" "A little too old to know what he needs, and what he should not want," was the thought that passed through the son's troubled brain, but he loved

"Do not attempt to persuade me to give up my beautiful fiancee, because it give up my beautiful francee, because it would be simply a waste of words and time upon your part. My decision is made; I shall marry Miss Haven on the day we have set—if I live!" (To be Continued.)

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



ABERDEEN CLIPPER.

Passing of a World-Famous Class of Ships.

Ink-Well. A London cable to The Sun reported the sale on Monday of an old inketa The price paid was \$7.010. A good deal of money for an inkstand, yet it would be worth a sum not to be estimated in figures, but in fancies, could the owner know whose qu'ils have been dipped into it and what thoughts have come out of it, as impa came out of am oven in an old fairy tale. It must be wonderful inkstand, as these words

"It is formed as an equestrian group of Marcus Aurelius, with an inkwell and sand box by his side, mounted on haxegonal plinth, with foliage border and claw feet." When the sand was fresh and clean

FADED INK.

Reveries Caused by an Antique

When the sand was fresh and clean in that little box Henry VIII. was a boy playing tennis. We know how ho lost his temper over one fame and broke his ractuet. Did the inkwell tell what a fine, healthy youth Henry was, really noble? So elaborate an infistend must have belonged to per-sons "in the know." as we say to-day, and they wrote of intrigues until the ink went dry many times before the ink went dry many times before the haercter of Henry became fiendish

With fresh ink and new quills and an With tress ink and new just that well other hends dipped toward that well there must have come a time who words like there came out: "I saw a new play this afternoon, called 'Hamlet.' I forget the playwright's name. And how Speaking generally, and avoiding tech-nical terms, the clipper was longer and the guill must have shaken and the sond Murred the mase when the head of Charles fell off the block. What an awnarrower than the ordinary sailing ship, was very sharp at the bows, and was gracefully fined away towards the ful news story that would be to-day, but letter writers were the only report-ers then. What strange, stray rumors The first Aberdeen clipper was built for an association of traders to com-pete with the paddle steamers to Lonthey penned each other about a land neross the Atlantic! The sand on the paper turned to rubles and diamonds don. The firm of Alexander Hall & Sons constructed for these merchants ansted on Indians. A sweep of history, scandal. love. parental duty, lies and truth, they have all come out of that a schooner of 142 tons, experimenting in the substitution of a sharp cut-water bow for the broad, bluff bow that was then common. This was in old inkwell.

Once a man lost his health and went 1839, and the vessel-the first of its to Colorado to regain it. When he reto colorado to regain it. When he re-turned to New York friends asked if he had been minin... "Yes." said he, "in an inkwell." Who knows what gold still lies in the inkwell that has stood so long at the side of Margua Austing? kind in Great Britain—was called the Scottish Maid. The experiment was successful, although the time it made successful, although the time it made on the trip to London-49 hours — seems ludicrous now. Other three schooners were built on the same model, and the "Aberdeen clipper bow" how we calchested at the side of Marcus Aurelius? Ycrk Sun.



of the window. The night was so intensely dark that only the bright lights of the street lamps were visible below, and the star lamps that hung flickering jewels in the blue, arched dome overhead. He seemed to choke up suddenly, as his eyes encountered the large, bright, golden star which he had wont to watch at micht from the time he had been a A famous class of sailing ships, the clippers, is recalled by the passing away, in somewhat dramatic fashion, of one of the most famous of them, the Thermopylae, formerly of the Aberdeen Line. She made many brilliant per formances as a fast sailer, taking s

He wondered if his mother knew and

by us down below. That a gay, giddy, brilliant young French girl should take his dead moth-

His father looked at the tall, handand beauty. However, much or little there may be in the suggestion that

there may be in the suggestion that the name is derived from an old mean-ing of the word "clip," to run or fly swiftly, a clipper was at any rate a ship built expressly for speed, though latterly it was so constructed as to combine the greatest carrying capacity with the form best adapted for speed. in regard to making his own way in the world. "It is nothing more than what I had to

His thoughts ran on in this strain un-

again. ain. "Father!" he exclaimed, huskily, go-

"Nonsense!" retorted the old banker.

and respected his father too much to pain him by giving utterance to the sentiment.

leading part ni the races from China with the new season's teas that used to be the great sporting events of the maritime world. But with the suppression of sailing vessels by steamship sion of saming vessels by steamships the clippers were completely effaced, and for several years past the Thermopylae did humble duty as a training ship at the mouth of the Tagus. She became too old, as well as too small, for ever this services, and so was discarded. The Portuguese Government, however, did not like to sell a vessel with her reputation, and decided to give her a "naval funeral." She was accordingly towed out to sea and sunk by two Portuguese men-of-war. The clipper has been characterized The clipper has been characterized as the highest development of the wood en sailing ship in construction, speed and beauty. However, much or little

stern.

became celebrated.

hest to battle with his sorrow. He tried to harden himself to it: only Heaven knew what he suffered. would say to himself, over and He over again, and there was nether triuth, love faith in the world

He did not complain; his was an inward grief, a thousand times harder to bear. He did not want to live: he praved silently for death during all the long watches of the night, while the nurses thought him sleeping. He was an altered man from the day his lovely He was young wife had visited him, they noticed. The expression as though he was in mortal pain never left his face.

Why did she never come again? they wondered: the young wife for whom he used to call night and day, waking

or sleeping. One thing Clarence Neville never One thing Clarence Neville never tired of being thankful for, and that was that his father was abroad, and knew nothing of his illness or his troubles. There was no one in tre hosnital who knew him, to trouble him with

On an adjoining cot lay a young man who was slowly dying. He was the only one with whom Clarence exchanged a word.

This young man's constant companion was a book of poems, with which some kind friend had presented him, and from which he often begged to be allowed to

One day he said to Clarence: "H is a poem of Adelaide Proctor's, wh "Here had always seemed to me most pathecic. Shall I read it to you?" Neville said to himself that it was

easier to consent to listen since it evi dently gave him pleasure to read it-than to refuse, and he replied, rather rlaagthail

"Please yourself, my friend, in regard to reading it aloud to me, and you wil be sure to please me." "The title is a pathetic one," remark-

d the invalid. "and tells its d the invalid. "and tells its own story will tell you why I care for it, Mr Neville," he whispered bitterly, "It touches my own case; the girl I loved jilted me and wedded another. I have never known a well hour since.

Charence Neville started violently. The fickleness of woman was proverbial, then, it seemed. This poor fellow's sorrow was quite the same as his own. From that hour he took more interest

"The poem is entitled 'Parting,'" said the Hnes

when the young man turned toward keenly than ever."

nent: a shaded lamp was on the table. its rays falling upon his white, wrinkled, old face; the thin hands, with the sha-dowy veins showing through them, and upon a portrait he held tightly clutchne of them--the portrait of a

ed in one of them--the portrait of a beautiful young woman's face. Even across the space which divided them. Clarence Neville recognized the portrait at the first glance as that of the beautiful India Haven, Bab's cou-

For a moment Clarence stood quite spellbound. How came Miss Haven's pic-ture here-why was his father gazing it it so intently?

With a heavy sigh, the old banket raised the portrait to his lips and kissed it with all the fervor of youth, murmur

"I feel it was not right to accept on as beautiful as yourself, believing you loved me, when you stood before me promising to be my bride; and yet," he murmured straightening; murmured, straightening himself up and seizing a hand mirror which lay upon the table, and gazing wistfully into it, The table, and gazing wistinity into it, "I am no older than many another man who has married youth and beauty, and lived a happy enough life of it. Why should I doubt her, when she says size loves me? Love goes where it is sent; loves me? Love goes where it is sent; there seems to be a strange affinity be-tween us which draws us together. (larence would approve of it. I am sure. It is not natural for a son to be delighted over the prospect of his old father taking unto himself a bride dur-ing the last verse of his life.

the last years of his life. "But that will make no difference to

me. Why should I not enjoy what the gode provide without heart burnings or questioning fate as to why it should or should not be sa?' . "Father!

It was Clarence who spoke from the open doorway, and as he uttered the word he took a few steps forward into the room, and stood hesitatingly there, with his hand outstretched.

The photograph and the hand mirror fell with a crash to the floor; owing to fell with a crash to the floor; owing to the thickness of the carpet they were

not destroyed. "Clarence, how you startled me!" gasped the banker, at a loss for further vords, but the next instant he had recovered himself.

"A thousand welcomes home, my boy!" he exclaimed, shaking the young man's hand warmly; "I have missed you

sadly. The old house has been as silent the young man, and in a clear, rich, as a torneb. I went abroad because I melodious voice he read the beautiful could not stand the quietude, and when I returned I felt the lonesomeness more

As he spoke, he drew out the portrait from beneath the pile of papers, and Clarence beheld the darkly handsome face of India Haven smiling maliciously up at him

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The silence lasted so long between two that at last it became irksor to the old gentleman; he began to shift about uneasily in his seat, saying, husk "Well, my son, what do you think of

ny choice?"

Clarence Neville laid down the picture

Clarence Neville hid down the picture with a heavy sigh, saying slowly: "You will not like my opinion, father; but since you have asked for it. 1 will tell you with candor what I think. "Of course, it is hard to reconcile myself to the thought of any woman on earth filling my dead mother's place, but had your choice fallen upon a com-panion more suitable to your years, my regret would not have been so great." regret would not have been so great He forebore telling his father that this very girl had been apparently deeply in love with himself

"I cannot feel that she loves you for yourself alone, worthy as I know you to be, for it is hardly in the nature of human hearts for a young and lovely girl to become enamored of an old man You realize that you have graced many a long year, father; your life's journey has been a long road, as you look back over it, and your future journeyings cannot but be short, at the best. You need rest, an easy, happy mind, at your time of life. This you would not be able to attain if you were to begin now to dance attendance upon the capricious whires of a young girl who is fond of life and gayety and a constant whirl

of pleasure "She is tired of frivolous society, and is content to lead a quiet life," persisted the old man. testily.

"Nay, nay, father!" observed Clar-ence. "Youth must have its fling; you cannot put an old, wise head upon young shoulders."

shoulders." "I thought I should be unwise in talk-ing this very delicate matter over with you, prejudiced against it as you are. You are determined to view the matter in a false light."

WELL-HOW IT'S A SIGHT! DO YOU LIKE IT?

0

places:

way?

day?

summer night?

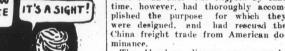
goes running by?

can you dare to lie?

Calo

SHE DIDN'T FAVOR HIS SUIT.

Love of Life.



The Aberdeen clippers were remark bly immune from disaster; but one of the largest and very best built, the Schomberg, 2,600 tons, launched in 1855, was lost on her first voyage, being wrecked on the rocks at Cape Otway, being 150 miles west of Melbourne

Tht Average Man.

His face had the grimness of granite; It was bleached and bronzed by the sun Like the coat on his poor, narrow shoul

ders; And his hands showed the work he had

His dim eyes were weary and patient; And he smiled through his pallor and

A wistful, sad smile, as if saying: "I'm only an average man.

"I can't be a hero or poet, Nor a dictator wearing a crown; I'm only the hard-working servant Of those set above me. I'm down; I'm down, and it's no use complaining I'll get on the best way I can; And one o' these days 'll come mornin And the rest for the average man." morning

He wages all battles and win them He builds al turrents that tower, Over walls of the city to tell Of the rulers and priests of the hour, Without his the general is helpless, The earth but a place and a plan; He moves all and clothes all and feeds all.wide their branches Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of June? Love you not the little bird lost among

the leaflets, Dreamly repeating a quaint, brief tune? ali,-The sad-smiling average man.

With And at a Will.

Is there not a joy in the waste windy A drill sergeant was drilling the re Is there not a song by the long dusty cruit squad in the use of the rifle. Every thing went smoothly until blank ridges were distributed. The rec The recruits Is there not a glory in the sudden were instructed to load their pieces and hour of struggle; Is there not a peace in the long giet stand at the "ready," and then the ser geant gave the command:

Love you not the meadows with the Private Dunn was puzzled. He lower

York Post.

LANSBURY'S GRAVE ERROR.

LANSBURY'S GRAVE ERROR. (Philadelphia Record) Mr. Lansbury has astonished his wife by winning his hunger strike. He went without food three days, and the English Government sent him home to dimer. But hereafter it will be in vain for him to upbraid Mrs. Lansbury because dinner isn't ready. If he can go without food three days in jail he can wait his wife's convenience for food. Mrs. Lansbury said she never saw a man so dependent on his regular mesis and prodicted that he would starve to death hn six hours. He can no longer impose upon her, and she may feed him when she gets good and ready.



Snodgrass-Kinder thought i'd step in and pay you my respects. did? Postmaster-Storekeeper-Yer Wal, I'd feel better if yer paid yer bills.

Sea Longing.

A thousand miles beyond this sun-steeped wall Somewhere the waves creep cool along

the sand.

The ebbing tide forsakes the listless and

With the old summer, long and musical; The windy waves mount up and curve and fall, And round the rocks the foam blows

up like snow

Though I am inland far, I hear and

know, For I was born the/sea's eternal thrail. I would that I were there, and over

The cold insistence of the tide would roll

Quenching this borning thing men call

the soul: Then with the ebbing I should drift and be

Less than the smallest shell that stars

the shoal, Less than the seagulls calling to the

-- Sara Teasdale in August Smart Set.

GETTING DOWN TO LEVEL.

(Montreal Gazette)

(Montreal Gazette) New York newspapers say that the "kitchen sink" is the latest in freak dances, and that it has got to be a per-sumed, therefore, that in a short time it will be being danced by the pasty-faced men and bold-faced women wne run in the smart cafes in other cities. The fast dances have gone from the barnyard to the kitchen in naming their craziness will be rightly named.

Willie-I don't think Auntie will stay. She didn't bring her trunk. Johnny-Huh! Lock how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything.-Boston Record.

One good turn may deserve another, but sometimes it's a mighty long time between turns.

'Fire at will!'

ed his gun. "Which one is will?" he asked.-New deep lush grasses; Love you not the cloud-flocks noise-

less in their flight? Love you not the cool wind that stirs

to meet the sunrise; Love you not the stillness of the warm Have you never wept with a grief that

slowly passes. Have you never laughed when a joy Know you not the peace of rest that follows labor? You have not learnt to live, then; how

-Fertius VanDyke in August Scribner