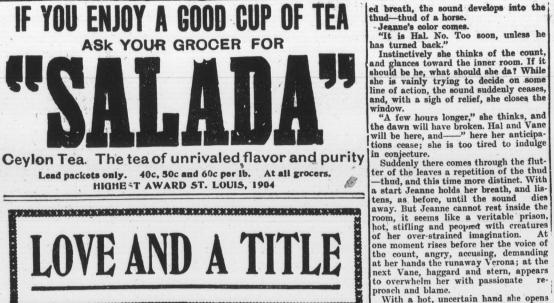
THE ATHENS REPORTER JAN. 31. 1906

she is too tired to indulge

With a hot, uncertain hand she opens





"Hal," says Jeanne, interrupting him, with the first touch of severity he has ever scen in her face, "you have done wrong—very wrong! You have done more harm than you just now can real-ize. She must go back!" "And he would rather you were his more harm than you just now can real-ize. She must go back!" "And he would rather you were his mine to carry her off to Russia. "Bhaned to carry her off to Russia. "Bhaw!" says Jeanne; "that sort of thing goes on in novels, but—"" "It is true, every word of it," says Hal. "Think, Jeanne! Put yourself in her place—wouldn't you run away if you knew where to be made a prisone of, and carried to the end of the world against your will? Oh, Jeanne, I thought you would have felt for her, if mot for me!" Jeanne is touched, and the tears start

Jeanne is touched, and the tears start to her eyes as she looks from one to the "But what can I do?" she asks, very

seriously. "And—and you don't know at what a cost I have obeyed your sum-mons, Hal. We start for England tomorrow.

morrow." "Whaf!" says Hal, jumping up al-most to the ceiling—he has been sitting on the table. "What! you start for Eng-land. Hurrah! Don't you see, Jeanne? How dull you are! Of course Verona goes with us. Nothing better could have happened. Look up, Verona!" and he goes down on his knee to her; "look up! We all go to England to-morrow!" Verona looks up. Very pale is she, and still frightened; and at sight of the nobly-sweet face so tearful and agitated,

nobly-sweet face so tearful and agitated, all Jeanne's worldly wisdom departs. With a word of endearment, she goes

over to her, and puts her arm around her as only a woman can; and in a few minutes Verona is herself again. "But you, Jeanne? You must not "But you, Jeanne? You must ay. What will the marquis say?"

stay. What will the marquis say?" Jeanne sniles rather constrainedly. What, indeed, will the marquis say? Hal, who had been kicking his legs from his perch on the table, is struck by another idea. "Look here?" he says, rather ruefully; "I tell you what I'd better do. I'd bet-ter ride back to the castle, and explain affairs to Vane."

affairs to Vane."

"Why not let George go?" suggests Jeanne; but Ital has some conscience. "finpossible, he has been too hard at it all day. No. I'll go, and he back as soon as I can; then you can remain with an

sounds on her ears like the distant swish of thesea as it flows softly at the foot of the cliffs. asy conscience, Jeanne, ch?" It is the wisest suggestion that can be made, and Hal, with a sigh, proceeds to put its adoution into operation. . It is the

"Mind," he says, filing his pipe and looking wistfully at Verona, "you are both to go to bed, and to make your ninds casy; Vane and I will arrange everything, and no one need be any the wiser. Look here—I've got it all cut and dried, Jeanne! You and Vane can to the heat in the ordinary way and trars trickle slowly through her white

With a hot, uncertain hand she opens the window again, and bends over the balcony. But not a sound reaches her ear, isave the sough of the wind among the leaves and the rustle of the vine at her feet. There then falls upon Jeanne that, vague, indefinable dread which all of us have felt at some time or other—a hor-ror of the silence, a longing for some sharp and sudden sound, though it be the sound we are dreading to hear any

sharp and sudden sound, though it be the sound we are dreading to hear—any-thing to break the horrible tension of the overstrained nerves. Restless, battling against this name-less terror Jeanne argues with herself. She is not alone, in the next room, not a dozen paces distant, lies Verona; the people of the house are close at hand; and above all within call lies George. and above all, within call lies George, whose devotion can be relied on. And after all, what has she to fear?

shall think it all a aream-"Until Hal comes back," says Jeane

after all, what has she to fear? With a quivering laugh, she goes back into her room. Opposite the window is a large mirror, set into her room. Op-posite the window is a large mirrow, set With old-world politeness, the land-With old-world politeness, the land-lady and her daughter precede their guests up the low flight of stairs, and throw open the bed-room door. Jeanne, Verona following, goes into the room opening onto the balcony. "I'll have this room," she says. "Let me stay with you," murmurs Verona; but Jeanne, who does not in-tend to sleep, and is anxious that Ver-ona should, laughingly refuses. "What, and break those good people's hearts by refusing to use the pretty in an old, carved frame—one of those pieces of antique which would fetchhundreds of guineas. crosses the room,

As Jeanne crosses the room, she catches sight of her figure in this mirror, and starts at the pale face which looks down at her. "Afraid of my own shadow," she says, half aloud. "Where has all my old cour-As Jeanne

age gone ? And, with an effort she goes up to the hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door agar, and to all in-tents it is one room. And don't be

hearts by refusing to use the pretty room they got ready for you? See, we will have the door agar, and to all in-tents it is one room. And don't be frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over By a course of judicious soothing and loving banter, Jeanne at last gets her loving banter, Jeanne at last frightened if you awake and see me standing beside the bed, watching over you."

way, and Verona, worn out by excite-ment and emotion, lies fast asleep, and Jeanne, who has sat beside her until the dark eyes droop and close, ariaes and returns to her own room. Wearily flected, not only herself, but someone else, and that with a man's face and figure.

For a moment she thinks her senses have described her, the next she turns and springs to the window. As she does so, a man drops on one

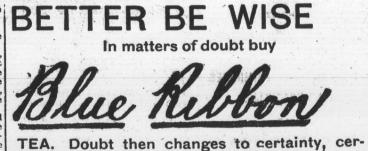
she sinks onto a chair, and, pushing her hair from her forehead, tries to draw the tangled skein of the day's events into order. She herselfe can scarcely persuade herself that it is not a dream, and that she will not awaken present-ly to find herself hock at theeste in knee at her feet, and speaks her name. With a low cry, Jeanne shrinks back,

still instinctively trying to close the y to find herself back at thecastle in window. "Jeanne," says the voice again, "for Heaven's sake do not look so terrified; Do you not know me ? It is I-Clarher own room. All is still within the house, so stil that the rustle of leaves on the vin that climbs and covers the balcon

"Clarence-Lord Lane !" she gasps. and staggers against the window-frame.

and staggers against the window-frame. "What—what are you doing here ?" His handsome face is pale and agitated with suppressed excitement; his riding-coat covered with dust, and his hand, which rests imploringly on her arm, is torn by the brambles and undergrowth through which he has ridden. Jeanne looks down at him, panting in her offect to recover composure and The cliffs! the dear old house! "I shall see it soon, in a day or two she thinks," and her head droops. With what unutterable feelings she had left it; what anticipations of delight and

wiser. Look here—I've got it all cut well, and now—with a long sigh, Jeanne looks down at hin, parting an not here fails and the grew so weak covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak that he covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak that he covers here face in her hands, and the grew so weak that here for to recover composure, and that he could not do the work that fails to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. We



tainty of quality.

Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon Tea.

from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him. "Are you-or am I-mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he has taken away 20 per cent. of his trade. Some of his steadiest customers have caught the craze for shav-ing themselves, and he fears that the ancient and honorable profession of

Wild, incredulous cycs, she looks at him.
"Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on:
"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne!
You must forgive me! I frighten myself sometimes?! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me. Jeanne! I cannot bear that! I listem-let me pour out my heart? Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when loved you then, but I did not know how to have oncestle, and so no longer a happy, gny-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know how are used before you. Ahl Jeanne, it in the barber's clair, that is sol, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ahl Jeanne, it in to fore men love as I do?"
Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise(terror, horor, Jeanne does not speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on-sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness. To be continued.
Mrean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbits the condurable.
Mrean Aching Backs, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take polson from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicat human filter spec clogged with impart.
Mrean Aching Back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The blood stu sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicat human filters get clogged with impart.
Mrean Aching back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The blood stu sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the ploon is left in the sys.
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An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take polson from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impur-ities, and the poison is left in the sys-tem to cause backaches, headaches, rheu-matism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Fills are the 0n8 trade ranked as a profession, and the barber was also a surgeon. A statute of Henry VIII, enacted that barbers should confine thier surgical operations to blood-letting and pulling teeth. Some modern wielders of the razor are still addicted to blood-letting. In the reign Pink Pills are the one new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their of George II. the surgeons and the bar-bers were separately incorporated. From immemorial time the barber work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the

"Clarence-Lord Lane !" she gasps, and staggers against the window-frame, "What-what are you doing here ?" His handsome face is pale and agitated with suppressed excitement; his riding-coat covered with dust, and his hand, which rests imploringly on her arm, is torn by the brambles and undergrowth through which he has riden. Jeanne looks down at him, panting in her effort to recover composure, and with wild, half-fearful questioning in her effort to recover composure, and with wild, half-fearful questioning in her effort to recover composure, and with wild, half-fearful questioning in her effort to recover a with er, falls to the lot of a yourge bow on a with wild, half-fearful questioning in her state of the state of the lot of a yourge bow on a with wild, half-fearful questioning in the falls to the lot of a yourge bow on a by a bad musician while squirming unimagine the torture of being played at by a bad musician while squirming un-der a dudl razor.

Women barbers are still a rarity, but William Hone, to whom the world is indebted for a precious collection of



Whushing the pipes and drains once a weak with copper as solution will re-move all odors and sediment.

To make the leaves of the rubber plant glossy and bright sponge them with milk.

milk. For removing threads and hairs from all sorts or brushes there comes a small steel rake with long times. Black ants dislike the odor of sassa-

fras and red ants will disappear if sul-phur is sprinkled in the places they fre-

quent. Bon-bon and fruit dishes in Watteau decoration and varied shapes represent some recent artistic productions in table

It is claimed that if silverware and especially knives, forks and spoons, are packed in dry flour they will remain dry and untarnished.

A mental stepladder, much more dur-able and stronger than the regulation wooden ladder, is a recent addition to the collection of household conveniences. A labor saving device though not es-pecially new, is the dustpan with long perpendicular handle. Its use saves perpendicular handle. Its uses saves many a crick in the muscles of the back. Wet tea leaves, hot or cold, are rec-ommended as a cheap and convenient remedy for burns. They should be cov-ered with a strip of cotton or linen and

kept on for one or two hours. Mahogany, has the preference among woods for drawing, reception, music and bed-room furniture. It divides honors with handsome quartered oak for librar-ies, and it is liked for dining-rooms when it can be obtained.

ies, and it is liked for dining-rooms when it can be obtained. Cheese may be kept from getting mouldy by wrapping it in a cloth that has been dipped n vinegar and wrung nearly dry. The cloth should have an outer covering of paper and the cheese kept in a cool place. Grease spots on matting may be re-moved if the grease is covered with French chalk and then sprinkled with benzine. After the benzine has evap-orated, brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

A good chocolate filling is made as follows: Boil together half a cup of chocolate, half a cup of milk and a scant cup of sugar until very thick, and spread quickly between soft layers of cake ake.

Danbury eggs are prepared as follows: To every well beaten egg add three tablesponfuls of milk and a teasponful of sifted flour. Mix carefully and saute them in a hot pan, stirring them occa-sionally as you would scrambled eggs. To take out iron rust dip the spot into

To take out iron rust dip the spot into-a strong solution of tartaric acid and expose to the sun. When dry wet the article with warm soapsuds; rub the stain with ripe tomato juice, expose to the sun again, and when the stain is nearly dry wash in more suds. This is a good method. To prepare waterproofing for boots and shoes mix together in a saucepan over the fire two parts of tallow and one

and snoes mix topether in a saucepan over the fire two parts of tallow and one part of resin; warm the boots and apply the hot mixture with a painter's brush till they will not absorb any more. If well polished before applying the mater-proofing they will take the polish after-ward. ward.

For the famous Banbury tarts of old England, have on hand a good piece of puff paste. Cut it in small pieces six inches square and in the centre of each put a spoonful of raspberry, curent, strawberry or gooseberry fam. Place the corners together, fold in half and

press the edges, scaling them tightly. Fry them in a kettle of deep fat. Sweet potato croquettes are delicious when made as follows: Mash some boilwhen made as follows: Mass some boll-ed sweet potatoes, season them highly with salt and pepper and add to every pint of the vegetable one egg yolk and a very small piece of butter. Form into croquettes, roll each in egg and breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat. Some-times a little sherry is put in the mix-ture, but it adds little to the flavor. One of the women who know recom mands glycerine for removing those tea stains that are such enemies to fine table linen. But it must be rubbed in before boiling has set its seal on the stain, or it may not be efficacious. Af-ter the glycerine has been applide wash t all out in tepid water, and the dis oloration will come out with it, so this authority says. An authority on fine laundering says that hot water should not be used in washing fine table linen or embroidered doiles. Cold water, white coap, and borax, if not borax soap, should be used instead. One wonders if all stains ould be removed with cold water, hut the suggestion is worth passing on. Certainly, every housekeeper has at times had difficulty in laundering table linen

-if-they do not find me before we turning day. start

Hal winces, but only for a moment. "We've got the bays," he says, quietly, nd we start at daybreak to-morrow-shall be back before then. And now 1'll go.

will go and see about our rooms,

she nurmurs, and so leaves the two alone together for a minute or two. There are two rooms, a door communi-cating between them, and the landlady omises to make ready the second one

the first is already prepared—for Jeanne. "Will milady permit me to offer her a selection from my wardrobe?" she asks

respectfully.

That Jeanne declines. In her cwt mind she has resolved to ride back to the castle at the break of day and will not take off her habit. When she poes down again Verona is standing at the window peering out at the night and the clatter of a horse's hoofs denotes that Hal has already

Suddenly there is a knock at the door

and George appears. "Master Hal, desired me to say, my lady, that I should be in the stable in you wanted me," ne says. respectfully. Jeanne smiles with a look of satisfa

"Very well," she says. "So we are not left all alone, dear," she adds, putting her arm around Verona.

You are not angry with me, my

Angry! no!" says Jeanny ,tenderly "Who could be angry with you, I wonder

I am glad of that," says Verona, sim ly. "I feared that you would think terhaps that I had done wrong! But what could I do? And, ok, Jeanne. I love him so! He is so brave and strong,

the long night which promised no re-turning day. A tear drops onto the skirt of her habit, and Jeanne stars; not since the night of her wedding day has she wept; pride has dried up her tears and keeps her heart sore and aching; but now, in this wayside inm, she can weep. Is it because she feels so lonely? Is it be-cause distance, actual, tangible dis-tance, is between her and the man sters him. I determine the source source and the man sters him. 'Jeanne,' he says, and his voice sounds trated, is between them more distant and emphatie? With a sudden effort she arises and 'Expect you?' says Jeanne; "no, I

xplain everything. If he had missed me, vould he ha'e cared? No, Vane's love has one from me-gone forever." Half mechanically she opens the win-

dow and steps out on the balcony. It is not seen how unhappy your life has warm inside the house, and the night air been? Has there been an hour of the blows cool and refreshing upon he hot brow.

wonder what time it is ?" she thinks, words, and watched your face ? And do

and 25.

has unknown."

There are 21,000 colored teachers in the function of the truth, and yet so gentle with weil could not be there are the united states. There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the truth and yet there is something in that hang gard, anxious fare that in unst go. I have hand to the end of the may be one that a hang to the count the solution as yet. Jeanne there are solution as yet. Jeanne there are 500 Indian teachers in the United States. There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes: 7,000 mervand 13,000 mervand

"Why are you here?" she repeats; "has—has anything happened at the cas-the ?—the count—does he know?' It is to be questioned whether Clar-ence hears her disjointed interrogations; has soul is in a whirl, his eyes drink in hastily the pale beauty of her face; one thought, one idea has taken posession of al bis sonse: he is alone with ber______ when the was a healthy as any the pose beauty of her face; one thought, one idea has taken posession of al bis sonse: he is alone with ber_______ when the was a healthy as any hastily the pale beauty of her face; one by of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams? Pink Pills will cure kidney the pale beauty of her face; one by of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams and this provide the trouble was a healthy as any hastily the pale beauty of her face; one by of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams and the provide the trouble was the provide the trouble was a healthy as any hastily the pale beauty of her face; one by of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe form." Dr. Williams' Prnk Pills act make new, rich blood. In that actually In that way they strike at the root of anaemia plaint, ervsipelas, skin diseases, neural-gia, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams"

Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION.

Men Numbering 120,000 and 330,000 Wo men Employed as Teachers.

The army of education in the United States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men, and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 30,000 having been born abroad

-one in fifteen. Most of the men teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 15

There are 2.300 men teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 women teachers over 65. Three times as many women as men teachers are put down as "ag

miscellaneous information, tells that there were a number of women barbers in London in the eighteenth century, and one of them was a ne-gress. Hone also records the death at London in 1817 of John Falconer, a well-known barber, who had reduce well-known barber, who had reduced the price of shaving to one penny. His competitors in the trade reviled him for cheapening his service, but he kept seven chairs in his shop and died worth \$15,000, a sum that was more in 1817 than it is in 1905. How many barbers that get 15 cents or 25 cents or shaving a face expect to leave \$15.

for shaving a face expect to leave \$15, 000 to their heirs?

Physiological Elimination.

(Detroit Free Press.) Now it is the tonsil which has faller under the ban of medical science and satisfactorily. the surgeon's knife is already whetled for the fray which promises to separate mankind from another section of anat-

mankind from another section of anat-omy with which a well-meaning but ap-parently misguided Creator endowed him. It is not so many years since mortal man was content to wander about ignorant of the fact that some-where within the innermost regions there reposed a veriform appendix cap-

able of tying its possessor in a hard knot on the slightest provocation. Now all is changed and the possession of such an adjunct is considered bad form.

Nor is the movement to stop here if we are to accept this latest theory and give it practical application. And if give it practical application.

appendices and tonsils, why not other portions of the system? Surely the lim-it has not yet been reached.

BABY'S TONGUE TELLS.

Paste Jewels.

Many a fire of love is kindled with

bank notes. Duty is happiness grown humdrum There are still many vacant lots in

Don't Worry street. How poor is he who hath only wealth!

Stained-glass sermons don't make vhole-souled saints.

The only way for a man to get over the illusions about his first love is to marry her.

Much devotion and respect may be accounted for by the attractiveness widow's weeds.

When experience comes in the door youth flies out the window .- New Or leans Picayune.

Self-Help.

Ethel's mistress had spent a week ta London, and, having returned, she was mak-ing some necessary inquiries. "I hope you looked after the canaries, the parrot and the cat while I was away?" she

said. "Oh, yes, mum." said Ethel. And then she wept. "B-but one d-day," she sobbed, "I forgot to give the cat her dinner." "Well, well," said her mistress, "don't cry. I don't suppose that did any harm." "No-o; but she went and 'elped 'ersof, mum," Ethel explained. "She ate the parrod and the canaries."

Resumed His Search.

Diogenes was reposing in his tuk "Get out of that." said the maid, appear-"Darn it," he muttered, "I forgot the

was washday." Then he took a lantern and began his famous quest.-Philadelpphia Ledger.