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When you buy Blue Kibbon Beylon Jea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

smile.

She

"My dear child," she ejaculates, with a low kaugh, as of irrepressi-le amusement, though her face ox-resses consternation, "you surely d not invite a young men to dhos will choose to become an Irishwowith a low kaugh, as of irrepressible amusement, though her face expresses consternation, "you surely did not invite a young man to dine man

with you without even a chaperon ! You surely are jesting, dear !" 'Indeed I am not, Lady Damer." Gillian answers, bravely, though the color is mounting to her tem-"Mr. Archer had most kindly ples. taken the trouble to order dinner here for Miss O'Neil and me, when he discovered that we should be delayed here for a few, hours until the was clear, and he kindly called see if he could do anything more for us, so-

"Oh, I see, dear! Oh! I quite un-derstand now," Lady Damer inter-rupts, smiling still, but quite in a different tone—"I quite understand now. One must disregard les con-venances in an extreme ca3e life this, and you did quite right in so gracefully acknowledg-ing your obligation to Mr. Archer, my love! Quite right! Of course," she adds, laughing again as irre-pressibly at the absurdity of the idea, "it would have been a very different matter if Mr. Archer had been ill-bred enough to imagine you wished him to dine with you!" "Oh, I see, dear! Oh ! I quite uned him to dine with you!" ut, of course, I did wish

"But, of course, I did wish him to dine with me!" Gillian per-sists mutinously, while she str.ves to smile away the displeasure that embarrasses her, and the flush that eepens in her cheeks. "I should of have asked him, if I did not!" The inquisitive and coldy-rebuk-ing smile on Lady Damer's patri-cian face grows colder, and she remains utterly silent, as if in in-ability to make a fitting reply to such a speech. mented by other dainty dishes

such a speech. And Gillian has just arrived at three aspirations, equally fervent and useless, that she had never seen and useress, that she had hever seen Ireland, never seen George Archer, never seen Lady Damer, when the waiter enters to announce firstly the arrival of dinner, and, secondly the arrival of Mr. Damer.

And Gillian wonders exceedingly why so florid and jovial-looking an elderly gentleman, with such merry blue eyes and humorous an expres-sion, should greet her with such a stately bow and a coldly-formal speech about being "charmed to

make her acquaintance. "But I knew your mother, my dear, twenty years ago," he adds, after a pause, his manner altering visibly as he gazes at the girlish face. "You're very like her, only prettier," and at the glim-mer of a sunny smile in the bright blue eyes, and the deferential ac-cent of pleasing gallantry, Gillian cannot 'orhear' to smile brightly in return—the more so as brightly in return—the so pleas-

man." And Gillian, blushing girlishly, and shyly, trying to evade the compli-ments she is receiving, glances to-ward Anne O'Neil with a swift arch

ing at Anne o'Nen sitting at the ta-ble and crocheting in absorbed si-lence. "So you see, I hope, dearest," Lady Damer says, in tones of contemptu-ous indifference, yawning again, "why I objected to your bringing that worthy but uninteresting per-son in as a topic of conversation? Besides, to tell you the truth," and there is a steely spark of malice and meaning glinting through her lady-ship's pale, long cyclashes, "as I can-not but consider that Mr. Archer-worthy and respectable a young man as he is"-and the interpolation is gailingly insolent in its contempta-nous liberality of opinion-"has pre-sumed on his position in some degree, and as I know Mr. Damer to be a very proud and exclusive man, sensitively prond, I may say, where the women of his family are concerned-I really thought, Gillian, my dear"-this very slowly, with a sort of reluctant smile and the mean-ing glitter through the cyclashes-"I really thought you had much better leave me to tell my husband of Mr. Archer's visit, and Mr. Archer's kind-ness, and your sweet gratitude, you dear little innocent soul !" " And her ladyship laughs again, the prolonged, low, shrill laugh of in-tense amusement, and Gillian crim-sons painfully to the roots of her hair. Once more she glances at Anne O"Neil, wondering how she can encannot avoid an involuntary hair. Once more she glances at Anne O'Neil, wondering how she can en-dure to sit there pale and composed, counting her lace stitches. And Lady Damer's eyes follow Gillian's, and detect her sympathetic glance, though Anne O'Neil does not. "Never mind, love," her ladyship says presently to Gillian, as she rises and adjusts her voluminous mantle of lace and satin over her high, thin shoulders. "I can quite see," she says, with her cold little pitying smile, "that one must guard against. over trustfulness and amiability in

She cannot avoid an involuntary start as she glances, and thus at-tracts a passing attention to the person whom nobody seems to notice. But when they look there is nothing unusual in Anne O'Neil's deferential attitude, the pose of her slender tall figure, her slightly drooping head and downcast face. It has come and gone like a flash. The flaming wrath of those dark eyes, the flerce scorn in the compressed lips and rigid features, which Gil-lian has seen one moment since; the flaming wrath, the bitter scorn in Anne O'Neill's face as she looks at Bingham Lacy. smile, "that one must guard against over trustfulness and amiability in Bingham Lacy. "How she must hate him," Gillian

your case, my dear child." But somehow the cold little smile and the pitying, deprecating accents make the tears of mortification start to Gillian's eyes, and she sits rebuked and ashamed, and more "How she must hate him," Gillian thinks, with a throb of her gentle heart. "It even enrages her to see him friendly with me. I wish she would not feel so, Mr. Archer seemed to like Capt. Lacy very well." But later on in the evening Gil-lian finds fresh causes still for puz-zled speculation, and a multitude of wondering fancies and imaginings respecting her new associations. The friends who have all so kindly come to welcome her-Lady Jeanette

than all, angry with herself for ex-periencing either one or the other feeling without just cause. "Anne, will you please come with me whilst I finish dressing?" Lady me whist I linis dressing the buy Damer continues. "I think Mr. Da-mer will order the carriage directly." But they have hardly left the room to welcome her-Lady Jeanette, Mr. Damer, and Captain Lacy-have all dined with her and Miss O'Neil, at Gillion's convert mount of the second Gillian's earnest request, and the dainty little dinner has been supple-

He comes in slowly, with a rather preoccupied air, which is not alto-gether due to the scented lozenge which he is sucking-Mr. Damer al-Mr. Damer, indeed, has accepted his ways carries a supply of those scent-ed lozenges—when, as he is half-way across the room, he suddenly discov-ers that Gillian is alone, sitting in a low chair, gazing into the fire. "I didn't know, my dear," he says, burriedly in an opera undertoop

young cousin's invitation instantly and cordially ,confessing he "feels quite ready for dinner." But Lady Damer, though no one But Lady Damer, though no one partakes more heartily of soup, sal-mon-kedgeree, roast lamb, roast chicken, souffles, and vanilla cream than herself, yet no one ignores the possibility of being vulgarly hungry with more well-bred indifference than her ladyship. urriedly, in an eager undertone that it was Mr. Archer who order ed dinner for you, did you?" It-it was rather kind of him, now wasn't it?" Then suddenly and apprehen-sively swallowing his lozenge as a now unseconservice utwice now unnecessary preventive. "What s the matter, my dear?" for Gillian

CHAPTER VI.

The dinner on the whole, though rather informal, has been pleasanter than Gillian had expected it would be. "And upon my honor, I must comp dear,

is the matter, my dear ?" for Gillian has started up in excited annoyance, and he sees the hot flush on her checks and the tear-wet cycleashes. "Nothing-mothing!" she says, al-most sharply, "only that I think it was very kind of Mr. Archer to call here on me, and very kind of him to order dinner for me." And upon my honor, my dear, 1 must compliment you on your selection of dishes," Mr. Damer says entiuslastically, drinking his third glass of sherry, and pour-ing out some port as the sweet course is put on. "Very few girls of your age would know how to order an admirably chosen little dinner-egad!"

"Hush ! you modest little girl," she suys, sweetly; but the expression of the cold, bright-gray eyes looking into hers is one that Gillian can neither understand nor summon up courses to dete neither undersonne courage to defy. dare say," Lady Jeanette says "I dare say," Lady Jcanette says with the most gracious of smiles leaning forward to bring the light of

hounds than George. Splendid, limbs he has, too, tall and straight as a Scotch fir, isn't he, now ?" "Yes, indeed," Gillian says, with a little fluttering of breath making her words unsteady, and trying to calm herself by thinking of Anne O'Nell and her calmness. "I thought him a very handsome, powerfully-built man." present case, since Mr. Archer was the obliged person." the obliged person." "The obliged person." "The obliged person," repeats Gillan, amazedly. "Assuredly, my dear." her ladyship says, yawning. "Mr. Archer was sim-ply acting in Mr. Damer's place as it is his duty to do. He is Mr.Damer's agent, and land-steward, and all that sort of thing, you know." "I know," Gillian says briefly, glanc-ing at Anne O'Neil sitting at the ta-ble and crocheting in absorbed si-lence.

"That's just it, my dear! You've just expressed it, my dear!" Mr. Damer reiterates; "'handsome and powerfully built,"-ay, that's just what he is! A fine fellow! A fine fellow!" Gillian looks up in alarm and sur-prise at the second of there is the

For she is a sentimental little girl, this luxuriously-reared, patted heir-ess, with as loving and sympathetic a heart as ever throbbed in a fair young breast; and the landscape she sees for the firt time in the beauty of a summer's morning, as she gazes out of the open window of her rooms at Mount Ossery is fair enough to fill a stern-er soul than hers with mingled sad-ness and pleasure. Early in the still, silvery light of dawn and the still, silvery light of dawn and the twitterings of the birds in the dew-wet trees, Gillian has suddenly awoke from confused and perplexing dreams of her journey the day be-for, and the people whom she met

fellow !" Gillian looks up in alarm and sur-prise at, the sound of tears in the husky voice, at the sight of tears dimming the excited blue eyes. "A fine fellow! A fine fellow as you'd find from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear!" he says, half inaudibly. "A lucky girl who will have 'George for a sweetheart, Gillian, my dear! Eh, don't you think so?" "Yes, indeed," Gillian says, laugh-ing and blushing, so foolisily! Anne O'Neil does not blush. But she has hardly uttered her reply, when she gets cause to blush in good earnest, from mingled ter-ror and amazement. "You're a little darling!" Mr. Damer exclaims, very hoarsely and shakily, half smothering poor Gillian with a bear-like hug, and two or three rough kisses, very alcoholic in flavor; "you're a darling, honest, outspoken little girl, so you are. And he'll be a lucky fellow who has you for a sweetheart!" And Gillian's hot, red-rose blushes at this cestatic speech have hardly paled, when Anne O'Neil hurriedly enters the room, to look for Lady Damer's glove. The glove is found just where her at the end of it, after tossing abcut restlessly for an hour, until the sunlight streams through blinds and curtains and fills the room with brightness, the young Jady rises and commences her tollet, without

She has no maid of her own the She has no maid of her own the Reigrabian damsel who has intherto buttoned Gillar's boots and gloves, and brushed her hair, having declined to accompany her young mistress to an "out-of-theway misure in the Damer's glove. The glove is found just where her ladyship has dropped it, and Anne is darting away again, without raising her eyes or addressing Gillian, when Mr.Damer speaks to her. "Mind, Anne, you're to sit inside. Either Lacy or myself will sit with Doyle. Dillon will come with the lugan "out-of-theway place in the niddle of that awful country where they shoot you as soon as look a you!" i. e., Irelaud according to Miss simms,

gage. "Thank you, Mr. Damer," she ans "Thank you, Mr. Damer," she ans-wers, with a slight smile, and while Gillian looks at her earnestly, won-dering if Mr. Damer knows-knows that she is the happy, fortu-nate girl who is handsome George Archer's sweetheart, she notices something very unusual in Anne O'Neil's appearance; she has been weeping hitzerly.

weeping bitterly.

"This is your doings!" her lady-ship has said, pallid with rage, all but the pink stain on each cheek-bone. "This is all your doings, Anne What o'Neil, and you are a treacherous, ungrateful creature! You connived at this meeting between Gillian at this meeting between Gillian Deane and George Archer simply be-cause you had discovered what my real wishes were, and that I never intended they should meet except by

that which seems absolutely to touch a dangerous object. In many clear stores there are little autoaccident." "They met by accident, Lady Damer," Anne replies, briefly. 'I deny it," her ladyship retorts, with scornful promptitude. "There could not have been an accident of the kind unless you permitted it ! You connived, I repeat, at this escap-ade: I can ball it opthure also Mr. accident.' matic cutters provided for taking the tip off of the cigar by simply pressing the end into a small round opening about the size of one's finger. It is surprising how many men will poke their fingers do one's linger. It is surprising how many men will poke their fingers de-liberately into these cutters, al-though they are perfectly aware that they will have a piece of the flesh nipped off. Any cigar man who has one of these cutters on his case will tell you stories of such people that will current are the store of the second You connived, I repeat, at this escap-ade; I can call it nothing else. Mr. Damer encourages George Archer in all his insolence and assumption, for certain reasons peculiarly his own," and the fine, but rather wrinkled, skin tightens over her sharp, well-cut features, until Lady Damer's visage looks as if it were cast in steel, "and you connive at it for rea-sons peculiarly your own as L arm that will surprise you. There seems to be a strong tendency in the hu-man race to "monkey with the buzzsons peculiarly your own, as I am well aware !'

Anne's proud, straight figure seems to suddenly shrink as in repressed pain, and her thin hands holding A phase of this subconscious idiosyncrasy-as it might be called for want of a better name-has been developed by the use of electricity Lady Damer's bonnet twitch nerv-

here on me, and very gind of max to order dinner for me." "So it was-so it was;" assents Mr. Damer. in the same eager, suppressed tone—"so it was. my dear ! Very kind and thoughtful, and all that— now wasn't it ?" "Yes. indeed," Gillian answers, warmly, and gazing at him in sur-prise. "I am glad you think as I do, Mr. Damer, Lady Damer was afraid you would not be pleased, I think." "Lady Damer was afraid I wouldn't be pleased." repeats Mr. Damer, in tones of exceeding dubiousness as Lady Damer's bonnet twitch nerv-ously. "I wish you would not give yourself the trouble of disbalieving me, Lady Damer," she urges, in a lower, hum-bler tone. "I assure you agaln. I knew nothing of George Archer's intentions until he was announced by the waiter." "Did you not know he was in town and had actually been insolerst enas a mechanical force. Many people have a desire which they hardly can control to touch electric machinery or wires, even when they know that the wires are charged with a deadly current and that to touch the mach ine means instant death

Fear the Temptation. An electrical engineer, in speaking savs: "I of this strange impulse, says: have known instances where ele and had actually been insolent en-ough to come here and order dinhave known instances where elec-tricians actually had to turn and run from a machine to prevent giv-ing way to this peculiar influence. Not long ago a man who was emmands, her pale grey eyes glaring with a yellowish light. "How dare he attempt to defy me? How dare you?" is says, more sconfully. "Though I can imagine what pre-Inough I can imagine what pre-posterous ideas have impelled you, to annoy me by such contretemps ever since you tried to resist my inten-tion of bringing Miss Deane to Mount Ossory! I told you two months ago that I should bring her, and I told you a week ago that you should ployed to sit and watch the switchboard in one of the London dynamo shops fell a victim to the influence. As he felt the desire growing strong-er he moved his chair back from the board. Instead of getting used to er he moved his chair back from the board. Instead of getting used to the work he became more afraid of it Each day the desire to walk up and touch one of those switchboards grew stronger. At the end of two weeks the young man re-signed his place. He could not stand the strain. It required all his will power to restrain him while on duty and at night his nervous system was that I should bring her, and I told you a week ago that you should go and escort her, by was of whole-some discipline for you, Anne; and I have done both, you see." And all the long, narrow, blue-white teeth gleam in a cruel smile. Anne's face grows ashy pale, but the large dark eyes blaze as flercely as Lady Damer's as she confronts her. and at night his nervous system was so upset that he could not sleep. He realized that to touch any one of the

lian thinks, wonderingly, "that I should have always imagined Ireland was a gloomy, barren country —all mountaine and lakes and bogs and stone fences. Why, it looks just like England, except for those beautiful purple monntains rising up there to the left, and the rather wild patches of furze in blossom and funny little crooked fields shaped anyhow, with heaps of stones and clumps of trees in the middle of them. No, it doesn't look like Englaud after all, it has a desolate, sad look through all its beauty, bright and smiling here, and dark and glocmy there—poor, dear FRAGRANT a perfect liquid dentifrice for **Teeth** and **Mouth** New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c 25c SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c 25c Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c dark and glocmy there-poor, dear Ireland."

Il-starred country. For she is a sentimental little girl

t the end of it, after tossing

(To be Continued.)

IMPELLED TO

Tears of emotion dim her wistful, dark eyes looking on the meglected beauty-the forlorn loveliness of the ill-starred country. At all Stores, or by Mail for th HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

> Fleecing the Chosen; How Bishops are Bled

Henry W. Lucy in the "Strand." On his installation the new Bishon of London had his experience enlarged in the field of fees. It is a high honor to be selected for a seat on the Eniscopal Bench. The honor bestowed, it ems the most natural thing in the world to take the seat and there an end on't. But that is only the beginand of it. As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elect-ed by the Bench of Bishops. Virtually by command of the Sovereign, the Crown Office issues a conge d'elire, This means money, which has to come out of the Bishop's pocket. The warrant costs £10; the certificate, £16 10s; letters patent, £30; the docquet, 2s. The Episcopal Bench, having duly elected the nominee of the Prime Minister, return the name to the Crown Office and the Royal assent is signified. This involves duplication of the charges, with the difference that the cost of the cer-tiflcate is increased by 10s. to make it even money. ning of it. As everyone knows, whilst

Next follows a process known as Next follows a process known as restlution of temporalities. In pur-suamce of this duty the new Bishop is fined £10 for the warrant, £31 10s. 6d. for the certificate, £30 for let-ters patent, and the inevitable 2s. for the docquet, a hardship only par-tially lightened by spelling the word with a "q" and a "u." These sums disbursed, the new Bishop reasonably thinks he may retire to his palace, if the See provides one. But the Höme Office next steps, on the scene and demands Exchequer fees. The conge d'ellre, already handsomely paid for, means another £7 13s. 6d. Equal sums are demanded for letters recom-mendatory, Royal assent, and resti-tution of temporalities. The oath of homage is thrown in for £6 6s. 6d, which the Biblical knowledge of the Bishop will remind him is the number SEEK DEATH Those who have climbed mountain precipices or viewed the surround-ing country from the summit of a lofty observatory or building need no reminder of the sensations that over-came them on such occasions. The desire to leap to the earth below has been well nigh irresistible, and after their return to the level of the earth a shudder at their escape from an awful death has passed over them. omewhat akin to this impulse is

Bishop will remind him is the number of the Beast. Next comes the Board of Green Cloth demanding £15 0s. 2d. of Green Cloth demanding £15 08. 2d. (what was it Mr. Mantalini said about the coppers?), being homage fees to be distributed among the her-alds and the Earl Marshal. On the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, gentlemen in the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office fob £5. The Cathedral bellringers get £10 10s for inbiliation on the cere-

£10 10s. for jubiliation on the ceremony of enthronisation, the choir behappy occasion the Precentor draws £10 10s. and the chapter clerk £9 14s 8d., this last in addition to £216s. 8d., his fees on the Bishop's election. The Archbishop's officers are not backward in coming forward to congratulate the new Bishop. The Sec-retary bringing the Archbishop's flat for confirmation collars £17 10s. The Vicar-General draws fees on confirmation amounting to £31 05. 10d., with £10 5s. to spend on the church where

the ceremony takes place. Mine guineas go to the Deputy-Registrar as fees on mandate of induction, the fee to retaries payable on such occasion be-ing £36 5s. The clerk at the Crown Office is fain to be satisfied with a humble gratuity of half a guinea, less than you would tip your boy at Eton or Harrow. But this moderation is only apparent. He pockets two guineas for what he calls petty expenses, and when the Bishop takes his sent in the House of Lords he chaims no less than £14. The total amount of fees payable on entering a bishopric, made up of these quaint details, is £423 19s. 2d. Curates for whom the Episcopal Bench is on the distant, peradven-ture unapproachable, horizon will re-cognize, with secret pleasure, that the high estate has its drawbacks. In parish enands there is a wall there claims no less than £14. story of a gifted clerk on the occa-sion of the visit of the Bishop giving out a paraphrased version of the hymn:

"Oh, dear me." Lady Jeannette Ays, remonstrating, with frigid ayety. "Can you not say Demething less trite than that to Says, your belle cousine, Mr. Damer ? Every knows she is rather like her girl knows she is rather like her mother, and every girl considers she is rather prettier than her mother! Dear little (ill.ian"-with a caress-ing condescension, as toward a small, frightened child-"will form most erroneous opinions, I fear. of Irish wit and courtesy, unless she defer judgment." defer

defer judgment." If there be a hidden challenge in this speech, Bingham Lacy per-ceives it and quietly takes it up.

"There is not the least hope," he says, calmly, "that Miss Deane will defer judgment. She has passed sentence on each one of us already." ow can you tel?" Gilian says, shyly, but laughing at the languid housenesses of the terms of the languid shyly, but

"By instinct," he answers, sol-emuly, and Gillian laughs again; her heart growing a little lighter, her spirits rising, for this dreaded her spirits rising, for this dreaded Captain Bingham Lacy seems mere-ly a very handsome, pleasant, easytempered young man, and life at Mount Ossory seems far less of a formidable destiny than it has ap-peared half an hour ago. "But sentence can be reversed,"

Gillia says, archly. "I trust mine may," he responds,

that Gillian blushes as well as laughs, and glad of a diversion, rises quickly as the waiter places the last dish on the table, and Miss O'Neil comes forward and stands humbly walting at the foot. "Don't form an opinion of any of most in a hurry, my dear," Mr. Damer

arges, gravely. "You can't form a fair opinion of any one in a hurry, air opinion of any one in a hurry, my dear. Wait until you have been a month or two in Ireland, Giilian, before you judge us." "I have formed the highest opin-ion possible of Irish kindness and

courtes already, Gillian retorts mischlevously, and Captain Lacy smiles under his moustache, with an attentive look in his eyes. "I am sorry, Mr. Damer, I must wait a month or two to have that opinion confirmed!"

confirmed ! "Oh! My goodness! D'ye hear that?" Mr. Damer exclaims, with such a sudden outburst of delight-ed laughter that even Captain Lacy has to join in it. "There's a bit of Suyon because for twos! Gillian, my dear, we must make an Irishwoman of you." And Capt. Lacy, spilling still with

her approbation to bring the light of her approbation to shine on silent Anne O Neil at the foot of the table —"I dare say that Miss O'Neil helped you with her advice, Gillian, love. I know that Anne' is a perfect genius in mathematican"

in gastronomic matters." Miss O'Nell just raises her black eyes with a flash in their glance. eyes with a flash in their glance. "I had nothing whatever to do with ordering the dinner, Lady Damer," she says curtly, almost dis-respectfully; and Gillian, between astonishment at her tone and astonisliment at Lady Damer's tacit pro-libition of any explanation from her-self, remains silent until the gentle-men have gone down-stairs to the

smoking-room and coffee has been

smoking-room and coffee has been brought in, which Lady Damer drinks black, with the addition of a tiny glass of Chartreux. "Wretched liqueur!" her ladyship says, sipplag her coffee, however, as if she likes it very well. "Will you not take some, Gillian, dear? No? No? It really is an improvement to cafe noir a la Ballyford, I assure you. I do hope you have dined toler-ably, Gillian dearcst? The dinner was not very had. I with though I had no appetite whatever."

ably, Gillian dearest? The dinner toler-no appetite whatever, " if is inter though I had no appetite whatever," if is inter "I enjoyed he ataver," if is inter for I was very hungry," Gillian says frankly, though shyly, whils the mentally ponders over two more puzzliag questions. Firstly, what sort of a dinner would Lady Damer call "very good"? Secondly, how much would Lady Da-mer eat when she confessed to "hav-ing" an appetite ? "You dear little ingenue!" her ladyship says, with her shrill laugh. "I am so pleased !!" "And Mr. Damer thought the din-ner was good," persists Gillian, in her

ner was good," persists Gillian, in her innocent, straightforward way; "and I wished to tell him that it was Mr.

I wished to tell him that it was Mr. Archer who ordered it, Lady Damer; but you, I thought, prevented me.' "Yee, love, I did," her lady-ship answers, arching those delicate, black, line-like brows of hers, and half closing her eyes, as in the langour of indif-ference. "I thought you had said quite enough and more than enough, before in acknowledgment of Mr. Archer's services; more then enough I assure you, Gillian, love. Nothing is such had style as effusive grati-tude, and utterly needless in the "What is your cardid opinion of him now, as an honest, good, sensible girl? Cource, how, my dear," he urges. "I thought him a very agreeable, gentlemanly man," Gillan says, re-luctantly, and trying to avoid Mr. Damer's bright, expectant gaze. "So he is 1-so he is !" he says, eagerly as before. "Gentlemanly, well educated, well-bred, ay, and well-born, too, Gillian ! And handsome-didn't you think him handsome, my dear ? There's not a man in the county has a better seat after the

tones of exceeding dubiousness, as much as to say that that is certainly an incredible statement "Now, did an incredible statement. "Now, did she? Now, what was it Lady Damer was afraid I wouldn't be pleased

'Afraid that you would think Mr. Archer-had-had presumed a little," Gillian says, rather falteringly, for Glillan says, rather falteringly, for she feels that her statement cannot but be disbelieved. "and that I was wrong to ask him to dinner with Miss O'Neil and myself. Lady Damer was guite shocked, I am afraid," Gillian says, taking heart of grace to laugh

as she looks up in Mr. Damer's eyes. She laughs, though she is frightened n the lurid light ed next moment by the lurid lig smothered rage that gleams

of smothered rage that greans in those same blue eyes. Deep, purple-blue eyes like George Archer's, though neither so clear nor as steady as his

"Lady Damer-be canonized," he says, through his close-shut teeth, though he affects to be amused. "So You shocked her, my dear, eh? You shocked her by receiving George Archer too graciously, eh? And you thought it was kind and gentlemanly and attactive of him-now didn't you, Gillian?" "I did indeed, sir," Gillian says, imply but neverable withing thet

simply, but nervously, wishing that Mr. Damer would not stare at her so hard and look so pleased at her

so hard and look so pleased at her answer. "So he is—so he is," he goes on, hurriedly, his face flushed and radi-ant with excitement. "Kind and gen-tlemanly. That's him. A fine, hand-some young fellow, too; isn't he now, my dear ? You wouldn't see a finer fellow than George Archer in a day's walk. Now would you?"

walk. Now would you ?" "I don't know indeed," Gillian says, laughing a little, and wishing afresh that she could refrain from the silly fashion of blushing at anything and everything mild, make here here here

verything, which makes her look so Well, but now what do you think?"

ersite Mr. Damer, so earnestly and excitedly. as he takes her cool little hand in his hot, strong fingers, that Gillian grows a little afraid of him. "What is your cardid opinion of him

switches before him meant instant death and his only safety lay in get-ting away from the board alto-

her. "Yes, you have But I chose to go and fetch her, or I should not have gone. And I have brought her here safely, and performed your wishes faithfully, and you have no right to taunt me, Lady Damer." ting away from gether. "I have no doubt that many deaths "I have no doubt that many deaths from electric shock are brought about in this way. In an idle moment a person will catch sight of a switch, a wire or some other heavily charged bit of apparatus and a strange de-sire to touch it will come over him. In a moment of weakness he gives way to it and the result is instant death. We frequently read of ac-dental deaths from electric shocks when there is no apparent reason "I have the right to ridicule you as a fool, and a romantic, unwomanly fool, who would have scriously compromised herself only for my common sense!" Lady Damer an-swers, deliberately, watching the effect of each word she utters, and

enjoying it. "As long as I have those letters of yours, and as long as I recollect a certain scene on a certain even-ing last December twelvamonths" dental deaths from electric shocks when there is no apparent reason why the victim should have touched a live wire. I believe that such cases are attributable directly to this ining, last December twelvemonths

Ing, last December twelvemonths," her ladyship says, with the cruelest of little malicious laughs, whilst her cold gray eyes are bright and vengeful as a lynx—"so long, Miss Anne, 'gentle Anne,' isn't that it? —I think I must regard your pru-dence and discretion with doubts and succiones !" fluence.

suspicions !

And then it is that Anne O'Neil hav Lurst into that bitter fit of weeping—those gasping, half-stifled obs—those **burning** tears of shame and suguish, that have left their tracts when she enters the sitting-room a few minutes after, and tries to avoid the very sight of Gillian Deane -Ghilan, the fair young heiress-the glal whose path is all sunshine and "The milk-white. fawn

Who is all unmeet for a wife, Who has but fed on the roses And lain in the inter of life!" The girl who will never know an ungratified wish that wealth can buy for her—The wealth that can buy for her the dearest, proudest hope of another woman's blighted

CHAPTER VII.

a curious thing it is." Gil

Why skip ye so, ye not a wherefore do ye hop? wherefore do ye hop? Is it because you're glad to see His Grace the Lord Bi-shop? There can be the questionable. There can be Grace the Lord Bi-shop? That is questionable. There can be no doubt skipping and hopping (fig-uratively, of course) go on at the Crown Office, the Home Office, the Office of the Lord Great Chamber-lain, in the Archbishop's offices, in the precincts of the Dean and Chapter, and eke at the Board of Green Cloth, when a new Bishop is nomin-ated. The exercise is more vigor-ous when an Archbishop comes to the throne, since in his case the fees are

Man, Poor Man.

He cannot put a puff round his el-bow when his sleeves wear through. His friends would smile if he dis-guised a pair of frayed trousers with graceful little shingle flounces. The poor thing must shave every other day, or pose as an Anarchist. He has to content himself with combre colorings or he accurated

sombre colorings, or be accused of

somore colorings, or be accused of disturbing the peace. He may not wear flowers or rib-bons in his hair, no matter how bald he may, become. The feathers in his cap are as

nothing from a decorative standpoint.

point. He can't edge his coat sleeve with a fall of lace to hide a scarred or maimed hand. A pink well is out of the question,

no matter how muddy his complexion

Moral—We're glad we're a helpless waman.—Phildelmhia Record.

a matter of economy to us. A' few evenings ago we stepped into a church and Tim's melodous tenor rang out clear in that soul-stirring song, "Jesus Paid It Al." He might

the matter. Upon investigation of our subscription list we found Tim was short \$2.50. He had never paid a cent and he stopped the paper as a matter of economy to us. A few avaniants of the stopped t

Magazine.

BE. I

nave been mistaken, but his earnest-

no matter may become, As for covering up a stain made by a careless waiter with a jabot-

Minard's Liniment Cures Distem-

ness impressed us. The next day we sent him a receipt in full, beg-ging his pardon for not knowing that he had made an assignment of his liabilities to the Lord.-Northwest Marazine.

ere was a man named Tim Short who sent us three notices to stop his paper, he didn't want it any longer. We wondered what was the matter. Upon investigation of

doubled. Paid in Full. Every editor has received them, says a writer. The postmaster sends them to the editor, but the postmas-ter is not to blame. For instance there was a more and the first set