THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 24, 1913.

guilty feeling sweeps over him can be remorse? He looks into the face the California girl, and time and ain mutters those strange words: "What will she say when she knows?" Evidenty there is something peculiar onnected with his past, which he seeks connected with his past, which he seems to hide from Aileen. It is impossible that he has ever done anything of a criminal nature—those clear eyes of Aileen would have discovered such cor-ruption before now. What then can it be? Unless Sam himself sees fit to de-clear it was must wait mutil the force clare it, we must wait until the fore circumstances brings about the result.

One thing is sure—Sam acts as though he has a certain load of guilt upon his mind; he is, in a measure, constrained when Aileen is near, and does not act like himself. There must be a screw loose somewhere. They sleep late that morning, since all are tired after the night of peculiar

adventure. Breakfast tastes remarkably good

too, though many witty remarks are passed concerning the supper they en-joyed in Prince Rubini's castle. Plans joyed in Prince Rubini's castle. Plans are laid for the day, and Sam secures a carriage, in which they visit the Duomo, that grand old cathedral over-which tourists rave, the Palazzo Royal, the gallery of paintings, the amoria Ragia, and, besides, the prince piaz-rea or courses tas or squares. This takes up the day, and all declare

This takes up the day, and all declare it has been profitably spent. Best of all, they have not been followed by a swarm of lazaroni begging for alms. That cry of the Italian beggars haunts one through the whole of a journey, and Turin is about the only city the traveller is practically free from its horrors.

horrors. The weather, for a wonder, is pleas ant in Turin, and the nights even warm People swarm like ants upon the public squares. Music can be heard in various quarters. Like the Germans, the natives of Italy love music, and yet the two schools are almost diametrically opposite in their teachings, one claiming to appeal to reason, the other to the

Baron Sam saunters out after supper for a stroll, leaving the others writing letters in the parlor of the great caravansary. The large piaza or square is at hand, and very naturally he turns thither for his walk. With a choice cigar between his teeth and a contented mind, it is not at all strange that the merican should feel at his ease. He looks about him with the idle

curiosity that becomes your old traveller. Strange sights may appear, and yet only by the raising of the eyebrows or some single word, will Sam betray anything like surprise. Among the crowds he finds much to interest and amuse him. Of course the faces are strange to him-he looks upon thousands and sees not a single one he

knows, There are a number of foreigners so-

So they come and go-Italians by hun-dreds, English, German, French, and American travelers, a few Greeks, now A carriage is soon secured, and the and

> No wonder Sam is interested—any lover of human nature in its various guises would be.

stole to stand whatever fate sends. 1 have lived among th Turks and Arabs. and have learned to kiss the rod. Kis-is there a miserable house in the city. The red-tiled roofs present a singular His reflections prove him to be a phil-appearance when viewed from the sum-mits of the hills known as the Collina osopher as well as a traveler. The man who can accustom himself to circum-stances can move the world. Just after after Sam takes Aileen back to the car, a great shout arises. Dust to the car, a great shout arises.

can.

screams. McLane himself believes the Arrived at the Grande Bretagne, mine think of the bogue prince's pretended re-whole force of the bandits has arrived. As receives them with great joy, for and is about to institute a savage as guests have not been as plentiful as one of them? he has bills

my dear fellow, and hope You know the old syin ne'er won fair lady, u holds good in this case as

Sum has not stood still musing, but advances toward business trance of the hotel, having business there. When about ten yards away he comes to a sudden stop—his action is that of a man whose muscles have been what is this at which he gazes? A woman has issued from the building— she trips across the pavement like a what has across the pavement like a dream. Upon her Sam has fixed his eyes, and little wonder, for he is ready to swear the figure is that of the girl he loves, who has been so prominently in McMillian St., Oil City. Ont.-" My face Mcanina bt. on our the pinples, especially on my forehead and chin. The trouble be-gan with pimples and blackheads and there were times I felt sahamed to go out. They were little red lumps and then festered and

his mind even at this very moment. Amazement stops the American, and, holding his breath, he watches to see what Aileen will do. Some strange errand has brought her forth at this time of night. Ridiculous thoughts sometimes flash through the mind at such times, and Baron Sam finds himself wordering whether this flight may not have some-thing to do with himself. Has Aileen learned the truth, and does she seek to leave even the hotel where he stops. You are wide of the mark, Sam Bux-

drug store with the Cuticura Soap. In a month and a half the pimples and black-heads were gone and I am completely cured." (Signed) Miss Lydia McIlwain, May 23, '13. ton, as will ere long be made manifest. Though her errand does concern you, it s of a nature that has not as yet entered your head. When you learn all, per haps your man's conceit will be apt to A generation of mothers has found no soap so well suited for cleansing and purifying the

The lady is veiled and wears a jacket Cuticura Soap. Its absolute purity and re-Cutterra Scap. Its assolute purity and re-freshing fragrance alone are enough to recommend it above ordinary skin scaps, but there are added to these qualities delicate yet effective emolient properties, derived from Cuticura Ointment, which render it to protect her from the night air, but Sam knows the figure too well not to Straight across the paveecognize it. ment she glides, to where a carriage is in waiting—a vehicle built in much the same style as our New York hacks, most valuable in overcoming a tendency to distressing cruptions and promoting a nor-mal condition of skin and hair health. A with more roomy, and enly

place for a passenger outside, a passen-ger who can ascend or descend from the single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient rear. when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of As soon as Sam sets eyes on this

and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card Potter Date in State vehicle, he understands that Miss Win-chester is going away, and no mistake. To his mind comes the idea that he yould like to hear what is said when she addresses the driver, and on the moment he moves closer. Now she reaches the vehicle—a man

him pleasure to feel his trusty weapon there and safe and sound, for when a man has seen danger under every sun of all the continents, he has learned stands by the open door, and she speaks to him. Sam cannot quite catch what is said, but he notices her voice, which sun of all the continents, he has learned the value of such a reliable friend. Aht now the walls of the Grande Bretagne loom up before him. Darkness has no place in this hostelry, for half a hun-dred lamps do their duty. Vehicles dash has almost a pathetic ring. His strained ears certainly catch the mention of his name, and this is indeed cause for ϵ ur-

prise. She seems to besitate, and looks back hither and you, people jostle each other, voices sing out: and taken altogether, the square is about as lively a point inst there are on he found in the city at the hotel, but never once turns her eyes toward the man who stands not the square is about as invery a point just there as can be found in the city. Sam, however, seems to have lost much of his curiosity with respect to the strange sights around him—he is thinkore than ten feet away-the man who in the past has had so much to do with her life, although they never met until

that day of the snowstorm on Mont Blanc-the man who is so concerned about her future. strange sights around and a come she ing now of some one-on face comes be-fore his eyes, a face that is not only lovely, but possesses the elements of character he has long looked for in a woman, and while he willks he muses The driver says something hastily, and

it brings out a 'ow cry from Aileen. "Yes, yes, I will go. Heaven will protect me," she says, and enters the "Dused strange that of all the girls in ehicle "Heaven and a certain modest indi-

the wide, wide world, the one I should rescue upon Mont Blane should be the very creature 1 for years, without sceidual known as Sam Buxton," mutters the listening Yankee, as he watches the driver close the carriage door and then Of course it is Sam Buxt ngher, have called my este noir -whom mount the box. The vehicle starts to move off-it is Sam Buston has avoided as though she

Bless me, my boy, it's slocken, you nto somethe woment Sam has waited for, and with a couple of jumps he reaches its rear. Here fortune favors him—be will be the outside passenger, uninvited, it will fate has sheaken you into some thing like shope again. This episode proves how near the crazy line you have been. Now, the disction arises, what will she think of me when she learns the truth—that I am the terrible s true, but nevertheless very much on

An agile man, regardless of his woundorre whon, she doubtless has detested with every hour of her being since arriv-An ague man, regardless of his would ed arm, Sam swings himself up the rear step. In another minute he mounts to the top of the vehicle, which is rattling along over the streets of Turin, bound upon some mysterious errand. with every hour of her being since arriv-ing at the thinking age. Good heavens! what a shame things should tarn out this way. If it were any other than Aileen. I would hope to overcome these cruples-this religious detestation-but

CHAPTER XIII.

oung man. "Can you tell me who is that It dawns upon Sam's mind that per It dawns upon Sams inno that per-haps this strange exodus on the part of Aileen Winchester may have something to do with the presence of the count near the Grande Bretagne-or, to be even nearer the truth, the fact that Tivoli is in Turin may account for her

ctions. conjecture seems so reasonable that Sam grasps it tenaciously, chuck-ling to think how neatly he will cause

he plot to assume a new phase. The driver of the vehicle has not yet iscovered his presence—his attention a required to keep his horses from comiscovered

ng Testimony That Tells How a Sick Woman Can Quickly Regain Health and Strength.

man's Friend

"For years I was thin and delicate.] lost color and was easily tired; a yel-low pallor, pimpes and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my akin would never look nice again I grew de-pondent. Then my appetie failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without perman ent benefit. A visit to my sister put in put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they es-tablished regularity. My appetite grew keen-my blood red and pure-heavy rings under my eves disappeared and rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrink-led as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamil-ton's Pills did it all."

from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a wellknown miller in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone box. All dealers of Co., Kingston, Ont.

He on longer sits upon the seat that he on longer sits upon the seat that has been arranged for the outside pas-senger, but has extended his body flat upon the roof, and is slowly but stead-ily drawing nearer the driver, much as a cat stealthily steals upon a bird.

a cat stealthily steals upon a bind. The fellow is muttering to himself, and as Sam's head is close by he can catch the words the man keeps repeat-ing, in spite of the clatter of horses" hoofs and the wheels upon the paveto himself. ment.

Sauce

"Two hundred lire!" he is saying in Italian; "a princely sum-a royal night's work!"

It tells Sam his suspicions are not without a foundation-that this man has been hired by some one to do what? He remembers that just below him, in the carriage, is Aileen, the girl for whom every throb of his heart beats, and so great is his indignation at the thought of harm befalling her that he feels like every pouncing upon this man and shaking him by the throat, just as a terrier might a

The outside passenger wakes up-he has entered the game for keeps. As the driver bends slightly forward, the better to see where he is heading, something comes flying down beside him

in the seat, something that is very much alive, that turns upon the astounded Jehu and presses the cold muzzle of a Of course it is Sam Buxton.

He believes the game has gome far nough, and intends to take a hand at this point. It will be something strange having reached this conclusion, he does not manipulate matters to suit himself. That is a way he has.

The driver is a man of some penetra-tion; he seems to grasp the situation, for after one exclamation of horror, he does not cry out.

(To be Continued.)

Getting in Bad! At an evening party a girl said to a

exceedingly plain young man sitting op posite? "That is my brother," was the reply. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, im great confusion. "I did not notice the resemblance."

. . . At a concert the other evening a lady asked a gentleman how he liked the duet she had just sung. "You sang charm-ingly." was the reply: "but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?" "Sir, that was written by my late hus-band," was the indignant reniv. "Ah yes, I did not mean-but why did you select such a homely muit to sing with you?"

you select such a nonce, with you?" brute!" screamed the lady. "Oh, you present husband."

Then they know it is not a chimera but a stern fact—a feat has been per-formed almost unparalleled in the history of Italian railroading. This young Napoleon of railroad engineering will go up the ladder of fame from this hour. He seems to have grown several inches The seems to have given and down the platform, giving his final orders, and Sam laughs in his sleeve. "Pride must have a fall, and once he starts going down there's no telling when he will reach bottom. It will be

We unhesitatingly

end Magic Baking

recom

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

WOOED UNDER FIRE

Powder as being the best, purest

and most healthful baking pow-

der that it is possible to produce,

CONTAINS NO ALUM

All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

MAG

BAKI

EW.GILLETT CO.LTD.

TORONTO, ONT.

WINNIPEG - MONTREAL

Thus they walk up and down the plat- |

form, and watch the several gangs of men at work under the direction of the

young wrecking master, who might have cleared the road within twenty-four hours, if good luck had fallen upon him,

but who now expects to accomplish a feat that may make him fame and for-

enough is as good as a feast, and decid-

ed to let the dangerous quarry slip through their fing rs? That would just

es the thought. Please heaven, they will be safe in Turin within a rew hours, and then a choice of routes lies before them.

and Naples.

Aileer

rail to Rome, by steamer to Leghorn

More than once he turns to look into

the fair countenance of his companion, as they walk up and down amid the chouting workmen. The bright moon

shows him distinctly every feature. Alleen laughs and meets his gaze. "You are looking for traces of ner-

yousness, but I hardly think you will find them." she says.

You are a brave woman, Miss

"Lay it to my education, Mr. Fletch-

"," she replies from which remark it ill be seen that Sam has played his lit-

tle game, and allowed her to believe his the game, and allowed her to believe his name is Fletcher, because the man fle called father chanced to be called sc. While he thus looks into her face, Samb is thinking, and under his breath

tune-thanks to Baron Sam. As yet no prince, no retainers. What can it mean? Have they concluded that

an awful decline!" he chuckles, and the others have no trouble in comprehend-

about suit a man of Sam Buxton's size. He does not shrink from meeting dan-ger; but he is not reckless enough to ing his meaning. "Anyhow, we're off," says Dudley, as the train gives a jerk and begins to Another thought comes to him-permove away.

haps his enemies are planning some other method of revenge. They may be, like the nihilists of Russia, who plot to blow up the royal train, and who did All feel deeply grateful, and yet there is something of suspense hanging over them until several miles have been left behind, and all danger from the banditti succeed in murdering the present Czar's father with a dynamite bomb. Sam shrugs his shoulders and dismisshas vanished.

Then Miss Dorothy sleeps again The others converse, and find plenty of subjects to talk about, while pro-gress is made, sometimes slow, and again with a show of speed. Now and then they look out upon the bosom of the river—up the valley they push. Ah! a bridge, and lights beyond. The lines

of hills separate, leaving a wide plain, and upon this is spread the city of Turin It is about four o'clock in the morn-

It is about four octock in the morn-ing, when the train, eight hours late, comes to a stand in the Turin depot, and our friends give utterance to sighs of relief at finding themselves in civili-venture. CHAPTER XII zation after their night of strange ad-

CHAPTER XII. It has already been decded where they shall go. Sam knows Turin by heart, and he is well aware that the Hotel Grande Bretagene suita him the hotel Grande Bretagene suita him the hotel Canada Bretagene su Hotel Grande Bretagne suits him to a loved Boston.

Simb is thinking, and under his breath he savs: "I wonder what she will say when she learns I am Sam Buxton. Will she hate me, believing I have had an object in seeking her? Well. I am enough of a stoic to stand whatever fate sends. I have lived among th Turks and Araba and then a Turk, who has wandered over from the region of the Bosphorus, or it may be a Russian or a Swede.

While he thus observes the passing throng, Baron Sam suddenly arrives at a conclusion he discovers that he is himself watched. A ragged-looking chap

plainly a dark-faced native of Italy, stands afar off, yet taking note of his

Mise Dorothy sits up and immediately **pintful water** supply. Arrived at the Grande Bretagne, mine think of the bogue prince's pretended re

And There is Nothing Better Than

The idea makes him a little uneas



Month and a Half.

I squeezed the matter out. "I rubbed on different remedies,

skin and hair of infants and chi

Corp., Dept. D. Boston, U. S. A.

were a leper.

oll fate has shaken, you

she is so independent, and so intense in her likes and dislikes, that I fear me it will be hopeless. Keep up a brave heart.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for

Toning Up the Blood.

It is said that woman's work is never

A SAFE TONIC

WOMEN NEED

ire. Sam guesses the truth. Sam guesses the truth. "Huzza!" he whoops, "the track is to remain until they can shape plans for the future. Sam would like nothing betclear.

"On to Turin!" he shouts.

wild Indian

on those who have aroused their

to pay. Here, in this haven of rest, they hope must they can shape plans for With that he rushes to make sure of ter than a continuance of this pleasant the blessed fact, and presently comes in-to view again waving his hat like a that it would be altogether advisable under certain circumstances. There are times when something of

blackberries in August, and

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

T.



he remembers Aileen at the hotel. Watching the fellow out of the corner of his eye, he is sure he sees him make a signal, as though to some comrade farther along the square. Perhaps he thus marks the movements of the Amer-

done, and it is a fact that whether in society or in the home her life is filled with more cares and more worries than is unsuccessful: the fellow sticks like a leech. At any rate, this proves that he means business. Now, the American can-not for the life of him guess what value is unsuccessful in the fellow sticks like a means business. Now, the American can-not for the life of him guess what value is unsuccessful in the fellow sticks like a means business. Now, the American can-not for the life of him guess what value is unsuccessful in the state of the state of the state of the state is a state of the state the state of the state

his life may be to any one, unless it is the count. Probably that worthy would be willing to give something to see him beauty, and that good health gives the go under, lt is not every man who can have a value placed upon his life, and ness. What women fail to realize is the fact

ew persons would care to experience that if the blood supply is kept rich and pure, the day of the coming of wrinkles, and pallor, dull eves and sharp sensation. nvinced at last that there is some-

the sensation.
Torvinced at last that there is something the device of the stable is shadow in a crowd, and pure, the day of the coming of the duickly makes his way back to the frame whom he knows — a man he binding that a strange affair of honor up to the the weiled in pole of the duid in the come of mature years. They fill the is not the come of the last and the lost he gives Sam at an and the last come of the last the last come of the last and the last come of the last last t

is required to keep his horses from com-ing into collision with some other car-riage, of which numbers are abroad. In a brief time they turn into a street that is more narrow and not so well lighted as the square. Sam believes it is time for him to make a move. He means to find out why Allean Winches-ter is this carrieve

The doctor was worried about the condi-tion of his patient. "I think I shall have to call in some other physician for con-sultation." suitation." "That's right; go ahead," said the pat-ient, quite cheerfully. "Get as many ac-complices as you can."

Make a Clean Job.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

