

he would be as one dead to her. The im-"Don't blame me, India," sobbed th pulse was strong within her heart to throw herself into the sea then and there and end it all.

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Then she put the thought from her with a wild, bitter, fieldish laugh, "No, I will live for revenge," she cried, pushing back the great mass of purpleblack hair from her white face. "I will live to part them, no matter what means I take to accomplish it.

When she looked sufficiently calm she looked the problem squarely in the face. It would be of little use to fly back the hotel and attemut to acquaint. Haven with the state of affairs, for in the first place, by this time he would be fairly under the influence of the nar-cotic which he was taking to secure a

night's sleep, and the burning down of the roof over his head could not arouse him from his stupor. And, secondly, even if he were apprised of it, after the first puff of anger was over he would forgive his daughter, he loved her so well, saving: "Well, I cannot blame the child, after all, for marrying the man of her choice, even though she was betrothed to another. Marriage,

without love, to Rupert Downing, de-spite the fact that she owed her life to him, would be but a hateful bond, a chain of iron." Clarence Neville, with Bab as his bride, would return on the next boat, and he would receive them with open arms and say: "I forgive you, my children; only

love each other faithfully and truly through life and I shall be satisfied." How India Haven ever passed the hours that followed she never knew. She was like some wild creature pacing up and down the sands.

There was but one thought uppermost in in her mind, and that was: "How could she part them? How could it be 'How done?

The hours dragged on leaden wings; her brain was tired plotting and plan she had arrived at a concluning;

She would meet them on the pier and beg of Bab to keep the marriage, for, of course, there would be one-a profound secret for at least a fortnight, urging as a reason that her to the had been ill dur-ing the last two fours, and the doctor who had been called in had said that he must have ne excitement whatever; everything of a disturbing nature must be kept from him, otherwise he might die at any moment. That would be quite sufficient to gain their promise of scencey for a fortnight. And, oh! what might not happen in the course of forfnight?

With feverish anxiety she paced the pier, watching with a heart on fire for the incoming steamer, and when she saw it approaching in the distance she. stood quite still, thinking out the horrible scheme that ever entered scheme that ever entered a hu man brain-to part the two who had just linked their lives and hearts to ther for better or worse, until death did them part.

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one. CHAPTER XXX.

With strained eyes India Haven watched the twinkling lights of the in-coming steamer, until the sudden fog which covered the water hid it from View

Then she heard the awful crash and the crics of the passengers as the two hosts collided and began to sink.

They had eloped, and from this hour | to hold no mercy in their hard, stony girl, clinging to her cousin. "Indeed, I couldn't help it, India. P-I had learn-ed to love him so dearly during the three

weeks we had been here together." "Are you married to men?" cried In-dia, with bated breath, scarcely able to control her intense excitement, hoping against hope that Barbara would answer "No.

But this hope was doomed to be blasted.

"Ye-es," sobbed Bab. "He urged m so to do it, and—and my heart took up his words and urged me, too, and so couldn't help it, and now-oh, India,

ering it like a shroud, ghastly and im penetrable.

"Come away from here and we will

"Come away from here and the main tak and the star talk about it," replied India, attempting to draw her forcibly from the spot. "No, no, no!" shrikked Bab, wildly. "I will not, I cannot leave this spot until know whether or not my—my'husband has been saved. If he has perished, I, too, will fling myeslf into the cruel waters which engulf him, and we will go down to its depths together

"Don't be a fool!" hissed India, flercely, forgetting for an instant the part of the sweet, loving cousin which she had been playing so far. "Of course he has gotten into some other boat and has has gotten into some other both and the been landed. Probably he has already burried to the hotel in search of you, and will be terrified upon not finding you there. Of course he saw you put into the lifeboat, didn't he, or helped you into it himself?"

"Indeed, I don't know, India," sobbed the girl, frantically. "I was so dazed by the noise and awful confusion that I must have swooned. My senses only seemed to return when I was being lifted from the lifeboat up onto the pier. Oh, India, if you think by any possible chance that he could be here, instead of up at the hotel, let us make search for him. We must, we must!" India drew her forcibly back.

India drew her forcioly back. "You are mad, Bab!" she cried hoarse-ly, "Listen to me, if he is indeed dead, then no one must know of to-night's wild escapade. If he has been saved, then he, too, must keep it a secret for a fortnight at least, for the reason that your father is very ill. He was taken your father is very ill. He was taken with a terrible spell shortly after you left. His life hangs on a single thread; the least excitement would prove fatal." Bab looked into her cousin's eyes with

dilated eyes. Next to the young husband whom she had but just wedded, she loved her father, whose idol she was. "Papa ill!" she whispered, her fair

young face white as it could ever be in dead death Oh, India!" she sobbed wildly. "I

will fly to him at once, if you will re-main here to -to tell Clarence when you find him." "To search for Clarence Neville amid

this motley throng would be like search-ing for a needle in a haystack. Besides,' she added, "you forget the most im-portant part of to-night's mad frolie, which is that both your reputation and mine would be branded for life if we were to be seen here alone at this hour at the pier. If you were older and knew more of the world, Bab, you would realize this. I propose to conduct your back to the hotel at once. We can back collided and began to sink. Like one rooted to the spot she stood quite still as the lifebeats were brought up to the pier and their occupants tak-en from them.

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JULY 30, 1913



Skin Would Cake Over and Peel. Spots Large. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Has Not Had a Mark on Her Since. They Also Cured Mother of Pimples on Face.

578 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ont.-"My baby's trouble began as a rash and the skin used to sometimes peel off and look as if it were going to get better, but would just cake over

ALL OF again and peel. The spots were large and it used to make her face very red and inflamed all the time. It came on her face, hands

advertisement and sent for samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it started to get better right away. I used them only about once a day, and in little more than two weeks she hadn't a spot on her any-She had it three months before] where. used the treatment. She has not had a mark on her since and she is two and a half years old now. Cuticura Soap and Cintment also cured pimples on my face." (Signed) Mrs. McKnight, Jan. 8, 1912.

For treating poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a ge eration. Sold throughout the world. Lib-eral sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 34D, Boston, U. S. A.

India ?" breathed Bab, faintly.

"Then you must wait there is patience till he does come to you," returned India, impatiently.

Trembling with intense agitation which she could not control, Barbara allowed her cousin to lead and advise her. The excitement was so great, the two dark-robed figures had little difficulty in gaining access to the hotel unobserved, and as silently gained their rooms. To Bab, all that had occurred since she had been standing within those walls but a few hours before seemed more like a dream than a reality. She was only a thoughtless, impuls-

ive girl then; now she was a bride secret

"How will we know whether Clarence is in the hotel or not if we do not send down to the office and in do quire?" cried Bab, wringing her hands and commencing to grow frantic again quite as soson as the door was closed hehind them.

"You must control your agitation and impatience until to-morrow." declared India, using a harder, sterner tone than Bab had ever known from her lips.

"I cannot, india," she moaned. "I cannot, I could not like until morning, not knowing his fate, whether he dead or alive. The suspense would surely kill me, India!"

strange gleam lin up the French "If you will not go down to the of-

fice to make inquiries, 1 must," added Bab. hysterically.

"You will do nothing of the kind," "You will do nothing of the kind," returned India Haven, turning the key quickly in the lock, withdrawing it, and transferring it to her pocket, and turning about coldly and facing the frightened girl. With a bitter cry, Bab threw up her little white head for little white hands and fell at India's feet

in a dead swoon. With the quick motion of a tigress, India spurned her from her with her foot, on the soft, faultiess neck. "You have won him from my. Barbara Haven," she muttered, "but I will part

And this was the end of her dreams;

her hopes lay in ruins around her. She had believed, when Barbara Haven ac-cepted Rupert Downing, and the mar-

riage day grew nearer and nearer, that she had effectually separated Bab and

Clarence Neville forever.

you if he still lives, as surely as night follows day! I swear it!"

She decided to summon Patty and a doctor and Mr. Haven. This she did at that her cousin had retired some time previous, but being unable to sleep, she had remained up, reading, in an ad-joining room. When her Cousin Rab joining room. When her Cousin Pab had called to her, she had responded at once, only to find that she had swooned. and in great alarm, after failing to bring her to, and had summoned as-Ristan

Mr. Haven looked extremely worried. 'I never knew little Bab to swoon be white hands. "I-cannot-understand what caused it."

Dr. Brandon, who was bending over the girl, looked exceedingly grave. Slowly, he turned to her father. "This is no common case of fainting, Mr. Haven," he said. "Your daughter

appears to have every indication of broin fever-brought about by some severe shock."

Mr. Haven sprang to his feet, intense-ly agitated, shaking his head. "Your surmise is incorrect, doctor; my

daughter had no such experience, as my niece can tell you." The doctor muttered something, which

Mr. Haven did not quite catch. For many a long day after that poor Bab lay upon her little white cot in an isolated portion of the hotel, which was deserted now, its summer guests long since having flown, babbling empty nothings which no one save India had he key to. On the day ofter Bab had been strickthe ke

en with the fever, Rupert Downing had reached Long Branch. His alarm over Bab's condition was

intense. Quite as soon as India could do so without attracting observation, she slipped a little bit of folded paper in his hand.

Upon opening it, when he found him-self alone, Downing found that it con-tained but two lines, which read as follows

"Meet me on the beach at sundown. I have something of the greatest importance to communicate to you." There was no signature; indeed, none

was needed. Rupert Downing knew In-dia's writing quite too well for that formality to be of the slightest consequence to him. He wondererd vaguely, however, what India could have to reveal to him, and

kept the appointment promptly. When he heard the story sile had to tell, his amazement and consternation know no bounds.

"Barbara-married!" he gasped, face growing livid to the lips. You are saving this to fgrighten false! It is some trick of yours! India assured him upon her bonor that what she told him was absolutely true. "Your-honor!" he sneered, "I should want better security for my belief than

that!' The dark, wrathful eyes of the Frend girl blazed up for an instant like livid coals. She bit her red lips swagely, but

she dared not antagonize him. "Neville has outwitted me, has he! he cried, savagely, adding, in a low tone of concentrated rage: "If he lives, he

shall answer to me for it!' His face wore such a murderous ex-pression that India could not doubt his eaning

"What do you propose to do?" she queried, at length. She never forgot the look he turned

upon her. "First find out if he lives, or if the

sea has taken him out of my path." "And then?" ventured India. "And then." repeated Robert Down-

ing, "I shall know whether I shall have a duel on my hands or not. Of one thing rest assured—he shall not take Barbara Haven from me. He has had the first move on the checkerboard, and he has taken the first trick; the second, and crowning move, is mine. I shall sweep the board, or my name is not Ruper Downing."

"You must do nothing to harm him!" exclaimed India, turning upon him fiercely. the wind is in that quarter, eh?

(Chicago Tribune) A people who give the nights to folly might yet be same by day, but when the idiotic half sister of frivolity begins to claim day as well as the night, nerves are getting the upper hand. The immates of an asylum for the in-curable insane might be rational trot-ting in a restraurant at 4 o'clock in the afternoon but for out natients it is a



in difficult positions the other afternoor

when Congressman Frank E. Guernsey of Moine, told of the unenviable experi

ence of a party named Rastus. Rastus and the man he worked for were in the corner grocery store one night. The Congressman stid, and the

employer of Rastus declared that he had

Naturally the crowd laughed derisively

"You may laugh all you please," de-clared the man. holding his ground, "but

I can prove it by Rastus there, who was

shooting with me! Rastus, didn't I hit that buck in the left hind foot and buck

"Yo' such did, boss!" answered Ras tus, with no hesitation to speak of. "Yo'

see it whar dis way, genmen; jes' as de boss go to shoot, de buck raise him hind foot ter scratch him left ear, an' dat's

The crowd had to admit that the feat was possible, and the deer hunter was

triumphant. On the way home Rastus

turned to him. "Say, boss," he reproachfully remark-

ed. "I hain't a kickin' any, but de nex

time yo' tells one like dat. I wish yo' would get de p'ints ob yo' story jes' a little mite closah togeddah!"—Philadel-

That Awful

Moment

of the ear at the same time?"

how he happened."

phia Telegraph.

Lot of Italian Royal Is

Children.

Whatever the future may hold for forrow or joy for the royal children of Italy, the son and three small daughters of King Victor Emanuel and Queen shot a buck some time previously, the ball going throw h the left hind foot and landing in the head just behind the ear. Helena will be able to look back upon an exceptionally happy childhood.

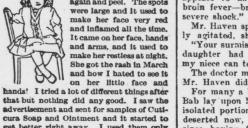
The Quirinal palace in Rome, where the children live, has its own shaded gardens, but lest these should not ouf-fice, the King has bought a villa close to the city to serve as an open play-ground for the youngsters. This villa is on the ancient Via Salaria. The children are often taken out to it in notor cars, and spend long afternoous at play with their ponies and other pets, exactly as though they were in the real country. When service comes the little wires as though they were in the real country. When spring comes the little prince, Umberto, aged 9, and his sisters, Joh-anda, Mafadda and Giovanna, respec-tively 12, 11 and 6 years old, go down to their father's hunting lodge of Castel Porziano, about fifteen miles from Romes. where a scented wood of pine trees borwhere a scented wood of pine trees bor-ders the Mediterranean, and where, dressed in simple and practical clothes, they live in the open air, bathing and climbing trees till they become as brown as berries and as hardy as the childrem of the peasants around them. Later on in the summer they go to the seishors at San Rossore, near Pisa, and later ställ to the fine country Castle of Racconigi, in Piedmont, which has always been the

summer residence of the Carignano branch of the house of Savoy. It used to be the fashion for Italian children of the better class to dress children of the better class to dress elaborately, like miniature cditions of their parents, but Queen Helena, realis-ing how much happier is the life of boys and girls who have not to care for their clothes, has set the fashion for children by always dressing hor abil simplicity by always dressing her chil-dren in loose and comfortable "sailor suita." Thus arrayed the royal young-sters enjoy without restraint the luxuries of digging, gardening and paddling in the se

The eldest of the family, Princess Yolanda, is a handsome girl and always looks well in her white serge suits with looks well in her white serge suits with broad collars, but she is rather preco-cious, as are many Italian girls, and already shows a truly feminine interest in matters of dress. It is a great joy to her to be allowed to assist in elect-ing her mother's millinery, and she chooses hats for the Queen on a most burdle back and a substantian berself to chooses hats for the Queen on a most lavish scale, never allowing hersolf to be tranmeled by considerations of ex-pense. Yolanda admires her beautiful mother intensely, and she was present on a public occasion recently when some one remarked to her that the Queen was looking particularly well. The little girl answered: "My mother is the very handsomest

"My mother is the very handsomest Queen in Europe. After a short pause she added: "And I am going to be exactly like her."

The resemblance between mother and daughter is most striking.



- Had Clarence Neville escaped the hor-rible fate that, they were saying, so many passengers from both steamers must have met with? And what of Bab the lovely little ri-

val who had outwitted her? Even while the thought crossed her mind, she saw the thought crossed her mind, she saw mured Bab, quite mystified, allowing the her cousin lifted from one of the life clder girl's will to dominate her's. boats.

A withering sneer curled her beauti-

red lips. "The girl must beer a charmed life," a muttered. "All sorts of dangers a muttered. "The girl must beer a charmed life," where you were standing. I found it she muttered, "All sorts of dangers' seem to pass her by, leaving her un-sathed."

one dazed, as though trying to realize time to see you sail away, and I waited her position and where she was, and here for your return, feeling sure the hat was transpiring around her. In an instant India was by her side, win!

"Batt" she exclaimed, shrilly, "what are you doing here? I have been scenshing everywhere for you." With a cry that would have touched any there heart but that of the French ching everywhere for you." Deen a trightened child, "1-1 could not see him go out of my life without a straggle, and the struggle proved too much for me. I yielded to his entreaties to clope Barbara Haves the set of the frame. Barbaga Haven turned quickly and

to d crusin, exclaming: to d crusin, exclaming: to India, India!" and the golden thair was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, the twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The twoblue eyes, drowned in tears, that was pillowed on her breast. The two breast break and the breast black and the break and th and the two-bills eves, drawned in tears, base, because you not raise by recog-were booking up besechingly into the nized." duck burning, pitiless ones that seemed "What if he is not yet at the hotel,

"But how did you know, India ?" mur-

ence Neville had written you asking you to meet him on the beach, at the window

ing to keep the tryst, thereby incurrin the danger of setting the gossip scathed." "She had little time to ruminate then, Some one had helped Bab to her teet, and the girl was looking about her like one dazed, as though trying to realize

Bab

next incoming boot would bring you back. I inticipated what had occurred -you had wedded him."

with him and marry him." "We will not talk any more about it until we reash the hotel," said India.

Mamilton Centennial **Industrial Exposition** and Old Home Week

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CHAS. A. MURTON, Secretary

CHAPTER XXXI.

notion. "I do not deny it," retorted the girl For some moments India Haven stood I do not deny it, retorted the grin, her black eyes blazing firerely. I did not know that I had a heart in my bosom until I met him. Then I realized that I had met-my fate-the only man whom I could ever love." gazing down upon the white, upturned face of Bab without making the least effort toward attempting to revive her. "His bride!" she cried; "she, with her

to gain. Would to Heaven that he lay He laughed so long and unroariously that his companion was stung to the dead in the bottom of the sea! Rather quick that than return to her." Madly as she loved him, she would rather have slain

"Why is it amusing to you?" she cried, adding, bitterly: "To me it is-a him with her own white hand than have tragedy! seen him happy with her lovely Cousin

"It is simply a joke to near the gay belle of Paris called there the goddess of amours- and who was known to be as heartless as she was cruel, who flung er dukes, and barons, and lordlings, after she had ruined them financially, to imagine that she is in love, at last, with what you would call over there an American nobody. His father has

She had said to herself that no one the ducats, but if the old gent chose to leave his dollars to some charity, the stood in the way now of her winning Clarence Neville; she gave herself up to son would be a beggar.'

"Love goes where it is sent," retorted India Hayen, in a tone which might have er love dream, and it grew about her. With such ill-regulated natures as iers, love knew no moderation, no bounds, no medium. Her first thought warned him not to examperate her too

in the morning, and her latest thought at night began and ended with him. After a moment's pause, she went on "Since you begin by paying me compli-ments, I must say that I can render you the same in kind. It is not worse for me to fall in love with an honorable It was not a good love. It was the restless torrent that destroys all ob-stacles, that brooks no opposition, that, will not be stayed that washes imperman-at last-than for you, the vilest rogue, gambler and libertine who ever in not be stayed that wasnes imper-ously on its way, reaching its limit— et the cost be what it might. From the first moment she had look-d up into his face, she had fallen deep-c in love with him: he was her ideal. To a girl like India Haven there was nothing in life so could as 'yea that is came to Paris from American chores, to fall in love with a flossy, pink and white ball of innocence like Bab, and desire to matry her. I suspect, however, if she hadn't millions behind her, yet would woo and win her and then ride away. othing in life so cruch as love that is freely given and meets no return. She had centred her hearts ay, her very soul upon the beijef that she would as you have done many a time bef with never an idea of yoking yourself to her for life."

sort upon the other that she would win him: she gave him the passionate love of her heart, a love that was like a devocring flame—a flame that com-sumed all that red the blace and this was what had come of it—he had married another.

So engressed was she with her own mad thoughts, she quite forgot the flight of time and how long Bab was lying there unconscious at her feet. Nor could she arouse Bab when she set

in ad thoughts, she quite forgot the flight of time and how long Bab was lying there unconscious at her feet. Nor could she arouse Bab when she set about doing so. At last she grew alarmed - wis the giri dying? She had hurriedly disrobed the slim little figure and placed her on her white couch with as little difficulty as though Bab had been a child of seven instead of seventeen. Is THIS TRUE? (Montreal Herald.) The apple crop is a failure this year, according to reports from all over Can-action of apples will so beyond the reach does not need to worry much, however, able to afford apples, in this apple-pro-able to afford apples, in the provide the slim difference and placed her on her white couch with as little difficulty as though Bab had been a child of seven instead of seventeen.

His handsome face and polished manners have captured you, too, have they? Ha! ha! ha! I must laugh at the very

afternoon, but for out patients it is a confession of condition.

Dogs are made use of to haul light artillery in the Belgian army, and are being experimented with by the Holland army.

HE LIVED HIGH FOR A SHORT TIME

THE AFTERNOON DANCE.

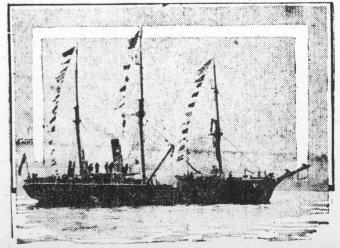
COURTING DAYS.

"Would you mind resting your head on my left shoulder, dearest?" "To be nearer your heart?" murmured the beautiful girl. "Yes, and to be further away from the cigars I have in my right pocket."-Kan-sas City Journal.

CANNED MUSIC AND BRIGHT BOB SLEDS TO HELP THIS U.S. ARCTIC EXPEDITION

Hen

00



THE STEAM WHALER "DIANA" STEAMING OUT OF NEW YORK FOR THE A RCTIC.

New York-Staff Special-Canned course, the ship carries several bar-music as first a id to arctic explor- rels of gum drops.

music as first a id to arctic explor-ers is to have its first test in the ex-pedition which has just sailed on the steam whaler "Diana" to explore to the north of Greenland when he Crocker Land under the leadership of 'made his dash toward the Pole in 1908 Dr Donald B MacMillan. No scientific body had ever heard of Dr. Donald B. MacMillan.

Peary used gum drops and repeat-ing rifles in the discovery of the North Pole.

Dr. MacMillan, who has been in the Dr. MacMillan, who has been in the times. The "Diana" goes to Flagler far north several times, is staking the Bay, where the explorers will begin success of the "Diana" expedition on their hazardous walk to the myster-music to be provided by some seven lous mountains Peary calls (rocker phonographs, using over 300 records. Land. MacMillan has a number of new hard to is also howking on the populations for excited by the And le is also banking on the popu- devices to assist him bit of new larity he will gain by distributing the have been made according to a dif-contents of a craic of bright new bob ferent pattern and are considerably sleds among the children. And, of lighter than those used by Peary.

land that far north or in that position.

Dr. MacMillan is an experienced arctic traveler, having been with Peary, Fiaa and Shackleton at various times. The "Diana" goes to Flagler Bay, where the explorers will begin

"I admit that half of what you say is truth," he retorted, stolisly, "I need moneyI must have it or I shall soon

face ruin. I am desperat (To be Continued.)

IS THIS TRUE?