

And Winifred Caerlyon replied, very calmy still, with even the quiver of a smile on the composed pale endurance of her face, "Yes, it is a very suitable match: Miss Tredennick is very hand-some," bade them both good evening, and walked swiftly away. Buzzled wrinkles came on Mr. Pas

ie's narrow forehead.

Winnie would have liked to hear tell of

ty hard blow to her," Hard enough to strike her to the

ty hard brow to use, Hard enough to strike her to the earth-hard enough to strike her down there by the cold gray sea, where the drifted snow iay deep and white, veil-ing the black, cruel rocks in cold wraith-like coftness; and gladly with the gladness of morbid misery, would she have felt it enfold her prostrate from her outstretched hands and rigid face with the chill, enfocating soft uess of a shroud. It seemed as if it hard brow to use, "Used and to the western sea." It had been something to think of in her meek maiden prayers, with an added voiceless petition-something to ponder in timid wonderment and sad tender washed the simple slab, cut the waving grass, softly, carefully, with loving pains-taking, as though she were fashioning a garment for the quiet sleeper's wear, and cold, calm peace of Death's sound sleep? kissed -- "Wind for she said, "It is better for me to die John Caerlyon." than to live.

intelligent to other than Him who reads the heart, and to whom the anguished ejaculation, the wild, incoherent petition, the fragmentary prayer broken by read, and say with certainty, "This is the interpretation thereof."

Was it presumptions, ambitions, un-

the hard work, the hard hands, her father's frowns, Thomas Pascoe's de-

"I shouldn't have thought that Miss tested presence, had all as it were passed havay, and left her alone and peacefully happy by her young mother's grave in Trewillian churchyard, or singing the your news, Miss Trewhella; but sue doesn't seem to mind. She always was a queer, silent maid, without much to from the little dormer window looking conwards there floated down on the wide isappointed enmity, "she pretends very well; but I've no doubt it's a preting breath of the tender words:

would enwrap and soothe her into the garment for the quiet sleeper's wear, and cold, calm peace of Death's sound sleep? kissed -- "Winifred, the beloved wife of She wondered so if "mother" knew-

And yet, if the stricken girl- the knew him-him whom her child loved. She had whispered if so often down than to live." And yet, if the stricken girl— the bright, sweet, tremulous dawning of whose young womanhood had darkened in a moment into impenetrable night— the few pale, pure flowers of whose ten-der, sacredly loved and guarded hopes were crushed into remorseless, disfigured ruin—had been asked what it was that she had lost and was mourning for with tearless evea and bleeding heart, she could not, if she would, have made reply could not, if she would, have made reply were for the stricken girl— the the stricken girl— the she had use the stricken girl— the was kindled, upon the lonely altar a fire was kindled, upon the snowy tablet a mame was graven deep and dark. upon "the virgin page, pure and unwritten." was inscribed an undying story, in the could not, if she would, have made reply could not if she would, have made reply could not if she would have made reply shipped idol, glorified by her fond wo-manly love, reverenced by her childish timid devotion. And now, now it was all over-the idol profaned, the harmony turned to harshest discord, the worship translation of the hidden language of annihilated the god of her idolarry had the soul, which no man born of mea can fallen and crushed her. read, and say with certainty, "This is Alas! she had never even the right

to worship, to treasure sacredly, to be-lieve in, to devote herself to that idel-simply no right. She was but intruding her ignorant thoughts, her ridiculous Was it presumptions, ambitions, un-maidenly love, and its speedy, well-mer-ismply no right. She was but intruding ited punishment? Was it the wild, her ignorant thoughts, her rideulous fomantic folly of a passionate, half devotion, her absurd affection, where her educated girl who flung away all the treasure of her young heart in exchange where she, and her love and faith and treasure of her young heart in exchange where she, and her love and faith and treasure of her young heart in exchange where she, and her love and faith and treasure of her young heart in exchange where she, were alike unexpected, unt for a stranger's transient liking, transicout likin

THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 25, 1912.

even the soft stow's deadly shrouding could lull the pain to sheep. Awake! for the waves of the cold gray sea rang a the waves of the cold gray sea rang a ceaseless dirge, and she must arise and gather up the crushed, ruined remnants of the shattered treasure of her young life, wipe away her tears, and bury it deep for ever out of the sight of those who would mock her woe.

deep for ever out of the sight of those who would mock her woe. "I suppose I cannot die," she said, wildly, looking up to heaven in her tear-iess misery; "I shall live on and on as I have done for years and years. But, oh," the girl cried, assailed with the devilish whispering temptation that lurks in the dark, mantling folds of despair, "I am not yet twenty-one, and life is such a dreadful thing! dreadful thing!

MBeckoning arms from the tossing waves seemed to be outstretched to her, the deep, gurgling waters amidst the rocks reled in a soothing murmur, the ripples rushed towards her and slipped softly back into their ocean bed as if wooing her young feet, so bruised and weary from the pathway of life, to fol-low them. She knew nothing of heath-en doctrines of the richt data n doctrines of the right to die and the inlessness of the suicide's act; she was only a poor, simple-minded, half heart broken little girl; and a wilder praye of supplication followed the ejaci

one of despair. In the helpless simplic ity of her Christianity, she turned heaven for relief. "Heaven help me-pity me!" sobbed Winnie, upstretching her thin white

arms, as if seeking the clasp of a friend arms, as if seeking the clasp of a friend-ly hand; and, gazing upward, she saw that the eevning star had arisen, and was looking down upon her from the dark evening sky. Down into the gulf of her despair, like a pitying eternal eye, shone the slender silver ray. And the star-angel, God's messenger to his sorrowing child, dighting her gently on her homeward path, seemed to soothe her at once with assurance of succor her at once with assurance of succo and relief.

> . CHAPTER XIII.

"I can not quite understand, Mildred about Miss Winnie Caerlyon -- has Aunt Vivian quarrelled with her?"

"Quarrelled; Aunt Vivian quarrelled with Miss Winnie Caerlyon! Profane mortal!" Mildred responded, her haugh-ty smile resolving into a sunshine of mischievous fun. "Aunt Vivian quarrel-led with here with led with her poor little hired led with her poor little hired compan ion, amanuensis, or whatever other of fice she was honored by being appoint-ed to! Does Her Gracious Majesty box

the ears of the royal pages when they fail in their duty?"

"Well, then, what is the cause of aunt's totally ignoring the poor iittle thing's existence?" asked Captain Tre-dennick, rather irritably. "I fancied that Madam regarded her more in the light of an adopted child than anything else, and now I discover that she never sees her, never mentions her name, and prevents it from being mentioned, as I funcied last night from her manner.

Has Winnie Caerlyon done anything to offend her?" "You had better ask her, cousin,"

Mildred replied, her face sparking all over with satirical mirth. "Ask her where is Winn's Carryon-why was she banished from Roseworthy-and gef that she may be instantly recalled-do, Starbay Stephen - to oblige me!" "Why are you laughing, Mildred?" he said, smiling in spite of himself. "Is there any reason why I should not ask Aunt Vivian about her little friend?" "I think you had better apply to Aunt Vivian herself if you want any information on the subject, Cousin Stephen," Mildred returned, more quietiy and coldly; "sue might not think the affair one in which I could possibly, or with propriety, be interested, or with which I ought to be acquainted," and the sar-

Tredennick's very lips had grown pale, and he gasped out the words breathless-



on the carvings of his meerschaum bowl

and stem. "Who said so, Mildred?"

Body Covered With Running Sores. Could Not Sleep from Itching and Pain. Cross and Fretful. Tried Fifty Remedies Without Result. Cured in Nine Days by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

30 Champagne St., Montreal, Quebec .-

"I have a five-year-old boy who was suffer-ing from what the doctor said was "la gratelle." His body was all covered with running sores. The trouble started with ing from what the doctor said was "la gratelle." His body was all covered with running sores. The trouble started with pimples and opened up into sores. Of course scratching made it worse. The erup-tions appeared on his face and disfgured him awfully. The boy could not sleep at night from the itching and pain, and I did not know what to do with him. It made him cross and fretful. If I

as all in the yowns where the fleet was moored, The streamers waving in the wind, and poor little 'Black-eyed Susan' coming aboard singing -'O where shall I my true love find?' "O where shall I my true love find?" I am afraid it is all perfectly true, Cap-tain Tredennick; and I never thought it would be my fate to see my hitherto highly esteemed relative, who gravely reproved my delinquencies when I was young, and gravely admonished me as to the way in which I should go when I grew old, branded as a gay sea-rover by the highly respectable and scandal-loving inhabitants of the parish of St. Awen!" have tried one, I have tried fifty remedies without result. At last I got samples of Cultura Soap and Ointment, and after using them two days I noticed a change. I then bought a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and I used to give the boy a hot bath daily using Cuticura Soap freely, and then applied the Cuticura Ontment. He had suffered Awen! three months with the horrible disease be "You need not talk such utter nonfore I started to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and nine days after the boy was sense if you must jest," said Stephen Tredennick, shortly. There was not another man on earth' who would have dared to address that cured and has not been troubled since.'

(Signed) E. Cloutler, Dec. 12, 1911. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal silken-robed, beautiful young woman in such a manner; but Stephen Tredennick always spoke as he felt to his cousin Mildred, and Mildred liked him as she liked non, when sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 40D, Boston, U. S. A, liked none other on earth-save one. That one she loved-and Mildred Tre-

lennick's love was a feeling very diftain of the Chittoor asked, sternly, conferent from liking. "It is not utter nonsense by any fronting his handsome, haughty cousin, haughtier than herself, looking down means, but particularly good sense, as you many find out," Mildred returned naughtler than nersell, looking down from his stalwart height on even her Juno-like stature; and imperious, self-possessed Mildred quailed ever so lit-tle, and faltered, with a girlish rising estingly still, but with a certain weight

jestingly still, but with a certain weight of meaning in her tones. "And I thought you cared more for me," Captsin Tredennick remarked, quietly and reproachfully, "than to allow vulgar gossip, in your hearing, to tam-per with my name—not to mention the poor innocent little girl's—in that ab-surd and improbable manner." "You tampered with it yourself beings "They said that you admired Winnie Caerlyon, noticed her, walked out with her, paid her visits, liked and admired her, and paid her attention-you know,

Stephen"--imperious Mildred faltered here--"and then--" "Then what?" He struck his clenched "You tampered with it yourself before I ever heard the girl's name mentioned, or entered the cloistered seclusion of hand with an involuntary force against the arm of his chair, and a storm over-taking the Chittoor on the wide ocean Rosworthy," retorted Mildred, sharply. Rosworthy," retorted Mildred, sharply. One could wager with far greater cer-tainty of the event of a bright, mild, sunshiny morning than on Miss Treden-nick's mood for half an hour togerher. never brought so dark a cloud as then

"They said that Winnie Caerlyon, poor little thing--" Mildred's very temples had colored now-her keen womanly pride and delicacy shrank from what must have seemed casting ridicule on an-other woman's honeless affection. The side now. "I," He said, the venus in mis temples standing out darkly in relief -: Alil-dred! How, pray?" "Through that fur jacket, I believe," Mildred responded, briefly. other woman's hopeless affection. That poor little miserable, pale-faced, shabby creature—why should she render her absurd and unworthy of respect in

Stephen Tredennick's eyes She glanced at the mirrored reflection of her own splendid form, in the glory of her blooming womanhood-at the silken sheen of her sweeping robes of royal blue-Mildred would have liked to wear purple velvet and ermine every day had it not been inconvenient—the massive gold comb and pins fastening the braids of her shining bronze-hued hair, her aristocratic jewelled hands, the satin fairness of which one hour's hard work had never sullied—at all the upper playment of the satisfield and the satisfie queenly elegance and grace which were so natural to her in the pride of her beauty, and she hesitated, with the un-willingness of a noble nature, to crush my pocket, I suppose." (To be Continued.)

Cramps at Night But Stephen Tredennick's face admit-ted of little hesitation, of no denial; beneath the magnetism of his clear. ly in convalsive alarm. "About little Winnie Caerlyon," Mild-red repeated, her handsome face grow-ing hard, and her bright eyes peering in their handsome gaze into her cousin's troubled changing face. "I am sorry to see that the news affects you so much, Winnie-Captain Treednnick." "Aftects me!": Stephen Tredennick "What about Winnie." Stephen Tredennick reiterated. dennick raiterated. The childish name brought back in a flood of recollection the announcement of the little dark dripping figure in the lighted entry—the pale-faced child with the beautiful tresses of hair and the passionate womanly eyes—the shivering little woman whom he had escorted home through the wild March morning —the gentle girl by whose side he had sat on that sunny afternoon, listening cried, his alarm and bewilderment growing stronger. "Why. Mildred what is there to be sorry for? What is it about poor little Winnie Catrlyon?" The cold haughty face grew colder, and Mildred Tredennick's eyes flashed n a sudden blaze of indignation. "Captain Tredenuick, I hate hypoc riey as I hate craftiness." she said ;"" sat on that sunny afternoon. listening become one of our came to to her sweet voice, as it mingled with the plashing of the waves-the patient, stoop so low as to touch either!" And having given utterance to her senti dear little creature, busy in the tidy ments. er imperial highness gathered her sath lined moting-robes around her satisfies her had been in truth the regal purples, and swept out of Stephen kitchen, with her white apron and her big knife, cutting bread and butter. Stephen Tredennick had often laugh-ed since, calling to mind what a large regal purples, and swept out of Stephen Tredennick's offending presence, leaving him hort, amazed, angry, and contused hevend measure. "I don't believe poor, dear old Winnie, who had blushed beneath his hen is to blame one bit, spite of all they may say," multered to herself, twitching gaze as he had never seen a woman blush before or since, whom he had tak-en into his heart, although he did not Stephen know it, whose pure lips he had kissed and had felt ever since as if he dared her dress away from Miss Trewhella's **Bolicitous** touching and arranging, and marching off imperiously, fastening her silken, such and adjusting her lace colnever sully his own by a coarse word or a lighter caress, for their dear maid-enly sake. Winnie! Poor dear little pale faced. lar as she went, in a highly independent mannor. She fearlessly invaded, her cousin's privacy in his study, where he sat before the fire in the dark, dull afquaint, simple-hearted Winnie-fiery, proud, passionate little woman-patient, dutiful, loving little maiden-what had ternoon, in a deep revert and tobacco smoke hazily intermingled. "Consin Stephen." she said abruntly, "I beg your pardon-I spoke rudely a while ago, but you annoyed me." "I was nota aware of having done so," rejoined Stephen Tredennick, quietly and gravely. There was no one on earth who could manage Mildred Tredennick so easily and exert such an influence her cousin. Stephen: at ternoon, in a deep reverie of thought and tobacco smoke hazily intermingled. over her, as her cousin. Stephen; at least his aunt and hers, Madam Vivian, had constantly assured him of the fact. "But you annoyed and troubled me. Here is one of those "simple" little hats that have been known to break up familles and furnish the divorce court with Jusiness. It is the kind of a hat that makes a man, who in sists that his wife can buy a wear-able hat for one ninety-eight, say. "Now look at that. There is Mrs. Million Dollars! See what a taste-ful, simple 'lid' she is wearing. She wanted it. It takes these rich wome-to always wear simple things, but wo-men like you whose husband works men like you whose husband work said?" Stephen Tredennick de laying down his pipe. body-the world of Roseworthy arish of St. Awen." tid it hey say, Mildred," the cap

was lit up with a sudden flush and glow not due to the flickering radiance of the. Do You Feel Moody, Irritable, Depressed?

> When That Languid, Laggy, Easily-Tired Feeling Comes, Your Liver Is Slow

Tells How To Cure Quickly.

"Even when I wase young I was not He spoke so quietly, without an ejacu-lation of wonderment or disbelief, that Mildred's curiosity aroused afresh her usual sarcastic, mirthful temper. "Everybody, 1 tell you, Stephen," she answered, with a solemn shake of her head elevely watching her counie's area robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches, and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirts and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married D found I could not throw worries off like other women, and those full feelings of deanswered, with a solemn shake of her head, closely watching her cousin's some-what inscrutable expression, and en-deavoring to decipher it. "It is true, then, I suppose!" she went on, de'er-mined to tease him. "Alas! false man, you have been regarding Tolgooth Bay as 'All in the Jowns' where ' the floet was moored spondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish, and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, languor and despair. The pills the doctor gave me were too purgative, made me weaker becaus they were too active for my constitu weaker because tion. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and they were so mild and helpful. Well, I never used a pill that acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They are so comfortable to use, I was afraid they might not help. But in a week I knew they had been actively engaged in cleaning up my system. The did the work of a tonic and blood medi cine combined. I improved to a marvel-ous degree with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I now maintain the most perfect kind of

> It is Mrs. E. V. Erlanger, well known at Gloucester, who relates the above ex-perience. She proved what you and all others, men and women, can prove that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are best for restor ing health and best for keeping the system in perfect running order. Don't be misled into using anything but Dr. Ham-ilton's Pills, 25c a box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or post-paid by the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

HE HAD REVENCE.

Stage Hand Got Even With Disliked Actress.

on actors by the stagehand who has conceived a dislike for them, for one eason or another-generally groundless

-are nothing greater than petty annoy-ances, writes Mary Shaw, in the Strand. But sometimes, if he happens to be vicious, these acts may be made very dangerous. Knowing this, the actor-subconsciously-always has the good will of

the stagehand in mind. I recall an incident when I was playing with Helen Barry. She was a woman of heroic build-six feet tall, and otherwise made on a big scale. She was an exactput on the uniform of an army officer. In one scene it was her business to stalk up and Sown the stage, and, when sufficiently wrought up, to kick a footstool out of her way. The footstool that she

to ht. One night, when I was on the scen with her, I had my back to her and was arranging my hat in the glass. Sud-denly I felt the most fearful vibration and heard a terrible crash. I swung "That fur jacket, concerning which I "That fur jacket, concerning which I have heard such sensational accounts---why did you give it to her, Stephen?" "The-fur--jacket," Stephen Theden-nick repeated, in the slow utterance of mingled astonishment and indignation----"why did I give ito her? Because I chose to do so, and had the money in my nocket. I surpose" around, and, to my amazement, saw Miss Barry, disguised as the officer, flat on her back and wriggling about in an on her back and wriggling about in an attempt to regain the perpendicular. The audience had gone wild with glee. I was so shocked that I did nothing but stand and stare at the woman. I did not and stare at the woman. I did not know whether or not it was a new piece of business that had been introduced. had fallen and wanted to get up. Her sabre had got underneath her in some Her way and prevented her rising. I tugged and tugged away at her, for she was very heavy, and, after a very ridiculous tug of war between us, she managed to get on her feet.

Many of the small revenges practised

The meerscaum was roughly pushed "I," Me said, the veins in his temples ing and conscientious woman, and had made herself very unpopular with the stage crew. At this time Miss Barry dildred responded, briefly. Her cousin looked both excited and who, to carry out a little intrigue, had eriously disturbed and angry. She was seriously disturbed and angry. She was a little afraid of provoking him much further; but the temptation to tease was irresistible with the tyrannical young lady—besides. after all, what could this poor little Winnie Cacerby; be to him? kicked was an upright box with a cover to ht.

health by using them just once or twice a week."

It had been the idyl-tender, imaginatime of a commonlace, work a day world existence—the poem the passion-ate, harmonious embodiment of the song, the melody of which stirred the enthus-

aream the product of which was delirious agony of pain, desolation, and burning, mortified shame-the anguished shame which those equally proad and pureminded alone can know being life, it had been a beautiful erring 'sweet dream no more. Awake'--not Awake'--not

THIS "SIMPLE" LITTLE HAT HAS A \$300 FEATHER----MOST EXPENSIVE KNOWN



Here is one of those "simple" little 'low plume and a bunch of ragbag

Require Prompt Remedy

Agonizing Pain Prevented by Keep ing Nerviline Handy on the Shelf

A Case in Point Illustrated

The class in four infusirated Detaily cramps-the symptoms are not to be inistaken. Suddenly and with-out warning the patient experiences such agony in the stouch as to con-tort the countenance and cause him to any four infusion of the stouch as to con-try aloud for help. of Nerviline can make itself felt -- it

f Nervilne can make their the hand revenge and has the incident itself "Last summer I was stricker with a und fury. "Last summer I was stricker with a Quite as funny as the incident itself the remark of the stage manager "Last summer I was stricker with a frightful attack of crampe. I feared the pain in my stomach would kit me. "My eyes ladged out and the venss in my forchead stool out like whipeords. "My eries attracted a neighbor, who "My eries attracted a neighbor, who Nerviline in some sweetened water. "It seemed as if an angel had charm ed away the pain. In ten seconds, I was well: Nerviline has a wonderful name

in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatalence, stom-ach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE. "Williamsburg! No home is safe or can afford to

be manifold advantages of having Ner viline on hand in case of accident of cmergent sickness. Large family size bothes of Nervillee, 50c; trial size, 25c all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co. Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

TWO PROCESSIONS. (Philadelphia Record) The Mayor of Lawrence is in New York making remarks about his town and its recent troubles. He says the striks got along very comfortably until the Indus-rial Workers of the World got in there and tried to make trouble. There was never the slightest excuse for spectraular method of the children." The city was method the children." The city was the induction of the children was the induction of the indu

serve to make the next one lan

argues stead of avoiding the rocky Florida Times-Unioz.

The count shares the eause num to inher the postson with read and that when she gave it a kick the recoil when she gave it a kick the recoil threw her on her back. She realized threw her on her back. She realized instantly that she was a victim of stage-hand revenge and was filled with rage and fury.

his face beaming, and, before the furious actress could begin her protest, gaily cried out: "That's splendid-fine! You made a big hit with that new point business! Pat it on every night!"

A CLEVER THIEF.

Prisoner Had Knife Hidden in His Mouth.

Some years ago in the district of Jal paigort. Bengal, there was a sudden epidemic of petty theits and burglaries, says the Strand. The police, completely baffled for some time, finally arrested balled for some time, finally arrested an individual on suspicion, who, after a preliminary magesterial investigation, was remanded in custody with a view to further inquiries as to his antecedent On being searched a policeman, an pecting he had something concealed in the month ordered him to oran it who

from the district of Gonda, in Oudi, an had already been convicted of fourtee previous offences! He admitted that the knife had bee

specially made for him, and that he us it for cutting open bales of cloth a also for pocket picking. A map of man's errors would