

The silence of death succeeded these | genius and his fame. I betrayed for

strange words. All the guests felt an icy chill creep over them. One would have thought that the ghost of the man whom they had once known and loved was about to appear before them. The men looked at each other. vexed by this sudden outburst, which cast a gloom over the feast which had begun so joyously. The women began to laugh, without comprehending what was taking place. Clemence, however, furious, bit her livid lips, and striking the table sharply with her knife, her glass fell with a crash to the floor. "A broken glass!" cried Laure d'Evreux. "That is an unbucky omen."

"A proven grass, "A broken grass," d'Evreux, "That is an unlucky omen." "All this is truly absurd, Jacques," cried Clemence in a volce that trem-bled with anger, "Our friends have not come here to listen to such non-

He has drunk too much, our good Jacques," cried Sophie Viroflay. "It is only half-past twelve, which is a little

young man, whose face assumed a terrible expression. "I said that Laurier was mad. Does any one here doubt it? Among you all, who saw him during the last few months of his life, and who witnessed the anto his threat as it suffecting, and guish he endured, is there one who denies the truth of what I say? Alif you are silent. Clemence herself does well that Laurier was mad, and why to his threat as it suffecting, and cried in a hollow voice: "Pierre, what do you come to seek here? You know well that we can-not speak. It is because she knows well that Laurier was mad, and why to his threat as it suffecting, and to his threat as it suffecting, and "Pierre, what do you come to seek here? You know well that we can-ner! If you live I must die!" "Lacoues!" cried Laurier, advancing

THE ATHENS REPORTER, JULY 28. 1915.

timid smile, and approaching closer to him, suid "Is it prudent to take him away now? Come with me; I will show you to a room where he can be cared for, and where he will not be disturbed." It is useless." responded Pierre. "Neither he nor we will remain here a

"Why?" asked Clemence. "Are we then eneraies?"

Laurier pointed to Jacques, gasping for breath in the arms of Davideff, and without anger, but with unalter-

able firmness, answered: "I have forgiven you the injury you have done me. I will never forgive you the injury you have done him. Adieu."

Davidoff and Pierre carried Jacques, still unconscious, across the garden, to the carriage which had br ught them. Hardly were they out of sight than

the restraint which had weighed upon the guests disappeared. "Ah, my children!" chried Burat,

"what a termination for a fcast! "They did well to take him away," said Mariette de Fontonoy; "it was becoming unendurable; I have a hor-rer of scenes at table."

"You have the corsolation of know-ing however, Clemence," said Duver-nay, "that the men who kill themselves for your sake, always back to life again." com

Clemence reclained silent for a mo-ment, her head sunk thoughtfully or her breast. Then looking around at her press. Then looking around at her guests with a surdonic glance,--"You may say what you choose of Fierre Laurier," she said, abruptly, "but among you all there is not one who is his equal! -- And now it is near two o'clock. Let us go to the race-course to see Selim's horse come in a bad last."

Pierre and Juliette had been married for three months. The young wife had recovered the bloom of health. Laur-ier, overwhelmed with orders, worked all day, and he and Juliette spent the evenings with Mme. de Vignes and Jacques. Slowly but surely Jacques was sinking to the tomb. Cured of his dangerous madness he had become amiable and gentle. It seemed as if he was resolved upon making those around him forget the anguish he had caused them to suffer, and not once, since he had been brought to his mother's house, had he been heard to utter a complaint. It seemed as if he accepted suffering and death as an expiation for his faults. Emaciated and hollow-eyed, his

hair almost white, there remained not a trace of the beauty that had turned so many heads. He looked like an old man. He now scarcely ever rose from his easy-chair. A plaid thrown over his knees, his thin hands stretched out before him, he would sit for hours by the window, sunk in a revery, or gazing idly at the passers-by as they hastened along the street. He refused even to drive with his mother to the Bois to take the air. He would answer with a smile:

"I must have a little vanity, and not show myself looking so weak and miserable to those who remember me young and vigorous. Go you, my dear mother, and when you come back you will tell me about what you have seen; thus I shall enjoy the pleasure of the drive without its fatigue."

Only when his sister came would his melancholy countenance light up with pleasure. He could not bear Jullette out of his sight, and would ex-cuse himself for so selfishly depriving her husband of her society, by saying:

'Let him bear with me. I have only a little while more left in which to enjoy it, and he has a life-time."

One day he said to her: "Do you remember, Juliette, the terrace at Beaulieu, and the conversation we had there together?" The young girl shuddered with hor-

ror at this recollection. She wished to interrupt her brother, to prevent him from recalling those sad days, But he insisted with an obstinacy un-



experiment. He wished to prove the power of the moral nature over the physical, of the spirit over the body.

Physical, of the spirit over the body. He desired to learn if faith could pro-duce material results. The experiment, most unfortunately, was tried on a very weak nature, an im-pressionable imagination, It pro-duced only too powerful a result. Like the miracle workers of old who played upon the credulity of the ignorant, he said to me: 'You are cured; you have received within you another life; live then.' And I was so eacer to The London Morning Post on June 15th published a letter from an Aus tralian trooper in the Eastern Meditefranean, showing to what an extent the allied troops in Gallipoli are confronted by German method and sys tem. This letter shows that many features of warfare are now being practised in the Mediterranean which the Germans gave prominence to in selfish. And in order to forget, in order to sllence the protestations of my conscience ,I three myself into a life of pleasure, I gave myself up to the Western Incaure. in reverting to the gases used in Callipoli, the writer of the letter states: The transformation that had The shades of night naturally lend themsolves to the guileful scheme, and

the Australians,

Penalty.

it is under this protection that ruses are usually essayed. A inear knowledge of English and, strange to say, a painstaking study of nuss stargesters to be part of the mental equip ment of the German officers. No lit-tle confusion was caused at first owing to these nien, whose knowledge of our units and their commanders was astonishing, and no loubt the result of secret service at Cairo, penetrating our lines and assuming the role of colonial officers. It must be under-stood that this did not signify the guilelessness on our part, or confuand you are alive, and it is I who am about to die." "Jecques!" interrupted the young sion in our ranks. We must not lose

sight of the fact that owing to the desperate nature of the conflict, the great mortality among our commanders and the rapid transference of interningled roops from one point to another, the "Tell me that you forgive me, and various units were welded. into one

fighting whole. Nothing was easier than for a daring man to pass orders along the line, having previously clothed himself in the garments of one "Ah. yes! I forgive you," returned Juliette, "since you insist on my saying those unnecessary words, and there is no merit in my doing so, for

I love you." Jacques smiled gently. "Decidedly," he said, "women are better than we are." "But Jacques, you will live," cried

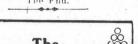
"To what purpose?" Then his expression changed.

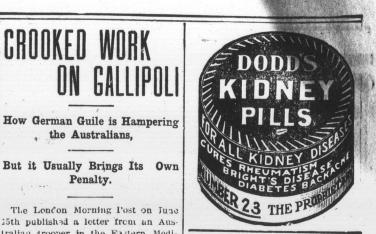
with a pathetic attempt at gayety, he 'Besides, that would not be pos-

trees, saw again with mingled pleasure and sadness the Villa of Beauville, the pine wood thuyas and the fir-trees. pine wood thuvas and the fir-trees. Another order came along "French and the little bay encircled by its advancing on our left and English on furringly away on the beach. Jacques mouth to mouth we passed it come

He sleeps upon a hillside sheltered v orange-trees, hulled by the fragbreezes, and on his tomb may be rant

suffering scul. The Fnd.





In the matter of prines, too, the Prussian tried his hand, but with in different success. We had a good sprinkling of old soldiers among us, who "fought shy" of comfortably constructed crossings and newly turned earth. We have been told that both the teach encampment and the larger one further back were mined in vari ous places. The disturbance of the troops' rest at night is another phase troops less at man is another puts of Germany's influence on Turkish ideas of war. All right long an ex-travagant expenditure of ammunition goes on, serving no other than to keep those man purpo 30 manning trenches alert. The general character of the night attacks is reminiscent of what we read of the doings on other fronts. The enemy advances frequently in close formation, making all ner of weird noises on their bagles and with their lungs. Our men, when they hear the shorting call out "Taala menà" ("Come here" in Egyptian Arabic.) An incident which caus ed the entrenched line to mest one at-tack in mirthful spirit was when tack in mirthful spirit was when "Come to the cook house" was blown frantically by the approaching foe, apparently in mistake for the "Retire." Ottoman buglers made nerve racking slaughter of our calls, and all to no purpose. The old Prussian (uard scheme of advancing in two or more lines in close formation, with machine guns carried in the rear, was mearly, but not unite-successful. On the oc-On the occasion when the Turks tried their luck one of our battelions was preparing to leave the trenches to widd the bave-As, it happened, our men were net. orderd back, and our machine guns played havoc with that party before it could do any damage.

In the use of during guns or fig-ures, the Turk or German does his lest, but rarely deceives the povy or our artillery. Without doubt the Ger-man military autocracy in Turkey has relised the efficiency of the array the allies have to fight. How long the bludgeoning career will endure, the future will tell.

Why Soldiers Need Tectin.

That recruit who on being rejected on account of his teeth said ne day not know he had to bue the enemy had know he had to bue the energy has evidently not realized the possibilities of an army blecult. Its ingredients of an army blecult. Its ingredients of meal, salt and water, kneaded oy ma-chinery into a thick paste and puked-hard; but, though it requires "ame" tech to tackle it, yet it has good points. It is highly neutritious; a pound of or set stale, and it can be packed into the knap-stale, and it can be packed into the knap-stale and it can be packed into the knap-t always contains, and it energys trium-phantly as a biscuit and not a heap of

Offensively Officious.

"You always go home exceedingly early, eld man." "Yes. Our neighbors are the cause "Yes. Our neighbors are the cause of that."

"How so?"

"If I stay downtown a n.inute late they come right over and condone with my wife."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reminders.

Mrs.-"He said I reminded him of a Greek goddess. Mr.-Huh!

ner those dearest to me. I plundered my mother and neglected my sister. He was base and I have been baser. And now do you think I am in my right mind and that I can reason clearly?" He rose to his feet; his lips foamed slightly, his hands trem-bled, and he gave a forced laugh. He raised his glass filled with cham-

pagne and said: "I drink to all of you, friends and vivals in the affections of the woman I love. And I drink to the memory of the absent one-Pierre Laurier." . He raised his glass to his llps, but

did not drink. His glauce, directed toward the terrace, had become fixed as it in terror. He uttered a hoarse cry and took a step backward. He had

caught sight of the man whose name he had just utered-Pierre Laurier mounting the steps with Davidotf While he was advancing toward them No, I am not intoxicated," said the breathless, stupcfied, a cold sweat up-

en his forchead. When the two men paused at the threshold of the room, he made a will gesture as it to shut them out from his terrified vision, then put his hand

oward him with outstretched hand De Vignes tried to push him Lack, ut suddenly turned nale, and uttering a hoarse cry sank into the arms of his

live then.' And I was so eager to believe what he told me that I ended by believing it. But at the price of what mental hallucinations, what de-terioration of character! I had been amiable and good; I became cruel and

vice. taken place made me so different from what I had been that I seemed to live with a double life. There was in me the physical being whose acts were inspired by a species of madness, and an intellectual being who protested with groans against all these excesses. For nearly a year I have lived like a criminal, hating my crime and condemning myself for it. Such is the life I have been leading. And it was to prolong this hell that I was willing that Laurier should die, and thought it right that you should follow him. But a just God interposed. Pierre

and letting her tears fall upon it. The dving man recovered his breath with difficulty and said with solemn.

that when I am no longer among you, you will sometimes think of me with pity and affection."

love you.

Juliette.

said

sible; for now it is you who possess the soul of Piorre." Six weeks later, as the autumn was drawing to its close, and the last leaves were falling from the trees, they all set out for the south. They of

than before, and one evening, sur-rounded by those who loved him, he gently exhaled his latest breath:

read these words JACQUES DE VIGNES. God has taken to Himself his poor

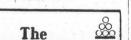
Camphor will remove fresh peach

A solution of ammonia, applied 3

To sharpen a knife, fold a piece of

If cold coffee is used in mixing stov

8



of our dead officers, and learned his pame from the identity disc worn around the corpse's neck. I will enumerate, for instance, various orders that I passed along, perfectly satisfied at the time of their good faith. "Inaian scouts returning on our left; right flank fire rapid to protect them.' Immediately turbaned figures appear-

ed, and before we realized the position they got a Maxim into position in a poured in a hot fire. They had collected the uniforms of dead Sikhs. Once bit, twice shy. A Shin was at once postol here and there along the line. Soon the same trick was at-tempted at another point. A German, in front this time, called: "Dai't fire; we are Indicas." A Sikh choated a words. No reply. Perhaps three the thirty cdd masqueraders go:

seemed for a time to revive under the finfluence of the southern sun; then he grew weaker and more sombre before the position was realized, and the bayonet had to be resorted to. Steps were taken as soon as possible to prevent these daring Germans fooling us again like this. No order was permitted to be passed along, save in writing. This served as a safeguard against another danger as well. It became evident that keen-eared scouts would creep up in the scrub and listen to orders being passed along, and gain much that was of use to their side. If Ammunition running short' was called too loudly it was more than

an even chance; if an attack was on the way towards our line then, the trench short would bear the brunt of it. Of course when at the earliest possible moment the units were reorganized, much of the danger mentioned above was eliminated. An 'authenticate i story is told of a German, who, one An 'authenticate l moonlight night, succeeded in worm ing his way through the serub unob-served (that was before our engineers had put down the fire entanglements and sauntered along in front of our lines, exhorting our follows to "Keep

The countenance of the actress at this speech became yellow with rage as if gall had replaced the blood in he Her beautiful bosom swelled veins. with rage, and in a hissing voice sh

You make us regret him. It is a pity he is not in your place, and you in his!" Patience. I shall soon be there,

said Jacques with a terrible smile. "for I, in my turn, an leading the same life of torture which drove him to suicide. I can judge of his sufferings by what I myself endure, and I can understand how he resolved to bear them no longer. We were speakhear them no longer. We were speak-ing just now of Dr. Davidoff, and we recalled the fantastic stories he re-lated to us on a certain night. Patrizzi, do you remember how Laurkr, after listening in shence to Darodiff, cried suddenly: 'Jacques, if I should ever grow tired of life I will bequeath my soul to you? I see you have not fo gotten. Well, before that very night was ever he was dead, and I, who had barely a breath of life, recovered no health. A few days later, Prince, nicot-ing me at a masked ball at Nice, you said to me jestingly: 'It seems that you have now an entirely new soul, that of your friend Laurier.' You little knew how true was what you said. This soul was in me. I felt if, strong and ardent, with all its passions that had been the ruin of the unfertunate Pierre-an inordinate love

pleasure, a desire to be madly loved, unconquerable passion for play-that consumed me in their fires woman crossed my path; she attracted me irresistibly, fatally. It was impos-sible for it to be otherwise, for I had within me the soul of Pierre, filled by the ardent love he had cherished for this woman. Oh, I had a gleam of reason; I foresaw for an instant my fate, and I tried to resist her power; but the spell of the enchantress was upon me and my efforts were vain. All my being impelled me toward her. I obeyed her as a dog obeys his master—she had only to raise her finger and I returned to her after swearing I would never see her again. Thus I have followed step by step the same path that led Pierre Laurier to his Like him I gambled, be had need of money-a great deal of money. Like him I forgot everything but the woman I at once hated and adored. He had sacrificed to aer his

"He is dead," said Berneville in a trembling voice "Let some one cali for help-

"Do not stir," said Davidoff; "he is not dead, and we need no help." He poured some water into a glass, and with it moistened the temples of the unfortunate man, who gave a deep

sigh. Of all those who nad gathered ound him hastily, Clemence was the first to recover her self-po-session.

What do you want to do?" asked Davidoff.

"To take M. de Vignes away." re-

and placing himself in front of her,-"De you mean to choose our doing so?" he asked, coldly,

The actress raised her eyes to his acc. She saw that he was calm; his yes were sad, his lips were a disdainfare ful smile. He was again the Pierre Laurier of the early days of their ac-quaintance, with his baughty and thoughtful brow, his manly air, and re was a natancholy sweetness in Noice that stirred the heart of Clemence to its very depths. Sh. wished to treat him with in olence, at a sudden hurillity soften: her her 1



"The remorse I endure is so bitter." he said, "that at all costs I want to be delivered from it. At night, during my sleepless hours, it tortures me. It ny encourse every moment of my life. have been very guilty toward you stains from linen. who are so sweet and innocent. Ah. so

long as you do not forgive me I can-not be at rest!" or 4 times to a cold sore, will remove it, if done when first felt. 'But what have you done, my poor brother, that you should thus accuse yourself?" said Juliette. "Our sorrow was the same, and we mingled our tears together." emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times.

A useful idea in porch furniture is to have a shelf inside the porch rail, about one foot wide and one foot from "No, our sorrow was not the same. No, our sorrow was not the same, said Jacques in a low voice, "for my sorrow was assumed. I believed that I lived with the life-of Pierre, and I did not regret his death. Oh, what I tell you is terrible, but the truth must be said. I had the certainty that you would die of your grief yot I for rethe porch. The men will find an ex-cellent foot rest; the women a shelf for workbackets or books, and just what the children want to sit on. would die of your grief, yet 1 felt re-gret at the conviction only because your death would seem like a reproach

blacking, the stove will keep bright much longer. Two drams of cal-ammeniae in an may joy. Yes, I was such a monster that I accepted the thought that Pierre was dead and that you also were go-ing to die. But what were all those ounce of German cologne is said to

cure freckles. The solution should be added to a pint of off water before using. Apply three times daily, with deaths to me compared to the certainty of my living? I dared to allow this thought to enter my mind. Man is ina sponge. To a mother a child is everything. but to a child a parent is only a livk in the chain of her existence.-Lord

deed a cowardly and miscrable brute." His cheeks were burning. He re-sumed in a gasping volce: "Between your life and mine, I was

satisfied that yours should be the rifice, And instead of lost friend I was rejoic mourning my neart. She claneed at Pierre with a his stead, I was, as you see, my dear in

clean white ollcioth which has been solled by het cocking utensils. To clean a bottle or decenter, fiil it with sea salt and shake it till all stains are removed. If a strong brine of salt and water

Beaconsfield.

is thrown over the coals less soot will collect in the fluce and chimneys. The fire, too, will burn clear and bright. An casy way to skin a beat without bleeding it and causing it to lose color is to put it in cold water as soon as it is cooled. Then draw the hand gently down each one and the skin will drop off without trouble.

Raw potato is an excellent thing to

To nourish a fern, put a couple of raw ovsters under the dirt, close to the roots, and the fern will grow like magic

lemen juice and salt to remove iron rust on white goods.

NO DIFFERENCE.

(Detroit Free Press) A Colorado woman says that the fem-bine voice will not have together, in which it doesn't differ very much from the rossculle voic

Housekeeper

wour pecker up." A voice queried from the trench, "Whete from, ma-tey?" "Broken Hill," was the reply, "Who runs the bir tweet joint?" Xo answer. Bang! Yes; the lads get Yes; the lads get der every day, and they were not Simple Simons when they arrived.

Mrs.-What do I remind you of? Mr .- Of every darned thing I overlook that you ask me to do .- Cleveland Leader.

A Great Gift.

"They say she is splendid in ama-teur theatricals."

most painful tragedy a source of gen-

"She's a wonder. She can make the uine amusement."-Life. Angry Professor-You young rascal, were you responsible for the set mall Boy-No. I weren't. Talk to rudder; how nower behind throwin .- Chaparral.

