THE ATHENS REPORTER, OCTOBER 25, 1899

THE A WOMAN'S Athens Reporter WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

-BY-

B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETO

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MON per will be stopped until except at the option of the los notice to discontinue ADVERTISING.

ess notices in local or news columns 10c r line for first insertion and 5c per line r each subsequent insertion Professional Cards, 6 lines or under, per year \$3,00 ; over 6 and under 12 lines, \$4.00.

gal advertisements, 8c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subse-quent insertion.

All advertisements measured by a scale of olid nonpareil-12 lines to the inch.

PURIFY YOUR LUNGS.

PROPER BREATHING IS ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HEALTH.

A Prescription Which Costs Nothing and Which Has Been Known to Cure Colds and Avert Pneumonia.

Warning to Mothers. Sensible people who are tolerably fa-

niliar with the benefits conferred upon heir race by modern science have ceased to hold up the ways of our forbears as examples for our imitation. Unless the acception to this rule be a barbaric block head, he admits that wells sunk in the head to the city or in the vicinity of a farmyard or at the foot of a hillside connetery had much to do with the putrid centery had much to do with the putrid fevers that walked, a devouring pesti-lence, in the darkness of the good old times. He appreciates that the active life led by day in the open air was need-ed to counteract in his great-grandfa-ther's system the evil effects of sleeping upon a feather bed in a low browed room-whose dormer windows were not opened all whiter long. He is not ignorant of salutary dietetic restrictions and food values, although he may cling to the wiretched theory that our ancestors lived longer and were stronger even down to old ago than we, their degenerate de-scendants, can hope to do and to be. Yet a majority of sensible people in this the cycle of practical common sense

this the cycle of practical common sense are ignorant of or culpably negligent in the practice of the technique of breaththe practice of the technique of breath-ing. Four-fifths of the race do not breathe properly once in 24 hours. Dog-berry, off quoted and never stale, set the pace of the average thinker. It is no more rational to opine that the right method of respiration comes by nature' thus that reading and writing do. In the golden by and by which is to confirm all which is good in our generation and to rectify the evil, breathing will be taught in the nursery and made the first order of the day in the kindergarten. The jutell-gont mother will explain to the child upon her knee two use of the langs as he now expandence of the start of the provider of the start in the nurser of the provider of the start of the child upon her knee two use of the provider of ow expatiates upon the propriety of ashing face and hands.

educated mothers-though How many How many educated monters—buckup they may be college graduates—bethink themselves of the unpleasant fact that they carry about with them daily and al-low to remain in their children's lungs a quantity, more or less in volume, of foul, unchanged air? Physiologists know and physicians will tell you—with careless-ness that is strange when one considers the gravity of the circumstance—that there is always in the lungs what is known technically as "residuary air." Furthermore, that seven deep, deliberate respirations are necessary to expel this residuum and to supply its place with firesh air. If piled with further ques-tions, the man of healing divulges that most people never breathe all the way down to the bottom of the lungs; that, in consequence of this neglect, the lower lungs become inactive, sometimes atro-phied-occasionally cathough such cases they may be college graduates-bethin

ner openomenal) ossified. are phenomenal) ossified. Reduction to intelligible English elu-cidates the truth that health and vigor depend largely upon the action of the lungs and that when this important func-tion is impaired disease and weakness

BY BERTHA M. CLAT Author of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc., of the ships course she was not afraid of a , and the three set off together. The bell-tower was immediately over the grand entrance. It was a small stone chamber, reached by steep stairs, which

, reached by steep stairs, which their only light through mere windows let into the massive

narrow entrance-so as to bis all sight of the space without- and stood there till she was safely inside the room, and seated on a low stool that stood against the wall. "Do not stir till I come back to you, I am going to bring in Ohre." Clare was on the way back at that moment. His face whitened as he saw how careleasly she walked, one hand touching the rails lightly. He dared not call to her to wayn her. Instead, he want to meet her, and taking her hand as if in jest, drew her quietly and cautionsly inside the bell-tower. Esther was skiting as he had left her, but crying quietly. Clare looked at her is dismay. "What is the matter. Arthur? What have you done to Miss Durrant?" But he did not answer her at all. He was leaning against the wall, and look ing at Esther with a new brilliant flush on his allow cheek, a new brilliant light in his keen, proud eyes. His hands, his very lips, were trembling. In the swift passing of that grim shadow of death that had swooped down upon them, he do come face to face with the brightness of a new life. There was a good deal of laughing. There was a good deal of saugning-and one or two stumbles, before they got safely to the top. Outside this room ray a narrow stone ledge, fericed in with stout spiked iron railings. It seemed to Esther but a giddy foot-hold, and one she should not care to trust

VENGEANCE

herself upon. "It is perfectly safe," Lord Harvey assured her. "See! I will step onto it

"It is perfectly safe," Lord Harvey assured her. "See! I will step onto it first. I am as safe now as if I stord on the grass down there, at least one hundred feet below us. Give me your still she hung back. Clare Harvey showed her a brave example. She waked through the low door way, which was more a window than a door-way, and, leaning over the rails. looked down in fearlessly.

was more a wintow that a down way, and, leaning event the rails, looked down fearlessly. "Oh, I am such a coward, Lord Har-vey!"--lifting laughing eyes to his facc. "I dare not put my foot on that narrow bit of stone. It looks as if it could not bear the weight of a child." "It is bearing my weight. Trust to me-do trust to me"-coming a step nearer, and laying his hand on her arm. "I would not lead you into danger, bei lieve mel I would face death myself rather than do that." He was standing close before her, his eyes on hers; his touch, gentle, yet firm, seemed to compel obedience. Clare had run round to the farther side of the baleony, it indeed such a mere ledge could be called that. The two-one hun-dred and twenty feet above the worka-thag seath --were as much alone, under the great vault of the sky, as if there had been no other creatures besides "Will yon forgive my seeming rude-

beloeny, if indeed such a mere ledge rould be called that. The two-one hum-dred and twenty feet above the work-a-day earth-were as much alone, under the great vault of the sky, as if there had been no other creatures besides "Come," Lord Harvey said, still look-ing at her, and holding out his other hand to guide her through the door-way. And something in his voice or in his eyes smote down the gird's fears, and she stepped out boldly, and stod beside him. Was that Kent lying at their feet? Were those low green hills barred with the gold of waving grain, and patched with the darker green of the spring crops, till they looked like some old quant "coat of many colors" flung down on the bare earth-were they really the familia hills behind which was her father's farm? To the right, like a vib-bon of sliver, the river flow ch. Away be youd that, there was Hatherley Church, its tower glowing warm against the blue of the sky. And beyond the church, the downs whone like emeralds. Nearer there was Briethor Wood, a sea of war-ing tree-tops, and nearer still the flower and glaring yellows. Esther forgot her and glaring yellows. Esther forgot her studying the earth beneath. How beaut ifmi she was in her unconscious grane and glaring the earth beneath. How beaut ifmi she was in her unconscious grane and glaring the earth beneath. How beaut ifmi she was in her unconscious grane and glaring the earth beneath. How beaut ifmi she was in her unconscious grane had ever seemed to him as fair as this grift face? And it was not alone the mere worme had all these, and wore had ever seemed to him as fair as this grift face? And it was not alone the mere chan drove and lip, of clara pale fleeb, and torder shining ever-"ther was then the pure soul smilling out hing more than these. There was that in her face, in the pure soul smilling out hing more than these. There was that in her face, in the pure soul smilling out hing more than these. There was that in her face, in the pure soul smilling out hing more than these. There was that

she stood-everything but the charm thatshad selzed on her. Lord Harvey, his back against the rails, studied her as intently as she was studying the earth beneath. How beau-tiful she was in her unconscious grace? Was there any other woman whose face had ever seemed to him as fair as this girl's face? And it was not alone the mere charm of brow and lip, of clear pale ficsh, and tender shining eyes. Other women had all these, and wore nothing to him. This woman had some-thing more than these. There was that in her face, in the pure soul smilling out

true." "And it is to be soon?" "In a little more than a fortnight." He started a little, and a dark color

in her face, in the pure soul smiling out from 4t rather, that drew his heart to her with an infinite, strong yearning. A dreamer of dreams, he saw his vision ose in his face. "You have been so kind in answering clothed with flesh. A cynical man of my questions that I shall venture on an-the world, he felt his cynicism blown other. "Do I know the gentleman?"

are phenomenal) ossified. Reduction to intelligible English elu-depend largely upon the action of the lungs and that when this important func-tho is function and weakness must ensue. A celebrated health club to which I are phenomenal) ossified. the world, he felt his cynics blown away like an an unbealthy vapor in her bright presence. Was this love? But it could not be love. He would he mad thing to him. Only that morning, Julian A celebrated health club to which I are phenomenal) ossified. the world, he felt his cynics blown or dram an unbealthy vapor in her tright presence. Was this love? But to dream of such a thing. She was must ensue. A celebrated health club to which I are had told him of her approaching marriage: he had got the news from She bowed. She did not know what

"I think so."

break short your pleasant visit. Believe me, I am neither-this time. Now, as ever, your true friend. DULGLE."

output the series of the serie

her payer, the passed and pairs in mis-heart seemed to translate themselves into music. Esther's eyes filled with tears as she listened. The Somber, old-time room, the glittering lights which lay about her, yet which failed to penetrate be-yond the small square place where she was sitting, and that majestic flood of passionate melody, worked like magic in her brain. Her heart throbbed, the blood runked up into her checks. In all her quiet life she had never feit the stirrings of a spell Hke this. This music was more than music. Is select upon her, and thrilled her, as ff some creature, whose speech she did

seized upon her, and thriled her, as it some creature, whose speech she did not understand, had come to her with a message, and was trying to make her know it . With a little shiver at her own fancies,

With a little shiver at her own fancies, the girl got up, and, crossing the room softly, stood beside the player. He did hot see her. He would not have heard her just then, perhaps, if she had spoken to him. He was no longer stern and stare. He was more than ever like that ploture in the gallery. "Why, he is almost handsome," Esther thought smalling a little. "What a pity he can't look like that always!" "Are you tired of my playing, Miss Durrant?" Then he turned and saw her beside

OHAPTER XIII. few days after Esther went to evlands. Dulcie received a long let-

A few days after Esther went to Abbeylands, Dukic received a long let-ter from her uncle. He wrote in the best of spirits. Things were not turn-ing out so ill as he had anticipated. He was working very hard, and had been ever since Dukic lett him, and now there was a prospect of reward. A very nice sikce of his fortune would still remain to him, when every one had his due, and, thanks to some powerful patrons, he was on the road to make money faster than he had yet done. "Of course you will come back to me Then he turned and saw her beside

him. "No, you would tire before L should."

bim. "No, you would tire before L should." She came a step nearer, and a rose she wore at her throat fell close at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, but he did not offer to restore it. "Miss Durrant," he said. abruptly, looking up at her, "I want you to grant me a favor. Will you?" "I will if I can," she answered, slowly. Duicle's light mocking words were ringing in her ears. She could not get rid of them, and they made her syes droop and her face flush consciously. "I want you to let me be your friend," he said. "It seems a strange request, L have no doubt. You perhaps think you never med one, and I trust you never me, But"-heritating a lit-tle-"I should like to know that, if you ever did need one, you would come to me." did need one, you

me." What should she say to him? What the could there be between them in the future, they two, so far apart in station. He saw her besitancy, and hastened to

"No one can foretell what the future holds for any of us. The time might come when even I could be useful to you or-yours. If it never comes, there is no harm done. Only I should like

is no harm done. Only I should like you to promise that you will think of me as always ready to do anything in my power to help or—or to comfort you. Will you?" "Yes," she said. gravely. "Thank you. And now, if you have had music enough, we will go and see what Clare has done with herself." All that days his words—haunted Esther. What could have put it into his head that he should some day stand in need

that she should some day stand in need of some one to help her? He did not seem the sort of man to be plasued with idle fancies, and yet surely this was one!

the fancies, and yet surely this was one-The day had been sultry for the time of year. Heavy clouds gathered to windward. There were ugly streaks of yellow and crimson in the sky when the sun had set. "We shall have a storm," Lady Har-

vey said, looking out at the restless trees and the boding heavens. "Was there not one foretold for to-day, Arthur?"

rooms."
"And I hats those above all others."
"And I hats those above all others."
His clear had gone out while they
were talking, and he did not care to
light it again. A beauty stronger than
the beauty of the night had laid its
spell upon him. This ready-tongued
Ducies with her fitting bluehes and ever, your true friend. DULCIE." Twice, three times, Esther read this note. It brought the writer very plain by before her. That faint perfume of wild-ross was Dulcie's own atmosphere. What could this give mean? Could any-thing have gone wrong at The Elma? Surely not, or Berta would have writ-ten. For a long time Esther sat and thought it over, the open letter on her knee. All her friends seemed bent on dealing in enigrams that day. She foll beauty stronger than night had laid its This ready-tongued flitting blushes and fathomized with der internet of the set of t

ance. All her friends seemed bent on dealing in enigmas that day. She felt vaguely uneasy and half inclined to be vexed with Dulcie for making her so. Pretty Jane" with fervor and effect Dulcie's saffron-colored robe, with its Dulcie's saffron-colored robe, with its low, square bodice, and tight sleeves scarcely reaching to her ellows, shone faintly in the dim light. She wore a spray of jasmine at the boson, and, as Hugh Fleming best toward her, its pleasant perfume was wafted past him. "How good it will seem to have Es-ther at home samin" the said, present

they happen to be ball-

"I dare say; but then it won't be fo "No, indeed it won't"-sighing

vaguely uneasy and hair inclined to be vaguely uneasy and hair inclined to be vexed with Dalcie for making her so. "I will go home," the choick. "Thrus shall not persuade me to stay a day longer, and then, perhaps, Dulcie can explain her enigmatic epistic." Then she undressed slowly, and got into bed, but it was a long time before she could sleep. When sleep did come it was broken by dreams. She thought that she was walking barefoot over sharp jagged rocks. The tide was lapping in between them and sea wead floated aboit in its current. The light was faint, and more than once she stumbled and felt her feet sinking in ooge and sand. "You are "I shall not lose her, I hope. She

will always be as dear to me as el now, though of course I shall see but seldom." coze and sand. But all the time she was consciou But all the time she was conscious of a hand grasping hers—a strong hand, on which she leaned trustfully. Sud-denly this hand loosed its hold, and, looking down to discover the cause, she recoiled in horror. They were deshless fingers that this clasped. She called about in her terror, and tried to shake off the awful thing. Slowly it unclosed, and, as it fell away, the sea rose and rushed over her, and she awoke, crying. bitterly. "Esther does .act

"Yes: May I hear them?" "You are to live with her till ucky fellow carries you off to a

"She is very good, but I thought she had given up all that. I told her it could never be." "I am very nevry to hear you say so" --emphatically." "Others, besides Etty, The dawn was creeeping up then. Between the curtains of her window a faint gray. High showed, which, she knew, would brighten presently. A ghostly silence brooded over all things. have looked forward to your settling in this neighborhood, at least for a time.

In this neighborhood, at least for a time. And the Cottage, you know, is only a couple of miles from this." "Yea! I know"-absently. "We went there one day with Mr. Stanhope, but the woman who minds it was out, and we could only peep through the ground-floor windows.

choatly silence brooded over all things. The chill of that curlous breathing time that Nature claims for herself when the fight with darkiess is ended struck upon Escher with something like dis-may. She was thankful when she heard the first songs of the birds in their lofty nests among the beches. And, by the time that the sun had fuir-ly risen, she was ready to smile at her dream and all the forebodings. foor windows. "Is there no possibility of your chang

ing your mind, and staying with then for a little while?" "There is no possibility of my staying with them for-a day."

voice broke a little. The tears Her where in her eyes, but he did not know that. She rose and caught up her train to go indoors. "Don't go in yet," he pleaded. "It is an additional to be and a state of the stat

is so pleasant out here, and"-looking at her as she stood before him, her lithe figure outlined by its soft clinaring dress, "it is not often I am so fortunate as

to enjoy your company." She smiled and leaned carelessly against the arm of the seat

"There is no doubt but that you are as well without it, Mr. Fleming? " "Of course you will come back to me as soon as this wedding is over. I can't fancy the house without you. And you "Love for a year-a week-a day;

But alas for the love that loves away! need fear no clouds on your return. Our old friends are all as enger as ever to Percy Stanhope sang, and the words

Include are all as enger as ever to welcome you."
So he wrote in his crabbed business hand, with many abbreviations, which would have puzzled the uninitiated.
The letter came by the evening post. Dukie had been out all the afternoon with Julian Carre, listening to his terp pronounced tokens of affection. She felt more than ever inclined to grumble at ther place in the world, and all, the thorns that hedged it in.
"Other and the deged it in."
Percy Stanhope sang, and the words onas to them distinctly.
"Don't you think that is a libel on lovers?" Hugh Flemming said, laughing.
"Oh! I don't know!"-kicking a peble away with the toe of her shoe. "I don't believe in love myseft. We should all have been much happier. I think, if no one had found out the trick of loving."
"Love is a great sweetener of life, Miss Levesque."
"There's a deal too much fuss made

"There's a deal too much fuss made about it, nowadays." Hugh Fleming laughed and colored a ful ingredient was left out of my com-position that I am so wilful and un-grateful."

grateful." "But we should know better," Del-cie laughed. "We are not like those old heathen who had nothing better to do than wear chaplets of roses and pour out blations to Bacchus and Cupid." "Yet some of those 'old heathen' were brave men and true, none braver liv-ing." "On perhops! Some people are born good, and can't help themselves, just as some people are born lucky." "You are both. I am sure." " "Oh, perhaps! Some people are born good, and can't help themselves, just as some people are born lucky." "You are both, I am sure." "No"-laughing a little bitterly. "

"No"-laughing a little butteriy. "I am neither." "Neither good nor lucky," Hugh Fleming said; "I should be sorry to be-lieve that." He was watching her with his keen eyes, and, though the light was dm, it was not so dim but that he could see the pain on the face turned toward him. In better spirits than usual. Slipping down onto a garden seat. Dukce opened the letter. As she read-it tears gathered in her eyes, and her checks burned redly. Why had not this "come before? If it had, she felt she in better spirits than usual.

checks burned redly. Why had not this come befors? If it had, she felt she would never have promised to marry Julian Carre. It was the very mockery if of fortune for her to get this letter now, or so it seemed to her at that moment. But was it too late, even yet? She was excited and her nerves were unstrung. Like many a wiser woman, she had put her hand to a task too great for her. Her lover loved her more than-was at all agreenble. He exacted love in return, which was even worse. No-thing could have been more charming

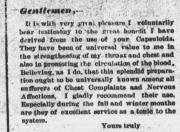
the part of the second second

Poster Printing. chance that people talk of as ruling

A Well Known Minister who has been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids writes :

BLOOD

20Z



(Signed) REV. E. H. COWLES. n Grove, N. J., Sept. 20, 1899

Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids Dr. only the pure natural dissolved Iron. carefully extracted from from a soft gelatine covers and called Capsuloids.

THREE OAPSULGIDS contain all the natural Iron of 2 ounces, of blood. Ca ntain no acid, all other Iron Medicines, whether Pill or Liquid, contain acid matural. Capsuloids don't injure techt, stomach, or bowsis. The new rich blood taking Capsuloids quickly makes the whole system pure.

NOTE.-You can always tell the harmful acid Iron Medicines by watchin cken the bowel passage or not.

Capsuloids are sold by all druggists at 50c per box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. or sent post free on receipt of price from Canadian office. Capsuloid Co., Brockwille, Ont, factory and head office 31 B. Snow Hill. Louidon, England



KEEPS A FULL STOCK OF

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of al sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition



Agent for the celebrated Massey-Harris Wheels, all styles and prices, the Agent for the Celebraten massey marts wheels. cheapest and bot. Sest a sample wheels. Agent for the Dominion Express Co — the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

WM. KARLEY



Farmers, feed your pigs and other stock cooked roots and other food and make money.

The Economic Feed Cooker will pay its cost in one season and will last a life time

Made of the best cast and wrought iron and steel. Galvanized boiler to prevenrusting, save fuel and me t and is as safe in a buildingas a box stove.

Box 52 Lyn P.O.

Agents Wanted. G. P. McNISH

PLAIN AND COLORED

NO

FD COOKE

AGRICULT PER

have had the honor and happiness to be-long for some years enjoins upon each member the duty of taking 100 deep breaths every day, advising that these be drawn in sections of ten each, at con-venient seasons. Those who practice learn to take advantage of the freshest air to be had in the course of the day. The first ton breaths are enjoyed after The first ten breaths are enjoyed after The brst ten breaths are enjoyed inter-leaving the morning bath. The shoulders are thrown back, the chin is level or slightly raised, the arms are held tightly at the side, the lips are firmly closed "Never breathe with the mouth chen" i an admonition which cennot be too rigid

ly enforced. The ten breaths are drawn from new, live air, not that which has stagnated all night in the house. Each inspiration is slow and stendy, filling the lungs to their depths, the live air is held for a few sec-onds, then respired as slowly as it was drawn in. To throw it out in a rapid pant is hurtful to muscles and tissues. The becathe taken in this way will not drawn in. To throw it out in a rapid part is hurtful to muscles and tissues. Ten breaths taken in this way will not only strengthen and refresh the respira-tory apparatus, but quicken the blood into a livelier flow so naturally and heaithfully that the action of the heart is not unde irregular. The skin all over the body is tinged with a clear pink, the system having been awakened all along the line of life. In cold weather ten deep breaths, taken on the ferryboat, the keen salt air tingling in the nostrils, or in the teeth of a north wind tearing down the street, will warm one from head to toe. The thought and the action become an instinct in time, the duty a pleasure which is missed when omitted. When the lungs are threatened with a severe cold, pneumonia may be—often is -averted by persistent and careful deep sea sounding and dredging. I have per-sonally known more than one case where a cure of inflammation of the lungs was effected by the simple process of lying in head such how the other is numberly

effected by the simple process of lying in emetted by the simple process of rying in bed and breathing deeply and regularly for hours together. The respirations were timed by the resolute patient's watch, and the air replenished, not from oxygen tanks, but from the blessed serv-ice of heaven, judiciously introduced into

ice of heaven, judiciously introduced into the sickroom. I have known dozens of instances where narrow checks were made full and deep, tender throats healed and general health improved by quiet, conscientious obedience to this law of nature. The prescription costs nothing, the practice involves no outlay beyond a little taking of thought and the beneficent occupation of a few driblets of time. Those who live by half breaths, snatch-ing at these with parted lips and in fe-

Those who live by hair breaths, snatch-ing at these with parted lips and in fe-verish baste, who tell yoa without a blu i that they "have not time to draw a long breath between daylight and dark," may not complain that they live out but haif their days.—Marion Harland in New York Herald.

The Old Lady's Oblitany. "I want you to write me an oblitary a the old lady." said the rural subscrib-to the editor. "Sorry to hear of your loss." "Well, I'm not kickin ag'in Provi-ence!" on

sencer . "Oh, of course! Well, how old was she?"

"She never did tell." "Of a retiring disposition, was she?" "No, sir; she was mightly in evidence

at all tim

Well, my friend, what on earth am I to say?

jest say that she wuz took away vidence, an Providence knows its

Carre had told him of her approaching marriage; he had got the news from Dulcie, but that he kept to himself. In deed he had not told Lord Harvey any-thing asy pet about that little scene that had taken place by the weir-side. The news had been something of a shock to Lord Harvey. If had jarred upon him and made him feel ashaimed of his own interest in this girl he had known so lately. "I am not quite a fool," he said to him soit as be locked at her. her checks colored by the light wind, her hair ruffie ed by it. "She is certainly a fresh, ex-quisite bit of English womanhood, but no more to me than any other stranger." Turning round, with a sigh of the most atter bissfulness, Esther found him watching her, and she smiled frankly. "How ean L thenk you enough for

shrilly. She had scrambled up into the "How can I thank you enough for making me brave in spite of myself? I on't know when I have enjoyed any "I have found a nest. Such a dear!

There are four tiny speckled eggs in it." thing so much." "That is ample reward," he said, plea;

"That is ample reward," he said. plear santly. "But you must not slight your own bravery. It was there: I only showed it to you." She laughed, and leaned over the rails, paling a little, and holding fast with both hands to the upright spikes. It made her dizzy and set her heart beat-ing, with a nervous tremor as she looked. "How awful," she said, with a lit-itle shiver, "to think that there is only this narrow ison railing between one and a horrible death!" "But this railing is strong enough to satisfy even you. I think. See!" To prove to her how secure it was, he laid a sinewy hand on one of the spikes before him, and gave it a sharp wrench. It came away in his hand.

spikes before him, and gave it a sharp wrench. It came away in his hand. Esther saw it. She did not scream out, did not move even. Her face surged back to her heart, almost stop-ping its pulsation. For one horrible in-stant, earth and sky mingled, the light (aded out of her eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

 Take one in you must, but come down."
 In another moment she sprang to the ground close beside them. Her dress sollet ed and torn after her scrambles.
 "You are a nice-looking figure, certainly. Do you know that Miss Durrant will go away thinking you little better than a young savage?"
 "Oh, no, she will not!"--finging her cheek against her. She can climb trees herself; she told me so."
 "Is that true. Miss Durrant?"
 "I'm afraid it is," she owned, blushing divinely, and laughing in spite of her thar young savage?"
"Oh, no, ahe will not?"-flinging her arm round Esther's waist, and resting her cheek against her. She can climb her cheek against her she wast, and resting divinely, and laughing in spite of her confusion.
"The for the grid whom he had brought there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death it might be. If there to meet her death of them.
But she attempted to do neither. She stood beside him perfectly quiet, her reges turned piteously up to meet him. Their utter trust nerved him.
"That is a grif for whom it were taking care not to leap any weight against the treacherous metal behind him."
"Give me your hands and look at me only."
Now more a little this way. Gentry: "Now mo Lord Harvey had staggered a little,

Arthur?" "I think so." "Then we shall have it, you may de-pend. Our American cousins are only too true in their predictions." Esther smiled. She was inclined to think with Paddy, that, since these Am-cricans had taken it in hand, the wea-ther had never been quite as it should be. Yet there had been nothing to grumble at of late. April had been fine, and, till then. May had promised fairly. As they sat in the drawing-rooms after dinner, the storm burst. Julian Carre was standing do.she ter-race with Clare, when the first flash rent its sigzag way along the horizon. The child ran in and hid her face in Esther's lap, and he followed more slow-ly. He was restless and excited that night. Esther wondered at him. He had been out almost all the day, coming in late for dinner, and even now he scemed as if he could not settle indoors. He was pale and quict, too. not like Mim-self.

said, with a little sob. " He will be sure to find it all out some day, and he is just the kind of man to hate me for it." Yet, if she gave him up, would she really be any better off? She would marry some day, she supposed, and it was more than likely' that Julian Carres was as good a chance as she should ever get. He was rich, to begin with; handsome and fairly clever. What more could she expect. So she reason-ed it out, and all the time the pain at her heart grew sorer, and that future, into which she was so anxious to peer, lost none of its shade. ost none of its shade. The night was warm, yet she shiver-

and contentedly on the short spring

and contentedly on the short spring grass. Everything was so peaceful, how was it that she could find no rest? A step on the gravel roused her. Some one-some one smoking, was com-ing toward her. She felt her heart beat faster with the dread that it might be Percy Stanhope. It was Hugh Flem-ing.

ing. He came and sat down beside her, "May I smoke, Miss Levesque?" "Certainly! I rather like a good cl-

"There are four tiny speckled eggs in it." Esther langhed, and turned to look up at the girl, swaying to and fro on her siry perch, as happy as the most ragged lad in the village could have been in her place. "Come down, Clare," her brother said, sternly. "How often must I tell you how unseemly it is for a girl of your age to climb trees like a great lad? Do not touch the nest." "No-o?"-regretfully. 'I am not going to touch it; but, Arthur-please don't be cross-may I not take just one little egg? The old bird sould not miss one." "May I, Arthur?" came very plead-ingly from among the fluttening leaves; and her brother langhed. "Take one if you must, but come for one dose beside them. Kie trees soll-ted and torn after her scrambles. "You are a mice-looking figure, cer-tainly. Do you know that Miss Durrant ted and torn after her scrambles. "You are a mice-looking figure, cer-tainly. Do you know that Miss Durrant down ther the as torn to lose beside them. Kie trees soll-ted and torn after her scrambles. "You are a mice-looking figure, cer-tainly. Do you know that Miss Durrant down would be her last at "Then you are a connoisseur?" "Then you are a connoisseur?" "Yes, so far as the perfume is con-cerned"—smiling and hiding her letter-"Just so! You judge of the weed by its fragmance, as we often judge of la-dies by their sweetness." dies by their sweetness." She gave a little shrug. "The sweetness is often like the sugar on the Christmas cakes, just scattered lightly over the top." "But the Christmas cakes are gener-ally good all the way through, are they not?"

trial. The next day would be her last a Abbeylands, and she was glad of it. Sh

dies-tender souls to men, as a rule-are so hard on each other?"

Abbeylands, and she was glad of it. She should feel better, she knesy, when she was back with Bertha and Dulcie. This grand formal life had tired her. So she told herselt. "You may look up." Lord Harvey said, presently, dropping into a chair at Esther's side, and shaking his sister by the shoulder. "We shall have no more thunder to night." Clare raised her head cautiously; then she got up off her knees with a sigh of content.

she got up off her knees with a sigh of content. "I-am so glad," she suid. "Are not yon, Miss Durnant?" "Yee, I am glad."-smiling a little. "Yet I must own that a thunder-storm has fascinations for me. But we could scarcely call this one." "Scarcely," Lord Harvey said. "It is only a forerunner, perhaps, of the great one that has been forecast. It may come in a day or so"-laughing at poor Clare's dismayed face. When Esther went up to her own room she found a note lying on her dressing-table. It was from Dulcie, and had not long hefore been brought by a messenger.

nessenger. "Come home at once, dear." it said.

"We all want you badly. Don't start an hour longer than you can possibly help after you receive this. And don't think

every act of thing could have been more cha less lives, I do not believe in it. than his fervid, intense wooing, if she had loved him. "I know I shall be miserable!" she said, with a kitle sob. "He will be sure

cons, if she loss lives, I do not believe in it. We have each the molding of our own f rime for it."
will be sure workmen, when all is said and done. And as we do our work, and fill our me for it."
be would she so our reward will be."
The girl looked at him and flushed hotly. In all her gay, feted life, no me no it. Side should be father had died before she was born: termembered her mother, and her she respond no on who cared to speak seriously no one who cared to speak seriously to this wilful, petted Dulcie.

to this wilful, petted Dulcie. "Ah, you are good," she said. with a long-drawn, quivering sigh; "and that makes everything seem so different to you. But for people who are not good, people like me, you know"-smilling to make her words seem less serious-"it is often very hard to know what one's proper place is, much less to fill it well."

The syntax was rather confused, but The syntax was rather confused, but the meaning was plain enough to him. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man." That was only a worlding's reading of the divine command, 'Love God, and thy neighbor as thyself.' We can't be true to avecding 'be and year low and gon." neighbor as thyself.' We can't be true to ourselves," he said, væry low and gen-tly, not looking at the girls troubled face, but past it at the quiet sky. "un-less we are true to our Master. If we are true to Him, believe me, He will give us our proper places, and show us what work to do." Heavy tears were in her eyes; her lips trembled. Something in her heavt -wilful enough, yet not hardened-warmed toward this man, who, without seeming to preach at her, yet spoke so frankly. She held her hand out to him almost shyly.

shyly. -"Thank you, Mr. Fleming; I shall

'Yes,"-with a laugh; "so good that they do not agree with one." "Ah, what a cynic you are!" Hugh Fleming said. "How is it that you la-

"Thank you, Mr. Fleming; I shall not forget your words." At that moment Percy Stanhope came sauntering toward them. He was bare-headed, and on the grass his footatops were innudible "We wondered where you both had got to"-dropping onto the bench lan-guidly. "Was it wise of you to stay out so long in that light dress, Miss Le-vesque?"-looking at her bare throat and arms, which the lace ruffles could not hide. "Perhaps it was not wise, but it has been very pleasant." are so hard on each other?" "I don't know, I ana sure. Perhaps it is because we understand each other better than we understand you." "Worse and worse! As a lawyer, I object to that. It is what we call an 'undefinite indictment."

"Worse and worse: At we call an object to that. It is what we call an 'Indefinite indictoment." "In some cases that might be pleas-anter than a definite one, might it not?" He took his cigar from his mouth and bowed with most profound gravity. "If fils me with regret, Miss Leven, we'll that he was looking at her. "I believe that Miss Hardinge thought that you two had eloped," he went on, "I believe that Miss Hardinge thought that you two had eloped," he went on, "I believe that Miss Hardinge is too good. The soner we relieve her suspense the bet-ter." She laughed merrily, lifting dew-bright eyes to his face. "You have lost this I bedieve," "You have lost this I bedieve, "I'ou her train. It was her uncle's letter. "You have lost this I bedieve," "I believe the secour

His Infirmity. an-You can't work on account sis! Nonsence, you look as

The Athens Reporter Office.



THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular I favor because of their cheapness, durability and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply direct to

W. G. McLAUGHLIN MANF'R AND SOLE PROPRIETOR Ontario Athens



C. E. Pickrell & Sons have leased from W. M. Stevens his shop, house, etc. on Elgin street, Athens, and beg to notify the community at large that they are prepared to do all kinds of general Blacksmithing, including the repairing of Wood and Iron Work on all kinds of vehicles, implements machinery, etc. Painting done on the premises.

Having worked at the trade for many years, we are capable of giving good satisfaction. We use an axle-cutter for shortening arms where they have too much play. Horse-Shoeing will receive special attention. Call and

we will endeavor to please you,

