

THE Athens Reporter WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON BY B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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NO FAITH IN GHOSTS. WHY ONE MAN DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL.

His Experience in Seeing His Dead Grandfather Reappears and a Weird Stranger Escapes with Quivering Means and Goals.

I have always maintained that there is no such thing as the supernatural. I have found in my own experience that every occurrence, however mysterious it may appear at the time, can be logically accounted for if properly investigated.

There are certain sensations common to the human race, ascribed by the superstitious to an agency in the supernatural. Nothing but tricks played upon the system by disordered nerves. This is even noticeable in animals. A horse becomes panic-stricken at a piece of flying paper in the air or sometimes at a perfectly still and silent object, such as a shadow in the road, which does not appear supernatural to the horse, but to us who know better they are undeniably of the earth earthy.

One of the most extraordinary and spectral illusions imaginable occurred while I was living in C. My bedroom was light and airy, a bay window occupied the end, in the side wall were two ordinary windows, the bed stood between them, and the mantelpiece was opposite, over which hung a life-sized water color portrait of my grandfather. It represented him seated, reading a book. On a beautiful afternoon, about half past 2 o'clock, I happened to look out of the window nearest the bed. I could not believe my senses. Sitting on the porch of the house opposite, I saw a figure, which I recognized as my grandfather. He was sitting on the porch, reading a book. I had never seen him since he died.

My grandfather was dead, and this was the anniversary of that event. I could not give any explanation of the vision. My family was much affected by it, and the depressing weather which set in next day did not help their spirits. It happened to occur on the anniversary of my grandfather's death. I had never seen him since he died.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

Author of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Wedding Ring," Etc., Etc.

among the trees a thrush was singing, as if it were straining its little throat for joy. She could hear the shrill whoops of the young Durants, as they tumbled over each other in the farm-yard.

"Little savages!" she sighed. "How they yell! Their lungs must be leathern if they can utter such horrible sounds. A little after that these yells sounded close at hand. Then she heard her own name shouted out in a rapid crescendo.

"Dulcie! Dulcie! Dulcie!" She sprang to her feet and put her fingers to her ears. "If I hear that name again, I'll be deaf, I declare." "Not quite," she replied.

"I feel as if I were not mocking you, Miss Levesque. I only told you the truth," he said at last. "Oh, how cross he looked as he said it! Soote was coming up the lobby. It was Eddy, perhaps, or Mrs. Durant, himself coming down after seeing her children to bed. With startled haste Dulcie put out her hand. This man must not leave her like this. She felt as if she should die if he did. Her lonely, loving little heart yearned toward him so!

"Don't go," she pleaded, the sweet voice broken. "I have not lived a life without you—I love you, I'm afraid!" "Late in the autumn Mrs. Harding herself came to see after Eddy. Dulcie was away in London, getting her trousseau ready. The wedding was in March, and her uncle insisted that it should be a grand one.

"I have not the slightest," she said. "For an instant her sister started at her. Then she gazed at her and all her heart came round her mouth. "Shall I?" she said, in her own mind. "I'm cruel, but then she needs a sharp cure!"

And Eddy, looking at her, knew that something unpleasant was brewing. "You're very quiet," he said. "You answer me one or two questions?" "Of course, if I can."

"Is that Percy Stanhope's sake that you are going to live single all your life?" "Eddy flushed and her eyes swam. "Yes," she said. "I've loved him with all my heart. I love him still!" "But if he did not love you with all his heart, why do you? If it is with a protest to you, could you love him still? Would you refuse all other love for his sake after that?" "No; I do not think so. But why talk of these things now? He was true to me."

lay in it along with him. That wholesome, fearless trust in Eddy had been the cause of his life again? She felt utterly weary; life seemed empty and all the world a sham.

"What shall she forecast the years? And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand through time to catch The far-off interest of tears?"

One of the first to come and see her was Clara Harvey, and her brother came with her. They had both changed; either thought Eddy looked blooming, or they had been so long apart that almost frantic with delight to get Eddy back. Her brother was quieter; of course no one expected him to go to Eddy's room and sit by Eddy, thought, and straightway her heart went out to him in sympathy.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the proverb. If it were not for the wedding dress, even of the bride, the wedding would be a dull affair. The night before the wedding, the sky had been clouded and threatening, with a fitful wind blowing. But the wedding morning dawned clear and bright. As Eddy and Dulcie walked down the aisle, the bridegroom's hand clasped the bride's, and she felt as if she were walking on air.

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not: "You are strong in your sorrow now, and you think you could live your life without love; but could you now do it then?" smiling and drawing her closer to him—"I could live my life without love. I am not afraid of this fancy. I know you better than you know yourself, and in that very knowledge I am sure that you will never love another man, and not free to choose. I crushed down my love and was quiet. You are free now, you are free now, and I must try to bear it."

CHAPTER XXII. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the proverb. If it were not for the wedding dress, even of the bride, the wedding would be a dull affair.

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was only a few months since she had told her that she would never love another woman was to be that way. Yet she never blamed for what a vain nature she might have called foolishness. Eddy was not vain. She told him she did not love him. Why should he wait so long to see her? He was in every way a good man. He had taken her as she was, that was all, and he had never regretted it. If she had been a different woman, she would have loved him. She had loved him, and she would love him again.

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