MAANA ITA I MILI MITA OFFICI I MAANA MININA MININA MAANA MAANA MAANA THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

detective was there for and formed my story accordingly .He will tell you I had no proof to give him. My husband returned two nights ago, after an ab-sence of seventeen years, and we will go to our new home in the India. I nearly betrayed mysel' when my child was out in the storm. May God forgive me for deceiving you! "Madge Weston."

Below was written:

"What can I say to you who have given me your love and trust? I did not know until to-night that we were impostors. I cannot deceive you an hour longer, and I thank you for your great kindness to me. I thank you!

"What can we do? What can we do?

"What can we do? What can we do? they cried. At that moment a light step sounded in the hall and a cheery voice said, "I will go right in, Fenton." It was Dorothy out for her morning walk. She had come in for a few mo-ments and brought a bunch of fragrant white roses for them. She saw the look on their faces .She did not speak as Lady Agatha handed her the letter which she read. She soon understood it which she read. She soon understood it all. She saw the blanched faces. "What shall we do?" cried Lady Ag-

"Nothing of course, but be thankful "Nothing of course, but be thankful -that girl was too honorable to de-ceive you longer. How thankful you should be to know it now." "But we have lost our darling," said

Lady Agatha. "If she was nothing to you, there

no need for you to sorrow for her. It is your Dorothy's child you want, not stranger." "I'hat is true," they all said.

"Then let's rejoice for another thing. You know there was one fraud prac-You know there was one fraud prac-ticed on you when they said your Dor-othy's child was dead. Well, now, you know she did not die she lives! You have done a good deed. You have tak-en strangers to your hearts and homes and warmed and fed them. You have done a crowning act of love and char-ity. Now there's one thing left to be done - find your Dorothy's child." All the clouds vanished from their faces. clouds vanished from their faces. and sweet smiles came instead. They were convinced of the truth of all she said. Dorothy could bring sunshine to their hearts whenever she willed. They loved and trusted Dorothy. "What shall we do?" they asked.

"Take me for your Dorothy's child until she is found," she said, with a

"We will, for God knows how dearly

host. On a visit to one of those places she must have formed an attachment but the relatives had arranged a most

but the relatives had arranged a most desirable and advantageous marriage between her and a friend, Sir Alexan-der March, who was many years her senior, and greatly objected to by the fair young girl. What measures were resorted to for the accompliahment of that marriage you may remember well.

resorted to for the accomplianment of that marriage, you may remember well. The girl rebelled, and refused to com-ply with it, but the preparations for the approaching marriage went on. This much, memory must recall." The three ladies drew their chairs closer together and Dorothy nestled closer together and Dorothy nestled closer at their feet. There were teardrops in their eyes, quivers around their mounths.

"It seems that while at Kent. Dor-othy Roslyn met there Robert Home, Lord Wedderburn." othy

When the game fell on Dorothy's ear, she clutched lady Agatha's knee for support. Her sonses almost left her, but she sat there. white and still.

"Lord Wedderburn was ready to sail for India where he had estates, and though the couple had plighted their troth, it was deemed better that they await his return from India for the marrians to be better that the marriage to be celebrated. In a few days before the time fixed for the wed days before the time fixed for the wed-ding of Dorothy Roslyn and Sir Alex-ander March, the girl seeing no way out of the hateful contract but re-bellion, heard that her lover. Lord Wedderburn, would be at the Swan Hotel in Duns, on a certain night. It was the night before the wedding was to take place between her and Sir Alexander March. Dorothy Roslyn stole out and by some means found her way to Swan Hotel, Duns , and burst into Lord Wedderburn's room, crying. It is said that her white dress was solled and torn, and that her beautiful, golden hair fell unfettered down her back. She cried to Lord Wedderburn, "Marry me now, Robert, save me if you love me." He ordered a carriage and drove to Ber wick on Tweed, and there the cremony was performed by one Anthony Law-less, a minister, and there were only two witnesses to the strange

mony. "When her flight was discovered, confusion reigned here at Cliff Towers. It had been planned to have kept the cere-mony a secret until the return of Lord Wedderburn from India, but the harsh "We will, for God knows how dearly we love you." they said, and Dorothy watched the tears roll from their cheeks. The next day they received a letter The next day they received a letter which read: "We have, at last, obtained a clue which forces us to believe that the par-ties up at Cliff Tewers who represent the young lady to be your niece, is an imposter, and should be dealt with as such. We have now a clue that will be the right one, but we wish to take more time, that no more mistakes may occur, for which we humbly beg your pardon. "Adam Scaton, detective." she had starved and beaten the child, she drove her out on the moors to sleep she drove her out on the moors to sneep in a ravine or under a small rift in the hillside, with nothing for covering but God's blue sky, and nothing under her but cold, damp earth. She led this life until about fourteen years of age. She was as wild, and untamed and unhumanized as you could imagine, until one night she had been beaten she ran off night she had been beaten and ran on end lay down on the moor to sleap. The wind was piercing cold, and she was so illy clothed that the cruel winds blew most unmercifully on her deheate most unmercifully on her delicate white flesh. Lord Wedderburn had been walking and found her crouching there on the cold moor. He removed the coat from his body and wrapped it

Adam Scaton, detective." "He has another cluct Let us hope he may be right the next time. These disappointments are so cruel to bear," said Lady Agatha. Thay rejoked that they yet had a prospect. He had found that they were imposters, so he would be doubly sure next time. The days went by now more dreary and slow than before. It left them no young footsteps to sound on the marble halls, and no young yoice to break the deep gloom that rested on everything. Towers saying she was legally married to a good and honorable man, and that he would son come to claim her. The reply to those letters were the packing af her boxes a blue, yellow and black one, which were sent to her." Dorothy had been listening as in a dream, but when she heard of three start. The detective saw it, but he went cn. The appendent in reply to her most pitcous appeal. At Cliff Towdeep gloom that rested on everything, her most pitcous appeal. At Cliff Towers ,her name could not be called and every picture of her was turned face to the wall as if to hide shame. When Dorthe wall as if to hide sname. ... othy Home received such reply, sh she took a house in a village and with a servant girl lived alone, waiting the coming of her hueband. Then her child was born, a little daughter, very like the mother. This servant girl had beet employed once as a bousemaid at (lift Towers and was greatly in love with your brother, the late Lord Somerville, before his death. Shall I tell you that othe servant girl's name? Sallie Boughman." Sobs burst from the three women, and Dorothy, too stunned to realize, hid her face in Lady Agatha's lap. "Doroth Home died, and the dead girl was taken "Dorothy once more among her ancestors, for he body lies in the Somerville vault. Th whild being repudiated by the family was taken by the nurse, with the mon was taken by the nurse, with the ey left by the dead Dorothy, to tant village where she lived under an aestimed Home name. Lord Rober Home returned - and found hi wife dead, and he was told that the

THE ATHENS REPORTER, SEPT. 25, 1912

FOR MAKING SOAP

FOR WASHING DISHES

FOR SOFTENING WATER

FOR DISINFECTING SINKS

CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC.

HADE IN CANADA

EW. GILLETT COLTD

WINNIPEG MONTREAL

child died also. He did not speak of his

marriage. He lived a very short time. Withdrew in sullen silence to his own

apartments, and received no one. The day he died, a woman forced her way

day he then, a woman force in way into his apartments, and had a long conversation with him. The result was, he made another will, and it was sign-

ed by three withesses. In a short time he was dead, and the property was tak-en by the presumptive heir, his broth-

er's son, Lord Reginald Home.'

sohs were heard.

TORONTO-ONT: .

strawn with silver threads. To-night he does not know where his wife is, and has not for one moment forgetten her." "Spare me! Spare mé!" she cried, "spare me," and fell forward on the floor at their feet. "There is your sister's child, Doro

"There is your sister's child, Doro-thy!" The ladies were aghast. They choked back the sobs that rent their bosons, and gazed upon the prostrate girl at their feet. In a moment now, they understood and they knelt beside her, and restored her to consciousness. They are and they knelt beside her, caressed her tenderly. "Our love and our life-our Dorothy," they kept re-peating. The detective stole from the room unobserved. He had only remain-ed long enough to promise not to re-veal all he had told to them. The sub-ject was one that should be buried. No idle speculation, no cruel relenties world should know the shadow that had fallen over their darling's young life. There was the same stubborn pride of the mother in Dorothy. She could crush out the love in her heart just as easily as he could. She would forget him, as he had forgotten her. The old place had never seen such happiness as it saw that night. Those three hearts rejoiced that they now had a claim on Dorothy. It was no longer strange to them that she had so closely resembled their sister's daughter. No longer did it seem strange that she had battled so bravely for the that she had battled so bravely for the wilful girl. It had been plain enough from the first that Dorothy was some thing to them, but time had to solve the problem as he does all others.

CHAPTER XIT.

The gay party had not left Castle toyal yet. Life there is one round of Royal yet. pleasure. It was deemed a privilege to receive an invitation to Castle Royal Miss McRay was among the guests, in her heart she loved Lord Wedderburn very dearly, but her woman's pride for-bade her admitting it, even in her own mind. She had schooled herself to be pleased to see him happy.

Lord Wedderburn had received a letter from his solicitors that called him to town at once, but he had been too late for the train that day, and must wait another. He was restless and ill at ease. He hoped and trusted it was something more about Dorothy, yet he dreaded to hear it. His mother called him into her

the next morning. "I am sure it is impossible, Reginald.

They have all planned to go to Paxton House, and dine there and return late in the evening. I have arranged that you take Miss McRay. It is really amus-ing, Reginald, how I have managed to separate her and Sir Peter. I have ar-ranged that he take asome ince else and Dorothy lay stunned and motionless, She could not speak, yet she had heard it plainly. She gasped, and tried, but the words would not come. Nothing but "Shall I teil you of that child now" ranged that he take some one else, and he frequently looks like a thunder-storm, but I am sure she understands

Well, the woman Sallie Bonghman took the child, and after changing her name removed to an old place on Lord Home's estate. This old place was Lenthill. Here she lived with the child "Mother, I hope you will not do anything to estrange that couple. I am sure Miss McRay means to marry Sir Lenthill. Here sue lived with the child named Dorothy, abusing and mistreat-ing it, most brutally. She found the child was a great strain on her mental-ly and physically, and she starved, beat Peter Pirley at some future time.

Lady Home was astonished. "Reginald, you are surely not going to break your work with me, when I have so counted t and made it almost go naked. When It and made it almost go maked, when the cold sleet fell she went through the moors bare-armed and bare-legged. She had no more care than the beasts that on it? Then it is all over. You have trifled with me long enough." She was inhabit the wilds of India. Often when

you love someone else ?" "I do," he said, earnestly, and his fac

"You intend this other person to be your wife."

"If God spares me to succeed," ho said,

She saw that in his face which convinced here of the truth of his words. You are sure it is no messallian no one that I should be ashamed to call daughter."

"If she is my choice, mother, you should like her." She did not notice should like her." She did not notice the equivocation, but could see the strange gleam in his eyes. "When do you think of marriage?"

she asked. "As soon as possible." he answered. This satisfied her. If he was going o marry some one else she would have

Why should I Use MORE ABOUT Cuticura Soap?

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more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. 7M, Boston, U.S.A., for a liberal sample cake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

that there was something of importance vaiting for him. 'Home, Boughman is dead," said Mr. Miller, the solicitor. "Dead!" repeated Lord Wedderburn.

Then my last hope is gone?" (To be Continued.)



Prisoner-And I thought stars and stripes were the emblem of liberty

MOSQUITO PEST.

New Herb That Drives Them Away.

Ocimum viride are words that are probably strange and unfamiliar to the majority of people at present, but if what some scientists predict comes true they will become household words every-



Explorer Talks in New York About Trip.

MANY SPECIMENS

Samples of Ancient Arctic Pottery Found.

New York despatch: Dr. Vilhjalmar SteTansson, ethno:ogist, anthropogist and explorer, who found a new race of men in blonde Eskimos, some of whom were red bearded, in what maps declare to be "uninhabited territory in the Coronation Gulf region of Victoria Island, British Columbia, came back to town to-day. He spent the greater part of the afternoon at the American Museum of Natural History telling about his trip.

Dr. Stefansson was possibly more interested in the curious bionde people whom he lived with and studied for several months than almost any other of his finds, but the museum heads of his finds, but the museum heads believe that his most valuable discov-eries dealt with the pottery art in the Arctic regions. In the past it was be-lieved that only the Eskimos in Alaska knew anything about the use of pottery for cooking and other purposes, but Dr. Stefansson found specimens through-out the extensive section over which he but the extensive section over which he traveled, even in the land of the strange blonde people, although they were not given to the use of it.

There are now on the way to the museum aboard the whaler Belvidere, due to reach San Francisco in November, between 40,000 and 50,000 eth-nological specimens, including pottery, clothing, weapons, furniture, etc., which Stefansson gathered with the as-sistance of Dr. R. N. Anderson, one of the museum's scientists.

Dr. Stefansson said that the purpose of the expedition was to find Eskimos incontaminated by contact with white men, and in this he succeeded beyond ndest expectations.

"I depended altogether on game. he said . "My plan can be successfully The said . My plan can be successfully carried out in any country where cari-bou are found. During the thirteen and a half months that I was away I went without oreakfast only once I had with me six dogs and one sled. I took 960 rounds of ammunition and used but 600 rounds."

ANCESTRY OF WHITE ESKIMOS.

Asked concerning his impressions an to the ancestry of the white Eskimon, Dr. Stefansson said:

"I believe they are descended from an ancestry approximately half Euro-pean and half Eskino, and the num-ber is so large that one must suppose a large number of white men a long time ago mixed with Eskimos. The only place 1 can think of from which these white men could have come is the west coast of Greenland. It is well known that this west coast was inhabited from before the year 1,000 until about 1450 by a comparatively prosperous colony of Norsemen or Scandinavians. "Out of the 1,500 I saw," he contin-

ued, "I should say that about a dozen had blue eyes. Brown eyes predominat ed. Fifteen per cent. possessed eyebrows as light as mine. (The doctor's are light brown.) A few had curly hair and a number had red beards. A great many of them made a practice of pulling out their hair by the roots. This cause of the inconvenience of having ice freeze to the hair. Not one that I saw had the stiff, black Mongolian hair of une Alaska Eskimo, Scientifically there is no reason for the belief that the Eskimos came from Asia, as was once believed. believed. They are just as American as the Sioux Indian."

om. He told her he was going to town

very angry. "Tell me one thing," she said. "Do lighted up with pleasure.

they felt but for Dorothy and he face, life would have grown un-

But they had Dorothy, and she was all the world to them, filling their hearts with love and their lives with sunshine

CHAPTER XIII.

The glorious summer days had leng-nened into autumn. Dorothy had as et made no plans for leaving Dunrathened yet made ven. She liked it better than any place it had a quiet charm about it, and reminded her of old Lonthill. Ah! how her heart longed for a sight of the old place: But it was buried in the past and must not be resurrected. Buried with all the happiness she had ever known. One evening she went to Cliff It was now early autumn, but Towers the sea air blew in chill and cold, and fires had been lighted and blazed bright stones. The three lad ies sat there and Dorothy had thrown herself with careless grace on a stoo at thei one arm rested lovingly on Ladi Agatha's knee. The guitar had fullen on the floor at her side and her voice had died away. She had sung those old songs that were filled with a weird old melody that was charming. Ah! how they loved the sweet voice and the singer. Tenderly, devotedly even as life itself. The footman an even as life nonneed a stranger that followed at

He saw Dorothy there and stood for

"I beg pardon if I have interrupted you," he said. The ladies welcomed, him warmly,

They were sure he brought them some news, for it was Adam Seaton, the de-

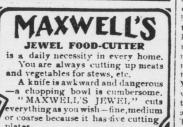
You will eveness my said Dorothy, rising to leave the room. "If the ladies have no objections, I

would prefer the young lady to stay. Pardon me, but if you do not care to have the young lady hear a sad, sad old story that may cause some old wounds to open afresh."

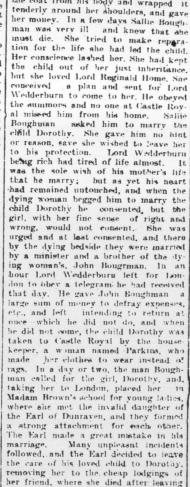
"We have nothing that our Dorothy

"We have nothing that our Dorothy may not hear," assented the three lad-ies, and Dorothy sat down again on the stool at Lady Agatha's feet. "We have taken more time, my lady, that we might be sure now that there is not one. I wish to tell a story that has been buried for years a sad, sad stor, it is, too, You, my ladies, had burnet who had an only child a stri named Dorothy. She was reared

a girl named Dorothy. Shawas reared





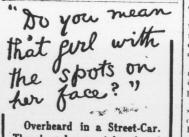


ter a vast fortune. "Shortly after the Earl died broken hearted, and having been deserted in his sickness and death by his wife, he made a will in favor of this Dorothy and then lied in her arms."

died in her arms." "Spare me! Spare me!" cried Doro-thy. "You have with ruthless hands raked up my dead," she cried bitterly. Her eyes flashed and the tear-drops glistened in them. The ladtes were aghast. They could not realize it then. few more things and I am done. Lord Wedderburn has never forgotten that marriage and has cought his bride far and near, without success. He has grown ten years older and his hair is

undo all she had done. She must repair the mistake. She arranged it so that it looked like an accident, but Sir Peter Pirley led Miss McRay to dinner, and he rode and danced with her, and altorether ware another that the source of altogether was agreeably happy. Lady Ho on repaired the error. They were thrown together incessantly, Sir Peter was happy, for he thought it had simply been a mistake. Lord Wedderburn left home the next

morning early for London. He felt sure



There's a lesson right there! Little blemishes of com-

plexion, small sores, eruptions. spots, are not only unpleasant to the person afflicted, but are the first thing noticed by other people.

A little Zam-Buk applied at night to spots, eruptions, sores of any kind will do wonders. Zam-Buk is not a greasy preparation which will go ran-

cid on your dressing table. It is made from healing, herbal extracts and essences. Always pure, fresh and ready for use. Doesn't lose its power. Keeps indefinitely. Healing, soothing and antiseptic all the time.

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where before another summer passes, for they are the name of a herb that is the deadly foe of the mosquito, and has come to drive that annoying creature from our midst.

It is not a new plant, but its use has not been known until recently. The Essex County Mosquito Extermi

nation Commission of New Jersey obtained some of the seed of this plant. and after it has made some experiments in growing it will distribute it through

out the country. It is asid that if the merest sprig of the plant be nurtured in a room no mosquito will attempt to enter it, and one strong stalk on a porch will keep it clear of the pests. According to Stewardson Brown, cur

ator of the herbarium of the Academ of Natural Science, of New York, the plant is a native of Western Africa.

"I know it to grow in Liberia," h said. "and the plant is said to possess certain curative qualities. Over there in Liberia the natives consider it a pana cea for all ills. They use it as a remedy bites, for sprains, and even for in ternal diseases

"A man in this city tried to grow it some time ago in that section of the city known as the 'Neck,' but he did. ot succeed. It will probably grow in New Jeresey, but only as an annual; that is they will have to replant it ev ery year. Over in Liberia it reproduces by itself and is quite abundant

"As I recall if, it has the qualities that would tend to drive the mosquito away. The odor is similar to that of pennyroyal, and is not at all unpleasant human beings. Perhaps it is not an important plant as yet, but it is quite likely to become one later." The State of New Jersey has spent thousands of tollars in the attempt to find a remedy for the mosquite pest. If this herb really proves satisfactory it will be cultivated throughout the coun-try and sold in attempt

ry and sold in stores. The Academy of Natural Sciences does not possess a specimen of the oci-mum viride, but the authorities are quite familiar with the plant.

NATURALLY

(Judge.) any instrument, "Do you play any

Imp?"
"Yes. I'm a cohnettist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?
"She's a attherist."
"And your father?"
"Ha's a messingt." "She's a zit "And your "He's a pes

THE LUCKY NUMBER.

An amusing story concerning the Greek naval lottery appears in a Paris journal. It seems that the tickets were hawked about the Piraeus and were eagerly purchased from the combined notive of patriotism and the excitement attendant upon a gamble. One day a hawker stopped outside a

milkshop and, seeing an ass standing by laden with eggs, cheese and butter, to tantalize the animal took one of his tickets and gave it to the beast. The poor ass was struggling with it in the poor ass was strigging with it in the hope of extracting comething eather, when a grocer on the opposite side of the way who had seen what was hap-pening rushed across and rescued the ticket." That ticket." he said to the hawker, "will win a prize, and I will buy it." He did so and the ticked drew a prize of 20,000 francs.-From the London Globe.

CHINESE VIEW OF MILLINERY.

Speaking to a Chinese gentleman the other day an Englishman asked him if the Chinese ladies will emulate the men and go in for western headgear. In re-ply he beamed a smile most childlike ply he bea and bland.

Pressed for something more definite, he remarked: "Did you not know that it is a well known fact among the Chinese that the reason so many European husbands look harassed and careridden and the further reason why so many of your young men refrain from marriage is this very question of millinery. Ladiss' hats cost so much that they **spell** ruin and so we Chinese have told our women folk that we absolutely forbid them to follow western fashions in this regard, whatever they may do in oth directions." From the Pekin News. in other

HIS CHOICE.

HIS CHOICE. W. D. Howells, at a function of Kit-terp Point, said of a certain popular nov-elist: "There is about as much poetry in him as there is in McMasters. Mc-Masters, you know, was walking with a beautiful girl in a wild New England wood. "What is your favorite flower, Mr. McMasters?" the girl softly asked, McMasters though a moment. then clear-ed his throat and answerd. "Well, J belleve I like the whole wheat best."