THE PART HAR THE PARTY THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 4, 1907.



Meanwhile, what was the great states- | with hisses. And here was enacted a man about? There is usually nothing man about? There is usually nothing that astounds a popular idol so much as a sudden reaction in "popular" senti-ment, and a decline in "popular" favor. Not so Daniel Hunter. He always knew that just such a reaction would some time or other ensue, and for awhile pre-vail—that the idolatry of the people would be followed by the detestation of the people, as surfait is folthe people, as surely as a surfeit is fol-lowed by sickness, a feast by a fast, the people, as survey as a survey is to be lowed by sickness, a feast by a fast, day by night, or autumn by winter; only he did not expect it just now—just as, after an absence of seven years, he set his foot upon his native shore. Therehis foot upon his matter that of surprise, fore, after the first moment of surprise, and almost of incredulity, he turn his wife, hanging upon his arm, and said "The hour has come-somewhat suddenly-somewhat inopportunely, love!---but the hour has come; the tide of popular favor is turning, and we must bear it as we may. Be calm!" He had need to say to her, "Be calm,"

He had need to say to her, "Be calm," for there she stood like an outraged em-press, her imperial form drawn up to its haughtiest height, every limb and fea-ture instinct with pride and scorn; her chest expanded; her fine head thrown back; her delicate lip and nostril quiver-ing; her full eyes blazing, blazing! One burning word burst in bitterness from her indigment becom-"" and ning word her indignant bosom—"Ingrates!" and then the woman remembered herself, and

er cheek crimsoned. Daniel Hunter led her to the carriage waiting to receive them, placed her in, directed the young lady and gentleman of their party to follow her, closed the door, and ordered the coachman to drive of, while he himself remained to face the storm.

It raged furiously now! Hoots and howls, yells and curses, and brickbats and cudgels fell like hailstones!

and cudgels fell like hailstones! Daniel Hunter cast his eyes around for a favorable point from which to com-mand the multitude. His glance fell upon a heaped-up pile of merchandise in boxes. Stepping from point to point, he reached the top, and stood with his feet to the level of their heads. He folded his at the levelof their heads. He folded his arms and stood perfectly still, a target for all eyes and missiles, waiting calmly to take advantage of the first transient lull to address them. And then his voice rang its clarion notes over the multi-

tude, commanding silence. And all eyes were turned on him, and as at the presence and voice of a demi-god, the infuriated mob became the lis-tening audience. Ves! The fiery young Falconer O'Leary could, by fierce eloquence of passion, at any time excite the mob, but only Daniel Hunter, coming the mob, but only Daniel Hunter, coming down upon them with his massive power of mind, could quell one. They listoned --his friends with deep respect for his words, his enemies "out of curiosity," they afterwards explained, to hear what him?' the d-d renegade had to say for him-self." At all events, they listened be-comingly while he spoke to them for more than half an hour, at the end of which time he dispersed his enemies, and, what was much more difficult, his friends, quietly to their homes. And then he called a hackney coach, entered it, and directed to be driven to

his hotel. There he found another crowd ing into his face. awaiting his arrival, but, coming as he did, he passed unknown among them,

able errors for which imperfect laws are and entered the house, every passage, hall, parlor, reading room and dining room of which was filled with people waiting to greet the great statesman. Muffled in his cloak, with his travelling nan. cap drawn down over his eyes, he passed through these also, and gained his pri-

Severn. You do not mean to tell me that that wretched maniso destroyed her!" asked Daniel Hunter, in a toneof almost supernatural steadiness and com-"No, sir! Heaven forbid! I do not

"No, sir! Heaven forbid! I do not mean to say that she destroyed the child, or that it was destroyed at all. Mr. Hunter, your infant daughter was not drowned, but stolen!" All self-restraint, all composure, was gone now! Daniel Hunter started up and seized both hands of the doctor, and gazed in his face in a very agony of speechless inquiry. And when he found his voice, he asked, huskily: "Stolen? Where is she now? Does she live? and how? where? Oh, Augus-tal oh, my wife! Doctor, why don't you ansver me?" "Mr. Hunter, my dear sir, I do rot know if your daughter be alive now; let us hope she is, and that she may be discovered." Daniel Hunter threw himself into his chair, and, having completely mastered

chair, and, having completely mastered his emotion, said:

with hisses. And here was enacted a repetition of the scene on the pier, and furious antagonism and rival party yells of "Daniel Hunter and Demo-cracy!" "Falconer O'Leary and Free-men's Rights!" raged for some minutes, before even the mighty presence of the great statesman could enforce the silence and order necessary to make himself heard. Then he addressed them in a speech of some twenty minutes' length, and dismissed them to their homes. Lastly, he retired to his own apartments, where his more intimate personal friends, "I beg you, sir, to inform me how you came by the knowledge of the facts you have just imparted to me, that I may be the better able to judge of them."

them." "Assuredly, air. This woman, Norah O'Leary, has been an inmate of the asy-lum under my charge for the last fifteen years. At intervals she has returns of reason, but never for a sufficient length of time to warrant her discharge. I always imagined that there was remorse, where his more intimate personal friends, perceiving his fatigue, considerately bade him good-night, and left him to his muchneeded repose. Repose? No! For carcely had the door closed behind the scarcely had the door closed benind the latest departing visitor before it opened again, and one of the hotel waiters en-tered, and laid a card upon the table before him. He took it up with a wearied always imagined that there was remorse, as well as sorrow, at the foundation of her malady, for she would often rave of

her maisdy, for she would often rave of a crime committed, and of a sweet and noble lady whom she had bereaved, and of a stolen child; but in her lucid inter-wals, if this was alluded to by me, for the sake of drawing out the truth, she "Dr. James Ross, resident physician to The M—— Institute for the Insane, pre-sents his respectful regards to Mr. Hun-ter, and requests the honor of an imme-diate interview, upon business of the would laugh in a most malignant, defi-ant,, triumphant manner. Within the last six months, however, her bodily health has failed very rapidly; and, as is often the case in similar circumstances, greatest importance, that will not admit Conquering his impatience, he went to meet his visitor. "Mr. Hunter," said Dr. Ross, "I have

as her physical strength declined her been for the last month waiting for your return with the most feverish anxiety. as her physical strength declined her mind recovered its tone, cleared and set-tled. From time to time she has drop-ped words that, put together, have re-vealed to me the fact of her theft of the child. But she refuses to give me any connected account of the crime, and inquires nitesualy for March Unstern I should most certainly have written to you, had there been a possibility of my letter reaching you, or hurrying your organized?

arrival." Danieł Hunter listened with surprise and attention

air, and read:

delay.'

"Yet now that I sit before you, sir,' "Let now that I sit before you, sir," continued the physician," 'I scarcely krow how to open my business—it is so strange—so unaccountable—so unexam-pled in real life."

pled in real life." "Pray proceed, sir." "It is really so astonishing—so in-credible—that I hardly know how to go on in this case; it really makes one feel like being taken for an impostor." "Take courage, doctor! It is not like-iv that I shall suprese you to be area young students, happening to be walking with me in the lobby near the door, chanced to speak of your arrival, and of the crowd that had gathered to receive you. She heard the news and hearman you. She heard the news, and became so excited that I was obliged to admin-

y that I shall suppose you to be one," aid Daniel Hunter, smiling. "I know. But really, this case-how-

ever, it is hest to plunge into it at once, I believe. Mr. Hunter, do you remember the name of O'Leary?" her. And, sir, it is for that purpose that I left her to come to you, late as it is, fatigued as you are; for I do not think the wretched invalid has many hours to live." Daniel Hunetr changed color, exclaim-

ag: "O'Leary! What of him?" And then

painful recollection, he said, gayly: "Oh! you allude to the young mob-orator, Falcon O'Leary, whose name certanily found its way to me through the papers, even across the ocean? Yes, certainly, his name is not new to me! What of bin?" hand in silent emotion, and arose with the purpose of going to break this to his wife, but the connecting door opened, and Mrs. Hunter entered, pale as ivory, and holding out her hands like one blind and in danger of falling, until she met and threw hereoif upon her husband's

bosom, exclaiming : "Oh, Mr. Hunter! we have heard it all! "Nothing of him. I know little, and with deference, care less about that young stump orator. But you remember during your first administration as gov-Oh, don't you know who it is? It is Sylvia! It is Sylvia! I always felt it, but never knew it! 'Oh, why was it we ernor of M----, some sixteen years ago, a man of the name of William O'Leary, never knew our angel child?" Danlel Hunter pressed her to his bosom in unutterable emotion, and sat who was convicted of the murder of

burke, and for whom great exertions "And which 1 refused to grant-yes, I remember that," said Daniel Hunter, her down in a lounging chair. Then, turning, he rang the bell and ordered a carriage. And ten minutes after, late as it was, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and the with the same dark, troubled look con

doctor entered the vehicle, and were driven to the asylum. "Well, sir, it was one of those inevit CHAPTER XXIII.

alone accountable. We all understand that—the man died a victim to circum-stantial evidence. Too late his guilt-lessness was made manifest. But, sir, you may also remember that the rest A rapid drive of twenty minutes brought them to the lunatic asylum. They alighted and entered its gloomy portals, and, led by the doctor, passed up its long as a sylum the doctor. you may also remember that the poor fellow had a mother—a woman of strong up its long passages and dimly-lighted

"Ah-h-h! you have come at last!" she murmured, in a hollow tone, and her voice sounded like a far-off moan from a graveyard. Augusta turned again, and met her

Augusta turned again, and met her fiery eyes fixed upon her, and glowing like two live coals in a skull. Yes, all the life left in the body burned in those terrible eyes! The lady shaded hers with a shudder. A hollow, dying laugh follow: d the movement, and Norah said: "Oh, you needn't shrink now! The time has passed! the arrow has been sped! it transfixed its victim long ago! Come to me; I can draw it out; it was never meant for you." She held up her skeleton arms to the lady, and then, prostrated, dropped them. Mrs. Hunter came around to the side of her bed. The doctor made way for

of her bed. The doctor made way for her and retired. The lady bent over the dying woman. But the poor wretch looked up at her with an expression in dying woman. But the poor wretch looked up at her with an expression in which disbolical malice still struggled with remorse and fear and compassion, until the countenance grew franzied. The lady laid her calming hand, and fixed her pitying eyes upon the patient, and said, in her sweet, gentle volce: "Norah, if you have anything to say to me, say it now. You will have peace when you have said it." "Hat hat het Air's non shed

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ain't you glad the spirit will make me tell? Ain't you glad it maddened me? It killed me?" "God knoweth that I am not Norab. am profoundly sorry for you. I shall be happy if, by penitence, you can ob-

"Penitence!" cried the dying woman, "Penitence!" cried the the dying woman, with kinding eyes. "Penitence for the only thing in which I rejaice! Yes, re-joice! ha! ha! ha! Penitence! and with that man in the room! Take him out! Take him out! If I were on the thresh-

my poor woman!" interposed the doctor. "You mustn't say such dreadful things as that! You must forgive your enenies, you know!"

"Forgive! Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you fool any connected account of the crime, and imaguires piteously for Mrs. Hunter. I am convinced that from some idiosyn-crasy or other, she finds herself unable to confess to any but Mrs. Hunter. Within the last month she has failed so Forgive: Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you fool-ish old man! That anybody should live sixty or seventy years in this world, and get lint white hair on their heads, to talk such arrant nonsense! There's a man who knows better! Ask him if rapidly as to make it certain her death is near. I dreaded it would take place before your arrival. To night, one of my now my heart can be changed, and I can forgive, forsooth. Ha! ha! ha!" "But, my dear soul, <u>seu</u> must forgive! You know that unless we forgive men their trespasses, neither will our heavenly Father forgive us ours," said the phy

"Forgive! Forgive him! I tell you, old man, that if God never forgives me until I forgive him I shall go straight to ister powerful sedatives. She prayed that Mrs. Hunter might be brought to

must not say such shocking things! Conscience alive! you make one's hair bristle up!" "Ha! ha! ha! I tell you there's

Daniel Hunter grasped the doctor's man who knows I cannot forgive! Ask him if my heart can change at this hour! And take him out! I tell you he stifles me! I tell you I cannot breathe the air he breathes!"

Wit ha look of deepest commiseration, Daniel Hunter had stood near the foot of the bed. Now he turned to leave the

"Do not mind her, sir; she raves,"

"Do not mind her, sir; she raves," said the physician. But Daniel Hunter only replied by an inclination of the head, as he retired and closed the door behind him. "Go with him, doctor. You are a well meaning old gentlemtn. only silly out of the line of your profession. Are you going? I tell you, I want to be alone with the lady." The physician. with a deprecatory

The physician, with a deprecatory groan, got up, beckoned the nurse, and, followed by her, stumped out of the followed by her, stumped out of the room. Teft alone, the dying woman turned her burning gaze upon Augusta. The lady thought best not to open The lady thought best not to open te conversation. She contented herself with laying her hand upon the darkened

But it was too late. Norah had seen and recognized the lady at the foot of her bed. TO DIE NOW Doctors to Charge Five Dollars in Future For Issuing Burial

Certificates.

Five dollars for a burial certificate has been announced as a part of the programme for an all-round increase of doctors' fees, as proposed by the Ontario Medical Council. Thousands of people have found it a very heavy tax on their resources to pay their doctors' bills at the old rate. The increase would be a very serious mat-ter to many people were it not for the fact that there is within the reach of all that wonderful remedy that after Five dollars for a burial certificate all that wonderful remedy that, after the most severe conditions, has proven that for all forms of run-down systhat for all forms of run-down sys-tems from almost any disease or cause, especially from those diseases affecting the throat, lungs or stomach, Psychine is a safer, surer and more dependable deliverance than the untried and ex-perimental prescriptions of nine out of ten of the present-day doctors. Psy-chine, in addition to being concen-trated life work of several of the world's most eminent medical apecial-

world's most eminent medical special-ists, has a sixty years' record of un-paralleled and unapproachable tri-umphs over disease and death that has umphs over disease and death that nas brought light and joy to tens of thou-sands of homes every year. And it is steadily going on to still greater triumphs. It does not pay to die now. Take Psychine and live and enjoy life. It is a great system-builder. Fitty

Take Psychine and live and enjoy life. It is a great system-builder. Fifty cents and \$1 per bottle at your drug-gist's, or at Dr. T. A. Slocum's, 179 King &treet weat, Toronto. "Several years ago my wife was so seriously ill of lung trouble as for months to be unable to walk, at which time a noted physician told me that the next dress that I would buy for her would be a shroud. She used Psychine and is now reasonably well."-Rev. O. E. Burrell, Forest, Ont.

THE BRAIN.

A Wonderful Organ That is Yet Little

Understood. The discovery of a special speech re-gion in the brain furnished a key for un-locking one chamber after another of this mysterious physical organ of the mind. Even as regards the faculty of speech itself, it was soon revealed that it had three separate anatomical seats in the brain—one for hearing words, another itsering centre the brain place for read-mg is was illustrated by a lady patient f mine, who was astonished one mor-ng at finding that she could not read a 'ord in anything, whether newspaper or

in fact, I wouldn't hesitate to say - er -ing at finding that she could not read a word in anything, whether newspaper or book. She thought something must be wrong with her eyes, but she saw every-thing about the room as well as ever and could sew and knit. I tested har speech carefully, and found that she could hear every word addressed to her, and could talk remarkably well. Her "Why, do you know," continued Diana, "Why, do you know," continued Diana, speech carefully, and found that she could hear every word addressed to her, and could talk remarkably well. Her reading brain centre, however, had been destroyed in the night without her wak-ing by a plug in the little artery which supplies that place, and she forthwith supplies that place, and she forthwith became as illiterate as a Paupan savage, nor did she learn to read again, succumbnor did she learn to read again, succumb-ing to apoplexy two years afterward. Generally more than one speech centre is injured by an apoplectic hemorrage in the brain, as was the case with a pa-tient of mine, a gentleman who one morning lost not only all power of utter-ance, but also all ability to read. He could, however, hear words perfectly, and strange to tell, he proved that the

and strange to tell, he proved that the place for arithmetical figures is in a dif-ferent brain locality from those for words, because he could read and write figures and calculate every kind of sum in large business transactions which he successfully conducted for seven years afterward, without once being able to speak a word, or even to read his own

ippers in Sydney harbor there is no chance of a body being recovered. Once a large thark found its way into the bathing place a body being recovered. Once a lark found its way into the bathing p Melbourne Bay and seized a swimmer e leg. The man was pulled ashore, s injurice were such that he died air The injuries were such that he died almost immeduiately. Little wonder that these mon-leves are dreaded by the mariner from the "ery moment that he goes to sea, and that the lapse of years develops a hatred of them which is gnly matched by his increasing ears.

which is only matched by his increasing fears. As a rule the sailor is as kind a man as any that walks the earth, but he shows no mercy to sharks when once he gets them in his power. He apparently acts upon the as-sumption that a shark would approach him with a total absence of courtesy or consid-eration. These monsters will sometimes at-tain enormous size, but a man may go to sea for many years and not see one more than 30 feet long or thereabouts. Such a hurse tjeh could, of course, not be got on board without passing a bowline around his tail, and so easing the strain on the fishing line.

board without passing a bowline around his tail, and so easing the strain on the fishing line. To find the shark as sea novelists depict him we must go further south. It is in tro-plcal waters that he chiefly makes his home, and affords excellent fishing for the crews of becalmed sailing ships. Steamer folk know little or nothing about sharks. The truth is, this monster of the deep has no fitting for the crew, Some people even say that in southern harbore he can read the notice sometimes attached to the stern ad-vising people to keep clear of the propellar. The chances are that the shark is rather in-terested in the gradual disappearance of sall-ing vessels, for it is these ships that carry his deadlest semis. A piece of sall pork, randd by preference, the a dainty bait which no really fungry shark will refuse when it is thrown over the shis's side. He turns over, exposing his gleaming belly, and opens his higs mouth. As goon as the bait is swallswed the sailor's fun freques. The line is made fast to a be-ling or the sing a side, but ft is all in vain. Over the rail comes an switul looking head, with small, diabolical gray eyes. The first thing to be its is mailered of the shark's tail, for it is indeed a powerful weapon. The isank is himself double and then lets his sail unfold yith all the power of a. big steal spring unclosed. The next thing is to put a handapike into his mouth to prevent him biths and then the carpenter with his arat preaks the monster's backbons. The shark's is now helples. But his vanity is amaring to the very hast. No sailor is so venture-some as to put his head into a shark's mouth eimply because his beed is severed from the body.

NOW ABOUT MAETERLINCK.

Diana Makes a Good Fight, But Gladys Gets the Decision.

Diana wore her hair parted in the middle revealing an expanse of bulging forehead

Gladrsward. "Why, do you know," continued Diana, "even primary colors are beginning to have a vogue among intellectual people ?" "Give me American Beauties nestling in lestrous dark hair," thought Clarence just then. "If ever any girl ever boked emi-nently kissable..." "Art you following me ?" asked Diana, somewhat charply. "If don't altogether deny," said Clarence rather confusedly. "that primary colors are bad or ere-er-that is to say, unattractive. Red, for instance, properly set off..." "Gladys was blushing very prottily and looking at Clarence out of the conters of her eyes. Oh, that look! "Of course collars should be contrasted. I won't demy that," asserted Diana wijng her glasses, "but as I was saying we have out-grown the mystic tendency." "To be sure," and Clarence absentmind-edu.

"Where the past saw beauty in repose we

"Where the past saw beauty in repose we now see beauty in aQtion." "Indeed we don't akogether," said Clar-ence. A fine chance to please Gladys had ioomed up. "I still see beauty in repose." It wasn't altogether Clarence's fault. Cladys was gracefully reclining against the cushioms of a Morris chair. Diana was leaning forward, glasees in hand, forehead corrugated with thought.

apartments, where Mrs. Hunter, Miss Honoria, Sir Henry Percival, and per?" several chosen friends remained to re-

ceive him

Their welcome, indeed, was cordial and heart-strengthening. Supper was placed upon the table in an adjoining parlor, and he sat down with his family and some half dozen intimate friends. And the meal was discussed in cheerful en-joyment, until the crowd outside, who

had learned, in some manner, probably from the hackney-coachman that brought him thither, that Daniel Hunter was in the house, became vociferous. And the it as the mere raving of a poor, mad old woman.' landlord entered the parlor and besought Mr. Hunter to come out and show him-celf upon the front balcony, and speak

the doctor, solemnly. "I do not understand you, sir." "I say that that wretched woman and accomplished i people, that they might separate home. Daniel Hunter arose from to the the table, and, attended by his young English relative, Sir Henry Percival, and several political and personal friends, went forth upon the baleony, before which, in the crowded street below, were

tion of her son, you lost your only child, as it were, by a sharp and sudden stroke assembled several thousand persona, the whom received him with shouts of welcome, and the other half

m

CQ Q

¢

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**\$**\$**\$**

"Our child was lost-drowned in the

"Some months succeeding the execu-

ance?'

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, it one of the most weakening diseases know?.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.

Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00. *****

sions, high spirit, and violent ter both sides by rows of cells. "Yes, I remember her perfectly, and

All was very quiet in this department -the few inmates of the cells seemed to be asleep, and the shaded lamp that her interview with myself distinctly. "You doubtless, then, recollect that hung from the ceiling shed a cheerful light over the scene. The physician paus-ed before one of the doors, opened it when you disregarded her tears and prayers, and refused to grant the pardon of her ton, she called down upon the autiously, and beckoned some head of you and yours a dreadful curse, and bound her soul by a vow of venge-A hospital nurse appeared at his sum-

mons. "How is your patient?" "In one of her deathlike sleeps." "How long has it lasted?" "No. I do not remember that. If she did such a thing, probably I disregarded "Upward of two hours."

"She will awake before long," said the doctor, and then, turning to Mr. and "She remembered it, however," said Mrs. Hunter, he said: "We can enter." "But should she suddenly awake and

find us by her side, might not the shock embered her vow, and accomplished it." be dangerous?" "No, madam; she has been led to ex-Daniel Hunter fixed his eyes in stern inquiry upon the face of his visitor, who continued: pect you; besides, you need not appear

middenly The physician held open the door and a'Towed Mrs. Hunter to pass in, and then followed with Mr. Hunter.

It was a fair-sized, comfortable apart-ment, better deserving the name of chamber than cell, The doctor placed chairs at the foot of the bedstead, and quietly motioned his companions to be seated, while he himself took his station

near the head. Daniel Hunter and his vife hoked upon the patient extended wife before them.

bare, and her grey hair cut close for coolness, though the night was so sold. Mrs. Hunter gazed upon the body with a shudder of horror, of incredulity, that a thing still breathing should be such an inconceivable wreck, should look worse than an Egyptian mummy. As she lay, all her joints were prominent; al-most pointed, beneath the coverlet, as

those of a skeleton might have been, and her sunken eyes, and the dark, and her sunken eyes, and the dark, livid skin clinging closely round the bones of her forehead and jaws, made dark, cavernous hollows of her cheeks and eye-sockets. Mrs. Hunter turned,

and eye-sockets. Mrs. Hunter turned, sickened, away. "She had a powerful, a wonderful con-stitution. The disease has fed upon and consumed almost every atom of flesh, and yet, you see, her brain acts, her lungs still breat." heats —it is stupendous." soid the doctor, in a low-woice. "But heath a she wakes low-voice. "But hashin she wakes-turn a little further aside dour madam, if you please. I will smake

She lay stretched out at full length upon her back, with a white quilt spread over her, like one dead. Her head was



