Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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tion. Int for contract advertiseme

ATERRIBLE SECRET.

"It will be little less than a miracle if she lives, though," the other added; "and the days of miracles are over. Hope if you like—but—"
"You had better not let him sit up to-night," said the first physician, looking night," said the first physician, looking compassionately at Charley; "he won't be able to stand it. He is worn out now, poor fellow, and looks fit for a sick.bed himself."

"He knows it is the crisis," Trixy an-"He knows I is Me crisis, This sisswered; "he won't go."

"He has watched the last two nights,"
Miss Seton interposed: "he must go, doctor;
leave me an opiste—I will administer it. If—
if the worst comes, it will be but a moment's work to arouse him."
The doctor obeyed.

"I will return at day dawn," he said, "if
she be still alive. If not—send me word."

"I will return at day dawn," he said, "II she be still alive. If not—send me word."

The twilight was falling. Solemn and shadowy it crept into the sombre, silent room. They went back to the bed-side, pate and tearless: they had wept, it seemed, until they could weep no more. This last night the two girls were to watch alone.

She lay before them. Dead and in her She lay before them. Dead and in her shroud she would never look more awfully death like than now. He sat beside herah, poor Charley! in a sort of dull stuper of misery, utterly worn out. The sharp pain seemed over—the long, dark watches, when his passionate prayers had ascended for that dear life, wild and rebellious it may-be, when he had wrestled with an agony more bitter than death, had left their impress on his life forever. He could not let her go—he could not! O God?" was the ceaseless cry of his soul, "have mercy—spare".

arley, you are to leave us for a little, and lie down. You must have some rest, be it ever so short: and you have had noth-ing to eat, I believe all day; you will let me prepare something, and take it, and go

She spoke to him coaxingly, almost as she might to a child. He lifted his eyes, full of might to a child. He first as eyes, fail of dull, infinite misery, to hers.

"To-night?" he answered: "the last night! I will not go."

"Only for an hour then," she pleaded "there will be no change. For my sake, Charles "!"

"there will be no change. For my sake, Charley!" All her goodness, all her patience came back to him. He pressed her hand in his own gratefully, and arose.
"For your sake, Nellie, then—for no other. But you promise to call me if there is the slightest change?"
"I promise. Drink this and go."
She gave him a glass of mulled wine, containing the opiate. He drank it and left the room. They listened breathlessly until they heard his door, further down the passage, open and shut—then both drew a deep breath.

bear to see him here to night. Nellie, if she dies it will kill him—just that." The girl's lips quivered. What Charley has been to her—how wholly her great, to her—how wholly her great, bloving heart had gone out to him, Trix ever knew. The dream of best bliss was at an end forever.

"I suppose I was delirious part of the time, Trixy?"

"Stark, staring crazy—raving like a lunatic at full moon! But you necedn't look so concerned about it—we've changed all that, You'll do now."

"Yes," she said it with a sigh; "you have all been very kind. I suppose it's only a tancy of the fever after all."

"What?"

"Trixy! don't laugh at me, but I thought Charley was here."

"Did you?" responded Trix; "the most natural thing in life. He is here."

Her eyes lighted—her lips parted—a question trembled upon them, but she hesitated.

question trempled spread that the description of th

Speak up, Edie! don't be ashamed of yourself."
'I am afraid you will laugh this time, Trixy—I know it is only a dream, but I thought Charley and I dree—"
"Yes," said Trixy! "were—what?"
"Married, then!" with a faint little laugh. "Don't tell him, please, but it seems—it seems so real, I had to tell you. She turned her face away. And Trixy, with suspicious dimness in her eyes, stooped dawn and kissed that thin, wan face.
"You poor little Dithy?" she said; "you do like Charley, don't you! no, it's not, a dream—you were married nearly a fortnight ago. The hope of my life is realized—you are my sister, and Charley's wife!"
There was a little panting cry—then she covered her face with her hands and lay still.

covered her face with her hands and lay still.

"He is outside," went on Trix; "you don't know what a good boy he has been—so patient—and all that. He deserves some reward. I think if you had died he would have died too — Lord Lovel and Lord Nancy, over again. Not that I much believe in broken hearts where men are concerned, either," pursued Trix, growing cynical; "but this seems an exceptional case. He's awfully fond of you, Dithy; 'pon my word he is. I only hope Angus may go off in a dead faint the first time I'm sick and get better as he did the other day. We haven't let him in much lately, for fear of agitating you, but I think," says Trixy, with twinkling eyes, "you could stand it now—couldn't you, Mrs. Stuart:"

She did not wait for a reply—she went out and hunted up Charley. "He was smoking downstairs, and trying to read the morning paper.

"Your wife wants you," said Miss Stuart

ing downstairs, and trying to read the morning paper.

"Your wife wants you," said Miss Stuart brusquely; go! only mind this—don't stay too long, and don't talk too much."

He started to his feet—away went Tribune and oigar, and up the stairs sprang Charley—half a dozen at a time.

And then Miss Stuart sits down, throws her handkerchief over her face, and for the next five minutes indulges in the exclusively feminine luxury of a real good cry.

After that Mrs. Charles Stuart's recovery was perfectly magical in its rapidity. Youth and splendid vitality, no doubt, had something to do with it, but I think the fact that she was Mrs. Charles Stewart had more to do still.

that she was Mrs. Charles Stewart had more to do still.

There came a day, when propped up with pillows, she could sit erect, and talk, and be talked to as much as she chose, when blinds were pulled up, and sunshine poured in; and no sunshine that ever shown was half so bright as her happy face. There came still another day, when robed in a pretty pink morning dress, Charley lifted her in his arms and garried her to the arm chair by the window, whence she could look down on the bright, busy city street, whilst he sat at her feet and talked. Talked! who is to tell of what? "Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one," generally find enough to say for themselves, I notice, and require the aid of no outsiders.

And there came still another day—a fort. All there came still another day—a fort. The sum and surface and a civil judical pour them such as a surface and a civil judical pour them such as a surface and a civil judical pour them the sheat at her feet and talked. Talked! who is to tell of what? "Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one," generally find enough to say for themselves, I notice, and require the aid of no outsiders.

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say for themselves, I notice, and require the aid of no outsiders.

And there came still another day—a fortinght after, when, looking pale and sweet, in a dark gray travelling sunt and hat, Mrs. Charles Stuart, leaning on her husband's arm, sad good-by to her friends, and started on her bridal tour. They were to spend the next three weeks South, and then return for Trixy's wedding at Christmas.

Christmas came; merry Christmas, sparkling with anow and sunshine, as Christmas came; merry Christmas, sparkling with anow and sunshine, as Christmas ever should sparkle, and bringing that gallant ex-officer of Scoten Grays, Captain Angus Hammond, done with drilling and duty, and getting the route forever, going in for quiet, country life in bonnie Scotland, with Miss Beatrix Stuart for aider and abettor.

Charley and his wife came to New York for the wedding. They had told Mr. Hammond how ill Edith had been, but the young Scotchman, as he pulled his ginger whiskers and stared in her radiant, shooming face, found it difficult indeed to realize. She had heen a pretty girl—a handsome woman—happiness had made her more—she was lovely now. For Charley—outwardly all his insouciance had returned—he submitted to be idolized and made much of by his wife, after the calm fashion of lordly man. But you had only to see him look once into her beautiful, laughing face, to know how passionately she was beloved.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hammond had a splendid wedding, and to say our Trixy looked charming would be doing her no sort of justice—And again Miss Seton was first bridesmaid, and Mrs. Stuart, in lavender sik, sniffed behnd -a fifty dollar pocket handkerchief, as in duty bound. They departed immediately—after theceremony for Scotland and a Continental tour—that very tour which, as you know, Trixy was cheated so cruelly out of three years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went back South to finish the winter and the honeymoon among And there came still another day—a fort-

for this new and extraordinary inetier? Is it for a bet?"

"A bet? Oh, dear no!" A distinct pause.
"That bonnet of yours is getting rather the worst of it; is a pity, for it's rather a nice one," he added, eying it critically, as one who knows the ways and means of bonnets, or rather the ways of the bonnets, or rather the ways of the bonnets, and the means of those who can afford such a one as he saw before him, he eyed it critically, though not feeling nearly so cool as he was anxious to make her believe.

"Oh! what does that matter?" she snapped out. "Be so good as not to make personal remarks. I shall spoil as many bonnets as I choose," with glaring independence. "H'm! you always used to do so," glow-

ering down at her.
"Do you refuse, then, to drive me?" she faltered. There wasn't another cab in

pedestrians! Mrs. er the shelter of a fas

and mind are brought—and reverently be it said—in contact with the creator and railer and father of all the perfect bliss. Again, with leisure; it is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear. The ruin of thousands—aye, millions—may be traced to it.

The freezer is ready, the milk is quite new,
The ice in the box, the chocolate, too;
But only to think, how odd it would seem,
With no little girl to help eat the ice-cream Laid away is . 'te drawer is the musical flute, Its tones are 's 'hushed, its notes are all mute How can we enjoy'tts melodious ringing With no little girl to join in the singing?

The chambers are ready, the beds neat and clean, Not a spider or fix anywhere to be seen;
But randpa and grandma—how can they feright
With no little girl to kiss them good-night?
—New York Tribune. CAUGHT HIM ON A CAB.

ander the shelter of a fashionable modiste's door, looked forward and groaned. No hansom in sight; ruin to her lothes stared her in the face if she sallied out; ruin to her purse whispered to her behind should she enter the shop again.

"The dispensation of gain is not in Providence diocese," was her irreverent summing up. "He'd make it rain at the proper times or on No Man's Land if it were. Oh, darling!" she murmured under her breath, for a hansom bore in sight, looming. Whisterishly, hazily wet. A slashing, golden bay between the shafts and a civil jehu perched up behind.

Out went her umbrella and she tucked up He devoured every object, a thousand | before she experienced an in-

There was a soft dewiness about her eyes as

and wife's hands met in a quick, close grip, and a feeling of infinite love came nestling

and a feeling of infinite love came nestling around his heart.

"Tom," she began wistfully.
"Yes, Cecile?" questioningly.
There was no time for another word, the door handle was slowly moving around.

"It's my sheep dog, Miss Meeson," she wispered, her breach coming and going, for a sudden puzzlesome question had arisen in her mind. She had forgotten all about Miss Meeson—to tell the truth she had not taken her into account at all. What was she to do and say? Introduce Tom as this afternoon's hansom cab driver and nothing else? Goodness, no; it would not be possible. Introduce him as a friend only? Yes, but what if there were to come a reconcilation?

concilation?

How horrid and deceitful it would look!

A WISE WOMAN.

A WISE WOMAN.

The main there got no vot and cold I with you would you mirely taking a wind you will will taking a wind you will be got a gassan of pain came upon his face. It was smaching the smooth, even earface into him.

Sie had taken off her giore, and the produced produce and produced the smach was considered to be smaching the smooth, even earface into him.

The make you, "a be ask, a litch unsteadily in a takeh help you can be the smooth of the smooth was the smooth of the smooth of the smooth was the smooth of the sm The Swiss people are very artistic in their teates and even the poorest Swiss is need and testeful in his home life. Many of the ways of the Swiss are as pretty as their fanciful ideas of building houses. A Swiss mother believes that her child will have bad dreams unless it is crooned to sleep. And so, bending low over the drowny little one's couch, she sings soothing searchly into the land of Ned.—New York Ledger.

The word Hebrew now has but one meaning, and that is a dead language. We are Jews, because we are adherents of the devisin religion. Our religion is the only mark of distinction between us and other citizens of this country.

There is an impression in the minds of many non-Jews, and even some Jews, that it is courtesy to call us Hebrews, thus implying that there is some stigms attached to the name of Jew. The Tidings is constantly seeking to remove this impression. We are Jews, not Hebrews or Isrealites.—Jewish Tidings.

The summer is come with its sim and its breeze, The illies in bloom, the leaves on the trees:
But what of the sumbline, the breeze and the Showers, with no little grit to look after the flowers?

The hammock house stands deserted and lone. As it stood through the winter and spring that are sit stood through the winter and spring that are sit stood through the winter and spring that are sit stood through the winter and spring that are sit stood through the winter and spring that are sit stood through the winter and spring that are still the stiful to the stands of proposed to the proving the stream of paints are still the stiful that are stood to the stands and its driving you fix through the winter and spring that are stored and lone.

The hammock house stands deserted and lone. As it stood through the winter and spring that are stream of paints are stream

He devoured every object, a thousand memories crowding to his weary brain, out his face did not change, and his wife watched as he glanced at the two easy chairs, one at each side of the blazing fire. How often had they occupied them in the happy past! Only then, to be sure, they had been drawn close side by side and they had proved the fallibility of the rule that "two bodies annot occupy the same space at the same time."

She watched him as his eves turned to cheerful and is very emphatic in determined the fallibility of the rule that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time."

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cannot occupy the same space at the same time."

She watched him as his eyes turned to the duchess toilet table, with its large center glass—in front of which he had often made her stand—while he bade her mark what a handsome couple they made. He drew a sharp breath, and a spasm shot across his face, leaving it a shade or two whiter. He glanced up—his wife was looking at him in breathless stillness. She turned quickly and left the room.

He found his way out about 'ten minutes afterward—Mrs. Lancaster took a little longer.

She is now strong, healthy and the cheefful and is very emphatic in declaring that she owes to the Pink Pills her press nt satisfactory state of beath and has therefore, no hesitation in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

One second-hand pai bobsl-ighs, a second hand cutter, for sale cheap at the cheefful and is very emphatic in declaring that she owes to the Pink Pills her press nt satisfactory state of beath and has therefore, no hesitation in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

One second-hand pai bobsl-ighs, is second hand cutter, for sale cheap at health and has therefore, no hesitation The horses can't be successfully hitche in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

One second-hand pai bobsl-ighs, econd hand cutter, for sale cheap at A. D. Young's, Ath ns.

\$10,000 private money to loan on real estate security Apply to John Cawley, opp. Reporter office, Athens.

THE SLAUGHTER OF WITCHES

Truth should be tempered by expediency. Some hearts are useless until they are

Cupid seldom shoots his arrow plumb through the centers of two hearts. Contentment is the pleasant word for de-

th any other man.

Hope seems to sit down to rest some

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