By J. J. BELL.

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mrs. McLerie," Etc.

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Wha can that be?" said her hus-

gang an' see, Jess?" s," said Jess in a choked voice.

to-to give him a treat today," provement in your husband."
thought bitterly, "but he thinks of "But he hasn't been ill." nothing but his garden-the breakfast in surplise. ed, the dinner spoiled and the"-

lifted her head and listened. She rd David's voice and another's. iss Perk!" she groaned. "Oh, I Davie 'Il have the sense not to

er in. No; she's away." dees began again.

's taking her into the parlor!" ghed. "I might have known he ently the kitchen door opened,

David looked in. "Jess," he said loud whisper, "Miss Perk's in the lour, wantin' to see ye." "Is she?" said his wife languidly. ing the water on to a saucer.

"Ye'll no' be lang, wull ye?" "I don't know how long I'll be." "But she-she's wantin' to see ye parteeclar." he said, entering the kitchen.

"What about?" "I didna spier. But ye'll no' be lang. wull ye, Jess? I'll gang an' tell her ye're jist comin', an' then I'll get on wi' plantin' the sweet peas. Eh, lass?" eing you asked Miss Perk into the house, you had better go and keep her company till I'm ready," said Mrs.

"But"-"I can't be ready for half an hour. The tea was so late tonight."

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"Hauf an 'oor! An' what wud I say to her for hauf an' 'oor?" You might ask her if she likes

sweet peas," said Jess, and she could we bitten out her tongue for saying or a moment or two her husband re-

rded her with puzzled eyes. Then his face reddened. I'm vexed if I've done the wrang

thing, dearle," he said gently. "The seeds can bide. I'll gang into the paurlour an' dae ma best to-to be pleesant an' a' the rest o' 't. If ye like, I'll pit her oot the hoose." No, no! You musn't do that. Just

may I won't be long." wid took a step nearer his wife, en turned abruptly and left the

"It was too bad of me," thought Jess, the tears filling her eyes. Once more the door opened, and her husband whispered imploringly, "For

peety's sake, dinna be mair nor hauf 'oor!" He vanished, and she heard him enter the parlor.

and laughed quietly, with the tears pro still in her eyes. "Poor Davie! If he had only made me laugh sooner! But I must be quick and go after him."

Within ten minutes, her cheeks flushed and her eyes very bright, she opened the door of the parler.

Miss Perk was sitting in the window, and Mr. Houston occupied an inch or length of the room lying between

"Good evening, Mrs. Houston," said



"Good evening, Mrs. Houston." Houston and I have been having quite a delightful chat, haven't we, Mr. Houston?"

"He has just promised to bring you to my lecture on Thursday week." Miss Perk resumed, smiling graciously ker's lecture the following Monday, and he has almost promised that you ed, Mrs. Houston."

in, dear!" sighed Mrs. Houston me; I maun gang oot to the gairden," left the room with all speed.

Jess managed to hide her vexation "It's past Postie's time. Wull I and made a commonplace observation five pound. She gets me to promise on the fineness of the weather for the things I dinna mean. I'm vexed at ma

ith an anxious look at her David Miss Perk cordially agreed with the the kitchen, closing the door be- observation and continued:

"It must be so gratifying to you. Mrs. noy ye. s hid her face in her apron. "I Houston, to notice the decided im-

"But he hasn't been ill," said Jess tures."

methods, you know."

"Ch!" exclaimed the young woman, taken aback. "I don't understand." she added, somewhat haughtily. "Why, every one is talking about

heard the front door shut, but him," said the visitor pleasantly if in vain. "What's that?" she repeated rather patronizingly, "and saying how softly and encouragingly, industrious he is becoming and so attentive in his work. I'm sure you must didna mean to annoy ye when I menhave noticed a difference during the tioned it. Are ye feelin' quite we'd past six months." Mrs. Houston held her tongue,

we do." Miss Perk went on. "But I laughing. and many of my friends can assure you that the improvement is there, and we sincerely trust it may be per-

it is a young wife's duty to use all her. He shook his head. "Ye see, I didna niluence in-in"-

shed, with strained politeness. "Thursday week, Mrs. Houston, curlously-or perhaps I should say apprepriately-enough, I intend to read a aper on the young wife's influence uring the first year of married life. I have earnestly endeavored to treat the subject with the seriousness and deep consideration it deserves. But, to return to your hasband, I am sure told you, for of course you are aware sure also that you will not take of-

for your future.'

"Ah, but, being Christians, we canbors, and since you came to settle in white, Kinlochan I for one have been keenly ; interested in your life and have always. make you less satisfied with it than glancing admiringly at his wife, you appear to be. I thought that perhaps the few words I offered you some months ago might have been instrumental toward your husband's improvement, but as you say you do not notice small book. im enter the parlor.

Mrs. Houston dropped into a chair any change in him I conclude the improvement has come from himself, She's vera badly the noo, puir budwhich is all the more creditable to him."

"Yes," murmured Jess, with a mild-

ness she was far from feeling. Archibald was simply delighted with the way in which his greenhouses had been remodeled and repaired, and that two of the chair nearest the door, the be was going to recommend your husband to Lord Montgomery, who was thinking of"-

"Lord Montgomery arranged with Miss Perk as Jess greeted her. "Mr. David yesterday," said Mrs. Houston, with the faintest note of triumph in her

"Indeed! That is extremely gratifying. Well, Mrs. Houston, you must now make up your mind to encourage your husband as much as possible, so that there is no chance left for a relapse. I had thought of speaking to safe in your hands.'

"I'll think about it," said Jess, holding herself in. "Have you seen my aunt, Mrs. Wallace, lately?" she inquired suddenly.

"No-no; not lately, not for some time, in fact. I trust she is quite well,"

might have been misconstrued.

the niece returned cheerfully. The visitor mentioned a few local topics, but in a hurried manner, sug- great friends. gesting that she was ill at ease. "Do you expect your aunt this evening. Mrs. Houston?" she inquired about five

minutes later.

in any time." Miss Perk rose. "I'm afraid I cannot wait longer on the chance of the ing and turning up page 139 in the pleasure of a chat with her, but pray ledger. "The account has been owing give her my kind regards when you see about fifteen months. Doesn't Mr. her. I'll pop in soon again and perhaps find her with you. Now I must

really go. Mrs. Houston conducted her visitor to the door, and in the porch the lat- diary. But I'm glad the account's paid. ter said: "I thought we should have I was afraid it was going to be a bad found your husband in the garden. I debt. He's welcome to the 5 per cent. once.

should like to see him." "He's not there," said Jess, looking that doesn't cost him anything." about. "He likely has walked along

sage for him. You might kindly tell the account wud have been stauning him that our drawing room window is yet. I cod never ack that gentry for lectures next season. I'm quite charm- not working nicely and ask him to money." come and put it right first thing | "It seems to be the only way of get-

"but he will be busy all tomorrow."

"I don't think he could attend to it for a fortnight or three weeks." "Dear me! I didn't know he was se busy as all that," said Miss Perk in a tone of annoyance. "However, I'll call the morn to pit in the book. I'm shair at his workshop tomorrow and see I dinna ken hoo I managed things what can be done. Good evening, Mrs. afore ye cam' to help me, Jess. I was Houston."

"Good evening, Miss Perk." Jess re-entered the cottage and met David in the dusky passage. "Is she awa'?" he whispered.

Without daring to meet his wife's spite of herself. "She wanted to see eyes David rose and, saying, "Excuse you." She delivered the message and told him what she had said to the visitor in reply.

"I wudna gang inside her hoose for stupeedity, lass.

"Never mind, Davie." "Aw, but, Jess. I didna mean to an-

"It's all right, Davie, lad. I dare say we'll be none the worse for the lec-"I'm vexed about the lectures, but

"I ravan in his methods, his business I'm mair vexed about anither thing." "What's that?" She felt a thrill of pleasure to think that at last he under- she said reproachfully. stood the cause of her annoyance earlier in the evening. After all, she had not labored for his creature comforts

"The-the pill," he stammered. "I

For an instant Jess felt she wanted 'Perhaps you don't notice things as to slap his face. Then she burst out

"I'm gled ye're no' angry wi' me ony mair," he said and kissed her.

"Did you get the sweet peas plantnament. I'm sure you will do all in ed?" she inquired as she drew him into our power to make it so. You know the parlor.

gang oot to the gairden efter a'. I fist "What are you going to lecture on sat in the kitchen waitin' for her to Wednesday week, Miss Perk?" Jess gang. I hadna the hert to plant onythin' when ye was angry wi' me, Jess."

"You're just a laddie, Davie," she Thursday week, at 7 o'clock. Well, said, not chaffingly, but with a world of affection in her voice. "And now I'm going to have an hour at the books," she added quickly. "Wull ye no' come for a walk,

dearie?" "I'll come afterward. It'll be too dark for the garden now, so you better take your paper and keep me comyou must be delighted by what I have pany till I get through the accounts." She laid ink and pen on the table that is marrying him you entered upon and brought her husband's ledger from quite a precarious existence, and I am the bookcase. She seated herself, thinking how much more cheerful the fense when I tell you that I and many figures before her were tonight than of my friends have frequently trembled six months ago. Among the neatly kept accounts she forgot the worries "It was very kind of your friends and of the day and now and then fell to yourself," said Jess, with a sweetness dreaming of how in the not very disin her voice which would have sounded tant future she would present David suspicious to any one but her visitor. with a balance sheet, which she would have to explain, showing him not but interest ourselves in our neight he reward of his labor in black and

"Donald Binnie is to get a rise next Setturday," remarked Mr. Houston, hoped that nothing might occur to settling himself in the easy chair and "How much, Davie?"

> "Twa shullin's. He's worked for it." "All right. Anything else?" asked Mrs. Houston, making a note in a

dy."

"I'll go and see her tomorrow, Davie. But you would have better told me "I heard only the other day that Sir first, for Angus always buys the wrong things for his sister. She's far too old and frail for tinned salmon and cream

"But she likes them better nor onythin' else, Angus tell't me. She likes tasty things, ye ken. But I'm aye daein' the wrang thing, Jess," he muttered sadly. "I sudna ha'e gi'ed him

the five shullin's." "Yes, you should, but you shouldn't have given it till I had a chance of telling the poor man what to buy. It's a pity he won't let any one help to nurse his sister. Aunt Wallace made some grand soup the other day and

took it to Angus, and"-"Did he no' tak' it to his sister? I'll him myself, but no doubt the matter is ha'e to speak to him. He's gay dour, is Angus.'

"I think he took it to his sister Davie, but the next morning he brought it back to Aunt Wallace and said his sister was terribly obliged, but she couldn't eat it to please the king. And Miss Perk repiled, with a smile that you never saw better soup. I wish I could make soup like Aunt Wallace. 'Oh, Aunt Wallace is always well," So, Davie, don't give Angus any more extra money without telling me. He and I won't quarrel, you know. We're

"I ken that, Jess. Angus wud dae onythin' for you. Well, I'll mind what ye say. Here's three pound fifteen I got frae Maister Granger yesterday "Aunt Wallace just comes along He tuk aff 5 per cent for prompt paywhen it suits her. She might come ment." David got up, laid the money on the table and resumed his seat.

"Prompt payment?" said Jess, laugh-Granger keep a footman and a butler?" "He does that," said David, "an' a

page forbye." "Well, he should try keeping a penny It'll likely be the only thing he keeps

"Ye're rale smairt, Jess," her husband remarked, smilling. "I daur say served his sent I've served"-"Well, perhaps you can take a mes- if ye hadna been lukin' efter the books

ting it from a lot of them." said, Mrs.

the morning. Can you remember that, Houston, slowly turning over the pages of the ledger. "They're not all like Sir Archibald of Arden and Mr. Coleman."

men though they're gentry.' "That's not bad, Davie."

'What, Jess?" "Ob, nothing. Well, is that all?" "Ave. I'll gi'e ve a list o' odd jobs aye a puir haun at the books. I-I think ye're jist a great wumman." "You're havering, Davie."

"I'm no'. But I like to hear ye speak word like that. Ye've got slc a gen-"Yes," replied his wife, smiling in teel way o' speakin', dearie." "I can't help it. Father spoke like

Aunt Wallace, but mother wouldn't let as follow his example. And then when I was in the other I"-

"I ken fine. I wud speak like ye if cud manage it, but I canna." "I don't want you to speak like any

ne but yourself, Davie. Really I don't. i-I couldn't believe you if you spoke differently." There was a short silence.

"Davie," said Jess, breaking it, "have you ever put the lock on Aunt Walace's coal cellar door? 'I clean forgot," he replied dejected-

"Oh. Davie! It's such an old story

Mr Houston groaned. used to it that I are forget it., It's jist like askin' a blessin' on our meat. "But you always ask a blessing, Da

"Ye are remind me, Jess." Mrs. Houston bit at the end of her enholder before she replied. "You ust see about the lock tomorrow. "Aye, I'll see about it." Then David got up from his chair and came close o her. "Jess, Jess," he cried, "are ye ver sorry ye mairrit me?"

"But I'm askin' ye. I'm aye daein' hings that vexes an' displeases ye.



"Angus!" cricd husband and wife, Ye ken that fine. But I'm askin' if ve're ever sorry ye mairrit me." He aid his big hand on her shoulder and

bent down, trying to look into her face. Jess, are ye ever sorry?" "Davie, dear!" was all she could say

sake, tell me!"

Somehow she did not answer him at cropped on his knees beside her and his hand slipped down to her

waist. "Jess, ma dear," he whispered, "if I ever hurt ye-if I ever burt ye in the east wee thing, forgi'e me, for I didna mean it. I cudna mean it, lass." "Don't, Davie!" she sobbed.

"But ye ken what I mean. Oh, Jess tell me, tell me, are ye ever sorry ye nairrit me? She found her voice. "Never-never

never!" she cried, and her arms went! and his neck. The bell rang violently, and there

was a savage hammering at the cot-They hastened from the parlor to rether, clinging to each other in the ment of mingled happiness and ap-

prehension. A small boy stood in the porch, ace perspiring, his breath gasping "The shop's on fire!" he spluttered.

"What shop?" "The jiner's shop, your shop! Ye bet er come quick if ye want to see ony o t left." And he disappeared in the

darkness. "Davie!"

"Here's your cap, lad. I've got : shawl. Of course I'm coming with

They hurried from the cottage and along the road. The glare of the fire -not so huge, after ali-shone about of them and was reflected in a little

bey of the loch. "Oh, Jess?" grsped David.

"Never mind, dear!" panted Jess. They were sum no through a dark avenue when a figure seemed to come into being before David, threw up its arms and drowed on its bees at his he looked from one woman to the other feet so suddenly that David nearly fell with a significant smile.

"Angus" cried husband and wife se

served yer fayther faithful?" he coled, "I served him faithfull An' I've

"Angus, man, what are ye cooryin' caught him by the other, and the twain | jocular air: dragged him to his feet. "What is it,

"I served yer fayther, an' I've served his son as weel as ma auld age wud let me! Aye, I've served"-

"What am I to dae wi' him, Jess?" whispered Houston hoarsely. "He's

seen the fire, an' "-"The fire, the fire?" wailed Angus. "It was masel' done that. I gaed to sleep, an' Maister Ogilvy had gi'ed me a bit tobacco, an'- Oh, maister, maister, I served yer fayther, an' I've served his'

"Davie," said Jess, "you run on, and I'll follow you. Run on and see if you can do anything."

"Wull ye be safe, wife?" "Yes, yes! I'll be after you in no time."

Houston ran off, and his wife turned to the old man, who was ellinging to

"Oh, Mistress Houston," he began, "I served his fayther faithful, an' I served"-

"Would you serve me, Angus?" she asked quietly, her free hand on her heart.

"Serve you, mistress!" It meant more than a great oath.

"Well, Angus," she said steadily, "you'll serve me-and David, too, very well, if you'll try to forget about the fire at the shop and go along and at tend to the fire at Hazel Cottage. No, are indeed creatures of beauty. Their no; the cottage isn't on fire. I meant complexions are beautified, white and the kitchen are. You'll find the door pink, without a blemish, and they have oven. Look after the fire-the kitchen retained their good humor and look fire-and have the kettle ready to the like young matrons just entering their boll. D'you understand, Angus?"

"Aye, mistress." "And you won't leave the cottage till twenty-fifth.-Detroit News-Tribune. we get back?"

"Na, na!" "What about your sister?"

mistress, d've think he'll pit me awa? I've served his fayther, ant "the cottage. I'm depending on you."

kissed her hand before he let it go.

A joiner's shop, especially if it be clean go over the surface with a piece twenty miles from a fire station, makes of flannel on which is spread a tiny a merry blaze, but a short one. Fortunately the wind blew kindly, and should be spread over the cloth as thin-David Houston's wood yard escaped. Otherwise it was ruin, and blackest of black ruin.

Otherwise it was ruin, and blackest of black ruin. black ruin.

was after 1 in the morning when David Put two ounces of beeswax cut in and Jess walked slowly home together small bits into a bowl. Place the bowl the distance they walked in silence, the the range. When the wax is quite soft woman gripping her husband's arm, for he was dead beat with much exertion. His face and hands were filthy with soot and charred wood.

ye'll be sorry ye mairrit me noo. We've get cold set it in a pan of hot water for naethin' left."

"No, I'm not sorry, Davie, lad." "But I deserve it," he groaned. "I clean forgot to pey ma insurance twathree weeks syne. Oh, Jess, ye've a stupit, stupit man!"

"It's me that's stupid!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Davie! You've been suffering all this time about the insurance, and I forgot to tell you I paid it a fortnight ago.'

Continued

THE ELECTRICITY HABIT. There is One Thing in its Favor-li

Is Usually Beneficial. "Of all the habits the one that sticks closest to a fellow is the electricity habit," said a young doctor, "The drink lient to drop them into the box when habit and the cocaine habit are mere removing them from the line. summer fancies compared with it. But there is one thing to be said in its favor-it is usually beneficial. The electricity habit is contracted just like any other habit. A few currents are adminflatiron because they believe that the istered during an illness. They strengthclothes last longer and keep their color en and stimulate, and the first thing the patient knows he finds the tonic indispensable. Even after he gets well he craves the treatment. I know one young woman who makes a fair living by calling at the homes of electricity victims and dosing them with a few shocks from a galvanic battery. Most slaves to the babit have their own bat teries, but they are afraid to apply the treatment to themselves. That is practically a groundless fear, for there isn't one chance in a thousand of a person giving himself an overdose. Still they prefer an experienced hand to manage the current. Not all the electricity fiends are invalids by any means. Many of them are now as well as they ever were, yet they have become so addicted to the habit that they require the weekly, semiweekly or possibly daily electric thrills to tone them up."

The Way a Man Had Revenge For an at the same price,

New York Post.

Act of Discourtesy. "Courtesy always pays; discourtesy never does," said a famous Frenchwoman. "Let me tell you a story of an

actual happening: "Two women occupied a compartment in a railway carriage with one man, a stranger. They were extremely rude to this man. In whispers that he could overhear they criticised his costume, his figure and his manner. He, to be

revenged, did a singular thing. "The blackness of a tunnel enveloped the car, and under cover of the darkness the man kissed the back of his hand loudly and repeatedly. Then when the train entered the light again

"They exchanged glances of suspi-

"Was it you he kissed?" "'No; of course not. Was it ron?

"And peither lady would believe the other's denial, and each in her inmost heart believed the other had encouraged the kiss. The man looked cool there for ened David. He caught and complacent. When finally he rose the poor soul by one arm, while Jess to go he said, lifting his hat with a

"Have no fear, ladies. I shall never tell which of you it was.""

JUST ONE WRINKLE.

The Price a Society Leader Paid to

Have It Removed. Just think of paying \$1,000 for having one wrinkle removed! That's what a well known New York society leader has paid, and without a doubt there are many others who would be willing to pay just such an exorbitant price if they had it for the same pur-

Authorities along these lines are demanding large sums for beautifying women's faces. It is not an easy task and means much suffering for the waman. The injection of paratfin is one of the well known remedies for this shortcoming. The process is painful, the parattin being injected underneath the skin by a hypodermic needle and allowed to remain there, harden and. become a part of the membrane tissue, which it does in time.

It is a good remedy. The wrinkle is sure to disappear, and there are more women than one would surmise who are undergoing such a treatment.

Some of the society leaders who have gone west, for a rest as they say, have in reality secluded themselves for a time with doctors of beauty and upon making their reappearance in society second year of married life instead of contemplating the celebration of their

## LEATHER FURNITURE.

"She's sleepin' lang syne. But, oh, One Way to Clean and Pollsh Up the Coverings.

The following directions are said to "No, Angus. David won't put you be very good for cleaning and polishaway, whatever happens. Now go to ing leather: Dip a soft woolen cloth in the cottage. I'm depending on you." boiling hot milk and wipe the leather with this, rubbing gently until all the dirt is removed. Then wipe dry with . . . . a soft flannel. When the leather is ty as possible. After the waxing go

A recipe for this wax is as follows: in a pan of hot water on the back of a quarter of a cupful of turpentine and half a teaspoonful of paraffin oil. It is ready for immediate use. If before He heaved a great sigh. "Jess, lass, you are ready to use it the wax should a few moments. This is suitable for leather that is used as a furniture covering .- New York Tribune.

## LAUNDRY LINES.

Some coarse makes of lace are best irone! between two blankets.

The laundry needs a board covered with several thicknesses of flannel on which to iron embroideries. If tablecloths or napkins are marked

with embroidered letters iron that portion first and on the wrong side and do not iron the embroidery at all on the right side. A box with a hinged cover fastened on the permanent clothes pole is handy

to drop clothespins into. They're right there when wanted, and it is conven-All sheets and other bedding, table linen and the greater part of the weekty washing are better for being mangled instead of froned. The mangle is preferred by English housewives to the

better if mangled instead of ironed.

The Care of Linear. Every housewife delights in having nice linens for her table, and those of heavy damask are cheaper in the end, as they wear longer and look infinitely better than the lightweight linens. The thinner cloths can be starched ever so little, thereby giving the appearance of heavier weight. This must be done carefully, for a stiffly starched table

cloth is unsightly, to say the least. In buying table linen it is well to remember that a check pattern in plain or elaborate blocks with warp and woof running straight across boths ways is a better bargain than a fforal a or curved pattern that costs the same. for the check pattern is more easily manufactured, and in consequence- adbetter quality of linen is put into clotisf of this design than into fancy patterns

Mistakes In Sweeping. In sweeping carpets many persons

make the mistake of going over them first with a damp broom or throwing damp ten leaves on them with the idea that these methods will keep the dust from flying. Try dry salt instead. Sprinkle the carpet thoroughly with it and sweep. The sait will hold the dust down so it will not fly so freely about the room, and it brightens the carpet wonderfully as it goes. Where the very last of the dust is Lrushed lay as piece of slightly damp cheesecloth about three yards long. Every particle of dust will settle on the cloth, and after such a sweeping the carpet will keep clean longer than after any other; treatment. Besides, the whole room will have "that clean feeling" so dearly prized by the careful housewife.

have a thin neck, and the following treatment is said to be very beneficial Take plenty of exercise. The best for this purpose is head rotation. Afterward bathe the neck in warm water to open the pores and then rub in a generous quantity of good skin food.

For a Thin Neck. It is most depressing to a woman to

the Bitter teller's

"Aye," said David as if he were tell-

cross the room, "and also to Mr. Crowill both attend all our classes and

Mrs. Houston? "I'm sorry," said Jess (she wasn't),

"The day after will do."

"That's true, lass. They're gentle-