THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P

By J. J. BELL,

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

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not going to explain-if you estand. See! There's Mr. vaving to you."

urned the salute of the grostood in his door. "My, but the twa happy yins!" he sighed atched them along the road. Mr. Ogilvy!" murmured Mrs.

n gently. 's wrang wi' him?" asked her

bt he's ve- bad, Davie," she atly. "He wants ed, smiling ry Aunt W or that yet? I he no' gotte

ared him lang her tongue afraid it hast. Out you're not

k about sunt like that." we a' ken she's got a gey tongue, Jess. I'm no sayin' ony-boot her hert, mind!" he added Then he laughed and in-"D've ken why he wants to

yer aunt, ma dear?" arin love with her, of course." at's a sma' bit o' the reason. He to mairry her to get bein' ver Aye, that's lt!" At which state-David looked pleased with him-

n't be stupid!" retorted Mrs. on, with affected sternness. a fac', though. He's got an

kly

high openion o' yersel'. D'ye but he said to me the ither day?" and I don't want to know." said"e quiet!"

el, I'll tell ye anither time when o' expectin' it," said David, smilsingly. "But hoo d'ye think he's on wi' his coortin'?"

shook her head. "He doesn't extra happy just now."

ybe he's worrit aboot trade." doesn't complain about trade so much as he used to."

at's a bad sign," observed David nder htfally. least le complains more about

stomers hm! He'll be turnin' his thochts business to-to"- The joiner

for want of a word to express eif. "But it's a bad sign onyhe continued. "I mind when I to turn frae me work on accoont ersel', Jess.' you blame it all on me?" she

ed, with the least trace of irony in a," he replied soberly. "I blame

masel'. If I had peyed mair atn to ma work ye wud ha'e been er aff the day."

Whisht, lad!" she said in soft sur-

An' maybe the gairdenin' has been plame tae," he went on. "I thocht a great temptation to me."

But, Davie, you've hardly touched garden since the spring-since the she said gently. id sighed. "Maybe it's jist as

Ma trade's the jinerin', an' I stick to it. An' it's no' a bad an' things are gaun weel, an' complainin'," he added more

But you'll get time for your gardenprised soon again, Davie," she said.

nk R We'll see, we'll see." but. Davie"- she began and d, toed, lest she should say too much. iddenly he turned toward her. re the best wife a man ever had, ition. I envy naebody," he exclaimed. ed and e fire was maybe a guld thing. It ig bea guid thing because o' yersel', ma Moros

ut, Davie," she said, breaking a silence, "supposing the shop hadn't insured"-

wud ha'e been dune for. Fine I that!" But wait a minute. Supposing the p hadn't been insured and suppos-

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Florida .

retting you hadn't been married, what uld you have done?" That's a question," he said, smiling. ephone ould you have become a gar-

bank, e mean a gairdener to some genarmed an?" he said after a pause. 1 posse id time

es-I suppose so." Na!" he replied firmly. Wouldn't you?" she cried, greatly

eel, Jess, if I was to be a gairdenwud want ma ain gairden. D'ye

e nodded gravely. "I see, Davie." miner, wo wud like a place like Davison's is fourbabaro I know," she murmured. "I would that too."

Wud ye, keen?" he eried. "Week it's like ye ta sympathise wi' yo man in his darahe dreams. But here

you' su, I,m spans Xs, to meeta in, for to pushed open the gate of Easel tage, and they went up the path to-

ther in the shine of the autumn sun-Davie," she said earnestly, "you're

do, say be to forget our garden altogether." Weel, to tell ye the truth," he re-

ha'e an 'oor at it the morn, afore I another chuckle. gapg to Corriemore.

And Jess smiled quite gladly.

nve in a somewhat extraord fashion. His message boy having gone for the night, the grocer was alone in his shop, yet he looked about him as though he feared a watch upon his movements. Satisfied at last that he was unobserved, he opened his till and took out a penny, muttering to himself:

> He' regarded the coin for nearly a nute, replaced it in the till and took

"Ye're a muckle eediot, Samuel Ogil-

"It's mair in keepin' wi' the opera-

tion," was his inward observation. Just then a customer came in, but fortunately did not wait long, although after her departure the grocer could not remember where he had laid the half crown.

"I've mae time to luk fur it the noo," he thought, glancing through the winlow at the lights of the approaching

Having picked a florin from the till, he gazed at it earnestly and then spun it into the air. As it fell he grabbed at it, but missed it, and it struck the floor and rolled under the counter.

"Tits!" he exclaimed. "I'll get it the He spun a second florin and this time

caught it between his palms. "It's heids!" he murmured when he had lifted his right hand. "I've to gang

an' meet her. Oh. me!" Five minutes later, as the steamer reached the pier, Mr. Ogilvy, having already put up the shutters, locked the door of his shop - at least an hour before the usual time-and hastened along the road in the direction of Mrs.

Wallace's abode. On reaching it be turned and walked slowly back toward the pier, which the steamer had now left.

"She's a lang time comin'," he said to himself. "Maybe she's no' comin' the nicht efter a'. Oh, me! Samuel Ogilvy, ye're jist a nondescript nincompoon!

He retraced his steps to the cottage and again set out toward the pier. Several people from the steamer passed him, while he pretended to be absorbed by the view over the sea wall.

But at last the looked for figure came dimly in view, and thereupon Mr. Ogiivy lost his head.

"Oh, I hope she'll no' see me!" he groaned and gazed steadily across the

Mrs. Wallace came through the dusk and halted behind him. "Is that you. Mhister Ogilvy?" she said, and there was something in her voice that added | stupit sayin's." to the grocer's discomfort. "Is that you. Mr. Ogilvy?" she repeated before he nerved himself to turn and face her. "Aye. It's jist me, Mistress Wallace.

It-it's a fine nicht." "It is a fine nicht," she replied, "a whiles lately. But ye ken, Jess, fine nicht fur plunkin' the shop, Maister Ogilvy! Whit d'ye mean shuttin'

yer shop afore the time?" "Was ye wantin' somethin'?" stammered.

"Aye, wis I! An' when I cam' aff an' peely-wally." the boat an' gaed to the shop, here the

"Aw, Mistress"-"Aye; ye're a fine yin to keep a shop! | Yer v'ice is shairper nor mines." An' me yer best customer!" cried Mrs.



"Is that you, Mr. Oglivy?" Wallace. "But dinna let me keep ye agsin. frae yer appintment," she added, with

an unkind chuckle. "I-I've one appintment, Mistress to Wallaco," he returned desperately.

jist cam' oot to-to" "Oh, I'm no' wantin' to ken ber

name. We'll be hearin' it in the kirk shin, nae doot."

Wallace," said Mr. Ogilvy, with a very feeble grin. "Aye, jist as you maun ha'e yer Jen-

The poor grocer stood speechless. 'Weel," said Mrs. Wallace at last, . and her voice was kindly. "I didna that I canna" ie last steamer was due at Fun- gang to the shop the night to buy-but an pier about 7 o'clock, and when to pey. I wantit to gi'e ye back the Ogilvy sighted her lights on the siller ye lent me awhile syne. It sud demanded, ole of the lock he proceeded to be ba's been in yer pooch afore this, an'

I'm vexed it wisna. But there it is, an' thenk ye fur the len' o' it. Ha'e!"

Taking a packet from her underskirt pocket, Mrs. Wallace handed it to Mr. Ogilvy. "Are ye shair ye're no' needin' it?"

he asked awkwardly. "Na, na, man. I'm no' needin' it, an' I'm gled ye've gotten yer ain again I'm no' guid at thenkin' folk or peyin compliments, but I tell ye I'm obleeged to ye fur yer belp. Ye can coont it

it to yer Jenny. Ha, ha! Guid nicht Maister Ogilvy. I'm wantin' ma tea." "Mistress Wallace! Mistress Wal lace!" he exclaimed as she moved for ward.

when ye get hame, an' if ye fin' a baw

bee ower mony ye can keep it-or glo

"Weel Maister Ogilvy?" "I-I was jist wantin' to say thatthat I'm aye ready an' willin' to day enythin' to serve you or yours, as !

"I believe ye, Mnister Ogilvy," she returned. "An' I'll no' furget whit ye've dune. An'-weel, guid nicht again, Maister Ogilvy." The grocer wanted to accompany her,

but he lacked the courage, and so he turned and went slowly in the other direction. "Samuel Ogilvy." he addressed himself moodly, "ye're a peetifu' spectacle!"

CHAPTER VIII. SOME FRIENDS AND AN ENEMY.

NOTHER May had come and the afternoon sunshine fell warmly on the south gable of Hazel Cottage.

Old Angus blinked drowsily and slightly altered his position on the section of a log which served him for a seat when Mrs. Wallace, who for the last half hour had been marching up and down the path with her niece' chair that had been brought from the parlor for her convenience and carefully adjusted the infant's garments and placed her umbrella in proper position. Then, the child showing signs of waking up, Mrs. Wallace began to croon softly and persuasively, if not al together tunefully, the ancient, brief and simple ditty-

Shoo shiggy ower the glen, Mammy's pet an' daddy's henwhich she repeated until it had the de

"Is't sleepin'?" inquired Angus, tak ing out his pipe and, having eautions removed the plug of newspaper, peer ing regretfully at the remnant of to bacco left in the bowl.

"Aye, she's sleepin', the daurlin', Mrs. Wailace replied tenderly, looking down on her charge and gently remov ing the edge of the shawl from the tiny

"I was thinkin' ye wud shin ha'e the wean suffocatit if ye didna watch oot." the old man remarked, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a match. "It's a mercy it doesna need as muckle breith as masel'."

"Man, ye wudna need as muckle breith if ye kep' yer mooth shut," retorted Mrs. Wallace, adding. "Ye waste the biggest hauf o' yer breith on yer Angus did not answer till he had lit

his pipe. "Weel, mistress," he said slowly, "it's no' for me to instruct ye'-

'Deed, ye're right there!" "But I doot it's no' gettin' suffeecient fresh air to gar it grow nice."

"I'll fresh air ye!" "Never mind me. I can fresh air

"Peely-wally?" exclaimed Mrs. Waldoor shut, an' the pairty that sud ha'e lace indignantly. "An' her the sturkep' it open gallivantin' aboot like a | diest lass that ever- Oh, ye auld foot er, ye've wankened her again!"

"I dinna. It was yersel', mistress

"Haud yer tongue!" she muttered and set about soothing the little one with crooning and caresses, while Angus grinned behind his pipe, at first in an irritating, but presently in a more sympathetic manner.

Unfortunately Mrs. Wallace's next remark was not a conciliatory one.

"Ye micht think shame o' yersel', Angus, comin' here an' disturbin' the wear. To hear ye speakin', onybody wud think ye wis sellin' herrin'.'

noo, mistress, that if ye kent anither doors when the simmer veesitors is here. Eh?"

getting the last word. "D'ye no' think I wud dae better wi'

a hurdy gurdy," she said slowly, "seein' I've a monkey there a'ready?" Angus grinned feebly and sucked at his pipe as if for inspiration. Mrs. Wallace emitted a low chuckle

of triumph and beamed down on the sleeping child as much as to say, "We had him there, ma dearie." Angus writhed on his seat in his de-

sire to pay her back and puffed nerv-Another low chuckle came from Mrs. Wallace, and the old man writhed

"Ye think ye're awfu' qualet," said Acque at less with bitter transports to

referrin' to her as it." thinkin' o' the peety o' it bein' a lassie. Loomis, Canadian red wheat.

"Aw, it's jist a peety it wasna a lad-

If it had been a laddie it micht man-a dacent man like

out she make intil a decent wumman like her mitner she'll due fine!"

"Whit d'ye mean, Angus?" "Hist what I say,"

"D'ye mean she'll no' grow up?" "Och, she'll grow up, if she doesn.

"Tah! When I want yer advice, I'll

ask ye fur it "I lope ye'll no' come askin' when it's ower late," he retorted. "Hooever, there's aye a chance o' yer alece bringn' up the weam in spite o' ye. We naun hope for the best."

What airs. Wallace was going to rey-and it was doubtless something ....... c.ubeling - was prevente

Captinged

## LANE CO. **CAPTURES** FIRST PRIZE.

From E. M. Warren we have received a large list of the awards given by the judges at the Lewis and Clark exposition for the various exhibits of form products, etc. He informs us Lane county, large photograph show that there are still others to be heard ing hop field of Kobert Hays; Lane from when the reports are all in. county, painting of Mt. Jefferson, by Lane county took first prize by deci -- Mrs. Schwartz; Lane county, dairy ion of the state commission on her and creamery products; Lane county, anit decision by decision of the cor- table. coration jury. In this same connection it might not be amiss to inform sewcomers and those not already posted, that Lane county took the gold medal at the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, at the New Orleans exceltion and also at the world's fair t Chicago on her grains and grasses the sheef, which exhibits were road bridge across the Willamette prepared by George Belshaw. The river at springfield, to be used for the fruit exhibits, especially that of dried out-off between that place and Henruit, usualty made by Hensili & Stin

ported on previously. The following of steel piling and girders and is the is the list of those who received med-Gold medals-E. M. Warren, whea! in sheaf; E. M. Warren, corn wheat in sheat; R. Veatch, moose borns and bridge is now well under way, and the mounted cousar; E. M. Warren, grain roadbed on each side of the river is in jars; Lane county, collective ex- being graded, and in the early hibit of grasses, A. C. Neilson, white spring the des and steel rails will be Russia wheat; Henry Kompp, fishpole laid for the road. wheat; E. C. Smith, Oregon flax; Herry Kompp, ninety day cats; Jac-

per Wilkins, wool; Frank Herman, imperial white wheat; A. C. Maltman, purple chaff wheat; Mr. Clifford, tall rye; K B. Healey, vetches in bundle; Marshall Bros., sweet bread wheat; Lane county, collective axhib it of praine in jare; E. M. Warren, grass seed in jars; E. M. Warren, nasel', thenk ye kindiy. I'm shair ye fruit in jars, vegetables in jars, jellies and dried fruits; Lane county as a unit collective exhibit; Mrs Edith Linten, display of dried hops; T. D Linton, display of dried hops; Junction City Excelsior Manufacturing Company, display of excelsion; A. C. Bogard, Defiance wheat; Mrs. G. P. Griffic, first, second and third crop of alfalfa; E. M. Warren, grains in

sheaf. Silver medals-R. M. Day, doubleheaded wheat; C. H. Williams, vetches in bundle; Washburn & Scn., flour; Clarence l'aylor, golden chaff wheat; A. C. Nielson, white clover; J. C. Bushnell, brewing barley; Henry Godard, tall timothy; Japser Wilkins, Australian club wheat; T. J. Vaugho, "Ha, ha!" laughed Angus, softly but hairy vetch; C J Dodd, golden shaff sarcastically. "I was fist thinkin' the wheat; Henry Golard, tall oats; Lane county, collective exhibit of grams sang ye micht try singin' roon' the in jars; E. M. Warren, grains in cases and sacks; Lane county, collective Mrs. Wallace smiled in a way that exhibit of corn; Frank Armitage, gold made the old man feel he had missed coin wheat; T. J. Vaughn, mallet; Charles Stickler, sweet trend wheat; J. C. Loomis, barley; P. V. Coffey, timothy; Lave county mineral waters, London Mineral Springs Association; E. H. Jugham, vinegar; Walker Young, white winter wheat; Eugene Excelsior Works, display of excelsior; Dr. F. W. Prentice, English walnuts: George Smith, bamboo.

Bronze medals-George Houck, Angora goat pelts; Henry Kompp, Finnish black oats; Jasper Wilkins, red top grass in bundle; H. Chezem, cheaf of volunteer cats; Jeaper Wilkins, Oregon re in hendle; Henry Godard, police shaff shept: T. J. Vanghr. "filler, Deflance glien chaff · it igh

"Ye're are thinkin' o' it," he retorted. | mounted elk head; Lane county min-"Ye mann ha'e yer joke, Mistress indicating the baby with the stem of eral waters, Foley, Belknap and Kitson Springs; Jack Poill, campas grass; she rejoined. "But ye ken weel enough E. M. Warren, mounted darr head and "Aye, jist as you mann ha'e yer Jenshe rejoined. "But ye ken weel enough
ed, glancing about him, "I think
ny," retorted his "best customer," with
she's a lassie, an' ye needna be aye
referrin' to her as it." "Weel, ye see, mistress, I'm sye of honey; E. M. Warren, nots; J. C.

> Honorable mention-Perry Bonnett, "An' whit's wrang wi' it-I mean her golden chaff what; Marrin & Cook, -beln' a lassie?" Mrs. Wallace hercely fire clay, common clay, fire brick, common brick pressed brick, etc : S. Mason, white cate; Lane county,



Mrs. M. Seymour. 48 Straight St. Grand Ropids Mich.

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That is the comment Mrs. Seymour

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splendid medicine for a woman and Mrs. Oh. Deymour can cert mly give it highest praise. TREASURES, WOMAN'S INDUSTRIAL CHASUS.

paintings by Mrs. J. E. Zimmer;

Section Continues and

Two cars of steel for the new railderson, is now at Springfield, and has on was absent on account of the been placed at the disposal of the men burning of their dryer. Other exhit- at work building the foundation for its of fresh and canned fruits were re- the new structure. The steel consists advance of the material to be used in he construction of the big cut-off bridge. Work on the new road between the two points up to the

**FANNIE HINTON** WANTS DIVORCE For the third time since October.

county exhibit and also won the gold old newspapers, Bille, shoe hammer, 1902, Mrs. Fannie G. Hinton and her medal on her collective exhibit as a moccasin last of stone and writing husband, James G. Hinton, are seeking the aid of the courts to free them from 'beir matrimonial bonds In 1902 Mrs. Hictor sued for divorce, but it was not granted. In February, 1904, the husband began suit and he, FOR BIG BRIDGE too, was unsuccessful. Teday the wife again filed another complaint, allegic g as follows:

That the two were married March 12, 1883, and have two children, Charles C., aged 18 years, and Marian f', sged 12 years; that on June 15, 1902, her husband wilfully and without cause or provocation deserted her and declared that he would not support her or have snythnig to do with her; that he occupied the same house with her until October 16, 1902, when he ordered her to lesva.

Mrs Hinton asks for the custody of the children. 1. N. Harbaugh is ber

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