

# JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL.

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

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"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 glad ye've gotten yer ain again. I'm no' guld at thinkin' folk or peyin' compliments, but I tell ye I'm obleeged to ye fur yer help. Ye can count it when ye get hame, an' if ye fin' a baw-see ower mony ye can keep it—or gif it to yer Jenny. Ha, ha! Guid nicht, Maister Ogilvy. I'm wantin' ma tea."

"Miss Wallace! Miss Wallace!" he exclaimed as she moved for ward.

"Weel, Maister Ogilvy?"

"I—I was jist wantin' to say that—that I'm aye ready an' willin' to do evnythin' to serve you, or yours, as it were."

"I believe ye, Maister Ogilvy," she returned. "An' I'll no' forget whit ye've done. 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 moodily, "ye're a peetifu' spectacle!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

SOME FRIENDS AND AN ENEMY.

ANOTHER 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's baby in her arms, sat down on the low 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 altogether tunelessly, the ancient, brief and simple ditty—

Shoo shoo, over the glen,  
Mammy's pet an' daddy's hen—  
which she repeated until it had the desired effect.

"Is't sleepin'?" inquired Angus, taking out his pipe and, having cautionsly removed the plug of newspaper, peering regretfully at the remnant of tobacco left in the bowl.

"Aye, she's sleepin'," the dauntless Mrs. Wallace replied tenderly, looking down on her charge and gently removing the edge of the shawl from the tiny mouth.

"Wean thinkin' ye wud shair ha'e the wean suffocatit if ye didna watch out?" the old man remarked, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a match. "It's a mercy it doesna need as muckle breith as maseel!"

"Man, ye wudna need as muckle breith if ye kep' yer mouth shut," retorted Mrs. Wallace, adding, "Ye waste the biggest hauf o' yer breith on yer stupid sayin's."

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 richt there!"

"But I doot it's no' gettin' suffecient fresh air to gar it grow nice."

"I'll fresh air ye!"

"Never mind me. I can fresh air maseel, thank ye kindly. I'm shair ye wud be vexed if it grew up nipit an' peely-wally."

"Peely-wally!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace indignantly. "An' her the sturdiest lass that ever— Oh, ye auld fool, ye've wakened her again!"

"I dinna. It was yerseel, mistress. Yer v'ice is shairper nor mine's."

"Hand 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 nicht think shame o' yerseel, Angus, comin' here an' disturbin' the wean. To hear ye speakin', onybody wud think ye wis sellin' herrin'."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Angus, softly but sarcastically. "I was jist thinkin' the noo, mistress, that if ye kent anither sang ye nicht try singin' roon' the doors when the simmer veesitors is here. Eh?"

Mrs. Wallace smiled in a way that made the old man feel he had missed getting the last word.

"Dye no' think I wud dag 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 desire to pay her back and puffed nervously.

Another low chuckle came from Mrs. Wallace, and the old man writhed again.

"Ye think ye're awfu' smart," said Angus at last with biting irony in his tone.

"Na, na, an' comin' to me, ye're no' so smart," said Mrs. Wallace, "for ye're aye thinkin' o' it. He's retorted, indicating the baby with the stem of his pipe.

"That's somethin' worth thinkin' o'," she rejoined. "But ye ken weel enough she's a lassie, an' ye needna be aye referin' to her as it."

"Weel, ye see, mistress, I'm aye thinkin' o' the peety o' it bein' a lassie, that I canna—"

"An' wha's wrang wi' it—I mean her—bein' a lassie?" Mrs. Wallace fiercely demanded.

"Aw, it's jist a peety it wisna a lad."

"If it had been a laddie it might now be a man—a decent man like his father."

"If she grows till a decent woman like her mother she'll die due!"

"Whit dye mean, Angus?"

"Jist what I say."

"Dye mean she'll no' grow up?"

"Och, she'll grow up, if she doesna get suffocatit."

"Tah! When I want yer advice, I'll ask ye fur it."

"I hope ye'll no' come askin' when it's ower late," he retorted. "Hooveer, there's aye a chance o' yer niece bringin' up the wean in spite o' ye. We naan hope for the best."

What Mrs. Wallace was going to reply—and it was doubtless something—was prevented by the entrance of the

Continued

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 farm products, etc. He informs us that there are still others to be heard from when the reports are all in.

Lane county took first prize by decision of the state commission on her county exhibit and also won the gold medal on her collective exhibit as a unit decision by decision of the corporation jury. In this same connection it might not be amiss to inform newcomers and those not already posted, that Lane county took the gold medal at the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, at the New Orleans exposition and also at the world's fair at Chicago in her grains and grasses to the sheep, which exhibits were prepared by George Belshaw.

The fruit exhibits, especially that of dried fruit, usually made by Hensell & Stinson was absent on account of the burning of their dryer. Other exhibits of fresh and canned fruits were reported on previously. The following is the list of those who received medals:

Gold medals—E. M. Warren, wheat in sheaf; E. M. Warren, corn wheat in sheaf; R. Veatch, moose horns and mounted cougar; E. M. Warren, grain in jars; Lane county, collective exhibit of grasses; A. C. Neilson, white Russia wheat; Henry Kompp, flaxseed; E. C. Smith, Oregon flax; Henry Kompp, ninety-day oats; Jasper Wilkins, wool; Frank Herman, imperial white wheat; A. C. Maltman, purple chaff wheat; Mr. Clifford, tall rye; K. H. Healey, vetches in bundle; Marshall Bros., sweet bread wheat; Lane county, collective exhibit of grains in jars; E. M. Warren, grass seed in jars; E. M. Warren, fruit in jars, vegetables in jars, jellies and dried fruits; Lane county as a unit collective exhibit; Mrs. Edith Linton, display of dried hops; T. D. Linton, display of dried hops; Junction City Excelsior Manufacturing Company, display of excelsior; A. C. Bogard, Defiance wheat; Mrs. G. P. Griffith, first, second and third crop of alfalfa; E. M. Warren, grains in sheaf.

Silver medals—R. M. Day, double-headed wheat; C. H. Williams, vetches in bundle; Washburn & Son, flour; Clarence Taylor, golden chaff wheat; A. C. Neilson, white clover; J. C. Bushnell, brewing barley; Henry Godard, tall timothy; Jasper Wilkins, Australian clover wheat; T. J. Vaughn, hairy vetch; C. J. Dodd, golden chaff wheat; Henry Godard, tall oats; Lane county, collective exhibit of grains in jars; E. M. Warren, grains in cases and sacks; Lane county, collective exhibit of corn; Frank Armitage, gold coin wheat; T. J. Vaughn, millet; Charles Stickler, sweet bread wheat; J. C. Loomis, barley; P. V. Coffey, timothy; Lane county mineral waters, London Mineral Springs Association; E. H. Ingham, vinegar; Walker Young, white winter wheat; Eugene Excelsior Works, display of excelsior; Dr. F. W. Prentice, English walnuts; George Smith, bamboo.

Bronze medals—George Honck, Angora goat pelts; Henry Kompp, Finnish black oats; Jasper Wilkins, red top grass in bundle; J. Chezem, chaff of volunteer oats; Jasper Wilkins, Oregon rye in bundle; Henry Godard, golden chaff wheat; T. J. Vaughn, hairy vetch; K. H. Healey, Defiance wheat; George Smith, golden chaff wheat; George Smith, golden chaff wheat; George Smith, golden chaff wheat.

Mounted elk head; Lane county mineral waters, Foley, Belknap and Kittson Springs; Jack Poill, rampas grass; E. M. Warren, mounted deer head and elk horns; Fred Bean, mounted elk head; Lane county, collective exhibit of honey; E. M. Warren, oats; J. C. Loomis, Canadian red wheat.

Honorable mention—Perry Bonnett, golden chaff wheat; Marvin & Cook, fire clay, common clay, fire brick, common brick, pressed brick, etc.; E. M. Warren, white oats; Lane county,



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Mrs. M. Seymour  
TREASURER, WOMAN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT

paintings by Mrs. J. E. Zimmer; Lane county, large photograph showing hop field of Robert Hays; Lane county, painting of Mt. Jefferson, by Mrs. Schwartz; Lane county, dairy and creamery products; Lane county, old newspapers, Bible, shoe hammer, moccasin last of stone and writing table.

## STEEL ARRIVES FOR BIG BRIDGE

Two cars of steel for the new railroad bridge across the Willamette river at Springfield, to be used for the out-off between that place and Henderson, is now at Springfield, and has been placed at the disposal of the men at work building the foundation for the new structure. The steel consists of steel piling and girders and is the advance of the material to be used in the construction of the big cut-off bridge. Work on the new road between the two points up to the bridge is now well under way, and the roadbed on each side of the river is being graded, and in the early spring the ties and steel rails will be laid for the road.

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