By J. J. BELL,

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round the corner of the cot- a boax, maister?" What'll be be wantin'?" best ask him," said Mrs. Wal-

lukin' unco spruce in his Sawes. I never seen him dressed auf holMay afore. I suppose I him to come roon' here.'

o Kilmabeg, an' they'll no' be till tea time," said Mrs. Wallace. But I'll tell him ye're here I'll get him for a witness that iffocatin' the wean, mistress." a grin on his face Angus todway to meet the grocer, who was slowly up the path toward the Mr. Ogllvy's eyes were modested groundward, and any one ng him would have seen that his

his back. s is a fine day, Maister Ogilvy?" ngus.

ers were working convulsively

Oh, aye, it's a fine day-a fine the other stammered, for he had ected to encounter the old man el Cottage.

be wantin' to see David mayaid Angus.

The word came with an efnd the grocer said in his heart, el Ogilvy, ye're a leear!" el, ye'll no' see David the noo.

wa' wi' the wife to Kilmabeg. er ye didna see them gaun by , Maister Ogilvy." Ogilvy, his face on fire, forced

herent reply and then, recovernself, said, as carelessly as he "Weel, weel, it wasna onythin' ant. I'll see him the morn.' ne made to depart.

le a wee, bide a wee, Maister Sennett Angus interposed. "Ye're no' wa' wl'oot speakin' to Mistress She's sittin' wi' the wean the corner. Come awa', an' ye'll get dandlin' the wee yin." come anither time, Angus. I-

Iseases to

laurer

All et

kin' o' pressed for time, as it the grocer returned. , ye can bide twa-three meenits tak' a smoke," said Angus pleas-

nen and looking at his own empty pipe hinking of his own empty tobacco I'll no' bide the day, I was

UGAL n' o' gaun to the shop an' gettin' SURGI en things tidied up, seein' the s quate an' naebody aboot. Jist respec's to"shairly no gaun to tidy up

wi' yer guid claes on?" the old interrupted. "Come awa' an' ne Black Mistress Wallace or ye'll maybe nd her. She seen ye comin' in at

id she?" said the grocer feebly. RISTIE was she surprised to see me, think iurgeon. he inquired nervously. Board of 1 s beard calling:

that you. Maister Ogilvy?" it's jist me," he replied withone Red 261L

d. come here! I want to speak

ne awa'." said Angus. "Ye dinna

YS AT-LA to dandle the wean unless ye like. awa', Maister Ogilvy." grocer, on anything but flying ollowed Angus round the corner Walton B cottage.

but ye're a masher the day!" Mrs. Wallace jocularly. "I sup-E. 0. ye're jist on yer road to meet

KNEYS-AT Mistress Wallace," he murremoving his felt hat and wipk south of

forehead, on which a deep red gene, Ore as visible. hat's ower wee fur ve," she obas he squeezed it on again.

be dseing yer held an injury, Ogllvy. Is't a new hat?" As ye say, it's ower wee. I ordle Harvey to buy it for me was at the toon, an' he forgot an' had jist to guess it. But n a waur guess, an' Geordie I weer it-twa-three Sawbaths

ike a glove. Ull thole it in the onywey, as it were." Here y stopped abruptly, as one suddenly realizing that one talleing for the simple sake of

Eugene, maun be guid at the tholin',' s. Wallace. "Ye're like a lassie KE, Prop mirty wi' sma' slippers on big

ha, ha!" laughed Angus, "A I' big feet 'll thole onythin'!" l yer tongue or ye'll wauken y again. Weel, Maister Ogilcontinued genially, "If it's no' fur yer appintment ye best sate an' ha'e a smoke an' rest ye're lukin as if ye wud melt doon the gairden intil the sea a frae a burnin' mountain." ed, It's uncommon warm for the

hed 1800 o' the year," said the grocer, ng himself on a stump, "an' to .000 bit decomposed wi' the heat." produced his pipe, a plug of toeased cap and his knife, while old Angus Wallace?" ved facil tatiously drew forth a battered

but quite audibly.

ye for a smoke, Angus?" Mr. inquired when he had cut him- mairrit." ene, Or.

no' beedin', but I'll tak' yin jist p re comp'ny," said Angus obligas he received the plug from the vid had nae word o' the business. Ane in every "I'm a stupit buddy," he said etically two minutes later. "I've tree the factor."

's Ogllvy comin'," said Angus, cut ower plenty for ma pipe. Ha'e ye

"Pit it in yer ain boax, Angus," returned the other kindly, although the

trick was far from novel. "Aweel, it wud be a peety to waste And the tobacco box seemed to sliut with a snap of satisfaction. Having set his pipe a-going, Angus anbest tell him David and Jess are unced his intention of departing.

"Dinna forget to gi'e David the letter I brocht an' dinna suffocate the wean," he said to Mrs. Wallace, offering the latter instruction with a grin. "Dinna forget to gi'e Maister Ogilvy back his tobacco," she retorted sharply.

"I was jist gaun to gi'e it back when ye spoke," said Angus in some confusion, producing the plug which he had dropped into his pocket along with the obacco box. "Ye sud try to learn to mind yer ain business, mistress," he added in an aggrieved tone.

"Angus maun ha'e his bit joke," inerposed Mr. Ogilvy pacifically as he received his property. "He has nae inention o' insultin' ye, as it were. An' seein' he's gaun along the road. I'll jist gang wi' him," he said, rising sudden y as if stricken by a new fear.

Mrs. Wallace smiled unkindly. "Is it time ye wis gaun to meet her?" she inquired. "Of course ye mauna keep her waitin'."

The grocer fairly wriggled. "I-I-I'm no' gaun to meet onybody!" he ex-

"Weel, sit ye doon an' rest ye," said she. "I want to speak to ye aboot somethin', Maister Ogilvy," she added in an undertone.

After a brief period of indecision Mr. Ogilvy resumed his seat, nodding in a half shamed fashion to Angus, who, being afraid lest Mrs. Wallace should confound him at the last moment, turned and took his departure, a thin, dry smile hovering about his lips.

"Ye sudna let him mak' free wi' ver tobacco," Mrs. Wallace remarked to the grocer. "He's no' needin' chairity since his sister deed."

"Oh, I ken that fine, Mistress Wallace. But, ye see, it's deeflicult to get oot o' a bad habit when ye're auld. Angus canna help tryin' to get his tobacco for naethin', an' I canna help gi'ein' him it. But I'll no' dae't again if ye dinna like it."

"Och, it's nae odds to me if ye wis gl'ein' him yer hale shope. But that's no' the thing I wis wantin' to speak to ye aboot. I wis wantin' to tell ye that Angus cam' here the day wi' a story aboot a new jiner stairtin' in Kinlochan. Ha'e ye heard onythin' aboot that?"

"Aye," said Mr. Ogilvy. "An' whit wey did ye no' tell us?"

"I jist heard the-the rumor, so to speak, the day. I was gaun to speak to re Angus could speak, Mrs. Wal- ye aboot it if ye hadna mentioned it." "I doot there is. In fac', I ken there

is. It's twa young men frae Paisley that's gaun to set up in Kinlochan, an' I hear they're vera pushin' young men.' "I'll push them!" muttered Mrs. Walace angrily. "But ye necdna be feart for David Houston," Mr. Ogilvy continued.

Mr. Ogilvy continued. 'They'll no' hurt him. He's ower weel in wi' the folk here nocadays."

"I wudna be ower shair o' that. Whit aboot if the new hooses that's gaun to be builded?"

"I didna think o' that," he admitted slowly. "Na, I didna think o' that. The jiner work there'll be a fine big



'Is it time ye wis gaun to meet her?"

e the truth, Mistress Wallace, I'm job. I wudna like to see it gaun by David. D'ye think he's heard aboot the opposection, as it were, Mistress

"Na; he hasna heard yet. Him an' tin box, opened it and sighed ab- tjess gaed aff the day as blithe an' brisk as bees, like a pair o' young yins -iist like a lad an' lass afore they're

"Ye mean, I preshume, that they gaed aff in a licht hertit condection?" "Ye preshume richt. I'm shair Da- she" gus got it frae a man wha heard it tress Wallace?" he cried, looking

"I heard it frae the factor hissel". It was only fixed this mornin'. thocht David micht ha'e got wind o' 't. I suppose ye'll tell him when he comes

Till see. I wis thinkin' ye mich: tell him yersel'."

"Me? Aw, Mistress Wallace! I'm no' the yin to break bad news. I can na dae it in a cheery enough style. Ma disposeetion is ower melancholical, an' I mak' the bad news seem waur nor ' really is. I mind when John Camer

wi 'a man o' the name o' McMeekin. brass feenisher to trade, an I was deputit to inform John o' the distressin' occurrence. I was near chokit wi' emotion, an' it was wi' a supreme effort that I produced the unseasonable

But when I had feen ished John Cameron jist drew a land breith, an' a' ne said was: 'An' what are ye groanin' aboot, Ogilvy?' I'm tellin' ye this, Mistress Wallace, to ilustrate the fac' that wi' ma melanchefical disposection I'm inclined for to mak' bad news waur nor it really is to exaggerate it, as it were.

"I ken ye're a kin' o' dismal buddy," said Mrs. Wallace agreeably, "but see in' ye've brocht guid www to David goo an' then I thocht ye wud be the best yin to bring the bad news."

"Wud it no' be best to say naethin' an' jist let David fin' it oot for hissel'?" "Na, na! I'm thinkin' it's the new hooses that's bringin' the new jiners to Kinlochan-a big job like that wud be fine stairt fur them-an' the shinner David gets his word in wi' the contractor the better. I jist hope he's no' ower late as it is. Hoo dae ye think David wud staun' opposeetion?" she Inquired suddenly

Mr. Ogilvy rubbed his chin medita-

"D'ye think it wud mak' him strive nair?" his companion asked. Mr. Ogilvy ceased rubbing his chin nd took to scratching his nose gently ith his middle finger. "Is he no

strivin' the noo?" he said at last. Mrs. Wallace shook her head. "The gairden's got the haud o' him again. an' furbye that he's sae ta'en up wi this wee daurlin' "-she looked down at the infant-"that whiles Jess canna get him oot the hoose till 10 f' the morn-

"It's no' a great sin to be ta'en up wi his doc ter." the grocer observed.

"I didna say it wis, Maister Ogilvy. but it will be a sin if her an' Jess ha'e to suffer I' the future," Mrs. Wallace returned soloninly. She patted the hild tenderly and continued: "I think man's the queerest thing in the bale creation. I've leeved a lang while

"Ye're no' that auld," put in Mr. Ogilvy gallantly.

"Haud yer tongue, please! I was sayin' I've leeved a lang while noo, an' I've met twa sorts o' whit ye micht ca' onest, dacent, guid men, an' I wudna like to say which is the warst o' the twa. There's the man that are pits is business afore his wife an' weans, an' there's the man that aye pits his ife and weans afore his business. L've never seen a man yet that kent hoo to divide hissel'."

"Nae man can serve twa maisters," remarked Mr. Oglivy seriously. "Nae man sud try it," she returned. A man sud be his ain maister.'

"In theory, as it were." 'Na! In practice, as it is, richt efter a man's deid. Ye dinna ouy a man wi' wages; ye buy his wark; disna sell hissel' to his wife an' ans; he lends hissel' as lang as be has the richt an' micht to dae it. At east that's the wey it sud be."

"Aye, but that's jist theory, if ye'll xcuse me for sayin' it, Mistress Wal-

lace." "I'll excuse ye, fur I ken ye canna help bein' a blether, Maister Ogilvy, I never met a man yet that didna gas boot theories when he hadna the sense r the spunk to practise whit he kent his hert wis the right thing to dae.

'Ye're vera severe on man." said Mr. Ogilvy, mopping his brow, "Man is but mortal," he added in dignified apology.

"An' mortal stubit furbye! Tak' aff that hat afore it gi'es ye some affliction o' the brain.

Mr. Ogilvy removed his hat, not without a grimace, and laid it on the ground against the stump on which he was seated.

"I doot ye're markit fur life," sald Mrs. Wallace. "Disfeegured through yer ain consate. Eh?"

Smiling ruefully, the grocer rubbed his suffering forehead. "I doot I'll ha'e to get anither hat efter a'," bg said.

"Either that or anither heid," said Mrs. Wallace. "But that's no' the pine we wis speakin' aboot, Malster Oglishe went on, becoming serious.

'Ye ken whit I mean." "Aye; ye mean man. Ye wis speakin' aboot man, Mistress Wallace.'

"Tits! Ye're haverin'! That wisna a pint. Man's o' nae consequence. eant the business aboot the new jiners." "Oh, aye!"

"An' I want ye to teil David the nicht, Maister Ogilvy. Ye'll obleege me greatly if ye tell him secretlike, fur I'm no' wantin' Jess to be vexin' hersel' aboot it. She's got plenty to think aboot the noo wl'oot a big trouble like this. Jess is no' jist as weel as I wud like to see her."

"Is sh + no'?" exclaimed Mr. Ogilvy in a vok ) of deep concern if not alarm. "Oh, I dinna think it's onythin' serious, but she needs to tak' care o' hersel'. Dinna say a word to her or ony-

body else aboot it." "I'll never open ma mouth! But she

was fine an' rosy the last time I seen "Rid cheeks isna everythin'. Jess has ower big a hert fur her body, an'

"Oh, me! Ye dinna mean that, Mis-

shocked.

"Man, man, of course I dinna mean there's onythin' wrang wi' her hert or her body either," said the other sharp-"I mean that she's aye fashin' hersel' an' vexin' hersel' aboot David's affairs as weel as her ain-no' but whit she has a richt to ken aboot his affairs. But nooadays she's plenty o' her ain to keep her busy mind an' body, an' whiles I wud like to gi'e David a hint, but I've never managed it yet. It's no' often I canna tell a man whit I think, but"-

"'Deed, that's truth!" said Mr. Ogilvy quite involuntarily.

"But," she continued, ignoring the remark, "If I wis tellin' David he wud be that pit aboot that I doot he wud speak to Jess an' maybe frichten her an' mak' her waur nor she is." "I see, I see," he said sympathetical-

"Weel, Mistress Wallace, I'll speak to David aboot the new jiners the nicht, an' I'll drap a hint for him no' to mention onythin' to Mistress Houston in the meantime. I'll tell him to wait till he gets the job for the new hooses, an' then gi'e ber a fine surprise."

"Yer hat hasna spiled yer held efter a', Maister Ogilvy," said Mrs. Wallace graciously. "Of course, Jess is boun' to hear o' the new liners afore lang. but the langer we can keep it frae her the better. But I wisht-I wisht David hadna startit the gairdenin' again. hear folk complainin' aboot him no'

peyin' attention to his business." "Aw, weel, the man maun ha'e his recreation, as it were. An' I dinna think Mistress Houston liket him gi'ein' up his gairdenin' a'thegither. An' nae doot the news o' the opposection'll gar him pit his best fit furrit."

"Ye're rale tender wi' ither folk's failin's," said Mrs. Wallace half mockingly.

"I've kent David Houston since he was a laddie," said the grocer after a pause, "an' I never kent him dae onythin' that wasna fair an' kind. never done a dirty trick or behaved shabby to onybody, an' when he does it'll be time enough fur me to fin' fau't

"Weel, weel," she said, her voice softening. "I ken ye fur a guid freen'. Maister Ogilvy, baith to David an' ma-

Mr. Ogilvy bowed his bead and sat silent, his hands tightly clasped between his knees. "Samuel Ogilvy," he said to himself, "can ye no' speak?"

"An' I hope," resumed Mrs. Wallace, "ye'll be a guid freen' to this wee lassie here when she grows up a bit. I ken ye like weens"

"Ave." he said simply. Presently an idea occurred to him, and he drew from his pocket a small package. "It's fur her," he said, indicating the child and handing the package to the nurse.

"Whit's this?" inquired the latter. "Oh, jist a wheen jujubes, Mistress Wallace."

"Jujubes?"

"Aye. They're the finest in ma shop, an' they wudna hurt the maist delicate digeestion. Ye micht gi'e her yin when Dobbie in Glesca. He's in the gless she waukens." "Jujubes?" cried Mrs. Wallace again. and, in spite of an effort to the con-

trary, she broke into merriment. The grocer stared foolishly. "Oh, Maister Ogilvy," she said at last, "ye maun excuse me, but ye canna gi'e jujubes or ony ither sweeties til a

dear me! I canna help lauchin'." "But she'll shin be fower month auld, bring fresh yins." slightest trace of offended feeling in I can. his voice.

explained the position. "An' it wis service, as it were." rale nice o' ye to think o' bringin' the niubes fur this wee lassie, Maister Ogilvy," she said in conclusion.

"I'm a stupit buddy," he groaned. "But-but it's ma misfortune to-to be a single man. I-I-wisht I wasna!" he suddenly gasped.

"If ye're no' wantin' the jujubes back I'll keep them masel'," said Mrs. Wallace calmly. "Thenk ye, thenk ye," he stammered.

"I'll be prood if ye'll accept the jujubes. An'-an'-wud ye-wud ye no' accepta-a-onythin' else, as it were?" Beads formed upon his brow and speech fail-

"Toots, Maister Ogilvy, I'm no' a great sweety eater, thenk ye a' the same. But it's time the wee lassie wis gaun inside the hoose," she said, rising. "Ye better tak' yer smoke till David an' Jess get hame. They'll no' be lang noo. Ye'll bide to yer tea, Maister

"Na, thenk ye. I-I dinna think I'll bide the night."

"But ye've got to see David onywey." "I forgota Weel, I'll bide, thenk ye." He fumbled for his pipe, keeping his eves on the ground the while, and Mrs. Wallace, with her charge, moved away. Had he looked he would have seen that her eyes were very kindly, although her lips were shut even more firmly than usual.

About 9 o'clock Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Ogilvy left Hazel Cottage together. "Guid nicht!" they both called as they turned from the gate, after which they proceeded at least a furlong in gloomy

"Hoo did David come to ken aboot it?" said the grocer at last. "It wis the letter that Angus brocht," she replied shortly.

"Wha was it frae?" "The contractor, or whitever ye ca' him. It saved ye break!- the bad news onywey," she said rather bitterly. "D'ye think I was glad fur that, Mistress Wallace?" he asked quickly, but

quietly. "Na. na, Maister Ogilvy. But I'm vexed at David Houston. Aye, an' I'm angry at his furbye. I wis near cuffin his lugs when he passed the letter to Jess, savin'. 'There's a love letter fur ye, ma lass,' an' lauchin' as if the hale thing wis a joke. If he had seen her

face when she gaed ower to the winda to read it"- Mrs. Wallace stopped a sigh, which her companion

"But ye kin' o' lauched yersel'." be "An' ye cried out that ye wud maybe get the lock pit on yer coal cellar door noo."

"That wis jist to keep Jess frae breakin' doon. Yer no' vera quick at the up-tak', Maister Ogilvy."

"Maybe I'm no'." he admitted. "An' I wisht I kent the meanin' o' the hale did the contractor mean in writin' to tell David that he needna bother tryin' for the job, as it had a' been arranged wi' the new jiners? There's somethin' gey queer aboot it. I wunner wha's buildin' the hooses. It's naebody in Kinlochan or I wud ha'e heard lang syne. It wasna fair no' gi'ein' David

his chance. There's nacbody can touch him fur guid work. "Ye micht try an' fin' oot wha's build-

in' the booses the morn." said Mrs. Wallace, whose spirits were sinking lower and lower.

"I'll fin' oot the nicht! I'll fin' oot the noo if I can. Here's the manse, an' I'll spier at the meenister. I mind yinst seein' him crackin' wi' a strange man that was measurin' the grun' fur the new hooses. Jist bide a meenit, Mistress Wallace, till a rin up to the door an' prosecute inquiries, as it

He was not long absent, and he returned somewhat short of breath, but | fully.

able to pant: "There's twa-three gentlemen in the business, but the chief vin is a Maister



"Guid night!" they both called. trade. Eh? Whit's wrang, Mistress says?" Wallace?"

"Everythin"!" she groaned, throwing up her hands. "Ma puir Jess!" "What ha'e I said; what ha'e I said?"

cried the grocer. Mrs. Wallace became suddenly calm. "Never heed the noo, Maister Ogilvy.

wean that isna fower month auld. Oh, I'll maybe tell ye anither time." ing more was said till they reached tell't him he didna need to come in the an' the jujubes 'll keep fine if they din- Mrs. Wallace's gate. "It's no' that I morn unless he had naethin' better to na get damp. An' if they spile, I'll canna trust ye," she said abruptly, dae. He's got a lass at Fairport, ye There was the "I'll tell ye a' aboot it the morn, if-if ken. But it's like rain the nicht, an' I

"Mistress Wallace," he returned in a Are ye no' pleased, Jess? Mrs. Wallace recovered herself and solemn whisper, "I'm aye at-at yer

CHAPTER IX.

N the garden David Houston, bending over kept plot of choice pansies, whistled softly his intense isfaction. "I've never done better,"

was his inward comment, by which he meant that he had never done so well. In the parior his wife, bending over the page of a neatly kept ledger, sighed and murmured, "If I could only tell him some things without telling him

everything!" In the cradle by her side her baby stirred slightly, but did not waken. Her face lightened as she stooped toward the child; then, as she rose again, her mouth took on an expression of de-

termination. She left the table and went quietly to the window. For a brief space she watched the man working steadily and happily in the summer evenshine. Davie," she whispered to herself, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid! If you had only left your heart's desire till it was ready -till you were able to take it and keep it! Perhaps it's my fault. Perhaps how could I explain everything now?

You would never"-David straightened himself in order Philadelphia Record. to get a birdseye view of the plot and caught sight of his wife at the window. He podded, smiled, pointed proudly at his pansies and beckoned her to him. She smiled faintly in return, shook her head and signed to him to come in-

He came at once and entered the parlor gayly and eagerly. "Was ye want- this city a few days ago. The piece in' me to tak' the wee yin for awhile?" he whispered. "I'll jist wash ma bauns, an' then I'll"-

"No, no, Davie," said Jess gently, loving him more for his warm fatherly affection, "Katie's sleeping sound. But accompanied by a letter mailed from I've been having a look at the books, Detroit and signed Howard Henand I-I wanted to ask you about | zler, which informed the recipient something."

"Jist that, lass," he returned agreeably, trying not to look disappointed. "Weel, I'll shin be feenished ootbye, an' then we'll ha'e a crack aboot the books. Come awa' for a meenit an' see the pansles that'll lift the first prize at show on Setturday. Come awa'.

the books. They'll keep.

"They won't keep themselves," she said good humoredly. "But I want to know one thing before you go out again, Davie," she went on seriously.

"What's that?" "Have you given Donald Binnie no-

"No' yet, dearie," he replied a little uncomfortably.

"Why, Davie? You said you were going to tell him more than a week 'Aye. But-but, ye see, Jess, I had-

na the hert to tell him. He's a dacent man, Donald Binnie, an' he's served me weel since he cam' to Kinlochan." "I know that," she freely allowed. "But there's no work for him just now, is there?" "Aweel, there's no' muckle, to tell ye the truth, lass," he admitted slowly.

adding more cheerfully, "but ye never can tell when the work "I come again An' Donald Binnie's a dacent man. 1 wud be vexed to ha'e to tell him I didna need him ony mair. I wud that, Jess! An' ye like him fine yersel', das ye no'?"

"Of course I do. David. But, tell me. what has Donald done today? What was there for him to do?"

"Weel, ye see, it was kin' o' slack at the shop, an' I jist tell't him he micht tak' a day aff.

"Oh! But you gave him a day off

yesterday, didn't you?" said Mrs. Houston, keeping calm with an effort. "So I did," he replied somewhat rue-For ten seconds Jess held her tongue.

Then very gently she asked: "Could you not do all the work that's going just now yourself, Davie?" "Ave. ave: I daursay-if I was neglecting the gairden," he said thought-

fully. "But if you started earlier in the morning?

"What aboot the wee yin?" His wife laughed against her better judgment. "Is it you that holds Katle, or Katie that holds you in the morn-

"Weel, weel, dearle, ye ken it's rale nice to ha'e the wee yin in yer airms," he said half laughingly, half apologetically, as he bent over the cradle.

She was disarmed for a moment, but a glance at the ledger on the table was sufficient to bring her back to action. "David," she said firmly, "you must

give Donald notice on Saturday.' "The wee yin's fine at the sleepin'! Eh? What was ye sayin', lass?" "I said you must give Donald notice

on Saturd

"But-but I'll be awa' at the show on ettunday, an' so wull you, Jess." "Then you must tell him on Fridaytomorrow. Do you know, David," she continued solemnly, "that for weeks you've been paying Donald more than ou've been making yourself?"

Houston stared. "Is that a fac'?" he

exclaimed. "Last week his wages were twice what 'll come to you." "Mercy on us! Is that what the book

"Yes. But I told you awhile ago that you couldn't afford to keep Donald." "I ken, I ken. I'm a stupit man an' ill to dae wi'. But I'll see aboot gi'ein' Donald notice. It's a peety, for he's a.

dacent man, an' "-"You'll tell him tomorrow?" "Aye. I'll likely see him the morn-Mr. Ogilvy nodded gently, and noth- if he disna tak' anither day aff. I think he'll be back the morn's mornin'.

> Mrs. Honston hesitated, but was not lost. "Davie," she said calmly, "sit down there." She indicated the chair she had vacated some little time ago. David smiled inquiringly, but sat

To be continued.

Left Handed Men's Hearts.

"I saw in the Record the other day that some anatomical and scientifically inclined persons are of the opinion that persons who are left handed are less liable to heart disease than those who are right handed," said an old baseball player. "I don't want to pose as an authority, but in the baseball world it has been notorious that left handed pitchers have never been able to keep up the pace with the good old right handers, and it has been declared by trainers that the exertion over the heart when the left hand is used for pitching is responsible for their collapse as great twirlers. This seems to be substantiated by the records to a great extent, and if the theory of those who claim that left handed I've taken too much on myself. But men have stronger hearts held good these pitchers should have hearts that would withstand any strain."-

> Odd Inscription on a Coin. "Millions for the contractors, but

not one cent for the widows," is the inscription on a coin, dated 1863, which was received under peculiar circumstances by George A. Lee of is apparently of a restricted issue, as none of the many persons to whom it has been submitted for inspection ever saw its like. It was that the coin was given him as a pocket piece twenty-five years ago in Raleigh, S. C., by the long since deceased father of Mr. Lee. The epistle concludes with the hope that "the son of my benefactor of long years ago may enjoy the good for-Jess-jist for a meetit. Ye're no' gaun tune that has been mine since its ootbye enough the noo. Never heed sequisition."-Philadelphia Record.

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