A KNOT IN THE SKEIN

By Mrs. Chas. C. Marble.

THEY made a pretty picture, did grandmother and little Dot. Grandmother sat in her low rocking-chair, with her glasses pushed back above her forehead, and before her stood Dot holding outstretched a brilliant skein of wool upon her chubby little hands.

"Hurry up, drandma," said Dot, with a slight frown, "you're so slow."

Grandma took no heed, apparently, but went on with the utmost precision. Slowly the yarn reeled over the chubby thumbs, slowly went on the winding about grandma's ball.

Dot stood first upon one foot, then the other, like a barn-yard fowl, and gave at intervals a tremendous sigh as evidence of her weariness.

"You's 'zasperatin'," she at last broke ut; "really and truly, drandma, you's old 'zasperatin' hiself."

"What?" cried the startled old lady, who had been been intent upon her winding or perhaps lost in a reverie of other days; "what is that you are saying, Dot?"

"I said you was a 'zasperatin' old poke," replied Dot, firmly. "I is most tired to deaf, and there you go on windin' jes' as if you was asleep."

"Well, I never," gasped the old lady.

I pretended to be intent upon the work before me, yet could scarce refrain from laughing aloud.

"Tired, eh?" queried grandma, with a twinkle in her eye; "well, we will soon be through, and you can lie down and rest."

"No, I'm going out to jump rope," incautiously said Dot, "with Willie and Rose. They're jumping now, don't you hear 'em, drandma?"

"Ah, you are going to rest your weary limbs by jumping rope," replied grandma. "Well, so that you won't be entirely used up, suppose you sit on this chair," pulling one beside Dot.

Dot sulkily complied, but as she did so dropped her hands in feigned weariness.

"See," cried grandma, "you are letting strands of the wool slip over your fingers. Hold up your hands, dear, and we will soon be through," and on went the old lady, placidly and slowly winding as before.

Dot for a space looked the picture of youthful resignation, but soon her impatience returned.

"Hurry up," she cried, vehemently. "You're enough to 'zasperate the patience of Job," and again I saw her slyly drop a loop or two from her fingers, as she moved restlessly upon the chair.

Grandma looked at her reprovingly, but hastened somewhat her movements. There was a pause presently in the winding. The old lady brought her spectacles down from her forehead, and peered at the skein of wool.

"There's a snarl," she said, "dear, dear, how did that come?"

"It's an awful hard knot," cheerfully said Miss Dot, after grandma had made several attempts to disentangle the snarl. "I dess you had better get it all right, drandma, and we'll wind the ball 'nother time."

"Oh, no, Dot, we'll get it all right now," replied grandma, with a jerk.

Snap went the strand. Several minutes were consumed in straightening the skein, and grandma carefully knotted the broken threads together before resuming her winding.

The sounds of laughter and jumping outside the window came borne in upon the stillness of the room. Another petulant movement from Dot.

"I is so nervous, I can't hold still," she next exclaimed, impatiently tugging at the wool.

"Dear, dear, another knot," cried grandma, peering over her spectacles at Dot. "Why, at this rate, we will never get through."

But at last it was done, and away scampered Dot, every vestige of ill-humor banished from her pretty face.

Grandma's glance met mine.

"The wool is for her own stockings," quietly said she, as if in answer to something she read in my eyes, "and I intend these knots shall teach her a lesson which mere words would fail to accomplish. Youthful experience, if rightly impressed, may serve to guard the future from sterner ones."

The old lady's favorite expression, "I know," played about her firmly closed lips, but she gave no utterance to them as with ball in hand she sat gazing upon the pictures of the past—pictures whose lights and shadows were reflected in her own dim eyes, in the flitting smile upon brow or lip.

Well, if grandma had been slow in winding the ball, it was more than she was in lessening it again. How fast her needles flew! Early in the morning, late at night, went on the knitting. Dot's eyes watched the progress of the stockings, and her admiration was unbounded over their hue.

"Red stockies, and a red hood, and red mitties! My, it 'pears Sunday won't ever come!"

"Crimson," corrected grandma; "not red." But it mattered little to Dot what the color was named when she drew the bright stockings upon her chubby legs and over them again a pair of shining new shoes.

"You will be proud of these stockings," said grandma, on Saturday night, as she rounded the toe with a bit of white wool, "because you helped me to wind the wool, you know, Dot."

"Yes," assented the little one, with a proud air, "wasn't I dood, grandma?"

"And you so tired, too," went on grandma, ignoring her question.

"And so nervous," responded Dot.

"Yes, and you called me a 'zasperatin' old poke,'" gravely answered grandma, "and snapped the thread on purpose to make me give over the winding."

Dot opened wide her eyes.

"How did you know that?" she queried. "Now don't say a 'little bird' told you, drandma, 'cause I'se tired to deaf hearin' that story."

"Never mind how I knew, Dot. The fact remains that there were knots in my fair ball of wool, and knots, you know, can never be straightened out, never!"

Dot looked at her grandma reflectively.

"Didn't you ever make knots in your drandma's wool?" she asked, soberly.

"None but what I had to pay for," replied the old lady, suppressing a smile. "Knots are troublesome things, Dot, as you may find out before you are many days older."

Off to Sunday school hied Dot the next morning, resplendent in new attire. Grandma smiled grimly when she returned with a perceptible limp in her gait.

"Somefin' is hurtin' my heel," she informed us at dinner, reluctantly.

"Your new shoes, I suppose," suggested her mother, "you had best take them off and put on your old ones."

But Dot demurred, and like her elders, sometimes, for vanity's sake, endured the torture the remainder of the day.

Grandma said never a word. Bedtime came, and with a sigh of relief Dot drew off her shoes.

"It's in my stockie," said she, after due examination; "there's two dreat big knots in the heel."

"Knots?" echoed grandma.

There was no stupidity about our bright Dot, and she understood all the meaning conveyed in grandma's tone and look at once.

"Knots of impatience, Dot," I could not refrain from saying, "for which you have suffered all day long."

"And undutifulness," added grandma, "and covert untruthfulness."

Dot turned the color of her stockings.

"You might have smooved 'em out," she said, carefully examining her blistered heel.

"Out of the wool, perhaps," answered grandma, earnestly, "but not so easily the knots when formed in the skein of character, Dot."

Several days after grandma beckoned me to approach an open door. Within could be heard the voices of Dot, Willie and Rose. An altercation was evidently in progress concerning the destruction of a doll. In a rocking-chair sat Dot with a pair of grandma's spectacles upon her nose. Gravely she peered over them at the flushed face of Willie.

"W..o broke dolly's head?" she questioned.

"Rose!" answered he, promptly.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed Dot, bending forward, "such a snarl as you are dettin' the skein into, Willie!"

"What skein?" asked he, sulkily.

"Did you or didn't you break dolly's head?" she continued, without answering his question.

"No, I didn't!" this very emphatically.

"'Nother knot in the skein," said Dot, imitating grandma's tone and manner to perfection, "'nother dreat big knot, my child, 'cause—'cause I saw you do it."

An impressive silence, broken only by Willie's sniffles.

"Keep on tellin' stories, Willie," gravely went on the little monitor, "and you'll det all tangled up like—like a skein of wool when you let your hands drop. Then comes knots, and knots can never be smooved out, never. They'll get knitted into your hide, my child, and—div' you a heap of torment. I know!" and pushing the spectacles back upon her head, Dot sank into a gentle reverie, so much like her grandma's that the smile died from our lips, and the dear old lady, as we tip-toed back to our room, said in trembling tones: "Heaven bless the child!"—N. Y. Observer.

Senator Wanted to Visit the Cook.

Representative Jones, of Virginia, tells this story on his father: "Directly after the war Jones senior was sent to the state senate. An old slave who had belonged to him was also elected to the senate. The two drew adjoining seats. Senator Jones was very courteous, and in addressing his former slave always called him senator. The old negro stood it for some time and finally said: 'Massa William, I don't like dis senator business. Kain't I come down to yo' house and visit that cook of yourn? I suhtinly would like permission to visit yo' kitchen.' The request was granted, and while Senator Jones was in his library the other senator was down in the kitchen visiting the cook."—Troy Times.

Most Elastic Substances.

Rubber, spun glass, steel and ivory are the most elastic substances.

Ten Families to Locate.

Dr. Witham and wife accompanied by Mr. Woodward, the gentleman here selecting a suitable location for ten families to locate, started to Summer Lake Sunday and intended to view the big springs at the north end of the lake and look at the country, says the Post. Before they arrived at the Witham ranch they met Frank Payne coming to Paisley after the Dr. to go to Silver Lake to attend the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Duncan who was seriously ill. The Dr. and Mr. Woodward proceeded on to Silver Lake and Mrs. Witham remained over night at D. B. Conrad's and returned to Paisley Monday. She arrived about 11 a. m., riding the 25 miles on horseback.

Bonanza is Booming.

The prospects are that Bonanza, Klamath county, will soon be lighted by electricity. An act was passed by the recent state Legislature allowing the Town of Bonanza to incorporate and put on city airs. The rustling little place is surely having a boom. Articles of incorporation for a company to furnish electric power have been filed with the County Clerk of Klamath county. It is to be known as the Summit Lake Irrigation & Power Company. The incorporators are A. D. and R. A. Harpold and R. S. Goodrich. Power is to be secured by means of a canal from a lake three miles from the town. Hurrah for Bonanza!

Notice to Taxpayers.

All Town taxes for the year 1900 are now delinquent and must be paid before April 1st, 1901, or forced collection of the same will be made.

9 4t MANLY WHORTON, Marshal.

A. R. DeFluent, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and, as a result, we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. Mearkle, General Merchant and Farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

Counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are liable to cause blood poisoning. Leave them alone. The original has the name DeWitt's upon the box and wrapper. It is a harmless and healing salve for skin diseases. Unequalled for piles. Lakeview Drug Co.

It is hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the arrival of the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

Subscribers to The Examiner who remove from one locality to another, or change their postoffice address should remember to drop this office a card so their paper can be addressed to the right postoffice.