CHURCH DIRECTORY

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. Gro. S. Barne, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday night, L. S. Massay, Pastor.

Bunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt
Preaching at 11 A.M., and 9:30 P.M., Frayer m eting Thursday night.
H. H. Massenunna, Pastor,

RPISCOPAL. Sanday School at 9:30. WM. H. ROPPIN, Supt. Services, morning and night, on ist, 3rd and 4th Sundays. Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon Ray, John London, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each monthmoraing and night.

A. M., mosts 1st and 3rd Tuesday uights in sach month. Professional cards

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Cood approximations, Good fare: Po

Life and elicative servants

JESS Q CO.

By J. J. BELL, Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mrs. McLerie," Bte.

ranged."

"But why?

counts were.

row. Please, Davie."

and kissed him.

the ledger."

with a laugh.

"Plenty."

and you'll answer them?"

"A' richt, lass."

"Every Saturday, Davie."

"Because I canna get my accoo

"No, but if you were once to get

surely have enough to go on with, and

"Dear lad!" cried Jess, laughing, with

a tear in her eye, and got up hastily

brought home his two books and in a

had a job to do which he could not

left the cottage his wife, having hasti-ly put the kitchen straight, settled her-

self at the parlor table and proceeded

pened the first. The exclamation was

plunged into the work she had set her-

self. In a couple of hours she had a sheaf of papers covered with joitings

and later, when David settled down

"You'll have to belp me, Davie," she

said pleasantly. "There are some things I don't quite understand about

"Deed, ays, there's a wheen things

"Well, I'll ask you some questions

"Well-a-bave you had no work

"But there's nothing about it in the

"I must ha'e forgot to pit it in, but

I've got it a' here." He produced some

her. "There ye are, Jess."

Mrs. Houston looked over the papers

and then busied herself for nearly an bour making entries in the ledges.
"Is that all?" she asked at last.
"Aye, that'll be everything."
"But—but what about the new pallog along at Mr. Morgan's."

"I must ha'e forgot to pit it doon."
"Well, I'll put it down now. Tell me
how much wood and time and money."

since the middle of March, Davie?"

to investigate the books.

But she pulled herself toget

possibly postpone, and when he had

shamefaced fashion laid them on kitchen dresser. In the afternoon

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Houston dealt the word "Caution" was money they wud ha's askit for it," penciled against his name, and the returned cannily. "I was meanin" agent's report in red ink read "Decent, pay up everything afore we got mair-sober young man, but lazy, and busi-rit, but I clean forgot. Ye're no' anness going steadily back through sheer gry, are ye, Jess?"

When David strolled into the cottage borry after 5 o'clock that evening, he house not like to pay everybody quick. shortly after 5 o'clock that evening, he had found his wife busy broning in the 17

"Surely it's not 6 yet, Davie," she ye needing fash yersel' either. I mind said, smiling at him. "But I'll get ye said jist afore we got mairrit ye wud your ten at once. You'll have to take like to pay everything when ye got it. it in the parlor tonight. This table's but"engaged." "Och, there's nae hurry, lassle," he

said, sifting down in the plain wood armchair and lighting his pipe. "Anything doing at the shop today?" "Because I canna asked Jess, folding a handkerchief and peyed every week." passing the iron over it.

Davie hesitated and choked slightly on a puff of smoke. "Weel, ye see, I was jist gaun into the shop efter I left ye when I met Sir Archibald's gairdenger, an' he wud ha'e me to gang up to Don't you see, Davie?" she said softly. the castle an' see Sir Archibald's new orchids. He's got some rare yinsforty pound a piece, some o' them. An' the time gaed by when we was crackin' together, an' then I didna think it was worth while gaun back to the shop. So I jist cam' hame, Jess."

Jess picked up a limp handkerchief, spread it on the board and smoothed it watched her anxiously. methodically, then folded it and ironed it and laid it aside. "I wish ye could see the orchids,

lass," David continued, smoking contemplatively. "I dinna think I wud ever gae daft aboot orchids, but they're wunnerfu' things. Ye'll ha'e seen some please you," he said after a pause. in the botanic gairdens in the toon, to Sir Archibald's." He paused, but still his wife made no

remark. "Ye had yer Aunt Wallace here the day. John tell't me he seen her gaun in the gate." John was the postman.

"Yes," said Jess in a strained voice, though she strove to speak naturally. "What's adoo?" he asked suddenly. His wife said nothing and went on with her ironing. He got up and went beside her. 'What's vexin' ye?" he inquired, with

great gentleness. She kept silence, setting the iron the stand. "Jess, what's vexin' ye?" he re-"I-I'm tired." she said at last.

"Tired, an' it's nae wunner, puir lass! Ye've had a lang day. What wey did ye no' get Mistress Moodie in to die yer washin'? Yer no' used to coorse wark, Jess." "I like it. I want to learn," she said bravely, soothed a little by his solicitude for her. "But I think I'll stop

now and get the tea ready. Will you bring in some coals, Davie?" wanted him away for a minute. "Aye," said Davie readily, and, picking up the bucket from the side of the hearth, went off on his errand. On his return he found her moving about briskly, preparing the evening

"Can I dae onythin'?" he asked, look ing at her. "I'm-vexed ye're tired. "Oh, I'm all right now, Davie," she

said cheerfully., "I'll be ready for you in five minutes." He appeared pleased to see her berself again. "Weel, I'll get oot yer road till ye're ready," he said. "I'll ha'e a dauner roon the gairden." When she went to the door to call

him he was bending affectionately over a clump of pansies. Looking up, with a laugh, he cried, "If I dinna get a first prize on Saturday Pil"-"Come, Davie," she interrupted. "Ye'd like me to get a first prize,

wud ye no', dearie?" he asked as he followed her into the parlor. "Of course," she promptly replied, "but" - and halted."

"But ye think I dinna deserve it, "I'm sure you do deserve it," she said feelingly. She had meant to be

"I wunner whit I'll buy ye if I get the first prize," he said, gazing at her admiringly as she poured out his tea. "Ye deserve braw things," he added a little shyly. "I don't want anything," she mur-

"Wud ye like a brooch, Jess?" be his toast.

"Oh, Davie! I tell you I don't want anything," she insisted softly. "You mustn't think of spending your money on me. I'm sure you can't afford it." "Havers! We're no' jist at that length yet," he said, laughing. "An'. whether I get the prize or no' ye're to

Mrs. Houston looked at her plate. Her duty was becoming more difficult every minute. She felt she must make an effort without delay or remain help-

She raised her head suddenly, looked him in the face for a second and laughed with well feigned amusement.
"Whaur's the joke, lassie?" asked her husband, reddening, but smiling

"I-I was wondering"- she began "An' what were ye wunnerin'? What kin' o' brooch ye wud like, eh?"

"No, Davie. I was wondering what the baker and butcher and grocer would think if I went into their shops wearing a fine new brooch."

"I dinna see"—
"Well, Davie, I'm afraid the baker and butcher and grocer would think, if they didn't say it, that Mrs. Houston should pay her accounts before she got new fewelry from her man."

Her husband stared. "The accounts are no' that and," he said, "name o' them abin sax month."

"Oh, David!" exclaimed Jess, paling. "Do you mean to tell me the accounts have been running all that time—months before we were married?"

how much wood and time and money."

He told her.

She wrinkled her brows as she made a jotting. "You're charging 4 shiflings too little," she said presently.

"So I am," he admitted sheeplahly after some consideration.

"Tomorrow you must walk through Kinlochan slowly and see if you can remember anything else you've forgotten to charge."

"Tomorrow's the show."

Jess checked an impatient word as two. "On Monday, then, David," she said quietly. Then she returned to the

ers. Why isn't it paid?"
"Mr. McFuriane's deid."
"Oh! But still, his wife's there."

Jess turned to another page. "Here's more than £2 owing by Mrs. Fitzgerald. It's nearly as old." "Weel, ye see, she ghed awa' kin'

ger again, "Here's an account for 15a 4%d against Mr. McFarlane, aview, that's been standing for two

TIRERANAMA

ould have paid you long ago. Why, are's a letter dated February asking "I'll see about it next week, Jess."
"I'll see about it tonight," she sa

Och, dinns tash yersel', desrie, ish I hadna brocht ye the books." wish I hadne brocht ye the books."

"I'm giad you did, Davie," she replied more kindly. "I—I like a little of this work, you know, and I've made up my mind to keep your books for you in future. I know it's not very easy for a will go to justify operation of special pullware. "Weel, ye see, that's no easy arwith your sort of work to do

"'Deed, I never cud thole it," he said, looking at her so gratefully that she smiled in her trouble. some of your big accounts you would and asked but a few, one very particu-

"Did you ever make up a balance "Aye," said David slowly. "I see sheet, Davie?" what ye mean, but"—
"David," she said earnestly, "you "A balance sheet?" "Well, an account to show how muc you owed and how much was owing to

must try it to please me." Jess in he old home had known what overdue acyou and how much you possessed al-"But, lass"— said her husband, pass-He shook his head. ing her his cup. He got no further and

"Well, well," she said, "don't bother about it. I'm your clerk now, so you can go on with your newspaper."

"Oh, ye're a great wumman!" he cried. "I think I'll tak' a dauner room She filled his cup before she spoke Then she said kindly, but deliberately: "I want you to send out all your accounts-the ones due, I mean-tomor the gairden. I hope it's no gaun to rain. Come, Jess."

But she refused quietly, and he went "I'll ha'e a look through the book to out alone to inspect the roses and pan-sies which would so soon increase or "but I'm no' jist in the humor for ac-

"Bring your books home, and I'll send out the accounts. I'm used to David hardly slept a wink that night, for he was troubled about the weather. Before 5 o'clock he rose, dressed and that." And she laughed, for she felt she was now on the path to victory. "Ye're ower guid to me. I-I doot went out of doors. The west wind ye'll no' think muckle o' ma bookwas blowing in soft puffs and threateepin'. An' ye'll no' ha'e time to"-"Never mind about that. Will you bring me the books tomorrow?" clock David had cut his cor "'Deed, aye, I'll be glad to ha'e yer help, Jess, for I never cud thole feeg-

wanted her to be with him at his ex-pected triumph. The roses and pansies which collected the flowers of several other Kiniochan gardens and greenout with a neighboring gardener.
"Ye'll be pleased if I get a first prise,
will ye no', Jess?" he asked ere he left

"Surely, Davie," she replied honestly, and she almost prayed for his success, though she felt it would be against with his pipe for the evening, she over-

Early in the forenoon she set to work once more on the books and made out the accounts due, or, rather, overdue. After that she turned to the pages de-voted to her husband's creditors, and

there she received a shock.

"Oh, Davie, Davie," she said, half aloud, and nerved berself to make up a rough balance sheet. Her husband

again and again, but she did not hear it. Not till hearly 5 o'clock did she rise from the table, too weary to feel

him, for, looking at matters in the most favorable light, David Houston was insolvent — nearly a hundred pointee on the wrong side!

Jess beard him bidding goodby to a friend at the gate, laughing merrily.

Then the gate clicked, and he came running up to the bouse, calling upon

running up to the bouse, calling upon her ore he was through the doorway.

"Jess, Jess! I've got two firsts! I've got two firsts! Whater are ye, lass?"

He stood before her, six feet of health and strength, a goodly man to look at, proud, blithe and loving.

He poured forth his story, picked her out of the chair and hugged her, put her back and dropped three greasy pound notes into her lap.

"There, ma lass—two first prizes! An"

every penny's yer ain! Myl-I wish ye bad been there. Ye wud ha'e been the rood wumman."

He ran on, while she tried to smile back to him in spite of the thing that repeated itself in her mind: "Three pounds for a hundred pounds! Three pounds for a hundred"—

Wait a minute!" she gasped at last il fied from the parior. "I'm afraid She ran into the kitchen, abut the door and laid her face in her arms

Five minutes later she went back to the parfer and bissed Davie. "I'm real rind, Davie," she said. "Ye've been greatin", lase!" he cried, slarmed. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tired onl. worn out woman cannot up, and or work, seems as if she would be pieces. Hollister's Rocky Mount Ton makes strong narves and risk blood. 35 souts, Tun or Tablets.—R. Bobblit & Co. Love is an excellent diet for young

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are a sufficient number to justify it ther will arrange to operate a special Pullman Sleeping Car to run from Raleigh through to Buffalo to accommodate the Elks from Wilmington, Charlotte, Durham and Raleigh to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge which will be held in Buffalo Lodge which will be held in Buffalo July 10th-15th.

trip \$20.50, via Norfolk and Bay Line \$19.45, Wilmington, all rail, \$23.50, Durham, all rail, \$20.20; Charlotte, all rail \$23.95. Bay Line from Wilmington \$21.65, Durham \$19.45, Charlotte \$28.95. Tickets will be sold July 8th, 9th and 10th, with final limit to leave Buffalo July 15th, buf tickets can be extended until August 4th, upon payment of fee of

falo \$4:50, Durham \$4.50, Charlotte

C. H. GATTIS, T. P. A.

Bilious Bill was getting bloated.
And his tongue was muchly coated.
Petent "tonics" wogldn't core him,
Companies would not insure him.
All his friends were badly frightened,
But their spirits soon were lightened,
For Bill said—and they helleved him.
Karly Ricer pills relieved him.
The famous Little Pills "Early Ricere"
cure constipation, eich headsche, hillousbees, etc. by their tonic effect on the
liver. They never gripe or steken, but
impart early rising energy, ticod for
children or adults. Sold by Aysoke
Drug Co. Bill was getting bloated,

Good resolutions are apt to run own at the heel.

HYGEIA—The Best 5-cent cigar on earth for sale at Aycocke Drug

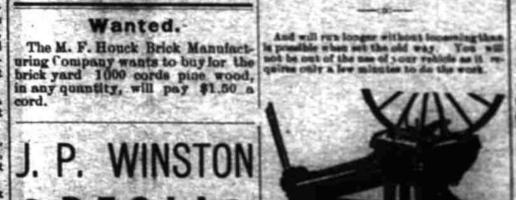
A man may be as good as his word and still be no good.

Caba, We had several doctors but they of the second of the bottle of this remedy cored him, as our neighbors will testify. I thank God for so valuable a QUICKER medicine." For sale by all druggists

For the next 40 days, I will sell sample hats way down below wholesale cost. Yes I have about 100 nobby Spring style Saits cloth ing I am closing out less than cost safe place.

She laid the tea things and sat down to wait for her husband, wondering how she would break the had made and \$2 bo. I have a lot of \$2 and \$2 bo. I have a lot of \$2 and \$2 bo. women's fine shoes in Nos. 3 to 44 at less than cost. J. P. Winston has reduced prices on everything.

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