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Author of "Wee Macgresgor," "Mrs. McLerie," Btc.

won't have to fling up the Arden job. Tou'll get wood somehow. Away out to the garden till I get the dishes wash-

"Davie," she began nervously, "is there anything special about this wood you require? Would it do for anything "No' fur mony things. The wudd wantit for Arden is a special kind an' a special size. But what dae ye'-

"Are there many big greenhou about Fairport?" "Na; nane ava'. But"-"Who is the joiner at Fairport, Da-

"Jamie Proudfoot." "Do you know him?" "Fine, He used to work fur ma fay-

"But are you and he quite friendly?" "What fur no? But, Jess"-"But he was tryin' for the Arden job, wasn't he? That wasn't very friendly, surely."

"Och, that was a' in the wey o' business. But what are ye spierin' for, Jess?" Jess summoned all her courage.
"Well, I was just wondering if—if you couldn't get the wood from Jamie

wouldn't he?" "I'm shair he wud dae that, lass," said David sadly; "but, ye see, he's no' s merchant. He hasna got the wudd I

the little bit of news she had heard "Weel, weel," said David when he inderstood. "If I had kent that I wud never ha'e gone to Glesca the day."

"It was me that made you so to Glasgow," she sighed, "Poor Davie!" "Ma dear, it was the right thing to dae," he said, half in sorrow, half in "And will you go and see the Fairport man now?" she asked eagerly.

"The nicht?" She nodded. "It won't take you long on your bicycle. And and, Davie, make him think you're doing him a favor by taking the wood off his hands, for that's just what you are doing, and tell him straight that you won't pay him for a little yet. Do you under-

"Aye," he said after a moment. His eyes, alight with admiration, were turned to her.

She touched him lightly on the cheek "Get your bicycle," she said. A minute later she watched him ride away on his old solid tired machine "Good luck, Daviel" she called after

By the next afternoon Jamie Proudfoot's wood was in David Houston's yard, and in spite of the bill at three months Jess went about her work sing-

CHAPTER IV. H, it's yersel', is it?" said Mrs.
Wallace, opening the door to
her niece, "Whit's ado? Te're faur ower early. Ye wis bidden to come at sax, an' it's jist new chappit five. Whaur's Davie?" "He's coming at the proper time Aunt Wallace, but I hurried up with

my work and came along to see if I could help you with anything," Jess returned pleasantly. "I'm nae great believer in folk, espe claily young main'it weemen, hurryin' up wi their wark, as ye pit it, an' I'm no' whit I wud ca' in desperate need o' assistance; but, seein' ye're here, ye best come in."

Mrs. Houston, with a smile, accepte the not very gracious invitation and made to step indoors. Wipe yer feet! Wipe yer feet!" ex-



"Wipe yer jest!" exclaimed her auk "I'm jist new done washin' the waux cloth. Ma certy! D' ye think I want a gairden in ma lobby fur yer man to plant carnations in? Aw, that'll dae. Ye needna rub a hole in ma mat. Come ben the hoose."

Suppressing a laugh, Jess entered the ottage and followed Mrs. Wallace to

the remarked as she unpin "Aye, I've been bable, \$4 70

"I'm very sorry," murmured Mrs. Houston, half humbly, half defautly. "Were you baking scones?"
"I wisna bakin' cahooteby onyway. Ha'e ye been tryin' onythin' in that ye'll turn oot scones fit fur angels. My, but ye're drest the nicht, lass? Mrs. an removed her jacket, "Whit did ye pey fur that? A bonny penny, I'm thinkin'."

"You mean my blouse? I made myself, aunt." "Did ye? Weel, it's no' bad, no' bad," said Mrs. Wallace slowly. "I'm gled to see ye've no' fit ower mony falderals about it, like some o' the lasses ye see

here on the Sawbath. Plain class fur plain folk-that's ma motto. 'Deed, aye, plain class fur"suppose you never cared about ribbons and things when you were a

girl, Aunt Wallace." "Eh? Whit's that ye're sayin'? Mphm! I've use time fur ony mair haverin'. I thocht ye said ye cam' early to help me."
"Be I did. What can I de?" asked

the other, checking a smile. "Ye can gang an' set the table in the Proudfoot. He would trust you, Be canny wi' them, Jess. I'll be efter ye in twa minutes." Jess departed to the parlor and pro-

ceeded to lay the tes things, humming

& Son, the timber merchants. It had too well aware that her husband's affairs were still far from being in a sound condition, but the first difficult allowed herself to rest and be thankful and glad, seeing the goal of her desire less distant perhaps than it really was. Hope carries a rare pair of deldglasses, and an occasional of success is sufficient to keep them

ing two plates of scones, and pansed dphmi" she said at last. dae. But did I po' tell ye Maister Ogilvy was comin' to his ten?" "Mr. Ogilvy?" Jess shook her head "Ave. Maister Ogilvy, the grocer, ye

Mrs. Houston tried not to look su prised or amused. "Oh, yes," she said and retired to the cupboard.

Her aunt's voice followed her. "Is there onythin' wrang in Maister Ogivy

omin' to his tea, or is there onythin "Of course not, Aunt. Wallace," replied Jess from behind the door, "Weel, dinns rattle ma guid dishes as if ye had the palsy. Ha's ye no' got

a' the dishes ye need yet?" "Yes. Here they are." came forth, her countenance abnorma ly grave, but rather flushed. Whit alls ye, Jess?"

"Ye're maybe a wee thing surprised at Maister Ogilvy comin' to his tea?" "Well, you see, I didn't know he was such a friend of yours, aunt." "I dinna say he wis, but I'm kin' o' vexed fur the man," said Mrs. Wallace, half gently, half contemptuously, "He's aye complainin', about had trade, an' that's a thing I canna thole in a man, An' yet he's no' a hard man. I wh passin' his shope the ither day when a say 'Jack Robinson' an' tuk her back to the shope, an' efter he had wiped awa' the maist o' the mess he gi'ed he mither hauf a dissen eggs an' a wheen

sweetles furbye an' tell't her no' to let on to her mither that she had tum-"That was good of him!" exclaimed Jess, with enthusiasm. "Oh, he whiles dis things like that to weens, but he's a kin' o' greetin' buddy

as a rule, an' I'm shair be needes be that, fur he's nacbody to keep but his-sel', an' his business is no' near as bad as he mak's it out to be." "Has he never thought of getting married?" asked Jess seriously. "He

"Auld? He's no' old ava'. He's no' uckle aulder nor maser. But I doot be'll never get a wife, even if he ever wants yin."
"And what made you ask him

If the query contained any many "Weel, as I tell't ye afore, I'm kin' o' one the day I wis mair vexed nor he cam' furtit, unce rid i' the face an' neonfused-like, an' afore be had hauf

confused-like, nn' afore he had hauf served me an awfu' rock an' smeil begood to come frac the back room."

"'Mercy me!s "Whit in creation's that? I cries. 'Aw, never heed it, Mrs. Wallace,' he says, tryin' to lauch. 'Never heed it!' says. L. 'Man, I'm near stutfocatit!' 'I'm rale sorry, but I can assure ye there's naethin' wrang, at least ne' seriously wrang, he says, as if he was ashamed. 'But there's somethin' burnin',' says I, but he jist shook his haid.
'Are ye daft?' I cries. 'Awa' an' pit it oot!' But he gi'ed anither puir lauch Are ye dail? I cree. Awa an pit it oot? But he gi'ed anither puir lauch an' says, says he: 'Dinna get alarmed, histress Wallace. It's jint some soup I wis tryis' to mak' for ma dinner.' 'Soup! says L. 'Soup! It smells liker singein' hair an' canquie ends.' 'Deed, ays, an' 5 doot it'll taste the same!

at's cleaned his bit room sn' cookit Meeting Elks, Buffalo. H.

that's cleaned his bit room an' cockit his means fur twinty an' mair years, wis lyin' badly, cryin' oot that she wull dee if onybody else got her place, an' so Maister Oglyvy wis 'tryin' to dae her wark hissel'."

"Poor man!" said less,

"Mistress Neil's been badly fur a week, an' he tell't me he wis tired o' eatin' cauld things oot o' tims this cauld weather, an' he thoolst he want cauld weather, an' he thocht he wud mak' hissel' a bowl o' soup the day, but everythin' gaed wrang, an'—west. Jess, that's the reason I askit him to his tea. An' Davie an' him'll be here afore we're ready fur them if we're no' smalrt, Come awa' to the kitchen fill I learn ye to fry ham an' eggs fit for ansels."

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"You gang in first," whispered Ogilvy bashfully, as the door open "Na, na. You're the stranger,"

"I'm weel, thenk ye," replied Mr. will go to justify operation of special Ogilvy, taking a share of the door mat. Pullman.
"Are ye keepin' pretty middlin' yer-"Yes, thank you. Now, come away

in out of the cold." They entered the bright lobby, dis posed of their coats and cape and fol-lowed her into the parlor, the joiner pushing the grocer before him. "Come over to the fire, Mr. Ogilvy," said Jess hospitably. "Won't you have the easy chair?"

"Aw, thenk ye. Ony chair'll dae jist ony chair," returned Mr. Ogilvy, wiping his brow with an enormous handkerchief and rubbing his hands in a nervous way.

"Gang furrit, man, an' tak' chair!" cried David genially. He had known Oglivy all his life, and it was impossible to keep up any formality. Jess, however, had only met him in the pauriour. The cloth's laid, an' ye ken | way of business, and she would probwhaur to get the dishes, the best yins. | ably have felt shier and tried less to make him feel at home had it not been for her aunt's recent remarks. So, having informed him that her aunt would a merry tune to herself. She was in to put him at his ease, though, judging gay spirits, for less than an hour ago from the manner in which he continued she had posted the money required to to sit on the extreme edge of the easy kerchief to his forebead, she could hardly be said to have succeeded bril-

> Her husband came to the rescue at ast with the not very original inquiry: "Trade? Deplorable, jist deplorable Never seen onythin' like it," said the

grocer, shaking his head gloomly, but seating himself a little more comforts ably in his chair. "I read a heap of stories I' the papers about the depres-sion o' trade, but if thas writin' chaps wants to ken what depression really is they sud try a provession shop in Kin-lochan. Depression is no the word for

"Och We no' as bad as a' that," ob served the joiner, with a laugh, "Ah, David, ye're weel aff at the jin erin'," returned Mr. Ogilvy sadly. "Ye're are busy. But luk at me. I sit onywey, I staun'-at the receipt o' stom, as it were, fur oors thegither an' whiles I never turn a copper. The ither day-Tuesday, I think it wasstep frae twal' o'clock noon till three p, m, but twa weans. Yin was a laddie spierin' for a bit string. The ither was a lassie wantin' change for a pen-

ny. D'ye ca' that trade?' "But it's not always so bad, Mr. Ogilvy," put in Mrs. Houston. "Maybe no' jis as bad," he allowed grudgingly, "but trade's no' what it sed to be. Folk never used to get a' their proveesions frae the toon, an' there was nae cairts an' vans comin' ten mile to peach on me preserves, as it were. But noo-oh, it's jist deplora-

ble, jist deplorable! Aye"-He was interrupted by the entrance niece, "awa" an' bring ben the tea tonst. Weel, Davie, boo's things? Glad to hear ye're busy. Weel, Maister Ogilvy, I suppose trade's wanr nor lamentation about it in the hoose o' best customer. Eh? Ha, ha, ha?" "Aw, Mistress Wallace," murmured the grocer, with a feeble smile of apole-

"nae offense, I hope." 'Haud yer tongue, man, an' draw er chair. Come awa', Jess, ma lass. Davie, tak' the beid o' the table an' ask a blessin'. Noo, help the ham an' eggs. If they're no' guid, ye can blame it on Maister Oglivy."

"Ye wud aye ha'e yer bit joke, Mis-tress Wallace," said the guest, begin-ging to brighten under the cheerful insences about him. "Sugar an' cream?" Thenk ye, thenk ye. As I was

ing him a plate piled with ham and couple of eggs. "Aw, jist the hauf o' that, please, jist the hauf o' that," said Mr. Ogilvy

"Come awa', man," urged Houston. "Aye, come awa', Maister Ogilvy. Hoo can ye expec' trade to be flourish in' when ye winns eat yer ain provee

come tidbits for his wife. "'Deed, Ogilvy, ye've got to dae as ye're bid in this hoose." "Aye, an' nachody kens that better por Davie," remarked Mrs. Wallace

Whereupon every one laughed heartily, including Mrs. Houston, who, how (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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