LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1905

THE COUNTY, THE STATE THE UNION

abbattering : St. bt Per Tear, Dictelle in Ad-

### METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:80 A. M. Preaching at 14 A. M., and 8 80 P. M.

CHU RUH DIRECTORY

Prayer meeting Wednesday night. L. S. Massay. Pastor. BAPTIST.

Hunday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. Wilder, Sept Prayer meeting Thursday night. H. H. Mashburna, Pastor. BY1800PAL,

Sunday School at 9:30. Ww. H. Ruyers, Supt.

Services, morning and night; on
lst, 3rd and 4th Sundays.

Kvening Prayer, Friday afternoon
REV. JOHN LONDON, Rector.

PRESENTEBIAN. dervices 4th Sunday in each monthm rateg and night.

Louisburg Lodge, No. 418, A. R. A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesda nights in each month.

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By J. J. BELL.

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"Why not?" he inquired softly. She remained slient, and he could no onger endure her eyes upon him. "Goodby just now-er-Mrs. Houston," he said, taking his hat and gloves so proud to think I could put David's from the table. "I hope we'll have a affairs right without troubling him. I pleasanter chat this day week. At couldn't bear to give in now."

on earth are you doing?"

said Mr. Dobbie, with an uncomforta- An' ye can pey back the money whe ble laugh. Mrs. Houston moistened her dry lips. You must wait till David comes

home," she said quietly. For the moment her words literally took his breath away, but only for the moment. "Are you mad?" he demanded. "You'll make me lose my steamer, and it's the last tonight."

She paid no attention. "I was only joking, Mrs. Houston. You've made me feel an awful ass," he said presently, trying to laugh. "Let us part in peace, as the hymn says." Her face, if anything, grew more determined. "You must wait, Mr. Dobbie, till I have explained matters to Mr. Houston."

"You intend to tell him everything?" "Everything." The man considered, and when he spoke again his smile was ugly. "Do you wish to make your husband a bankrupt, Mrs. Houston?" "You wouldn't"- she began,

"Would you?" "You said three months, Mr. Dob-

"Did I?" "Oh, you-you"-He, knowing the situation was his, advanced toward her, saying politely, "Kindly open the door."

antly as he passed into the lobby. "Hel-"Hullo yersel'," said the aggrieved voice of Mrs. Wallace, who had just come from the kitchen, having entered

"Till this day week," he said pleas-

by the back door. "Whit's ado? Wha's "It's all right, Aunt Wallace," said Jess, trying to steady her voice as she followed her unwelcome visitor from

"Guidsake, lassie, ye luk as if ye had been seein' a ghaist! Wha's this?" Mrs. Wallace demanded in a loud whisper, pointing to Mr. Dobbie, who was struggling with the patent lock on the

"Oh, never mind, aunt; never mind," murmured her niece, ready to collapse. Mrs. Wallace looked sharply at Jess. 'Is he a freen o' yours?" she asked quickly. "Is he a freen o' Davie's?" "No, no?" said the young woman

wildly. "Sic bein' the case, he's nae freen o' mines," muttered Mrs. Wallace. "Young man," she suddenly roared, 'quit spilin' the sneck o' that door an'

pey attention to me." "Confound this lock!" grunted Mr. Dobbie, with another wrench at the "Bad language 'll no' help ye!" cried

Mrs. Wallace. "Who's the old party?" he exclaimed angrily, turning to Jess.

"Auld pairty!" the aunt almost shricked. "I'll auld pairty ye, ye tailor's dummy, ye penny masher, ye"-"Aunt, aunt!" protested Mrs. Hous-

"Haud yer tongue, lassie! I'm fist beginnin'! Whit has the man stolen, "I'm glad to hear ye catched him in

time, but I'll pit the polis on his track onywey. Weel, Maister Burgular, whit ha'e ye got to say fur yersel', eh?" White with wrath, the glass merchant turned on her. "Show me how o open this cursed door, or'-"Whisht, man! Ye're bad enough

wl'oot sweerin'." "Aunt Wallace, for my sake let him go," whispered Jess. "Let him gang? Nae fears. Wait till Davie comes hame, an' he'll mak' collops o' this braw bit o' mankind. I'm no' feart fur him. I'll stab him wi' ma umbrella as shin as luk at him." The enraged man spoke again. "Do

ou know who I am?" he roared. "Wha?" said Mrs. Wallace, "My name is Dobbie."

"I'm mair curious to ken whit ye "And I'll tell you now that Mrs.

y woman hesitated. Then she strode forward and struck him over the head with her umbrells, splitting his felt hat and crushing it over his eyes. "That's yin fur you!" she cried.

opening the door. "Mr. David Houston will go bankrupt for this!" he yelled. "I'll show

"An' ye'll get nane either!" cried Mrs Wallace, making a dash at him. "Yin! Twa! Three! Fower!" And she rushed down the garden path after him, belaboring him with her umbrella till it broke at the handle. It was an utter

vulgar," she panted to herself as she returned to the cottage.

She found her niece on the verge of

ed. "I doot ye'll ha'e to trust yer aulo story about it, but fist tell me whit I can due to help yo."

Aunt Wallsce," Jess pleaded. "I was

what hour may I expect you? What "Weel, weel, a willfu' wumman ha'e her ain wey. But mind an' trust Jess, still holding the chair, had me. I ha'ens the ready money ye need, slipped back to the door and turned the but I'll get it fur ye the morn, an' ye'll pey aff Dobbie, no' furgettin' to keep back the price o' ma guid umbrella.

ye can. An' noo I'm guan to help ye get Davie's tea ready, an' ye maun gang early to bed the nicht an' ha'e a guid sleep, puir lass!" On her way home Mrs. Wallace drop- heard David's voice and another's. ped into the grocer's shop.

"Hee's trade, Mr. Ogilvy?"

"Deplorable; waur nor ever, Mistress Wailace, Did ye forget somethin' when ye was in afore?" "Na, but I cam' back to see if ye cud tell me whaur I cud get the len' o' for-

ty pound the morn's mornin'." "Forty pound!" "Mphm! D'ye ken onybody wha wud ma haun fur aboot three month?"

"Are ye serious, Mistress Wallace?" "Aye, I'm serious, Maister Ogilvy." The grocer fixed his eyes on a tin of sardines and slowly said, "Aweel, I may say I ken the person ye're spierin' aboot exac'ly."

CHAPTER VI. A LITTLE WARMTH AND A BLAZE. OME in to your tea, Davie!" called Jess from the door of the cottage. "I'm jist comin'." replied plot under the wall.

"But you said you were coming half "Did 17" said David, grubbing in the earth. "D'ye like sweet peas, Jess?" "Yes, but I don't like old tes and cold buttered toast," his wife returned impatiently, "Come, Davie," "I'll be in the hoose in twa ticks,

lass. Dinna fash yersel'. The warl's it. no' comin' to an end." "My patience is. David." "Nae fears. I ken yer patience bet ter nor that, Jist think o' the show o' sweet peas ye'll ha'e in July, Jess, an I'll let ye pu' as mony o' them as ye like, an' welcome, dearle,"

"But can't you finish planting them after you've had your tes, Davie?" she asked, partly appeared. "'Deed, I never thocht o' that, Of oorse I can." And David Houston rose and followed his wife into the cuttage. "I'm vexed for keepin' ye waitin', Jess," he said as he joined her in

the kitchen. "I doot I whiles forget things." "Oh, never mind. It doesn't matter," she said coldly. "Are ye angry wi' me, Jess?"

asked anxiously. "Angry? Why should I be angry?" "I-I thocht ye wasna pleased at-at somethin'." he answered lamely. "Ye see, I forget the time when I'm at ma

gairden, an' "-"You've been at the garden since o'clock this morning, David," she observed as she filled his teacup. "Your breakfast was cold before you came to

it, and so was your dinner." "I didna fin' onythin' wrang wi' either o' them," he returned pleasantly. 'Ye're a clever yin at the cookin'," he added admiringly. Jess looked as if she had not heard

him. It was the local spring holiday, and she had made special efforts with the homely meals, each one of which had been spoiled through her hus-band's late appearance at table. Still she had kept her temper so far. "I'm sayin' ye're a clever yin at the cookin', Jess," he repeated.

"I'm glad you think so." The tone of her voice was something new to David, and he paused in conveying half a slice of toast to his mouth and stared at her.

Avoiding his gaze, she played with her spoon in an absentminded fashion. "What's wrang, lass?" "Nothing." "But ye're no' takin' yer tea. Are ye

no' weel?" "Oh, be quiet!" "But I dinna like to see ye no' enjoy in' yer tea."

"Don't bother. Go on with your own tes and get back to your garden." spite of his efforts, refused to be drawn with hardly his usual hearty appetite, but with an obvious desire to show her that he appreciated the buttered toast. "I think I'll ha's a smoke noo," he remarked immediately he had finished. and was surprised when his wife, contrary to custom, failed to rise to fetch him his house pipe from the mantel-

After a short period of waiting he drew his wooden pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

Jess rose and began to clear away the dishes, a thing she usually delayed doing until David had enjoyed a ten

your seeds?" she inquired abruptly, ad-dressing the teapot in her hand, "I was thinkin' I wad wait till ye was ready to come out to the gairden.
It's fine an' warm the nicht."
"I don't think I'll come out tonight. I've other things to do, Don't wait," she said, with her back to him. "What are ye busy about the nicht

Houston got up, put on his cap and moved toward the door. "Come oot if ye can," he said kindly. "I'm gaun to gi'e ye a great show o' sweet peas for

She made no reply, and on the threshold he halted and turned. "Wud ye no try s-s-s pill, dearie?" he

The color rushed to Mrs. Houston's face, and her eyes sparkled. She stamped her foot. "David Houston," she cried, "will you go to your garden when I ask you?"

"But, Jesa"—he began.

A plate slipped from her hands and smashed to pieces on the bottom of the sink. "See what you've made me do!" she exclaimed.

"Och, never heed about the dis lass," David stammered at last. "I—wish ye wud tell me what's troubling

"I wish you would go when I ask you," said his wife, her lip trembling. "Weel, I'll gang to please ye," he re-turned miserably, "but I wish ye wild He was interrupted by the tinkle of

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mra. Houston "Wha can that be?" said her hu band, "It's past Postle's time. Wull I gang an' see, Jess?"

"Yes," said Jess in a choked voice. With an auxious look at her David ple with the importance of aiding in Jess hid her face in her apron. tried to-to give him a trent today, she thought bitterly, "but he thinks of

nothing but his garden -the breakfast spoiled, the dinner spoiled and the"-She lifted her head and listened. She "Miss Perk!" she grouned. "Oh, hope Davie 'll have the sense not to

ask her in. No; she's away." She heard the front door shut, but the voices began again. "He's taking her into the parior!" she sighed. "I might have known he would do it."

Presently the kitchen door opened and David looked in. "Jess," he said ask nae questions an' pit the money in | in a loud whisper, "Miss Perk's in the paurlour, wantin' to see ye." "Is she?" said his wife languidly, turning the water on to a saucer. "Ye'll no' be lang, wull ye?"

"I don't know how long I'll be." "But she she's wantin' to see ye parteeclar," he said, entering the kitchen. "What about?" "I didna spier. But ye'll no' be lang.

wall ye, Jess? I'll gang an' tell ber ye're fist comin', an' then I'll get on home and family. wi' plantin' the sweet pens. Eh, lass?" "Seeing you asked Miss Perk into the house, you had better go and keep her her husband, who was bending over a company till I'm ready," said Mrs. Houston calmly. "But"-

"I can't be ready for helf as The tea was so late tonight." "Hauf an 'cor! An' what wud I say to her for hauf an' 'oor?" "You might ask her if she likes sweet peas," said Jess, and she could

have bitten out her tongue for saying

For a moment or two her husband regarded her with puzzled eyes. Then his face reddened "I'm vexed if I've done the wrang thing dearle," he said gently. "The seeds can bide. I'll gang into the paurlour an' dae ma best to-to be pleesant

an' a' the rest o' 't. If ye like, I'll pli

her oot the hoose."

"No, no! You musn't do that. Just say I won't be long." David took a step nearer his wife, then turned abruptly and left the "It was too bad of me," thought

less, the tears filling her eyes. Once more the door opened, and he husband whispered imploringly, "For peety's sake, dinna be mair nor hauf an 'oor?' He vanished, and she heard him enter the parlor.

Mrs. Houston dropped into a chair and laughed quietly, with the tears still in her eyes, "Poor Davie! If he had only made me laugh sooper! But must be quick and go after him." Within ten minutes, her cheeks flushed and her eyes very bright, she open-

ed the door of the parlor. Miss Perk was sitting in the window and Mr. Houston occupied an inch or wo of the chair nearest the door, the length of the room lying between

"Good evening, Mrs. Houston," said

Miss Perk as Jess greeted her. "Mr.



"Good evening, Mrs. Houston." louston and I have been having quite a delightful chat, haven't we, Mr.

"Ave." said David as if he were tell "He has just promised to bring you across the room, "and also to Mr. Croker's lecture the following Monday "Aren't you going to finish planting and he has almost promised that you will both attend all our classes and lectures pext season. I'm quite charm

ed, Mrs. Houston." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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