CHURCH DERECTORY

BAPTIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt
Presching St 11 A.M., and 8:30 F.M. Prayer meeting Thursday H. H. MASHSURNE, Pastor. BPISCOPAL.

Sunday School at 9:30.

WM. H. RUFFIN, Supt.

Services, morning and night, or
et, 3rd and 4th Sundays,

Kvening Prayer, Friday afternoon,

Kav, John London, Rector. PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in such mo morning and night.

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HENDERSOF, E. O.

Ave, an' I got a rich an' bray reward! She sent them back the next day because they was black an' she wantit white. It's as true as I'm here, histries Houston!"

Jess tried not to laugh and murmured something sympathetic. "Well, Mr. Oglivy, I must be going. Thanks for sending the things. There's no hurry for them." "I'll send them inside the 'cor. The laddle's at his ten the neo, but he'll no Cood performedations. Good farm to

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

My, it was unco clever o' ye to mind

aboot the insurance, Mistress Hous-

ion!" he went on, with admiration is his voice. "David tell't me aboot it."
"Did he?" said Jess, looking and feel

turned the grocer, finding a sudden in-

spiration on his counter. "I am that, Mistress Houston. An' I ben he Da-vid tell't me aboot it in the fullness o'

his hert, for he said, 'If it hadna been for ma wife, Ogilvy, I wud be a ruined

min this day. That was when he was

lettin' me see the new premises, so to

lettin' the jobs stann' till he was in a poseetion for to attend to them, an'

when I tell't him it was jist because

they kent when they had a guid man

he turned on me gey quick an' said, 'It's the wife that brocht a' the luck!' An' I believe he wasna faur wrang.

"I must really go, Mr. Ogilvy," the

hauf dizzen chippit eggs for Mistress

Waddell-puir buddy-jist when the

boat the nicht. Aye," said the grocer,

"The last boat the nicht. Aye, Jist

things about her," replied Jess as light-

the grocer. "Ye ken fine I wudna dae

that The words wud choke me, jist

they! I micht say I conseeder Mistress

Wallace a-an exceedin' admire-able pairty. I dae that." Again he wiped

The young wanter checked a smile and backlithrough the open dear.

An exceeding admire-able pairty."

Mr. Ogilvy repeated almost to himself

"Did you want to give me some mes-sage for my gint?" Jess inquired at last. "I'll see her tomorrow morning.

shop on her way from the boat to-night."

gloomily. "But I'll telf ye aboot it, Mistress Houston, for I ken ye're rale discreet, and then ye can decide if ye'll

tell yer highly respectit aunt for me."
"No, no! You mustn't tell me. Mr.
Ogilvy " cried Jess, flushing. "I'm
rans it's none of my business."

and relapsed into silence.

young woman said, flushing.

Mistress Houston."

to the old man, who was clinging "Oh, Mistress Houston," he began, marked. "I never seen a finer jiner's served his fayther faithful, an' shop. I was through it wi' David the ither day an' was tellin' him it was jist like a palace efter the auld place.

heart,
"Serve you, mistress!" It meant most than a great eath. Well, Angus," she said steadily. you'll serve me-and David, too, very well, if you'll try to forget about the fire at the shop and go along and at tend to the fire at Hazel Cottage. No, no; the edtage isn't on fire. I meant the kitchen fire You'll at me kennin', are ye, Mistress Houston?' no; the editage isn't on fire. I meant the kitchen fire. You'll find the door open. Look after the fire—the kitchen fire—and have the kettle ready to the secret as a -a tinned tongo boil. D'you understand, Angus?"

asked quietly, her free hand on her

"Aye, mistress."
"And you won't leave the cottage ull "Na, nal" and the war at "What about your sister?" "She's sleepin' lang syne. But,

nistress, d'ye think he'll pit me awa' Eve served his fayther, an' ""No, Angus. David won't put J away, whatever happens. Now go to the cottage. I'm depending on you." Old Angus did a quech thing. He kissed her hand before he let it go.

A joiner's shop, especially it it be twenty miles from a fire station, makes a merry blaze, but a short one ... Fortunately the wind blew kindly, and David Houston's wood yard escaped.

black ruin.

Before midnight all was over, but it was after f in the morning when David and Jess walked slowly have to the same transfer of the morning when David ham knife. tion. His face and hands were filthy with soot and charred wood.

He heaved a great sigh. 'Jess, lass, ye'll be sorry ye mairrit me noo. 'We've

naethin' left." "No, I'm not sorry, Davie, lad." "But I deserve it," he groaned. clean forgot to pey ma insurance twaing all this time about the insurance.

"Na, na," returned Mr. Ogllvy firmly, "I'll send it wi' the utmaist pleesure. held aff, as it were, for want o' someall the afternoon for some one to talk to, "ye see, Mistress Houston, it's no' kin' o' brisk-no' as brisk as they

micht he, but jist kin' o' brisk—an' the jacdie's cairryin' messages sear a' day to the veesitors an' whiles near rin aff his two feet tryin' for to oblege folk that sorges what they can be contill the last meenit an' are ower prood to cairry a paircel, unless maybe yin containin' jools or scent or some ither vanity. 'Deed, aye! It's fair monsterous the

excuse me mentionin' sic things, Misexcuse me mentionin' as if the organs I murmured encouragingly.

Whate was IT believely inquired the grocer. "Oh, aye I was speaking about yer aunt, as it were. Was I more more more more management."

The property of the compass as quick as ye about yer aunt, as it were. Was I more management.

"I doot ma temper's no aye that I "I hope Mistress Houston, ye ha'e guid. Some o' the messages is hardly nac objection to ma speakin' about yer worth calrryin', an' it's suffeccient to highly respectit aunt?"

mak' an or'nar' buddy like masel' bile "So long as you don't say nasty to be commandit, for example, to send

he wasna. I doot he wud ha'e fleed us as I did, though it tried no' to show it when a leddy cam' in yin mornin' in corns to be sent hauf a mile in a hurry teemed order. I said 'esteemed' ablow ma breith, ye ken. But she turned on me as if she was a doochess an me a bit o dist an spiert in an exceedin of was that angry I didna care if she never darkened ma door again, an' I tell't her I did keep a boy, but he was

twa legs an' no a new patent fleein' machine fit to cover twa-three hunner mile an 'oor an' deliver messages as shin as they was oot the customers' mooths. An' she smiled gey soorlike an' said I sud keep mair nor the yin boy. I was gaun to gi'e her a reply to

that, but jist then the laddle cam' in, an', thinkin' it better no to create a scene, as it were, I cent him along wi' the peppercouns."

"That was good of you, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Aye, an' I got a rick an' brity reward. She sent them back the next

"Oh, no! I must go now. David

quarter's account tra usuald rapidly, "that I fun' oot I had been chairgin' her for weeks an' weeks been chairgin' her for weeks for her

"Her ham. She's the boy for yer aunt! Michty me! What am I say in'? I'm shair I didna mean onythis a bad hoast ye've gotten, Mistress Houston. Pil ba'e to gi'e ye a whoe

"I'm all right now, thank you," said Jess, recovering herself. mean that you want me to expla my aunt about the ham?" "Jist that, if ye please." "But surely you can tell her yourse

She won't be angry." "Wull she no'? I doot th



e wee blot that pit me wrang; I thoch wadden—puir buildy—jist when the boat was comin' in to the pier. An' is yer aunt for bidin' lang in Glesca, Mistress Houston?"
"Oh, no! She'll be home with the last boat tonight."

Wist that: Aye Mphm! The last. gey sma', I'm feart for neither man her valls o' wrath, as it were. It was fist terrible!" "Was she not joking? She's fond her joke, you know?"

with nervous satisfaction, putting down the knife and absentuindedly laying his hand on a bunch of sausages and then drawing it away with a start at "'Deed, aye; 'deed, aye. But I dinna said Mrs. Houston, turning toward the dear her, for, keeping his gaze fixed on the sausages, he continued:

"I think I know what you mean." "Dae ye?" he exclaimed eagerly. "You mean that you're afraid you while Jess felt both irritated and

her. Is that it?" That's no' my feelin', thenk ye kindly on the twenty-fifth day of July, a' the same. Ma feelin' is somethin' 1905, file in my office a duly execut-mair—aw, hoo can I describe it? Eh— ed and attested consent in writing lace?" Jess asked, upable to resist put-"Was it anything about Mrs. Walince?" Jess asked, brable to resist putting the question.

"Weel! returned Mr. Ogilvy, who
had now reached what might be described as a twittering condition, "weel,
Mistress Edustra, I.—I wudna say it
wasna. In fac', I might venture to say
it—it was about yer highly respectit
aunt. A.v. I wud be tellin' ye an untruth if I said it wasna." Here he somethin' mair saftifike." With this to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockhold

"I'll tell my aunt about the ham." she said from the doorway. "And I'm as provided by law. that, Mr. Ogilvy." feelin' is a-kin' o' saftiike?"

truth fit said it wasm." Here he paused, transferred his caze from the sausages to his boots and, heaving a soft sigh, passed his hand across his fetchead. "Wud ye mention, think ye, that ma day of July. A. D., o feelin' is a kin' of saftlike?" nine hundred and five. But with a hasty goodby Jess fied, and it cannot be definitely stated that she heard his last sentence. "Samuel Ogilvy," said the grocer bitterly to himself, "there's mair nor yer teelin' saftlike!"

> of the workshop and entered with the regretful feeling of having neglected

> fully, silding off a bench upon which

Chronicle. "I'm sorry I've kept you waiting as if they was fish banes. Aye, wud to old Angus, who, after respectfully board that lay handy as if he had bee

engaged upon it all afternoon. "Och, ye didna keep me waitin'," re plied David as he placed the paper in his pocket. "I hope ye didna hurry for

turned, naturally a little britated. "Are ye? 'Deed, I thocht it was an his apron on the beach and taking his least thing coldly. "I can wait till you meditated jaunt to Glesca. Na; she'll finish the work you were at when I no' be in here the micht."

"Well, if you've any message, Mr. "Oh, I was jist takin' a keek at the Ogilvy, I'll he glad to give it to her to Chronicle. There's a fine bit o' writin' morrow."

"I'm shair I'm vera greatiy obleeged to ye, Mistress Houston," sold the grocer, moistening his lips and clutching gently at his aprou. "Ye see—ye see, it's a maitter that I'm kin' o' sweirt to mention to her mase!. I've tried to mention it mair nor yinst, but ma stammerin' tongue wudna let me. So if ye'll be as kind as to"...

Rather alarmed, Jess interposed, saying, "But, oh, Mr. Ogilvy, if it's anything particular I really think you should say it yourself."

"I canna, I canna!" he asserted gloomily. "But I'll tell ye aboot it, "What's that under your apron, Da-"That? Oh, there's nae hurry for that It'll dae fine the morn."
(TO ME CONTINUED.)

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