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CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Geo. S. Baker, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 30 P. M. every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
L. S. Massey, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. Wilder, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A.M., and 8:30 P.M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night.
H. H. Mashburn, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Sunday School at 9:30. Wm. H. Ruffin, Supt.
Services, morning and night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon.
Rev. John London, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Services 4th Sunday in each month—morning and night.
Pastor.

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By J. J. BELL,

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mrs. McLeris," Etc.

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I'm gled ye've gotten yer ain again. I'm no' guid at thankin' folk or peyin' compliments, but I tell ye I'm obleeged to ye fur yer help. Ye can coont it when ye get hame, an' if ye fin' a bawbee ower mony ye can keep it—or gi'e it to yer Jenny. Ha, ha! Guid nicht, Maister Ogilvy. I'm wantin' ma tea."

"Mistress Wallace! Mistress Wallace!" he exclaimed as she moved forward.

"Weel, Maister Ogilvy?"

"I—I was jist wantin' to say that—that I'm aye ready an' willin' to dae enythin' to serve you or yours, as it were."

"I believe ye, Maister Ogilvy," she returned. "An' I'll no' furget whit ye've dune. An'—weel, guid nicht again, Maister Ogilvy."

The grocer wanted to accompany her, but he lacked the courage, and so he turned and went slowly in the other direction. "Samuel Ogilvy," he addressed himself moodily, "ye're a peetifu' spectacle!"

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME FRIENDS AND AN ENEMY.

ANOTHER May had come and the afternoon sunshine fell warmly on the south gable of Hazel Cottage.

Old Angus blinked drowsily and slightly altered his position on the section of a log which served him for a seat when Mrs. Wallace, who for the last half hour had been marching up and down the path with her niece's baby in her arms, sat down on the low chair that had been brought from the parlor for her convenience and carefully adjusted the infant's garments and placed her umbrella in proper position. Then, the child showing signs of waking up, Mrs. Wallace began to croon softly and persuasively, if not altogether tunefully, the ancient, brief and simple ditty—

Shoo shaggy ower the glen,
Mammy's pet an' daddy's hen—

which she repeated until it had the desired effect.

"Is't sleepin'?" inquired Angus, taking out his pipe and, having cautiously removed the plug of newspaper, peering regretfully at the remnant of tobacco left in the bowl.

"Aye, she's sleepin', the daurlin'," Mrs. Wallace replied tenderly, looking down on her charge and gently removing the edge of the shawl from the tiny mouth.

"I was thinkin' ye wud shin ha's the wean suffocatit if ye didna watch oot," the old man remarked, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a match. "It's a mercy it doesna need as muckle breith as masel'."

"Man, ye wudna need as muckle breith if ye kep' yer mooth shut," retorted Mrs. Wallace, adding, "Ye waste the biggest hauf o' yer breith on yer stupit sayin's."

Angus did not answer till he had lit his pipe.

"Weel, mistress," he said slowly, "it's no' for me to instruct ye'—

"'Deed, ye're richt there!"

"But I doot it's no' gettin' suffeecient fresh air to gar it grow nice."

"I'll fresh air ye!"

"Never mind me. I can fresh air masel', thenk ye kindly. I'm shair ye wud be vexed if it growed up nippit an' peely-wally."

"Peely-wally!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace indignantly. "An' her the sturdiest lass that ever— Oh, ye auld footer, ye've waukened her again!"

"I dinna. It was yersel', mistress. Yer v'ice is shairper nor minies."

"Haud yer tongue!" she muttered and set about soothing the little one with crooning and caresses, while Angus grinned behind his pipe, at first in an irritating, but presently in a more sympathetic manner.

Unfortunately Mrs. Wallace's next remark was not a conciliatory one.

"Ye micht think shame o' yersel', Angus, comin' here an' disturbin' the wean. To hear ye speakin', onybody wud think ye wis sellin' herrin'."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Angus, softly but sarcastically. "I was jist thinkin' the noo, mistress, that if ye kent anither sang ye micht try singin' roon' the doors when the simmer veesitors is here. Eh?"

Mrs. Wallace smiled in a way that made the old man feel he had missed getting the last word.

"D'ye no' think I wud dae better wi' a hurdy gurdy," she said slowly, "seein' I've a monkey there a'ready?"

Angus grinned feebly and sucked at his pipe as if for inspiration.

Mrs. Wallace emitted a low chuckle of triumph and beamed down on the sleeping child as much as to say, "We had him there, ma dearie!"

Angus writhed on his seat in his desire to pay her back and puffed nervously.

Another low chuckle came from Mrs. Wallace, and the old man writhed again.

"Ye think ye're awfu' smairt," said Angus at last with biting irony in his tone.

"Na, na," she returned modestly. "I jist try to suit the comp'ny I'm in. There isna ony great need fur smairtness the noo, ye ken."

"Ye're aye thinkin' o' it," he retorted, indicating the baby with the stem of his pipe.

"That's somethin' worth thinkin' o'," she rejoined. "But ye ken weel enough she's a lassie, an' ye needna be aye referrin' to her as it."

"Weel, ye see, mistress, I'm aye thinkin' o' the peety o' it bein' a lassie, that I canna"—

"An' whit's wrang wi' it—I mean her—bein' a lassie?" Mrs. Wallace fiercely demanded.

"Aw, it's jist a peety it wasna a laddie. If it had been a laddie it micht grow intil a man—a decent man like its faather."

"If she grows intil a decent wuman like her mither she'll dae fine!"

"I!"

"Whit d'ye mean, Angus?"

"Jist what I say."

"D'ye mean she'll no' grow up?"

"Och, she'll grow up, if she doesna get suffocatit."

"Tah! When I want yer advice, I'll ask ye fur it."

"I hope ye'll no' come askin' when it's ower late," he retorted. "Hoosever, there's aye a chance o' yer niece bringin' up the wean in spite o' ye. We maun hope for the best."

What Mrs. Wallace was going to repliy—and it was doubtless something exceedingly crushing—was prevented by a new arrival.

"Here's Ogilvy comin'," said Angus, looking round the corner of the cottage. "What'll he be wantin'?"

"Ye best ask him," said Mrs. Wallace shortly.

"He's lukin' unco spruce in his Sawbath claes. I never seen him dressed on a haut holiday afore. I suppose I best tell him to come roon' here."

"Ye best tell him David and Jess are awa' to Kilmabeg, an' they'll no' be hame till tea time," said Mrs. Wallace.

"Aye. But I'll tell him ye're here yersel'. I'll get him for a witness that ye're suffocatin' the wean, mistress."

With a grin on his face Angus toddled away to meet the grocer, who was coming slowly up the path toward the porch. Mr. Ogilvy's eyes were modestly turned groundward, and any one following him would have seen that his big fingers were working convulsively behind his back.

"This is a fine day, Maister Ogilvy?" said Angus.

"Eh? Oh, aye, it's a fine day—a fine day," the other stammered, for he had not expected to encounter the old man at Hazel Cottage.

"Ye'll be wantin' to see David maybe?" said Angus.

"Aye." The word came with an effort, and the grocer said in his heart, "Samuel Ogilvy, ye're a leear!"

"Aweel, ye'll no' see David the noo. He's awa' wi' the wife to Kilmabeg. It's queer ye didna see them gaun by the shop, Maister Ogilvy."

Mr. Ogilvy, his face on fire, forced an incoherent reply and then, recovering himself, said, as carelessly as he could: "Weel, weel, it wasna onythin' important. I'll see him the morn." And he made to depart.

"Bide a wee, bide a wee, Maister Ogilvy," Angus interposed. "Ye're no' gaun awa' wi'oot speakin' to Mistress Wallace. She's sittin' wi' the wean roon' the corner. Come awa', an' ye'll maybe get dandlin' the wee yin."

"I'll come anither time, Angus. I—I'm kin' o' pressed for time, as it were," the grocer returned.

"Och, ye can bide twa-three meenits—an' tak' a smoke," said Angus pleasantly, looking at his own empty pipe and thinking of his own empty tobacco box.

"No, I'll no' bide the day. I was thinkin' o' gaun to the shop an' gettin' a wheen things tidied up, seein' the place is quate an' naebody aboot. Jist gi'e ma respec's to"—

"Ye're shairly no gaun to tidy up things wi' yer guid claes on?" the old fellow interrupted. "Come awa' an' see Mistress Wallace or ye'll maybe offend her. She seen ye comin' in at the gate."

"Did she?" said the grocer feebly. "W-was she surprised to see me, think ye?" he inquired nervously.

Before Angus could speak, Mrs. Wallace was heard calling:

"Is that you, Maister Ogilvy?"

"Aye, it's jist me," he replied without moving.

"Weel, come here! I want to speak to ye."

"Come awa'," said Angus. "Ye dinna need to dandle the wean unless ye like. Come awa', Maister Ogilvy."

The grocer, on anything but flying feet, followed Angus round the corner of the cottage.

"My, but ye're a masher the day!" cried Mrs. Wallace jocularly. "I suppose ye're jist on yer road to meet her?"

"Aw, Mistress Wallace," he murmured, removing his felt hat and wiping his forehead, on which a deep red line was visible.

"Yer hat's ower wee fur ye," she observed as he squeezed it on again. "Ye'll be daeing yer heid an injury, Maister Ogilvy. Is't a new hat?"

"Aye. As ye say, it's ower wee. I got Geordie Harvey to buy it for me when he was at the toon, an' he forgot ma size an' had jist to guess it. But I've seen a waur guess, an' Geordie says if I weer it twa-three Sawbaths it'll fit like a glove. I'll thole it in the meantime onywey, as it were." Here Mr. Ogilvy stopped abruptly, as one stops on suddenly realising that one has been talking for the simple sake of doing so.

"Ye maun be guid at the tholin'," said Mrs. Wallace. "Ye're like a lassie at a pairty wi' sma' slippers on big feet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Angus. "A lassie wi' big feet 'll thole onythin'!"

"Haud yer tongue or ye'll wauken the baby again. Weel, Maister Ogilvy," she continued genially, "it it's no' jist time fur yer appintment ye best tak' a sate an' ha'e a smoke an' rest ye, fur ye're lukin as if ye wud melt an' rin doon the gairden intil the sea like lava frae a burnin' mountain."

"'Deed, it's uncommon warm for the season o' the year," said the grocer, seating himself on a stump, "an' to tell ye the truth, Mistress Wallace, I'm a wee bit decomposed wi' the heat."

He produced his pipe, a plug of tobacco and his knife, while old Angus ostentatiously drew forth a battered little tin box, opened it and sighed absently but quite audibly.

"Are ye for a smoke, Angus?" Mr. Ogilvy inquired when he had cut himself a fill.

"I'm no' heedin', but I'll tak' yin jist to keep ye comp'ny," said Angus obligingly as he received the plug from the grocer. "I'm a stupit buddy," he said apologetically two minutes later. "I've gut ower plenty for ma pipe. Ha'e ye a bean, maister?"

"Fit it is yer ain bean, Angus," returned the other kindly, although the trick was far from novel.

"Aweel, it wud be a peety to waste it." And the tobacco box seemed to shut with a snap of satisfaction. Having set his pipe a-going, Angus announced his intention of departing. "Dinna forget to gi'e David the letter I brocht an' dinna suffocate the wean," he said to Mrs. Wallace, offering the latter instruction with a grin.

"Dinna forget to gi'e Maister Ogilvy back his tobacco," she retorted sharply.

"I was jist gaun to gi'e it back when ye spoke," said Angus in some confusion, producing the plug which he had dropped into his pocket along with the tobacco box. "Ye and try to learn to mind yer ain business, mistress," he added in an aggrieved tone.

"Angus maun ha'e his bit joke," interposed Mr. Ogilvy pacifically as he received his property. "He has nae intention o' insultin' ye, as it were. An' seein' he's gaun along the road, I'll jist gang wi' him," he said, rising suddenly as if stricken by a new fear.

Mrs. Wallace smiled unkindly. "Is it time ye wis gaun to meet her?" she inquired. "Of course ye maunna keep her waitin'."

The grocer faicly wriggled. "I—I—I'm no' gaun to meet onybody!" he exclaimed.

"Weel, sit ye doon an' rest ye," said she. "I want to speak to ye aboot somethin', Maister Ogilvy," she added in an undertone.

After a brief period of indecision Mr. Ogilvy resumed his seat, nodding in a half shamed fashion to Angus, who, being afraid lest Mrs. Wallace should confound him at the last moment, turned and took his departure, a thin, dry smile hovering about his lips.

"Ye sudna let him mak' free wi' yer tobacco," Mrs. Wallace remarked to the grocer. "He's no' needin' charity since his sister deed."

"Oh, I ken that fine, Mistress Wallace. But, ye see, it's deefficult to get oot o' a bad habit when ye're auld. Angus canna help tryin' to get his tobacco fur naethin', an' I canna help gi'ein' him it. But I'll no' dae't again if ye dinna like it."

"Och, it's nae odds to me if ye wis gi'ein' him yer hale shope. But that's no' the thing I wis wantin' to speak to ye aboot. I wis wantin' to tell ye that Angus cam' here the day wi' a story aboot a new jiner stairtin' in Kinlochan. Ha'e ye heard onythin' aboot that?"

"Aye," said Mr. Ogilvy.

"An' whit wey did ye no' tell us?"

"I jist heard the—the rumor, so to speak, the day. I was gaun to speak to ye aboot it if ye hadna mentioned it."

"Is there ony truth in the report?"

"I doot there is. In fac', I ken there is. It's twa young men frae Paisley that's gaun to set up in Kinlochan, an' I hear they're vera pushin' young men."

"I'll push them!" muttered Mrs. Wallace angrily.

"But ye needna be feart for David Houston," Mr. Ogilvy continued. "They'll no' hurt him. He's ower weel in wi' the folk here noodays."

"I wudna be ower shair o' that. Whit aboot a' the new hooses that's gaun to be builded?"

"I didna think o' that," he admitted slowly. "Na, I didna think o' that. The jiner work there'll be a fine big job. I wudna like to see it gaun by David. D'ye think he's heard aboot the opposeetion, as it were, Mistress Wallace?"

"Is it time ye wis gaun to meet her?"

"Na; he hasna heard yet. Him an' Jess gued aff the day as blithe an' brisk as bees, like a pair o' young yins—jist like a lad an' lass afore they're mairrit."

"Ye mean, I preshume, that they gued aff in a licht herttt condeection?"

"Ye preshume richt. I'm shair David had nae word o' the business. Angus got it frae a man wha heard it frae the factor."

"I heard it frae the factor missel'. It was only fixed this mornin'. But I thocht David micht ha'e got wind o''t. I suppose ye'll tell him when he comes hame?"

"I'll see. I wis thinkin' ye micht tell him yersel'."

"Me? Aw, Mistress Wallace! I'm no' the yin to break bad news. I canna dae it in a cheery enough style. Ma disposeetion is ower melancholical, an' I mak' the bad news seem waur nor it really is. I mind when John Cameron's wife ran awa'—eloped, as it were—wi 'a man o' the name o' McMeekin, a brass feenisher to trade, an I was deputit to inform John o' the distressin' occurrence. I was near choklit wi' emotion, an' it was wi' a supreme effort that I produced the unseasonable

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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