

Uncle Jim's Opposition

By MARTHA Mc WILLIAMS

"So this is little Madge!" Uncle Jim planted a hearty kiss on the pink cheek of his niece. "Grown into a regular young lady, too! I'll wager she has lots of attention!" Madge's uncle exchanged a knowing glance with his sister, Madge's mother, at whose invitation he had consented to leave his farmhouse for a visit at her summer home.

"Just at present she's receiving a whole lot of attention from one man in particular, I assure you!" declared Mrs. Evans, a voluble little woman, whose thoughts tripped from her tongue the moment of their birth.

Madge blushed becomingly, but a shadow of annoyance clouded the hazel depths of her eyes, and the keen glance of Uncle Jim took note of the fact. Was it possible that his sister, whom he had always credited with more heart than brains, was set upon some match for his niece which was repugnant to the girl herself? That would never do.

That evening, at the supper table, Uncle Jim found himself being introduced to one Bob Stratton, with whom he doubtless felt himself somewhat acquainted. For previous to his arrival, Madge's mother had found time, in the presence of Madge, to comment gushingly on that youth's attractions, his looks, his money, his position, his family. Not one of his qualifications had escaped her extravagant phrases.

As Uncle Jim shook the young man's hand he was thinking to himself, "So this is the paragon our little Madge must marry! Well, if clothes make the man, this young fellow is there with bells on!"

But it was later, just after young Stratton's departure, that Uncle Jim uttered the remark which caused his sister to be haughtily displeased and brought a queer look into Madge's soft eyes.

"How did he strike you?" Mrs. Evans had wanted to know at once.

Uncle Jim had delayed his reply a moment, thoughtfully wafting smoke rings to the ceiling. Then, with one eye on his niece, he calmly offered: "Ain't kind of stuck on himself, is he?" Madge looked up quickly.

"Jim!" Mrs. Evans' voice was one of shocked disappointment.

"Oh, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm wrong!" her brother returned hastily. And by mutual consent the conversation was steered into safer channels.

As the days passed it seemed to Uncle Jim that Madge and her mother were playing a game of battledore in which Bob Stratton was the shuttlecock. As often as her mother threw Bob at her daughter, her daughter found a way of tossing him back. If a sailing party was arranged, Madge devoted herself to Uncle Jim. If Bob was casually asked to drop in for tea, Madge developed a headache and neglected to appear at all.

Incidentally, Mrs. Evans was regretting her invitation to her brother to visit her, he seemed never to lose an opportunity of commenting unfavorably on young Stratton. His most recent and caustic remark grated his sister to such an extent as to cause her abruptly to leave the room, while even Madge herself, who doubtless possessed a sense of justice, was roused to Bob's defense.

"These white-flannelled chaps—bah! What they lack is elbow grease. I'd like to see one of them tackle a real job successfully!"

"But, Uncle Jim," had remonstrated Madge, "it really isn't fair to judge until the emergency arises!"

The emergency arose sooner than either Madge or her uncle expected. Madge had managed to entice Uncle Jim, who was a confessed coward on the water, out for a ride in the Sea Gull. The Sound waters were sparkling and comparatively calm at first, but as Madge rounded the breakwater preparatory to turning back, she noticed a leaden cloud ascending the sky and an intimation of approaching wind.

At that moment the engine, for the first time in its honorable career, hiccupped, spluttered and stopped, and then refused to be coaxed into running. For an instant Madge gazed in astonishment. Then, as the boat bounced aimlessly on the swells, she attempted various stunts with the coil and spark plugs and carburetor, all to no avail. An anxious glance confirmed her fears that the launch was drifting unmistakably seaward. Uncle Jim had no suggestions to offer. Marine engines were not in his line.

Suddenly around the breakwater shot a long, slim speed boat and Uncle Jim, who could recognize a neighbor's horse by the cut of his mane, but to whom all boats looked alike, wondered why a slow bluish mounted to Madge's cheek as she stood up and waved her sweater.

An hour later they were safe in port. Bob Stratton had climbed aboard, rolled up his silk shirt sleeves, knelt on the engine bed on white flannelled knees, poked a finger here and there, diagnosed the trouble as a leaky gasket, partly demolished the engine and put it together again, and finally started them home under their own power.

That evening Uncle James, who felt that he was out of grace all around wandered disconsolately down toward the summer house. Subdued voices warned him just in time, but before he

could make good his retreat, he caught snatches of a conversation obviously not meant for his ears.

"Bob, darling, I wouldn't admit I loved you as long as mother kept throwing me at your head. But when Uncle Jim, who is an old dear, but of course doesn't understand men, said mean things about you, I simply couldn't stand it! But I imagine he's cured after this afternoon."

"Darling!" Bob's voice was beautifully tender. "What is Uncle Jim to us, when we have each other?"

"Time for me to clear out!" said Uncle Jim to himself. "I'm popular, I am! I'll have to have a little talk with my nephew-to-be." But first he had things out with his sister, who stopped him as he crossed the veranda.

"I'm afraid you've spoiled everything," she complained tearfully. She had not yet learned the details of the afternoon episode, having just returned from dining out.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," said Uncle Jim, philosophically, as he jammed a fresh cube cut into his pipe with a hardened thumb. "The minute I set eyes on that young man I knew he was the young fellow for Madge. But didn't it ever occur to you that a little mite of opposition goes further with these modern girls than anything else? Take my word, it'll all turn out to your liking."

At that moment at the turn of the walk leading to the summer house appeared Madge and Bob, hand in hand, with an unmistakable halo of happiness radiating about them.

"Well, of all things!" Mrs. Evans looked thunderstruck, then directed a glance of suspicion at Uncle Jim. "But how on earth did you guess?"

"Oh, I dunno," responded Uncle Jim innocently. "I may be an old codger from the country, but human beings are the same the world over." Then he chuckled reflectively.

GREAT EVENT FOR ST. IVES

"Fairy Mow," Held Twice a Year in Little English Village Had Origin 600 Years Ago.

As long ago as 1490 the little township of St. Ives obtained the charter allowing it to hold a market twice a year, on May 10 and December 3, and so on these dates, to this day, the winding, narrow streets are filled with busy people, and stalls are put up, and cheap-jacks ply their roaring trade, for the Fairy Mow is a thing that is not to be missed.

Along the cliffs above the blue-green sea the children are coming with their parents, and over the hills from little hamlets groups of friends are making their way on foot or in carts or jingles. The pleasant autumn air is warm in the sunshine, the summer visitors, or foreigners, as they are usually called, have departed, and St. Ives is once more herself again, and there is time to stand about and talk and gossip and laugh, as laugh they can, while great shoppings go on, and much deliberation is needed over the choice of the dinner of a coming festive winter's night.

But where do the fairies come in? Surely it is just for the Fairy Mow that the children have tramped those long miles and submitted to the drastic ablutions that took place the night before. And fairies they will find of some kind or another, if it is only on the hills on the way back. But the name Fairy Mow is just the English way of pronouncing the Celtic words "Fer-a-moh," which mean no more or less than the pig fair, and they have meant that for upward of 600 years.—London Mail.

Taking Her Order.

His parents were what is popularly known as "high-brow," but they also were good sports, despite their air of culture and breeding. So when he suggested taking them to a restaurant in the market district of Boston, they agreed. The mother's exquisite clothes stamped her as a society woman, but democracy reigns supreme at Durkin and Park's. They sat down at the table. The waiter handed the mother a menu and then leaned confidentially forward over the back of the chair and said: "Well, sister, what's the good news?"—Indianapolis News.

Ancient Grinding Stones.

"And there shall be two women grinding at the mill," is a quotation from Holy Writ. It harks back to the primitive days when every household ground its own meal, mixed it and baked it. Grinding stones are found in prehistoric ruins, and away back in the hills you may find hollows bowled out in the rock in which Indian squaws used to grind corn with a pestle.

Ducks and Drakes.

Sending a smooth stone skimming across the water, skipping from wave to wave, is a very ancient game. It was played by Scipio Africanus and his friend Laelius more than two thousand years ago, and was probably a favorite pastime even then. The ancients called it "epostracismus." Its full English name, according to a writer in 1583, is "A ducke and a drake and a half-penic cake."

How Birds Eat.

A nuthatch will carry a fragment of a hickory nut to a tree and wedge it into a crevice in the bark. Jays and chickadees hold the nut or seed they would peck under the foot, but the nuthatch makes a vise to hold it of the bark of the tree, and one act is just as intelligent as the other; both are the promptings of instinct.—John Burroughs.

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March 4, 1906	\$117,736.00
" 1908	142,413.30
" 1910	607,390.23
" 1912	1,008,686.37
" 1914	1,287,124.62
" 1916	1,412,686.06
" 1918	1,691,775.12
Nov. 17, 1919	2,198,801.53
Feb. 28, 1920	2,299,202.14
Apr. 28, 1921	2,740,220.74

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