JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL,

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

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CHAPTER II.

IN THE WOOD.

MRS. WALLACE opened the door under the signboard which announced in faded letters the fact that the shabby old timber building was occupied by "D. Houston, Joiner and Glazier," and entered the workshop. It was a sultry afternoon toward the end of August, and within there was neither movement nor sound save among the flies that hovered and buzzed against the dirty small paned windows.

"Shope!" cried Mrs. Wallace, picking up a hammer from the nearest bench and thumping violently.

Old Angus rose slowly from the bags of sawdust whereon he had been dozing, a blackened clay pipe between his teeth, and came leisurely across the floor, peering drowsily at the visitor.

"Aw, it's yersel'," he muttered at last, recognizing Mrs. Wallace.

"Aye, it's masel'. Ye're busy the day, shairly!" she returned, with a sarcastic smile.

"Mphm! I was that busy I forgot to lock the door," he retorted good humoredly.

"Are ye no' feart to gang to sleep wi' yer pipe in yer mooth amang a' thae sticks an' shavin's?" she asked severely.

"Ma pipe's toom, as ye can see, mistress. If there was onythin' in it, ye wadna catch me nappin'."

"But whit wey dae ye keep an emp'y pipe in yer mooth, man?"

"For comp'ny—jist for comp'ny. But it's no' vera entertainin' comp'ny, an' whiles I forget it. Was ye wantin' onythin' the day, mistress?"

"I wis wantin yer maister."

"He's no' in the noo."

"I can see that fur masel'."

"Weel, ye can believe ma word a' the better."

Mrs. Wallace gave an impatient sniff. "When 'll he be in?"

"He didna say."

"Wull he be in the day?"

"He micht, an' he micht no'. Was ye wantin' him parteeclar-like?"

"Aye."

"That's a great peety."

"Tits, man! When wis he in last?"

"Afore dinner."

"An' whaur did he gang then?"

"Hame to his dinner. I dinna ken what he was to get to his dinner, though."

"I wisno spierin'."

"I thocht I wud save ye the trouble."

Mrs. Wallace sniffed again. "Ye're gettin' vera polite in yer auld age, Angus," she remarked acidly.

"Aye, aye," he returned, blinking cheerfully. "A man's never ower auld to learn. It's maybe different wi' a wumman," he added reflectively, with an absentminded pull at his cold pipe.

Mrs. Wallace was too well accustomed to such sparring matches with old Angus to be deeply offended by his last observation. "Man, it's a peety ye never got mairrit," she remarked teasingly.

"Ye're no' the first to say that, mistress," he returned, with an irritating grin.

"Well, I'm likely to be the last!" snapper Mrs. Wallace. "An' I'll bid ye guid day, ye impiddent auld man!" And she turned to the door, her beaded mantle, which she wore out of doors, summer and winter, shaking, half with wrath and half with amusement.

"Oh, ye better bide a wee," he said more genially. "What's yer hurry?"

"I dinna want to keep ye aff yer work," she retorted, facing round and glancing meaningly at the bags of sawdust. "Wull David Houston be in the shope the morn's mornin'?"

"I wudna say he'll no'."

"But wull he no' be in the shope fur certain?" the old woman demanded impatiently.

"Aye, I daur say he'll be here."

"Are ye no' shair?"

"Aye, I'm shair."

"Mercy me!" she cried. "Whit wey did ye no' say that at the beginnin', man?"

"Och, I didna ken ye was in a hurry. Ha'e ye a job for him?"

"'Deed, aye. Ma coal cellar door's a-wantin' a new lock. I'm shair I tell't Jess to tell him about it mair nor a month syne."

"Aye. I mind him speakin' aboot it. It was on the sclate, but maybe it got rubbit oot. Mphm!" muttered Angus, taking down a cracked school slate from the wall. "It maun ha'e got rubbit oot when he was writin' doon ither orders. Ye can see fur yersel' it's no' there."

Mrs. Wallace examined the slate, upon which there were several jottings. "Weel, ye can pit it doon noo," she said, curbing her temper.

"I'll dae that, mistress," he returned pleasantly. He drew the wristband of his flannel shirt over his fist, and in a twinkling the slate was clean.

"My! Ye've done it noo!" she exclaimed.

"What's ado?"

"Ye've rubbit oot a' the orders that wis on the sclate!"

Angus stared ruefully at his handiwork. "Sirs, the day! I maun be gettin' auld," he said dismally at last. "I hope the maister 'll mind what wis on the sclate."

Mrs. Wallace refrained from making an unkind remark. After all, she argued to herself, David ought to attend to his business personally, and he was the one to blame.

"What did ye say ye wantit, mistress," asked Angus in a humbled voice—"a door for yer coal cellar?"

"Na, na! Jist a lock fur the door o' the cellar."

"Jist that. Maybe ye wud write it doon yersel', mistress," he said, handing her the slate and pencil, as he always did to customers after offering to take down their order.

Mrs. Wallace took the pencil and flung back the right wing of her mantle. "Whit'll I pit doon?" she asked, laying the slate on the bench and bending over it.

"Aw, jist write 'Lock—Wallace.' He'll ken what that means."

"Man, I wunner at ye keepin' sic a bad pencil," she remarked as she scrawled laboriously to the accompaniment of a hideous screeching. "It's near as bad as playin' the fiddle. Weel, see an' no' rub this oot, Angus," she said, rising and adjusting her mantle.

"I'll tak' care, mistress," the old man replied in a subdued voice. He was very much ashamed of himself and had no heart for further chaff.

"Has yer maister been busy the week?" inquired Mrs. Wallace.

"Oh, aye; gey busy."

"Whit's he workin' at the noo?"

"I think it's his carnations the noo," he answered, and could have bitten off his tongue the next instant. "Ye muckle sumph! Ye auld eediot!" he said to himself. "What did ye tell her for?" Then, pulling himself together, he said aloud: "An' he's had a wheen jobs aboot the place. 'Deed, aye, he's been gey busy the week, mistress."

Mrs. Wallace after a short pause said cuttingly. "I'll tell ye somethin', Angus—yer maister ocht to think shame o' hissel'."

"Hoo daur ye?" he roared in a sudden passion.

But the visitor, as though she had not heard him, hurried from the shop, banging the door behind her.

Full of indignation, the old fellow leaned trembling against the bench, drawing furiously at his empty pipe. "Hoo daur she say sic a thing?" he muttered again and again, for the admiration of his existence was centered in David Houston. Angus had room in his heart for only one other person besides David, the other person being his sister, a year younger than himself, but ten years frailer—in fact, an invalid; hence the emptiness of his pipe. His modest supply of tobacco, purchased on Saturday, invariably gave out by Wednesday night unless supplemented, as now and then it was, by a gift from his master. His weekly wage was small, but he did little for it except make an occasional mistake, and David could not afford to pay him more.

Mrs. Wallace had not intended visiting her niece that afternoon, but she changed her mind on leaving the joiner's shop and set out in the direction of the cottage, filled with the idea of surprising David at his gardening and delivering him a lecture on "sticking to his last."

Passing through the village, she caught sight of the grocer who was standing at his door moodily surveying a dozen or so fowls that were scraping, pecking or bathing in the warm dust of the road. He appeared to be the only wakeful personage in the locality, the other shops in the row having their doors partly or wholly closed and their blinds drawn down, for the afternoon steamer, the arrival

"Hoo daur ye?" he roared.

of which always created a stir, was not due for half an hour. It was too hot for cycling or walking, and the summer visitors remained indoors or, at any rate, in the shadiest nooks of their gardens. From the shore came the chatter and laughter of tireless children, the only human sound to be heard.

Mrs. Wallace could seldom resist a little chat with the grocer, the reputed oracle of Kinlochan, and she halted at his door, remarking briefly:

"Warm the day, Maister Ogilvy."

"Ye never said a truer word, Mistress Wallace. Are ye keepin' middlin'?"

"Oh, I canna compleen. Hoo's trade?"

"Bad, extraornar' bad; never seen onythin' like it."

"It maun be gey bad, fur I've heard ye sayin' the same fur near ten year. It's a guid job ye've no' a wife an' weans."

"It is that. If I hadna been a single man I wud ha'e been in the puir's hoose lang syne. Aye!" And Mr. Ogilvy stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, half shut his eyes, drew a long breath of misery and—looked the very picture of ease and prosperity.

"Havers, man! Ye maun be daein' a graun' trade wi' a' thae simmer veesitors. I'm tell't every hoose on the shore's let, an'"—

"Simmer veesitors! Guid sake! I wish ye kent the simmer veesitors as weel as I dae, an' ye wudna be speakin' aboot graun' trade! No' but what there's a pickle dacent folk amang them. But if ye wis in ma posecion, Mistress Wallace, an' seen the boaxes an' boaxes o' groceries comin' aff every boat frae the big grocers i' the toon to the—the simmer veesitors, ye wud—ye wud—oh, I dinna ken what ye wud dae! It's jist hertrendin'! An' me keepin' the best proveesions to be got! Ach! Whiles I think the stuff I keep's ower guid fur the—the simmer veesitors!"

"Dae they get their proveesions chaper frae the toon?" put in Mrs. Wallace.

"I'll no' deny that they maybe get twa-three things a ha'penny or a penny chaper nor I can sell them—bottled peas, for instance; thae 'pettit poys,' ye ken. Aye, the 'pettit poys' is a guid example. Maybe ye'll ha'e noticed a vera stylish leddy that's been bidin' in the Grange since the beginnin' o' July. She's aye fleein' aboot in a cairriage an' pair, an'"—

"Aw, ye mean Mistress Spright. I heard her man wis awfu' wealthy."

"That's her. Aweel, she never cam' ower ma doorstep till the day afore yesterday—na, it was the day afore that—an' she left her cairriage an' pair at the door an' walkit in as if she wis gaun to buy a' I had. An' I tell ye I was rale pleased to see her, fur I kent hers wud be a graun accoont. So I says it's a fine day an' got ready ma book an' pincil."

"Wis she jist wantin' change?" asked Mrs. Wallace.

"Na, na. But efter takin' a luk roon the place she spiert if I had ony o' thae 'pettit poys.' At least I kent that wis what she was efter, though she said it in a kin' o' highfalutin style. 'Pettee poas' I think she said."

"That'll be Italian maybe."

"Weel, I dinna ken. But onywey I had them an' showed them to her an' spiert hoo mony bottles I wud send, for of course yin bottle o' peas is naethin' to thae gentry. An' wud ye believe it, Mistress Wallace, she spiert the price, an' when I tell't her she said she cud get them frae the toon a penny a bottle chaper!"

"Weel, I never!"

"I was vexed at that, but I didna want to loss her custom, an' I said if she was takin' ither proveesions—an' some o' them's chaper wi' me nor in the toon—I wad tak' the penny aff the peas. But she said she didna want onythin' else an' the peas was ower dear, but she had been passin' an' thocht she wud gi'e me a trial. An', seein' she was gaun to buy naethin' ava', I got kin' o' wild, an' I says, ''Deed, mum, it's a trial that's gey hard to bear.' But she gaed oot to her cairriage wi' her nose i' the air, as if she hadna heard me. An' she's yin o' yer simmer veesitors that brings trade to Kinlochan! Humph!"

But this was not the information which Mrs. Wallace had hoped she might gain from Mr. Ogilvy, who was invariably a day before his neighbors with the true news, not the mere gossip and rumors, of the district. Mrs. Wallace had heard a certain rumor, and she was anxious to have it confirmed, if possible, ere she went to the cottage, but Mr. Ogilvy in his position of oracle was not always in the humor for consultation, and she felt it would be vain to ask the question at the moment, for just then the steamer appeared in the distance, and the grocer seemed to be suffering from visions of heavy consignments that held no profit for himself.

So, with a brief adieu, she was turning away when he said abruptly: "If ye're for Hazel Cottage, ye can tell Davie Houston that Maister Mathieson o' Arden Hoose 'll shin be wantin' estimates fur repairin' a' his greenhouses, a fine big job, ower big fur Davie, I doot. But ye best gi'e him the hint, fur I heard the jiners in Kilmabeg an' Fairport was efter it. Weel, guid day to ye. Ye'll no' be needin' onythin' the noo?" concluded Mr. Ogilvy, who never forgot business.

"I'll maybe see ye on ma road hame," returned Mrs. Wallace as she bustled off with her desired information. After some consideration by the way she decided, though it did go against the grain, to tell Jess and not David about the repairing of the Arden greenhouses.

Mrs. Wallace entered the garden of Hazel Cottage to find the owner bending over a clump of carnations as if he loved them, as indeed he did. At the sight of him her expression softened somewhat, for, after all, it was one thing to speak severely of David Houston and quite another to speak severely to him.

"Weel, Davie," she said, advancing toward him.

"Mistress Wallace!" he exclaimed in a tone that suggested he was glad to see her, and he arose and shook hands with her with the queer mixture of dignity and easiness that had always attracted her in the days when he was courting her niece. Mrs. Wallace had many a time admitted to herself—only to herself—that there "wis somethin' aboot Davie Houston she cudna get ower."

"Jess 'll be richt pleased to see ye," he went on, "an' ye've jist come in time fur a few o' ma carnations. Jess was fur takin' them to ye hersel', but I tell't her I wud be prooder to gi'e ye them jist oot the gairden. Ha'e! Smell that, Mistress Wallace," said David, with pride in his voice, handing her a bunch of his blooms.

"Mphm! It's no' a bad scent that," she admitted after a short inhalation. "It's near as nice as cloves," she added, endeavoring to be gracious and wondering how she could introduce the subject of the lock for her coal cellar door.

"But ye'll be wantin' to see Jess," said David.

"Aye. Is she in the hoose?" Being answered in the affirmative, she nodded to David and left him, deciding that, after all, it might be better to mention her complaint to her niece.

She found the young woman in the kitchen with her print sleeves rolled up and her arms up to the elbows in flour.

"Preserve us! Are ye tryin' yer haun at the bakin' noo?" she exclaimed seating herself in the armchair.

"Scones," replied Jess, with a somewhat rueful smile.

"Ye're the yin fur tryin'!"

"D'you think I never succeed, aunt?"

"Whiles. Ye canna expec' to ken muckle aboot keepin' a hoose efter workin' in an office. But nae doot ye'll learn. Let's see yin o' yer scones lassie."

Jess, with more color in her face than the fire had given it, passed one of her productions to the old lady and awaited her verdict with dire forebodings.

Mrs. Wallace fingered the scone, bit it, swallowed the fragment with exaggerated effort and much facial contortion and solemnly laid the remainder on the table.

Her verdict was delivered in a single word, "Cahootchy!" which is Glasgow for gutta percha.

Jess tried to smile, but her lip trembled. "I didn't think they were quite so tough as all that," she said, recovering herself and refraining from mentioning the fact that five or ten minutes before her aunt's arrival her husband had eaten a couple with apparently supreme satisfaction.

"Aw, ye'll maybe 'dae better next time," remarked Mrs. Wallace doubtfully. "Dinna work wi' yer scones as if they wis clay. Dinna press heavy on them, fur ye micht as weel pit them through a patent mangle. Be awfu' carefu' wi the sody an' no' let it gang in lumps, fur a lump o' sody in a scone's as bad's a rid nose on a teetotaler."

Mrs. Houston laughed. "I'm much obliged, Aunt Wallace. I'll try to mind your advice, and maybe some night when you come to your tea I'll have scones for you to try."

"'Deed, aye. Dinna be downcast. Try, try, try again. Ye're young yet. An' hoo's Davie gettin' on?" she inquired suddenly.

"Fine," replied Jess. "He's had a lot of work this week."

"In the gairden?" said Mrs. Wallace, glancing at the carnations lying in her lap.

"No. This is the first afternoon he's had time for the garden this week. It was I that kept him at home this afternoon, for I knew he was wearying to look after his carnations. They're beauties, aren't they?"

"Ye dinna notice if he was wearyin' to pit that new lock on ma coal cellar door?"

"Oh, aunt, has he"— For a moment Jess was confused. Then she said: "I'm sorry I forgot to tell him about the lock. It was my fault."

"Ye didna forget to tell him. I wis speakin' to Angus the day, an' he said it had been doon on the sclate, but got rubbit oot. So ye needna blame yersel'. I pit it doon on the sclate again masel', so he'll maybe mind afore the year's oot."

"I'll remind him myself," said Jess. She experienced a feeling of disappointment, for during the week she had been elated to observe the regular and almost willing fashion in which her husband attended to his work.

"There's anither thing ye can tell him." Mrs. Wallace proceeded to retail the information received from the grocer, concluding with: "I doot it's ower big a job fur yer man, but it'll be a peety if a jiner ootside Kinlochan gets it. I've heard talk o' anither jiner settin' up in Kinlochan, an' if the greenhoose job was gaun by yer man it micht come to mair nor talk, an' that wud be a bad thing fur David Houston an' yersel', Jess. Weel, I maun be off."

"Wait, Aunt Wallace, and I'll get you a cup of tea."

"Na, na. Never heed the tea. I've got ma ludgers to luk after. Never tak' in ludgers, ma lassie. They're jist a torment. I never done it afore this year, an' I'll never dae't again, never. It's hard earned siller. I thocht I wud like to mak' a poun' or twa extra, but"—

"What have they been doing now?"

"Aw, naethin' new, jist the same auld gemm—comin' doon with the late boat when I've got their teas ready fur the early yin, an' comin' wi' the early yin when I'm no' lukin' fur them till the late yin, an' sleepin' in i' the mornin' an' sweerin' I never wakened them when ma haun's sair wi' chappin' at the bedroom doors, an' cryin' oot fur suppers—hot suppers, mind ye—at 11 o'clock at nicht, an' hammerin' their hired piany' an' singin', an' smokin', an' playin' cairds till 2 i' the mornin', an'—weel, their time's up at the end o' the month, an' I'll no' be greetin' to see their backs. Guid kens when I'll get the smell o' smoke oot ma paurlour. Nae mair ludgers fur me."

A minute later Mrs. Wallace took her departure, and Jess set about tidying up and preparing the evening meal.

Afterward, as she and Davie sat in the garden enjoying the cool breeze that had risen at last, Jess referred to her aunt's visit and the subjects connected with it.

"You know, Davie," she said, "I don't blame Angus. He's getting old, and you can't expect him to be very brisk. But you'll have to look after the orders yourself. It'll never do to put things on the slate if he's going to rub them out."

"Puir auld Angus!" said David, with a lenient smile. "He does his best. Onywey I think I can mind a' that was on the sclate the day. Dinna fash yersel' aboot it, lass."

"I'm glad you can mind the orders, Davie. But it isn't the first time it has happened. Angus told aunt that her order for a lock for her coal cellar door had been rubbed out some time ago."

"Oh, ye're no' to blame Angus fur that, Jess, fur I rubbit it oot masel'."

"Well, you see, you've forgotten about the lock."

"But I didna want to mind aboot the lock. Yer aunt's no needin' a lock on her cellar door. Wha's gaun to steal her coals?"

"Oh, Davie, you're the queerest man!" she cried, half laughing. "It doesn't matter to us what people need. It's what they ask for."

"But I—we dinna keep a lock on oor cellar door. Yer aunt has a snib on

"I maun get that job!" he cried.

hers, an' that's a' she needs. Are ye wantin' me to pit a lock on her cellar door, Jess?"

"Of course. It's business, Davie."

"Aweel, I'll see aboot it," he returned in a tone of resignation.

"Tomorrow, Davie?"

"Aye, maybe the morn."

With which answer Jess had to be content. At any rate, in her eagerness to tell him about the Arden greenhouses she let the matter drop. She told him briefly.

To her delight he became enthusiastic at once.

"I maun get that job!" he cried. "My! Ye sud see the gairdens at Arden Hoose. I wud tak' the job jist to be workin' there."

"But you mustn't run away and offer to do it for nothing," she said, smiling.

"Nae fears, Jess. Ye'll keep me richt when we mak' up the estimate."

"I'll try to," said Jess quietly, but looking pleased. It was sweet to think that already he recognized in her a little more than the housewife.

"I'll gang to Arden the morn," he went on. "I ken the heid gardener, an' he'll no' let his maister gang past a Kinlochan man if he can help it. Aye, I think I'll get the job, lass, an' then ye'll no' be aye thinkin' we're gaun bankrupt."

"I'm sure I never"— she began.

"Weel, whiles when ye're workin' at the books ye luk unco serious. No' but what I used to luk that wey masel' afore ye tuk chairge o' the books."

"The books are getting cheerier every day, lad," she said. And so they were, but very, very little. There was a big account due to David's principal timber merchant which sometimes kept her awake at night. Still, there was an improvement, and if David got the Arden job she felt he would be well on his way out of the wood which he did not know he was wandering in.

"I'm shair I dinna ken what I wud dae wantin' ye, Jess," he murmured.

A fortnight later David Houston's estimate was accepted.

"I'm to get twa men to help me," he told his wife. "It's the best peyin' job I ever had. 'Deed, ye're the wumman to mak' up an estimate. An' noo ye micht jist write to Hardy & Son for the wudd. I'll tell ye what to say."

So Jess in her best business hand wrote to the great timber merchants.

And two days went past.

And on the third morning David Houston was sitting in the armchair, his face in his hands, crushed and miserable.

Jess, pale, but firm, was reading for the third time the following typewritten words:

Dear Sir—We regret we cannot see our way to execute your order of yesterday's date until your current account (statement inclosed), which, you must be aware, is very much overdue, is settled. Your check per return will oblige yours truly,

HARDY & SON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Executing a Monster Elephant.

The Indian elephant named Fritz in the zoological gardens of Berlin was Europe's largest animal until it finally had to be killed for distemper. Dr. Schilling was appointed hangman. First he tried strangulation by means of ropes and pulleys, but the ropes broke and the elephant remained intact. Next he tried poisoning. The animal was given fodder of fresh bananas, which was devoured with a relish. Then a few bananas were dipped in carbolic acid, but no amount of coaxing could make Fritz "go" them. Finally shooting was tried. The heaviest big game rifle was procured and a shot was fired into the left armpit. The elephant merely looked around in surprise, the bullet having flattened against the shoulder blade. Then a Maxim gun was pulled up. A fusillade of projectiles was pumped into the big beast under the right armpit. The elephant went down like a house. In its death struggle, which was studied by many scientists, it broke all its chains and reduced part of the iron fence in the paddock to scrap iron.

Wolseley's Opinion of the Chinese.

It was Lord Wolseley who regarded the Chinese as the greatest race in the world. His opinion was formed about 1860, when he was in China, and he never renounced it. He said to a representative of the Strand Magazine: "The Chinese people possess all the elements of being a great people. They have courage, physical power and absolute contempt for death. Today in that country soldiering is looked down upon. Only the 'failures in life' enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up among them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress, and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again."

Wooden Toothpicks.

"Stop chewing toothpicks, young man, if you value your life," said a physician to one of his patients. "You unconsciously swallow little shreds of the wood, which are not digestible and which become compact in the stomach. Finally you are annoyed by a hacking cough and the spitting of blood and you do not know what is the matter with you. You imagine you have consumption or some similar affliction when it is only the foreign substance in your stomach, that makes the strongest protest against your carelessness or ignorance in allowing it to accumulate there. Stop chewing toothpicks and swallowing quack nostrums, and by taking ordinary care of yourself you will live out the allotted threescore and ten years."

A Storm on the Pacific.

The captain of a San Francisco tug thus describes a storm on the Pacific:

"When I say that the waves ran mountain high I am not exaggerating the situation in the least. The tug would be poised on the crest of a sea and then be plunged down into a valley of water which seemed a mile below us. At times the moon would come out through the clouds, and in the uncertain light the waves seemed twice as high. The wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and our lee rail was under water all the time. The angry sea appeared raging above, below and all around us, and nearly every wave into which we dipped would wash over the tug. It was impossible to remain aft, for the lower deck was flooded."

"Electrified."

The startling physiological effects of electricity upon the human system fully warrant the use of the word as a superlative term to express enthusiastic conditions. This expression must have come into use at an early day, soon after Franklin made the static electrical machine a matter of general knowledge, for Thomas Jefferson in his autobiography stated, "Paine's 'Common Sense' electrified us." Thomas Paine's book was issued Jan. 1, 1776, and as Jefferson's autobiography was founded on his diary it is probable that the sentence was written by Jefferson at the same time.—Electrical Review.

Some Words.

"Spider" is a less attractive word than "spinner," but it is really the same. "Spither," the earlier form of the word, stood for "spinther," meaning spinner—the disappearance of the "n" before the "th" being compensated for by the lengthening of the vowel, just as "tooth" really represents "tonth." There was once in use another word for the creature, that was ugly enough in meaning—"attercop," which appears in Wyclif's Bible. It signifies "poison bunch" and is still used in the north of England and in Antrim, Ireland, as an uncomplimentary term for a shrewish person. From "attercop" or from a similar use of "cop" or "cob," a bunch, to mean a spider, comes "cobweb."

A Green Old Age.

"A green old age" is a phrase often grossly abused. It is a literal translation of Virgil's description of Charon, the ferryman of the nether regions. The poet speaks of him as "Jam senior, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus" (somewhat aged, but his godship's old age was still fresh and green). This we might say of a hale sexagenarian, but to talk, as we do, of the green old age of a nonagenarian, however hale, is sheer nonsense.

Walter's Composition.

Little Walter was told to write a composition containing the word "seldom." This is what he handed up to the teacher:

"My father owned some horses, but last week he seldom."

There are but few proverbial sayings that are not true, for they are all drawn from experience itself, which is the mother of all science.—Cervantes.

"Steal Not This Book."

Students of sociology who are fond of tracing back the customs of latter day man to the practices of his remote ancestry will note with interest the fact that there is authority at least 600 years old for the entry, "Steal not this book for fear of shame," by which schoolboys proclaim their ownership of a work.

In a curious volume in the Bodleian library, formerly belonging to the monastery of Robertsbridge in Sussex, is the following inscription: "This book belongs to St. Mary of Robertsbridge. Whoever shall steal it or sell it or in any way alienate it, let him be anathema maranatha."

In the course of the fourteenth century the book came into the possession of John, bishop of Exeter, who seems to have been somewhat troubled by the inscription as being likely to give rise to injurious suspicions with regard to himself. Accordingly he wrote underneath it under date 1327, "I, John, bishop of Exeter, know not where the aforesaid house is, nor did I steal this book, but acquired it in a lawful way."—London Advertiser.

The "Tale of a Tub."

One of the most ancient of all sea "yarns" is one that ships have escaped from the fearsome monsters of the deep by throwing them a tub to divert their attention, in much the same way that a landsman might sacrifice a garment in order to escape a bull. In Munster's "Cosmography," published in 1544, there is a picture of a vessel escaping from a whale by this stratagem, while the earlier editions of Swift's "Tale of a Tub" have a similar one. These stories were usually told in such an incoherent way that people became skeptical of their truth, and when a pleader named Tubb put a cause before Sir Thomas More in outrageously rambling language that chancellor jocularly remarked, "Here is a tale of a tub." Thereafter the expression became part of the slang of the period until much later it was raised to a higher rank by becoming the title of Swift's famous work.

Styles In Africa.

The women bore a hole in their top lip and gradually increase this until it is able to inclose a disk of wood two and even three inches in diameter. A Mubira woman came to call on us whose disk measured two and five-eighths inches across. The size of the wood inserted proclaims the rank of the person. Peasants are only allowed to wear pieces of stick of the same dimensions as a match.

The weight of the wood causes the lip to fall down over the mouth, and in order to eat it is necessary to lift up this shutter with one hand while the other conveys the food to the mouth. Frequently the lip breaks under the strain put upon it, in which case the disconnected ends are carried back and tied to the ear.—"On the Borders of Pygmy Land."

The Catamaran.

The catamaran, made of a hollowed log, shares the popularity of the Massoola boat with the fishermen of Madras. The rickety looking contrivance can weather any storm in the skillful native hands, and letters are sent by this means to ships in the offing when other communication with the shore is impossible. The catamaran requires steering with a paddle through the raging surf, and, though the boatman may be frequently dashed out of the rude skiff by the violence of the waves, he leaps into his frail bark again with the efficiency of long practice, and the catamaran, flying over the crest of the great billows which threaten instant destruction, accomplishes the perilous voyage in safety.

A Hint For Lovers.

Being "in love" is very different from loving and may be only a selfish emotion, which is the direct opposite of loving. Being in love without loving is bondage—sometimes pleasant and sometimes painful, but always bondage, says Leslie's Monthly. True loving means freedom—freedom both for ourselves and, as far as it is in our power to give it, for all whom we love, for when we truly love another human being we love him for the sake of his best strength, his best use and his best happiness, and not at all for the sake of ourselves.

Costly Cards.

The Empress Catherine, noticing that the beautiful Mlle. Potocka, who had lately come to court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy dress ball, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then while Mlle. Potocka was dancing the empress slipped a superb necklace of pearls into the pail she carried and at her exclamation of wonder said, "It is only the milk which has curdled."

Sydney Smith's Wit.

"By Jove," said a country squire who had got the worst of an argument with Sydney Smith, "if I had a son who was a donkey I'd make a parson of him straight away!"

"Possibly," returned the wit, "but your father was evidently of a different mind."

Could Tell In a Moment.

Mr. Munn E. Baggs—Now, then, you know what kind of a house I want. What will it cost to build it? Architect—Why—um—what was the amount you originally intended to put into the building?—Chicago Tribune.

Sisters-in-law.

Jinks—What tender care your wife takes of you—always worrying about your health. Blinks—Yes; I have my life insured in favor of my sister.—New York Weekly.

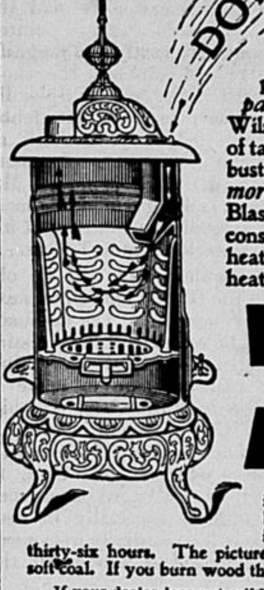
The truly sublime is always easy and always natural.—Burke.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

There is a side of life for which no preparation at all is made. No life is or can be one of unremitting work. Sooner or later every one has a day off and in nine cases out of ten has never been taught how to use it. In the schools of our Utopia there will be professors of the great art of doing nothing, of "sitting on a gate."—London Saturday Review.

This is a sectional view of the Wilson Hot Blast Heater. It shows the *patent* method of *taking the draft from the top*, one of the secrets of the great superiority of the Wilson over all other heaters.

DOWN DRAFT



The Most Important Part

or a heater is the draft. The most perfect draft ever invented is the *patent* Hot Blast Down Draft of the Wilson Hot Blast Heater. This method of taking the draft secures perfect combustion, makes fire control easy and *more than this*—the wonderful Hot Blast Down Draft actually lessens the consumption of fuel as it burns into heat all the gases generated in the heater. In every way the

Wilson HOT BLAST Heater

is far superior to other heaters; a fire can be started in a Wilson Heater and be roaring in ten minutes, and it will hold fire for thirty-six hours. The picture shows the Wilson Heater which burns soft coal. If you burn wood the Wilson Wood Heater will interest you.

If your dealer does not sell Wilson Hot Blast Heaters, write us; we will tell you where to get them, and send you a book on house heating free.

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Wilson Ranges are the most wonderful bakers in the world.

LOCKHART'S TRAINED ELEPHANTS

THE CEDAR RAPIDS

CARNIVAL AND HORSE SHOW

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Iowa's Greatest Event

$25,000

IN CASH FOR ATTRACTIONS

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The Great Spectacular Battle of Port Arthur

The Greatest Trained Animal Shows

The Greatest Vaudeville

A Village of Philipinos direct from World's Fair

The Greatest Streets of Cairo and India

The Greatest Traveling Men's Day

The Greatest Horse Show

A Squadron of U. S. Cavalry Will Manouver Daily

A Great Floral and Automobile Parade

The Greatest Society Circus

The Greatest Carnival on Earth

Don't Forget the Dates

OCTOBER 2 TO 7

Excursion Rates From Everywhere

RAILROAD Time Cards.

Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 5:00 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:40 a. m arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m

Train No. 4, leaves Manchester at 7;15 a. m arrives at Oneida at 7:45 a. m., connects with east bound C. G. W. No 6. Returning leaves Oneida at 7:50 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:20 a. m.

Train No. 6, leaves Manchester at 9:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 9:24 a. m. Connects with the north bound C. M. & St. P., No. 22. Returning leaves Oneida at 9:25, arrives at Manchester at 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 8, leaves Manchester at 2:00 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 2:30 p. m. connects with C. G. W., No. 4, east bound, and No. 9, west bound Returning leaves Oneida at 3:22 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 5:15 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:15 p. m. Connects with south bound C. M. & St. P., No. 21. Returning leaves Oneida at 5:25 p. m., arrives at Manchester 5:45 p. m.

J. L. KELSEY,
Gen. Traffic Manager.

Through tickets for sale at Manchester to all points in North America.

—TRAINS WILL STOP ONLY AT—

Belknaps Crossing, Platform at Quaker Mill Switch, Franklin Street Crossing, Sly's Crossing, Miller's Crossing, Twin Crossing, West brook's Crossing.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No 1* 12:13 a m	..Fast Train..	No 2* 3:42 a m
No 3* 2:18 pm.	Thro Express..	No 4* 3:16 p m
No 33 †6:05 p m	....Clipper....	No 34†9:00 a m
No 5 †9:00 a m	Local Express	No 6† 8:40 p m
No 93† 2:00 p m.	.Way Freight.	No 94 11:45 a m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

North Bound —Arrive—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:00p.m	...†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a. m
No 334 5.40a.m	..†Passenger...	No.335 6:20 p. m
No. 360 1:00p.m	... †Freight....	No.3603:30 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.

*Daily.

†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

No. 5 Runs to Sioux City only.
No. 3 Runs to Omaha only.
No. 1 has connections to Omaha, Sioux City and Sioux Falls and No. 2 from same points.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

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Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:47 a. m
Day Express daily.......................2:39 p m
Way Freight daily ex. Sunday..........11:20 a m
Going West, North and South.
Way Freight, daily ex. Sunday.........11:20 a m
Day Express daily..........................:16 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily......5:31 a m
For information and tickets apply to
C. A. Robinson, Agent, Oneida.

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Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

8t' G. D. GATES.

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Why don't you take a tumble,
Use Beecom's Picnic Pills,
They will drive away your ills
Try them 25 cents. All druggists. 50tf

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