JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL,
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CHAPTER IV.
AUNT WALLACE AT HOME.

"OH, it's yersel', is it?" said Mrs. Wallace, opening the door to her niece. "Whit's ado? Ye're faur ower early. Ye wis bidden to come at sax, an' it's jist new chappit five. Whaur's Davie?"

"He's coming at the proper time, Aunt Wallace, but I hurried up with my work and came along to see if I could help you with anything," Jess returned pleasantly.

"I'm nae great believer in folk, especially young mairrit weemen, hurryin' up wi' their wark, as ye pit it, an' I'm no' whit I wud ca' in desperate need o' assistance; but, seein' ye're here, ye best come in."

Mrs. Houston, with a smile, accepted the not very gracious invitation and made to step indoors.

"Wipe yer feet! Wipe yer feet!" exclaimed her aunt, pointing to the mat.

"Wipe yer feet!" exclaimed her aunt.

"I'm jist new done washin' the waux cloth. Ma certy! D' ye think I want a gairden in ma lobby fur yer man to plant carnations in? Aw, that'll dae. Ye needna rub a hole in ma mat. Come ben the hoose."

Suppressing a laugh, Jess entered the cottage and followed Mrs. Wallace to the kitchen.

"You've been baking, Aunt Wallace," she remarked as she unpinned her plain straw hat.

"Aye, I've been bakin'. If ye had come shinner ye micht ha'e gotten a lesson, but ye're ower late noo."

"I'm very sorry," murmured Mrs. Houston, half humbly, half defiantly. "Were you baking scones?"

"I wisna bakin' cahootchy onyway. Ha'e ye been tryin' onythin' in that line lately, Jess? But I suppose no', fur Davie wis lookin' weel the last time I seen him. Tits! I'm jist jokin'. Ye'll be a baker yet. Keep a licht hert an' a licht haun' an' mind the sody, an' ye'll turn oot scones fit fur angels. My, but ye're drest the nicht, lass!" Mrs. Wallace exclaimed as the young woman removed her jacket. "Whit did ye pey fur that? A bonny penny, I'm thinkin'."

"You mean my blouse? I made it myself, aunt."

"Did ye? Weel, it's no' bad, no' bad," said Mrs. Wallace slowly. "I'm gled to see ye've no' fit ower mony falderals about it, like some o' the lasses ye see here on the Sawbath. Plain' claes fur plain folk—that's ma motto. 'Deed, aye, plain claes fur"—

"I suppose you never cared about ribbons and things when you were a girl, Aunt Wallace."

"Eh? Whit's that ye're sayin'? Mphm! I've nae time fur ony mair haverin'. I thocht ye said ye cam' early to help me."

"So I did. What can I do?" asked the other, checking a smile.

"Ye can gang an' set the table in the paurlour. The cloth's laid, an' ye ken whaur to get the dishes, the best yins. Be canny wi' them, Jess. I'll be efter ye in twa minutes."

Jess departed to the parlor and proceeded to lay the tea things, humming a merry tune to herself. She was in gay spirits, for less than an hour ago she had posted the money required to meet the bill due by David to Hardy & Son, the timber merchants. It had been a terribly anxious three months for the young wife, and she was only too well aware that her husband's affairs were still far from being in a sound condition, but the first difficult steps in the direction of prosperity had been taken, and for the moment she allowed herself to rest and be thankful and glad, seeing the goal of her desire less distant perhaps than it really was. Hope carries a rare pair of fieldglasses, and an occasional scrap of success is sufficient to keep them clean and bright.

Mrs. Wallace entered the room, bearing two plates of scones, and paused, surveying her niece's handiwork.

"Mphm!" she said at last. "That'll dae. But did I no' tell ye Maister Ogilvy was comin' to his tea?"

"Mr. Ogilvy?" Jess shook her head.

"Aye, Maister Ogilvy, the grocer, ye ken."

Mrs. Houston tried not to look surprised or amused. "Oh, yes," she said and retired to the cupboard.

Her aunt's voice followed her. "Is there onythin' wrang in Maister Ogilvy comin' to his tea, or is there onythin' peeculiar?"

"Of course not, Aunt Wallace," replied Jess from behind the door.

"Weel, dinna rattle ma guid dishes as if ye had the palsy. Ha'e ye no' got a' the dishes ye need yet?"

"Yes. Here they are." And Jess came forth, her countenance abnormally grave, but rather flushed.

"Whit ails ye, Jess?"

"Nothing—nothing."

"Ye're maybe a wee thing surprised at Maister Ogilvy comin' to his tea?"

"Well, you see, I didn't know he was such a friend of yours, aunt."

"I dinna say he wis, but I'm kin' o' vexed fur the man," said Mrs. Wallace, half gently, half contemptuously. "He's aye complainin' aboot bad trade, an' that's a thing I canna thole in a man. An' yet he's no' a hard man. I wis passin' his shope the ither day when a wean fell aff his doorstep wi' hauf a dizzen eggs she had jist bocht frae him, an' he wis oot efter her afore ye cud say 'Jack Robinson' an' tuk her back to the shope, an' efter he had wiped awa' the maist o' the mess he gi'ed her anither hauf a dizzen eggs an' a wheen sweeties furbye an' tell't her no' to let on to her mither that she had tummlt."

"That was good of him!" exclaimed Jess, with enthusiasm.

"Oh, he whiles dis things like that to weans, but he's a kin' o' greetin' buddy as a rule, an' I'm shair he needna be that, fur he's naebody to keep but hissel', an' his business is no' near as bad as he mak's it oot to be."

"Has he never thought of getting married?" asked Jess seriously. "He can't be so very old."

"Auld? He's no' old ava'. He's no' muckle aulder nor masel'. But I doot he'll never get a wife, even if he ever wants yin."

"And what made you ask him to tea?" her niece inquired boldly.

If the query contained any insinuation, Mrs. Wallace failed to perceive it. "Weel, as I tell't ye afore, I'm kin' o' vexed fur him, an' when I wis in his shope the day I wis mair vexed nor or'nar'. Ye see, he bides at the back o' the shope, an' when I gaed in the day he cam' furrit, unco rid i' the face an' confused-like, an' afore he had hauf served me an awfu' reek an' smell begood to come frae the back room."

"'Mercy me! Whit in creation's that?' I cries. 'Aw, never heed it, Mrs. Wallace,' he says, tryin' to lauch. 'Never heed it!' says I. 'Man, I'm near stuffocatit!' 'I'm rale sorry, but I can assure ye there's naethin' wrang, at least no' seriously wrang,' he says, as if he was ashamed. 'But there's somethin' burnin',' says I, but he jist shook his haid. 'Are ye daft?' I cries. 'Awa' an' pit it oot!' But he gi'ed anither puir lauch an' says, says he: 'Dinna get alarmed, Mistress Wallace. It's jist some soup I wis tryin' to mak' fur ma dinner.' 'Soup!' says I. 'Soup! It smells liker singein' hair an' cannule ends.' 'Deed, aye, an' I doot it'll taste the same,' he says, wi' a groan. 'I'm jist seeck o' life, Mistress Wallace.' An' then it cam' oot that auld Mistress Neil, that's cleaned his bit room an' cookit his meals fur twinty an' mair years, wis lyin' badly, cryin' oot that she wud dee if onybody else got her place, an' so Maister Ogilvy wis tryin' to dae her wark hissel'."

"Poor man!" said Jess.

"Mistress Neil's been badly fur a week, an' he tell't me he wis tired o' eatin' cauld things oot o' tins this cauld weather, an' he thocht he wud mak' hissel' a bowl o' soup the day, but everythin' gaed wrang, an'—weel, Jess, that's the reason I askit him to his tea. An' Davie an' him'll be here afore we're ready fur them if we're no' smairt. Come awa' to the kitchen till I learn ye to fry ham an' eggs fit fur angels."

The two men arrived together, having met on the road, and Jess was dispatched from the kitchen to admit them, bearing instructions regarding the wiping of boots on the outer door mat.

"You gang in first," whispered Mr. Ogilvy bashfully, as the door opened.

"Na, na. You're the stranger," returned David, with a courteous shove.

"How are you, Mr. Ogilvy?" said Mrs. Houston in her friendliest fashion. "Davie, be sure to clean your boots," she added quickly to her husband.

"I'm weel, thenk ye," replied Mr. Ogilvy, taking a share of the door mat. "Are ye keepin' pretty middlin' yersel'?"

"Yes, thank you. Now, come away in out of the cold."

They entered the bright lobby, disposed of their coats and caps and followed her into the parlor, the joiner pushing the grocer before him.

"Come over to the fire, Mr. Ogilvy," said Jess hospitably. "Won't you have the easy chair?"

"Aw, thenk ye. Ony chair'll dae, jist ony chair," returned Mr. Ogilvy, wiping his brow with an enormous handkerchief and rubbing his hands in a nervous way.

"Gang furrit, man, an' tak' the chair!" cried David genially. He had known Ogilvy all his life, and it was impossible to keep up any formality. Jess, however, had only met him in the way of business, and she would probably have felt shier and tried less to make him feel at home had it not been for her aunt's recent remarks. So, having informed him that her aunt would appear presently, she did her utmost to put him at his ease, though, judging from the manner in which he continued to sit on the extreme edge of the easy chair and repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his forehead, she could hardly be said to have succeeded brilliantly.

Her husband came to the rescue at last with the not very original inquiry:

"An' hoo's trade wi' ye?"

"Trade? Deplorable, jist deplorable! Never seen onythin' like it," said the grocer, shaking his head gloomily, but seating himself a little more comfortably in his chair. "I read a heap o' stories i' the papers aboot the depression o' trade, but if thae writin' chaps wants to ken what depression really is they sud try a proveesion shop in Kinlochan. Depression is na the word for it."

"Och, it's no' as bad as a' that," observed the joiner, with a laugh.

"Ah, David, ye're weel aff at the jinerin'," returned Mr. Ogilvy sadly. "Ye're aye busy. But luk at me. I sit—onywey, I staun'—at the receipt o' custom, as it were, fur oors thegither an' whiles I never turn a copper. The ither day—Tuesday, I think it was—there was naebody cam' ower ma doorstep frae twal' o'clock noon till three p. m. but twa weans. Yin was a laddie spierin' for a bit string. The ither was a lassie wantin' change for a penny. D'ye ca' that trade?"

"But it's not always so bad, Mr. Ogilvy," put in Mrs. Houston.

"Maybe no' jis as bad," he allowed grudgingly, "but trade's no' what it used to be. Folk never used to get a' their proveesions frae the toon, an' there was nae cairts an' vans comin' ten mile to poach on ma preserves, as it were. But noo—oh, it's jist deplorable, jist deplorable! Aye"—

He was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Wallace with a huge dish of ham and eggs, which she deposited on the table before taking any notice of her guests. "Jess," she whispered to her niece, "awa' an' bring ben the tea an' toast. Weel, Davie, hoo's things? Glad to hear ye're busy. Weel, Maister Ogilvy, I suppose trade's waur nor ever, but I dinna think ye sud mak' sic a lamentation aboot it in the hoose o' yer best customer. Eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aw, Mistress Wallace," murmured the grocer, with a feeble smile of apology, "nae offense, I hope."

"Haud yer tongue, man, an' draw in yer chair. Come awa', Jess, ma lass. Davie, tak' the heid o' the table an' ask a blessin'. Noo, help the ham an' eggs. If they're no' guid, ye can blame it on Maister Ogilvy."

"Ye wud aye ha'e yer bit joke, Mistress Wallace," said the guest, beginning to brighten under the cheerful influences about him.

"Sugar an' cream?"

"Thenk ye, thenk ye. As I was observin' "—

"Ha'e!" interrupted Houston, handing him a plate piled with ham and a couple of eggs.

"Aw, jist the hauf o' that, please, jist the hauf o' that," said Mr. Ogilvy modestly.

"Come awa', man," urged Houston.

"Aye, come awa', Maister Ogilvy. Hoo can ye expec' trade to be flourishin' when ye winna eat yer ain proveesions?" added the hostess, with a chuckle.

David laughed also as he selected some tidbits for his wife. "'Deed, Ogilvy, ye've got to dae as ye're bid in this hoose."

"Aye, an' naebody kens that better nor Davie," remarked Mrs. Wallace smartly.

Whereupon every one laughed heartily, including Mrs. Houston, who, however, first glanced at her husband to make sure that his feelings had not been hurt.

The meal proceeded, and altogether it was a very pleasant one. Mr. Ogilvy, who had been famishing, finished his ham and eggs and after a deal of pressing consented to take a second helping.

"Jist a wee taste," he said diffidently, "jist a sma' sensation. It's rale nice ham," he remarked to Mrs. Wallace, then, noticing a twinkle in her eye: "I mean it's rale nicely cookit. In fac', I micht say, I never tastit ham near as nicely cookit, Mistress Wallace."

At this point David winked guardedly at his wife, who attempted to look severe, but smiled faintly.

"As fur yer scones," said the grocer a little later, "I'm no' exaggeratin' when I tell ye they're the finest I ever encountered in a' ma born days."

Such enthusiastic language from the mouth of Mr. Ogilvy was so unprecedented that a solemn pause ensued for several seconds.

"I'm shair I'm glad ye like the scones," returned Mrs. Wallace, recovering herself and breaking the silence, which would otherwise have been broken by a snicker from David. "Is Mistress Neil no' a guid haun at the bakin'?"

"Until the nicht I thocht she was," came the gallant reply, whereat Houston gave his wife the gentlest of gentle kicks under the table.

"I doot ye're an unco blether, Maister Ogilvy," said the hostess, with a dry smile.

Mr. Ogilvy was suddenly abashed, realizing that he had allowed the unaccustomed comfort and cheer to carry him away.

Jess came to the rescue. "Have you heard how poor Mrs. Neil is tonight?" she inquired.

"Weel, Mistress Houston, I seen the doctor jist afore I left the shop, an' he said she was a lump better an' wud maybe be back at her wark on Monday. But she's gettin' auld, ye ken, an' I doot she's no' lang for this life, puir buddy!"

"Wud ye no' be better to get some ither yin in her place?" asked David.

"No' as lang's she's leevin'. She cudna thole it. An' I dinna ken onybuddy in Kinlochan that wud be carin' aboot the job."

"Of course there's twa weys o' gettin' a hoosekeeper," said David teasingly.

For an instant the grocer looked puzzled. Then he took a long drink from his empty cup and tried to look as if he had not heard the remark at all.

"Are you satisfied?" The hostess glanced round the table and rose. "Jess," she said briskly, "you an' me'll clear the dishes, an' Maister Ogilvy an' Davie can ha'e a smoke."

"Och, we'll jist wait an' ha'e a smoke in the kitchen efter ye're through wi' the dishes," said David, who had never yet lighted his pipe in Mrs. Wallace's parlor.

"I'm tellin' ye ye can smoke here," she assured him. "Yer pipes 'll be naethin' to the ceegaurs o' ma ludgers in the simmer. Ye can smell the ceegaurs yet. I doot they wis chape yins. So ye can smoke yersel's black i' the face, an' maybe the new smell 'll help to kill the auld yin. Draw yer chairs in to the fire."

"Jess," she said briskly, "you an' me'll clear the dishes."

Aunt and niece speedily cleared the table and retired to the kitchen to wash up, for the former had a theory that the longer a dish was left soiled the more difficult it was to cleanse.

The two men drew their chairs toward the hearth, filled and lit their pipes and for fully ten minutes puffed in solemn silence.

"It's a bonny paurlour this," Mr. Ogilvy ventured after he had taken in every detail of the room, which was a model of orderliness and cleanliness, yet somewhat solidly furnished and primly arranged.

"It's a' that," returned David agreeably, "but when I come in I'm aye feart at first that I dae the wrang thing. I yinst knockit ower a vaze, an', though it's twa year syne, I can hear the smash it made on the fender yet. It's no' a nice thing to knock ower a vaze belongin' to the aunt wha's niece ye're coortin'."

"I daur say that's true. It pits ye in what ye micht ca' an awkward poseetion. At least I sud presoome that the poseetion wudna be a'thegither pleesant, though it's no' fur me to say, seein' I'm no' vera fameeliar wi' the paurlours o' weemen folk."

"Ah, but it wis gey awkward, I tell ye. But I may say that Mistress Wallace never referred to the vaze efter that nicht—no' but what she referred kin' o' freely to it at the time. If it hadna been fur Jess, I wud ha'e said there was mair talk nor a dizzen vazes was worth."

"Ye—ye're weel aff wi' yer wife, Davie," observed the grocer, staring at the fire.

"Aye," said David briefly, but not coldly.

"Ye'll be gey cheery alang at Hazel Cottage thae lang nichts," continued the older man. "It's a—a rale fine thing to ha'e—a—agreeable comp'ny, as it were, eh?"

"Aye," said David softly, pushing down the shreds of glowing tobacco with a hardened forefinger.

"An'—an' yer wife's gey weel aff wi' her aunt," said the other after some hesitation.

"Aye, Mistress Wallace is jist a fine auld wumman," said the joiner heartily.

"She's no' that auld."

"I didna mean that exac'ly, but of course she's a guid bit aulder nor Jess an' me. I wudna say but what she's jist at her best."

"In her prime, as it were."

"Jist that."

"Weel, I'm shair there's naebody I like better to see comin' ower ma doorstep," said Mr. Ogilvy warmly, "even if it's fur nae mair nor a penny's worth."

"Ye've kent her longer nor me."

"Och, aye. She's been a reg'lar customer o' mine since she cam' to Kinlochan, an' I'm prood to say I've never had a complaint frae her except yinst, an' that was when I sent her dog biscuits in mistake for abernethies, an' it was the laddie in the shop that done it because she had cuffed him for roarin' 'Scots wha ha'e!' at her door instead o' ringin' the bell like an or'nar' Christian. But that was the only complaint I ever had, David." And the grocer proceeded to relight his pipe.

"That's vera satisfactory, I'm shair," said David.

"I think it is," said Mr. Ogilvy, puffing with the air of a man who is pleased with himself. "But I was rale prood to be invited to ma tea the nicht. Nae doot I lost a bit custom shuttin' up ma shop earlier nor usual, but what's a shillin' or two when ye're enjyin' yersel'?"

"Mphm!" murmured the younger man, checking a laugh.

After a considerable pause the grocer resumed the conversation.

"I was gaun to gi'e a hint, David, aboot a job that'll likely be stairtit efter the New Year. Are ye near feenished up at Arden?"

"It'll be twa-three weeks yet afore I'm through. It's been a big job."

"The bigger the better. Weel, the job I was gaun to tell ye aboot is a boathouse that Mr. Colman wants built—nane o' yer wee boathouses, but a big yin to haud three or fower boats, an' it's to be done up in the best style."

"Hoo dae ye get to hear o' things?" exclaimed David, sitting up in his chair.

"Aw, never you mind aboot that, but if ye want the job tak' ma advice an' gang to Mistress Colman first. She's the manager o' the establishment, but she's a kind leddy, an'—an' ye can mention that I sent ye, if ye like."

"Ach, I see it noo!" cried Houston. "It was her wee lassie that ye pickit oot frae among the horses' feet at"—

"Whisht, man, whisht! That's naethin' to dae wi' 't!" cried Mr. Ogilvy, confused. "Jist you tak' ma hint an' dinna tell onybody."

"'Deed, I'm greatly obleeged to ye, but"—

Just then the aunt and niece entered the parlor, and the conversation became general. The grocer expanded wonderfully, and it was soon discovered that he was the possessor of a stock of old and chiefly weird local legends, with which he regaled the company until Mrs. Wallace started up and informed her visitors that they could not remain in her house another minute. Without feeling the least offended, but in the best of spirits, they shortly took their departure, David carrying a lantern, for the night was dark.

"Davie," whispered Jess as they went through the garden gate, "tell Mr. Ogilvy you want him to come to tea tomorrow night."

"'Deed, aye, lass. That was weel thocht o'," he returned and passed the invitation on to the grocer.

"Thenk ye, thenk ye," said Mr. Ogilvy, coughing loudly. "I'll be jist deelighted. Thenk ye, thenk ye."

"When they had parted with him, opposite his shop, David began to laugh softly.

"What is it?" asked Jess.

"Ogilvy's efter your Aunt Wallace."

"Oh, Davie, I—I believe he is."

"Has he ony chance, think ye, Jess?"

"I'm afraid not. Poor Mr. Ogilvy! Aunt won't marry again."

"A wumman's got to be askit first onywey. But I wud like to see him weel lukit efter, for he's a dacent man an' a guid freen' to you an' me, lass." And David told his wife of the new work in prospect.

"That's fine!" she cried softly. "Oh, Davie, it was such a relief to get that awful bill off our minds today, wasn't it?"

"'Deed, aye," he assented lightly.

"But there's a lot to be done yet," she said seriously after a moment. "I mean, we must keep it up, mustn't we?" she added hastily lest he should suspect more than she wanted him to know.

"Jist that," he said gayly. "Dinna fash yersel', dearie. We're daein' fine. I only wish Dobbie wud send down that gless I ordered the ither day."

"Has it not come?" she asked in sudden alarm.

"Oh, it'll likely be here the morn. But I was thinkin' o' takin' the day to gang an' see the duke's chrysanthemums, an' I thocht ye micht like to come wi' me."

"That would be grand, but—but"—

"But what?"

"Shouldn't you be at Arden tomorrow?"

"I'm waitin' on the gless."

"But there's a lot of odd jobs waitin'."

"Weel, dearie, if I dinna gang to see the duke's chrysanthemums the morn I'll maybe no' manage anither day. An' it's time ye had a day aff, Jess."

She spoke little more during the remainder of the walk, but her husband chatted cheerfully. An ugly presentiment assailed her, and she could not get quit of it. She was convinced that she (she did not intend that David should see it first) would find a letter in a business envelope under the door of the cottage, deposited there by old Angus, who usually waited in the shop for the evening post.

David, whistling merrily, turned his key in the door of Hazel Cottage.

"Did you shut the gate properly, Davie?" she said, trembling.

"Aye, but I'll gang back an' see," he returned obligingly and ran down the path, swinging the lantern.

Jess pushed the door partly open, bent down and felt over the triangle of flooring.

Her fingers closed on the letter. "Oh, Davie!" she sighed and crushed it within her blouse.

"Jess, lass, ye're lukin' wearit," he said tenderly a little later.

"Oh, I'm all right," she replied, trying to smile.

"Ye'll be the better o' a day aff the morn, an' I ken ye'll enjye seein' the duke's chrysanthemums. My, if I had jist the time an' money, Jess!"

"Keep hoping, Davie," she said very gently. "But I—I don't think I'll come with you tomorrow. I think I'll go to the town instead. You see, it's a long time since"—

Her husband looked so disappointed that her will nearly gave way. "I wantit ye wi' me," he said slowly, "but I daur say ye're needin' things frae the toon, an', as ye say, it's a guid while since ye was there. I suppose ye'll be hame in time for Ogilvy."

"Oh, yes. You're not vexed, are you, Davie?"

"Na, na, ma dear. I believe ye wud come wi' me if ye hadna somethin' important to dae in the toon. Eh, Jess?"

"That's just it. And maybe you'll ask me another time."

"That I wull, lass!"

"And you'll bring home some flowers if you can. I like to see our own ones growing." Then she added very casually, "I might as well look in at Dobbie's and tell them to send the glass on at once."

"Aye; jist dae that, Jess." And, with a laugh, he added, "Ye can tell them ye're ma pairtner."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIAMOND CUTTING.

Shaping the Stones and the Work of the Polisher.

"The business of diamond cutting," said a cutter of precious stones to a reporter, "has changed. The old idea of imbedding the stone in melted lead and then allowing the lead to harden, leaving only one facet of the diamond exposed for polishing, is done away with. The whole process is this:

"We first take the diamond in its rough state. We find in all Brazilian diamonds six sharp points, the stone being in the form of a cube. We first determine the best way to cut the diamond by examining it for flaws and deciding which way we will be able to reduce the stone to the largest possible perfect size and at the same time cut out all the imperfections or as many of them as possible.

"The only thing which will cut a diamond is another diamond, so one diamond imbedded in hard cement is used to cut the rough stone into a fairly symmetrical shape for polishing. The table or top part of the diamond is cut, the sides of the diamond down to about two-sevenths of the depth are cut, and then for the remainder of the stone it is tapered off to the small point called the culet. The culet is supposed to be directly in the center of the table, and by looking into a diamond it looks as though a little hole were cut down the middle.

"When the diamond has been cut into this rough shape it is about as black as charcoal. This is caused by the abrasion from the diamond which is used to cut it. Then it is up to the polisher. His work is nearly always the same. Except in the rarest of cases he takes the stone and polishes on it fifty-six facets in addition to the table and culet, making fifty-eight facets all told on every stone.

"He uses a holder which grasps and locks the diamond securely at any convenient angle, and then he presents the exposed surface to a fast revolving wheel on which are diamond dust and oil. That is his entire work—to put on in regular sequence the fifty-six facets and then to polish to a nicety these fifty-six sides and the table and culet. When he completes his job the diamond is ready for the market, impregnable to weather, to acid, to damage, except as it may be cut by another diamond.

"The invention of the diamond holders with a lock clasp has done away with the melted lead as a holder except in the case of the very smallest stones."—New York Herald.

Saved His Life.

This story is told, according to the Boston Herald, at the expense of the late General Wilmon W. Blackmar: General Blackmar was attending a camp when he was approached by a seedy looking man, who greeted him profusely. The general shrugged his shoulders and turned away, with the remark that they were not acquainted.

"But, general," said the stranger, "don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?"

General Blackmar at once became interested and he called a group of comrades over to listen, saying: "I saved this man's life once. How was it done, old comrade?"

"It was this way," was the response. "We were on a hill and the enemy advanced steadily toward our intrenchments. A veritable hail of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned"—here the auditors were absorbed and excited—"and ran, and I ran after you. I think that if you hadn't shown the example I would have been killed that day."

The French Peasant Woman.

She judges a picture with both hands on her hips, and when disapproval appears in her eye one trembles for the picture. When she is actually bored, she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rail, lays her leathery chin on her leathery hands, crosses her sturdy legs, and in this street loafer attitude refreshes her mind. Her fist is capable of a sledge hammer blow. Her husband, yeoman though he is, would hardly be a match for her. He knows it and is visibly proud of it.

I have seen Whitechapel hags rouse their shriveled, bloated selves to fight like fiends, but she, if once she were roused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the plow woman of mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type there would have been no mystery about her military prowess. She is a masculine woman in the best sense.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Table Linen.

Table linen, in order to bring out the bright gloss that makes it attractive, should be dampened considerably. Sprinkle the tablecloth well, being sure that the selvage ends or hemstitched borders are thoroughly damp. Roll up tightly. The napkins and doilies should be arranged alternately one upon the other, first a dry napkin, then one which has been wrung out of warm water, then a dry napkin and so on. Then roll tightly. All linen should be ironed very dry. The least bit of water starch in tablecloths will greatly improve them and they will not muss so easily.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IT GLEAMS LIKE A DIAMOND ON THE BREAST OF THE SEA.

The Beauties of Cowes, the Fashionable English Resort, Where Nothing Ever Gets Dirty—What One May See on the Historic Island.

The Isle of Wight is shaped like a diamond, and like a diamond it gleams and flashes on the breast of the sea. Like a diamond, too, it is the luxury of the rich.

As your steamer approaches the roadstead of Cowes you might well suppose the little town to be a fashionable hamlet far inland on the bank of a river. The esplanade looks as near to the water as a towpath, and the green woods that rise behind the white houses are as thickly bunched and as brightly verdant as the unsalted trees of Pangbourne. The coarse beamed, dark sailed smack of the sea fisherman is a rare sight on those social waters. Everywhere you behold among hovering gulls and rocking buoys the craft of pleasure and the shipping of delight. White yachts, with sails as white as summer clouds, ride there with the grace of swans, and white steam yachts, with brasswork flashing blindly in the sun, rest royally at anchor off that little shore.

Nothing ever gets dirty at Cowes. The tamarisk which lifts its fine feathers above walls at the sea's edge is as clean as the sails of the yachts. The roads of red gravel make neither mud nor dust and lie as smoothly as garden paths. The Virginia creepers, which swarm up the pillars of white houses, overspread the tiers of balconies and almost cover the dark red tiles of the roofs, are every whit as green and every tittle as radiant as the shaven lawns beside the esplanade. Flowers there are at every point of view—red geraniums, golden calceolarias, blue lobelias, crimson hyssop, cheddar pinks, roses of every hue and ferns of every form—growing in neat flower beds, lifting their bright colors above garden walls and swaying gently in baskets hung from balcony and sill.

The windows of the shops are as polished as a lady's mirror and shine in the sun. Prosperity waits behind those counters of plenty and puts itself completely and genially at the command of the wealthy. The butcher and the greengrocer announce to the passerby that French and German are spoken in their establishments. The yacht of the most necessitous millionaire can obtain in those narrow, clean streets all that she desires. Royal warrants, as big almost as the shops themselves, gleam over shop fronts, and artistic signboards obtrude from the smart little doorways. The shine of the sweet windows is a magic inducement to buy.

On the esplanade, where is a tall white flagstaff at every few paces, and waiting at the little granite stairs, washed by green waters, you meet no burly and rough clad fishermen, but only the white capped, blue jerseyed hands from the crews of yachts in the roadstead. Fresh faced, well groomed girls walk there with indulgent papas, and jolly schoolboys in flannels, carrying paper bags of green gooseberries and red cherries, stroll down to the dingey at the stairs, munching as they go. There is no haste and no exertion at Cowes. At half past 12 on a lovely morning I heard in my hotel the voice of the manageress giving an order to one of the maids. "Her ladyship says," she cried, "that she must have a hip bath in her room immediately, or else she won't be down for luncheon."

Foolish and lazy little ladyship to lie abed on such a good morning in so fair a place as this diamond of the sea! For it is not only the esplanade, the bright shops and the pleasure of a saunter to Egypt point which are within the reach of the visitor to Cowes. The whole Wight is within a drive of the Medina. You must go to Newport, and, paying the tax which was demanded of me, not requested, for entering the church, you may see the lovely memorial which Queen Victoria set there to the poor little Princess Elizabeth, who died of a broken heart beside an open Bible for love of Charles I. You may also go to Carisbrooke and enter the splendid castle where that poor little princess died and where her unhappy father was imprisoned. You may see the donkey Jacob summoned by a word from grass nibbling under fig trees to enter the big wheel of the well and draw up nine gallons of water from the invisible spring at which those royal prisoners quenched their thirst. But you, if wise, will quench your thirst with tea under the spreading trees of the Eight Bells' pleasure gardens in the village below, listening there to the comments of enthusiastic Americans and watching the elderly gentlemen playing bowls on a smooth lawn, as King Charles played that ancient game in the castle on the hill.—London Mail.

A Crozier In a Fight.

Formerly the archbishops of York had the privilege of claiming two casks of wine from every vessel of twenty tons burden entering the river Hull. The merchants of the port came to view this claim as an oppressive tax, and by unloading their ships in the Humber evaded the officers employed to collect these obnoxious dues. Finding his revenue diminishing, Archbishop Neville, in 1378, determined to assert his rights and proceeded to Hull with his attendants to enforce them. The mayor of Hull, Sir Thomas de Waltham, with his two bailiffs and a large number of citizens, met the ecclesiastics, and from hot words the two parties came to blows, when the mayor snatched from the archbishop his crozier and used it so vigorously in the free fight which followed that it was broken into several pieces.

Whistler and the Amateur.

When James MacNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those fourteen famous etchings of his he became so intoxicated with its beauty that he made seventy pastels first, leaving his etchings till the last few days. These pastels made a tremendous sensation. All the art world of Venice was carried away with enthusiasm, excepting a Russian painter, who declared them tricks, betting a basket of champagne he could paint six not to be distinguished from them. Mr. Whistler amiably gave some of his paper and six pastels, which were finally mixed up with those by the Russian and submitted to a jury who had seen none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were unmistakable, and the Russian lost the wine. A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the wine and the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," he said, "that I'm a Russian, and if you scratch one you find a Tartar underneath." "Oh, no, you have it wrong," said Mr. Whistler, "you have it wrong. I scratched an artist and found an amateur."

Economical Heat

Any heater will give some heat—what the Wilson Hot Blast Heater does is to give a large degree of heat at a small cost. A thermometer will prove it to be the most economical heater in the world. The cost of the actual heater is not what counts—it's what that heater costs to keep in fuel.

The reason why the

Wilson HOT BLAST Heater

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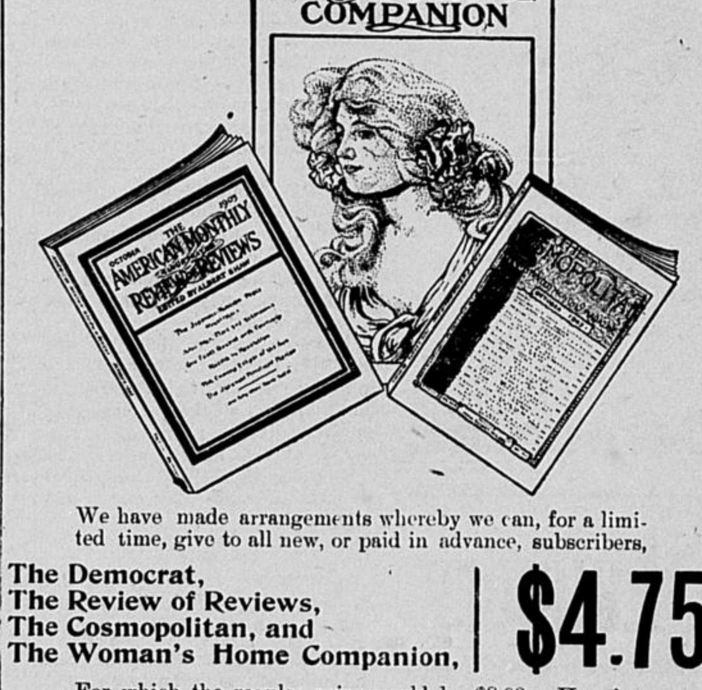

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THE MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT.

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Manchester & Oneida Ry.

TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 6:00 a. m. arrives at Oneida at 6:30 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 3:29 p. m. arrives at Manchester at 3:45 p m.

Train No 10, leaves Manchester at 5:15 p. m. arrives at Oneida at 5:45 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.

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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 23 †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 an' Manchester	South Bound —Leave—
No.306 6:00p.m	..†Passenger..	No.305 9:10 a.m
No 334 8.40a.m	..†Passenger...	No.335 8:20 p. m
No. 360 1:00p.m	... †Freight....	No.360 3:30 p. m

All above trains carry passengers.
*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.
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Day Express daily......................:16 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily......5:31 a m
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