# JESS & CO.

By J. J. BELL,

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

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CHAPTER IX.

FIGURES, BUT NOT ALL DRY.

IN the garden David Houston, bending over a beautifully kept plot of choice pansies, whistled softly his intense satisfaction. "I've never done better," was his inward comment, by which he meant that he had never done so well.

In the parlor his wife, bending over the page of a neatly kept ledger, sighed and murmured, "If I could only tell him some things without telling him everything!"

In the cradle by her side her baby stirred slightly, but did not waken. Her face lightened as she stooped toward the child; then, as she rose again, her mouth took on an expression of determination.

She left the table and went quietly to the window. For a brief space she watched the man working steadily and happily in the summer evenshine. "Oh, Davie," she whispered to herself, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid! If you had only left your heart's desire till it was ready—till you were able to take it and keep it! Perhaps it's my fault. Perhaps I've taken too much on myself. But how could I explain everything now? You would never"—

David straightened himself in order to get a birdseye view of the plot and caught sight of his wife at the window. He nodded, smiled, pointed proudly at his pansies and beckoned her to him. She smiled faintly in return, shook her head and signed to him to come indoors.

He came at once and entered the parlor gayly and eagerly. "Was ye wantin' me to tak' the wee yin for awhile?" he whispered. "I'll jist wash ma hauns, an' then I'll"—

"No, no, Davie," said Jess gently, loving him more for his warm fatherly affection. "Katie's sleeping sound. But I've been having a look at the books, and I—I wanted to ask you about something."

"Jist that, lass," he returned agreeably, trying not to look disappointed. "Weel, I'll shin be feenished ootbye, an' then we'll ha'e a crack aboot the books. Come awa' for a meenit an' see the pansies that'll lift the first prize at the show on Setturday. Come awa', Jess—jist for a meenit. Ye're no' gaun ootbye enough the noo. Never heed the books. They'll keep."

"They won't keep themselves," she said good humoredly. "But I want to know one thing before you go out again, Davie," she went on seriously.

"What's that?"

"Have you given Donald Binnie notice?"

"No' yet, dearie," he replied a little uncomfortably.

"Why, Davie? You said you were going to tell him more than a week ago."

"Aye. But—but, ye see, Jess, I hadna the hert to tell him. He's a dacent man, Donald Binnie, an' he's served me weel since he cam' to Kinlochan."

"I know that," she freely allowed. "But there's no work for him just now, is there?"

"Aweel, there's no' muckle, to tell ye the truth, lass," he admitted slowly, adding more cheerfully, "but ye never can tell when the work 'll come again. An' Donald Binnie's a dacent man. I wud be vexed to ha'e to tell him I didna need him ony mair. I wud that, Jess! An' ye like him fine yersel', dae ye no'?"

"Of course I do, David. But, tell me, what has Donald done today? What was there for him to do?"

"Weel, ye see, it was kin' o' slack at the shop, an' I jist tell't him he micht tak' a day aff."

"Oh! But you gave him a day off yesterday, didn't you?" said Mrs. Houston, keeping calm with an effort.

"So I did," he replied somewhat ruefully.

For ten seconds Jess held her tongue. Then very gently she asked:

"Could you not do all the work that's going just now yourself, Davie?"

"Aye, aye; I daursay—if I was neglecting the gairden," he said thoughtfully.

"But if you started earlier in the morning?"

"What aboot the wee yin?"

His wife laughed against her better judgment. "Is it you that holds Katie, or Katie that holds you in the mornings?"

"Weel, weel, dearie, ye ken it's rale nice to ha'e the wee yin in yer airms," he said half laughingly, half apologetically, as he bent over the cradle.

She was disarmed for a moment, but a glance at the ledger on the table was sufficient to bring her back to action.

"David," she said firmly, "you must give Donald notice on Saturday."

"The wee yin's fine at the sleepin'! Eh? What was ye sayin', lass?"

"I said you must give Donald notice on Saturday. Promise!"

"But—but I'll be awa' at the show on Setturday, an' so wull you, Jess."

"Then you must tell him on Friday—tomorrow. Do you know, David," she continued solemnly, "that for weeks you've been paying Donald more than you've been making yourself?"

Houston stared. "Is that a fac'?" he exclaimed.

"Last week his wages were twice what 'll come to you."

"Mercy on us! Is that what the book says?"

"Yes. But I told you awhile ago that you couldn't afford to keep Donald."

"I ken, I ken. I'm a stupit man an' ill to dae wi'. But I'll see aboot gi'ein' Donald notice. It's a peety, for he's a dacent man, an'"—

"You'll tell him tomorrow?"

"Aye. I'll likely see him the morn—if he disna tak' anither day aff. I tell't him he didna need to come in the morn unless he had naethin' better to dae. He's got a lass at Fairport, ye ken. But it's like rain the nicht, an' I think he'll be back the morn's mornin'. Are ye no' pleased, Jess?"

Mrs. Houston hesitated, but was not lost. "Davie," she said calmly, "sit down there." She indicated the chair she had vacated some little time ago.

David smiled inquiringly, but sat down.

She laid a sheet of note paper and a pen before him, placed the ink bottle in position and said:

"Dear lad, will you do me a great favor?"

"What's that, Jess?"

"Something that'll do neither of us any harm. Say you'll do it."

He picked up the pen, dipped it and looked down at the paper. Then he looked up at his wife.

"Ye're a great wumman, Jess," he said in a tone of affectionate amusement. "An' what am I to say to that dacent man, Donald Binnie?"

"Just the truth," she replied, with sudden relief, "the truth that we—that you can't afford to keep him on."

"Mphm! That's the truth, as ye say, Jess, an' mair's the peety. If we had got the jiner work o' thae new hooses o' Dobbie's I wudna ha'e needit to"—

"Yes, yes," said his wife hurriedly, turning to the window and gazing at the loch. "But that wasn't your fault, Davie."

"I wisht I was shair o' that, lass. I've heard talk o' Maister Dobbie ha'ein' a spite at me, an' I canna unnerstaun' it, for I never did onythin' to him excep' maybe tak' a bit extra credit noo an' then. It was hissel' closed the account, ye mind. But"—

"Write your letter, Davie, like a good lad," she interposed, without turning her head. "I want to get at the books again, and I suppose you want to get back to the garden before it's dark. I—I'm proud of your pansies, Davie. But you—you won't let Mr. Dobbie or any one else beat you, will you?"

"Nae fears!" cried David right cheerfully. "Ha'e ye anither bit paper? I've made a muckle blot on this bit, an' I'm no' wantin' to add insult to injury when I'm dismissin' a dacent man."

Mrs. Houston placed a fresh sheet of note paper before her husband, who, having made up his mind to the disagreeable but necessary piece of correspondence, applied his hard hand and soft heart to the same without delay.

"Jess," he exclaimed, when he had closed and addressed it.

"Well, Davie?"

"It's no' a vera nice like letter for a lad to fin' waitin' on him when he comes hame frae seein' his lass. Is it?"

Jess looked sympathetic. "No, it isn't, Davie. But what can we do? You're paying old Angus for doing nothing, and you can't afford to pay Donald too. Besides, Donald's a clever lad, and he'll soon get another place. If I thought old Angus would get another place," she added with a kindly little laugh, "I would advise you to part with him."

"Puir auld Angus! I ken ye wudna pairt wi' him yersel', Jess!"

"Well, perhaps not. But sometimes I can't help feeling cross with him. He talks as if you couldn't do without him—as if the business was kept going by him. And he never does a thing, except when Aunt Wallace or I come into the shop, and then he pretends he's working hard."

"An' whiles does the wrang thing," remarked David, laughing. "But he

*"Is there onythin' else ye wantit to speak aboot, Jess?"*

did his work in his time, an' there'll be a place for him in the shop as lang the shop's mine. But he's changed a lot since the fire."

"He's got much older looking—is that what you mean?"

"Aye. But he's changed mair nor that. He's aye pretendin' he's hard up."

"Well, he's not too well off, is he Davie?"

"He's gettin' the same wage as he used to get, an' he hasna his puir sister to keep noo. An' yet he's aye jist gaspin' for his siller on Setturdays, an' Ogilvy was tellin' me the ither day that he winna tak' meat even on the Sawbath an' that he's waur nor ever at his trick o' gettin' a smoke for naethin'. Ogilvy thinks he's becomin' a miser in his auld age."

"A miser? Surely not!"

"Weel, I'm jist tellin' ye, lass. But miser or nae miser, Angus 'll draw his wage as lang as I can pey it. That's to say if ma pairtner has nae objections," he added, smiling at her.

"Your partner, Davie?"

"Itherwise yersel'!"

"Am I your partner, Davie?" she asked half seriously.

"Fine ye ken it! D'ye agree to Angus gettin' his wage?"

"Of course! Do you think I ever grudged it, Davie?"

"Na, na! If it hadna been for ye Angus micht ha'e been hard up wi'oot ony pretendin', for, to tell ye the honest truth, wife, I grudged him his wage for a guid while efter the fire. But I said to masel', if Jess can forgi'e him I maun try to dae the same. An' we're no' muckle the waur o' the fire after a', thenks to yersel', ma dear."

Jess flushed, as she always did at any suggestion of a compliment upon her business abilities, and smiled rather tremulously at her husband. There were many other matters of which she was fain to speak to him, but it was not easy. His cheerfulness, his careless optimism, his open admiration for herself, his good comradeship—all these made it very hard for her to discuss the sordid matters next but not in her heart.

"Is there onythin' else ye wantit to speak aboot, Jess?" inquired David, after a glance through the window at the setting sun.

"No; nothing just now, Davie. It'll keep till you get through with the pansies," she replied after a short hesitation.

"I'll no' be lang at the pansies, an' it's shin be dark. If there's onythin' in the books ye want to speak aboot I'll be ready in hauf an 'oor. But dinna fash yer bonny held ower the books, ma lass. Come ootbye wi' me, an' we'll leave the door on the sneck, an' ye'll shin hear if the wee yin waukens. Are ye comin?"

"Not tonight, Davie. I've plenty to do in the house, and"—

"That's what ye're aye tellin' me!"

"It's just the truth."

"Maybe that's the reason I dinna like it. I whiles think ye're ower hard wrocht i' the hoose, Jess. If that's the case I'll"—

"No, no, no!" she answered lightly. "I'll complain when I'm overwrought. Away to the garden or the light 'll be gone, and then you'll have to look after your pansies instead of Katie in the morning."

"That's exceedin'ly likely!" he retorted with pleasant irony as he left the parlor.

Jess drew forward the hood of the cradle and lit the lamp, for the daylight was failing in the room. She picked up the letter her husband had written to his assistant and carried it into the kitchen, placing it upright on the chimney piece there so that it might not be forgotten in the morning.

"Davie's sure to see it when he's at his breakfast," she thought. "I don't want to bother him speaking about it again."

Returning to the parlor, she first soothed the child, who was showing signs of restlessness, and then seated herself at the table and resumed her examination of the ledger, from which she was drawing up a rough balance sheet and profit and loss statement. Her husband's present state of affairs was vastly different from that first one which she had sighed to set on paper two years ago. The ends that no stretching of the most hopeful imagination could then bring together were now tied and with something to spare. David Houston was solvent, and not barely so.

And yet Jess considered the cheerful figures before her with anxiety. It was as if having done all she could to make ends meet and tie the knot she saw the knot already giving and the ends slipping slowly but surely apart. How could she secure the knot before it was too late? Had she thought and labored in vain? Was her great idea, her sweet secret desire, her never slumbering hope, to come to nothing? What could she do to stay the dull falling away of David's trade and bring back the recent bright prosperity?

She could tell her husband everything—everything she had done, everything she had endured through the past two years. That would rouse him, she knew, to the strong effort of which she was convinced he was capable. But in what way would it rouse him? Through tender love? Through hot pride? Through pure shame?

Ah, no! She could not bear the thought of her good man shamed before her. Nothing was worth that—not even her great idea. Moreover, it suddenly flashed on her, if she told him all, her great idea would become her ruined hope.

"I can't give in! I won't give in!" she murmured. "I don't want Davie to be sorry for me," she thought a moment later. "I don't want him to be bitterly vexed with himself. I must rouse him without hurting him; I must be patient with him; I must try to get him to take things seriously without seeming to take them too seriously myself. Oh, if he could only have another year like the last I don't think I need to—to hide things from him any more. Only one more year, and then he— No! I don't care if it takes five years, ten years, I won't give in! I won't give in!" she repeated firmly to herself and bent steadily over her work.

She started up listening. She fancied she heard a faint cry outside. She rose to go to the window when David came hurriedly into the parlor.

"What is"— she began, seeing his face white.

"There's a man in the watter oot thonder!" he said rapidly. "I'll be back in a wee while."

He was gone.

Jess hastened to the window and saw him running out at the gate. The hedge hid him for a few seconds, and then she saw him leaping down the rocky shore. A thick haze hung heavily over the loch, and out of it came the cry she had already heard. Something seemed to grip her heart, and a sickly chill came over her body.

"Davie!" she cried stupidly. "Come back! Come back!"

She beheld him wading into the loch—deeper—deeper—and somehow she could not move.

A little cry from the cradle broke the spell of horror that seemed to have been cast upon her. She turned swiftly, caught up her baby, wrapped the tiny mortal in a heavy sofa blanket and fled from the house into the summer dusk, not calling, but pantingly whispering her husband's name.

From the road she could see nothing, but when she reached the water's edge—how she passed over the rough beach burdened and without stumbling she could never afterward tell—she perceived through the mist a dim, dark monstrous shape like the back of a whale, and, her nerves giving way, she screamed loudly.

Some one—she does not know who it was today—came to her side and relieved her of her baby, patting her on the shoulder, endeavoring to soothe her.

"What's that? What's that?" she cried wildly, peering and pointing.

"That's the boat, upside doon. Keep up yer hert, Mistress Houston. Yer man 'll no' get droonit."

People began to collect on the beach where Jess stood, and not far away a couple of men had launched a small boat and were pulling to the rescue.

Then, after what seemed an age to the distracted young wife and her excited and sympathetic neighbors, two heads appeared and moved toward the shore. A shout of congratulation rose from the little group, and presently David, finding the ground, rose and came safely to land, bearing the semiconscious, almost water logged body of a young man.

He dropped his burden into ready arms, saying to his wife: "Dinna fash yersel', ma dear. I'll be back in a jiffy. There's another yin hangin' on to the boat." And he prepared to re-enter the water, when the voices of a dozen people informed him that the rescuers were already nearing the overturned craft. And sure enough there were now two dim shapes in the mist, and from one of them came the cheery shout, "We've got him!"

David took his wife's hand, and it was as if she had received an immediate and powerful stimulant.

"Come and change your clothes at once, Davie," she said. "Come at once! The young man is being taken care of."

"But wull ye no' get him up to the hoose, Jess?"

"No, no, Davie. We'll luk efter him. Ye've plenty to dae lukin' efter yersel'," put in a couple of neighbors, eying him proudly.

"Come, Davie, come! You'll get cold if you stand here," said his wife. "Thank you kindly," she went on, taking her baby from the woman who had been holding her. "I don't know—I don't remember how you came to have Katie, but thank you. Davie, run to the house and strip at once!"

Davie obeyed, and she followed him as swiftly as she could. Near the gate she encountered Mrs. Wallace.

The latter neither asked questions nor offered any observations.

"I'll haud the wean. Awa' to yer man," she said briskly.

Mrs. Houston resigned her charge gratefully and flew after her husband. She found him in front of the kitchen fire, lighting a clay pipe.

"It's a guid thing I hadna on ma coat"—he had been gardening in his shirt sleeves—"or I wudna ha'e had a bit dry tobacco left," he remarked. "Ye wasna feart, was ye, dearie?"

"Get off your wet clothes," she cried. "Quick, quick, quick!" and stamped her foot.

The next moment his pipe lay shattered on the floor and she was in his arms, crying tearlessly as if her heart would break. "Oh, Davie, you—you splendid man!" she sobbed. "But change your clothes!" she cried, freeing herself.

"I doot ye'll ha'e to change yer ain noo," he said with a laugh, pointing to her wet blouse. "Quick, quick, quick!" he mocked her gently and stamped his foot so that the dishes on the dresser rattled.

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"Saut watter winna hurt onybody," he observed when he had got his dry garments and set his other pipe agoing. "Dinna fash yersel', Jess. I'm as richt's the mail! Whaur's the wee yin?"

"Aunt Wallace has got her in the parlor. I've put a fire on there, so go and get toasted."

"A fire this time o' the year?"

"Tits, Davie, don't ask questions and you'll be told no lies!" she cried with affected impatience. "Away to the parlor till I get you some supper."

"But I've had ma supper."

"Well, you've got to take it again. Go when I ask you, Davie!"

"I think I'll gang roon to Dugald McCall's an' see hoo the twa chaps is gettin' on. The yin I brocht ashore was gey faur through, puir lad."

"You're not to go out tonight, Davie. Just ask Aunt Wallace to get word for you. Away and see if Katie's sleeping."

"'Deed, aye!" he returned agreeably and left the kitchen.

Jess dropped into a chair and sat bowed and motionless for five minutes. Her nerves were in a horrid jangle, and when at last she rose to prepare the supper she felt as if she had lived many years in the past hour.

And all at once a dreadful terror seized her, and she fled from the kitchen to the parlor door. Ah, thank God, all was well! Davie was there safe and sound—talking and laughing to the "wee yin."

She went back to the kitchen, took up a plate, let it slip from her fingers and laughed softly over the ruin. But when she spied the remains of David's pipe the tears filled her eyes and overflowed and fell and fell and fell—mercifully.

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When David expressed himself anxious as to the condition of the victims of the boating accident Mrs. Wallace readily offered to step along the road to make inquiries and accepted David's apology for not going himself with the remark:

"Haud yer tongue, man! Ye're better mindin' the wean whaur ye are. Ye're no wantin' to get the newmania or whitever they ca' it an' ha'e Jess rookin' Maister Ogilvy o' a' his mustard fur plaisters fur the next twa-three weeks. Na, na! Ye've had plenty gallivantin' fur yin day, David! Whit's that ye say? Feart fur the dark? Me? Havers! Them as isna feart fur the licht isna feart fur the dark, espaycially when they cairry a wee parasole like this yin." Here she smiled grimly and flourished a large and heavy looking umbrella. "Mind the wean an' mind yersel', David, an' I'll bring ye word as quick as ma legs can cairry me. I'll see Jess when I get back."

Mrs. Wallace had scarcely passed the garden gate when she was hailed with the inquiry:

"Hoo's David, Mistress Wallace?"

"Mercy me! Is that you, Maister Ogilvy? Ye aye turn up like a bad saxpence! David's fine, thenk ye fur spierin', but he's fashin' hissel' aboot the lads that got near droondit, an' I'm jist awa' to see hoo they're keepin'. The stupit fellas deserve to be droondit, but I hope they'll no' get the cauld, puir lads. Weel, guid nicht to ye, Maister Ogilvy." And she hurried on.

"Bide a meenit, if ye please, Mistress Wallace. I've jist been at McCalls wi' a botle o' the best, for I thocht the lads wud be the better o' a wee"—

"Whit wey did ye no' tell me that afore? Weel? Whit aboot the lads?" she demanded.

"I discovered they was teetotallers, but Dugald McCall mislaid the botle, as it were, an' I had to come awa' wi'oot it. Aye, an'"—

"But are the puir lads gettin' better?"

"They was eatin' toastit cheese when I left, no' ha'ein' had their suppers afore they gaed oot in the boat, an' frae the quantity o' the toastit cheese bein' conshumed I was disposed to form the opeenion that"—

"Never heed yer opeenion the noo! The lads is no' muckle the waur o' their drookin'? Is that whit ye mean, eh?"

"Jist that. That'll be aboot it onywey. But, Mistress Wallace"—

"Weel?" she inquired impatiently, as the grocer paused and smiled mysteriously.

"Mistress Wallace, what dae ye think I fun' oot the nicht?"

"Yersel', I suppose."

"Na, but I'm serious."

"Weel, whit are ye grinnin' at?"

"I'm smilin' seriously, as it"—

"Weel, ye sudna."

"It's wi' serious satisfaction," said Mr. Ogilvy good naturedly. "Wha dae ye think the twa young men happen to be?" he asked, not without excitement.

"Wha?"

"They're the twa new jiners frae Paisley that are gaun to set up in opposeetion to David Houston! What think ye o' that?"

"Are ye shair?"

"I'll sweer to it! They arrived at Kinlochan the day an' celebrated the occasion wi' an' evenin' cruise, so to speak, in a sma' boat, but Paisley no' bein' what ye wud ca' a seafarin' place they didna ken hoo"—

"I'll awa' an' tell David an' Jess," said Mrs. Wallace, interrupting the grocer's flow of detail. "But I wud like to ha'e a crack wi' ye the morn, Maister Ogilvy," she added pleasantly.

"I'll bide here for ye the nicht," he returned eagerly.

"I said the morn."

"A' I can say is that I'll bide here till ye come oot frae Hazel Cottage, for it's ower late for ye to gang hame yersel', Mistress Wallace," he replied stoutly.

"Then a' I can say, Maister Ogilvy," she retorted, "is jist yin word—guid nicht!"

"But—but"—

Mrs. Wallace, however, merely nodded and entered the gate.

Mr. Ogilvy walked away rapidly—and came back slowly.

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Mrs. Wallace went straight to the kitchen and found Jess about to dish a tempting little hot supper. She told her niece what she had heard, but told it without comment, for there was something about the young woman's face that disturbed her and made her wish to get home to consider matters. So when Jess pressed her to stay to supper she refused briefly and said she would find her way from the house alone. The supper being at a critical

*"Mercy me! Is that you?"*

stage in the dishing thereof, Jess could not leave it, and her aunt, after bidding her good night much less tenderly than she felt, left the kitchen and made her way to the front door.

But she halted at the door of the parlor and, opening it softly, peeped in. Katie was newly asleep, and David was still by the cradle. Mrs. Wallace beckoned him to her, and he came stealthily.

"The lads are gettin' on fine," she whispered. "Nae doot ye'll hear mair aboot them the morn," she went on, adding to herself, "an' fur awhile to come. But they're no' muckle the waur."

"I'm gled o' that," he said, looking pleased. "D'ye ken what lads they are?" he asked. "I didna ken their faces, an' there wasna a great deal o' time for us gettin' acquaint."

"Jess 'll tell ye aboot them. I maun' gang hame. But, Davie—Davie," her voice softened wonderfully, "I'm rale prood o' ye, man! An'—an' tak' unco guid care—dinna say I said it, mind—but tak' unco guid care o' yer wife, Davie."

Before he could speak she closed the door quietly between them and a moment later left the cottage.

The grocer, at a discreet distance, walked behind her until she reached her home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Accent on the Operatic Stage.

No Englishman with daughters could do a rasher thing than permit them to take lessons from eminent professors with a view of going on the stage. The opera stage in England scarcely exists. At Covent Garden a woman who can speak good English can only get in by force of social influence, and abroad a foreigner has very great difficulty because she cannot speak or sing with a perfect accent. The foreign lady or gentleman comes across here and on occasion will venture to sing in English, and their mistakes bring nothing more than a smile to the faces of the audience. But let an English singer go to France or Germany, and something totally different happens.

In 1897 Tamagno sang at Monte Carlo before an audience which was mainly French. He mispronounced a word, and a peal of derisive laughter covered even his stentorian notes. In Brussels I heard an American tenor laughed at because some of his vowels were not quite pure—Brussels, where their French is the most villainous patois I have ever heard. In Germany I have heard both French and English artists laughed at because their accent was not absolutely correct.—London Saturday Review.

### Russian Discipline.

General Dragomiroff, the Russian military expert, rose from the ranks and always dressed according to the army regulations for the common soldier. One day while driving about St. Petersburg in his carriage he noticed a soldier with hair longer than the regulations called for. He had the horses stopped, alighted and, taking off his hat, ordered the soldier to seize him by the hair. The soldier hesitated. He feared to lay violent hands on his general; besides, the hair was clipped too close to afford a hold for the hands. The general surveyed the soldier sternly for a few moments, then, twining his fingers in the latter's locks, he literally wiped up the street with him, the victim not daring to resist. Finally, having impressed the lesson thoroughly, he re-entered his carriage and drove on, ordering the soldier to follow. At the first barber's shop they came to he again alighted and had every vestige of hair shaved from the soldier's head, then turned him loose as a horrible example to his fellows.

### King James' Books.

Some very fine binding was executed for King James I., who during his entire life was an enthusiastic patron of letters and art. In some of his books the thistle is introduced with heavy corner pieces, and the arms in the center. One fine piece of work, now in the British museum, is in bright brown calf, powdered with flower-de-luce. Another folio in crimson velvet has the arms of England embroidered on both sides with gold thread on a groundwork of yellow silk. The king's initials are worked above. The lettering is in leather, and the boards are tied together by red ribbon, constituting a regal book in every particular. John Gibson, in Scotland, and the Barkers, in England, were appointed to be the king's binders, but there is little trace of their work now extant.

### Animal Having the Most Teeth.

The animal having the most teeth is the great armadillo of south Central and northern South America. It is a fact well known to most people that the normal or average number of teeth in mammals is thirty-two—sixteen above and the same number below. The great armadillo, however, is an exception, having from 92 to 100. He has from twenty-four to twenty-six in each side of the upper jaw and from twenty-two to twenty-four in each side of the lower jaw. Another peculiarity lies in the fact that they are all molars or grinders. They increase in size from front to back, instead of from the root, and are wholly destitute of enamel.

### Jury Subbing.

Mexico has an ingenious plan for facilitating verdicts in jury trials. Two supernumerary jurors are drawn to sit near the jury box and listen to the evidence and arguments. If any of the regular jury falls ill or is otherwise disqualified from going on, one of the "supes" takes his place. In this way they avoid what is often seen in American courts—a long trial rendered useless when it is nearly finished by the sudden illness or death of one juror.

### A Fortune In His Legs.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English gentleman of wealth named Corbet, of a distinguished family near Shrewsbury, bet that his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom and staked estates worth £80,000 on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

### Not Encouraging.

"But," said the persistent suitor, "if I were to prove to you that I would go to the ends of the earth for you"—

"First," replied the Boston girl, "you would have to prove to me that the earth really has ends, and that, you know, is quite impossible."—Philadelphia Press.

### Virtue.

Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.—Confucius.

### Concerning Shoes.

Customer—I notice some shoes in the window that you have labeled "Temperance Shoes." What kind of shoes are they? Dealer—They are warranted not to be tight.

### A Thoughtful Beggar.

J. Stanley Todd, the portrait painter, was talking about the beggars of different lands. "I have met," said Mr. Todd, "beggars of every description—shy beggars, blustering ones, old beggars, robust ones—but the most remarkable beggar of the lot was a man whom I never met, yet whom I never assuredly will forget. All I saw of this beggar was his hat and his chair. The chair stood on a corner of the Rue St. Lazare in Paris. The hat lay on the chair, with a few coppers in it, and behind the hat was a placard reading, 'Please don't forget the beggar, who is now taking his luncheon.'"

### A Humble Apology.

Conversation overheard in a London street; scene, laborer working on a scaffold, contemplating surrounding view, when his foreman comes along down below and, looking up and seeing him idle, calls out to him: "So yer 'aving a look round! What do yer think of the weather?" Workman (looking down with contempt)—Noa; I'm a-working! Foreman—Oh, I beg yer pardon! I'm sorry I stopped yer!—London Globe.

### What Tact Is.

What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding on proper occasions information which we are quite sure would be good for them.—S. M. Crothers.

### Etiquette.

Anxious writes, "What are the duties of a father at his daughter's 'coming out' party?" To put up and shut up.—New York Herald.

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chamfort.

### Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

# MURDERED AT HIS DESK

## Hiram W. Holladay, the Aged Millionaire, Found Dying in His Office by His Secretary.

## HIS DAUGHTER SUSPECTED OF THE CRIME

**Circumstantial Evidence Points Strongly to Her Guilt—Her Strange Conduct at Hearing Before the Coroner—Mystery Baffles the Police—Young Lawyer's Brilliant Coup—Kidnaping and Pursuit Across the Seas as Told by Burton E. Stevenson in The Holladay Case, the New Story of Mystery Which We Shall Begin to Publish in a Few Days. Get the First Chapter and You Will Find It Easy Going Afterward.**

I had never seen Mr. Royce, our junior, so deeply shaken, so visibly distracted, as he was when he burst in upon us a moment later, a newspaper in his hand. Mr. Graham, startled by the noise of his entrance, wheeled around from his desk and stared at him in astonishment.

[From The Holladay Case.]


## ILLINOIS CENTRAL

SPECIAL EXCURSION TO

## New Orleans and the South,

Monday, November 20, 1905 **$20.80** ROUND TRIP

The Illinois Central will sell tickets from Manchester to New Orleans and return at the above very low rate, limited to twenty-one days for return, and good for stop-overs in both directions at nearly all points south of the Ohio river. Tourist sleepers have been chartered which will leave Manchester at 8:40 p. m., Monday, November 20, 1905, and make the trip through to New Orleans, returning to Chicago at 2 30 p. m. November 30. A standard sleeper will also be placed in the train at Chicago. The rate per double berth will be $12.00 in Tourist sleepers from starting point, and $20.00 in Standard sleeper from Chicago, covering use of berth for entire trip until return to Chicago. Applications for reservations in these sleepers, accompanied by draft, should be made to J. F. MERRY, General Immigration Agent, Manchester, Iowa, on or before November 15th—the earlier the better

EVERYBODY'S EXCURSION. All previous excursions of this sort have been run for men only, but this trip is for Ladies, Tourists, Home-seekers, Real Estate Agents and everybody. The train will be run special the entire distance from Chicago to New Orleans and back, on a schedule so arranged as to take in all the principal points along the southern lines of the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads, including Memphis, Jackson, Miss., Hammond, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, etc It is an exceptional opportunity to gain a comprehensive idea of the advantages and possibilities of that section of the south for the Home-seeker and Real Estate Investor.

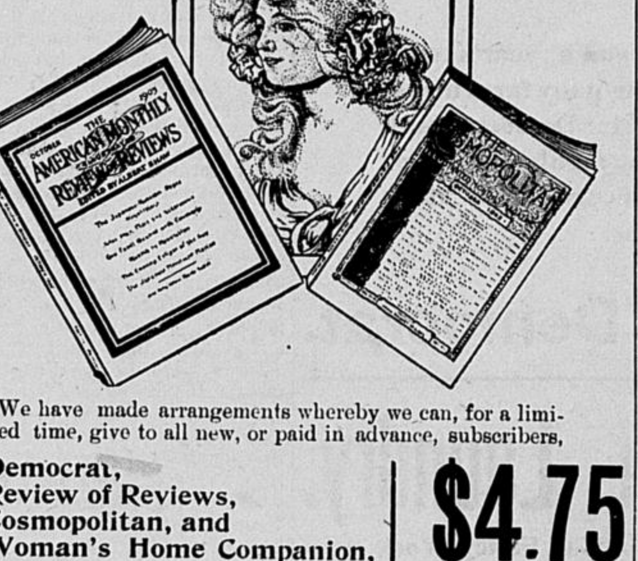
Address J. F. Merry, General Immigration Agent, I. C. R. R., Manchester, Iowa, for copy of flyer giving complete itinerary and full particulars, also printed matter concerning the Southern States to be visited.

S. G. HATCH, General Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.

H. J. PHELPS, Division Passenger Agt., Manchester, Iowa.

45-2






We have made arrangements whereby we can, for a limited time, give to all new, or paid in advance, subscribers,

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For which the regular price would be $8.00. Here is a chance to get your year's reading matter at a price within the reach of all. Remember, this offer is for a reasonable time only.

THE MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT.


# 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 8.45 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 9:45 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 4:45 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, Westbrook'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 5* 2:18 pm. | Thro Express.. | No 4* 3:18 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 6:00 p.m | ...†Passenger.. | No.306 9:10 a.m |
| No 334 8.40 a.m | ..†Passenger... | No.335 6:20 p.m |
| No. 360 1:00 p.m | ... †Freight... | No.360 3:30 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.

"The Maple Leaf Route."

Time card, Oneida, Iowa.

Chicago Special, Daily, Going East.....7:27 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.


## INVESTMEMTS IN SOUTHERN LANDS

Such investments are not speculative. The South is not a new country. Market and shipping facilities are adequate and first class. The climate is mild and favorable. Notwithstanding these and other advantages, southern lands are selling for prices far below their real value, and at present prices net large returns on the investment. For a free set of circulars Nos. 1 to 10, inclusive, concerning the possibilities of lands in Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, on and near the Illinois Central Railroad, for homeseekers and investors, address the undersigned. J. F. MERRY, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent I. C. R. R. Dubuque, Iowa.

## Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

**Baths** Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE. The name and the symptoms may be different, but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements, is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department. Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel.

6tf G. D. GATES.

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


## Illinois Central Excursion Rates.

Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the points, and at rates, as follows:

SUMMER TOURIST RATES.

Tickets on sale daily during the summer months to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Hot Springs and Deadwood, So. Dak.; Denver, Colorado Springs Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Colo.; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; and many other Summer Resorts both East and West, limited to Oct. 31st. Also to Yellowstone Park, limited to ninety days. Write for rates.

FARE AND ONE-THIRD | ON CERTIFICATE PLAN.

Cedar Falls, Ia., Iowa State Normal Summer School, June 10, July 21. Tickets on sale only on certain dates.

ONE FARE PLUS $2.00.

Home-seekers' Excursions, West, South, south-east and South-west.

Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesday of each month until October, To certain points in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, ... and the Northwestern States. Tickets will be sold every Tuesday until October 31st. Buffalo N. Y., Meeting Grand Lodge, B. P. O. Elks July 11-13.

LESS THAN ONE FARE.

Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, Cal.—Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland, and other meetings at above points. Tickets on sale on certain dates every month until and including September, limited to ninety days for return, not to exceed November 30th. Write for rates and illustrated folders about the Portland Exposition.

For particulars as to dates of sale, rates, etc., apply to any Illinois Central Ticket Agent, or address the undersigned.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent Dubuque, Iowa.


### Residence Property for Sale.

We are authorized to offer for sale the Dr. Sherman residence property on Butler street. For terms apply to BRONSON & CARR. tf.

## PAINTING

All kinds of exterior and interior painting. A specialty made of Carriage painting. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

28tf **S. J. Maley.**

Over Atkinson's Blacksmith Shop.