

Jim Borts Escapes Reprobation

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me alone here with my old Aunt Chloe on the place. You won't you come in and set down a-while? They won't be gone very long."

All this time Susie had been a-doin' up her hair and a-turinin' down her sleeves that was rolled up, and a-makin' all them funny little fixin's that women do when they're caught sudden by company without their best duds on; for she was flustered, too, only cootin' like Jim was. And she liked him so well, he bein' a fine-lookin' feller and havin' a mighty favorable reputation among the women on account of his good behavior, that she never felt a bit like laughin' and was only sorry for him a-sufferin' so with his bashfulness.

This helped Jim a whole lot, and he did finally manage to shuffle in and set down on a rockin' chair in the parlor without actually faintin'. A sweeter and purtier thing than Susie 'ust then he thought he never had seen in his life before; but, gosh, how he did suffer, he felt so funny. He mighty near made up his mind to make a dash for the door and give up that he was forsaken of the Lord, rather than try to talk to her; but at last he made a desperate effort, and he says, says he:

"How's your pa's cotton, Susie? Our'n ain't got a good stand, and I'm afraid the boll weevils is goin' to be mighty bad. I didn't see you at the meetin' last Wednesday night, and—"

What Precipitated the Proposal

Jim hadn't but just got stuck on them identical words, when it seemed that Providence interferred right in the nick of time to save his soul, or there's no tellin' what would have happened. For all at once Susie let out an unearthly scream that you could have heard purty near to town and run right over to that feller and took a-hold of him. That was because there had come a-creeppin' out from under the sofa she was settin' on a great big five-foot rattler that started to coil himself in the middle of the room, makin' his tail buzz all the time like a circular saw.

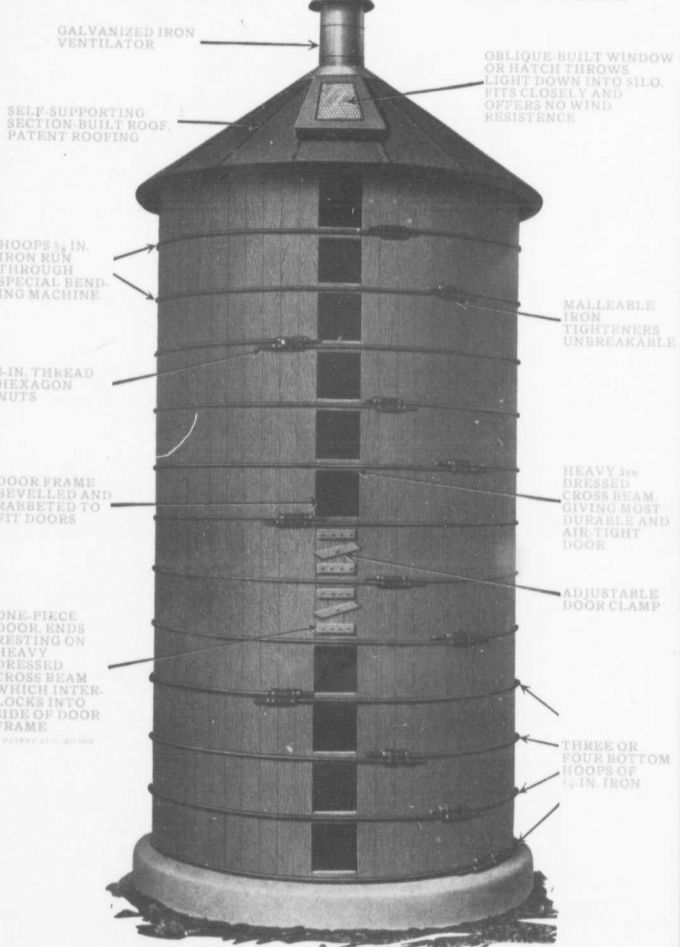
Well, Jim, he picked up a chair and smashed at the snake and threw him out of the door in a minute, then he turned to Susie, who was a-hangin' to him and takin' on dreadful; and in the excitement of the rookus, dingin' in, if he didn't forget all about his bashfulness, and purty near carry that girl, who was about to faint, clear over to the sofa and put his arm around her and try to comfort her, tellin' her that there wasn't no more danger now, and that he'd protect her, if it rained rattlers and cottonmouths, to boot.

And mighty soon Susie got comforted all right, and told him that with him a-sittin' there she wasn't afraid at all any more, not even mentionin' his arm. And still the bashfulness kept away from Jim, and they got to talkin' earnest and confidential like, and may I be everlastin'ly dead, burned, if Jim—yes, that infernal bashful Jim Borts—didn't spunk up and tell that there purty girl that he loved her harder than a sugar mule could kick, and ast her if she wouldn't marry him. And she said "ye-e-y" just as easy and natural as if he'd been courtin' her for the last six months, which Jim thought was a special sign that he'd escaped reprobation. And by thunder he kissed her, even if she did have to sort of suggest that proceedin', they bein' now engaged.

Jim didn't dare to mention to Susie that night how she'd lifted a great burden off of him and saved his soul by lettin' him know that he could do anything for the Lord's sake; but he shore told Brother Colder about it the first thing next mornin', addin' that he didn't feel worried about his soul any longer.

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A month later they were married. That feller that used to go around lookin' s'olemnner than a owl at a funeral was as happy that day as a nigger gin's courin'. He laughed and joked with everybody, like he'd always been that way; and he says to Brother Colder, says he, "If I'd a-known that the givin' up of idols was that easy, I'd been a member of the church long ago, I shore would."

Silo Building Activity
Close estimates show that during the past season, Eastern Ontario dairy and stock farmers built 902 silos. In one township alone, over 20 silos were rushed up directly as a result of this apparent shortage in feed as compared with the men who had silos. The total number erected over all Ontario would possibly exceed 2,000. And yet

1914 taught its lesson with such good effect that the coming season will be our greatest in silo construction. Most of us have learned that the silo is by all means our most economical way of handling the feeding problem. Corn has been our one great salvation in the production of cheaper milk. It is scarcely possible to make a close estimate of the number of corn tanks that will go up in the next year.