

October 2, 1913.

Use



Old Dutch Cleanser

On Hard Things To Clean

MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

He called the dog to come out of the water, but Nero would not leave the canal. All efforts to get him to the shore were fruitless. The dog was becoming exhausted, but still swam around, yelping piteously, grieved and nearly broken-hearted at having met with the accident.

The owner saw that the only way to get the dog out of the water was to fish up the luncheon. After about fifteen minutes' fishing, the dinner pail was recovered, and after that the coffee bottle. Then Nero consented to come out of the water, but was so weak he could not crawl out and had to be hauled up on land. The dog had been swimming for over an hour.—The Boys' World.

MICHAELMAS GEESE

PART II.

Without waiting for help Grizzie jumped down, shook her dress free from dust that the sacks had been powerless to fend; and, after making a few curt arrangements about time and place of meeting, walked quickly away.

The town was crowded—a strange medley of men and beasts; frightened bullocks invading pavements, still more frightened petticoats invading the road, little bunches of sheep scurrying up side turnings and frantic, yelling drovers with uplifted sticks sending big, shaggy, tailless dogs after them to turn them back.

Farmers driving in from long distances, some with high-stepping, shining young horses in the shafts—ring and rosette brigade, these, others driving elderly, all-round beasts, often with shaggy fetlocks and long tails. Faithfully plodding, they take them home again.

A miscellaneous collection of small carts and pony tumbrils, here and there a smart cob with governess-car or dog-cart, dealers' carts and chaises, lumbering carrier's vans, all to presently stand, closely-packed, in the inn-yards of the town.

Grizzie made her way through the streets and begun to shop, a tedious business on market-day, with assistants hard driven to get parcels duly directed and delivered by a certain stated time to the inn-yards where the shoppers' traps were stationed.

When her errand was completed, Grizzie went as usual to the High street to see the best of the shop windows. They failed to attract, and she turned away.

At one end of the High street a Cheap Jack was giving a powerful recital of desperate bargains. He had a large audience and not only impressed it, but actually made a few converts. Grizzie, who always enjoyed the fun and was half credulous over the offers, walked past without a glance.

She went into a quiet little confectioner's shop, where she was a regular, if modest, customer and ordered tea and buns. When they were brought to her she poured herself out a cup of tea and broke a bun in halves. Then she sat and thought.

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At the striking of the Town Hall clock she rose quickly, and, paying for her meal at the counter, left the shop and hurried to the inn-yard, to find Ezra packing her parcels neatly under the seat of the tumbril.

The shop-woman, going leisurely to remove Grizzie's tray, found the cup of tea untasted and the buns crumbled into little heaps on the plate.

It was seldom, indeed, a bargain had the best of Grizzie.

A still, soft evening, with soothing in the air. Mellow sunlight falling like a cloud of golden dust across the open country. Lanes, where the leaves met far above the heads of two in a tumbril, coming back from market.

Although relieved of his burden of geese, the pony slackened his already slow paces to a crawl at the slightest sensation of rising ground. On and on, until the moon showed faintly through the gloaming, and the musicians in the bird orchestra fell out one by one.

Grizzie broke the hush: "Ezra," she said. "I'm thinkin' of gettin' married."

Ezra dropped his whip in the road. He had been amusing himself by flicking idly at various flies and gnats on the hedgerows as they passed. He stopped the pony, collected his senses and limbs and went to pick up his whip.

When he was back again beside Grizzie, he turned to her: "Who is he?" he said.

Grizzie glanced at him carelessly. "Well, now I come to think of it, in the distance he looks very much like you: he ain't extra tall an' he ain't short—just comfortable; an' if he ain't what you call good lookin', he's no ways ugly; an' he's got a little brown mole on his face in a most wonderful lucky place."

"You seem to hav taak stock of him to rights," said Ezra bitterly.

"It's just as well," said Grizzie calmly, "to know what sort of bargain ye're gettin' before it's got. It saves much mortifyin' after and there ain't so much chance of 'words' neither, if you both keeps yer eyes open afore the deed. The time to shut 'em comes quick enough after."

Ezra had no answer to make. He gathered up the reins and poked the pony with the butt end of the whip to hasten its speed.

At the farmyard gate he helped Grizzie down and carried her parcels

to the back door. As he lifted the latch and the lamp-light streamed out across his face Grizzie was startled by the expression.

He turned to her. "I've bin thinkin' an' thinkin'," he said, "and I can't nohow call to mind any man with a lucky mole, save Ucal, who lives down 'Green Hollows' way. If it's him—well, good luck to yer, Grizzie, an' whatever you do don't ast me to the weddin'."

"I shall," she said.

"I 'ont come"—and he turned away.

"You will," she answered.

"Tell you I 'ont," he almost shouted; "nobody 'ud make me."

"I can," said Grizzie softly.

He had moved away, and was lost to sight in the shadow of the big barn. Then Grizzie feared.

"Ezra! Ezra!" she called.

Against his will, the pleading in her voice brought him back.

"It isn't Ucal," she said.

He stared at her.

The pony was still at the yard gate, waiting to be unharnessed and yearning most ardently for his manger and water-pail.

He waited long.—Ethel Beatrice Page, in Church Family Newspaper.

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