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Our Hams, Bacon, Cooked Meats,  
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Choose your variety and  
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Much of neatness, comfort and wear of a shoe depends upon the way it is fitted. A loose shoe cannot look stylish nor give real comfort and wearing service that is afforded by one that fits properly.

**Utz & Dunn Co. Shoes**

**"Fit the Feet"**

Made of finest leather, over stylish, shapely lasts, they are glove-fitting, fashionable shoes that give fullest wearing value.

**The Sawyer Shoe Store**

**MYSTERY OF WAVERLEY**

IT MARKED THE TURNING POINT IN SCOTT'S CAREER.

Just a Hundred Years Have Passed Since the British Public Wrestled With the Problem of the "Great Unknown" and Made Wild Guesses as to His Identity. Lockhart Saw Scott at Work.

"Waverley" marked an epoch in our literary history, and the turning point in Scott's dual career as poet and novelist," writes Frank Mumbly, in T. P. S. Weekly. He continues: "The inner history of the 'Waverley' novels is curiously interesting. Byron had lately awakened to find himself famous, and Scott, who in 1813 declined the laureateship in favor of Southey, was perhaps too ready to acknowledge that the younger man had supplanted him in popularity as a poet. The comparative failure of 'The Lord of the Isles,' a little later, seemed to confirm this view.

"Well, well, James, so be it," he said, with cheery resignation, when the printer told him how matters stood with 'The Lord of the Isles.' 'But, you know, we must not droop, for we can't afford to give out. Since one line has failed, we must stick to something else.' And with that he went on with the wonderful series of prose romances which began to make their appearance just a hundred years ago.

What really induced him to insist upon the secrecy of authorship for so many years it is difficult to say, though various reasons have been advanced. 'I do not see how my silence can be considered as imposing on the public,' he wrote to his friend Morritt, of Roxbury and the 'Venue of Velasquez' fame. 'If I give my name to a book without writing it, unquestionably that would be a trick. But, unless in the case of his averring facts which he may be called upon to defend or justify, I think an author may use his own discretion in giving or withholding his name. Hardy Mackenzie never put his name in the title-page till the last edition of his works; and Swift only owned one out of his thousand and one publications. In point of emolument, everybody knows that I sacrifice much money by withholding my name; and what should I gain by it, that any human being has a right to consider as an unfair advantage? In fact, only the freedom of writing trifles with less personal responsibility, and perhaps more frequently than I otherwise might do.'

Lockhart before he dreamt of becoming his son-in-law and biographer. Lockhart caught a fleeting glimpse of the novelist at work at this period, heedless of the effect of his titanic labors upon overlooking eyes. The story, as told by Lockhart, is worth repeating. He explains how, in June, 1814, he happened to be spending the evening with his friend William Menzies, afterwards one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at the Cape: "When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that indicated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a compound hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me sit here with a good will. I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing on Behshazzar's wall, disturbed the hour of his hilarity.

"Since we sat down," he said, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eyes—never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearying—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when it is not at my books.' Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably, exclaimed myself, 'or some other giddy youth of our society.' 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's."

That was the hand which, in the evenings of three summer weeks, exactly a hundred years ago, wrote the last two volumes of 'Waverley.' One report had it that 'Waverley' was the work of Scott's brother Thomas, who had gone to Canada as paymaster of the 70th Regiment, and it amused the real author to encourage this idea. He even invited his brother to join in the plot by sending over the raw material for another novel.

"I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary, and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth \$2,500; and, to encourage you, you may, when you send the MS., draw on me for \$500, at fifty days' sight—so that your labors will not, at any rate, be quite thrown away. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want, namely, the more practice of composition, I can supply, or the devil's in it. Keep this matter a dead secret, and look nothing when 'Waverley' is spoken of." Nothing came of this, but Scott continued to disown his novels. When he sold to Constable the remaining copyright of the four works published between December, 1819, and January, 1821—"The Abbot," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth"—the stipulation was repeated that his name was not to be revealed under a penalty of \$10,000. For the remaining copyright of the four novels he had already cleared, at least \$50,000 before his bargain was completed, thus making in all \$75,000 for the fruits of scarcely more than a year's work.

Emulation is all right when you are particular in the selection of a model. Genuine pity always guides the hand toward the loose coin in your pocket.

**ONLY RICH MAY DARE.**

Average Man Hasn't the Privilege of Talking Poverty.

One of the greatest hardships of comparative poverty is that it must not be admitted, says a London Times' writer in the course of a most interesting article. For the poor man to say that he is poor is fatal. To hide his miserable condition he must spend, and spend lavishly. He must feed at the best restaurants, be clothed by good tailors; scorn the cheap and convenient omnibus, adopt the worries of an income he does not possess, and talk loudly of the iniquities of the super-tax. By doing all this he may be able to get to the rich, as well as to the other poor, an impression of wealth that at least keeps his credit good. Only to the really rich and the really poor is it permitted to practice economy openly. The really poor do it because they have no credit; the really rich because they do not need it.

Before we may indulge ourselves in that luxury of the rich, talking poor, we must be very sure of our banking account. It must be able to support us adequately in our pretensions of poverty, so that we may never be believed. We must be beyond temptation, able to talk poverty, but never forced to act it. We must have so much money that we can really believe ourselves poor, or at least capable of being made poor.

As a rule when poverty hobbles with wealth, wealth talks poor all the time and acts rich; poverty talks rich and acts poor; that is the difference. A millionaire seems to take a special delight in seeking the sympathy of 500 pounds a year. He tells him of the stupendous expenses of his palatial establishments; draws vivid word-pictures of the straits in which he finds himself in order to meet the ceaseless demands for money that beset him on every side, and generally manages to assure his companion in the most convincing tones that he should thank the kindly fates that such wealth has been denied him. He does this partly because he likes to believe it, partly to head off any attempt on the part of 2,500-a-year to get anything out of him.

But 2,500-a-year is flattered by it. He is pleased that the great man should come down to his level and seek his sympathy. He feels that he is seeing the human side of this magnate that is hidden from the rest of the world; and he almost believes the story of the torments of the rich, and then, perhaps, diffidently he will ask the great man to lunch with him. It seems presumption, but then—before he has over-stepped the bounds of consideration the poor should by right accord to the rich, the great man has accepted, hailed a cab, and given the driver the name of the most expensive restaurant in town.

Two thousand-a-year pays for the cab and the lunch, and at the end of the meal millionaire shakes him warmly by the hand and leaves him with another steam yacht. Two thousand-a-year takes of his pranks a few months ago he was a great disgrace, for having gained possession of his sister's painted box, he daubed his face with streaks of color, and entered the dining-room, where the King was entertaining several royal guests and visitors.

A few boys born of wealthy parents are so restricted in pocket money as the English princes. They have practically no money to spend, and have to ask their tutors or governesses for anything they may want.

**In the Cannibal Isles.**

The Solomon Islands are in the Pacific Ocean, a little south of the equator, and are mainly inhabited by Malays and Papuan negroes. On some of the smaller islands the natives are cannibals. The captain of the Sea Queen knew this when he sailed from Queensland, Australia, for Buka after a cargo of copra, but he imagined the natives would be friendly. He was cruelly undeceived. The morning after the vessel's arrival at Buka six boats came alongside and the natives swarmed up on the deck.

The crew brought out the goods for trading purposes, and everything was apparently on a friendly footing when suddenly the natives attacked the sailors with knives.

All the sailors were killed except three. One of these jumped overboard and was drowned; the two survivors were bound hand and foot and carried ashore. The natives then prepared for a cannibal feast, while several of them went back to the ship and found a barrel of liquor.

In a short time the entire party became stupidly drunk, and the two sailors, after freeing themselves from their bonds, jumped into a small boat and put to sea.

After floating aimlessly for two days they were picked up by a trading vessel, which carried them to other islands, from which they finally secured passage for Australia.

**Put Three Feet in It.**

For two or three days on one occasion Speaker Lowther was away from the House of Commons through illness. On one of these days a Liberal walked into a west end club and there met Mr. Gully, the son of the late Speaker. "Ah," said he unthinkingly, "Lowther is the best speaker I've ever had." Too late he realized his faux pas. But more was to come. In an adjoining room he met Mr. Peel. "Oh," he gasped, "I've just said such a stupid thing. I met young Gully, and forgetting his father, said Lowther was the best speaker we ever had." Now, Mr. Peel was also the son of a previous Speaker. "I dare say," he replied, "but I don't think you should walk into a west end club and there meet Mr. Gully, the son of the late Speaker." "Ah," said he unthinkingly, "Lowther is the best speaker I've ever had." Too late he realized his faux pas. But more was to come. In an adjoining room he met Mr. Peel. "Oh," he gasped, "I've just said such a stupid thing. 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