

Billy and Betty.

By ALLEN LYNN.

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HE was hardly conscious of her intrusion at first, she fitted so well into it all with her soft gray calico and chestnut hair. They were on the brow of a slope that dropped rapidly down into the valley, and she paused and threw her hand above her eyes with a quick motion, which he recognized as expressing anxiety and hope. He could see her face plainly from where he lay, and he could read in the glances which flashed from point to point something of the terror of their owner at not finding what she sought.

"What is it, Miss Betty?" he drawled as with a slow, muscular movement of his body he threw himself upon his feet and moved forward to her side. "Can I be any help?"

"O-o-h! It's you, Billy? Thank God! Hurry! Hurry! Pap's knocked down by a tree an' being crushed. I couldn't lift it."

"Where?" asked Billy tersely. "To Possum Flat. He was chopping a tree, an' it fell 'fore he thought. Please, please do hurry!"

Billy nodded reassuredly. Possum Flat was three miles away by a circuitous path around craggy points and up and down declivities or one mile by going straight over the ridge and meeting a precipice by crawling out on a branch for twenty feet and sliding down the tree trunk for thirty feet more. Billy wondered if Betty had come by this route. But as he sprang up the slope he swung his hand toward the circuitous path, knowing full well as he did so, however, that the girl would do exactly as she pleased, for that was her way.

Possum Flat was the wonder and chagrin of all the mountain side, for was it not the climax of brazen industry? They all had their truck patches, but beside Possum Flat their patches were as barren fields to a land of milk and honey. Jake, the father of Betty—as he was called in contradistinction to another Jake of the same name, who was father of Meg—grew potatoes, toads that stood him from October digging to the May planting. His onions and cabbages were always above family needs and fowed over into envied sales for ready money, and, to cap it all, behind his cabin was a four acre field that every fall showed green with sprouting shoots and every spring grew heavy with showing golden headed wheat. No wonder he had two mules and a buckboard "kerridge," a "pegger" in front of his cabin and a kitchen with real window glass windows behind! And no wonder he carried his head high as the mighty man of the "hillers" and looked askance at the valorous "pore trash" youth that dared to raise eyes to his daughter. But of unambitious, care free Billy he had not even thought as an object of suspicion.

So now, after that stalwart youth had removed the heavy tree trunk from his body and had lifted and borne him to his bed in the cabin as gently as a good man.

"Seventy cents," he admonished warningly. "Try 'n' get it." After the wheat was loaded the next day Billy entered the cabin for a few last instructions. Before leaving he contrived to draw Betty into the back kitchen for a moment.

"Say, Betty," he began, "I—I—say, would ye mind me buyin' a ring to Staunton, a gold ring for you an' me?" She looked at him quickly, understandingly, her face flushing. She could not remember a single one of her married acquaintances who had been given a gold ring.

"Why, no, I wouldn't mind, Billy," she said simply. "I'll be real glad." "An'—an' would ye mind speakin' to your pap 'bout it while I'm gone, Betty? It might be a good time now I'm a-totin' his wheat."

back door, where it would be handy for Betty. He brought water and fed the pigs and, in spite of her protests, insisted on doing the milking himself, and he brought the big, unwieldy plow and swung it behind the mules and went merrily around the four acre lot in lessening parallelograms.

It was the novelty of seeing a woman about that was pleasant. He had no sisters, and his mother had long been dead. It was just the novelty and the neatness and contentedness of it all he liked. And this idea, if his thoughts took such definite form, remained with him for a month—until the invalid began to hobble about on crutches—when suddenly the truth came home to him as had her beauty that day on the ridge. Billy was in love.

Betty noticed the change in him at once, and her face grew puzzled, but only for a little while. Then an odd twinkle of humor came into her eyes as though she understood. And mingled with the humor was a tender flickering light which had been gaining strength in her eyes these past few weeks, a light which Billy had not yet seen.

As he entered Jake looked up with angry impatience, and Billy raised a hand defensively before his face, but the invalid was not thinking of that.

"Heard anything 'bout wheat today?" he grumbled. "Goin' down, of course?" "Goin' up," Billy answered promptly. "A man hollered to me from the alge 'o' the hill this mornin' an' said 'twas seventy."

"Seventy?" Jake grabbed his crutches and rose tottering to his feet, but sank back, with a snarl of mingled rage and pain. "Seventy cents, an' I've got ninety bushels. Dhm the old back! By the time I'm out ag'in it'll be down to fifty, like 'twas last year, an' that'll be a clean loss of \$18."

"Can't I go, pap?" suggested Betty. The gloomy face cleared slightly, then lowered. He loved the profits of his industry, but not so much as he loved Betty. It was thirty miles to Staunton.

"No, ye can't," he snarled. There was a brief silence. Then Betty said: "There's Billy, pap. He's mighty strong and willin'."

The face darkened, then grew lighter. Evidently the idea, at first scouted, was being tolerated. That meant Billy had been making giant strides forward during these few weeks.

"I—dunno," doubtfully. Billy saw his opportunity and rose to it like a man—like a man of industry. He was developing rapidly.

"I'll take it down all right," he said confidently. "I've sold wheat to Staunton afore. But nebber it'll be worth while to hold back till you're out ag'in."

Jake snorted. "There's more fallin' than risin' in wheat," he snapped. "I've found that out. I reckon ye'd better go, an', mind, I want ye to get it all down by tomorrow. Seventy cents! Yes, ye must get it all in tomorrow."

Billy's head was whirling. But there was Betty looking at him confidently, and her father already beginning to lose some of his newly acquired confidence. He must brace up. "All right," he answered as steadily as he could. "The mules can draw half on the long waggin, an' I'll borrow Tom Stuart's mule an' Ike Coyner's hay waggin. That'll take the other half. Ike's boy Sam can drive behind me so I can keep an eye on him. Oh, yes. We'll get on fast rate."

Then he whitened and staggered to the nearest chair. "You poor boy!" cried Betty tenderly. "You're plumb beat out."

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake eagerly. Billy gasped and tried to collect his thoughts. What did they want him to say? It was about the wheat, wasn't it? He had almost forgotten that unimportant matter after the gold ring took possession of his mind. He remembered the wheat had been taken to the storehouse of a big flouring mill and that he had told a clerk he would be back later and attend to his sale. Then he had hurried away in search of a job hauling with the mules and had carted sand two days for \$6 and had bought the gold ring. Yes, that was it, and he had given Sam the 25 cents to pay his fare to a cousin's at Fisherville to get him out of the way for the two days. That was all—only he had forgotten to go back and sell the wheat.

"Did ye get the 70 cents?" demanded Jake for the second time. Billy felt that it was a crisis with him, and he drew a long, hard breath. Then his gaze steadied.

"Ye see, it's this way," he said, "signs are for risin', an' I ain't sold yet. Ye might jest as well have 75 or 80 cents as for anybody else. But I'll go down"—he was about to say "to onect," but restrained himself, for that might betray him; he added instead—"in a few days an' see how the risin's comin' on."

Under ordinary circumstances the invalid would not have controlled his astonishment and wrath, but this was an extraordinary opportunity, and Jake, the father of Betty, was nothing if not diplomatic. So he forced himself into a semblance of composure.

"Well, it's your lookout, Billy," he said significantly. "I ordered ye to sell, an' of course I'll hold ye responsible for all fallin's from the 70 cents. Mind that!"

It was a very miserable Billy who went out to attend to the evening chores. He had half a mind to rush back to Staunton and remedy the evil that he grew worse. He imagined all sorts of fallings—to 60 cents, 50, perhaps 40; to a life of toil spent in atoning for the carelessness; to the probable loss of Betty. But he stuck it out until the third morning. Then he left the cabin with steady, confident strides, which, however, changed to frantic haste as soon as he was beyond view of Betty in the doorway.

But the mills of the gods sometimes turn out unaccountable grid. Every moment since Billy had been told from the hill that wheat was "goin' up" the mills of the Chicago pit had been grinding out good flour for his chaff. The west had been scoured, the markets of the world invoked and the many tongued lines of telegraph brought into the game. And all had rounded to the honor and glory of Billy of Coon Hill. When he returned to Possum Flat at the end of one short twenty-four hours his face was again expressive of beatific joy.

Going straight to Jake, the father of Betty, he handed him a roll of bills. "The risin' was even better than I 'loved on," he said nonchalantly. "I sold for \$1 a bushel. Ye see, there was signs o' breakin', an' I 'loved I'd better not hold on any longer."

There are varying signs of wonder, chagrin, incredulity and satisfaction, but the mingling of them all which gathered on Jake's face was of the kind that cannot be put into words. He gazed at the money, at the strong, handsome figure before him; at Betty, smiling a few feet away, and bowed his head in surrender.

"I reckon I might 'a' been mistook, Betty," he said submissively. "Billy'll be able to keep ye, sure 'nough."

He knew. "Now, Willie," said the bad boy's mother, "it's time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy promptly. "It means they ain't no use ye washin' my face an' hands, 'cause they'll only get dirty again."—Philadelphia Press.

Among Friends. Patience—I hear Peggy's gone in for ballooning. Patrice—Indeed! Well, she must be happy. She always looked as if she wanted to get her nose up in the air.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Before Justice Stipp.
A case was tried before Justice Stipp Saturday in which B. B. Garrett brought suit against Elmer and Nettie Albright to recover a commission of \$50, alleged to be due from the sale of property for the defendants in January. J. U. Campbell was attorney for the plaintiff and Attorney John F. Clark presented the defendants. The case came before a jury, who decided in favor of the defendants.

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Saturday evening the ladies of the Mt. Pleasant Civic Improvement Club will give a dinner, the proceeds of which are to be used towards the lumber for the new sidewalks. The labor on the improvements will be donated, the lumber coming from the Burley, Moran & Stafford mill.

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Because meats are so tasty they are consumed in great excess. This leads to stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. Revise your diet, let reason and not a pampered appetite control, then take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be well again. Try it. For sale by Huntley Bros., drug stores, Oregon City and Molalla. Samples free.

Two Wills Filed.
The will of George Baldwin, late of the town of Appleton, Wis., was filed for probate in the County Court. The estate is valued at \$16,000, covering lands in this and adjacent counties. A large amount of personal property was left to the widow.

That also of the late Joseph Pollock, who left an estate valued at about \$1600, the greater part going to his widow at Highland.

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You will pay just as much for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as for any of the other cough medicines, but you save money in buying it. The saving is in what you get, not what you pay. The sure-to-cure quality is in every bottle of this remedy, and you get good results when you take it. Neglected colds often develop serious conditions, and when you buy a cough medicine you want to be sure you are getting one that will cure your cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always cures. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Huntley Bros., Oregon City and Molalla.

A great many people borrow trouble like the woman who answered the question of how she was feeling by saying: "I feel very well, but I am sorry for it. I always feel bad when I feel well, for I know that I am going to feel worse after it."

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Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of the stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c at Howell & Jones' drug store.

Builds up waste tissue, promotes appetite, improves digestion, induces refreshing sleep, giving renewed strength and health. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35c. Tea or Tablets. Huntley Bros. Co.

Mrs. John Wilson, of Newport, is visiting her mother Mrs. C. E. Meyers.

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Emmet Odell	7.00
W. P. Chilcoat	42.00
W. P. Chilcoat	38.50
Mr. Cole	2.00
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O. A. Palmer	184.82
J. F. Wilmarth	4.00
R. B. Smith	8.00
A. W. Thompson	4.00
Wm. Card	2.00
W. H. Boring	10.00
DISTRICT 6—	
T. C. Lohrman	2.50

Bornstedt & Lindsey	3.50
Orland Zeek	4.00
Strans Lumber Co.	171.60
Milton Nelson	3.00
Alfred Bell	8.00
Gus Stucke	10.00
W. Alt	6.00
C. Alt	4.00
A. Zesto	4.00
W. B. Sturtevant	2.00
W. Bosholt	10.00
V. Johnson	2.00
N. Nelson	3.00
A. Mickelson	6.00
Firwood Lum. Co.	8.00
J. Fowler	4.00
W. Alt	8.00
N. Nelson	12.00
M. Nelson	3.00
W. Bosholt	10.00
A. Mickelson	1.00
John Straus	10.00
Old Man Bell	14.00
Wm. Bell	24.00
Ed Zuckler	30.00
H. Whitmer	56.00
Thos. Spelman	8.00
Fred Zuckler	12.00
Sandy Ridge Miller	8.00
Jack Dunkan	48.00
Jack Gibbens	18.00
DISTRICT 7—	
Melning Bros.	17.45
DISTRICT 11—	
F. Busch	1.00
DISTRICT 13—	
Walter Emmett	6.00
E. N. Barrett	4.00
W. C. Ward	4.00
A. Hubert	26.25
Harry Hubert	8.00
DISTRICT 15—	
C. E. Nash	2.15
Trimble & Lippe	3.10
W. M. Fine	47.50
Carl Kenzry	52.50
George Rakel	34.00
Jack Humphrys	30.00
Jack Confer	5.00
Mc Telford	14.00
A. Climpson	7.00
E. White	6.00
A. Warner	4.00
DISTRICT 16—	
Willie Stehbelly	4.00
Aug. Stehbelly	3.75
W. Woodcox	2.00
DISTRICT 17—	
Andrew Koehler	38.50
A. M. Olson	7.00
Alex. Tice	15.00
Chas. Klohe	15.00
J. W. Koehler	1.00
Geo. Koehler	1.00
DISTRICT 18—	
W. F. Haberlach	203.00
Geo. Kirbyson	18.10
D. Guinther	45.00
A. Guinther	40.00
E. Guinther	38.00
Arthur Hornshuh	49.38
G. A. Schuebel	39.00
H. W. Guinther	31.50
E. H. Hornshuh	53.75
F. Bohlander	35.00
A. Staben	40.50
Alvin Hornshuh	20.65
J. Shannon	28.50
H. Grossmiller	31.00
C. Fisher	3.00
Roke Foundry	1.00
— Garmier	1.50
C. W. Browne	2.00
Bohlander	14.00
V. Bohlander	1.75
J. Shannon	.80
DISTRICT 19—	
C. T. Howard	4.15
J. J. Mallatt	1.00
C. Daniels	1.00
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H. Turner	4.00
F. Mueller	1.00
D. L. Trullinger	47.30
Eugene Cummins	4.25
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A. M. Denison	6.00
Otto Hoffstetters	2.00
DISTRICT 20—	
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G. R. Miller	1.00
Charley Shockley	6.00
George Stevens	2.00
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Ed McIntyre, Jr.	5.00
O. Fellows	2.00
W. B. Fairfowl	.75
Abe Stormer	5.00
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H. A. Wolfer	4.50
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Frank Hilton	11.25
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