

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XVIII

"If that isn't a wireless I'm hearing, I never heard one," quoth Johnny. The trio had taken refuge below, as the rain was falling heavily and there was no cabin accommodation above. "I learned the code, you know, coming over," he confided to Betty. "Wonder what they're saying? Listen."

Johnny's knowledge was not very extensive. He deciphered the words "Tyoga," "great haste," "make all efforts to save life," and "H. H."

"Well, we're on the trail of the story, anyhow," he cheerfully mused. "That ought to be some consolation."

All night the three were crowded in a space not big enough for two of them. The yacht made good time, and when it finally stopped with a jolt, Meta sought them out and bade them go ashore.

They were landing at the wharf of what might have been a conventional English seaport country place. At the end of a driveway, over which everybody limped except City Editor Burton, who Benoni had left tethered in the yacht, rambled a pretentious house of Gothic architecture. A modern glass covered piazza was built along one side of the place, and as they mounted the steps Betty recognized within this enclosure Tyoga in cap and apron, in charge of a pair of children, approximately 9 and 10 years old.

The boy was the larger of the two, a slight dark lad, with a petulant expression and awkward movements. Later Betty saw this awkwardness was caused by a deformity of the hip. The girl was plainer of face than her brother, but her figure had the perfect symmetry of all wild things that live in the open air.

Tyoga was mending a white garment, but at sight of the pilgrims she dropped her work and went forward to greet them, leaving the children staring after her.

She bowed before Betty and the two other Americans, kissed Meta warmly on the cheeks, and embraced Benoni passionately. When these two were together the relationship of mother and son was easily discernible.

"Ah, so you came safely away," she sighed, in a relieved manner. "I was so alarmed. Hamley came home this morning. He and the old man had a dreadful argument. They are upstairs now. It has been frightful. But you must not mind. I do not know what I am going to do with the children. They are getting so old now. I can't put them off with fairy tales any longer. It is racking." She turned to Betty. "I'm glad your friends found you. Poor child! The strain on you has been terrible, but the snarl is nearing its end. You shall soon see."

The interior of the house was as conventional as its exterior. Betty, Larry Morris and Johnny felt that the penumbra of mystery was at length being pierced by the return of reason. "But if Mr. Wayne finds these people here he may kill them," objected Benoni. "He shall not see them," assured Tyoga. "Nor Hackley, neither. They and the children must all be out of sight before he comes down stairs. Since she is dead Hackley cannot abide the sight of the children any more. And all her things—he wants them out of sight down here, yet he lives in her old rooms. Take them to the north wing, Meta, and I will bring the children."

The north wing had four bedrooms, a sitting room, and a small alcove. It was done in English chintz, and several canaries sung and swung in the windows. In Betty's room had been placed garments more conventional than those she wore, and a dozen little toilet conveniences, not the least welcome of which was a box of hairpins in assorted sizes. She lingered long at her dressing—why shouldn't she have done so? In all this time she had not been so near the accustomed luxuries of life. The bath tub was a delight, the brushes, creams and powders brought back visions of civilization, and even the makeshifts for fashionable clothing were a comfort. True, the skirt laid out was plainly Tyoga's and needed a dozen reefs and tucks; but for a wailer there was an old-fashioned polonaise, and this was better suited to Betty's size. When she was finished she really felt proud of herself, and awaited the reunion with the boys in the sitting room with great anticipation.

They had fared better in the matter of clothes, though Johnny's trousers were too long and Larry's were at half-mast. While they criticised, commented, and compared the children burst in upon them. The boy limped quietly in, but the girl stormed through the doors like a whirlwind.

"Where you live when you were a little girl?" she flashed at Betty. "Did they always have something doing around that you couldn't see into?" "Of course they did," said Betty. "Those things always happen when you're children."

"But I don't believe it was like it is here," persisted the child. "Here things are so funny, they make you creep if you don't want it. You needn't scowl, brother, you know it's true. Anybody can see it. And why did these people come here in those skin clothes? And why won't papa see us, and where is mother? Do you—oh, tell me—do you think our mother's dead?" the child cried, flinging herself in Betty's lap. "We had the loveliest mother, and she's been gone for so long!"

"What was your mother's name, dear?" questioned Betty, though she

knew before she asked, and felt ashamed of the query. She had the hot little-head pressed close to her shoulder and could feel the rising sobs. The boy had gone over to the window and was tapping it moodily with his fingers.

"She was Mrs. Cerisse Wayne Hackley," replied the child, "but we just called her mother."

Betty's tears mingled with those of the little girl. "I don't know, dear," she answered. "Wait till we get a post and then we'll know."

"That's what Tyoga always says," continued the child. "But the post never comes here any more. What's your name?"

"Betty Lancey."
"And his'n?"
"Mr. Johnson."
"And his'n?"
"Mr. Morris."

"Mine's Paula, and brother's is Walter Hamley," announced the child. "We just call him Walter, though. He's awfully shy, is brother. He doesn't wear mother's picture any more; he says she's been gone so long that she doesn't love us or else she'd come back. But that isn't so. Tyoga went away for a long time, but Tyoga came back. This is mother, see?"

She opened the locket around her neck and displayed to Betty the now familiar face of Cerisse Wayne.

It was such a beautiful, lovely, mocking face, but it wasn't a good face! Betty couldn't hold acknowledging that to herself even as she made her bow to the witchery of the painted features before her. There was nothing of the mother there.

"I hate this place," went on Paula. "I don't like the blacks and I don't like the quiet that's always here. Papa said he'd take us to England, but since mother went away he never talks of that any more. Papa doesn't seem to love us like he did. He was away, too. He's just come home. And so cross! Why, the other day he stepped on one of my guinea pigs and killed it, and then he killed another and took and drowned the whole pen full of them in the river. He used to be so good."

"Paula, you've talked enough," chided the boy. "These folks don't care."

Larry proceeded to make friends with Walter, and Betty and Johnny kept Paula amused with a wonderful game of ball that you make out of your handkerchief and twirl around from one to another on two hat pins.

Gradually Larry and Walter got into the fun, and the revel was at its height when Le Malheureux came into the room.

"Le Malheureux!" cried Betty, and stretched out her hand in welcome. But the shrouded figure stood aside.

"Excuse me, please," he protested. "So these are your friends? Now they have found you, I hope they may be able to see you safely home again. I will ask of you, too, a favor. Will you take these two helpless children with you? They belong to my sister, Mrs. Hackley, known to you as Mrs. Wayne. I wish they may go to their father's people in England. There is no one else who can take care of them and they mustn't stay here any longer. No," reading the question in Larry's eyes, "the father is not dead, but he is not well. And it is best for them to go."

"When can we go?" blurted Larry. "and where is the father? Didn't he kill—"

Betty threw the ball at Larry, and it struck him squarely in the mouth, interrupting the question on his lips. "Judge not," cautioned Le Malheureux. "I will dine with you later, after the children have gone to bed."

The remainder of the day was a catechism by the children. They devoured their strange visitors with questions about the country they had never seen, wondered if they would meet their mother, made a thousand childish plans for the voyage, and drew lots as to which of their pets they would take with them. Discussion as to the relative merits of white mice over guinea pigs and peacocks was bordering on belligerency when Tyoga carried the juveniles away to the room that did duty as a nursery and left their impatient elders to await the coming of Le Malheureux.

CHAPTER XIX

The clock in the room told ten, and he was not yet there. The children slept and Betty and her companions moved restlessly from room to room. Had it not been for Johnny, Larry and she might have been exchanging a thousand queries as to "when did you first begin to love me," and "do you remember that time?" but as it was they tried to be unselfish and make general conversation and, as is usual in such cases they only succeeded in having everybody miserable, Johnny as well as themselves.

Angry voices sounded from the corridor. One, unmistakably that of Le Malheureux, the other that of an older and a more irate man.

They extinguished the lights, and Betty cautiously stealing to the door put her eye to the keyhole and her ear to the crack. Out in the hall was Le Malheureux, with him a bent old man, white-haired and saffron-skinned.

The old man leaned totteringly on a staff. "I hate you, hate you, a thousand times more than I ever have done before, oh wretched son!" he shrieked. "Vile that you are!"

"You cannot, father," interrupted the harsh voice of Le Malheureux, in a sorrowful intonation. "You have lens

confermed me to tortures. What I am you made me."

The two walked slowly down the corridor. Motions to Larry and Betty to await his return Johnny followed in their wake. Through the main building and across to the south wing they went, stopping in what was evidently the old man's sitting room. There the discussion broke out afresh. "I hate you, I say— A thousand times more," repeated the old man.

"Unfilial son! But I have outwitted you! My cohorts, my good black negroes, any one of them worth a thousand such sons as you, have found out your secret castle, the gate to those bonanza fields where the diamonds lie so closely bedded together that a nee-depoint could not separate them. I am free of you now, forever, free: do you understand? That wealth that your mother and young aunt so long denied me is mine, mine and Cerisse's. Ah, there is devotion for you, devotion for you! She is a girl after my own heart! What vim! What nerve! What daring! My Cerisse! No chicken-nerved fool like you, and you, my son! Bah! Now that I have the path to the mines, now that I need him no longer, Hackley may go, and his children with him if he wishes. They are but poor offspring for my beautiful daughter to own. Small wonder she never loved them. Nor him either. Her heart has long been with one man, and now with all this new wealth she shall have him. Money buys anything! Diamonds are money! Cerisse shall be rid of this Hackley. I hate him, too!"

Another figure stepped out of the darkness. Johnny recognized the early morning visitor he had trailed from the Desterle home into the Flanders mansion, months before.

"Don't believe that for a moment," this man rasped. "You blithering old fool you! Cerisse is dead! Do you hear! She's dead! Dead!"

The old man dropped his staff and fell back into the arms of Le Malheureux, who led him to a seat near by. "Hackley, Hackley!" wailed the old man, "you didn't—you didn't. You didn't kill her!"

Hackley pulled a roll of newspaper clippings from his pocket and dangled them before the old man's eyes, and spread them out on the table before him. With quivering lips the stricken man read, punctuating each sentence with a moan. He saw the headlines only, then flung the papers from him and tried to reach Hackley with his staff.

"And you, you—" he malevolently called to Le Malheureux, "why did you not prevent it?"

"How could I?" answered Le Malheureux, "and why should I? You know what Cerisse was, father. A murderer at heart, and my own sister. My mother's daughter!"

"Yes, and mine," snarled the old man. "Where are those brats of Hackley's? I'll kill them—kill them, I tell you!"

Le Malheureux rang sharply on a bell. Benoni entered from the hall, and together they bore the old man from the room. Hackley gathered up the clippings and with darkening brow paused before the portrait of the two children that hung on the wall before him. Opposite was a life size painting of the mother, and his wife—radiant, smiling as she had been in her early girlhood, and when she had listened to the ardent love-making of her future husband.

As the man looked the frown vanished. A breeze stealing in from the window swayed the portrait forward on the wall. With outstretched hands and lips apart the girl in the picture seemed to move towards the weary man, to offer him the roses she held in her hands. The dim lights completed the illusion. Hackley sprang forward to embrace the girl in the picture, soft words upon his lips.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart," he cried, "you've come back to me. I know it, and you'll never go again, will you, dear? Just my girl again, just mine, just mine—"

He had touched the canvas now and its clammy surface woke him from his dream. Hurling it back against the wall, Hackley snatched a jeweled knife from the table, and slashed the canvas into finest fringe.

"And all for love of a woman," quoth Johnny to himself, as Hackley unseeing rushed down the corridor in a blind rage and almost knocked him over.

(To be continued.)

The Sublime Porte.

The phrase "the sublime porte" arises from an aspect of the sultan's capital. The French words "sublime porte" are derived from "porta sublima," meaning "the lofty gate." Constantinople city used to have twelve gates, and near one was a building with an imposing gateway called Bab-i-Humajun. In this building resided the grand vizier, and there also were the officers of the chief ministers, whence all the edicts of state were issued. The French phrase was adopted because at the time French was the language of European diplomacy.

The Way.

"I wish you would tell me how you keep your razor in such excellent condition."

"It would not help you if I did tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because you failed to start out as I did: I married a woman who isn't subject to corns."—Houston Post.

Daily Thought.

We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.—Emerson.

Before and After.

"Before we were married you used to stand under my window and sing."
"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "you were a great deal more patient with my singing then than you are now."

Dependancy is not a state of humility; it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride.—Fenslop

WAR IN SPAIN INEVITABLE.

Pretender Don Jaime Ready to Lead Carlists to Battle.

San Sebastian, Spain—At the conclusion of a conference between King Alfonso and Premier Canalejas, it was announced that Marquis Enlilo de Ojeda, Spanish ambassador to the Vatican, had been recalled.

At the same time the opinion was expressed that a rupture with the Vatican was inevitable. Senor Canalejas told the king that the government could not accept the conditions of the Vatican's last note, and that the Vatican would be so informed.

Don Jaime, the pretender, has issued a manifesto in which he says he will lead the Carlists in the battle which he intimates is coming soon.

The general situation is complicated by the unrest among the miners in the Catalan provinces and the occasional clashes between the Catholic and non-Catholic elements throughout the country.

Marquis de Ojeda himself in addition to pleading illness, has been insisting on his return, on the ground that the position at Rome no longer was tenable, and that he considered a rupture between the Vatican and the government imminent.

Premier Canalejas, referring to the Vatican's last note, which declared that unless the decree of June 11 permitting non-Catholic societies to display the insignia of public worship was withdrawn, negotiations looking to the revision of the concordat would be discontinued, said the government would tolerate no imposition.

Spain's recalling Ambassador de Ojeda, it is expected, will be followed by the departure from Madrid of Mgr. Vico, the papal nuncio, when the rupture will be complete.

Senor Canalejas is preparing for a supreme battle. In addressing a Liberal organization he declared that Spain was struggling for liberty of conscience, "Poor Spain," he said, "if we succumb, it will be decadence. The government, which possesses the confidence of the king, will save Spain despite all and against all. The struggle we wage is not anti-religious, but anti-clerical. We count upon the army, a majority in parliament, and reason."

BILLS GREATLY PADDED.

Ex-Clerk of Car Repair Firm Gives Strong Testimony.

Chicago—F. W. Belmont, ex-clerk of the Memphis Car Repair company, padded bills against the Illinois Central as high as 1,000 per cent, according to his own testimony before Master in Chancery Mason.

He declared that H. C. Ostermann, president of the repair company, and his assistants, went so far as to substitute bills of the Ostermann Manufacturing company, of West Pullman, for those of the Memphis concern and to paste on the West Pullman bills the "O K" of the Memphis inspector.

The average padding of bills, the witness said, was between 40 and 50 per cent.

Belmont was asked concerning the transfer of the car inspectorship at Memphis from one Crabtree to W. H. Moore. Mr. Ward, a officer of the company, according to the witness, desired to be rid of Crabtree because he "saw too much," and refused to "O K" bills until they were completed.

"Ward told me he would get someone who could not see so much," said Belmont.

GUTHRIE STILL CAPITAL.

Officials Who Moved State Offices Must Now Return.

Guthrie, Oklahoma—The State Supreme court has handed down a decision in the capital removal case to the effect that Oklahoma's capital shall remain at Guthrie until the legality of the election recently held is determined and the courts have settled the constitutional question embraced in the provision of the enabling act that Guthrie shall remain the capital until 1913, and that an election shall be held after that time to establish a permanent capital.

In obedience to the decision, all state officials who have removed their offices to Oklahoma City must return to Guthrie.

Asbestos Fraud Charged.

New York—On the charge of Mrs. William T. Bull, widow of the noted surgeon, that she had been defrauded of \$35,000 in an investment in an asbestos company, John Qualey and Harvey Wiley Corbett, officers of the company, appeared in court and heard Mrs. Bull tell the story of the alleged fraudulent transaction. The arrest of Corbett, who is a prominent architect and assistant professor in Columbia university, created marked surprise.

The plans for the Maryland Institute in Baltimore were of his drawing.

Chinese Are Massacred.

Douglas, Ariz.—Reports reached here Friday of a massacre of Chinese and their families at Yaqui, a town on the Yaqui river, in Mexico. Several were killed by a mob, who are said to have been enraged by the commercial activity of the Chinese. Among the victims were a number of Chinese women, whose bodies were hacked to pieces. Rurales are said to have captured 17 of the assailants, whose leaders, it is reported, will be shot.

Cream Cones Are Seized.

Kansas City—Local government officials, acting upon orders received from Washington, confiscated 50,000 ice cream cones consigned to a local drug company. The government alleges the cones are impure.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATES

FINE TIMBER BURNING.

Forests Ablaze in Yellow Pine Section Near Medford.

Medford—A forest fire is raging about nine miles out of Butte Falls, and about three miles square of yellow pine timber is said to be burned over. The timber is said to be valuable, averaging 4,000,000 feet to the quarter section.

The fire originated in the embers of the small fire on Fourbit creek inside the national forest. A stiff breeze is fanning the flames and driving the flames westward.

A force of 25 men under the direction of John Holst, ranger, is fighting the flames and a call has been sent to Medford for more men. The Iowa Lumber company, on whose land the fire is burning, organized a force of fire fighters at Butte Falls and sent it to help the government forces.

Manager Hafer, of the lumber company, says that the fire will do but little damage as long as it is in the yellow pine, which is not brushy, but fears are entertained that the fire will reach the Douglas fir belt, a short distance to the west, where the fire will be more disastrous, as that kind of timber is very brushy.

There are no settlers in the burned area.

USE CURRENT MOTORS.

Malheur County Farmers Organize to Irrigate 12,000 Acres.

Ontario—The Snake River Irrigation district, limited, is a new corporation organized in Malheur county for the purpose of irrigating the lands comprising 12,000 acres located between Malheur Butte, two miles west of Ontario, and on the north side of the Malheur river, and west of the Snake river, and extending to a point opposite Weiser, including the famous Dead Ox flat.

These lands are to be irrigated by means of current wheels to be installed in the Snake river, the wheels to be run by the power of the water. This is a new plan of pumping for irrigation purposes in Oregon and Idaho. This plan has been tried out at Pasco on the Columbia river, where water for irrigation purposes has been successfully lifted 220 feet.

The plan of the Snake River Irrigation district is to install two of these pumping wheels in the Snake river, one of which will be at the mouth of Jacobson's gulch, five miles north of Ontario. One of these plants will lift the water 46 feet above the river. The other plant will lift the water 103 feet above the river.

Work on the first lift has been commenced and it is expected to have this finished within 90 days. Thirty men are at work.

Corporations Pay Up.

Salem—Oregon corporations are not to be sued in the United States court for failure to pay the taxes provided by the new revenue law. Only two companies are delinquent and both of them have made arrangements to pay their corporate tax before the end of July. All the others have paid.

Of the 7,000 Oregon corporations which were required to submit reports of their business for the year 1909, only between 900 and 1,000 were found to have earned a net income of more than \$5,000. The taxes assessed against the corporations which earned more than the exempted amount of \$5,000 net income, range from sum of 20 cents to \$14,000.

Water Plants Complete.

Bandon—A committee of the City council, headed by Mayor Maat, has been investigating conditions with the view of locating the reservoir for which the city voted \$60,000 of bonds. It is probable that the reservoir will be located three or four miles out, to get pressure for fire purposes.

The old water system, which is owned by the Bandon Light & Water company, is becoming inadequate for the needs, but the company is putting in two reservoirs and will have a big supply. This company has a franchise, and its intention is to compete with the municipal system.

Vale Land Office Busy.

Vale—The local United States Land office is the busiest place in Vale. Homesteaders and persons looking for information, with others who want to prove up on their land, are keeping Register Kester and Receiver Guild overwhelmed with work. So far, sixteen homesteads and six desert claims have been placed on the records, while the Minidoka & Southern railroad has filed for right of way across a small strip of land in order to get into Nyssa.

Wasco Out of Debt.

The Dalles—Wasco county is practically out of debt and has \$41,095 in its general fund with which to meet current expenses, according to the semi-annual report of the county treasurer just published. During the past six months it expended \$23,714.70 on roads and highways, which was its heaviest expense. Its next heaviest expense was its state tax, the half-yearly payment being \$12,441.18.

Vale Lets Contracts.

Vale—The contract for the construction of the Vale water and sewer systems has been let to the American Light & Water company, of Kansas City, for \$63,490. The city has been bonded for \$75,000. Work must be completed in four months.

ENGINEERS START SURVEY.

Astoria & Columbia River Will Construct Cut-Off.

Astoria—A force of Astoria & Columbia River railroad engineers arrived from Portland and are making detailed surveys for the proposed cut-off at Tongue Point.

The cutoff is to start at the distance west of the John Hamdred feet south of the present line. It will then follow the shore of the Hamdred Lumber company mill and continuing along the ground to a point about 200 feet of the Astoria Box company's wharf where it will connect with the trestle.

The main object in making change is to do away with the curve at Tongue Point, as well as a long stretch of trestle that is expensive to keep in repair.

A cut is to be made through the point and the earth on either side will be utilized to fill in grounds at the depot.

APPLE CROP TO BE SAVED.

Court Appoints a Receiver for Hood River Orchard.

Hood River—In order that an apple crop on a 30-acre Hood River orchard, the title to which is in litigation, may not be wasted, C. E. Hays has been appointed receiver on behalf of the United States court.

The property was formerly owned by Oscar Vanderbit, who sold to Thullen, Bishop and Joseph Thullen. Differences as to the purchase price caused the matter to be brought to the attention of the court. Since the suit was started the apples have begun to ripen and it was the court that the value of the product to be harvested is at least per acre. The bond of the receiver was fixed at \$5,000.

Coos Bay Prepares for Carnival.

Marshfield—The Carnival Association has appropriated about \$1,000 for the carnival to be held on Coos Bay week, beginning August 15. The celebration will spend \$1,200. Marshfield and North Bend will also lend aside enough money to good prizes for boat races. Builders from Astoria will enter the regatta and an effort will be made to secure the fastest speed boats on Coast for the regatta.

Fire Destroys Mill Firm.

Eugene—Fire has broken out on the logged-off land of the Kelly Lumber company above the logging and has destroyed about 1,000 of log chute. All the company's employes, numbering 300 in that area are again at work in an effort to get the fire out of the standing timber.

Mile of Cement Walk to Be Laid.

Jacksonville—More than a mile of new cement walk will be laid in Jacksonville this summer. Surveys have been completed on Oregon, California and Fifth streets and work has begun. The council will endeavor to get work to completion this summer.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 94@95c; club, @87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 87c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, 84c; Hay—Track prices: Timothy, 13.00; lamette valley, 13.50; 19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, 12.00@22; alfalfa, 13.00@14.

Corn—Whole, 33c; cracked, 34c; Oats—No. 1 white, 22.50; 23.50; Butter—City creamery, extra fancy outside creamery, 11.00@12.00; store, 23c; butter fat, 33c.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 20c; Eastern, 24@25 1/2c per dozen; Poultry—Hens, 17@18c; spring, @20c; ducks, 15c; geese, 19@20c; keys, live, 18@20c; dressed 22 1/2c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12 1/2@13c per pound; Veal—Fancy, 12@12 1/2c per pound; Green Fruits—Apples, new, 2.2c per box; Lambert cherries, 1.00 per pound; apricots, 50c@61c per box; plums, 50c@61c; peaches, 40c@41.25; loganberries, @1.25 per crate; blackberries, 1.50 per box; watermelons, \$2.00 per hundred; cantaloupes, \$2.00 per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 60c per dozen; beans, 30c@50c per bushel; 2 1/2c@2 1/2c; cauliflower, 1.00 per dozen; celery, 30c; cucumbers, 1.00 per box; egg plant, 1 1/2c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; peas, per pound; peppers, 10@12 1/2c; fishes, 15@20c per dozen; carrots, 1.25 per sack; beets, 1.50; pumpkins, \$1@1.25; turnips, \$1.

Potatoes—New, 1 1/2