

# BETTY'S ANSWER

## And the Unhappiness it Caused

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ben Finney squinted thoughtfully at the lowering sky. Although the grass of the plains was green and lush with many summer rains, the gathering clouds gave promise of more water.

"I'd hate to get these glad rags all dampened up," muttered Ben regretfully as he glanced down at his gala attire.

He made a brave figure, indeed, as he sat on his big black horse. He wore new buckskin breeches—brand new—and snow white Angora chaps, a white silk shirt with a blue silk handkerchief tied about his strong brown throat and a fifteen dollar hat on top of his fair, curly hair.

"All on account of a girl who would not look twice at me if I was all covered with gold lace, like that army fellow that's been staying there," sighed Ben as he pricked the black horse with his silver spurred heels.

The horse bounded down the trail, and Ben Finney, riding like a centaur, turned his thoughts from the impending disaster of rain upon his best clothes and meditated upon his chances of finding Betty Dangerfield at home.

Old man Dangerfield, as he was locally known, was pounding out of the gate when Ben approached the house.

"Another good for nothing cowpuncher?" snorted Dangerfield fiercely as they passed.

Ben laughed lightly. They were all accustomed to Dangerfield's insults when his rheumatism was more wrenching than usual.

But the big hearted cowboys of Rattle county would have risked more than Dangerfield's barks for a smile and a word from lovely Betty, his pretty daughter and keeper of his widowed household.

Betty was sitting in the front porch now, demurely sewing a seam, as a housewife should.

Wah Ching, the Chinese cook, peered from his kitchen window and, glimpsing Ben's glad attire, cackled shrilly: "Him come, allee samee, velly fine; him go, chop-chop, velly fast, allee samee, velly nadd!" he muttered.

In truth, while Ben Finney looked very fine and brave, his heart was fluttering painfully before it made one last drop into his shining boots.

To dream about Betty Dangerfield when he was a dozen miles away was one thing; to look into her changing eyes—now gray, now brown, now green—was another proposition.

He detected mirth and admiration in her first glance at his gallant form. He banished the admiration as flattery, and he remembered the quickly repressed mirth, and his heart found refuge in the splendid boots.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Finney," dimpled Betty as she came forward with outstretched hand and carefully lowered lashes.

Ben dropped from the saddle and held her hand in his own big brown palm for an instant. Then the delicious second was over, and he was sitting on the steps, one knee clasped in his hands and his eyes devouring her sweet face.

He didn't know what to say. The heart that might have prompted him, having departed from its accustomed place under the pocket of his white silk shirt, was also dumb.

"Father has gone over to River Bend," volunteered Betty after they had discussed the weather.

"I met him," said Ben; then, with sudden inspiration he added, "What do you think he said, Miss Betty?"

"Something awful, I am afraid," laughed Betty. "Daddy's rheumatism is bothering him a lot just now—poor dear! What did he say, Mr. Finney?"

Ben turned brick red, but he kept on doggedly:

"He said, 'There goes another good for nothing cowpuncher!'" explained Ben.

It was Betty's turn to blush, and she did it most becomingly.

"How horrid of daddy! I must apologize for him, I am sure he is very fond of all his neighbors. You know his rheumatism is very painful!"

"I don't mind that at all," interrupted Ben, "only I wish he could have expressed it a little differently. If instead of saying 'another cowpuncher' he had said, 'There goes that good for nothing cowpuncher!' meaning me alone, that would have suited me down to the ground."

"Why?" asked Betty, amazed.

"Because it would have wiped out all the others, showing there was only one cowpuncher coming here, and—oh, well, you understand, Betty, that I'd like to be that one!" In this manner Ben Finney's heart leaped up for a moment.

It's good to find (your attention) know I must be going in a flash.

mind me I've got a good idea to think you, you know, with your sweet arms.

"Never mind, Miss Betty, don't hand."

He rose and put on a protesting hand. Betty's heart went back to his boots.

the chair, "but."

tone as she started up from her work.

ry," began Betty in a faint, stricken tongue to hold speech.

ment's heroic action and prompted him to talk about.

love to exhibit this heroic remark.

And Betty never even asked her for the way I thought it wouldn't hap-

smile on a beautiful face."

over the rain-drenched world like a

Then the sun came out and shone

close."

"Oh," cried Ben as he held her

us in the parlor, and I was afraid to

for the post, was sitting right before

ing of buying some of daddy's horses

Ronny, the other, who is thinking

I couldn't do it, because Captain

the words on his lips.

thought."

you said you were sorry, and I

That was didn't you tell me, then?

arms

she slipped from her saddle into his

me Betty. Is it not your love?"

you going to say?"

"Oh, that's all right," she cried. "What are

in his strong face.

Betty looked up and saw the glory

Ben, who was dimpled white.

"Well, what did he say?" demanded

him."

confessed Betty. "And so I ran after

And that," thundered Ben.

him, and then—"Betty entered.

"The game and asked me to marry

me."

with you love him and tell me the

Yes," cried Ben between his

free under the dripping summer

ago that came into the handsome

Her eyes fell, and she did not see the

him fond. Well, I love him, Ben."

him on his arm—"a man of whom

her dimples deepened as Ben tightened

"It's about a name," began Betty, and

cringed.

# NOTICE

## Improvement of parts of Main, Powell, Knox, Jackson, Whitman, Clay and Broad streets and Monmouth Avenue.

Notice is hereby given that the common council of the City of Monmouth, Oregon, proposes to improve Main street, from its intersection with College street East to Craven street, by building or causing to be built upon and along the north side thereof, a cement-concrete sidewalk, the same to be 5 feet wide located one foot from the property line and upon the established grade of said street, abutting on lots 6 and 7, block No. 6, owned by Samuel Strickler; also abutting on lots Nos. 6 and 7, block No. 3, owned by P. J. Mulkey; also lots 8 and 9, block No. 3, owned by P. H. Johnson; also on the south side of Main street, commencing at its intersection with Ecols street, thence east to Craven street, abutting on the properties of Mary H. Peterson, Joseph T. Peters, Mrs. A. M. Bedwell, and the Evangelical church in Out lot No. 11; also abutting on the properties of Mrs. M. Cornelius, Benjamin F. Butler, and that of the Evangelical church in Out lot No. 10; also Powell street, north side abutting on lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, block No. 2, owned by Mrs. A. E. Brewster; also abutting on lots 4 and 5, block No. 1, owned by Mrs. E. J. Perkins; also Knox street, west side abutting on lot 1, block No. 8, owned by Mrs. J. Dornisfe; also Jackson street, south side abutting on lots 1 and 2, block No. 8, owned by Mrs. J. Dornisfe; also abutting on lot 2, block 7, owned by the heirs of S. D. Coats, deceased; also north side of Jackson street, abutting on lots 7 and 8, block 3, University Out lot B, owned by E. D. Ressler; also Whitman street, east side abutting on lot 5, block No. 13, owned by Luther Ground; also abutting on lot 8, block No. 13, owned by Thomas Campbell; also Clay street, south side from its intersection with Warren street to its intersection with Broad street, abutting upon the properties owned by J. L. Williams, A. and M. C. Parker, Lucy Foster, Mrs. Sarah Hager, L. E. Olden and Malinda Hart; also Broad street, east side from its intersection with Clay street, south abutting on the lot owned by O. C. Zook; also Monmouth Avenue, east side from its intersection with Clay street, north abutting on lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, owned by the Christian church all in accordance with ordinance No. 155, now of record in the City Recorder's office of said city, and that the cost thereof is to be assessed to the abutting property; that said common council will sit at the Council Chambers in the City Hall, on the 28th day of July, 1914, at 8 o'clock P. M. thereof and will at said time and place hear and determine all objections and remonstrances thereto, if any. That remonstrances against said proposed improvements may be made by adjacent property holders or taxpayers and filed with the City Recorder at any time prior to the said 28th day of July, 1914, and up to 8 o'clock, P. M. thereof.

By order of Common Council.

D. E. STITT,  
City Recorder.

With the words tumbling off his lips, Ben Finney clapped on his broad brimmed hat, leaped into his saddle, plunged his spurs into the satin flanks of the black horse and tore away through the gate and out of the vicinity of the Dangerfield domain.

Betty stared after him with amazed eyes, while behind the open window in the parlor the gold laced form of the young army officer shook with silent laughter.

In the kitchen Wah Ching rattled the supper dishes and grinned cheerfully.

"Him no stay supper? Golly! I see um come, I see um go skedaddle. Tee, hee!"

Ben Finney was not in a laughing mood as he dashed wildly across the green ranges in a light rain.

He was not thinking of the sopping brim of his splendid hat, nor of the soaked silk shirt which clung to his broad shoulders and showed every muscle, nor of the drooping plumage of the Angora chaps.

Poor Ben saw nothing save Betty's startled glance at his declaration of love—surprise because he dared to dream of her! He choked with resent-

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