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got all that money in the house. Likely a few Bosley valuables more or less don't make so much diffrunce as I thought."

A little later that same afternoon Bonnie Geraldine was secured by a shop-twine leash fastened around one leg and given an airing in the driveway. If Fil Caesar needed exercise, why not Bonnie Geraldine? So Lettie reasoned. She was therefore in the habit of giving Miss Bonnie frequent promenades around the driveway, which not only afforded healthful exercise but also exhibited the young Plymouth Rock to any admiration that might stray through the windows of The Custard Cup.

She was startled by the sound of a motor, rapidly approaching. Glancing up, she saw a beautiful limousine chugging into The Custard Cup, a circumstance which had probably not happened before since the earliest tenant had taken possession. Lettie was so surprised that she forgot everything else, staring, open-mouthed, till the limousine stopped beside her.

The big car contained only one person, a lady in a dark-blue suit and a small hat cunningly formed of dark-blue wings. She was tall and slender, with delicate features and creamy skin. She wore a sable scarf; she carried a sable muff. Most evidently she was in a hurry. Before the chauffeur could spring from his seat, she had opened the door of the car and started to descend.

Lettie roused. "Hold on!" she cried in alarm. "Wait till I get Bonnie Geraldine out of the way."

With one daintily shod foot on the running board, the lady paused. She swayed slightly. Her hurry seemed to desert her.

"What?" she gasped. "What—who—"

"Bonnie Geraldine," repeated Lettie. "Wait till I wind up her rope and kind o' pull her in. If you was to trip in it, you might throw her."

The lady's beautiful dark eyes followed the length of shop-twine to the bunch of speckled feathers, now considerably agitated by the general commotion and also by Lettie's zealous reeling in.

"Do you call that—that hen—Bonnie Geraldine?"

"Uh-huh," beamed Lettie, flattered by this attention to her pet. "Ain't it a grand name? I took it from two swell girls. She's going to be a society hen when she grows up."

The lady appeared to be having trouble about breathing. Her gloved hand fluttered at her throat, loosed the sable scarf. She stepped to the ground.

"Don't you think you might call your hen something more—more appropriate?" she inquired, with greater composure.

Lettie shook her head violently. "Suits me. They're the swellest folks I know, and—"

"Oh, then you know these people?"

Lettie tossed her head in disdain at this literalness. "I hain't seen 'em, if that's what you mean; but golly, I've seen their clo'es. Sweflest clo'es you ever saw. I have to hang 'round the yard and watch 'em when they're drying, 'cause somebody might snitch 'em; and if they should—Landy great Goshens, it'd bust The Custard Cup to pay for 'em."

The lady's interest had waned. She was looking fixedly at the child's ragged blue chambray. Lettie, with lightning reaction, resented the scrutiny.

"What's the matter with this here rig?" she asked feelingly.

"Its familiarity," murmured the lady. "The same and yet not the same! Will you tell me where Mrs. Penfield lives?"

Lettie, now cuddling the cawk-cawking Bonnie Geraldine in her thin arms, sprang forward, her great black eyes shining with excitement.

"Jiminy, do you mean it? Are you really coming to see us? Great guns, ain't that the darndest good luck! Ev'rybody 'round'll be jealous when they see what a caller we roped in. Follow me!"

With an air of importance as expansive as a drum major's, Lettie darted in front of the limousine lady and led the way toward Number 47. But at the entrance to the alley they ran into a youngster with auburn hair and big blue eyes that opened wide and wider in delighted amazement. He was wearing the pink plaid which had been made down from a garment once worn by Miss Bonnie Weatherstone.

The lady stopped short. "Who—who is this?"

"It's Thad," elucidated Lettie, somewhat impatient over this superfluous detail. "He's my little brother—or he would be if he was any related at all. Here, Thad, take Bonnie Geraldine 'round to her coop and be sure and fasten the slats. She's a precious hen, so you look lively or you'll have me to reckon with. Now—" As she slid the big door on its creaking wheels, she turned her attention again to the caller—"you hain't told me who you are. I gotta tell Penzie."

"Oh, yes. Tell her, Mrs. Weatherstone."

Lettie paused with the door half open. "Holy smoke!" she gasped. "You don't mean it! Land, I'm glad to see you at last. Come right along in, and set anywhere you like. That there chair's the best one, though, if you ask me. I'll speak to Penzie."

She darted into the kitchen, closing the door behind her with great forethought. She returned immediately.

"Penzie'll be in right away," she reported. "She's ironing somep'n and can't stop in the middle. Just make yourself to home."

Launching this formal hospitality with only the vaguest idea of its significance, she was contented when Mrs. Weatherstone merely continued to sit.

Lettie made conversation. "How's your health, Mrs. Weath'stone?"

The lady's lips danced, but she answered as a lady should. "I'm very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Oh, me!" returned Lettie jauntily. "I'm as strong as a cow. I've made as many's twenty trips today, I guess."

Mrs. Weatherstone seemed not to be familiar with the phraseology of dumps. Her dark eyes strayed to a packing box.

"Are you moving?" she inquired, in some perplexity.

"Land, no," cried Lettie in astonishment. "Them—why them are beds. Lo'ok here!" She sprung up and gave one of the boxes a vigorous twist. "This is where Crink sleeps; Thad sleeps in the other one."

"Never mind, Lettie," reproved Mrs. Penfield quietly, as she came into the room. "I'm very sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Weatherstone."

Subdued, Lettie pushed back the box and withdrew to a corner, watching her beloved Penzie with speculative wonder. There was a subtle change in Mrs. Penfield's manner, even in her way of speaking. Lettie felt it, but could not know the cause. Without realizing it herself, Mrs. Penfield had reverted to the days when she had had a real home and had received callers on a basis of genial equality, vastly different from her enforced experience in The Custard Cup, an environment which was far from encouraging to niceties in speech and bearing. Her manner was as self-possessed as usual, but touched with a gracious reserve that would have been fatal in her intercourse

Mrs. Weatherstone Sprang to Her Feet.

with tenants who assumed superiority lest someone treat them as inferior. Mrs. Weatherstone, being a cultured woman, was undisturbed by thoughts of comparison. Therefore Mrs. Penfield could meet her on her own ground.

Mrs. Weatherstone proceeded at once to her errand. "I have just discovered that one of the maids gave your son the wrong bundle. I suppose you knew it was a mistake."

"A mistake!" Mrs. Penfield repeated the phrase in surprise. "No, I didn't know there was a mistake."

"You didn't? Why, didn't you get the silk hangings and that embroidered bedspread?"

"Yes, but I s'posed you intended to send 'em."

A look of alarm came into Mrs. Weatherstone's face. "What did you do with them?" Her voice was tense with suppressed anxiety.

"I washed them. Right now I was ironing—"

Mrs. Weatherstone sprang to her feet. "You washed them!" she repeated, shocked and incredulous. "Do you mean that you put them into water?"

Mrs. Penfield blinked. "Sure I did. Why not?"

"Into water! My choicest hangings! How could you do it? You should have known there was a mistake. Those things were to be dry cleaned. I'd gathered up everything because we're doing the house over and refurnishing. But water! Why—"

"What's the matter with water?" demanded Mrs. Penfield, thoughtfully puzzled. "Dry cleaning ain't half so cleansing, and things don't smell so good, either."

"I know that, but it's a slight matter compared with ruining—"

"Ruining! Do you s'pose for a minute, Mrs. Weatherstone, that I ruined your hangings and— Why, I shouldn't have touched 'em if I hadn't been sure what I could do. They're looking fine."

Mrs. Weatherstone's shoulders relaxed; the tension in her bearing blended into her usual grace. "What do you mean?" she asked weakly.

"I'll show you, but you'll have to come into the kitchen." She led the way and pointed to a spread, thrown across a line. It was of cashmere satin, woven in India and embroidered with delicate silks in a raised pattern. Hundreds and hundreds of stitches had gone into every square inch.

"Hand-made dyes," said Mrs. Penfield casually. "They don't use any others for that kind of work."

Mrs. Weatherstone's eyelids lifted with involuntary surprise. Mrs. Penfield smiled, but made no explanation. Experience in a wealthy family had given her this knowledge, but she allowed the information to stand alone, as Mrs. Weatherstone would have done.

"I'd only just begun to iron the hangings," continued Mrs. Penfield presently. She held up a length of rose silk embroidered in a scattered design of self color. Mrs. Weatherstone stripped off her glove and felt of the material. She shook her head.

"I wouldn't have believed it could be done. It's marvelous. Do you mean, Mrs. Penfield, that you washed this and the spread in the water, as you would white embroideries?"

"Land, no. I'd have ruined 'em that way for sure. I washed 'em with a bag."

"With a— Did you say a bag?"

"Yes, like this one." Mrs. Penfield produced from the cupboard a small bag of muslin, half filled with a soft substance.

Mrs. Weatherstone felt of that, too, but was still puzzled.

"Is it something that you buy?"

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Oh, no, I make 'em myself. It's a mixture of grains and—"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Weatherstone, throwing up her hand in a gesture of quick authority. "Don't you tell me what's in it."

"Why not? I'd just as soon you'd know as not."

"Don't you tell me—or anybody else. Don't you tell a soul what's in it."

Mrs. Penfield gazed at her in silent bewilderment.

"You remember what I say. Keep it to yourself."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Penfield slowly. "It's just something I worked out, and it's been wonderful for the children's dresses. I can keep gingham as bright as ever—if it ain't faded to begin with. I stumbled on it first by accident, and then I experimented till I got the right ingredients and proportions and—"

"That's just it," nodded Mrs. Weatherstone, "and you've worked out a method that is ahead of the commercial methods. You keep your own counsel till I talk with a man I know who owns a chain of laundries. I'll have him come to talk with you."

A flash of gratitude lighted Mrs. Penfield's brown eyes. "Oh, if it could be worth something!" she stammered. "I never had thought of that. And I thank you. I always knew you were kind."

Mrs. Weatherstone's glance traveled briefly around the bare kitchen; rested on Lettie, who had followed silently; skipped to Thad, who had padded in from the yard. . . . She bit her lips, as if an unwelcome conclusion about her own thoughtfulness had forced its way into her mind.

"I'm sorry I was impatient, Mrs. Penfield," she apologized, as they went back into the living-room, "but I never dreamed you were so skillful." She was fastening her scarf as she spoke.

"Oh, do wait a minute, please," begged Mrs. Penfield. "That sounds like Crink's whistle. He'd be so glad to meet you!"

(To be continued)

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Albany Directory

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Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

B. M. Miller and family spent Sunday in Albany.

Mesdames George Alford and George Hayes were on the noon train to Albany Monday.

Robert Hall of Oakland has been visiting his niece, Mrs. L. H. Armstrong, the past week.

Beulah Miller returned the first of the week from a ten-days' visit to Portland, where she heard President Harding speak.

Mrs. F. G. Gansle and daughter and her mother, Mrs. H. C. Staab of Oregon City, who has been visiting here about a week, went to Eugene Tuesday to visit the elder Gansle family.

From statements issued from time to time by the Halsey State bank we note that Oct. 31, 1914, its assets and liabilities balanced at $98,027.92; June 29, 1918, $198,077.76; June 30 last, $248,428.44. It has grown a good deal faster than Halsey has.

W. Tureman of Walla Walla, a cousin of C. H. Koontz, and wife had been visiting the Koontz family for a week when, last Monday, Mr. Tureman left for Portland and Seattle and thence home. Mrs. Tureman remained here for a longer visit.

The Linn loganberry growers who organized to save, by drying, the crop that they could not sell to canners started a dryer at Albany the last day of June. Four or five tons a day were being dried by them last week. Hunt Bros.' cannery complained of being unable to get enough first quality logans to fill orders.

C. H. Pickett, representing Seattle furniture manufacturers, was here Monday and was calling attention to an invitation the trade has issued to all furniture dealers to visit Tacoma in the week of July 23 to 28, when the manufacturers will feast and entertain them with excursion trips and otherwise, all free, meantime emphasizing the idea that all coast furniture needs may be satisfied without sending any money east.

G. W. Mornhinweg has sold the building in which he had the implement business, at the corner of Second and H streets, to Grant Reynolds, who plans making some changes in it immediately. A restaurant will be fitted up on the corner and conducted by him. It will face the highway and occupy about half of that front. The other half will be prepared for any business that may need quarters there and thus two more may be added to the enterprises opened up facing the new pavement. Mr. Reynolds will probably put in a septic tank to take care of sewage.

Hay that was cut, as most of it was, was damaged by the rain and clover and vetch, which do not shed water very well in the shock, were the hardest hit. A few years ago this latter feature would not have been important, but one of the improvements in farming hereabouts has been an increase in the amount of vetch and clover grown. The increase in quantity of the hay crop this year will partially compensate for the decrease in quality, but the scarcity and high cost of labor cut a figure here too.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Neff of Los Angeles arrived on the Friday noon train and made a 24-hour visit at Editor Wheeler's, going south next day on the train that had just smashed a stage near Shedd. Mr. Neff and Mr. Wheeler have been friends forty years. Years ago, when land around Anaheim, Cal., was little better than desert, Mr. Neff bought some. Irrigation made it blossom as the rose and Neff established the most successful walnut orchard in the United States. He worked as other successful farmers do—with brains—and for years the University of California employed him to lecture at farmers' institutes on walnut growing. Probably more that has been published on that subject has been written by him than by all other writers on this coast. A few years ago the O. A. C. got him to give one of his talks at Corvallis. He has sold the orchard and has a comfortable home in Los Angeles where he and Mrs. Neff are enjoying their declining years, not neglecting to see America in frequent tours. This time they came this way home from a trip through a number of states east of the Rockies, including a visit with a brother at Neff, Iowa.

(Continued on page 4)