

The JOY of LIVING

By **SIDNEY GOWING**
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright 1922 by Sidney Gowing
(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythea Lamb, at Jervaux abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lamb, Almee, victorious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood.

CHAPTER II.—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Barrow, her cousin, Almee sets out for Jervaux. On the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaux, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

CHAPTER III.—Happy in her new freedom, Almee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives him as Amy Spook, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

On the outskirts of the little market town of Stanhoe was a cyclist's rest-house. Here the two travelers had tea under a laburnum tree on the lawn. Billy locked the amazing motorcycle in a shed, by the proprietor's leave, and the pair walked into the town on foot.

Two more utterly insouciant and care-free young people never entered an English village on an April day. No jot of doubt, of fear, or hesitation assailed them. Billy, intensely masculine though he was, appeared to be possessed of a virgin mind. Such a thing, though uncommon, is by no means nonexistent among the sons of Adam. It may be that the air of the Colorado foothills favors its growth. His possession of it called for no comment from Almee. Her mind was of the same color.

It did not enter into their heads for a moment that anybody could put a dubious construction on their association with each other. Had such an idea dawned, they might possibly have turned and parted company on the spot. Almee left Billy suddenly and addressed an inquiry to an elderly man who stood beside a farmer's cart. In a moment she rejoined him.

"Mrs. Sunning, 2 Ivy cottage, lets lodgings," announced Almee triumphantly. "You don't mind lodgings, do you? Better than a hotel—more freedom."

"Freedom for mine!" said Billy. "Let's try it!"

Ivy cottage proved to be a pretty little Jacobean building fronting on a green lane just outside Stanhoe. An apple-cheeked woman, who was picking weeds out of the path, announced herself as Mrs. Sunning, and Billy at once stated his needs, offering to pay in advance.

"Why, yes, sir," she said, smiling, with a civil bob to Almee. "I've a nice sitting room and a full bedroom; Mrs. Dale, next door, has another, if you can do with that?" Mrs. Dale appeared, and confirmed the offer. Both of them looked at the pair with

smiling interest and wonder. "Great!" said Billy. "You take the room here, old chap, and I'll take the other. We'll share the parlor."

Almee accompanied Mrs. Sunning into the little parlor, which was green and cozy, the bedroom, upstairs at the back, tiny but clean.

Almee made her toilet, descended to the parlor and ordered a meal. Mrs. Sunning acquiesced in everything.

"He's a wonderful pleasant gentleman, Mr. Spencer," she remarked, and then, hesitating and reddening, she looked at Almee. "I—I suppose, miss," she said with much embarrassment, "it's all right?"

Almee stared. "All right? How?" she said. "Everything's all right. Very much so!" The woman's eyes betokened belief—and relief.

"Bless your pretty face, who'd think anything else!" she said. "You'll excuse my asking, miss. You see, Lady Erythea is my landlord, and she owns all Stanhoe."

Almee felt a galvanic shock. "Whom did you say?" she asked dazedly.

"Lady Erythea Lamb of Jervaux abbey, the big place half a mile south the cross roads. She fare wonderful strict, she do. It's as much as my tenancy's worth to have any goings-on here. That's all."

The woman left the room. Almee stared round her blankly, then collapsed into a chair. She flung her arms across the table, buried her head in them, and broke into paroxysms of luscious laughter.

"Oh, my Christian aunt!" she sobbed. "My Georgie! My Alexander!"

Her shoulders were still shuddering wildly when Billy came in.

"Say, what's wrong?" he exclaimed in alarm, as Almee raised a tear-stained face. "Crying—eh? No, laughing! That's good! That's the cure for sentiment! But what's the joke?"

"Just something I thought of, that's all," said Almee, wiping her eyes.

"That's all right," said Billy imperiously. "Guess I ain't inquisitive. But folks mostly tell me their troubles sooner or later."

"I suppose they do," said Almee, regarding him thoughtfully.

Mrs. Sunning brought an abundant meal; chilled eggs and tea. Almee found it the merriest feast she had ever sat down to. Finally, she accompanied Billy to Mrs. Dale's door, and, returning, retired to her own room. She was about to let down her hair, but desisted, and instead sat on the bed for some time, thinking. She heard Mrs. Sunning retire, and presently silence reigned throughout the house.

A curious sense of loneliness crept over Almee's spirit. She remained sitting for nearly half an hour. Presently she blew out the candle, and leaned out of the open window. The window of Billy's room at the other end of the building was in darkness. It had not taken Billy long to retire.

Almee stayed awhile at the window. She returned to the bed, and reflected again. In that reverie a vision floated before her as of trees and sunlight, and her partner's yellow hair flickering in the breeze.

"Billy!" she murmured thoughtfully. "Old chap!"

She laughed gently. "He isn't a tramp, anyhow!"

The reverie took shape. Then, with a little sigh, she slipped off her shoes, and, carrying them with her, stole very softly down the staircase to the front door. On trying the door cautiously, she found it bolted, and the latch immovable. Also no key was visible. She realized she was locked in the house.

A feeling of intense annoyance seized Almee. Where was the freedom



She Dropped.

she had sought? She returned to her bedroom, put on her shoes, leaned out of the window, and inspected the wall critically. It was covered with ivy and trellis-work.

She swung herself cautiously out onto the sill, and began very quietly to descend the trellis. Almee, active and long-limbed, could climb like a cat. And as noiselessly as any member of that great feline tribe, she dropped upon the soft soil of the garden plot.

CHAPTER IV

In Deep.

Georgina Barrow paced the floor of her bedroom at Jervaux abbey, and wondered why the universe had not crashed in ruins about her head.

"It's like a dream," she said dazedly. "I can't believe in it at all."

To Georgina it came as an incredible climax that she had, after five hours at Jervaux, been dismissed to bed with an angust but approving kiss from Lady Erythea, and a protective, cousinly hand-shake from the sedate Alexander Lamb. She had not been denounced as an impostor, flung out with ignominy, or handed over to the police. All these things had seemed to Georgina not only possible but likely.

"What on earth will happen when they find out?" she said, shivering.

She commenced to disrobe, but had not proceeded very far when a hustle and a click were heard. Georgina turned with a gasp of fright. Someone was trying to force a way in at her window. She caught sight of a flushed face.

With a shriek of terror Georgina retreated to the bed, and prepared to dive under it.

"Don't make such a row, you fool!" blessed a voice.

The casements swung inward, and Almee, rather breathless, dropped onto the floor.

"Handy things, these verandas," panted Almee. "How are you, Georgina, old thing?"

Georgina stared at her in paralyzed amazement.

Almee sat down beside Georgina on the bed, and put an arm around her waist.

"Well, what's happened here?" she said cheerfully.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Georgina with infinite thankfulness. "Now we can clear everything up. It's been awful!"

"Why? Have you given me away?" said Almee quickly.

"I haven't! You know I wouldn't!" cried Georgina hotly. "Though you ought to be whipped. I never said a word about you, and that's why I'm in this awful mess!"

"Dear old Georgina! You're a brick!" said Almee, hugging her. "I was only pulling your leg—I know you wouldn't sneak. But why is it awful? Have they found out?"

"When I got here," said Georgina feebly, "I thought I could explain somehow. But Lady Erythea met me on the steps and took me for you, and everything went right out of my head!"

"Good! I see. You hesitated and were saved?"

"Saved?" ejaculated Georgina an-

grily. "Well, I was saved. That's more important. You haven't done anything wrong, my snow-white lamb. What then?"

"And then Mr. Lamb came out, and she introduced him as my cousin Alexander. And—and I've been frightened to death all the afternoon, for I haven't had a chance to put things right."

Almee sat back and looked at her in awestruck admiration.

"You mean to say they've no suspicion at all?" she exclaimed. "Dear old Georgie, how deep you must have been. I never thought you had it in you!"

"I didn't—I wasn't!" said Georgina in almost tearful indignation. "I've hardly said a word all day, except 'yes' and 'no.' And not even that if I could help it."

Almee gurgled.

"And a jolly safe line, too! I can see we've always underrated you, Georgie. And you mean to say they never even got an inkling, all through, that there was anything unusual? That does rather heat me."

"There were one or two little things that puzzled them for a moment, I think," said Georgina reflectively, "but it all seemed to smooth itself out. And oh! she concluded, with a great gasp of relief, "I am so glad it's over and we can stop it. Now, how are we going to clear things up and make it all right for you?"

"Stop it? I wouldn't stop it for a kingdom. It's perfectly splendid!"

Georgina stood up.

"You are out of your senses," she said dazedly; "I won't listen to another word! Think how fearful it would be if Alex—if Mr. Lamb knew. He—"

"Ah—Alexander! Yes, is he as owl as his photograph? What did you say to him, Georgina?"

"I—I—hardly anything. He told me all about his missionary work in Manchuria. He—"

"Where was that?"

"In the rose garden—" Georgina broke off suddenly.

"Did he squeeze your hand?"

Georgina was speechless with indignation.

"You were thinking about him when you stood at the window!" said Almee, with the air of a prosecuting counsel. "You were being sentimental. I saw your face. It had that goony look."

"Almee," said Georgina, fairly roused at last, "how dare you! I am going straight to Lady Erythea, and you can talk to her! I have done—"

"No, no! I'm sorry, Georgie," said Almee soothingly. "I couldn't help pulling your serene leg. I won't say a word against your cousin Alexander."

"He is a gentleman, at any rate," said Georgina, rather spitefully. "He is a person one can respect."

"I am sure he is."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"The thing for you to do," said Almee, "is to go on respecting Alexander. And for him to go on respecting you. Think how awful it would be if it came out now. Alexander," said Almee, with a pathetic little break in her voice, "is good. He doesn't get into scrapes. He isn't in horrible trouble like me—and nobody to help me. I didn't think," she added with a gulp, "that you'd go back on me, Georgie!"

"I won't and I can't," said Georgina mournfully, "and you know it." But she softened visibly. "You haven't told me where you've come from, and what you've been doing! I've been frightfully worried about you."

Almee regarded her thoughtfully. It was clear that Georgina already had all she could bear. This was no time to tell her about Billy.

"You needn't worry about me. I'm staying at a little place nearby. I'm quite all right, and I've got some money. We simply must keep it up for a few days—father is leaving Scroope Powers soon, and then I'll show you how we can smooth it all over."

"But don't you see how impossible it is! Your father will come here to see you before he goes. And he—he'll expect you to write to him!"

"How bright you are tonight, Georgie. You think of everything," said Almee briskly. She sat down at the writing table by the wall, selected a sheet of the Jervaux note-paper with the Lamb arms—three flowers

argent on a field vert—and with an immensely serious face began to write rapidly, pausing occasionally for thought. Georgina watched in unobtrusive horror.

"Listen!" said Almee, blotting the sheet and reading it aloud with much satisfaction.

(Continued on Page Five)

For a City Beautiful.

The proposal to make Indianapolis a city beautiful with flowers, as the Garden Flower society plans, is not an impossible thing and is an undertaking whose gradual fulfillment should arouse enthusiasm among owners of property. For it is a movement in which any and every one may join, each with no further responsibility than to beautify his own premises.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF CONTEST

Serial No. 016780

017329

Department of the Interior

United States Land Office

Contest No. 1412

La Grande, Oregon,

December 23, 1922

To Harry McKaey of Ritter, Oregon,

Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Harold J. Cox, who gives Heppner, Oregon, as his post-office address, did on Dec. 18, 1922, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No. _____

Serial No. 016780 made Dec. 2, 1916, for Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, Sec. 7, Tp. 7 S., R. 29 W., and S. 1-2 NE ¼, E. 1-2 NW ¼ Sec. 12, Tp. 7 S., R. 28 E., W. M. and Add'n, H. E., No. 017329, made Mar. 20, 1920, for Lots 3 and 4, W. 1-2 SW ¼ SE ¼ SW ¼ Sec. 1, Tp. 7 S., R. 28 E., and Lots 20 and 21, Sec. 6, Township 7 S., Range 29 E., Willamette, Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Harry McKaey has failed to make the improvements thereon required by laws of the United States; that he has abandoned said land and has not been on the same for three years; that his true name is not Harry McKaey but is Harry H. Henderson; that his absence from the land was not due to any military service.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of

The South half of the North-east quarter of Section 17 in Township 2 South of Range 26 East of Willamette Meridian.

The said real property is taken and levied upon as the property of the defendant, J. B. Coxen, and the said sale is made subject to confirmation by the said Court.

Dated this 9th day of January, 1923.

GEO. McDUFFEE, Sheriff.

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

after the FOURTH publication of

37-41

You Cannot SEE it, HEAR it or DODGE it

There are no "Stop, Look and Listen" signs to warn you against dangers of fire, theft or accident.

You cannot see or hear the loss that may await you tomorrow. But you can prevent the loss that follows the unfortunate circumstances that surround all business.

Insure today—do not worry for tomorrow.

This agency represents the oldest and strongest companies and solicits your full confidence. Consult us as you would your lawyer, without obligation. May we help you TODAY?

L. E. VAN MARTER

Phone Main 252

Heppner Hotel Building

Dick Robnett

Practical horseshoer
AT CALMUS' SHOP

Special attention given to lame and interfering horses.

I Guarantee Satisfaction.

Give me a Trial

ARLINGTON AND HEPPNER

STAGE

TO HEPPNER

		a. m.	p. m.
Arlington	Lv	9:00	2:00
Cecil	Lv	10:29	3:29
Morgan	Lv	10:25	3:25
Ione	Lv	11:05	4:05
Lexington	Lv	11:30	4:30
Heppner	Ar	11:55	4:55

TO ARLINGTON

Heppner	Lv	9:00	4:00
Lexington	Lv	9:25	4:25
Ione	Lv	9:50	4:50
Morgan	Lv	10:05	5:05
Cecil	Lv	10:35	5:35
Arlington	Ar	11:55	6:55

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

O. H. McPherrin

R. E. Burke

Kirk Bus & Transfer Co.

Wm. M. KIRK, Proprietor

We Thank you for past patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. Our best service is for you. Leave orders at Case Furniture Co. or Phone Main 664

Leave Orders at Hotel Patrick.
BAGGAGE, EXPRESS, FREIGHT,
COUNTRY TRIPS & GENERAL HAULING

The Well Dressed Man Is Admired and Respected

Let us put your clothes in good condition

Lloyd Hutchinson

Tailoring

Where they **C**lean clothes lean

WE BUY POULTRY

Highest Prices paid for Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks and Geese delivered at our poultry yards in Heppner.

Cornett & Merritt,

Heppner, Oregon

Phone Main 615

Heppner Herald \$2.00 per Year