

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON * COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

Dear Reader—If you will ever feel that you simply have to love a girl, the girl you will love will be just like Lady Betty Bullock, sister of the Duke of Stanforth. You will love Lady Betty even if you are the staunchest of Yankees, with an inherited suspicion of the English, for she will snuggle down, in spite of yourself, in the cozied corner of your inmost heart. She is the sunshine of her own pleasant Surrey meads, added to the moonlight glistening on the surface of the Hudson she found so admirable. We have sent many of our fair maids abroad, and the balance of trade in this respect is heavily in England's favor, but we should immediately let down all bars, tariff or other, that prevent more sweethearts like Lady Betty from coming "across the water."

Chapter I

DON'T know yet whether I'm pleased or not, but I do know that I'm excited—more excited than I've ever been in my life, except perhaps when Miss Mackinstry, my last governess, had hysterics in the schoolroom and fainted among the tea things.

I suppose I shan't be able to decide about the state of my feelings until I've had more of them on the same subject or until I've written down in this book of mine everything exactly as it's happened. I like doing that. It makes things seem so clear when you try to review them afterward.

The excitement began at breakfast by mother having a letter that she liked. I knew she liked it by the way her eyes lighted up, as if they had been lamps and the letter a match. All the other letters, mostly with horrid, tradesmanly looking envelopes, which had been making her quite glowery, she pushed aside.

Mother won't have a crown on her envelopes. She thinks it's vulgar. Besides, putting it only on the paper saves expense. This envelope had a great sprightly gold crest, but she didn't seem to disapprove of it. She read on and on, then suddenly glanced up as if she would have said something quickly to Victoria. She didn't say it, though, for she remembered me. I am never taken into family conclaves because I'm not out yet. I don't see what difference that makes, especially as I'm not to be allowed to come out till after Vic's married, because she was presented four years ago and isn't even engaged yet. So for all I can tell I may have to stay in till I'm a hundred or leak out slowly when nobody is noticing, as Vic says girls do in the middle classes. This time I didn't mind, however, for I couldn't see how the letter concerned me. It was a dying form of Devonshire cream, apples, which were burnt last night. I was glad when mother told me so, to think after I'd finished breakfast, but as she went down to the kitchen I forgot it all.

When I forgot it all, I went, for the purpose being the current gossip on earth (can puppies be ducks, I wonder?), and besides, it was such a delicious June morning that I could have danced with joy because I was alive.

I often feel like that. But there's nobody to tell, except the trees and the dogs and my poor pony, who is almost too old and second childish now to understand. She was my brother Stanforth's pony first of all, and Stanforth is twenty-eight. Then she was Vic's, and Vic is—but mother doesn't like Vic's age to be mentioned any more, though she is years younger than Stan.

I took a walk in the park and afterward went through the rose garden to see how the roses were getting on. There were a lot of petals for my pot-pourri, and gathering them has kept me for some time. Then as the jar stands in Vic's and my den (she calls it her den, but it has to be part mine, as I have no other), I was going in by one of the long windows when I heard mother's voice. "The question is," she was saying, "what's to be done with Betty?"

I turned around and ran away on my tiptoes across the lawn, for I didn't want to be an eavesdropper, and it would be nearly as bad to have mother know I had heard even those few words. She would be annoyed, and mother chills me all the way through to my bones when she's annoyed. It is wonderful how she does it, for she never scolds. But the thermometer simply drops to freezing point, and you feel like a poor little shivering crocus that has come up too soon by mistake and no hope of squeezing back into its own cozy warm bulb again.

I stopped out of doors till luncheon and turned roquet against myself, wishing that Stan would run down, for although Stan rather fancies himself as a gorgeous person since poor

father's death gave him the title, he is quite nice to me when it occurs to him I'm always glad when he comes to the Towers, but he hardly ever does in the season, and then in August and September he's always in Scotland. So is Vic, for the matter of that, and she hates being in the country in May and June, though Surrey is so close to town that heckly she doesn't mind much. But this year we seem to have been horribly poor for some reason. He says it's Stan's fault. He is extravagant, I suppose. However, as everything is really his, I don't see that we ought to complain. Only it can't be pleasant for him to feel that mother is worrying lest he should marry and make her a frumpy dowager before we two girls are off her hands.

At luncheon mother mentioned to me that she had wired to ask Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox and her cousin, Miss Sally Woodburn, down to dinner and to stay the night. "You will be pleased, Betty, as you like Miss Woodburn," she said.

"I like her, but I don't like Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, and I don't know what she's like," said I.

"For goodness' sake, don't call her Mrs. Ess Kay to her face again," cut in Vic.

"I didn't mean to; it slipped out," I defended myself. "Besides it was you who nicknamed her that."

"Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox is a very charming person and a thorough woman of the world," mother asserted in

smooth as ivory satin, with soft, lavy brown eyes, a voice like rich cream, a smile which says, "Please like me, and pretty, crinkly dark hair that is beginning to glitter with silver net work here and there, though she isn't exactly old, even for a woman, perhaps about thirty.

I knew that Miss Woodburn rather fancied me, and I was quite pleased to take her up to her room when she and her elder cousin arrived about an hour before dinner. I stopped for a few minutes and then left her with her maid, while I went to help Vic and get myself ready. We've only one maid between the three of us now days, which means (unless there's some reason why Vic should be made particularly smart that mother gets more than a third of Thompson's services. That's as it should be, of course, and we don't grudge it. But Vic's rather helpless, and I always have to hurry to see her through.

This evening, though, I found Thompson in Vic's room, next to mine, and just as I scientifically dislocated my arms to unhook my frock, which does up behind, mother came in. "Betty," she said, quite playfully for her, "I have a very pleasant surprise for you. You would never be able to guess, so I will tell you. I have consented to let you go and visit Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox and Miss Woodburn in America. Aren't you delighted?"

I felt as if the wall of the house were tumbling down and I would presently be crumpled up underneath.

"My goodness gracious, mother!" I managed to stammer, forgetting how I've always stood in awe of her since I could toddle. "How—how perfectly extraordinary! Why am I going? And is it all decided, whether I like or not?"

"Of course you will like. To travel with pleasant companions and see a great, new country under such charming auspices is an immense privilege—a very unusual privilege for a young girl," mother replied promptly. "As for the 'why,' you are going because you have been cordially invited; because I think the experience will be for your advantage, present and future; because also it will be good for a growing girl like you to have the bracing effect of a sea voyage."

"Mother, I haven't a thing the matter with me, and I haven't grown the eighth of an inch this whole last year. You can see by my frocks," I protested, more on principle than because I was sure mother wanted to change her mind. Naturally the protest had no effect, but mother's mood mercifully remained placid and she didn't give me a single freezing look.

"Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox is a woman of good family and position in her own country," she went calmly on. "I have satisfied myself on those points beyond doubt or I should not dream of allowing you to be her guest. She has a cottage at Newport and will take you there, as summer, it seems, is not the season in New York. You may stay with her through July and August—even for September, if you are amusing yourself. Later Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox will send you home with friends of hers, who can be trusted to take good care of you. She knows several people, she tells me, who are crossing in the autumn to winter abroad, and they would bring you to me. Of course I should have to be nice to



The excitement began at breakfast

that way she has of saying the word which you had better leave for the last if you know what is good for you. I did leave it for the last so far as answering was concerned, but inside, where, thank goodness, even her eyes can't see, I was wondering hard when mother had formed that flattering opinion. A fortnight ago I heard her announce that Americans "got upon her nerves," and she hoped she would not soon be called upon to meet any more. As she had made this remark directly after bidding Mrs. Ess Kay goodby, I naturally supposed that lady to be the immediate cause for it. But now it seemed this was not the case.

"You would be very ungrateful if you disliked her," mother went on "as she took such a tremendous fancy to you."

"Dear me, I didn't know that!" I exclaimed, opening my eyes wide. "I thought it was Vic she—"

"You are her favorite, as you are with Miss Woodburn also," said mother, who gets the effect of being so tremendously dignified, partly, I believe, from never clipping her words as the rest of us do. "I am asking them down again especially on your account, and I want you to be particularly nice to them."

"It's easy enough to be nice to Sally Woodburn, but—"

I caught a look from Vic and broke off my sentence, hurrying to change it into another. "As they're sailing for the States so soon, I shan't have time to spread myself much."

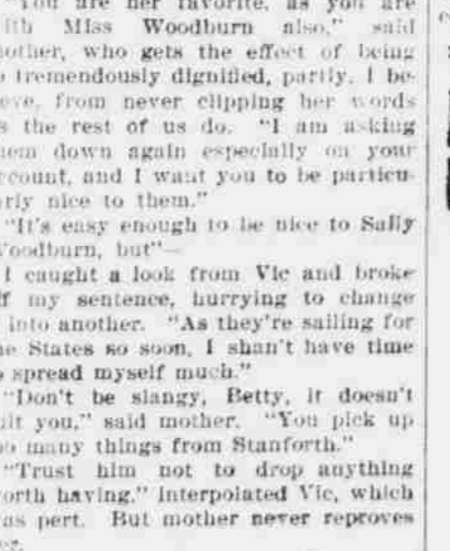
"Don't be slangy, Betty. It doesn't suit you," said mother. "You pick up too many things from Stanforth."

"Trust him not to drop anything worth having," interpolated Vic, which was pert. But mother never reproves me.

"Perhaps Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox and Miss Woodburn won't come," I said for the sake of getting on safer ground.

"Not come? Of course they will come. It is short notice, but if they see other engagements they will break them," returned mother. And though it would be as impossible for her to be vulgar or snobbish as it would for a tall white arum lily to be either of these things, still I couldn't help feeling that her unconscious thought was, "The invitation to a couple of unknown touring Americans is equivalent to my receiving a royal command."

She was probably right, anyhow so far as Mrs. Ess Kay is concerned. As for Sally Woodburn, I don't think she has a drop of snobbish blood in her veins. She's southern—not South American, as I was stupid enough to think at first, but from some southern state or other, Kentucky, I believe it is. She's short and plump and olive and



I stopped out of doors till luncheon.

them by way of showing my appreciation of any trouble you had given, but a dinner and a Saturday to Monday at most would be quite enough."

So it was all arranged, even to the details of my homecoming and the price to be paid for returning me, like a parcel, to my owner! Suddenly I remembered the words I had overheard at the window of the den, "The question is what is to be done with Betty?"

Mother had evidently been so anxious to have the question answered that she had at once taken measures to settle it. But why should anything be done with me? Nothing ever had been so far, except when I was sent last autumn to stop with my aunt, and she was so much annoyed because my Cousin Loveland came home unexpectedly that after that I could do nothing to please her and was packed back to Battlemead Towers in disgrace. I never could understand for what crime.

"How did Miss Ess—I mean Mrs.

Stuyvesant-Knox happen to ask for a visit from me?" I ventured to wriggle out, like a worm who isn't sure whether it had better turn or not. I was certain that for some reason of her own mother had suggested the idea, if only hypocritically. But she seemed almost too frank as she answered, and it was frightening not even to be snubbed.

"I told you today that she had rather a fancy to you, my dear. Of course she could not hope to secure Victoria, even if she preferred her to Victoria. It has important engagements which will carry her through the season and onward to Cannes and up to Scotland to the shooting at Dorking and so on. But you are still almost a child, and children do not have engagements. Nevertheless, you are Lady Betty Bullock, the Duke of Stanforth's sister, and as a though in yourself you are an important little person, it's not impossible that as a member of your family those Americans may think you worth cultivating. One hears that they wear ship titles."

"I'm sure they can't worship them as much as some people in our own country who haven't got them do?" I cried, defending Americans for Miss Woodburn's sake. "Vic says—"

"Never mind what Victoria says," returned mother. "The less you think on these subjects the better, my dear Betty. I merely hinted at a possible and partial incentive to those people's friendship for you, so that you need not feel it incumbent to be oppressively grateful, you know. I should wish you to keep your dignity among foreigners, even though you would, of course, look upon Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox as, in a way, your guardian. Now I must call Thompson and have her put me into my dinner dress, as there is no more time to waste. When Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox speaks of your visit you will know what to say."

I mumbled something vaguely dutiful and began to dress as quickly as I could. But the more I thought of it the more I felt that I hadn't been fairly treated, to be disposed of in such an offhand way. After all, I am eighteen, and a person of eighteen isn't a child.

I'm not sure I wasn't pouting when Vic came in, ready for dinner, asking if she should fasten up my frock. I had nearly finished it, for practice has made me almost as clever as a conjurer about manipulating my hands behind my back, but when Vic flew at me and began giving useless little touches I guessed that she wanted to whisper something in my ear without mother seeing, if she should happen to prance in at the wrong moment, as she often does.

"Look here, Betty, are you going to be a good little girl and do what you're bid without making a fuss?" she asked in a quick, low voice.

"I'm not certain yet," said I. "I'm thinking it over. I don't see why I should be sent off across the water with strangers at a moment's notice, and I—"

"Tisn't a moment's notice. It's five days. They're not sailing till Wednesday, and as they've a suit engaged—the best on the ship, Mrs. Ess Kay says—you're going won't put them out a bit, and they'll love having you. As for the whys and wherefores, mother's been telling you, hasn't she?"

"She talked about my health and valuable experiences and a lot of things in the air, but I feel there's something behind it, and I hate mysteries."

"If I can convince you it's for the good of the family in general, if not yours in particular, will you be a nice white woolly lamb and go with your kind little American friends?" Vic broke in, with her head on my shoulder and an arm slipped around my waist.

"Mrs. Ess Kay's neither little nor kind," said I, "but of course I'll do anything to help if only I'm treated like a rational, grownup human being."

"And so you shall be. I told mother it would be much better to be frank with you, if you are a baby. It's too late to explain things now, but if you'll be sweet to Mrs. Ess Kay and agree with everything everybody says about your trip, when we come up to bed and mother's door's shut I'll make a clean breast and show you exactly how matters stand."

With this we separated, for we could hear Mrs. Ess Kay's voice in the corridor talking to Sally Woodburn on the way downstairs. Her voice is never difficult to hear; rather the other way, and Miss Woodburn's soft little drawl following it, reminded me of a spoonful of Devonshire cream after a bunch of currants.

Mother was with them both in the oak drawing room when Vic and I got down, and I found myself staring at Mrs. Ess Kay with a new kind of criticism in my mind. Indeed it hadn't occurred to me before to criticize at all. I'd only felt that I didn't want to come any closer to her. Now I was so close much closer it seemed, and I looked at the glittering lady, wondering how it would feel to be so close, wondering what she herself was.

Outside she's more like the biggest and most splendid dressmaker's model ever made for a Paris show window than anything else I can think of. At least she is like that from under her chin down to the tips of her toes. I say under her chin, for that feature as well as all the others above it are miles removed from a pretty wax lady in a show window.

I never supposed till I met Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox that a live woman could have a figure exactly like the fashion plates, swelling like a tidal wave above an hourglass of a waist and retreating far, far into the dim perspective below it, then suddenly bulging out behind like a round, magnificent knoll, after a deep curve inward under the shoulders. But Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's figure does all these

Continued on Page Six

New Clubbing Proposition

WE have arranged to offer in connection with this paper, the new monthly farm magazine just started at Lincoln, Neb., by Prof. H. W. Campbell and devoted to the subject of how to farm in the dry country and how to get best results from soil tillage under normal conditions. This paper is "Campbell's Scientific Farmer" and we offer it clubbed with the Examiner both for \$2.50 per year cash. Prof. Campbell's new paper is a monthly, chock full of good things, the only paper of its kind in the world, and it embodies the results of the editor's many years of painstaking investigation of the soil tillage proposition.

A Shot with Every Tick of Watch



SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS
Free Book tells of this Gun

This Hammerless Repeater is the most rapid pump gun made; it has every known improvement—easy take-down feature, heavy breech block, covered mechanism and top rib if desired. Catalog shows our other shot guns, doubles, singles, etc.

PRICES, \$5 TO \$27

A postal brings our book—FREE. Address,

THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO.,
451 Auburndale, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ALBERT G. DUHME
BUYS
TIMBER LANDS
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
LAKEVIEW, OREGON.

Furniture and
Undertaking
A. E. FOLLETT.
New Pine Creek, - - Oregon

Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it, Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it. Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary peptic "dyspepsia tablets," physies, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physies are not digesters at all.

Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 24 times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

For Sale by - - Daly & Hall