

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Vice-President: Theodore Roosevelt; Vice-Pres. W. F. Fairbank
Secretary of State: Elihu Root
Secretary of Treasury: George B. Cortelyou
Secretary of War: Wm. H. Taft
Attorney General: Chas. J. Bonaparte
Postmaster General: Von L. M. Clegg
Secretary of Navy: Jas. G. Garfield
Secretary of Interior: James Wilson
Secretary of Commerce: Oscar W. Straub
Chief Justice: John M. Harlan
Vespaean Warner, U. S. Postmaster Commissioner
W. S. Richards, U. S. Land Commissioner
STATE:
Governor: Geo. E. Chamberlain
Supreme Judge: F. A. Moore
Secretary of State: W. F. Fairbank
Treasurer: Geo. M. Crawford
Attorney General: J. H. Anderson
Postmaster General: W. S. Richards
Secretary of Interior: J. W. Smith
Secretary of Commerce: John M. Harlan
Chief Justice: W. F. Clegg
Vespaean Warner, U. S. Postmaster Commissioner
W. S. Richards, U. S. Land Commissioner

JUDGE: Geo. P. Noland
Joint Senator: G. H. Williams
REPRESENTATIVES: H. F. Belknap
H. A. Brattain
W. J. Moore
ATTORNEY: U. S. LAND OFFICE:
J. S. Watson
Fred C. Chapman
LAKE COUNTY:
Judge: R. S. Wayne
Clerk: F. W. Wayne
Sheriff: A. D. Davis
Treasurer: F. O. Allard
Assessor: C. E. Furt
Surveyor: B. B. Johnson
Commissioners: C. A. Rehert
H. R. Herkford
Stock Inspector: Wm. Prout

TOWN OF LAKEVIEW:
Mayor: Harry Bailey
V. Snelling
D. J. Wilcox
J. N. Watson
J. S. Lane
W. B. Snider
A. Bieber
Recorder: Mayor
Treasurer: Co-included

LODGE DIRECTORY

A. O. U. W. LAKEVIEW LODGE NO. 111
Meets every second and fourth Thursday of
each month in Masonic Hall, Lakeview.
Chas. Tonnington, W.M.; Wm. Gunther, F.

DEGREE OF HONOR—LAKESHORE LODGE NO. 27, D. B. I., A. O. U. W., Meets first and
third Thursdays of each month in Masonic Hall, Corn Green, C. of R., second, L.
of H., C. of R., Master, C. of C., Frances Sys-
wander, Recorder.

L. O. O. F.—LAKEVIEW LODGE NO. 18,
I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Odd
Fellows Hall, at 7:30 o'clock, from October 1
to April 1, and at 8 o'clock from April 1 to
September 30. Loren Bailey, N.G.; E. F.
Chevy, Secretary.

REBEKA LODGE—LAKEVIEW LODGE, NO.
22, I. O. O. F., meets the second and fourth
Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall,
Mrs. Alice Bunting, N.G.; Mrs. W. L. Her-
kford, W.G.; Mrs. A. W. Ross, Secretary; Mrs.
L. J. Magilton, Treasurer.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—THE
first Sunday in each month, preaching at 11
a.m. Aside from this, preaching every Sun-
day at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at Lakeview.
Sunday School at 10 a.m. Mrs. G. C. Gandy,
Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7:30 p.m. Chair
practice Friday 7:30 p.m. cordial invitation
is extended to you. T. C. PARKER, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF GOOSE LAKE
at New Pine Creek, Oregon. Preaching ser-
vices at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. of each Sunday
of every month. Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Prayer Services at 7:30 P.M. Wednesday evening
of each week. All are cordially invited to
attend the services. W. A. HOPKINS, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—EVERY SUNDAY MASS
and Benediction at 10 o'clock a.m. Sunday
school after Benediction. Week day Mass at
6:30 a.m. L. A. VASTA, S.J.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

L. F. CONN
Attorney at Law,
Lakeview, Oregon
OFFICE—Daily Building.

J. D. VENATOR
Attorney at Law,
Land Matters Specialty
OFFICE—Daily Building.

CHARLES UMBACH
Land and Law Office
Abstractor of Titles
Established 1888 Lakeview, Oregon

W. LAIR THOMPSON
Attorney at Law
Office: Over Bank of La-
view
LAKEVIEW, OREGON

THOS. J. POWELL
Attorney at Law
Office in Daily Building
LAKEVIEW, OREGON

A. A. WITHAM M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Paisley, Oregon

Buy Lots In Watson's Addition

Before you buy lots any where in
this vicinity see those in Watson's
addition. Close to business center
of Lakeview.

Continued From Page Two

things even when she stands still and
a great many more when she walks,
which act she accomplishes in a grand,
sweepy kind of a way, with her head
a little thrown back, as if she wants
everybody to know that she is tremen-
dously important in the scheme not
only of the world, but of the universe.

Yet, in spite of all, in the end it's
her face which impresses you even
more than her figure, which is a real
triumph, as the figure is so elaborate
and successful. On top of her head
is a quite little coil of hair that lies
flat and sprouts up like a small snail
shell. A dagger keeps it in place and
looks as if the point plunged into Mrs.
Ess Kay's brain, though I suppose it
doesn't. Over the forehead is a noble
roll which has the effect of a breaker
just about to fall into surf, but never
falling. It's a black breaker, and the

thick and came down to my knees. I
should be afraid of being pulled to
pieces. There! That's heavenly. Well,
now I can begin. You know how
this isn't a quite new idea about you
going to America? Mrs. Ess Kay did
say something on this subject when she
was staying here before."

"All, yes, when she was here, when
she said how much she would like to
have either of us visit her. Is that all?"

"It's something isn't it? Enough to
make a handle of when a handle's
needed."

"But why isn't it a handle?"

"I'm going to tell you the whole truth
and nothing but the truth. Mother has
a letter from Sir Gilbert Mantell the
morning:

"Sir, the high-spirited crest was his
then. It looked like him—so I began
to think of him. Nobody but a true
new knight, with piles and piles of
money, would need one more than half
the size!"

"Don't sneer at his money, my good
child. We want it badly enough in
this family."

"Not his."

"Yes, we do. And I see a reasonable
prospect of our getting it if you'll go
to the States with Mrs. Ess Kay."

"What can that have to do with it?"

"I don't know one bit what you mean."

"That's because you're such a great
lady. If you must have every it
crossed and every it dotted, Sir Gil-
bert has apparently equipped a pat-
ronizing toleration for your Victoria
which is likely if properly fostered
and encouraged to develop into some-
thing more satisfactory."

"Patronizing indeed! That dull ele-
phant!"

"Elephants are not as a rule dull.
And forty thousand a year in any
form can afford to patronize a daugh-
ter of a hundred dukes without a
penny, whereas I'm merely the grand-
daughter of three. In fact, my dear,
I'm hardly anxious that Sir Gilbert
should propose, and as he's been rather
else and as he's written almost
nothing for me to come down with
Stan from next Saturday to Monday,
although he carefully states he's
been invited for the same time by
Trusses. Part of them, things look
bad. The only trouble is—you?"

"Yes, you. The one time he ever
saw you was when you had that
frightful cold and looked hideous,
with your poor dear nose twice its
size and your eyes half theirs. But—
well, Petty, you're a beauty, and I'm
not, though I do better myself. I'm not
bad looking. I'm "plain plain" and
you're supposed colored," and the
Mantell man can afford tuppence for
a wife. You are so frightfully, luridly
pretty that it's almost improper, and
if he comes down and sees you he'll
probably think you better worth his
money than I am."

"What nonsense! And if he were
such an idiot of course I should re-
fuse him!"

"You would. That's one of moth-
er's difficulties. Even you must see
that would do no good from the fam-
ily point of view."

"I could keep out of the creature's
way."

"You couldn't without Stan making
some blundering remark or some con-
temptuous happening. It would be sure
to it. It's much safer to have you abso-
lutely out of the way, and it was when
we were talking it over this morning
that mother hit upon the plan of sending
you to the States. You know how
she's once she's made up her mind!

Mother is really a wonderful
woman. Twenty minutes later she sent
a telegram to Mrs. Ess Kay asking her
to come down and certain under provi-
dence that she would, for an intimate
sort of invitation like this when we're
alone especially after the great dis-
appointments would be too flattering to a
woman of that type not to be snapped
at, no matter if a dozen engagements
had to be trampled in the dust."

"What 'great disappointment' are you
talking about?"

"Infant in arms! Why, Stan and
Miss Woodburn."

"I didn't know—nobody told me"—

"Fancy needing to be told! As if
that weren't the only reason why
mother smiled on Mrs. Ess Kay in the
beginning. It was because she thought
Miss Woodburn might do for Stan-
forth, who must marry money, and is
too poor, horribly poor, to be much of a
catch with most English heiresses, who
aren't as keen on titles as they used
to be unless there's some solid founda-
tion for them to stand on and not woe-
ble. Every one says Miss Woodburn's
a great heiress, and that's a fact a few
years older than Stan she's a lady, a
charming creature and full of health."

Mother thought all that out at the
Northminster's concert, so she invited
them here. But Stan and the Wood-
burn wouldn't look at each other. It
was useless even for mother's genius
to attempt the impossible, so she re-
signed herself to the inevitable and
gave the thing up. She meant to drop
the Americans gently, which she could
easily do, as they were going home
soon, when this new idea popped up.
It's really important for me, dear. I
do want you to see that. It will be so
much better all around if you are out
of the way, anyhow until I'm safely
engaged and the wedding day fixed.
Then, you know, if you haven't mean-
while picked up an American million-
aire on the other side—don't look so
horried—mother will be able to de-
vote herself to you, heart and soul, as
she has to me. Next spring you can be
presented!"

"Well, how are you feeling about
things now?" she asked, sitting down
in front of the mirror with her hair
brush in her hand.

"I'll tell you after you've told me
why I ought to feel one way more than
another," I said with prudent reserve.

"Then, like a good child, brush my
hair. I wouldn't let Thompson do any-
thing because I knew you'd be dying
to have me, and I can talk so beauti-
fully while my hair is being done. It
makes me wish I were a pussy cat, so
that I could pur."

"I hate having mine touched by any
one," said I.

"Well, perhaps I should hate it, too,
if mine were curly and about six inches

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