

second day, and when he saw the... ate several dear little round things shaped like cream colored dollies...

What nonsense! As if I would dream of marrying, especially a foreigner. But for all that pancakes and maple sirup are delicious. I've had them every day since for breakfast...

It was on the second day out, too, that all my troubles began—and in a queer way which nobody could have guessed would lead to anything disagreeable.

In the afternoon I was reading in my deck chair, drawn close to Mrs. Ess Kay's side, when that Mrs. Van der Windt whom Sally called a silly old thing, toddled up and spoke to us. "Do come and watch them dancing in the steerage," she said, "it's such fun."

Mrs. Ess Kay likes sitting still on shipboard better than anything else, but it seems that Mrs. Van der Windt is so important that if all the Four Hundred Sally told me about were pruned away except about twenty-five she would be among the number left, so probably that is the reason why Mrs. Ess Kay takes long walks up and down the deck with her, though it makes her giddy to walk, and Mrs. Van der Windt is not in the least entertaining.

She got up now, like a lamb about to be led to the slaughter, except that she smiled bravely, which the lamb would not be able to bring itself to do. "Come, Betty," she said to me, "it will amuse you."

"Yes, do come, Lady Betty," repeated Mrs. Van der Windt. Whereupon I obeyed, little knowing what I was laying up for myself.

Our deck is amidships. Aft, on a level with ours, is the second class



An elderly, pinched little man was monotonously scraping a battered fiddle. deck, and for-rard, down below, like looking into a pit, is the steerage. We walked to the rail, over which quite a number of men were leaning, to see what was going on, and several moved aside to give us room. I didn't like to take their places away, especially as they were laughing and enjoying themselves, and I could hear the sound of dance music coming up from below (such odd sounding music), but Mrs. Ess Kay murmured to me that I mustn't refuse. "American men are never so happy," she said, "as when they're giving up something for a woman. They're used to it."

And evidently she, as an American woman, was used to taking it. She and Mrs. Van der Windt slipped into the vacant spaces with a bare "thank you," and I had to follow their example. We peered down over the rail, and there was a sight which would have been comical if it hadn't been pathetic.

On rather a rough looking deck, about twelve feet or more below us, a dense crowd was collected around two small squares, which they purposely left open. Besides those little squares every inch was occupied. There wouldn't have been any more room for even a baby to sit down than there was in the Black Hole of Calcutta. In the crowd were old men, young men and boys, all poorly dressed, and old women, young women and girls, big and little. They were crude, vivid colors, and more than half of them had bright handkerchiefs tied over their heads. They scarcely took any notice of the first class passengers staring down superciliously or pityingly at their poor amusements; they were far too much absorbed in the dancing which was going on busily—I can't say gayly—in the two hollow squares. In one of these an elderly, pinched little man who looked almost half witted, was monotonously scraping a battered fiddle for two solemn couples to dance around and around, always on the same axis. But the other "dancing salon" was more lively. There a man dressed like a buffoon, with a tall hat, a lobster claw for a nose, a uniform with big red flannel epaulettes and pasteboard buttons covered with gold paper, was pretending to conduct the band. And what a band it was!

It consisted of four sailors, rather sheep faced and self conscious. One musical instrument was a wooden box rigged up with strings and a long handle, another was formed from a couple of huge soup spoons fixed together

on which the player beat rhythmic with a smaller spoon; the third was a poker dangling from a string banged heartily with an enormous nail as it swung to and fro; the fourth was a queer homemade drum, which looked as if it had been made out of a wooden handbox.

Somehow they contrived to coax out music of a sort, and a few young men and girls were solemnly gyrating to it in a way to make you giddy even to watch. When a man thought he had had enough or wanted to dance with another girl, he dropped his partner with alarming suddenness, bowed stiffly without smile or word and left her. It was evidently etiquette not to speak to your partner. At the end of a dance the conductor with the lobster claw nose looked up to our deck, bowing low, with his hand on his heart, and then all the audience leaning over the rail began fumbling in their pockets if they were men or opening their purses or gold bags if they were women. Down poured a shower of small silver and copper, little boys scrambling to pick it up and hand it to the conductor, who would, Mrs. Van der Windt said, divide the money among the members of his quaint band.

I had a few shillings with me, and I'd been so much amused that I felt like being generous. Luckily mother couldn't see me and scold. I took half a dozen coins—shillings and sixpences—and, wrapping them hurriedly up in half the cover torn off a magazine I was reading, I aimed the little parcel to fall at the comic conductor's feet.

Generally I can throw fairly straight, for Stan took some pains with that part of my education when I was a small girl, but just at that instant some one standing next me moved, knocked me on the elbow and spoiled my aim.

Instead of falling in front of Mr. Lobster-Claw, the parcel hit the ear of a very tall young man among the crowd below, who had been standing with his back to me. He turned quickly, not knowing what had happened, glanced up and caught my eyes, as I was looking down quite distressed.

I had noticed his figure in the crush because he towered nearly a head over every one else, and I had a dim impression that he had good shoulders, but seeing his face gave me a great surprise.

It was as different from all the rest of the steerage faces as day is from night, and somehow it gave me quite a shock that such a man should be among those others, as if something must be wrong with the world or it could not happen. I had even a guilty sort of thrill, as if I had no right to be well dressed and prosperous, staring at him and his companions as though they were a show which we others paid to see—daring to amuse ourselves with the hard, strange conditions of their lives.

I've heard mother say that good blood is sure to prove itself, that a gentleman can't look like a common man



A man with a tall hat and a lobster claw for a nose.

even in rags. Stan disputes that theory with her when he isn't too lazy and wants to bet he could so disguise himself that she would take him for a green grocer or a fishmonger, who have the air of being commoner than other men, I think—at least in our village at Battlemead—because they wear fat tufts of curls trailing out over their foreheads, and under their caps, which are always plaid and made of cloth.

Any way, if mother is right this man in the steerage must have the bluest of blood in his veins, for I never saw one with clearer, nobler features. And yet, he doesn't give the impression of a "brown down" gentleman who has gone the pace and paid for it by stumbling into the depths. I thought, as he looked up straight into my face that first time (and I think still) that no face could be finer or more manly than his. Brown—deep brown it is, like bronze, and clean shaved (not rough and scrubby), with dark gray eyes (I knew at once they were gray because the light struck into them) rimmed with black lashes so long you couldn't help noticing them; black eyebrows and hair short and sleek like Stan's or any other well groomed man one knows. Besides, commonness shows in people's mouths more than anywhere else. It's hard to define, but it's there, and this man's mouth is the best part of his face, unless it's the chin or perhaps the nose. I'm not quite sure which, though I've thought a good deal about them all, because of the mystery of finding such a man in such an unenviable place. It would be just the same if you saw a tall palm suddenly shooting up in the kitchen garden and couldn't find out how it had been planted there.

I'm afraid I must have shown how surprised I was and admiring, too,

maybe (how can one keep from admiring what is fine and noble, whether it's a strange person's face, or the profile of a mountain against a sky at sunset?), for the handsome steerage passenger looked at me a long long instant as if he were as much astonished as I was, and yet with such a nice look that, instead of being annoyed, I couldn't help being pleased.

In the meantime the little packet of money had fallen on the deck; but though it had struck him from behind, he seemed to realize exactly what had happened and, stooping down, he picked it up. Then he raised his hand high, so that I could see he had the crumpled ball of paper in it, and edging his way determinedly, but not at all roughly, through the crowd, he opened the parcel and gave the money to the conductor.

"What a splendid looking man!" I said in a low voice to Mrs. Ess Kay. "Isn't it extraordinary that he should be in the steerage?"

"Come away, my dear child," she answered. "I can't have you stopping here to be stared at by low creatures like that. The fellow's not in the least splendid looking. He's only a big, hulking animal. Don't take to making up romances about the steerage passengers, my love. They're not worth bothering your little head about, because if they weren't born for that sort of thing, they wouldn't be there, I assure you."

I didn't say anything more, though I was vexed with her, both for being so stupidly conventional and for speaking to me in such a loud tone that she attracted people's attention.

We went back to our deck chairs, and there was nothing to remind me of the little episode except the torn cover of my magazine, on which, I now remembered, Sally Woodburn had scrawled my name over and over again in pencil, just in idleness, while she and I had been talking that morning. If Mrs. Ess Kay had known, no doubt she would have been furious that a piece of paper with my name on it should have gone down into the steerage. But I didn't mind, for I remembered that the young man had opened the parcel, given the money to the conductor, and kept the cover, which probably he had soon after thrown overboard or twisted up to light a pipe.

Nothing more happened that day, but there are two nice American girls on board, about my own age or a little older (they seem years older, for they are so charming and self possessed), and Mrs. Ess Kay encourages me to like them, as they are in Mrs. Van der Windt's party. I grew quite well acquainted with them the third day out, and they asked me to go and watch the people in the steerage, who had a trick dog which was lots of fun. I went and saw the bronze young man again. He was standing with his arms folded across his blue flannel shirted chest, leaning against one of the supports of a kind of bridge, looking up toward the first class deck. Our eyes met as they had before, and I was so absurd that I felt myself blushing. I could have boxed my own ears, and though the trained dog really was a pet I didn't stay long.

It is strange how certain kinds of eyes haunt me. You see them in the air, as if they were really looking at you—especially when you are just dropping off to sleep. I think gray ones do this more than others. Perhaps it is because they are more piercing.

But it was the fourth day that the climax came—the climax which has ended by upsetting me so much and has made everything so uncomfortable.

The weather was glorious—all blue and gold after a sulky, leaden day—and there was dancing down on the steerage deck again. Though it was so fine, the water was not smooth like a floor as it had been at first, but broken into indigo waves ruffled irregularly with silver lace and edged with shimmering pearl fringe.

The same performance was going on down there on the crowded deck that I'd seen the first day, and Sally Woodburn and I, who had been walking—counting the times we went around to make two miles—stopped to glance at the show.

"There's that good looking man Cousin Katherine classifies as a hulking animal," said Sally. "I must really consult the dictionary for a definition of the word 'hulking.' I don't know whether it's a verb or adjective, do you?"

"No, I don't," said I. "But whichever it is, I'm sure he doesn't or isn't. He's a gentleman, and something strange has happened or he wouldn't be there. I do think it's a shame. It must be horrible."

"Don't you think Cousin Katherine knows more about such persons than you?" asked Sally, and there was such a funny quaver in her voice that I turned to see what it meant. She was laughing, but whether at me or at Mrs. Ess Kay or at the man with the lobster claw nose I couldn't tell, and before I could answer her question by asking another something happened which put the whole conversation out of my mind.

The ship courted to a wave of more importance than any that had gone before, then righted herself quickly. We slid a little, everybody who could catching hold of the rail or of some friend's arm, laughing, but down on the steerage deck there rose a cry which wasn't laughter.

"Child overboard!" some one screamed. And I realized with a horrid feeling like suffocation that a tiny boy down below, who had climbed up on the rail to watch the dancing, was missing.

It was a woman who had screamed, and everything followed so quickly that my mind was confused, as if a whirlwind had rushed through it and

blown off the impressions on top of one another in a heap. There was a babel of voices on the steerage deck, more cries and shouts and screams, and people surged in a solid wave toward the rail to look over. But of that wave sprang one figure separating itself from the other atoms, and then I heard myself give a cry, too, for the man who had been in my thoughts had thrown off his coat and vaulted over the rail into the sea.

"Jove! He'll be caught by the propeller!" I heard somebody near me say.

I turned sick. The thought of his life being crushed out while we all looked on helpless was awful. The sea was terrible enough in itself—the great, wide, merciless, blue water, which sparkled so coldly and laughed in its power—but to be crunched up by the jaws of a monster—I shut my eyes and couldn't open them until I heard men saying the strong wind to starboard might save him. I believe I must have been unconsciously praying, and my hands were clasped so tightly together that afterward my fingers ached.

People on our deck made a rush toward the stern, on the port side, for the ship had been steaming so fast that already we were forging away from the child who had fallen and the man who had jumped after him. Sally and I were carried along with the rush. She seized me by the hand, but we didn't speak a word. If dear



He was standing with his arms folded, friends instead of two strangers in a far remote sphere of life had been in deadly danger I don't think the sickness at my heart could have been worse. I would have given years if at that moment I could have had the magical power to stop the ship instantly with one wave of my hand.

But it was being stopped by another power than mine. I felt the deck shiver under my feet like a thoroughbred horse pulled on its haunches. The accident had been seen from the bridge. An order to stop the ship had been telegraphed down to the engine room and obeyed. Still when Sally Woodburn and I had been carried by the crowd far enough toward the stern to look out over the blue wilderness of water we were leaving behind the ship's heart hadn't ceased its throb, throb, to which we had all grown so accustomed in the last few days.

"He's got the child!" exclaimed Sally. "See, he's hauling the little creature onto his back with one hand and swimming with the other. Glorious fellow!"

Yes, there were two heads bobbing like black corks in the tossing waves close together. I pictured so vividly what my sensations would be if I were down there a mere speck in that vast expanse of blue that I almost tasted salt water in my mouth and felt the choking tingle of it in my lungs.

Then suddenly the ship's heart ceased to beat, and the unaccustomed stillness was as startling as an unexpected noise. A boat shot down from the davits, with several sailors on board. A few seconds later they were rowing away toward those two bobbing black corks, and I loved them as they bent to their oars.

I can't remember breathing once, or even winking, until I saw the child being lifted into the boat and the man climbing in after. What a shout went up from the ship! Sally clapped her pretty, dimpled hands, but I only let my breath go at last in a great sigh.

There was such a crush that I couldn't see them when they came on board, but there was more shouting and hurrahing, and men slapped each other on the shoulders and laughed.

Throb, throb went the machinery again, and there was no sign that anything out of the monotonous round had happened, except in the excited way that people talked. Several men we knew paid a visit to the steerage and came back with stories which flew about from group to group in the first class cabin and no doubt the second too.

It seemed that the little boy who had fallen into the sea was the only son of his mother, a widow. They were Swedes, and the woman, who is on her way to the States to try and find a place as a servant, was quite prostrated with the agonizing suspense she had suffered. As for the little boy himself, he was not seriously the worse for his experience. The doctor was with him and said that he would be as well as ever in a few hours. A subscription for the mother and child had already been started among the first class passengers and was doubtless made up to quite a

sum. It is being done for the little boy's mother, a Mr. Doremus, who is a Van der Windt's good natured neighbor. The doctor labeled "Our out of the Indies" and

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Timber Land Notice Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Iva B. Fox, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, who on Nov. 7, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0791, for 1/2 SW quarter, section 14, Township 38 S., Range 18 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the lands above described, before County Clerk Klamath Co., at his office at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 9th day of Feb. 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Noel, T. M. O'Connell, Arnold Press, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, and C. H. Dusenberry, of Lakeview Oregon. D9F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

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