

ride or intrusive, but I wanted to tell you that I think you won't be annoyed again, and—just one thing more. May I thank you for your goodness on shipboard? It brightened what would otherwise have been a grim experience.

"Blind Mrs. Ess Kay to pronounce this man not a gentleman just because some strange circumstances had forced him to travel in the steerage? I did wish that, without his knowing it, I could have slipped into his pocket my £30.

"Oh, I did nothing," I answered. "It was the other people who did everything—the little that was done. It's I who have to thank you for taking that person away. He and the other who came just before were so rude."

"They didn't mean to be rude," he said. "They wanted you to tell them something which they could put into their papers, and they live by doing that kind of thing. I did the best I could with them, but I wish I could have saved you from being annoyed in the beginning. I hesitated at first for fear you might misunderstand and think me as bad as they were, but I wish I hadn't now."

"After what I saw you do at sea I couldn't possibly have misunderstood," I said.

"Thank you for saying that," he returned, "though for what I did then I don't deserve any praise. It was done on the impulse, and I'm used to salt water. As a child I lived close to it for a time in California and swimming came almost as natural as walking. But I'm not here to talk about myself. I'm not here to tell you how grateful I was and am and shall continue to be for your kindness on the ship. I couldn't go without speaking of this, and there's something now I'd like to ask. You won't be offended?"

"If it's something you want to tell me, I know it isn't the sort of thing which could offend," I said, but I didn't say it as calmly as it looks when written. I stammered a little and got the words tangled up, and I felt my face growing hotter than ever.

"I thank you again. It's only this. If, while you're over on this side the water, there's ever any way in which a man—a man who'd be as respectful as your footman, and loyal as your friend—could possibly serve you, I wish you would let me be that man. I know it seems now as if such a thing couldn't happen, but nothing's quite impossible in this queer world, and—anyhow I shall always be ready. You could trust me?"

"I know that," I couldn't resist breaking in.

"I'm employed for the present at a club in New York. If you'd send word to Jim Brett at the Manhattan club, there's nothing under the sun that Jim Brett wouldn't do for you, from finding a lost dog to taking a message across the world."

"First I must catch my dog before I can lose him," I answered, laughing. "But if I do, or—there's anything else, I shan't forget."

"That's a true promise, then, and I have to thank you for the third time. Now, I'm not going to trouble you any longer. Goodbye."

Without stopping to think who he was, or who I was, I held out my hand, and his good looking brown face grew red. He took the hand, pressed it hard once, dropped it abruptly, turned on his heel and walked away without looking back.

I was so interested in going over the conversation in my mind that I forgot to feel like Beau Brummel with one paw up in his glass case, and though I dare say ten minutes had passed, it hardly seemed two, when a wonderful little black image in the shape of a boy came sliding up to me, all rolling white eyes and red grin, like a nice Newfoundland puppy. He had some newspapers tucked under his arm, but in his hand was a small basket of peaches almost too beautiful to be real. But then, weren't they—and wasn't he—part of my dream?

He grinned so much more that I was afraid his round black face would break into two separate halves, and looking at me with his woolly head on one side, he thrust out the basket.

"For you, missy," said he, with a funny little accent, for all the world like Sally Woodburn's.

"They can't be for me. There must be a mistake," said I, wishing there wasn't, for the peaches did look delicious, and there were two rosebuds lying on top of the basket, one pluk, the other white. "I don't know any one who could have sent them."

"The gent knows you, you bet, missy," replied the image. "He give me a quarter and axed if I know'd my alphabet 'nuf to find letter 'B' an' tote dese yere to the prettiest young lady I'd ever seed. Most wite ladies dey looks all jes' alike to me, but you's different, missy, an' I reckon de things must be fur you."

I had a horrible vision of this compliment proceeding from the Flashlight or the Evening Bat. "What was the gentleman like?" I asked.

"Like mos' any gent, missy, 'cept that he was powerful tall, an' I reckon if he keeps right on like he's doin' now he'll get mos' as brown as me some day."

Then I knew that I was safe in taking the present, so I did and gave the comical black image two or three little round white metal things I'd got from the purser when I changed some English money. I didn't know how much they were, and they looked ridiculously small, but he seemed pleased.

When he had run off I turned my attention to the peaches. They were so big that there was room only for four in the basket, and they seemed dreadfully pathetic considering from whom they had come.

That poor fellow must be almost penniless or he wouldn't have been in the steerage, yet he had bought peaches for me and given a "quarter"—what

ever that was—to his quaint black doll of a messenger. I could have cried. Nevertheless I ate two of the peaches and reluctantly presented the other two, which I couldn't possibly eat, to a gloomy "B" child sitting on a straw mat.

As if for a reward of virtue, just as I had disposed of my leavings and stuck the roses into my belt, the last of the luggage arrived. There were two custom house men near to choose from, and, as I've heard, in choosing between two evils it's better to choose the least. I smiled beseechingly at the smaller man, who had just crammed a pile of lace blouses into the box of a lady with nervous prostration.

Whether he was sated with cruelty, or whether he was naturally of an angelic disposition, I shall probably never know now, but the fact remains that, instead of turning out the fend I'd been led to expect, he was one of the most considerate men I've ever met. He wouldn't even let me unlock my own boxes, but took the keys and opened them for me himself. (Didn't an executioner braid the hair of some queen whose head he was going to chop off? I must look the incident up when I have time.) Anyway, I thought of it when the custom house man was being so polite, but the analogy didn't go any farther, for my head never came off at all, and two of the boxes remained unopened.

"You're English, aren't you?" he asked, and when I said yes, and that I was only on a short visit, he treated my belongings as if they were sacred. If he disturbed anything, he laid it back nicely, keeping up a running conversation as he went on. I told him that English women might bring home all the pretty clothes they liked from other countries, and that I considered it most ungentlemanly in such a chivalrous nation as America to deny ladies a few Paris dresses.

"Do you happen to know, miss, what's the income tax in your country?" he asked, tenderly putting back some yellow hairpins which had fallen out of a box of mine.

"Dear me, no," I exclaimed. "But I think it's sometimes more than a shilling in the pound. I've heard my brother say so, and as for the death duties, it's more than your life's worth to die."

"Aah!" said the nice man. "We haven't got any income tax on this side, and folks can die in peace whenever they please. I guess that kind of even things up, don't it?"

I didn't know what to answer, so I thanked him for his kindness, and we parted the best of friends.

Mrs. Ess Kay appeared so quickly afterward that it almost seemed as if she must have been lying in wait. She was looking pale and shattered, and Louise, following close behind, was positively haggard. Only Sally had weathered the storm without being outwardly the worse for wear, but even she didn't look as good natured as usual.

"How have you got along, you poor, deserted darling?" affectionately in-



A little black image in the shape of a boy.

quired Mrs. Ess Kay, undismayed by a fixed gaze from Sally, which apparently signified reproach.

"It wasn't very bad, and I've quite enjoyed myself," I replied, forgetting some tedious moments in the light of others not tedious and hoping that the roses in my belt might pass unnoticed.

Fortunately they did, otherwise I should have been in a difficulty, for I should have had to vulgarize the little episode by putting it into story form for Mrs. Ess Kay, and presumably roses have not been taught to grow wild on the New York docks, although they say Americans are so very luxurious in their tastes one would hardly be surprised at anything.

A beautiful electric carriage, bigger than a brougham, was waiting for us, and we left Louise, with a butler or some other manservant out of livery, to wrestle with the luggage and bring it in cabs (which they called "hacks") up to Mrs. Ess Kay's house in New York, where I knew she meant to stop for a few days before going on to Newport.

The minute we drove away from the docks I began to notice dozens of things which made me tremendously conscious that I was in a foreign country. One would think, as so many of these people were English, or, anyway, British, before they were Americans that their buildings and everything else would be enough like to remind one of home. But each street we turned into showed me that this isn't at all true in New York. There are bits like Paris—at least you think so on a superficial glance—but nothing in the faintest degree like London.

Something in the air, too, made me feel excited, as it does in Paris. Sparks

of electricity snapped in my veins, and I had a presentiment of interesting things that must surely happen.

I've always been very sensitive to smells, which can make me joyful or miserable, just as much as *des*. Vie says I oughtn't to tell people this, as it signifies I'm still in close touch with brute creation. But I don't much mind if I am, for so many animals are nicer than we are—dogs and horses, for instance; and then one has to acknowledge, whether one likes or not, that a monkey is a kind of poor relation. Each place I've ever visited has its own smell for me and even houses and people. I would know the smell of Battlemend Towers, if I were taken there by winding ways, with my eyes blindfolded. It's the smell of old oak and potpourri, and books and chintz, and autumn leaves and blue trees, mixed together. Mother smells like a tea rose and Vie like a wax doll. London has a rich, heavy scent, which makes you feel as if you had a great deal of money and wanted to spend it, but not in a hurry. The smell of Paris makes you want to laugh and clap your hands and go to the theater. The smell of Rome makes you feel as if you wished to be very beautiful and move to the slow accompaniment of a magnificent church organ, with the vox humana stop drawn out. But New York—the smell of New York! How shall I describe the sensation it gave me, as Mrs. Ess Kay's electric carriage smoothly spun me up town? The heavy feeling of homesickness which I had had on the ship for the last few days was gone, and instead I felt a wild sense of exhilaration, as if I'd come dashing home after a glorious run with the hounds and plunged into a cold bath with two bottles of eau de cologne poured into the water.

It was amazingly hot, but the breeze gave a hint of the sea, and every shop and house we passed seemed to keep spices stored away, for the breeze to blow over.

Even the old fashioned houses, no higher than those in London, were as different from ours as possible, and it was extraordinary to see people—nicely dressed women and pretty girls—perched on the front steps under awnings without so much as a pocket handkerchief lawn between them and the street. Persons of that class at home would be far too shy to lounge about and be stared at not only by the neighbors, but by twenty strangers a minute, yet here they sat on rugs and read or did embroidery or swung back and forth in chairs that rocked like cradles, paying no more attention to the passers than if they had been flies.

By and by we came out of the quiet streets walled in with monotonous rows of red brick or brown stone houses into a scene of terror. It was a street, too, but what a street! I thought that I'd grown accustomed to motoring through traffic, for once Stan took me in his car all the way from Battlemend to Pall Mall, where he stood me a very jolly luncheon at the Carlton hotel, but that experience was nothing to this. I felt a little jumpy with Stan when we shot between omnibuses in a space which looked twice too narrow, and once when I thought a frightfully tall horse was going to bite off my hat, but I soon got used to it.

If I were driven every day of my life for a year through this terrible street in New York, though, I should be no more used to it on the last day than on the first. The only change in me at the end of that time would be in my hair, which would have turned snow white and be standing up permanently all over my head like Strumpet-Peter's, only worse.

London roars, a monotonous, cannon-balls-in-the-cellar roar, with just a light tinkle of hansom cabs sprinkled over the top of the solid sound, but that great straight street into which we suddenly flashed had no solid sound. It shrieked in short, sharp yells, made up of a dozen distinct noises, each one louder and more insistent than the other.

There were trams and tram bells and motors and carriages and over all an appalling thunder of trains rushing to and fro above our heads on lines roofing the entire street built upon iron stilts. Every minute they swooped by, running north and south, and I trembled lest they should leap their tracks and crush us into powder.

"It's only the elevated, dear," said Sally, pitying my agitation, "and it's never fallen down yet, so I don't believe it will today. You shall take a ride with me if Cousin Katherine will let you, which she probably won't. You can't think what fun it is shooting past the windows of the houses; just like glancing into an exciting story book you know you'll never have a chance to finish. You do get a peep into tragedies and comedies sometimes."

"My goodness!" I exclaimed. "I'm thankful I don't have to live in one of those houses. It must be impossible ever to take a bath or to get engaged properly."

Fortunately for my peace of mind we didn't stop very long in that fierce street, but cut across again and came out in Fifth avenue, of which one seems to be born knowing a little more than of other streets in America. Just as almost every one in English novels lives in Park lane, so all the New Yorkers you read of live in Fifth avenue, and I should have been disappointed if Mrs. Ess Kay hadn't because in that case I should eventually have to go home without studying home life in the States from the right standpoint.

At first I didn't see where the grand houses I'd heard of kept themselves, for everywhere were smart shops and public buildings and—so close now that we could put down our sunshades—mountainous skyscrapers. The shops were beautiful, though Mrs. Ess Kay apologized for them by saying that it

was out of season, and I'd never seen so much brilliancy of color or variety in a street. I tried to search for the cause of this effect, but I couldn't define it. Perhaps it was partly the clearness of the atmosphere, but there was a great deal more than that. Everything you passed seemed to be pink or pale green or gold or ivory white or ultramarine blue, yet when you really thought it out in detail by detail it wasn't. And, though I'd considered the skyscrapers awful from a distance, spinning along at their feet I couldn't deny them a fantastic kind of attractiveness.

At our rate of speed I hadn't to wait many minutes for the grand Fifth avenue houses, and oh, poor London—poor, dear London! I wanted to fly back and tear down Buckingham palace.

Mrs. Ess Kay had always talked about her "New York home," which made it sound rather small and modest, so I was surprised when we stopped before a huge, square pile, built of rich looking, rough brown stones, so nearly the color of a Christmas plum pudding that it made me hungrier than ever to look at it. The house is trimmed with three wide bands of carving, made of the same kind of stone, and there are carved bronze railings and lamps on the porch, and the front door is carved, too, like the door of a cathedral.

We were let into a vestibule, all colored mosaic and things, and that opened into a big, square, glassed over garden, with a great marble fountain playing in the middle. I never saw such a wonderful place in my life, but until I got used to it, I couldn't help feeling that it was more like a splendid foreign hotel than a mere house. The garden isn't a real garden when you come to examine it, for it's paved with rare stones of different colors, like the jewels in Aladdin's cave, but all around the fountain beautiful flowers are growing and pink and white water lilies float in the marble basin. There are orange trees in pots, and a forest of tall palms, all of which are reflected and repeated over and over again in the mirrors of which the walls are made, and on the little tables standing about here and there among groups of inlaid chairs are bowls overflowing with roses. The roof is a skylight, over which creepers have been trained, so that the light which filters through is a lovely green. No doors are visible at first glance, but when you are initiated, all you have to do is to walk up to the mirror wall, find a gold button, press it and a door opens into a room as marvelous as the fountain court, around which, it seems, all the rest of the house is built.

"We'll have something to drink here," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "before we take off our things." So we all sat down, among the palms and orange blossoms, and a delicious sense of peace after storm stole over us with the coolness and the green dusk and the perfume of flowers.

I supposed that "something to drink" at this time of day meant tea, but almost immediately a footman came through the glass wall, carrying a tray with nothing on it except tall tumblers. There were straws sticking out of the tumblers, and as the man moved I could hear a faint tinkle of ice.

For a minute I was bitterly disappointed, because the thought of tea

had supported me for hours. But when I tasted the stuff in my glass I wasn't disappointed any longer. It had two or three strawberries, some bits of pineapple, and a white grape bobbing about on top, and it was full of chopped ice. I don't know what it was, for nobody mentioned its name, and I was ashamed to ask, lest it might seem too ignorant; but it was good, and tasted as if it might have a little wine in it, mixed with fizzy water and other things. When I had drunk mine, I felt a different girl; quite merry and so friendly toward Mrs. Ess Kay. I had never thought her such a nice woman. I laughed at almost everything that she and Sally said, and I said some rather funny things myself. Still, I'm not sure that as a regular thing I wouldn't rather have tea.

We sat resting for some time, though I wasn't tired at all now. I could have run a mile, but suddenly I felt a little sleepy, and I was glad when Mrs. Ess Kay proposed to go to our rooms. Leaving the fountain court we came into a hall, hung with tapestry, and from it a wide stairway led us up to a gallery, lighted from the top, which runs all round the house, with the doors of the bedrooms opening off it.

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For that reason fruit growers must obtain proper appliances in order that such work can be done during the period previous to budding in the spring. It is known that two dangerous fungus growths already have found lodgement in the county.

Spraying will destroy all insects and fungus growth. All fruit growers will observe this official notice, and comply with the requirements of the law. Dated, New Pine Creek, Ore., Dec. 19, 1908.

A. M. Smith, Inspector.

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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 8 half 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.

D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

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