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No. 77, R. of H., A. O. U. W., Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Masonic Hall, Cora Green, C. of H.; Selma Price, L. of H.; Vida Gauthier, C. of G.; Frances Nyswander, Recorder

L. O. O. F.-LAKEVIEW LODGE, No. 48, L. 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. Cheney, Secretary

L. O. O. F.-LAKEVIEW ENCAMPMENT NO. 78
L. O. O. F., meets the first and third Thursdays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Lakeview. H. K. Heryford, C. E.; C. O. Metzger, Scribe

REBEKAH LODGE-LAKEVIEW LODGE, NO. 22, I. O. O. F., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Lakeview. Mrs. Alice Bunting, N. G.; Mrs. W. L. Heryford, W. G.; Mrs. M. D. Moss, 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 Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at Lakeview Sunday School at 10 a. m. Lecture at 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid, Wednesday, 1:30 p. m. Choir practice Friday, 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to you. H. PARKER, Pastor

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

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF LAKEVIEW-Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. on 1st and 3rd Sun. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Junior Society at 2:30 P. M. Baptist Young People's Union at 6:30 P. M. on each Sunday. Prayer Meeting at 7:30 P. M. Wednesday evening. Every body invited to attend all 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.

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Continued From Page

One would think, as Battlemead is ranked among the finest old Tudor places in England, and people come on Thursdays and give shillings to see it a very good thing for us, though it's extremely inconvenient, as it pays for all the gardens and all the servants' wages that it would be grander than quite a new house, in a country like America. But Battlemead, even in its palmiest days, must have been shabby beside Mrs. Ess Kay's "home" in New York.

Our grandest bedroom, the one where Queen Elizabeth slept, is quite a dull old hole compared to Mrs. Ess Kay's splendid room. Mine, at home, has all the furniture covered with faded chintz, and the curtains are made of plain white dimity. But I love the deep window seats where I can curl up among cushions, with a cat and roses veiling the picture of the terrace with its ivy covered stone balustrade, and far away, the park with a blue mist among the trees. And I haven't learned yet to love my beautiful room at Mrs. Ess Kay's, though I admire it immensely-admire to the verge of awe.

It's pink and white and silver. The carpet is pink and feels like moss, as you step. The wall is covered with pink and silver brocade, except where there are panels with Watteau-like pictures. The curtains are foamy lace, with the pink and silver brocade falling over them. The furniture looks as if it were made of ivory; there's a mirror in three parts, reaching from the floor half way to the ceiling, so that you see yourself in front and two profiles, like astral bodies, things which I've always wanted to cultivate, as they would be so nice for trying on dresses, or making calls on dull people. On the dressing table is another mirror, an oval one, framed with pink roses, each of which has an electric light hidden in its heart, and the bedspread is of pink and silver brocade to match the hangings, with a large, hard roll like an ossified bolster, at the top.

I believe it's that bed more than anything else which makes me feel that it's always Sunday in my room at Mrs. Ess Kay's. I'm used to old-fashioned, ruffy pillows and a plain white cover let smelling of lavender, on which I can flop down whenever I like, to read a novel or to have a nice little "weep." But there's no flopping on this gorgeous pink and silver expanse, and it's small consolation to know that no queen of England ever had one as handsome.

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally escorted me to my room when I came to it first. After I'd admired everything enough to satisfy them, I was taken to see the bathroom adjoining, and then a kind of wardrobe room opening out of that. I was almost prostrated by the magnificence of both, which pleased Mrs. Ess Kay very much, and in the grand wardrobe room, smelling deliciously, though faintly, of cedar, my poor boxes-already arrived-looked mean and insignificant. Mrs. Ess Kay's and Sally's huge "Innovations" would have been much more appropriate than my dress baskets, which had been squashed into lopsided deformity under heavier things in the hold.

Louise was on the scene armed with my keys and Mrs. Ess Kay wouldn't hear of letting me do anything myself. "Now, I'll explain why I had to desert you on the dock," she said. "Or perhaps I needn't explain. If you watch Louise unpacking for a few minutes you'll see for yourself. And I do hope, sweet child, that you'll excuse my taking a liberty."

This made me curious. Louise opened one of my boxes which had had been labeled "Not Wanted," and I could hardly believe my eyes when she lifted out an exquisite poppy colored chiffon, embroidered with sprays of golden holly and berries made of some gleaming red jewel.

"Why, there's been some extraordinary mistake!" I exclaimed. "That can't be my box. I've no such dress." "I know, love, but I have," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "and, thanks to you, I've got it and several others through without paying duty. I thought you wouldn't mind, you're such a dear pet and it's been such an accommodation. Not that I care about the money, but I do love to get the best of those fiends at the custom house, and I have, for once. You see, it was like this: When Louise went to the baggage room to get out some things for you I had them put in my trunks afterward and some of my dresses changed into yours, as your frocks had all been worn and mine hadn't. I told Louise to put my things down at the bottom, some in each of your trunks, and I was pretty sure the man wouldn't touch them, as you're a British subject. I trusted to luck that you'd be too cute to say anything and give me away if you saw the dresses while your trunks were being examined, but I just hoped he wouldn't dig down to them. I dared not tell you what was going on, as Sally said I ought to, because if I had you might have refused or else spoiled everything by being self conscious. If you'd been with me the fiends might have caught on to our little game, they're so suspicious, but where you were they never suspected any connection between us. You're just a dear."

I had been a dear in spite of myself, but there was no use in making a fuss, now the dearness was all over, whatever I might have done if I'd known beforehand that I was to be a cat's paw. Perhaps if I hadn't been given the food-stuff with the strawberries I might have been crosser; but, fortified by that, I lived up to my reputation as a dear during the half hour of the unpacking.

When my frocks all hung in a row like Bluebeard's wives, in the cedar wardrobe, and I was left alone with them at last, my first thought was to plunge my imprisoned roses in water; my second, to do the same with myself.

The hope of tea (which hadn't been fulfilled) and a bath had kept me alive through those two hot hours on the dock, and now I could choose between several kinds of bath, each one more luxurious than any I had ever known. At home there's either the big bath, in the bathroom, or there's a tub in your bedroom, so it doesn't take you long to make up your mind which you will have. But here there were so many things I could do that I grew quite confused among them.

There was the big bath, so big that two of our big ones at Battlemead could have gone into it, and instead of climbing ignominiously in the ordinary way you walked down several glittering white marble steps. It was very alluring, but as the marble tank was so vast I feared I might have to spend all the rest of the afternoon in getting it full of water. It seemed impertinent to make a convenience of such a splendid, early Roman sort of receptacle for a mere five minutes' splash. A bath of such magnificence, I felt, to be what Americans call a "function," a ceremony for which you would prepare with perfumed ointments and ambergris and protract for half a day at least, not to be wasteful. Then there was the vapor bath, which you took in a kind of box with a hole for your head to stick out; a porcelain sitz bath and a mysterious shower bath into which you secretly retired behind canvas curtains shaped like a sentry box.

I dared not try the vapor for fear I should be steamed like a potato, the sitz seemed as inadequate as a thwarted ambition, and to turn on the shower without knowing how much it could do or how soon it could be stopped appeared a desperate adventure. After all, I thought, it was less worrying with us. Here, whichever thing you chose you would probably wish you had had the other, whereas at home you did what you could and were perfectly satisfied.

I decided that I would toss up a coin; heads the big marble tank, tails the shower. It came tails, and I had a dreadful quiver, but, needless to say, no more to be said. So I was, only the hot water wouldn't come and apparently there was ice in the cold, which wouldn't stop coming, and it was very violent. I screamed once, and Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally and Louise ran to the door, which was embarrassing, but fortunately I'd locked it, and they told me how to stop the hot water. When it was all over I felt like a marble statue for hours.

Dinner was at half past 7, which seemed odd in such a grand palace of a house, because of course at home, for some extraordinary reason unless you are in the middle classes, you never have an appetite before 8 at the very earliest. If you're in France or other countries on the continent you can be hungry sooner, and evidently it is the same in America. Perhaps, if I were scientific, I should be able to classify these differences as natural phenomena.

I had dressed myself early and was ready a little after 7, because I thought it would be nice to sit in the fountain court, but just as I was going down Louise knocked at the door.

"I have come to help miladi and to bring her these flowers," said she. "They are with a million compliments from monsieur the Lieutenant Parker, the brother of madame."

"But I have never met him," I said, gazing with wonder upon a group (bunch is too mean a word) of mammoth pink roses, with thickly leaved stems longer than walking sticks. There were at least a dozen of these splendid creatures, loosely held together by trails of pink satin ribbon, wide enough for a sash. I had never dreamed of such roses. I almost expected them to speak.

"Miladi and the lieutenant will meet at dinner," explained Louise. "It is an American custom that the messieurs send always flowers to the ladies. Mme. and Mlle. Woodburn have received bouquets also, but these roses for miladi are the most beautiful. Is it miladi's wish that I untie the ribbon and take out one or two for her to carry?"

I was on the point of saying "Yes," because the flowers were so lovely and because it would please Mrs. Ess Kay, but on second thoughts I said "No," thanking Louise and asking her to put the creatures' feet in water. Perhaps it would be as well, I reminded myself, to see this brother of Mrs. Ess Kay's (of whose existence I'd never heard) before I went about armed with his roses. I had already tucked the white bud which had come to me on the dock like a dove with an olive branch into the low neck of my frilly white muslin frock, and I gave it no rivals.

"Has madame gone down?" I asked, for it occurred to me that it would be awkward to find myself alone for nearly half an hour with a strange man. "I think madame will be in the hall," said Louise. And, satisfied, I descended in a stately way suited to the house into the fountain court. Nobody was there, however, except a young man in evening dress, who jumped up from a chair and set down a small glass out of which he had been drinking.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, December 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that JOHN JACOBSON, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 20, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 3873, Serial No. 0052, for S half N half, section 14, Township 37, S Range E., Will Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 10th day of February, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Ole Solien, Chris Jorgensen, of Bly, Oregon, and John O'Steen, P. M. Cory, of Lakeview, Oregon. D2428 J. N. Watson, Register.

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Notice

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, notice is hereby given that all irrigation, or millrace-ditches on all trout streams through Lake County, Oregon, must be screened with a small mesh wire screening at their head or junction with the main channel of stream. Also all dams or obstructions on said streams must be provided with a fish ladder, or other easy means of passage, at or near the middle of the main channel, so as to allow the passage of trout at all times of year, as provided by law. Said work to be done at low water time, or to be completed by Feb. 7, 1907. By order of J. A. Barham, Special Deputy fish Warden for Lake County, Oregon.

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