

about unchaperoned in a shop as big as a village in a strange foreign city.

I really did need a sunshade to go with a blue dress of mine, because my only light one (if I don't count rather a common white thing) is pink. I saw some beauties, and I wanted to ask the price, but the attendants—who were girls with lovely figures and their hair done in exactly the same flop over their foreheads—were so interested in talking about a young man they all knew that it seemed cruel to interrupt them, especially as I mightn't buy the sunshade in the end. However, I did venture to speak, in quite a humble voice, by and by, but the girl couldn't understand a word until I'd repeated everything twice. "A sunshade? Oh, you mean one of these parasols," she said then. "Excuse me, it's your English accent I didn't quite catch at first. That one's ten dollars and forty-nine cents, and this is eight dollars eighty-nine."

While we were busy doing the dollars into pounds and shillings we got quite friendly, for she was a very obliging girl and didn't bear me any grudge for interrupting, though her friends were going on with their conversation and telling such exciting things about the young man that she must have been dying to listen.

However, my girl hardly paid any attention to them at all, except just to



It seemed cruel to interrupt them

get mixed up in her answers to me once or twice. She said it was very difficult to understand English people on account of their not opening their mouths much when they spoke, and their accent being so strong. I found this odd, because we always feel as if the English language having been started by us, it is Americans who have an accent, but it seems that a great many people in the States dislike the way we talk very much and consider it extremely affected.

After all the trouble she had taken, I felt dreadfully not to buy anything of her, but the sunshades were too expensive, though she said they were marked down. I took a Japanese fan instead, which pops out at you like a Jack-in-the-box from a fat red stick, and even that was \$1.25 when I thought it would be sixpence. On the way to meet Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally at the notion counter, I inquired the price of a good many other superlatively beautiful things, but they were all superlatively high as well, and by the time a very dashing young man, who said he was a "floorwalker," had steered me to the notions, I felt as if I were the only cheap thing in the whole shop. To be sure, there were some embroidered collars and American flag headed hats and flowered muslin wrappers which I could have had without ruining myself if I had wanted them. But I didn't, and what I should like to know is, what does a girl do, if she's poor and has to live in New York? Mrs. Ess Kay had said the shop was a cheap shop, so there must be others where even the flowered wrappers and collars and hats are more.

And, besides, a girl couldn't go through life dressed entirely in such things. However, judging from the girls I have seen so far, they are all very rich, except the lower classes, and of course it's much simpler to do without things if you can just be poor and give up to it comfortably without thinking of appearances, like us.

As soon as I saw the notion counter I knew why they had named it that, only it would be still more expressive if it were called the Imagination counter. It was lovely, and looked like thousands of little Christmas presents spread out for every one.

There were a great many pretty people buying things at it, and in most of the other departments where I went with Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally, but when I admired them, and the sweet blouses they wore and the way they carried their shoulders and hips, Mrs. Ess Kay sniffed and said there was nobody in New York now—nobody at all who was worth looking at and wouldn't be till October, except those who were just in the city for a day or two of shopping, like us. When I suggested that these charming beings in white muslins and summer silks might be here in that way, she did not think it at all probable.

"How can you tell?" I asked. "They look just as nice as we do."

Indeed, I thought some of them looked nicer, but I've been much too well brought up to make such remarks as that.

"I can tell, because I don't know their faces," said Mrs. Ess Kay decidedly, in a tone that gave a capital letter to her last word, and yet intimated that the poor, unknown (by her) things couldn't possibly be worth a glance.

Now, mother and Aunt Sophy are rather like that. It's almost terrible when they say "Who is she?" But I shouldn't have expected it to be the

same in America, if Sally hadn't warned me. I suppose it's quite easy to remember just 400 faces, as you're sure there will never be any more, even if they have children, because they're being cut down instead of going up in number.

When we had been for about an hour and a half in the big shop, we'd finished all we had to do there and must motor to another farther up, before meeting Mr. Parker, who was to give us lunch at a place called Sherry's, at 1 o'clock. On the way, Sally suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin Katharine, we must initiate this dear child into the mysteries of ice cream soda water, and I'm just yearning for some myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Ess Kay gave the direction to her mechanic, a very young man with eyes that looked positively ill with intelligence and a way of snapping out "all right" when she spoke to him that would make Stan sit up with surprise if his chauffeur did it.

Sally said that the nicest oasis in the desert of London was an American place where you can get ice cream soda water, but I had never had any, and in the burning heat of the New York morning, which flung itself into the shop like a great wave in spite of fierce electric fans, I could have purred in pure delight over the piled up ice cold froth in that tall glass. It tasted like frozen velvet flavored with strawberries, and I should have loved to be an ostrich or an ananias, so that the sensation might have lasted longer.

There were no men in the shop, only women, and so pretty that you wondered if there were a notice posted up over the door forbidding plain ladies to enter. Two or three had yellow hair, yellow than mine, and Mrs. Ess Kay said they were actresses, who always came back to New York in summer to wait for things to turn up, just as chickens come home to roost, and that they were supposed to be resting.

I had always thought that a banana made you feel more as if you had eaten a large, elaborate dinner than any other one thing possibly could, but I found that an ice cream soda is even more so, and it was lucky for us that we had another hour's shopping to do (Mrs. Ess Kay made it an hour and a half because Potter is only her brother) before luncheon.

The next shop was even more wonderful than the first and would have been a great deal more solemn and dignified and even conventional if the same kind of wooden balls hadn't gone tearing round like mad squirrels in wire cages over the counters with people's money shut up inside them. There were very young youths sitting in tall pulpit things, who caught the balls on the fly in a sporting way and did some thing to them, but I never could see what, and afterward sent them back with the greenback bills inside turned miraculously into silver and pretty miniature pennies.

When we got to Sherry's, Potter was waiting for us and looking cross. I talk persons with turned up noses show crossness more easily than the other kind, and Potter had the expression in his eyes that Vic has when her shoes are tight and mother is in a trying mood at the same time. I shouldn't be surprised if he has a horrid temper, although he thinks of so many funny things. And though he is so nice to me, he can't help saying things sometimes which show that he has a prejudice against England. That seems extraordinary, and shows one how conceited we English really are, for one is quite accustomed to the idea that there may be people who don't care for Americans, but it is odd that Americans may not like us. I suppose it's on a par with the sentiments in our national anthem, which when one comes to analyze them don't exactly suggest a sense of give and take—or, for that matter, a sense of humor.

"Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," but naturally bless everything in which we are concerned, as we are certain to be above reproach. I'm afraid that's quite a piece with the calm confidence we have in our own superiority, although I dare say I should never have realized it if it weren't for Mr. Potter Parker and his pecky nose.

It began to be less pecky when we were all settled at a table in a perfectly charming restaurant, the most restful place to eat in that I ever saw. I can't imagine even a fiend being ill tempered in it for long, and it was deliciously cool, as if we had come into a shadowy green wood after the blazing, brassy glare of the streets.

The big room really was rather like a wood, so the stable isn't far fetched—an open space in a wood, ringed around with tall trees bending their branches low over a still pool. The soothing brown of the wainscoted walls gave the tree trunk effect; the great hanging baskets of ferns and moss that swung from the ceiling were the tree branches, and the many round, snow white tables with green velvet chairs grouped closely around them on the polished floor were the water lilies with green pads floating on the surface of the pond.

Nearly everything we had for lunch was in a more or less advanced state of frozenness, from the bouillon, ever so far along to the ices in the shape of different colored fruits, toward the end. Nevertheless, all of us, except Potter, drank iced water instead of wine whenever we stopped eating for an instant or couldn't think of anything particular to say, and the more we had the more we seemed to want. There was a kind of iced water cures upon us.

It has never occurred to Vic or me to lie down in the afternoon, though she tries to sleep a little sometimes if she's going to a ball. But when we got home, Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally took it quite as a matter of course that we would lie down before going to Coney Island to dine and see fire

works and other things. They were surprised when I didn't want to, but Mrs. Ess Kay said in that case Potter would entertain me while they rested. I told her it wasn't necessary, but Potter wanted me to bet my sweet life that it was just the one proposition on earth for him, so he and Vivace and I sat in the fountain court while Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally went upstairs.

Potter was suddenly a changed man, as soon as he and I were alone together, becoming exactly what he had been yesterday when I first ran downstairs and he introduced himself.

He didn't chaff me about my country and make fun of our government or hint that American men were the only men living who knew how to treat women, as he seemed to delight in doing when his sister and cousin were with us. He began by offering to teach me some of his best slang, but as the lesson went on, it turned out to be rather more like a lesson in flirtation.

I would have been even more startled than I was, if I hadn't already had a little experience on board ship with Mr. Doremus. At home I've often thought it must be very pleasant to be out and able to flirt, but I never had a chance, because, as Vic said, it was her turn first, and the only young man, not a relation, that I ever talked with alone was the curate, who would as soon have tried to flirt with a bishopess as with one of mother's daughters. But I like Mr. Doremus' kind of flirtation almost better than Mr. Parker's. Mr. Doremus makes you feel as if you were a beautiful young heroine in a play, and you are almost sorry there is no audience to applaud the witty things he says and the smart answers he inspires you to think of, just as if he were giving you a cue.

Potter is different, and instead of an audience you want a kind of perpetual chaperon, not a Briarrose creature with lots of hands to applaud.

It is silly, I know, to blush and simper, but I couldn't think of anything else to do, Potter was so alarming, and I wouldn't allow him to tell my fortune by my hand, for it was much too hot. Even if it hadn't been I shouldn't have wanted my hand held, for I do hate being touched by any one I'm not fond of. When I told him that he said it was very simple. What I had to do was to get fond of him, and then it would be all right.

"I shan't have time," I said. "There'll be too much for me to think about, and then I shall be going home."

"How long does it take an English girl to get fond of a man?" said he.

I told him I didn't know anything about that, as I wasn't out, but I supposed it depended on the kind of girl.

"I guess it depends more on the man in your climate, doesn't it?" asked Potter. "But over here it's sometimes a question of hours for both sides. Why, a chum of mine went out to San Francisco on business which was going to keep him just one day. He met a girl at dinner, fell in love with her while she was eating her soup and told her so before dessert came along. She vacillated over the ice cream, but said yes with the peaches and pears. Next day they got married, and he brought her back east for a wedding trip."

"What did they do about the banns?"

"Oh, Americans have done away with banns since the Revolution, I guess. When we fellows fall in love we're in a hurry."

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," I quoted primly.

"We don't repeat. We just get a divorce. It saves worry. Incompatibil-



I sat in the fountain court.

ity of the affections or fatty degeneration of the temper or something like that—but I don't need to talk of such things to you. Nobody who got a prize package like Lady Betty Bulkeley would part with it while he had a but ton left on his coat."

"I don't see what buttons would have to do with it," I said, but as I had always been sent out of the room at home directly any one began even to mention divorce, I thought I had better go upstairs and dress for dinner at Coney Island. Mr. Parker begged me not, but I would, and Vivace barked as if he were under the impression that he was a watchdog, so thanks to him I got away without trouble.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, January 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that ANNA M. NEILON, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on August 31, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0139, for Lots 1, 2, SW quarter N.W. quarter, Section 16, Township 36 S., Range 16 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 27th day of March, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Walter Howard and John W. [unclear] of Lakeview, Oregon.

D34M8 J. N. Watson, Register.

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Notice of Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, December 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that OLE SOLEIM, of Bly, Oregon, who, on Nov. 20, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 3578, (Serial No. 0033) for SW quarter, Section 17, Township 36 S., Range 16 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 12th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Wm. E. Sutter, H. J. Langkam, Kristian Jorgensen, of Bly, Oregon, John Jacobsen, of Lakeview, Oregon.

D31-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Harry M. Glazier, of Sacramento, Calif., who on Nov. 23, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0850, for SE quarter, Section 28, Township 37 S., Range 17 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk Klamath Co., at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 5th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Dan Johnson, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, Oda Craven and Frank Howard of Lakeview, Oregon, and Ollie Howard of Bly, Oregon.

D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that MILTON BERT RICE, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 10, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0806, for E half SW quarter, Section 33, Township 36 S., Range 19 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 11th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. G. Dusenberry, G. W. Rice, Mabel Rice, Geo. Lynch, all of Lakeview, Oregon.

D37-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Lillie E. Harris, of Lakeview, Oregon, who on November 26, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0772, for W half SW quarter and SE quarter SW quarter, Section 28, Township 38 S., Range 21 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 31st day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Granville Hardisty, Sarah Garrett, Gordon Garrett, Farnham E. Harris, all of Lakeview, Oregon.

D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William N. Bishop, of Lakeview, Oregon, who Nov. 16, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0833, for S half NE quarter, NE quarter SE quarter, Section 19, Township 37 S., Range 20 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 16th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. H. Mendell, C. L. Barnum, A. H. Barnum, C. A. Rehart, all of Lakeview, Oregon.

D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

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A. M. Smith, Inspector.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Iva M. Fox, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, who on Nov. 7, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0791, for E 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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