

tion. But before I should have had time to say "knife" to a cadet I found myself chatting away with those cadets as if I had grown up with them. I never once stopped to think what I should say next, and neither did they.

Some girls were introduced to me, too, but luckily they didn't seem to expect me to talk to them much, so I didn't. More and more cadets kept coming over from camp and joining our group and being introduced in agreeable droves until I gave up even trying to remember their names.

There was one, though, in the first batch of five whose name was easy to get hold of and keep in mind because it was Smith. Besides, he was the best looking of all, which made classifying him a real pleasure.

The girls who spoke to Mr. Smith called him "captain," perhaps jokingly, and I asked how he could be a captain and yet a cadet unless it meant cricket. Then he explained that the cadets had all the different grades of officers, from adjutant and captain down to sergeant, and wanted



It was difficult to see all you wanted to through the veil of crepe.

to know if there were any other questions I would care to ask. I said that there were lots, but I wasn't sure if I might.

"I give you a permit," said he in a military way.

So I began with the buttons. "I should like to know why you have so many—all those rows on your jacket. And it's only the middle row you seem to use for anything."

"We use the others to give away to girls to remember us by," answered my cadet. "It's forbidden, but that's a detail. Or rather it's why the girls like to have them."

"I stared. "None of yours are missing."

"Most of 'em are pinned on at present. It's that way with all of us. Our plebs sew 'em on for us at night and use the door for a thumb."

"Oh, what are plebs, if you please? Are you allowed valets?"

"I guess they call 'em fags in your country. There are a lot of them lying around. Shall I have some caught and dragged here? They might squirm a bit, as they aren't used to ladies' society, but—"

I hastily protested against such a cruel exhibition and went on with my questions. I asked what they did in winter and how long they had to be cadets and whether they were in a hurry to be officers.

"Not as long as the girls can put up with us as we are," said my cadet. "Some of them even pretend they like us better."

"I can quite understand that!" I exclaimed. And then they all laughed, and some of them applauded.

"The really important question is," said Captain or Mr. Smith, "whether you are going to be an officers' or a cadets' lady."

I hadn't an idea what he meant, but I remembered Vic's saying that in the lower middle classes they sometimes call a man's wife his "lady." Perhaps, I thought, the expression had been brought over to the nicest people in America in the Mayflower, which they all talk so much about, for certainly some of the people in her must have been cooks or in the steerage; there are too many descendants for the first class passengers alone. After considering for a minute I said in rather an embarrassed way that I wasn't "quite sure yet whether I would be either."

"You must be one or the other, you know, or you'll be like the girl in the fable who was neither bird nor beast, and so was out of all the fun on both sides. I may be prejudiced, but I advise you to be a cadets' lady. And you'd better decide now on account of tonight."

"Tonight?" I repeated, puzzled. "Yes, on account of making out your card. Say, Lady Betty, if you are going in with us, can I make out your card?"

Then arose a clamor. It appeared that they all wanted to make out the card—whatever it was. I asked if I couldn't have one from each, but it appeared that you couldn't do that. My cadet had spoken first, so he said that he would do it, but the others could give me bell buttons and chevrons and decorate fans for me instead.

"Do you like hops, Lady Betty?" inquired a perfect pet of a cadet, who looked like a cherub in uniform.

"Hops?" I wondered why he should ask me such an irrelevant question, but I answered as intelligently as I could. "I don't know much about them. I think they're graceful, but I don't like the smell."

He looked petrified. "The smell?"

"Yes. It makes one sleepy."

"I guess we won't give you much

chance to be sleepy tonight," said he, "at our hop."

"Then I understood. But what a funny thing to call a ball—a "hop!"

"They explained, too, when they saw how stupid I was, that you were an "officers' lady" if you danced with them and walked with them and flirted with them and didn't bother with cadets, or vice versa. Then I decided at once that I would be a cadets' lady, though I was sorry I had only one night to be it in. They were sorry, too, and showed their sorrow in so many nice ways that I enjoyed myself immensely and quite saw how nice it must feel to be out if you are a success. They wanted to draw lots for which cadet should take me to Flirtation Walk, but I said I had to go with Mr. Parker.

He must have been listening from a distance, though he ought to have been talking with a pretty girl who had no hat, for he came up to me at once and announced that it was time to go now. He rather put on airs of having a right to tell me what I must do, and I didn't like it much, especially before those dear cadets, but it would have been childish to make a fuss. Besides, I was his guest.

I went like a disagreeable lamb sulking on its way to the slaughter; but, thank goodness, I was engaged already for nearly all the dances, and most of them had to be split in two, there were so many cadets for them. (I think, by the by, I shall try to get Stan to take me to Sandhurst some day to see if it is at all like West Point and whether they have hops.)

Potter made fun of the cadets and called them "white meat" and "little things that got in the way." But when I asked a straight question he had to confess that he had been one himself only six years ago. "I was twenty-two when I graduated," he said. "One of the youngest men in my class." Which was the same as telling me that he is twenty-eight now. Ten years older than I am! It makes him seem quite old.

Somehow, although he is so nice to me in most ways, he stirs me up to feel antagonistic, as though I wanted to contradict him and not like things that he likes, and I believe it is the same with him about me, for I make his eyes look angry very often. I felt he was disappointed because I admired the cadets so much and had promised so many dances, and I was in a mood to tease him. But I fancy he isn't the kind who would take teasing well, and the scenery he was showing me was so beautiful that presently I resolved to be good.

We saw Kosciusko's monument, and I would insist upon his telling me things about Kosciusko himself, though Potter didn't seem to think him important. And then we began winding our way along a most exquisite path overhanging the river, always shadowed by trees. Sometimes it was cut through a green arbor, with a light like liquid emeralds. Sometimes it ran high on the rocks. Sometimes it dipped down close to the water, but invariably there was just enough room for two, and no more, to walk side by side.

We met several couples—cadets and girls, young officers and girls—sauntering or sitting down close together in out of the way places. But by and by we seemed to have passed beyond the inhabited zone. Then Potter asked me if I were not tired from so much walking and if I wouldn't like to rest. I said no, and he promptly pretended to be done up, which I thought very silly. But of course I had to sit down by him on a rock with a green, moss velvet cushion.

"This is what I've been longing for all day," said he.

"I hadn't, and I was thinking about the cadets. But I agreed that it was beautiful."

"Yes, it is," he answered, looking at me. "I never saw anything so pretty. Say, Lady Betty, you're an awful flirt."

"I did open my eyes at that. "A flirt!" I exclaimed. "I never had a chance to try being it."

"I guess you are born knowing. I've been miserable all the afternoon. Couldn't you see my agony?"

"I didn't notice," said I.

"Ah, that's the trouble. You weren't thinking of me. Of course, I oughtn't to have cared for those little boys" (some of them were inches taller than he), "but I couldn't help it. I kept saying inside, 'This is a foretaste of what I've got to suffer when she's staying with Katherine at the Moorburgs.' I don't know when I've been so unpopular with myself. I don't see how I'm going to get along unless you'll be nice to me, right now."

"I am nice to you," said I. "As nice as I know how to be."

"I could teach you to be a lot nicer. Say, Lady Betty, let me, won't you?"

"His eyes, though they are such a pale blue, had that silly, melting look in them that my cousin Loveland's have when he talks to me. "Let you do what?" I asked almost snappishly for a person sitting in such a lovely place.

"Teach you to like me. I fell all over myself in love with you the first minute I saw you."

"Day before yesterday!" I exclaimed. "What nonsense. You're poking fun at me. I don't believe in love at first sight—at least I don't think I do. Anyhow, nobody could fall in love with me in that way."

"Couldn't they, though? That's all you know about it, then. All Americans will fall in love with you like that, and it's just what I want to guard against. I want you to be engaged to me before you go to Newport. Then I shall feel kind of safe."

"Dear me, are you really proposing, and it isn't in joke?" I asked. "I do wish you wouldn't."

"Would I propose to Lady Betty Bulkeley in joke?" he reproached me.

"The idea of proposing to any girl when you've only seen her three times!"

"What did I tell you about my friend in San Francisco? I was working slowly up to this, even then."

"Slowly!"

"Yes, very slowly. I think I've shown a great deal of patience. American girls—the beauties, I mean—are quite hurt if a fellow doesn't propose somewhere along in the first day or two. They think he can't appreciate their real worth and that he deserves what he gets if some other chap walks away with them. Now, I'm not going to sit still on my perch and see anything else walking off with you."

"I couldn't help laughing. "I'll call for help if I think there's no danger," said I, "but I can't promise more than that. I didn't come over to America to pick up a husband."

He looked at me rather queerly when I said that, almost as if he thought I had come for that express purpose and was trying to conceal it. But of course he couldn't be so horrid as to suppose such a thing really, and I must have imagined the strange expression. If he only knew I came away so that another girl might be sure to get a husband, and I'm not allowed to go back until he has been got!

"They're just growing around on blackberry bushes and in strawberry patches for you to pick and choose," said Potter, "and that's what worries me. I'm a wildly jealous fellow. I've got two months' leave so as to be with you at Newport, and I tell you I shall see a bright, beautiful crimson if too many dudes come fooling around the shanty. Say, won't you just play we're engaged anyhow and see how you like it?"

But now I was really cross and wouldn't hear a word more of such nonsense, so I jumped up, and he had to scramble up too.

"If you're really proposed—which I doubt," said I, "you must please understand that you've been formally refused. But I forgive you because I believe you must have been chaffing and because it's my first proposal, so at all events I can't die without having had at least one. Now, do be sensible and take me back or I shall have to find my way alone or else ask a strange cadet to pilot me."

That threat found a vulnerable spot, and he was not half bad on the way home—perhaps no worse than the name of the walk allowed.

I was a good deal excited about the ball, as it was my very first. Sally Woodburn had looked at my things and told me what to bring. Not that it was a hard choice, for I have only four frocks with me in which I could go to a dance. The one Sally wanted me to wear at West Point is a little white thing of embroidered India muslin. Thompson made it after one of Vic's, and it is a rag compared to Sally's and Mrs. Ess Kay's gorgeous things. But when Sally had done my hair in a new way (they had left Louise behind, as there was no room for her) and fastened around my throat a lovely string of pearls she brought on purpose I looked quite nice.

The "hop" was in a great big room which the cadets use for something or other, I forget what, and it was decorated with quantities of American flags. There were lots of girls—the youngest things! Hardly any of them could have been out, but there were even more men; counting officers and cadets, at least two for each girl.

The card which my particular cadet had talked about making for me was

"Are you going to be an officers' or a cadets' lady?"

a programme, with all the dances and the men's names and illuminations which he had put on himself. It was beautiful, and I told him that I would always keep it. I danced every dance, with two partners for each, and there was a cotillon afterward with favors to remind the girls who got them of West Point; little flags and buttons and bits of gold lace, but I was very lucky, for some of the friends I had made in camp had smuggled me special things, and I shall have quite a collection of sergeant's stripes and corporal's chevrons, belt buckles and beautiful bright bell buttons with initials scratched on them.

I don't believe Vic had half so much fun at her first ball as I had at mine, although hers is so many seasons ago now that I can't remember what she said about it. I was only a little girl then, and she wasn't in the habit of telling me things as she is now.

Although I didn't get to bed till after 2, I was up early next morning, because I had promised my best cadets that I would be at morning parade, or whatever they call it, to say

goodby. Sally went with me, and it was quite an affecting parting. I shall never forget those dear boys if I live to be a hundred, though I can't remember any of their names, as after all I lost the card I meant to keep always.

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The Pure Food Law.

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. 3878, (Serial No. 0533) 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, Kristina Jorgensen, of Bly, Oregon, John Jacobson, of Lakeview, Oregon, D31-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

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.

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. 0800, 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. Duseberry, G. W. Rice, Mabel Rice, Geo. Lynch, all of Lakeview, Oregon. J7-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

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 8th 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.

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 on 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 10th day of Feb. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. H. Mendell, C. I. Barnum, A. H. Barnum, C. A. Rehart, all of Lakeview, Oregon. D3F5 J. N. Watson, Register.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908. Notice is hereby given that ANNA M. NEILON, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on August 31, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0459, for Lots 1, 2, SW quarter NW 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 Guy W. Rice, of Lakeview, Oregon. M18 J. N. Watson, Register.

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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 S 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 land 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. LOUIS SHAW Dealer in Real Estate I have listed some of the best Ranches, Timber Lands and Town property in Northern California, a country that is bound to improve rapidly. Alturas, California. Our bargain counter will please you. Bailey & Massingill