begin by selling papers and end by saving the heroine from the villain) came into the car, piled up to his head with novels and magazines. He scattered a lot over us, like manna, without asking us to pay, but just as I had got passionately interested in a short story he came back and began to gather everything up. Seeing that I clung to my lot, Potter bought them all for me before I could stop him.

There were two books and four magazines, with superlatively good looking, well groomed young men and divinely lovely girls for the heroes and heroines. The story I was most interested in had a hero like Mr. Brett; but it was disappointing in the end, because he married a short plump girl with black eyes, and somehow it spoiled the realism, as I couldn't fancy he would really have cared so dreadfully for a girl like that. Anyway, it put me out of the mood for reading any more stories and I began glancing over the advertisements. At least, I glanced at first, but soon I was absorbed; for they were wonderful.

I had never dreamed that there were such kind, thoughtful men in business as the ones who advertised in those fat American magazines—and so clever, too; they seemed to have spent their whole past lives simply in studying things, so that eventually they could make you happy and save you trouble.

They lived only for that, those incredibly nice men. There were photographs of some of them with their advertisements, so that you could know what they were really like and have even more confidence in them than you would if you hadn't seen their style of features. There were two or three whose profiles I could never get to feel at home with, even if I had been born with one of them, but the majority were brave, energetic—oh, terribly energetic looking men, as indeed they would need to be if they were really to accomplish all the things they promised, not only for you but for the hundreds of thousands of other people who might be inclined to put them to the test.

There were things like this in the magazines—all the magazines:

"Listen to me, miss (or madam). I have something to say which will interest you. Do you want a perfect complexion? Don't move. Sit still in your chair. Cut out this coupon. Slip it into a stamped envelope and we will give you what you want by return of post."

"Why suffer? You have headache. We have the cure. We ask nothing better than to take away the one and give you the other."

"Let us lend you a beautiful diamond ring to wear until you are tired of it. When you are, we will take it back, and return you all but 5 per cent of your money."

"Don't come to us. Let us come to you and bring you something. You have always wanted health, wealth, wisdom."

"We would like to give you some friendly advice. We don't want a red cent for it."

"You are going to have a party, and you are worried. Don't worry. Just phone to us and we will arrange everything for you better than you could yourself, with no trouble to you and your servants."

There were so many splendid things to have, to wear and to eat advertised in the same kind, fatherly way, that I felt as if I had unconsciously yearned for each one of them more than for anything else in my life, and now it had been put into my head in all its fatal fascination, I couldn't possibly exist another day without sending for it, to one in that procession of

We had a number of these tropical birds.

noble, self sacrificing American advertisers. I felt, too, that if anything disagreeable should happen to me, like a railway or motor car accident, I could spend the rest of my existence lying down, and still the splendid things would come running to me, if I just phoned or flung a stamp into space.

I mentioned something of the sort to Sally. "I wonder they don't offer to choose your husband," said I. "I didn't know advertisements could be so interesting."

"What about your own?" she asked "They're a hundred times quainter."

I thought hard about the Morning Post and The Queen, but couldn't remember anything extraordinary in the advertising line, and said so.

"Perhaps you, being English, don't see anything extraordinary about a clergyman's wife offering to exchange a canary bird for six months' subscription to Punch, or the widow of an officer earnestly desiring an idiot lady to board with her, or a decayed gentlewoman inviting the public to give her five pounds, but we, being American, do," replied Sally. "Why, I'd rather read the advertisements in some of your morning papers and ladies' weeklies than I would eat."

"Talking of eating, it's lunchtime," said Potter. "There'll be a big menagerie feeding in the dining car, but there's no good waiting for it to finish, as then there'll be no food left."

So we took his suggestion, and there was a crowd, but he had secured a table for four, and we squeezed ourselves into the places.

I have traveled abroad with mother and Vic, where there were Americans in the dining car, and they have been cross because they didn't get served quickly, and they have said things. But in this car going to Newport you forgot what you had had last before the next course came, yet nobody seemed to mind. They were as patient as lambs and simply took what was given them when they could get it, although they looked as if they were used to everything very nice at home. I suppose it must have been because they were all Americans together, eating American things, with American waiters to wait upon them and no foreigners who ought to know they wouldn't stand that sort of nonsense, hanged if they would.

Some of Mrs. Ess Kay's servants had gone on before us, and some were in our train. Exactly how it was managed, I don't know; but things that would worry us into gray haired graves don't seem to bother Americans at all, and there was the motor waiting when we arrived at the end of our journey, with a private motor omnibus for the servants and luggage.

Sometimes it is rather a pretty sight at the station where you have to get out for Battlemead or for the village, when one of the best trains from town comes in, especially if mother or any one at other big places in the neighborhood should be having a house party. There are several rather good victorias with nice sleek horses, a handsome brougham or two, a motor car or two, to say nothing of dogcarts and phaetons. But it is a poor show compared to the scene at Newport. I felt suddenly as if I were at the theater and the curtain had just gone up on a brilliant new act.

There was a crowd of gorgeous carriages, and jet black varnish, gold and silver harness and horses' brown and chestnut backs all glittered blindingly in the sun. But there were even more motors than carriages, it seemed, or else they were more conspicuous, and many were being driven by beautiful girls in muslins such as we would wear to a garden party, with nothing on their pretty heads except their splendid hair, dressed everlastingly in the same way.

Now I saw Mrs. Ess Kay and Potter in their element. There was no suggestion that the people were not good enough for them here. Mrs. Ess Kay radiated smiles, bowing cordially right and left, sometimes even more cordially than her friends bowed in return. Potter was taking off his straw hat and waving it. They were delighted to see everybody, for everybody was somebody, and some, but not all, of the everybodies were delighted to see them. Sally alone remained unmoved, and I was glad to have her to keep me in countenance in this new act, where I knew none of the players or what part I should be called upon to take by and by.

I had heard so much that was dazzling about Newport, which I had imagined a great white city by the sea, that the part I saw first after leaving the railway station was distinctly a blow. "This quiet, half asleep village the greatest watering place of America, perhaps of the world!" I said to myself, almost scornfully, but when we had bowled into Bellevue avenue, where Mrs. Ess Kay said that her cottage was, I began to understand.

I wasn't sure at first sight what I did think of the great splendid houses, with mere pocket handkerchief lawns such as people would have for suburban villas at home, but they gave me a tremendous impression of concentrated wealth. This seemed a place where everybody was rich, where millions were at a discount, and I thought—whatever else I did think—that it would be a place to stop away from unless you were happy—happy and strong and gay.

But there was one thing I was very sure of. The avenue itself was more full than our park in the topmost height of the season.

People don't look happy driving in the park, not even the pretty people. I have found that whenever I have been, and, though that isn't so very often yet, Vic says it is really and truly always the same.

The great beauties look bored, and some of them have their faces painted and the air of wearing transformations, but not one of the charming women driving up and down Bellevue avenue that afternoon looked bored and hardly any were painted. I never saw people appear to be so delighted with life and so thoroughly alive, as if the glorious sea air were frothing in their veins, like champagne.

In the park you don't see people laughing and talking to each other in carriages. They simply lean back on the cushions with an expression that seems to say, "This is the only thing I can think of to do, so I'm doing it just to kill time." Probably they don't really feel like that, but they look it. And as for the people who sit and watch or stand and wait, they've usually a strained expression in their eyes as if they were afraid of missing somebody or something of importance.

But here in Bellevue avenue everybody was smiling and chatting, and I noticed that the men weren't so preternaturally alert as the men in New York. Some had actually taken time to get fat, which, so far I'd had reason to suppose, was a thing that never happened to American men.

And somehow the young girls had the air of being a great deal more important than we are at home. You could tell from the very way they sat and held up their heads in the motor cars and dogcarts and other things that they thought the world was theirs and they were the people to know in it. One was driving a tandem, and she didn't look more than seventeen. I was glad when she bowed to Mrs. Ess Kay, because she was pretty and I made up my mind that I should like to know her.

"That's Cora Pitchley's stepdaughter, Carolyn," said Mrs. Ess Kay. "Do you remember Margaret Taylour telling anecdotes of Cora? She doesn't bother much with the girl. People are talking about them both rather a lot this year, they say."

"Carolyn," I repeated. "What a pretty name and how American sounding, somehow. Fancy her driving tan-

Piled up to his head with novels and magazines.

dem, with only that tiny groom if anything should happen. She must be plucky. How old is she?"

"Eighteen. She was one of last October's buds."

"October's buds," I repeated. "It sounds poetical—but unseasonable."

Potter answered with a laugh.

"Yes, we like things out of season in America, so we bring out most of our buds in October. Then they have the whole winter to bloom in, you know, before they're grafted on another stalk."

"Here comes Cora herself, now, in Tom Doremus' Electra," said Mrs. Ess Kay. "It must make Mrs Van der Windt wild, his going so much with the Pitchley lot, as she can't stand them and would keep Cora and Carolyn out of everything in Newport if she could."

I didn't wonder at Mr. Doremus, though, as I bowed to him and found time to know exactly how Mrs. Pitchley looked and what she wore, in the half second before our two motors flashed apart. I thought her splendidly handsome, and I liked the gleam in her dark gray eyes, which promised fun. But just then our chauffeur slowed down before a house which seemed to cover about a quarter of a mile of ground.

"Welcome to my little cottage, dear Betty," said Mrs. Ess Kay.

If this is her idea of a cottage, I don't know what her conception of a castle must be! And yet, when you come to analyze it, there really is something about the place which suggests a kind of glorified, Titanic cottage, rather too grand for a king, unless he were a fairy king, but possibly suited to an emperor. But I do believe rich Americans think that what is good enough for a king is only just good enough for them at a pinch—and I've heard Mrs. Ess Kay call Windsor dreadfully shabby.

Her "cottage" looks as if it were built of gray satinwood, but it is really shingles, and shingles can be the loveliest material imaginable, it seems, for the covering of a house, especially with a foundation of granite sparkling with mica. They are soft and shimmery in their tints these shingles as a dove's breast; some are dark, some light, but all are feathery in effect, and altogether the Moorings, with its gables and porches and bow windows and balconies and wide verandas, gives the effect of a huge, ruffly and motherly gray bird with her wings spread wide to shelter her birdlings.

I felt quite content to be one of the birdlings as I went in. I am sorry to say I'm not a bit fonder of Mrs. Ess Kay than I was on the ship, but the "cottage" looked so hospitable and jolly and the air and the sunshine sparkled so that I couldn't help feeling that it was pleasant to be young and alive and on the threshold of amusing new adventures. I was happy, and I would have liked to sing. I wanted to be very good friends with everybody, including Potter, and I fell in love with the house the minute I set foot on the front veranda.

The great gorgeous palace in New York is far grander, of course, and must have cost four or five times as much, still only very rich people could have built and furnished the Moorings or afford to live in it.

There is a big square hall, not to be compared to ours at Battlemead, of course, though the Persian rugs and the pictures are fine, and the staircase is peculiarly charming. It looks a staircase made for sitting out dances with men you like, and evidently it knows its value as a flirting place and lives up to it, for there are fat, bright colored silk and satin cushions resting invitingly against the wall on each one of the shallow steps. Most of the rooms are enormous and consist half of quaint leaded windows with seats underneath. But better than anything else is the veranda, which runs all round the house and is not only as wide as a good sized room, but is fitted up like a succession of rooms. The delicate bead curtains that glitter like a rain of green and white and rose colored jewels give you a feeling of privacy, for you can see through them without being seen. The satiny gray floor is half covered with exquisite rugs, and everywhere there are oriental tables and chairs and cushiony sofas and green hammocks with frilly pink pillows and screens and bowers of palms and bright azaleas. I should like to live on that veranda swinging slowly in a hammock and looking through the cascade of glittering beads at the sea and sky. I spoke this thought out aloud, but Potter said I would soon learn that there wasn't much time in Newport for looking at the sea and sky.

"Why, isn't that partly what you come to Newport for?" I asked.

They all laughed. "You just wait and find out," answered Potter. "And we'll work you pretty hard doing it."

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally took me up to show me my room and theirs, and Potter said that he would go around and look in at the Casino, but he would come back and have tea with us as soon as he had seen "what there was doing."

Each bedroom is done in a color, and mine is the "white room." It was almost too heavy sweet with some powerful flower fragrance when we went in. For an instant I could not think what it was. But in another moment I had seen on tables and cabinets and window shelves great bowls of water lilies, rising out of their dark leaves like moons out of cloud banks.

"From Potter," said Mrs Ess Kay. "He telegraphed for them to be here and sent word to the servants just how he wanted them arranged. I must say he does think of rather pretty things when he cares to please. And he does care to please you, Betty. But you know that without my telling you, don't you, my Lady Witch?"

It was hard hearted of me, but all my pleasure in the gleaming white beauties went out like a bursting bubble. It gets on my nerves to be grateful to Potter three or four times a day!

Nevertheless when he came back (which he did after we had dressed and were having tea behind the rain of glittering glass) I had to thank him prettily. He was pleased, but was evidently thinking about something else.

"I didn't get to the Casino after all," said he. "I met Mrs. Pitchley going out to make a call (she was on her way home it seems when we met her), and she offered to turn back if I'd go with her, so I did."

"Now, see here, Potter Parker," broke in Mrs. Ess Kay, "I don't wish you to set up as another of Cora Pitchley's champions. It's all very

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COUNTY ORCHARDS MUST BE SPRAYED

All farmers or fruit growers in Lake county are hereby notified that under the state law it is imperative that all fruit trees should be sprayed.

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. 19th 1908.

A. M. Smith, Inspector.

$1,250 Reward.

The Harney County Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays $750 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition I offer $500 reward. Horse brand horseshoe bar on either or both jaws. Recorded in 8 counties Range, Harney, Lake and Crook Counties. Horses vented when sold. Horses sold to pass through this section will be reported in this paper. If not so reported, please write or telephone The Times Herald, Main 824, Burns, Oregon. W. W. Brown, Burns, Oregon.

Reward for Horses

I will give $5.00 reward for information that will lead to the discovery of any horse branded with an old horseshoe brand on both jaws, placed as in the cut in this advertisement, with fresh triangle brand underneath the horseshoe. The triangle placed in such a manner as would cover up a bar on both jaws. Animals must be found in the possession of some person or persons.