

Many Sleepless Nights, Owing to a Persistent Cough, Suffer Found at Last.

For several winters past my wife has been troubled with a most persistent and disconcerting cough, which is invariably extended over a period of several weeks and caused her many sleepless nights," writes Will Hyner, editor of the Burley, Colo., Bulletin "Various remedies were tried each year, with no beneficial results in November last the again put in an appearance and my wife, acting on the suggestion of a friend, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The result was, indeed, marvelous. After three doses the cough entirely disappeared and has not manifested itself since. This remedy is for sale by Daly & Hall.

The best way to treat plants that are frostbitten is not to sprinkle them with cold water, as might seem natural, but to put them in a cool place where the frost will come out gradually. The water process makes this altogether too rapid.

Save Money by Buying Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

You will pay just as much for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as for any of the other cough medicines but you save money in buying it. The saving is what you get, not what you pay. The sure-to-cure you quality is every bottle of this remedy, and you get good results when you take it. Neglected colds often develop a serious condition, and when you buy a cough medicine you want to be sure you are getting one that will cure your cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always cures. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. For Sale by Daly & Hall.

The girl who longs for pink finger nails should remember that there is nothing so effective in developing them as brisk circulation of the blood engendered by different forms of household work and by bathing the hands three times a day in warm dishwater. We feel sure that every mother will back us in this recipe.

The Secret of Long Life.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. It is a godsend to weak sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., "but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50c. at A. L. Thornton's.

One of the drawbacks with living in the northern states is found in the fact that neither in winter nor summer does a fellow (used generically) know when he goes to bed at night what thickness of undershirt he is going to need the next day. This may be said to give variety and spice if it does breed catarrh and pulmonary complaints.

There is not any better Salve than De Witt's Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve. We hereby warn the public that we are not responsible for any injurious effects caused from worthless or poisonous imitations of our Carbolyzed Witch Hazel Salve, the original. It is good for anything when a salve is needed, but it is especially good for piles. Be sure you get De Witt's. Sold by Daly and Hall.

While there may be some discussion among dairymen and stock raisers as to the relative value of different kinds of food rations, there is entire agreement when it comes to the necessity of giving the farm animals an abundance of pure fresh water. The sink hole water supply man may be found here and there when it comes to actual practice, but he never takes part in a discussion to defend his practice.

A Reliable Remedy CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drugists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cts. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

you stopped in for twenty-one minutes, though I never had the chance to try, but in American all that is quite different, as different as the very way they say "seaside," with their accent on the first instead of the last syllable. Nobody thinks about watches. You just bathe and bathe as long as you feel like it. When you are tired of it you come out. Then you bake yourself in the sand for a little while if you like and run back to begin over again. It is heavenly. No other adjective half expresses it.

When we did really make up our minds to stop out for good and had dressed ourselves, feeling like goddesses just born of the foam (or gods, as the case might be), we all met our party, the Pitehleys and my cousin to arrange about what Mohunsligh would do.

It seemed that Mrs. Pitehley had invited him to lunch, and as she had been so kind about the bathhouse he explained to Potter he thought that he couldn't very well refuse. About stopping on he would decide later, but he consented to drive with us in the afternoon in a motor car of Potter's that holds six. By that time he would have had time to send a wire to a friend of his in New York and to make up his mind what he had better do about going back.

When we got home we found Mrs. Ess Kay much better and up. She was inclined at first to be cross with Sally and Potter for taking me to the beach, but when she heard about Mohunsligh, she forgot to be vexed, and seemed almost excited about him. I can't think why.

She asked lots of questions, very quickly, one after the other, brightening up when Potter told how he had invited Mohunsligh to come to the Moorings, but looking quite strained and wild at the news about his lunching with the Pitehleys.

"You oughtn't to have let him go, Potter," she said.

Potter shrugged his shoulders—those square American shoulders of his. "Strange as it may seem to you, he wanted to. That settled it. I didn't monkey with the gunpowder."

Mrs. Ess Kay's lips went down at the corners and her eyes flashed.

"How easy it is to see that woman's game," said she. "Cora Pitehley knows that Mrs. Van der Windt and the committee will be only too anxious for us to go to the pink ball now, and she thinks she sees a way of getting there, too, after all. Mark my words, she's got her ear; it'll go hard with her if she doesn't stick to him. Betty, can't you do something? He's your cousin. You've a right to him."

"I don't know that I want him particularly," I confessed. "Mohunsligh's a dear, queer old thing, and I'm fond of him, but we haven't seen much of him at home for years. And I know he can't be bothered with me."

"Anyhow, he certainly ought to be here," said Mrs. Ess Kay anxiously. "It will be perfectly loathsome if we have to sit still and see the Pitehleys gobble him up."

"Poor Mohunsligh!" I exclaimed. "Why, what will they do with him?" And for a lurid instant I beheld Miss Pitehley and Carolyn as beautiful ogresses, with their lips red—too red. "They'll go to the pink ball with him and by him. They couldn't without him. That's what they'll do," said Mrs. Ess Kay, as if she saw my cousin's whitening bones licked clean by the Pitehley family. "And we shall have to be intimate with them the whole time he stays."

"Oh, you needn't feel bound to for my sake. It isn't as though Mohunsligh"—I began, but Mrs. Ess Kay snapped my poor sentence in two, as if it had been cotton on a reel.

"I have to think for all of us," said she. "Cora Pitehley is a climber."

We changed our dresses (Sally says one must be forever changing one's dress at Newport), lunched, and then at the door appeared a gorgeous white



As I stood hesitating, somebody knocked. motor car lined with scarlet, which I had never seen before. As we all had on white, from head to foot, we matched it beautifully, and, feeling that we looked nice enough even to grace an accident, if it must come, we started to pick up Carolyn Pitehley and my cousin.

Mrs. Ess Kay didn't go, for she wasn't quite herself yet, and, besides, she perhaps thought that in the circumstances Mohunsligh ought to be brought to call before she met him informally. I don't know that any of us were as sorry as we ought to have been not to have her.

The Pitehley house, which is called the Chateau de Plaisance, is on a much grander scale than the Moorings. It thinks it is an old French chateau and tries to convey the same impression to beholders, as do several others of more or less the same sort. But it's a hopeless effort. The poor dears might as well give up and resign themselves once for all to being a blot on the exquisite blue and gold landscape, though perhaps if they can hold out for two or three hundred years they

may do better. The farther we went, along a glorious road called the Cliff Drive, and the more charming colonial houses and delightful "cottages" I saw, the more I felt that the regular palaces were mistakes, with Newport for a setting and the sea for a background. I am glad that I didn't live at the time when all the real castles of the world were young and awkward. Perhaps they looked just as crude as these at first, though it's hard to imagine it.

When we went back the first thing that Mrs. Ess Kay asked was, "Well, what about Lord Mohunsligh?"

"He's made up his mind to stop and send for his things," said I.

"You gave him my note? He's coming to us?"

"I gave him the note, and he's coming around presently to thank you for being so kind. But—he feels he had better stay with the Pitehleys. You see, it's like this. They happen to be sending a servant to New York today to do some commissions for Mrs. Pitehley, so the man will go to Mohunsligh's hotel too. And as they're doing so much for him and Mrs. Pitehley and her husband know some friends of his at home, he thinks—but he'll tell you all about it himself."

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Ess Kay.

Chapter 10

WHILE we were motoring Mrs. Ess Kay had been terribly busy with her secretary, getting invitations ready for a violet tea.

She was giving the tea, she explained, to introduce me to Newport society, and she was having a violet one because it was not the right time of year for violets.

I meekly suggested that as a reason for giving some other kind of tea, but she said not at all. She wished to have that kind because violets were hard to get, though not impossible. I would see when the time came that she could get them. And I should also see, if it were indeed true that I did not know, what a violet tea was. She wanted it to be a surprise for me. She thought I would like it.

I hadn't long to wait before learning the true inwardness of a violet tea, for Mrs. Ess Kay was determined to get me "out" as soon as possible, and it seems that in America the time to bring a girl out is at a tea. At least that is one way, and as Mrs. Ess Kay was even then planning to give something very big just before the much talked about "pink ball," so as to "take the shine off that grand affair," she wished to get the teacups washed up before she sent out the next invitations.

I'm sure mother wouldn't take as much trouble for a house party to meet the king and queen as Mrs. Ess Kay did for that violet tea, and I daren't think even now, though it happened weeks ago, of the money she must have spent.

For one thing, she and Sally and I had to have violet dresses. She would buy mine (I don't see how I should have done it if she hadn't, especially as Vic wrote just then that mother felt poorer than ever, and that man hadn't yet proposed), and it was beautiful; pale violet silk muslin, trimmed with violets and their leaves. Then violet and silver livery was ordered in a great hurry for the four footmen—to be worn on one afternoon, and no more! But these things were mere sketchy details, compared to other preparations.

One room, where tea was to be served, was entirely draped with violet silk, from the palest to the darkest shades, and for the smaller of the two drawing-rooms—the one where Mrs. Ess Kay would stand to receive her guests—wire frames were made from measurements to fit and cover all four walls. I couldn't imagine what these frames were for at first, but when their hour came they were padded with moss and covered with fresh violets. The curtains were taken down from the windows, and a network of violets was hung up in their place, with an effect of great loveliness when the light streamed through the screen of flowers. And even this was not all, for a soft thick mat of grass and moss was spread over the polished floor, with a sprinkling of violets. All of the furniture was taken away and instead, along the wall, were placed banks of artificial moss and violets. No doubt these would have been real, too, but when crushed they would have stained the dresses of those that sat upon them. Altogether, the room was turned into a woody bower of violets, and I was given a great bunch of the dear flowers to carry.

There had been only a week in which to prepare these sensational effects, but everything was finished in time and without hurry. Already I knew a great many of Mrs. Ess Kay's friends, and on the day of the tea it seemed that each person whose acquaintance I had made had remembered me with a cartwheel of violets. All my flowers were placed in vases on tables in the big drawing room, adjoining the bower of violets, and as a card was attached to each bunch, pinned on the masses of violet satin ribbon which trailed from it, each giver could have the pleasure of seeing how his gift compared with his neighbor's. It was a wonderful display—a violet show. And, as Mrs. Ess Kay had said, "It was got the right time of the year for violets."

We stood on our feet for hours, smiled yards of smiles, and said the same things over and over again so many times that I began to feel like a phonograph doll which I saw in my

first New York shop. Only when I ran down nobody would me up, and I had to go on by myself as best I could, which was fatiguing and made the machinery squeak.

But everybody said it was a huge success. The New York papers had each more than a column about the "function," as they called it, and Mrs. Ess Kay was piously happy.

I had thought we were very gay before, but after the violet tea, from getting up to going to bed, we never had a moment that hadn't its own appointed place in the procession of hours, like the bead in a long rosary.

After breakfast we went to the Casino to play tennis, to listen to the concert or pretend to and to gamble. There we would meet everybody we knew, and it was odd to see the calm but slightly conscious air of superiority with which the everybody, going in or out, passed the poor nobodies assembled to watch the Casino entrance. Just as the middle and lower class people stand till they are ready to drop only to see the queen drive into the park or leave Buckingham palace dreadfully bored to open a bridge, so these Americans jostle each other to see their millionaires and especially millionairesses going to enjoy themselves. Fancy if Londoners reduced themselves to a state of collapse for the pleasure of seeing Mr. Belt take off his hat to Mrs. Wertheimer! But the millionaires in America seem to be like our aristocracy, only more important, for the nonmillionaires take a great deal more trouble to stare at them than the common people do at us.

After the Casino there was always the beach, and the most delightful things happened at the beach. It was never twice the same. Then we would lunch with some one or some one would lunch with us at the Moorings. Afterward there would be a drive, calls to make, perhaps two or three wonderful "at homes" or concerts, with great singers and entertainers from New York, twenty minutes' rest and then a scramble to dress for dinner, with a "dinner dance" to follow, or amateur theatricals.

Of course, as I haven't been presented yet and don't know anything about what the season is like in town, except what Vic has told me, I can't judge of the differences at first hand, but then Vic has told me a lot, and I have heard Stan and Loveland talk, besides one seems to know one's own country and country people by instinct without having actually to see what they do, and I'm sure that even in the smartest set at home they don't dream of bothering their heads to think of such original entertainments as in America.

In England there are just two or three kinds of parties. You give a crush, which is grand if you have a big house, or you ask a few bright, particular ones and enjoy yourself. Or in the country you have a house party and pick out the men because they can shoot and the women because they are pretty, or else, if it's winter, you hunt and you have theatricals. But the Americans at Newport turn up their noses at that slow, old-fashioned kind of thing. They lie awake nights (I'm sure they must) to think of something so original that nobody else can ever have had anything the least like it before. It is better, too, to have it very sensational and startling. If you are invited to a party, you never know a bit what it will be like, whether you will dance in a barn and eat your supper on horseback out of decorated mangers, whether there will be captive balloons at a garden party, whether a Noah's ark will have been rigged up on a miniature lake or whether you will have a pair of skates provided for you and find yourself cutting figures on the ice in a gorgeously illuminated skating rink, with the thermometer up to goodness knows how many degrees outside.

Of course, in a place where everybody gets nervous prostration trying to outdo everybody else in originality and extravagance, it wouldn't be like Mrs. Ess Kay to let herself fall behind. She simply made up her mind that her big entertainment should be the affair of the season before she decided what form it should take. She thought instead of sleeping for several nights and began to wear the expression on her face which I have in motor cars when I think we are going to telescope with something twice our size, and am trying to prepare for eternity with a pleasant smile on my lips. She ate scarcely anything, telephoned a good deal and took phenacetin in hot milk. Then suddenly it came to her—I mean the idea.

We were at lunch when she thought of it, and luckily there were no visitors except Mrs. Pitehley and Carolyn, Mohunsligh and Tom Doremus. It was bad enough even with them, for she half sprang up, then sat down again, first going red, then going pale, and we all thought she was getting ready to faint. But as soon as she could speak she said, when she shrieked at her, "It's nothing—nothing. I've just thought of something, that's all."

Afterward, when she and Sally and Potter and I were alone together, she told us that at last she had got the inspiration for her big entertainment. It was two days after the violet tea, so it was quite time she should get it, she said, and she had been dreadfully worried because the invitations ought to go out almost at once. The famous pink ball at the Casino was for the 23d, and she wanted to have her party the night before, so that everybody would be worn out, and the ball would fall flat.

"But we've got our cards all right now," said Potter. "Why do you want to queer the show?"

"I intend to show Mrs. Van der Windt what I can do," she answered.

"Suppose a lot of the people you want refuse you, so that they can be 'neeb for the ball'?" Sally suggested.

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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. 19, 1908.

A. M. Smith, Inspector.

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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 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.

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