



"Come into this little dell where the fountain is."

you. And I feel proud to think that we are friends."

"You think of me as your friend?" he asked in a voice that showed he was glad or excited or something that wasn't quite calm.

"Indeed, I do think of you so," I assured him. "And you've proved your friendship for me three times—once on the dock, once by giving up dear Vivace for me and now again tonight when you came to my rescue. I was—really bored in there, you know. And people seem to give themselves so much liberty in—in their jokes when they're masked."

"I have to thank the masks for being at Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's house tonight," said Jim Brett. "You must be wondering how they let me in, considering that, on account of the masks, everybody had to show their invitation cards at the gates. I had mine all right. But—there are such things as newspaper reporters, as you know to your sorrow. I don't say I am here in that capacity, but I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

"What fun?" I exclaimed. "It is fun now. I had no right to dare, but I did dare to hope that I might have a glimpse of you. I was sure that I should recognize you."

"If I'd dreamed of your being here, I should have recognized you," I said. "You're taller than any other man here, I think."

"Men grow tall in the west, where I come from."

"And strong."

"Yes, and strong, too—thank God."

"And brave."

"Men are brave all the world over."

"I should think there are none braver than you, Mr. Brett," I said.

"It's glorious for a man like me to hear such kind words from a girl like you, though I don't deserve them," he answered. "But I shall try to deserve them. All my life I shall be better for having heard them from your lips. You can hardly guess what it is to me. Perhaps the thing that comes nearest to it would be if a prisoner for life in some dark pit heard a voice of sympathy speaking to him—actually to him—from a high white star."

"Oh, don't speak of yourself as a prisoner in the dark!" I cried.

"What else am I, when I stop to reflect how hopelessly I must be removed by circumstances from all glories and heights—where stars shine."

"But there can be nothing in your circumstances, Mr. Brett," I insisted eagerly, "which need remove you from any heights. I wonder you—so brave and strong, and an American, too—can say that of yourself. Why, you can reach anything, do anything you really wish, if you just want it enough."

"Do you, an English girl, a daughter of the aristocracy, tell me that?" he asked.

"I do. As if that makes any difference—any real, true difference, I mean, when it comes to the heart of things. Oh, I've been thinking of such matters



Some one pushed the orange tree back.

a great deal lately—I suppose because I'm among Americans. It must be that which has put the subject so much in my head."

"Tell me what you have been thinking."

"Oh, I can hardly tell. But for one thing, I've begun to see that a man—a man like you, for instance, Mr. Brett—oughtn't to call himself unlucky because he's poor, and has perhaps not been able to have as many advantages as richer men. He ought simply to feel that he has it in him to make himself equal in every way with the highest."

"You mean, he can 'hustle,' as the saying is with us, and get rich, so as

to stand on an equality with millionaires?"

"No; it wasn't money I was thinking about. I've met a good many millionaires since I've been here, but I've seen none whom you need look upon as your superior. What I mean is that you're only to be ambitious enough, and not feel that you're handicapped by your start, to attain to what you want in life—yes, whatever it may be."

"You mean all this, Lady Betty?" he asked quickly. "You have as much faith as that in me?"

"Yes," I answered, and the stars and sea seemed to sing with my thoughts. I felt uplifted, somehow. It was a wonderful sensation, which it would be impossible to describe. But I had an exciting impression that Jim Brett shared it. The music of the Hungarian band flowed out from the house and beat in my blood. His voice sounded as if it beat in his too.

"You can't dream what my ambitions are or maybe you wouldn't say that."

"I am sure they would only be noble ones."

"It's true, they are noble. Yet you might not approve. But they're part of my life—I couldn't give them up now and—"

"I should like to hear about them," I said, almost more to myself than to him.

"Some day, if we meet again—and I mean we shall, since you have called me friend—perhaps you will let me tell you about them. I shall ask you to listen—but not now; I haven't now. The time hasn't come. Only promise this, Lady Betty, that you won't forget me, that you'll think of me kindly sometimes."

"I do think of you very often," I said, "and talk about you to Vivace. Poor little Vivace. He doesn't forget. How he did whimper when I had to drag him away from you that day in the wistaria arbor at Central park. This isn't unlike that arbor, is it? There's wistaria here too. I believe I shall always think of that day when I see wistaria. It is odd we should meet again next time in a place so much the same—and just as unexpectedly."

"Just as unexpectedly," echoed Mr. Brett in an odd, thoughtful tone. "It's wonderful that we should meet at all—considering everything." Then he laughed, rather bitterly, I thought.

"Aren't you afraid of me, Lady Betty, after your experience of journalists—since I've half hinted to you I may be acting in that capacity tonight?"

"Afraid of you?" I repeated, laughing. "As if I could be. I would trust you in everything."

As I said that a lot of people came out of the maze in the marquee by the exit Mr. Brett had found for me. They streamed into the dimly lighted pergola in their fantastic costumes, laughing and talking, and the beautiful peace of the blue night—broken only by the throbs of distant music—was gone completely.

I had thought of taking off my mask, but I was glad now that I'd kept it on. They came toward us, all in great spirits, having a game of "follow my leader," and their leader, a Chinese mandarin, was offering to guide them to the Cave of Aladdin. I was glad that the Flame wasn't in the way of my procession. Evidently he had missed me and gone some other way, or else he was too angry to wish to find me again.

The crowd stopped to speak to us, making jokes in disguised voices. Some of the things they said made me feel that it would be uncomfortable to linger behind with the Puritan when they had passed on.

"Let's join them, shall we?" I asked. "They're going to Aladdin's cave. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

"Yes," he said. And we followed the wild party at a discreet distance. We went into the house again by a roundabout way, and it wasn't until

we were in the big hall that we learned just how Aladdin's cave was to be found. On a background of dark red flowers made into a great shield and hung over a door glittered and scintillated three words in electric light, "To Aladdin's Cave." The letters had been lighted up only since I had been gone, for I suppose the idea was to make everyone go into the maze first.

We had to pass through several rooms and corridors, all of which had been emptied of furniture and lined with canvas scenery cleverly painted to illustrate events in the story of Aladdin. Everything was shown up to the time that Aladdin went down into the cave at the bidding of the magician disguised as his uncle, and then came the entrance of the cave itself, which was done in imitation rock work. But I knew that it was the way down to the cellar. Either the stairs had been removed or else cov-

ered up with a theatrical kind of embankment that made a winding path twisting back and forth under a roof of the imitation rock and sloping always downward. At the bottom was a screen of spun glass made to look like a falling cataract of bright water, and until you had passed out from behind it you saw nothing except a glow of rosy light filtering through the transparent glass. But when you did come out, unless you were a stick or a stone, you couldn't resist giving an "Oh!" of surprised admiration.

The whole cellar—at least all of it that was left visible—had been turned into a fairy cave of jewels. The walls and ceiling looked like rocks studded with blazing rubies and flashing diamonds. The rough pillars which supported the floor of the house above were great sparkling stalactites and stalagmites. The cemented floor was covered with sand that glittered like diamond dust, and there were fruit trees and rosebushes, rows of tall hollyhocks and buds of tulips, all apparently made of illuminated jewels, something like the transformation scene in a pantomime they once took me to see, only a hundred times prettier.

At the far end of the cave a bright red light kept coming and going, but I couldn't see by what it was made, because of the laughing crowd collected around it. We went nearer, and as others moved away we took their places, so that at last we saw what caused the light and made the great attraction for the people.

It was a giant lamp of a strange shape, standing up to the height of four or five feet from the floor on a pedestal, and behind it stood the genie, a fearful and wonderful apparition who said things in a deep bass voice which made everybody shout with laughter. "It's Fred Kane, the great funny man," said somebody.

The genie's witticisms came whenever any one rubbed the lamp, which

each person was requested to do as he or she approached. While it was being rubbed the magic lamp flared up and gave out the bright red light we'd seen at a distance, and simultaneously the genie took something from a huge sequin covered bag he had looped over one of his arms. If the person who rubbed the lamp was a man, he dipped into the left hand bag, if a woman he dived into the right hand one. Each time a beautiful trinket came out and was presented with a low bow and an exuberantly funny speech, suitable to the character which the person had undertaken for the evening. His wit never failed.

Mr. Brett and I went up together. The genie crossed arms and grabbed something for us out of both his bags at the same time. Then, by mistake, he gave me the thing from the left hand bag and Mr. Brett the one from the right. We walked away to let others have their chance, looking at the presents we had got. It was funny—they both happened to be rings.

Mine was twisted bands of platinum and gold, forming a knot to hold a cabochon sapphire. His was a thin setting of seven stones set in a straight row—diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz.

"Yours is meant for a woman and mine for a man," I said. "He got them out of the wrong bags. But they're both pretty and so queer."

"Will you—shall we change?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean to suggest that," I hurried to say. "I can give mine to my brother when I go home. And you—there must be some one—"

"I've no sister, and there's no one else," said Mr. Brett. "Do have it. You see, I couldn't get it on my little finger. And won't you keep the big one too? It isn't as if I were like Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's other guests—"

I couldn't bear to hear him say that, so I broke in and insisted that he should have the ring. "She would want you to have it, of course, if she knew," I said. "And, besides, I want you to, which is something."

"It's everything," he answered. Then we changed rings, and I told him I hoped his would bring him luck, glorious luck.

"Do you wish it may give me what I want most in the world?" he asked, and I said that I did.

"What do you wish mine may give me?" I went on.

"What do you want most—great wealth?" he questioned me.

I shook my head.

"To have the world at your feet?"

"I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"To have the one you love best on earth love you?"

"I should have to stop and think which one it is."

"Then I wish that you may love the one who loves you best on earth—and more than all the world."

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Everybody exclaimed and laughed at their surprise at such an unexpected transformation. Now was the time for unmasking, of course, and there were shrieks of surprise and amusement as people discovered who their companions really were. For a minute—I'm sure it couldn't have been more—I forgot Mr. Brett to stare at the great glittering ice ship. When I turned to speak to him he was gone. And whether he vanished on purpose because he didn't want to unmask in a company of strange people or whether he was separated from me by the sudden press of the crowd I don't know. I suppose I shall never know. I only know that I lost him and that I was immediately surrounded by other men, saying nice things about my costume, wanting me to have supper with them and asking me for dances afterward.

The rest of the night went by with a wild rush. We didn't stop dancing till 4, we young people, and I believe the older ones played bridge. We had a record supper served upstairs toward dawn, and when the last people went away it was broad and glorious daylight.

"Well, dear," said Sally cozily when every one had gone and she had come into my room to help me undress, "had you a good time?"

"Splendid!" said I, sighing with joy. "I'm dancing still—in my head. My first ball!"

"Katherine doesn't call it a ball. But that's a detail. Had you any proposals?"

"Oh, Sally, how came you to think of such a thing? But isn't it too extraordinary? I had three."

"Why extraordinary?"

"Because I hardly knew the men!"

"Americans make up their minds quickly about what they want."

"So Mr. P— So I've been told."

"Accept any one?"

"Not I."

"Didn't even give them a wee mite of hope?"

"Dear me, no."

"Poor Potter—for one."

"Sally, I do wish he wouldn't—do that sort of thing, since you speak of it. It makes it so embarrassing. And somehow I don't feel he really means it. I've always the impression that—that he does it because he thinks he ought."

"I'd like to marry you, Betty. There's no doubt of that, and one can't blame him for it."

"Well, if he keeps on I shall be driven away," I said, "although they don't want me to go home yet for—several reasons. I don't want to go either. I'm having a wonderful experience. But—"

"Haven't you met any man you could imagine yourself caring for, dear? Or perhaps you don't fancy Americans."

"Oh, I do!" I exclaimed. "They're all great fun. And one—one man I've met I think superior to any other I ever knew. But, then, I've known so few, and I don't know him well. You needn't look at me like that. It isn't a romance, you dear. I'm most unlikely to know him any better ever. He isn't like the rest. He isn't like anybody else I ever saw."

"Now," said Sally coaxingly, "you might tell me if he's one of the three who proposed."

"Indeed, he isn't, and he never will. Why, Sally, I don't mind telling you I mean that Mr. Brett who was on the ship and whom we met afterward accidentally in the park. He is rather wonderful considering his station, isn't he?"

"He'd be rather wonderful in any station. That's my theory about him."

"I think it's mine too. He was here tonight—as a newspaper reporter, he hinted, though he didn't exactly say he was in so many words. Did he talk to you?"

"Yes," said Sally. "Indirectly I got him his chance to come."

"I gave him good advice," said I, laughing—"all about his future and ambition and things like that. I hope he'll take it."

"He'll probably try all he knows. Did he thank you prettily?"

"I'm not sure whether he thanked me at all. But he gave me this ring and wished me luck with it. It was the genie's present to him in Aladdin's cave. I changed with him for the one I had. But this is much prettier. Look."

"D-E-A-R-E-S-T, Dearest," Sally spelled out as she held the third finger of my right hand, on which I'd slipped the ring.

"Where do you find that?" I asked quickly.

"Don't you know? Why, the stones spell it—diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz."

I felt my cheeks burn when she gave me this explanation.

I wonder if Mr. Brett knew!

Directories for Sale

This office has on hand a few copies of the county directory, which will be closed out at 50c-half price. Those wishing a copy should not delay sending their orders. It contains the name of every voter in the county. There is a special writ up of the county and of the towns. In it there also is a synopsis of the game laws of the State, and much other valuable information regarding Lakeview and tributary country.

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LAKEVIEW SADDLERY S. F. AHLSTROM Proprietor The best Vanquero saddle on the market Also a complete line of wagon and buggy harness, whips, robes, bits, riates, spurs, quirts, rosettes, in fact everything in the line of carriage and horse furnishings. Repairing by competent men

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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. 19, 1908. A. M. Smith, Inspector.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED GARMENTS are cut on large patterns, designed to give the wearer the utmost comfort LIGHT-DURABLE-CLEAN AND GUARANTEED WATERPROOF SUITS \$3.00 SLICKERS \$3.00

\$1,250 Reward. The Harney County Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays \$250 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition I offer \$500 reward. Horse brand horse shoe bar on either or both jaws. Recorded in counties of Range, Harney, Lake and Crook Counties horses wanted 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, Ore.

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.

Is It Your Own Hair? Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! Use this splendid hair-food, stop your falling hair, and get rid of your dandruff. The best kind of a testimonial—'Sold for over sixty years.' Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

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