AKE COUNTY EXAMINER, LAKEVIEW, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAR. 25, 1909



As Ibeall at last, when a dim, puzzled inkling of the truth came into her head, and



TWO

brown and a long table down the middle. It wasn't quite : o'clock, but it turned out that the fam-By had had their dinner at noon exactly, and this was a meni only for Mr. Brett and me, with Patty and Ide to bring as things from the kitchen and wait-upon us, while Mrs. Trowbridge fitted in smilling from time to time to .deh thow we were "getting along." . It was she who was cooking for us, and I selt quite distressed at the trouble I was giving on such a bot day, too, but she said she was enjoying ft.

It was a very funny dinner, according to my ideas, for I never had a meal Alke it at home, even when ' was small and dined in the daytime with the govsroess. But it was tremendously good. though none of the things went together properly. We had delicious roung chicken-quite bables they were, poor dears-fried with cream, and wreathed all around our plates in a semicircle were a quantity of tiny dishes. Each one had a big dab of something different in it; mushed po-tatoes, succotash, green peas, a kind of vegetable marrow to which they gave the unworthy name of "squash." rew tomatoes, sweet green nick'es, preserved strawberries, and goodness knows what all besides, while, if we stopped eating to breathe or speak. Patty flew in with a plate of freshly made things of the most heavenly nature, called corn fritters. Mrs. Trowbridge beamed all over when I said I should like to live on them for a month.

We were obliged to eat a good deal of everything, otherwise Mrs. Trowbridge would have felt burt, and i felt sleepy when we had finished, but I re-Tused to go and lie down to rest, as they wanted me to, it seemed such a waste of time. At last Mr. Trowbridge offered to show "Cousin Jim" around the farm, and maybe I looked wistful, for when they found that I was determined not to take a nap, they asked if I would go with them.

Mr. Trowbridge had on a linen coat now, a long, yellow one, which I should laugh af ff I saw it on the stage in a kind of people at home and people like play, but it suffed him, and he fooked quite impressive in it. He fanned him

sue round sue courant, sue thin and the potatoes which I'd smell would be inclined to resent it. Then ed frying.

"What an odd tea!" I thought. But the oddest part was that after all there she found out that they knew as much wasn't any tes

as she about books and politics and all It wasn't much past 6 when we sorts of things-oh. I can hardly fancy finished, and soon Mr. Brett asked me exactly what she would feel, but I'd how I would like to walk over to Mrs. trust Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge of any Randal's and see my friend Miss one like them not to appear at a dis-Woodburn, since she couldn't come to advantage with her, whatever she did The place was less than a mile me. with them. They wouldn't have self away by short cuts which he knew. consciousness enough to be overawed and he would take me there.

by her, though she can be so dreadful-The shadows were beginning to ly alarming Why, Mr. Brett, in a grow long and thin when we started,



of meadows.

carried a sunshade, and went hatless, conies, because if you did your enemies shot off your head or poured boll-American fashion.

I were a bundle of down, instead of a like the sir they breathe and as much tall girl, and I had much the same exhilarating sensation I used to have as a wee thing when I rode wildly on kind of invisible bond between our Mohunsleigh's foot. I was glad when we came to the fences, and that there were a good many of them. But I wasn't at all glad when Mr. Brett jumped me over into a grass meadow, where there was a whole drove of ferocious looking black and white cattle.

thickest part. But he sees blue sky and the sun shining overhead." "What do you mean?"

"A fellow who knows him very well told me that Harborough had fallen in love with a beautiful girl who was so unworldly that she might be induced to marry for love-if she cared." "Then why isn't he happy?"

"Because he doesn't know whether she can ever care for him-except as a friend. He's sure she likes him pretty well, but there's nothing in that. I'm mighty ignorant about such things myself, but they say if a girl doesn't mind showing that she's your friend and values you in a wity it's a sign she's a thousand miles off from falling in "love with you. What's your opinion on the subject, as you seem to be rather interested in Harborough?" "My goodness, Mr. Brett, there's a

cow looking at us. Oh, what shall we do? It's the worst cow of all. It's putting its head down now. It doesn't like us. Oh, what an appalling beast I believe it must be a bull."

"It's a very young one," said he calmly. "Now, don't be frightened. This is going to be nothing at all."

"Are you sure?" "Can't you trust me?"

"Yes. I know you won't let me be hurt. But you"-

Perhaps we shall "Don't worry, have a little fun. Just walt."

The cows were delighted. Evidently they regarded the borrid, thick necked brute as their champion. They didn't follow him toward us, but lifted their heads and stared complacently, as much as to say: "Isn't he a splendid fellow? Now he's going to give them what they deserve."

The rest happened so quickly it was all in a jumble. With a smile, Mr. Brett reached out and took my sunshade, which I'd closed. Just as the bull came at us he opened it in the creature's face. The bull swerved a few inches, surprised, and the next thing I knew the sunshade was tossed away, Mr. Brett had selzed the animal by his horns and was vaulting on his back with a laugh. "Run to the nearest fence," said he.

He did it as easily as if it were play, and so it seemed to be for him. The buil tore about, ramping and raving, while I obediently flew for the fence and scrambled over without ceremony. There I turned, panting, frightened, vet laughing in spite of myself. Mr. Brett's hat had fallen off, and his short hair was ruffled across his forehead. Riding the black and white bull, hanging on by legs as well as arms, he looked like a runaway schoolboy reveling in a mischlevous lark. His eyes sparkled, and his white teeth shone. The bull was sure he could throw his rider at first, but finding he couldn't was very much surprised. His wild gallop subsided to a trot, and, embracing his great neck, Mr. Brett bent far down to one side to snatch up my sunshade, which lay on the grass, open and undamaged. A few moments later he had steered the bull in some curious way with his feet, so that the beast came loping stupidly near the fence. Then Mr. Brett jumped off and

vaulted over. "That was a good bit of sport," said "It reminds me of old times, when





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in palaces and know royalties abroad. Just as I said once to Saily-Miss Woodburn we take ourselves for granted, and then don't make any more fuss or bother about our manners or whether we're going to do the right thing or not. But a few of the people even in your Four Hundred don't seem quite easy in their minds about themselves I've never seen snything in big houses at home where I've been with mother of Vic to come near the luxury of theirs, yet several I've met can't seem to relax and look thoroughly comfortable, as if they really liked it. They don't loll about as we do: they only pretend to loll, because it's in their part in the play

they're acting-oh. such a smart, society kind of pla;", with lots of changes of dress and scene in every act. "They build castles because it's the smartest thing they can do and because grand people always did it a long time ago. Of course in old times

though the sun was still bright, so I have nice seaside cottages with bal-

To avoid going out in the road we ing oil on you, but nowadays they took field paths and skirted along the merely say horrid things behind your edge of meadows where grain was tall back and it's just play acting to build and golden or white as a summer new ones. People talk about a man snowstorm. There were no proper being 'worth' so many millions, as if stiles, as with us, so whenever we it didn't matter what else he's worth. came to one of the rough fences which and they seem to be worrying a lot divided one field from another I had about themselves. Now, I can't imagine your cousins doing that. They to mount on the first or second bar and let Mr. Brett lift me over. just take themselves for granted, as

He is so strong that he did it as if



self with a large straw hat, without any ribbon, and talked splendidly to us, as we three walked together under The trees.

If any English person should write a novel and make a farmer in it talk Whe Mr. Trowbridge, every one who wead the book would say he was impossible. His way of speaking was a Tittle slipshod sometimes-though not a Shit more than ours when we drop our "g's" and things like that, only more guileless sounding-but without seem-Ing a bit as if he wanted to show off what he knew, which is so boring, he quoted Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Tennyson and in mentioning his awhile, but I don't feel now as if I work at the hives in the morning asked if we had read Maeterlinck's "Life of Bee." From that he fell to discussing other things of Maeterlinck's with Mr. Brett and incidentally talked of Ibsen. There wasn't the least affectation about it all.

By and by he left us alone for a few mouni2" while he went to speak to a man who works on the farm. He was going to shew us the maple sugar camp when he came back, and we sat on a felled oak and waited, with a smell of clover coming to us on the warm breeze and the "tinkle-tankle" of cowbells in the distance.

"What an extraordinary man!" I said to Mr. Brett.

"You mean because he's a farmer," said he, his eyes laughing.

"Well, I suppose I do. But, then, of course he's a gentleman farmer, not an ordinary one at all."

"He's a gentleman in the way that all the good people in the country round are gentlefolk-because they're saif respecting and kind hearted and intelligent. But he comes of generations of workers. They make no pretensions to blue blood, though perhaps they may have some in their veins, and don't think themselves superior socially to their own farm hands, like that one over there. Nor do they consider themselves inferior to anybody. Not that they would think of asserting their claims to equality with your friend Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, for instance. They simply take it for grant ed that they are the equals of any other American or, for the matter of that, persons of any foreign nations. What would your mother the duchw think of them-now, honor bright? Don't dream you'll hurt my feelings because they're my cousins and we may come of the same stock."

I thought for a minute, and then I .aald:

"Mother would begin to patronize them graciously at first, as if they could be classified with our farmers-I mean, the peasant ones, not the younger son or poor gentleman kind.

Partly it's from having all one's nat ural interests in the country, maybe and not just going into the country from a town to play. They are real There's nothing artificial about them."

"You've got hold of things even soon er than I thought you would, Lady Betty," said Mr. Brett when I stopped, horrified at myself for my long harangue, in which I'd been thinking out things as I went on. "But all the same, though these new types and this pleasant Ohlo farm interest you now, you know you'd rather die than be doomed to live among such people and in such a place."

we do in England. Their behavior is

a part of themselves as that air in

when it's in their lungs. There's a

this, I think, if you come to study it

"Perhaps I should be bored after should. I know I could be happy if I had people with me whom I loved."

"But could you love anyone who"-"Well, I've got rid of that fellow," said Mr. Trowbridge cheerfully. "Now we'll have a look around the camp, and I'll show you how we tap the maple trees for the sap, then afterward we'll

go into the sugar house where we boil it down and make the maple strup." We'd been talking so earnestly that we hadn't heard him come up, and I

felt quite dazed for a minute. He explained everything to us, or rather to me, for Mr. Brett knew all about it beforehand. Then we had a long walk over the hills, which are hillowy and wooded like Surrey, and when we came back Mr. Trowbridge took me to the beehives to get some honey and show me what a queen bee is like. He gave me a hat with a mosquito net vell and put on one himself. Then he opened a hive, and when I wasn't a bit nervous, because I trusted him, he said, "I tell you what it is, Lady Betty, you're a trump. shouldn't be surprised if there isn't

something in blood after all." I was pleased, for I don't think that he or any of the others at the Valley , an attraction to most girls." farm are the kind to say nice things to you unless they really mean them.

After we had done all this sightseeing, it was past 5 o'clock, and I was longing for tes. "We shall have it soon now," I said to myself, as we sat on the side veranda on benches and rocking chairs, fanning ourselves with palm leaf fans.

"Tea's ready, good people, if you're ready for it," announced Mrs. Trowbridge's gentle voice at the door.

Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Brett got up, and I did, too disappointed that we weren't to have it out of doors, but still, I reminded myself, the sitting room would be nice and cool. But I found that we were being led through to the dining room.

There was the long table laid out again, with a regular sit down mealcream cheese and cake and blackberries and a big plate of honey, some watana kind of smoked meat cut very

"Couldn't we go some other way around?" I asked, longing to get behind him, but ashamed for him to see what an idiot I am about cows, and perhaps make him lose his good opinion of me as a reasonably brave girl.

"I'm afreid not, unless we turn back," said he. "But you needn't mind them. Remember you're with an old 'cow puncher.'"

"Oh, were you one, too?" I asked. trying to seem at ease. "Too?"

"I was thinking of a friend of my cousin Mohunsleigh's, whom he was always talking about, a Mr. Harborough, who lives in San Francisco. Mohunsleigh knew him abroad somewhere. He used to be a 'cow puncher' -whatever that is-in Texas, I believe. though now he's a millionaire. Did you ever hear of him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Brett in rather a dry WAY

"I was so disappointed not to meet bim."

(As we walked on, I kept my eyes on the horrible animals who were grazing at some distance.)

"Why?" he asked the question almost sharply.

"Because my cousin says he's such a giorious person."

Well glided, anyhow."

"Oh, I don't mean on that account. I'm rather blase of militonaires intely. But from Mohunsleigh's accounts he must be-well, the sort of a man we like."

"We?"

"Girls. Brave and adventurous, and reckless, and that sort of thing." "I'm afraid his millions are more of

"Why, you're as bad as he!" I ex-

claimed. "In what way?"

"Unjust, and-almost morbid. blame him so much if he's had bad ex-periences. I am sorry for him. It must be miserable to fancy always that people care for you for your money." money."

"I'm sorry for him too. At least, I used to be-whenever I thought of him."

"Aren't you now?"

"No. I believe he's a changed man. He's found that there are exceptions to the gloomy rule he'd laid down for humanity."

"Oh, then he's happier." isn't exactly happy yet. He isn't out of the woods. In fact, he's in the Secretary Lake Co. Tel. & Tel. Co.

we chaps used to ride steers for a wager. I'm a little out of practice now, but I hope you were amused." "I was much too terrified." I said,

thankful that he was on the light side of the fence at last.

"Then I apologize for the exhibition The silly brute didn't know he was our bull, you see, but I reckon he'll remember now and act accordingly."

and thousands of thuy, pulsing, fitting sparks.

"What is it?" I asked, astonished. "Fireflies," said he. "Did you never see any before?"

"Never. How wonderful. They are the most exquisite, magical little things!"

"Then I'm giad you're seeing them for the first time with me," he said. When we got home the stars were pricking out in the sky, and Patty and Ide were down by the gate, counting them. It seems if you can count seven stars for seven nights, then the first man who touches your uand afterward you're bound to marry. I counted my first seven, and I do hope it won't rain for a week.



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