

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON • COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

Chapter 18

THE day after I came to Valley farm was one of the longest days of my life. Not that it wasn't pleasant, for it was. But when you get up before 6 and finish breakfast at 7 it does give you a good many hours to do what you like with.

I wasn't allowed to help Mrs. Trowbridge and the girls with their work. Mr. Brett went off directly after breakfast with Mr. Trowbridge and the two mysterious young men to get in hay or do something useful and farmy, so I sat in the maple grove with Vivace (who is a great favorite in the household) and wrote down all my experiences since Chicago. We had an enormous dinner at 12, which made me feel very odd, as I'm not used to it. But when we were called to "tea" I knew better than I did yesterday what to expect.

I've written home, of course. I wrote the day after I arrived. At first I felt I ought to cable, but if I did they might send at once, and on second thoughts I decided it wasn't necessary to go to the expense. So I just wrote to mother to say I couldn't stand it with Mrs. Ess Kay on account of her brother and I'd left suddenly to join Sally Woodburn in the country, where I was boarding quite close to her. I wrote to Mrs. Ess Kay, too, and said the same thing, asking her to kindly send on my boxes.

She sent the boxes by what they call "express," but didn't answer my letter, which rather astonished me, as I had thought she would scold and had dreaded it. But when I told Sally she wasn't as much surprised as I was. She knew already everything that happened after I ran away from the Moorings and told me all about it, which interested me a great deal. Mrs. Ess Kay had written her some things, and Mrs. Pitcher (whose maid is an intimate friend of Mrs. Ess Kay's Louise) had supplied all the missing details.

It seems that the day after the pink ball Mrs. Ess Kay had one of her headaches—and no wonder. Feeling very ill, she didn't take much interest in me and took it for granted when Louise said I wasn't out of my room that I wanted to sleep till noon.

Potter had been so furious that he thought to punish me for my sins by sulking. Mrs. Ess Kay did not appear at luncheon, and Potter went out somewhere. But when I didn't show myself or even ring, the servants began to think it odd and spoke to Louise. She knocked at my door, and when after rapping several times there was no answer she opened it to find the room empty, the bed smooth, my boxes packed and all Mrs. Ess Kay's presents to me spread out on a sofa.

By that time it was after 2, and, if only they had known, I was leaving the Waldorf-Astoria to take the train for Chicago with Mr. Brett.

Mrs. Ess Kay was so nervous with her headache and the reaction after all her work in getting up the great affair that when she was told I was nowhere to be found she had hysterics and slipped Louise.

Potter was sent for to the Casino and game home in a rage. They talked things over and made up their minds that I had either caught a ship sailing for home or else had gone to Chicago to join Sally. If it hadn't been that they were afraid of a scandal coming out in some horrid society paper they would have applied to the police for help, but as it was they didn't dare, and Potter said he could manage everything himself.

A ship really had sailed that day, so, as well as telegraphing to Sally, Potter went to the offices, then to the docks, and made all sorts of inquiries. From what he heard about some people who had engaged berths at the last minute he couldn't be quite sure I wasn't one of them, having gone under an assumed name. To add to the trouble, no answer came from Sally. Mrs. Hale, according to instructions, had opened the telegram and, knowing something of the story from Sally, wasn't anxious to relieve Mrs. Ess Kay's mind about me in too much of a hurry. Instead of having the message wired again she inclosed it in an envelope and sent it on to Sally by post, so there was another delay, and they knew nothing for certain until a letter from Sally and one from me arrived at about the same time.

Sally's opinion was and is that Mrs. Ess Kay has something up her sleeve; that she won't write to me because she wants to show how hurt and scandalized she is by my ungracious conduct, but that she has some idea for getting even with me sooner or later. If she hadn't that to keep her up Sally thinks she couldn't have resisted answering my letter with a trade. Fortunately she can't claw me away from the Trowbridges and make me marry Potter—even if he would have me now after all my badness—otherwise she would perhaps have tried to act at

once. And she said she'd put me in prison on bread and water and solitary confinement, as no doubt she would like to do. Still, I don't feel quite easy in my mind about her silence, lest Sally may be right about some disagreeable plan she's hatching.

I've found out everything about all the members of the family at Valley farm now, and I've got acquainted with most of the neighbors. They call them neighbors if they live anywhere within twelve or fifteen miles.

Mr. Trowbridge, although a farmer who works in his own fields, is an "honorable." I was surprised when I heard that, as I didn't suppose people had titles in America. But he's a senator or something in his own state which is very important, so he is called "honorable" officially and on letters, as one is at home if that's all one can scrape up by way of a courtesy title.

The two young men who come in to eat with us, but are never seen about the house at any other time, are "farm hands," though they are not treated at all like servants, and Mr. Trowbridge lends them the newest books and magazines (of which he has quantities) to read in the evening.

It is very strange about Patty and Ide. Though Patty is so quiet, almost meek in her ways, and dresses so plainly and is quite contented to work in the hot kitchen, cooking and washing dishes, it turns out that she is a very rich girl, or will be. She is an orphan, and her grandfather, although a farmer, has more than a million dollars (which sounds tremendous, but wouldn't be as impressive, I suppose, if one did it in pounds), and when he dies, as he must before long, as he is very old, Patty will have all his money.

Young people get on his nerves, so Patty lives with the Trowbridges, who are friends of his, and helps Mrs. Trowbridge with her work.

Ide really is a sort of servant, but she would go away instantly if anybody called her that, and she is so afraid some one may think she is inferior to the others in the house because she is paid wages for her work that she does her hair elaborately, wears smarter dresses than the rest and puts herself rather forward with strangers so as to impress them. She wouldn't even like to be called a "help," but says that she "obliges" Mrs. Trowbridge, and she wouldn't stop long enough to draw another breath if she were not treated better if anything than Patty.

After "tea" we drove to the Emporium at Hermann's Corners. The Emporium is always open till half past 9, and there was going to be an "ice cream festival" there that night. I didn't know what an ice cream festival meant, but Mr. Trowbridge said I should see for myself, and it would probably be different from anything I had yet experienced. Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Brett and I all drove in the buggy. It was rather a squeeze in one seat, but it was fun, and we were very merry.

The rest all squashed into a big wagon and sat on the hay. I would have gone in that way, too, but Mr. Trowbridge wanted me to try his horse, and we could hear the others laughing every minute as they came jolting on behind us.

It was about seven miles to Hermann's Corners, and after a lovely drive through charming, peaceful country we arrived just as it was beginning to be dusk.

I couldn't have imagined such a place as the Emporium, and when I was in the thick of it I said to myself that it would be worth one's while coming over to the States just to visit it, if nothing else. If I had to choose between I believe I'd rather see it than Niagara falls, for one knows Niagara falls from biographies and things, and nothing short of actually seeing could give one the slightest idea of Mr. Whit Walker and his Emporium.

My first impression of the Emporium was a huge, rambling wooden building rather like a vast barn with a dozen smaller barns tacked on to it and windows let in. It is painted pea green and has a rough veranda running partly around it—a high veranda with no steps, or, if any, at such long intervals that you must search for them. But as there's no pavement we just scrambled out of the buggy and cart on to the veranda, and there we were landed among the most extraordinary collection of things I ever dreamed of. The stock in the Emporium having overflowed from the inside on to the veranda, we stumbled about among boxes of eggs, sewing machines, crates of dishes, garden tools, brooms, rocking chairs, perambulators, boots, "canned" fruit, children's toys, luggage, green vegetables, ice cream freezers, hales of calico, men's suits, piled up books, clotheslines and a thousand other "goods."

Just as we threaded our way through the groups of young men, who looked at us a good deal, people were lighting the gas in the Emporium. It was incandescent and blazed up suddenly with a fierce light as if it were a volcano having an eruption. All the women inside (there was quite a crowd of them, bareheaded or in perfectly fascinating frilled sunbonnets) started

and then giggled. A man who was surrounded by girls said something we couldn't hear which made everybody laugh, and Mr. Trowbridge exclaimed: "That's Whit, sure, holding court. Couldn't be anybody else."

"And I guess that's the honorable," said the voice we had heard—such a nice voice; it was enough to make you laugh with pleasure just to hear it—and the head we could see tows over the sunbonnets began to move toward us. The girls edged away good naturedly, and there was a man almost as fine looking as Mr. Brett smiling at us and holding out his big hand.

Everything was big about him—his voice, his brown throat, his shoulders and his good white smile, shining with kindness and two rows of perfect teeth; his nature, too, as you could see by his beaming, humorous gray eyes and the generous dimple in his square chin.

"Whit, this is the little English ladyship I've told you about who's staying over at our house," said Mr. Trowbridge. So we were introduced, and the great Whit shook my hand with a vigorous magnetism which made me feel I would like to clap and give him three cheers.

He is the sort of man I should try to make president of the United States if I were an American, and I'm sure he would get lots of votes from his part of the country if he were nominated.

"I'm real pleased to meet you," said he, "and I'm honored to have you visit my store. Say, I guess some of our American leading ladies will have to get a hustle on if they want to save themselves now you're over here. I didn't know they made 'em like that on your side. I tell you what it is, honorable, I won't have much use for some of our fellows if they let her go back, eh? Now, ma'am, you just tell me what handle I'm to put to your name, but I think I'll call you princess."

"Then I'll call you prince."

Accompanied by Mr. Walker and Patty, whom he chose as the companion of our explorations, we went upstairs and downstairs and left no corner of the Emporium unvisited.

"Aren't you afraid to leave so many things outside on the veranda?" I asked. "Suppose they should be stolen?"

The great man only laughed, but a lanky customer who overheard drawled out:

"What, steal from Whit Walker of Hermann's Corners! Waa! I guess the skunk mean enough to do that would get himself lynched by every decent chap in this darned county."

"I've got one friend, you see, princess," chuckled my king of the Emporium.

"You've got two," said I.

"Well, now, that's mighty pretty of you. Say, do you mean it, honor bright?"

"Honor bright," I repeated.

"Then I wonder if I might ask a little favor of you?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"I'll tell you before we part. But come on down now, girls. I want you should both choose a present to take home."

By this time the "ice cream festival" was beginning. It was held in a vacant lot behind the Emporium, and a canvas awning had been put up over two or three dozen bare tables, on the grass. Several employees of the "store," extra hands perhaps, were kept frantically busy lading out from huge freezers into earthenware saucers big slabs of frozen custard. All the gallant young beaux of the neighborhood "treated" the girls they wished to favor and spent 10 cents a swifter for the "ice cream," with a big sugared "cookie" thrown in. The great Whit himself invited me to sit down with him. So Mr. Brett, who had been coming up to ask Patty and me both perhaps, whisked Patty away, leaving me to Mr. Walker.

"Now I'll tell you that favor I want," said he. "I hope you won't think I'm presuming too much on a short acquaintance, but it's a mighty important thing for me. It's about that little gal over there."

"Patty?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Noody else. There ain't anybody else, so far as I'm concerned, meaning no disrespect to you, princess. My old friend the honorable says she just worships you and would lie down and let you walk over her if you wanted."

"I didn't know," I said.

"Well, it's gospel truth, I guess, and I don't blame her. If you"—

"She has been sweet to me," I interrupted.

"It's just like that pretty, quiet little thing," said Mr. Walker. "I wish she'd be that sweet to me. I want her mighty bad to have me, princess, but she's read novels, I guess, and anyhow, she doesn't think I'm romantic enough. I was always kind of afraid there was somebody else. Now, I shouldn't wonder if it ain't that good looking young cousin of the Trowbridges. Couldn't you find out for me, as she thinks such a lot of you? And if she hasn't got her heart too much set on anybody else, could you try to use your influence for me?"

"You can depend on me to do my

best," I said. But I didn't feel amused and full of fun any more as I looked over at Patty and Mr. Brett. If she admires him—and how could she help it?—there's no reason why he shouldn't admire her when one comes to think of it. She is pretty and sweet, a perfect little lady and an heiress.

THE HART TEST.

Invention to Determine the Percentage of Casein in Milk.

Dairymen in many sections are interested in the new Hart test for casein in milk. Dr. E. B. Hart, the originator of the casein test, like Dr. Babcock, inventor of the Babcock test, is connected with the University of Wisconsin. Like Dr. Babcock also, he received some of his training in New York, having been connected with the Geneva station.

The test for the percentage of casein which he has invented is operated on



a plan very similar to the Babcock. In brief, it consists of the precipitation of the casein by dilute acetic acid, treatment with chloroform to dissolve the fat, and the separation of the casein from the mixture by centrifugal force. Unlike the fat, the casein is heavier than the rest of the solution, and accordingly the bottles used in testing are of quite different type.

This test is by no means so simple as the Babcock. Country Gentlemen says it is better adapted to use in the laboratory than in the dairy and that it is doubtful if it will prove of much direct usefulness to the dairy farmer.

To some the test appears important in the possibility which it offers of the development of dairy herds for the specific purpose of producing milk rich in casein for the manufacture of cheese.

Useful Instrument For Dairymen.

A small silver, nickel plated or hard rubber tube is sometimes used to draw the milk from a sore teat and is a useful instrument to have on the dairy farm. It is simply inserted into the milk channel, when most of the milk will run out without any squeezing or sucking. But it should be used with great care, so as not to injure the teat.

THE HORSEMAN.

The colt should have more than a passing acquaintance with the saddle and bridle at six months of age.

Curing a Puller.

It is claimed by one who has tried it that a driving horse that pulls on the bit can be cured by fastening a small ring on each side of the bridle and as near the brow band as possible. Pass the lines through bit rings and snap them into the rings at the brow band. This, with a common jointed bit, will enable a child to hold a "puller," or hard mouthed horse, with ease under almost all circumstances. It can be used on a fast horse in double team or on both, as desired. It is cheap and easily applied, and it won't make the mouth sore.

Indications of Disease.

An irregular pulse in a horse is a strong symptom of grave disease. In a healthy horse the pulse beats thirty-two to thirty-eight per minute, but forty-eight per minute may not denote disease in some horses. To take the pulse place the finger of the right hand across the artery below the jaws, holding the wad in the left hand, and count the beats. A rise of temperature above 100 degrees denotes that something is wrong. To take the temperature use a thermometer. By practice a high temperature can be easily detected by inserting the hand in the mouth of the animal. Cold legs and cold ears and cold sweat are bad symptoms. Difficult and quick breathing indicate lung trouble, and snoring is caused by disease of the brain. A rough coat is a bad symptom, denoting indigestion. Fever in a horse is indicated by dullness, a quick pulse, high temperature, extended and inflamed nostrils and usually great desire for water.

Don't Be a Morbid Girl.

When people have real trouble to contend with they do not sit down and analyze their emotions and remember whether this person or that person looked to the right or to the left when they spoke to them and exactly what the tones of their voice and the elevation of their eyebrows meant, as the morbid girl does.

Morbidness should be accounted a wicked demon that can be driven out.

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