

Betty.

'Well, if you aren't a—'

The ready vocabulary of the average college 'man' failed him and he sank back limply on the hammock cushions as a small figure in a dripping white duck frock came running up the veranda steps and disappeared within the hall door.

'It'll becometh a senior to show curiosity,' said the lad in the hammock to himself 'but I fain would know what has gone amiss with my sweet sister. I sorely fear that she has been in the lake again! I will e'en go and see.' And a moment later he was pounding on her door, just at the top of the stairs.

'Betsey!' he called. She hated to be called Betsey, and he knew it. 'Oh I say Betsey!'

'Run away, Bobby, there's a good boy!' came a voice from within. 'I'm busy!'

'But Betty!' began he.

'But, Bobby!' mocked she.

'You—ah—you seem to be wet,' he suggested.

Betty dropped a shoe.

'I just came up to inquire if that's the latest thing in bathing-suits,' he said, changing his tack. 'I know that water is good for young ducks, but I didn't suppose it improved russet shoes.'

Betty dropped another shoe.

'Bob' was not used to being snubbed by this bit of fifteen-year-old girlhood. He meditated a minute and tacked again.

'Come, Betty, dear,' he wheedled, 'tell your own brother all about it! And say, Betty, I guess there's a box of caramels in my room, and if you will—What did you say?' He grinned wickedly as he heard her steps approaching the door.

'For a grave and reverend senior, I must show an astonishing amount of—of frivolous curiosity,' she observed.

'Fruvolly's good!' said he admiringly.

'Continue, Miss Jennings.'

'Caramels first!' said Miss Jennings.

'Suspicious child! I'll give them to you after supper. Tell me how you—'

'Now, get them now!' she insisted. And Robert got them.

'Why, it was nothing at all,' she began opening the door a crack to receive them. 'I went down to the landing to mail a letter, you know.—Have a caramel Bobby?—and there was not a soul in the post office or in the warehouse, for it was just between boats. I sat down on a box in the warehouse and waited for the post office girl to come back, so that I could buy some stamps. While I sat there that French nurse—she's with those lovely people at the hotel, you know—came through the warehouse with the dear little boy and went out on the wharf. A few minutes later she gave an awful scream. I ran out on the dock and found her pointing frantically at the water, crying, 'Vite! Vite! O mon Dieu!' She had let that baby fall off the edge of the wharf, somehow! The water is frightfully deep there, and the only person in sight was a man in a boat, and he was too far away. There was no time to lose, so you see I just had to—'

'Fall in after him? Exactly. I see. Good for you! Who pulled you out?'

'Oh, the man in the boat got there in time for that. He lifted the child into the boat and towed me into shallow water. It was almost impossible for me to swim in all my skirts, of course. A lot of people were on dock by that time, and I ran home as fast as I could. Now will you go and let me get off these wet things?'

Robert started downstairs. Then he called:

'Say, Betty, did the baby get wet, too?'

Betty was a patient worm, but she some times turned. Robert was only half way down the stairs when a well aimed duck skirt struck him squarely on the head, and unrolling, wrapped him in its dripping folds while a jeering voice called:

'Say, Bobby, how did you get wet, too?'

The six o'clock boat brought Mr. Jennings from his day in the town at the end of the lake, twelve miles away; and while the three had supper on the broad veranda Bob gave his father a dramatic account of the rescue.

'It was thrilling!' he said 'A drama in one act. Scene, the wharf, with fair Keuka in background: French maid walking up and down, holding the heir of millions by the hand—the papa—must have a few million, or he couldn't afford a silly French nurse. The child escapes and falls into forty fathoms of lake; nurse howls crescendo: enter Betty, centre; enter papa, left centre; enter mamma, right, centre; enter the hotel, all points of compass—'

'They didn't at all!' Betty interrupted. 'Your imagination needs a curb, Robert! Don't pay any attention to him, father.'

I'll tell you all about it after supper.'

And when Hannah had taken the tea-things away, Betty perched on the arm of her father's chair and told him the story of the afternoon.

'Well, Bettikin,' said he, 'it paid to know home to swim, aside from the mere pleasure of it, didn't it?' and he stroked the curly head tenderly.

Then Betty crept into the hammock beside the big brother, who was her hero and her torment-in-chief, and silence fell on the little group as they watched the sunset light glow over lake and hill and vineyard and then fade softly, while katydids and crickets sang the day to sleep. As the dusk deepened, lights began to flash out from the hotels and cottages on the farther shore, and flaring torches marked the merry camp over on 'The Bluff,' which at this point thrusts its steep sides into Keuka, dividing it into two branches.

Now and then a sailboat glided by, looking ghostlike in the dusk; or a row-boat, betrayed by laugh and song; or a steam-launch, with breathless puff and fretful whistle. Sounds of a two-step came faintly from the hotel, and the moon came up across the lake, shooting shimmering beams over the water; but no one spoke.

The young man was seeing visions of the future, stretching beyond the student life which would end with another year. How he would work to help his father retrieve the losses of the last few years! He must look out for little Betty, too; and his arm tightened around her.

As for Betty, she was concerned neither with dreams nor with visions. When Bob was home her heart knew no past, no future, only a glad, satisfying present.

'Here comes some one!' exclaimed Bob, suddenly, as a boat grated on the beach. 'I tell you, Betty, it must be papa and mamma coming to thank you. The scene will be touching! They'll fall on your neck and kiss you and weep, and maybe—Why, Betty, where are you going? Here, hold on!' And he made a grab for her skirts as she sprang up and dashed into the house.

'So shy!' murmured he. 'Reminds me of me when I was young.' And he followed her.

The stranger, for Bob's guess was correct, had by this time crossed the broad slope of the lawn, and Mr. Jennings advanced to meet him as he came up the steps. He introduced himself as a Mr. Eliot, and asked to see Miss Jennings.

'Be seated, please,' said his host, cordially, 'and I will find Betty. She was here a minute ago.' He went to find the runaway, while Mr. Eliot seated himself by

one of the low parlor windows.

Luckless Betty! In her panic she had taken refuge in the parlor, forgetting the open window, through which the words of a lively discussion now reached the veranda.

'No, I don't want to go out!' a girlish voice was saying. 'I can't! O Bob, I don't want to be thanked for—knowing how to swim! It's ridiculous!'

'But you'll have to see him, you know, Bettikin!' argued another voice. 'It would be rude not to. And it won't be so bad. You won't have to say much. I'll stand behind and prompt you, and—here's father!'

At this point Betty evidently submitted gracefully to superior force for she went calmly to the veranda, where she responded to her father's words of introduction like the true little woman she was, putting out a shy hand to greet the dreaded stranger. If there was an amused twinkle in his eyes, she didn't see it.

The introductions over, she waited for him to say something of the afternoon, and with the inconsistency of womankind, she was a little disappointed because he didn't say it. Instead, he drew forward a chair for her and placed his own beside it. Then he sat down and began to talk as any turned caller might. The conversation turned naturally to the attractions of Keuka.

'It is a wonderfully beautiful lake,' Mr. Eliot remarked. 'We are 'doing' the New York lakes, a party of us, and this is the prettiest we have found yet. In fact, I think I never saw a more beautiful sheet of water, except Lake Geneva. It ought to be more popular I should think.'

'It would be if it were better known,' said Bob, 'but we like it better as it is. The people who do come are old Keuka lovers, and come year after year. I think the lake must possess some magic property, like the fountain of Tivoli, for those who come once always come back.'

'Then I hope the spell may work in my case, for I want to try the fishing here next summer. Is that your catboat moored out here? I came near playing pirate and capturing her this morning; she's a little beauty, and the breeze was just right.'

'You might have had her as well as not. The Sigma is a nice boat—a regular bird. She's safe, too, and that's a consideration, for this lake is treacherous; the breeze has a way of dropping over the hills most unexpectedly. Won't you come out with me in the morning?'

'Thank you; we leave on the early boat, so I fear I must forego that pleasure till I come again. Do you ride?' he suddenly asked Betty, as he noticed a wheel leaning

against the rail.

'No,' she replied, 'or, that is, a little. That isn't my wheel. One of the girls left it the other day when it rained, and she had to drive home. I'm going to have one next year, it—' She paused. Surely, it would be ill bred to tell a stranger that her father could not afford the wheel this summer, because the grapes all froze last fall, and Bob's college expenses swallowed up many little luxuries.

'The roads here are fine, I've noticed,' he said not seeming to observe her hesitation. 'But I must go, or Mrs. Eliot will have searching parties out for me. She wanted to come with me, but she is not strong and she had such a shock this afternoon that she—'

He arose and stood looking down at Betty, who got up quickly, thinking, with a return of shyness that it was coming now. 'Miss Betty,' he said, taking her hands, 'you must let me tell you how grateful we are to you for—knowing how to swim. Forgive me, but I overheard what you said in the house. Dear child, good-by! God bless you!' and bending down, he kissed her forehead.

Before Betty could think what to say, he was half-way to his boat, escorted by her father and Bob.

One bright morning two weeks later Betty was swaying back and forth in the hammock, eating harvest apples, and wondering why Bob didn't come to take her out in the Sigma. Suddenly he appeared from the direction of the landing, and dropped down beside her, with 'Move along a little, can't you, and give us an apple? Thanks—nice girl!' and he gazed at her with mischievous eyes.

'Robert John, you know something!' she cried.

'Yes'm, I hope so,' he said meekly. 'When my papa sent me to Cornell, he—'

'Stop teasing, and tell me why you look so mysterious,' she interrupted.

'Guess!' said he, beginning on his third apple.

'A letter? Give it to me.'

'Nay, bary letter! Try again.'

'Caramels?'

'Greedy little girl! No, not caramels; something much better. What'll will you give me to tell?'

But her quick eyes had seen a boat pulling in, and now two men were lifting from it what looked like a large, flat box, or crate.

'Not one thing!' she cried, jumping up and sending the few remaining apples rolling over the floor. 'Here it comes! O Bob, I shall—'

'Spin, I imagine,' said Bob. 'Bring it

up here, will you please?—this last to the men who were crossing the lawn.'

When the three men had hastily knocked the crate off, and a girl's wheel appeared, shining in new beauty, Betty was radiant.

'O Bob! Bob!' she cried. 'Is it really for me? Did father buy it?'

'Yes, it's for you,' said Bob. 'I don't ride this kind. And father didn't buy it—look here, you crazy child! And he turned a card which was tied to the handle-bar, so that she could read: 'For Miss Betty Jennings, with the love of Howard Knight Zliot Jr.'

'Howard Junior must be the rescued infant,' remarked Bob. 'I tell you, though, Betty, you're in luck! It's the best wheel made. I'm proud to be your brother, Miss Jennings. Come to my arms!'

When he had freed himself from her ecstatic hug, he held her off at arm's length and said, with mock solemnity:

'Elizabeth, look me in the eye and don't fib. Did you—steady now!—did you push him in?'

PRETTY HATS AND BONNETS.

Chas. K. Cameron's Spring Opening Eye-Delighting.

The millinery opening of Chas. K. Cameron, the King street merchant was largely attended this week and in point of excellence and variety the display of headwear was far ahead of any previous seasons. It certainly was a pretty and animated scene with the ladies crowding around the different mirrors trying on hats, amid a perfect blaze of color, with the artificial light lending an additional charm to the picture. Numerous were the expressions of approval heard on all sides in admiration of the beautiful exhibition.

A month or so ago ribbons were considered of doubtful importance. Now it appears they will be among the most popular factors for trimming purposes of the season's requirement along with the filmy, gauzy chiffons, mousseline de soie, tulles, mulls, etc. In flowers roses, violets, chrysanthemums, foliage etc. predominated and Mr. Cameron's stock of fancy straws, sequins, necklines, laces, tuscan, chiffons etc. is complete.

Among the prettiest hats shown were the following:

A straw hat of reseda green, trimmed with chiffon to match and caught up in front with chiffon and two large shaded plumes. Fastened with roses of same shade.

A medium-sized violet straw hat, turned slightly at the side front, with violet satin bows and lilacs. Rhinestone buckles.

Black and white hat, brim of black mohair straw, crown and trimming of black and white figured mecklin, black and white satin roses and black velvet rosettes.

A very pretty blue chiffon hat with a tucked rim, blue straw crown covered with roses of the same shade and large tobacco leaves of iridescent sequins. Pleated rosettes of black velvet at the back.

A tuscan straw with shanter crown—a very pretty model—with large sweep of net dotted with straw and lying on the leaf and under the brim a huge bunch of lilacs. The whole effect was strikingly handsome.

Among the bonnets shown was a dainty little creation with a foundation of lace, the front of sequins and very narrow white straw, black ospreys up the side with large white rosettes of macklin. Ties of macklin fastened in the ends with narrow black lace.

The display of turbans was large and pretty. One in particular, the snake turban was a novelty. It was made of snake trimmings with rosettes of black chiffon, black and white wings falling over the back.

Perhaps the most decided novelty in all Mr. Cameron's display was a khaki colored straw hat with chiffon and roses to match. Under the brim was a black velvet rosette and rhinestones.

Absent-Mindedness.

Miss Gambrel—'Isn't it funny? Lucy and I are always forgetting our ages.'

Visitor—'You ought to put them down.'

Miss Gambrel (absent-mindedly)—'Yes, we did cut them down several times, and probably that's the reason we are growing so forgetful.'

French Justice.

Police Prefect: 'There really isn't any evidence against him.'

Procureur General: 'Why did you arrest him?'

Prefect: 'Well—er—there isn't any evidence against anybody else.'

Undoubtedly.

Jasper—'What do you think Howells meant when he spoke about one of characters being a 'hen-minded' woman?'

Jumpuppe—'Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set.'

That Cutting Acid—That arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia, and if neglected will develop into the chronic stage. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion.—60 in a box, 35 cents.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.