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BETTY'S ANSWER

And the Unhappiness It Caused

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ben Finney squinted thoughtfully at the lowering sky. Although the grass of the plains was green and lush with many summer rains, the gathering clouds gave promise of more water.

"I'd hate to get these glad rags all dampened up," muttered Ben regretfully as he glanced down at his gala attire.

He made a brave figure, indeed, as he sat on his big black horse. He wore new buckskin breeches—brand new—and snow white Angora chaps, a white silk shirt with a blue silk handkerchief tied about his strong brown throat and a fifteen dollar hat on top of his fair, curly hair.

"All on account of a girl who would not look twice at me if I was all covered with gold lace, like that army fellow that's been staying there," sighed Ben as he patted the black horse with his silver spurred heels.

The horse bounded down the trail, and Ben Finney, riding like a centaur, turned his thoughts from the impending disaster of rain upon his best clothes and meditated upon his chances of finding Betty Dangerfield at home.

Old man Dangerfield, as he was locally known, was pointing out of the gate when Ben approached the house. "Another good for nothing cowpuncher!" snorted Dangerfield fiercely as they passed.

Ben laughed lightly. They were all accustomed to Dangerfield's insults when his rheumatism was more wrenching than usual.

But the big hearted cowboys of that country would have risked more than Dangerfield's barbs for a smile and a word from lovely Betty, his pretty daughter and keeper of his widowed household.

Betty was sitting in the front porch now, demurely sewing a seam, as a housewife should.

Wah Ching, the Chinese cook, peered from his kitchen window and, glimpsing Ben's glad attire, cackled shrilly: "Him come, allee samee, velly fine; him go, chop-chop, velly fast. Allee samee, velly mad!" he muttered.

In truth, while Ben Finney looked very fine and brave, his heart was fluttering painfully before it made one last drop into his shining boots.

He dreamt about Betty Dangerfield when he was a dozen miles away was one thing; to look into her changing eyes—now gray, now brown, now green—was another proposition.

He detected mirth and admiration in her first glance at his gallant form. He banished the admiration as foolish, and he remembered the quickly repressed mirth, and his heart found refuge in the splendid boots.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Finney," dimpled Betty as she came forward with outstretched hand and carefully lowered lashes.

Ben, dropped from the saddle and held her hand in his own big brown palm for an instant. Then the delicious second was over, and he was sitting on the steps, one knee clasped in his hands and his eyes devouring her sweet face.

He didn't know what to say. The heart that might have prompted him, having departed from its accustomed place under the pocket of his white silk shirt, was also dumb.

"Father has gone over to River Bend," volunteered Betty after they had discussed the weather.

"I met him," said Ben; then, with sudden inspiration he added, "What do you think he said, Miss Betty?"

"Something awful, I am afraid," laughed Betty. "Daddy's rheumatism is bothering him a lot just now—poor dear! What did he say, Mr. Finney?"

Ben turned brick red, but he kept on doggedly: "He said, 'There goes another good for nothing cowpuncher!'" explained Ben.

It was Betty's turn to blush, and she did it most becomingly. "How horrid of daddy! I must apologise for him. I am sure he is very fond of all of his neighbors. You know his rheumatism is very painful!"

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like to be that one!" In this manner Ben Finney's heart leaped up for a moment's heroic action and prompted his tongue to bold speech.

"Oh, Mr. Finney—Ben—I'm so sorry," began Betty in a panic stricken tone as she started up from her rocking chair, "but—"

Ben's heart went back to his heels. He arose and put out a protesting hand.

"Never mind, Miss Betty. Don't mind me. I've got a nerve to think of you, you know, with that swell army chap around, only—well, forget it, you know. I must be going. I'm afraid it's going to rain. Good afternoon!"

With the words tumbling off his lips, Ben Finney clapped on his broad-brimmed hat, leaped into his saddle, plunged his spurs into the satin flaps of the black horse and tore away through the gate and out of the vicinity of the Dangerfield domain.

Betty stared after him with amazed eyes, while behind the open window in the parlor the gold laced form of the young army officer shook with silent laughter.

In the kitchen Wah Ching rattled the supper dishes and grinned cheerfully. "Him no stay supper? Golly! I see am come, I see am go skeddaddie. Tea, hee!"

Ben Finney was not in a laughing mood as he dashed wildly across the green ranges in a light rain.

He was not thinking of the sopping brim of his splendid hat, nor of the soaked silk shirt which clung to his broad shoulders and showed every muscle, nor of the drooping plumage of the Angora chaps.

Poor Ben saw nothing save Betty's startled glance at his declaration of love—surprise because he dared to "ask her!" He choked with resentment. Out here in the great west they believed him to be a poor cowboy, dependent upon his \$30 per month, without an eye to the future, when in fact he was heir to a tidy fortune that had remained untouched in Chicago banks for three years while he revelled in the free life of the plains and earned his own bread.

The storm increased. The rain beat in his face, and he was glad of the wind and the wet as he struggled against it. It was life, he told himself grimly. Only when the sun came out by and by it would be a travesty on his own life, for the sun could not shine for him without Betty Dangerfield.

At last he found himself in a rocky canyon miles away from home and with a bewildering sense that he had suffered a bad dream.

It was still raining and the sides of the canyon were raked with gullies of water pouring down into the narrow creek that disappeared in a smother of foam at the other end of the canyon.

"What shall I do?" asked Ben hoarsely, and there came no answer to the question of what a man must do when his life he cannot get the woman he loves. All the terror of life seemed gone without that evanescent hope that some day he might wake up and find that Betty Dangerfield loved him.

He told himself that he had been a fool to cherish hope so long. He ought to have gone long ago and allowed her to put him out of his misery.

Ben Finney laughed bitterly at the thought. "Oh, Ben, why do you laugh like that?" asked a timid voice at his elbow.

"I am dreaming," said Ben, turning his head slowly around to find that the voice was not that of a dream girl. It was the voice of Betty Dangerfield herself. She was riding her pony, and the rush of the torrents had drowned the hoof beats.

Her khaki habit was soaking wet, and raindrops clung to the red-gold tendrils of her uncovered hair. The swift ride had brought a rosy flush to her clear skin, and her changing eyes were pools of mysterious shadows.

"Miss Betty!" gasped Ben Finney, staring at her. "Something has happened to you?"

Betty shook her head. "Daddy is all right," she said gravely, "but something has happened to me."

Ben whirled about, his hand on his holster. "Happened to you?" he cried. "Tell me quickly so I can do something."

eyes gazing into his hurt blue ones. "That is why I followed you here, Ben Finney, because you can help me. Will you?"

"With my life!" promised Ben grimly.

"It's about a man," began Betty, and her dimples deepened as Ben tightened his hand on his gun—"a man of whom I'm fond. Well, I—I love him, Ben."

Her eyes fell, and she did not see the agony that came into the handsome face under the dripping sombrero.

"Yes," gritted Ben between his teeth, "you love him—and tell me the rest."

"He came and asked me to marry him, and then—then—" Betty faltered. "And then?" thundered Ben.

"He rode away as fast as he could," confessed Betty. "And so I ran after him."

"Well, what did he say?" demanded Ben, who was deathly white.

Betty looked up and saw the agony in his strong face. "Oh, Ben!" she cried. "What are you going to say?"

Ben stared. "Me? You don't mean me, Betty! Is it me you love?"

"Of course, goose!" sobbed Betty as she slipped from her saddle into his arms.

"But why didn't you tell me, then? You said you were sorry, and I thought—" Betty's little hand stilled the words on his lips.

"I couldn't, dear, because Captain Bentley, the army officer, who is thinking of buying some of daddy's horses for the post, was sitting right behind us in the parlor, and I was afraid he would hear."

"Oh!" cried Ben as he held her closer. "Then the sun came out and shined over the rain drenched world like a smile on a tearful face."

"I say," said Ben happily, "that's just the way I thought it wouldn't happen."

And Betty never even asked her lover to explain this cryptic remark. There were so many important things to talk about.

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Thus a body weighing 100 pounds at the surface of the earth, which is approximately 4,000 miles from the center, would weigh only twenty-five pounds at a point 4,000 miles high. At twice the distance it has one-quarter the weight.


If we drop the same body half the distance to the center of the earth or to a point approximately 2,000 miles below the surface it will weigh fifty pounds.

The reason for this is that at 2,000 miles from the center the body is on the surface of a sphere of 2,000 miles' radius.

What causes weight is the mass of matter combined with distance from the center. A globe of 2,000 miles' radius contains one-eighth as much matter as a globe of 4,000 miles' radius, the size of the earth; therefore only one-eighth as much matter attracts the body, which, if mass were the only factor, would at 2,000 miles from the center weigh one-eighth as much as at the surface of the earth. But it is also only half as far from the center as it was at the surface and, if distance were the only factor, would weigh four times as much as on the surface. Four times one-eighth is one-half; therefore it weighs half what it would at the surface.

Now, suppose we drop this body to the very center of the earth and see what it would weigh. All the matter of the earth is now outside it and can exercise no attraction whatever upon it; therefore it weighs nothing at all—

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Treasurer's Notice as to
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TAKEN NOTICE that the list of arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County of Lambton, Ontario, has been prepared by that officer and is being published in the Ontario Gazette bearing date 1st day of June A. D. 1914, and the 18th days of July A. D. 1914. And further take notice that the lands specified in said list with the costs chargeable thereon in the said list, so being in the Ontario Gazette before fixed for the sale of such lands, said day of October A. D. 1914, lands will be sold for taxes payable in the said Gazette. And further take notice that the said list is made pursuant to Act 4 Edward VII, Chap. 23 and 24, and is dated at Sarnia this 22nd day of A. D. 1914.

HENRY INGRAM,
13-15
Treasurer of

The Ant

Consider the ant.
Picnic season's near and the studying.
Ants are the most intelligent insects. In the insect world where men do higher up, seem to have some things on the main work in an ant done by the females. But in working females are a special. An ant hill is like a summer the number of its guests. An of entertaining great flies, other bugs. One naturalist 1,500 species of insects living colonies. Ants, as you know sweet tooth. Many of these are cherished for the sachans which they can offer to as food. But many are meeting much and giving Minneapolis News.

Soft corners are difficult to e Hollows in Corn Cobs are painfully.

Father Gnam, the well-k tea and Wyoming priest, communicated, latea sentio communication follows fro Father Gnam and the Bishop London, arising over the diorganist in Father Gnam's two or three years ago. Th been threshing around in t since.

Children FOR FLETCH CASTO

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. W. Glucose, were driving hon emia on Sunday evening horse shied at a white calf joining the road. The ho turning suddenly upset th Waterworth had her collar ribs broken and sustain injuries. Mr. Waterworth a few slight injuries.

Boils Biliousness Malaria Constipation

Perhaps this case J. Wesley Tilly of Dr. Gentlemen—"It give to send you a testimonial sufferer your medicine have for me. At the a great deal with mal with the worst sort of my parents, who have Dr. Pierce's remedy. Discovery. I took appeared, but I did so and the malaria all it hole to this day. I Discovery for my re Following an operat trying Dr. Pierce's Plea with the worst sort the whole trouble; the advice I have obtain Medical Advice." Send