

### CHAPTER I. The Masters.

I heard about the pair first from Emeline Eldredge, "Emmie T." we always call her. She was first mate to the cook at the Old Summer Home house that summer. She come down to the landing one morning afore breakfast and hove alongside of where I was setting in the stern of my sloop, the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines. She had a tin pail in her fist, indicating that her sailing orders was to go after milk. But she saw me and run down in ballast to swap yarns.

"My sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she; "have you heard about Nate Scudder?" "Yes," I says. "Ever since I come to Wellmouth.'

"I mean about what him and his wife has just done," says she. "It's the queerest thing! You'll never guess it in the world.'

"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I, for, generally speaking, it takes a strong man and a cold chisel to separate Nate Scudder from a cent.

"Oh! ain't you the funniest thing!" she squeals. ."No indeed! He's let his house to some city folks, and-"

"Ain't that the cook calling you? I asks. I'm a homeopth when it comes to Emmie T.; I like to take her in where 'twas quiet. Did I know of such ter that way.

off after the milk, only stopping long lie in that, was there, Sol?" tell you next time I see you.'

Well, I cal'lated she wouldn't-not if I saw her first-and didn't pay no more attention to the yarn, except to think that June was pretty early for city folks to be renting houses. There was only three or four boarders at the Old Home so far, and I was to take a couple of 'em over to Trumet in the sloop that very day.

But, while we was on the way over, one of the couple-sort of a hightoned edition of Emmie T. she wasshe turns to her messmate, another pullet from the same coop, and says she: "Oh! say!" she says. "Have you heard about the two young fellers from New York who've rented that Scudder house on the-on the-what do they call it? Oh, yes! the Neck road. I heard Nettie Brown say they were too dear for anything. Let's drive past there to-morrow; shall we?"

So there it was again, and I begun to wonder what sort of critters Nate had hooked. I judged that they must he a kind of goldfish or he wouldn't have baited for 'em. Nate ain't the man to be satisfied with a mess of sculpins. I landed the boarders at Trumet and they went up to the village to do some shopping. Then I headed across the harbor to shake hands with the Trumet light keeper, who is a friend of mine. His wife told me he'd gone over to town, too, so I come about and back to the landing again. And I'm blessed if there wa'n't Nate Scudder himself, setting on a mackerel keg at the end of the wharf and looking worried.

make the poorest fist at it of anybody ever I see. Why don't you try singing her what was going on. or making signs? I wouldn't wonder if you got ahead faster." He grinned, a feeble sort of lopsided grin, and tried another tack. "You were speaking of them board- much?"

ers of mine," he says. 'Yes; I was," I says. They come day afore yesterday-

early," say he. "Um-hum. So I heard," I says. He fidgeted a minute or so more. Then he took me by the arm and led me back to the keg.

"Sol," he says, "set down. I want to ask you something. By gum! I got pens. to ask somebody. I'm-I'm worried."

"Yes?" I said, giving him a little of his own medicine. One T in Nathan.'

"Yes. Them boarders-they worry "And I don't know as you'll believe me. Me and Huldy set up till nigh, it, Sol," says Nate, finishing up, "but 11 o'clock last night talking about that feller made out a check for two 'cm. She thinks maybe they stole the hundred and passed it over to me like He hollered out this last part in a money, and I don't know but they're 'twas a postage stamp. What do you crazy, ran away from an asylum or think of that?"

me up

something. You've seen more city folks than I have, being around the On general principles I'd say that a hotel so. See what you think.

got a letter from the feller in New anyhow; but of course these fellers York that I sell cranberries to. He didn't know.

to come to a place in the country do you think?"

small doses-she agrees with me bet- a place round here? Well, course I with another of them long breaths. man Ebenezer Doane went to church wrote back that 'twas nice and quiet "All I'm sure of is that they're up of a Sunday morning just as sensible It was the cook, and Emeline kited right at our house. There wa'n't no home, with the parlor blinds open and acting as a Second Adventer could be; enough to yell back: "Folks say "No," I says. "I should say living in the barn. She's doing the bean-pot at his wife, chased his chil they're dreadful rich and stylish. I'll 'twouldn't be shaving the truth too cookin' for 'em till this 'man' of theirs dren out door with a clam hoe, and

> 1440 TE TE URMIT



"He laughed. He was so everlasting wa'n't more'n six foot one and a ha'f | CORNET BROUGHT ABOUT PEACE. cool about things that it sort of riled -looked sort of sick to me. He had a

white face, and that kind of tired, "'Perhaps you'd like to hire the don't-care look in his eye; and the whole shebang?' says I, sarcastic, bigger one sort of 'tended to things for pointing to the house. him.

"He looked at it. It looked sort of "Good morning," says the big one cheerful, with the syringa over the -- the Van Brunt one, I judged-cheerful enough. T'other chap said, "Good door and the morning-glories hiding where the whitewash was off. morning," too. 'Good idea!' he says. 'I would.' "Morning," says I.

"Well, that was too many for me! went into the house and fetched out "Whv-er-I guess so," I says, "I Huldy Ann-she's my wife. There ain't many women in this town can like going. Course-" beat her when it comes to managing and business, if I do say it. "'How long would you want the

house for?' says Huldy, when I told "'A month,' says Van Brunt, turning to the other city feller. 'Hey, Mar-

tin?' T'other chap nodded. "'All right,' says Van Brunt. 'How

"Thinks I, 'I'll scare you, my fine feldate. I might let you have it for two | again, too. hundred.' I sort of edged off then,

thinking sure he'd be mad; but he wa'n't-not him. 'Two hundred it in June. The water wa'n't rugged, but is,' he says, and fished out a little just choppy enough to be pretty, and blank book and one of them pocket the breeze was about no'theast, givin'

"'Name's Scudder?' he asks. "'Yes,' says I. 'Nathan Scudder.

I didn't know what to think of it

"Twas this way," he went on: "I and Huldy Ann Scudder was crazy

said a couple of friends of his wanted "It beats me, Nate," I says. "What

> "Blessed if I know!" says Scudder, tics, but you can't always tell. Old the carpet fading, and me and Huldy's but when he got home he fired the

don't know why I can't, if you feel I hadn't finished what I was going to say afore they were in the boat. Now, generally speaking, there's some

bargaining to be done afore you take folks out for a three-dollar sail. You naturally expect it, you know-not so much from boarders as from towners. but still, some. But not for these two

"Can you take us out sailing?"

-no, sir! It was this powerful suddenness of theirs that hit me betwixt wind and water, same as it had Nate. ler.' And so I says, 'A month? Well, Made me feel sort of like I'd missed I don't know. Maybe, to accommo- the train. Stirred up my suspicions

> 'Twas a nice day; one of them clear blue and green days that you get early

us a fair run down the bay. "This is grand!" says the big fellow, as the Dora Bassett began to feel

her oats and lay down to her work. "Caesar! Van," said the other one; 'why do you bring me down to earth like that? Grand! Bleecker next! kind of screechy sing-song. Then they both laughed.

1 looked at 'em. There wa'n't nothing to laugh at, so far as I could see man who wanted to board with Nate and the "Bleecker" business didn't appear to have no sense in it, either They made two or three other speeches that sounded just as foolish.

> Thinks I: "I wonder if Scudder's right?" They didn't look like luna-

they found him settin' a-straddle of the henhouse singing "Beulah Land" to the chickens. These fellers might be harmless loons that had been farmed out, as you might say, by the asylum folks. There was that "man" that Nate said was coming. He might

"I understand you've got a friend coming," says I, by way of ground bait.

"Friend?" says the big one. "Friend? I don't understand." "Scudder said you had another man

coming to his house," says I. He smiled. "Oh, I see." Then he smiled again, a queer lazy kind of a smile, like as if he was amused at himself or his thoughts.

"I don't know that I should call him a friend, Mr. —er—"

"Pratt," says I. "Solomon Pratt." "Thanks. No, I wouldn't go so far as to call him a friend; and yet he's not an enemy-not openly." He smiled again, and the other chap--whose name I found out was Hartley

Spite Controversy Happily Ended Without Legal Warfare.

"Fellow was raising bees back in the foothill country," remarked Frank H. Short of Fresno. "Plenty of sagebrush; sage makes clear, delicious honey. Got in a row with a neighbor; shot his dog; said its barking annoyed his queen bees. Neighbor waited a whole year to get even, plowed up a big patch, planted wild mustard; grew fine. Bees thick on mustard flowers. Mustard makes bitter honey. Like to ruin the bee man's sales. Bee farmer came to me, wanted to sue for damages. 'What can I do?' he asked.

"'Nothing,' I said. 'He has a right to grow mustard on his own land.' 'Well,' he said. 'I'll get some scheme to annoy him.'

"So he got a cornet; used to sit up from midnight till four o'clock in the

morning practicing 'Wearing of the Green.' Fellow with the mustard was an Englishman; stood it for three weeks; went out with a scythe and cut down all the mustard. They've been good friends ever since."--San Francisco Chronicle.

WANTED IT OVER WITH.

Game Youngster Preferred Drastic Action in Punishment.

"Youngsters are pretty philosophical," observed Wallace Knight, and iron. then he went ahead to set forth the point of view of a small daughter at his house

The child was sent to bed early the other evening as punishment for some act contrary to rules and regulations.

After she had been tucked in bed for some time and was supposedly asleep, the youngster called her father and told him she wished he would go ahead and spank her and have it over with, instead of sending her off to bed that way. "This lying in bed never's going to make me any better.' she said, "and a good spanking would Besides it makes me so mad I can't sleep and so what's the use of it?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scables-Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching-Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scables (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism. etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improve-

ment. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well.

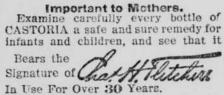
Husband and Wife. No man yet was ever made more tender by having tenderness demanded of him; no man yet was ever cried into loving his wife more. I am willing to admit that men are as faulty creatures as women themselves, unsympathetic in small things, often blind, and that they may easily be exasperated into small brutalities of speech. If a woman refrains from exacting devotion, and is unswervingly kind and unselfish, a husband who has any affection for his wife at all can be left to look out for doing his share. He will look out for it anyway; no one else can make him. Neither tears nor entreaties will wring from him those small kindnesses and attentions so dear to women .- A Wife, in Harper's

Bazar. Demand for Artificial Flowers. Makers of artificial flowers in New York city are receiving an unusual number of orders from all parts of the country for the fall and winter trade. Most of the supply for the nation comes from New York, where more money is spent for the manufacture of imitation flowers than in any other city in the world.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the

Jap Immigrants for Brazil.

Brazil has received its first batch of Japanese immigrants-781-under the arrangement concluded about nine months ago between the Japanese and Brazilian governments. Within two days all were at work on the coffee plantations. Other shiploads will arrive regularly.



The Search for Wisdom. In seeking wisdom, thou art wise; in imagining that thou hast found it, thou art a fool .-- Confuclus.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. , Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

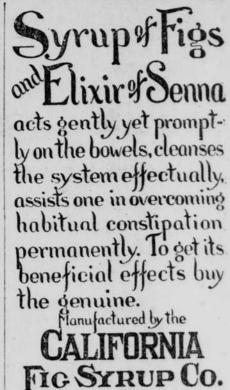
The dread of ridicule is apt to strangle originality at its birth.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar-richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Y dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, III. Your

A man isn't necessarily a fisherman lust because he is a liar.

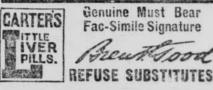
Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder Forswollen, sweating feet. Gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. 25c at all Druggists It is only the mistakes of other peo-

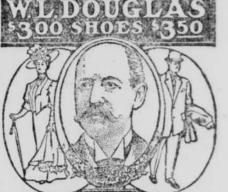
ple that are funny.



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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 43, 1908.



be their keeper.

I hadn't hoisted the jib on the way down, and now I let the mainsail drop and went forward.

"Hello, Nate!" I hailed, as the Dora Bassett slid up to the wharf.

He kind of jumped, and looked at me as if he'd just woke up. "Hello, Sol!" he says, sort of mourn

ful. Then he turned his eyes toward the bay again and appeared to be starting in on another nap.

"Hear you got some boarders over to your home," I says, heaving him a line as a hint for him to come out of his trance and make me fast.

"Yes," says he, paying no attention to the line.

"Come early in the season, ain't the wharf spiles and bringing my boat alongside easy as I could.

2

"Ya-as," says he, again. Then he fetched a long breath and opened his mouth as if he was going to go on. But he didn't; all that comes out of the mouth afore it shut up was another "Yes."

I made the Dora Bassett fast myself and climbed on to the wharf.

"Are they cal'lating to stay long?" I asks. He'd got me interested. Seemed to have the "yes" disease bad. "Hey?" says he. "Oh-er-yes."

I was a little mite provoked. Not that I was hankering to have Nate Scudder heave his arms around my neck and tell me he loved me, but I should suck dry every time I tried come?"

"Humph!" I grunted, starting to walk off. "Well, be careful of yourself; look out it don't develop into nothing worse."

last.

"Oh," says I; "I judged by the way getting cold. Good day." Would you believe it, he got up off name is and what you want?"

that mackerel keg and chased after me

pleading. "Don't be in such a hurry. wanted to talk to you."

'Yes," says I, "I kind of suspicioned as you might say. that you did, from your chatty renarks. If you'd said 'yes' nine or ten times more I'd have been sure of it." can you give us the sleeping rooms. I was in the war," said the quiet man, ask you-I thought I'd see what you

thought-you see-" head.

r a man that wants to talk you the washtub for them,' I says.

## "Perhaps You'd Like to Hire the Whole Shebang?" Says I, Sarcastic.

close if you'd said there was more | comes. Land knows what kind of a quietness than anything else down on man he is, too. And that check was the Neck road." on a New York bank, and I've just

"Well," he goes on, not noticing the been up to Trumet here with it and sarcasm, "I wrote and never got a the cashier says 'twill be a week afore they?" says I, grabbing hold of one of word back. Me and Huldy had given I know whether it's good or not. And up hearing. And then, yesterday I can't make out whether them two morning, they come-both of 'em. are thieves, or lunatics, or what. And Nice lookin' young fellers as ever you Huldy can't neither. I never was so see, they are; dressed just like the worried in my life."

chaps in the clothes advertisements in I kind of chuckled down inside. The the back of the magazines. The big- idea of anybody's skinning Nate Scudgest one-they're both half as tall as der was the nighest to the biter's bethat mast, seems so-he took up his ing bit of anything I ever come across. hat and says, kind of lazy and grand, And just then I see my two passengers like a steamboat capt'n: coming.

"'Mr. Scudder?' he says.

"'That's my name,' says I. I was "Maybe you'll get the reward, whether kind of suspicious; there's been so it's lunatics or thieves. Only you generally speaking. They didn't know round town this spring. And yet I'd for an accomplice." ought to have known he wa'n't no sew-He fairly shriveled up when I said

ing-machine agent. "'Ah!' he says. 'You've been exdidn't know any reason why my pumps pecting us, then. Has the luggage I was sure of: Them two New York-

"What in time did I know about his to see 'em. 'luggage,' as he called it?

And the very next afternoon I did "'No,' says I. "Tain't.' " 'Oh, well, never mind,' he says, just as if a ton or two of baggage didn't didn't care a whole continental wheth- guessing and I wanted more time to "What do you mean?" he sings out, count anyway. 'Can you give us two er they ever got anywheres or not. seeming to be waked up for good, at sleeping rooms, two baths, a setting One of 'em, the smallest one-he

room, and a room for my man?' "'Two baths?' says I. 'Can't you you kept your mouth shut that you take a bath by yourself? You seem had sore throat and was afraid of to be having lots of funny jokes with me. Would you mind saying what your

> "He looked me over sort of odd. 'Beg pardon,' he said. 'I thought you

"Hold on. Sol!" he says, kind of were expecting us. Here's my card.' "I looked at it, and there was the name 'Edward Van Brunt,' printed on I had to laugh; couldn't help it. it. Then I begun to get my bearings,

> "'Oh!' I says. 'I see.' "So glad, I'm sure,' he says. 'Now jey their cigars. "During the time course," exclaimed the old soldier,

"'Hump!' says I, lookin' back at the of surgical operations. A friend of house behind me; 'if me and Huldy mine was shot through the right

Here he kind of faded away again, bunked in the house and the chore breast, the bullet passing clear and stood still and wiped his fore- boy in the cellar, maybe we could ze through him. The presence of mind

ad stood still and wiped his fore boy in the count, that is, all but the of his companion undoubtedly saved man to try to be great if he has never his life. He wrapped his handkerchief been taken in hand by the Gridiron been taken in hand by the Gridiron around the ramrod of his gun, and, club?

-Martin Hartley-smiled too. "He's the man Van here belongs to," explained the Hartley one. They both smiled again.

I kind of jumped, I guess, when he said that. It began to look as if the asylum idea was the right one, and this feller that was coming was the keeper.

"Hum," says I, and nodded my head just as if the whole business was as plain as A B C. "Do you belong to anybody?" I says to Hartley. "I did," says he, "but he's doing

time." "Doing time?" says I.

"Yes," says he, explaining, kind of impatient like. "Up the river, you know." I chewed over this for a minute, and

all I could think of was that the feller must be in a clock factory or a watchmaker's or something.

"Watches?" I asks. Hartley seemed to be too tired of life to want to answer, but his chum did it for him.

"No," says he. "I believe it was pearl studs on the showdown."

Well, this was crazy talk enough for anybody. I didn't want to stir 'em up none-I've always heard that you had to be gentle with lunatics-so I went on, encouraging 'em like

"Studs, hey?" says I. "Yes," says he. "He was a British beast, and Martin was all balled up in the street at the time-away from his apartments a good deal-and the B. B.

annexed everything in sight." "Go 'long!" says I, for the sake of saying something.

"Beg pardon," says he. "Nothing," says I; and we stopped talking.

They seemed to enjoy the sail first rate, and acted as rational as could be,

that, and I laughed to myself all the like that. But never afore had I seen way out of Trumet harbor. One thing two that acted or talked like them.

We got back to the wharf along ers must be queer birds and I wanted about dusk, and I walked with 'em a keeping a sort of old sach hall just see 'em. They come down the Old outside the village and so it wa'n't Home pier together, walking as if they much out of my way. They had me lar four course dinner.

work on the riddle. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

rossin

"Well, cheer up, Nate," I says.

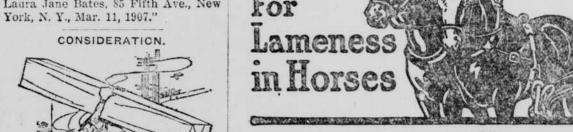
## SLIM PASSENGER A SKEPTIC

pushing it through the path made by Story of Wonderful Surgical Operation the bullet, cleared the wound

Received with Doubt. of all piosonous lead. I know It happened on a Pullman car be- tlemen, the man still lives to tell the tween New York and Chicago. Dinner tale." having been finished, the gentlemen slim passenger on the other seat, "Which man?" inquired the assembled in the sucking-room to en- quietly. "The wounded one, of

"Well, I did," he says. "I wanted to the baths, and the room for my man?" "I saw a wonderful thing in the line I thought it might be the other."

York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907." CONSIDERATION.



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will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush. Price, 50c. and \$1.00.

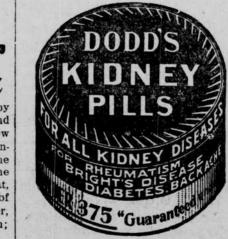
Dr. Earl S. Sloan, - - Boston, Mass. Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

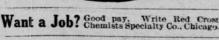


Crazy with the Heat. asked the examiner.

strange; I'd seen plenty of boarders heat."-Everybody's Magazine.

piece on their way to Nate's. I was Sort where you spent your vacation.





scornfully. "Oh, I beg your pardon;

Greatness. But, after all, what shall it profit a

The Kid--I sez, any time you gits tired I'll take de job fer two cents a hour .-- Philadelphia Ledger. Deafness Cannot Be Cured

Deatness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the dis eased portion of the ear. There is oally one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deaf-ness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condi-tion, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of then are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Soid by Druzgists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Workman-Hey, what's that?

Only Six Miles Away.

Craggs-You look warm. Why don't you go where it's cooler? I know a place only six miles from here where the thermometer drops way below zero Snaggs-What are you giving me?

Where is this place? "Straight up. Take a balloon."

"Can you tell me what steam is?"

many sewing-machine agents and such want to look out and not be took up a topping lift from a center-board, so confidently. "Steam is-why-er-it's far as beat went, but that wa'n't wather thot's gone crazy wid the

They Did.

Uncle Henry-Nellie, I hope they observe the Sabbath at that lake re-Pretty Niece-Indeed they do, uncle. On Sundays they always serve a regu-