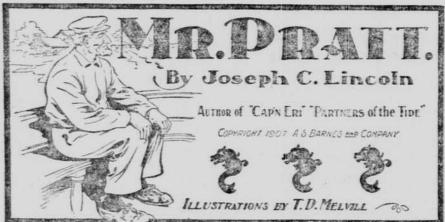




"If They Ain't Crazy, What Made 'Em Come to Live at Nate Scudder's?"



SYNOPSIS.

# CHAPTER I .- Continued.

the crickets to chirp. To me them and restful as a teakettle singing or a his hand.

"Heavens, Van!" he says, "It sounds like the ticker," and he said it so prayerful and sad.

Van Brunt shook his head. "Don't it?" says he. "I can see the tape running off that tree. 'Green Apples Preferred, 106 bid and 8 asked.' Is there no escape?" he says.

I left 'em on the hill by the Baptist burying ground. I watched 'em walking down the road, big and straight and handsome, and I pitied 'em from the bottom of my heart.

"Sol Pratt," says I to myself, "here's a lesson for you. You're old and homely and your bank account is nothing, minus a good deal, divided by naught; while just dodge the nautical bunch at but don't you never complain again. the hotel, will you?" S'pose you was good-looking and rich, but out of your head, like them two poor young chaps. Dear! dear!"

And I thought about 'em and pitied 'em all that evening, while I was fryget credit somewheres for all that till you hear from us."

#### CHAPTER II. The Man.

I see 'em pretty often during the something about 'em that kind of got down the wharf. me; I own up I begun to like 'em, in his importance like 'twas a fiannel neither."

But Nate Scudder's private patients wa'n't that kind. Not that they wa'n't of grand but well-meaning, same as dressed. Land sakes! I don't s'pose they wore the same vests two days running. But they looked like they was used to their clothes, not as if they'd just been introduced and didn't feel to home in 'em. And they didn't patronize none to speak of; called me "Skipper" and "Sol" just as sociable as could be. And as for the girls, they never looked twice at any of the hotel ones. Them two skittish females that I took over to Trumet used to get in their way and beg pardon and giggle, hoisting flirtation signals, so to speak, but Van Brunt and Hartley wouldn't even come up into the wind; just kept on their course like they was carrying the mail. 'Twas these two females that first named 'em "The Heavenly Twins;" 'twas shortened later to "The | have it fried." Heavenlies."

they were loons-harmless and gooda human almost, the way they went on | to the hens. We cut across Sears' meadow, and about it. I've heard a minister do the "What kind of a servant did you say "Oh, she believes in it too," says the frogs was beginning to squeal and same way over the Scriptures; but you was?" says I, breaking the ice. his lordship. "Only she's more interthis wa'n't the Bible; the name of it early summer noises are as cheerful was "The Natural Life." I borrowed i once to look at, but 'twas all foolishcat purring. But, all at once, Hart- ness to me; telling about money being ley, the sick one, stopped and held up a cuss, and such rot. I've been cussed ings, so he condescends to do some "you can say what you want to, but I'll considerable sence I first went to sea,

but not by money-no, sir! But Van Brunt would read three or four fathom of rubbish out of "The Natural," and then heave to and say: "Odd we didn't think of that afore, Martin. It doesn't count for much, does it? Well, we're through with it now, thank God! Look at that sun-

set. Have a smoke, skipper?" had cost as much as ten cusses a box, if I'm any judge of tobacco. One night, just as we were coming

into port. Van says to me: "Sol," he says. "We may want you and the boat to-morrow. My man'll let you know in the morning. Mean- place. "Gawd forsaken" was the best

I was a good deal shook up. I'd almost forgot that keeper "Man?" says I. "Oh, yes, yes! I see

Is he here now?" "No; coming to-night, I believe. By-

ing my herrings for supper. I hope I'll by. Just consider yourself engaged

They walked off and left me think ing. Thinks I: "It's a fair bet that that keeper don't let you two go boating by yourselves again."

So the next day about half-past nine next week. They used to loaf down to when I'd just about decided to let by speak for a minute. Then he com- up and taking notice; "the Natural In Use For Over 30 Years. the landing of a morning, smoking some of the boarders have the Dora cigars, and with their hands in their Bassett, I looked up from my fish and 'twa'n't long afore I begun to see who've had it all their lives." pockets. Crazy or not, there was a lines and here was a feller coming that 'twas Nate Scudder and me that

He was a kind of an exbihit for spite of their tophamper being out of Wellmouth, as you might say. Leastgear. As a general run I don't hanker | ways he was bran-new for me. Six for the average city boarder. He runs foot two over all, I should judge, and too much to yachting clothes and about two foot in the beam. Cast a patronizing. Neither the clothes nor shadow like a rake handle. Dressed the airs set well; kind of look like up and precise, and prim as a Sunday they was second-hand and made over school superintendent. He looked sort for him by the folks at home. When of gospelly, too, with his smooth upper meaning that they dickered in bonds Brunt. "What's its name?" one of that kind is out sailing with lip and turned-down mouth, and littleme and begins to lord it and show off two-for-a-cent side whiskers at half gathered they didn't have to work it the poorhouse. afore the girls the Dora Bassett is mast on his cheeks. But his eyes was overtime. pretty apt to ship some spray over the fishy. Thinks I: "No sir-ee! I don't A couple of gallons of salt want to subscribe to no Temperance water sliced off a wave top and poured | Advocate, nor buy 'The Life of Moses | I, "at Nate Scudder's?" down the neck of one of them fellers and the Ten Commandments,' nor I is the best reducer I know of; shrinks | don't want to have my tintype took

> He stook still by the stringpiece of the wharf and looked me over, kind the prince of Wales might look at a hontoad.

"'Ello," says he. "Hello, yourself," says I, keeping on

with my work. "Mr. Edward 'as ordered the boat for 'alf past 11," he says.

"I want to know," says I. "How'll he have it-frie 1?" "Beg pardon?" says he

stand being patronized, sometimes, if and just as he was seating himself in said: I'm paid for it, but I didn't see this the waiting coach after the interview, critter developing no cash symptoms. "My good man," he says; "you don't hat in hand, at the coach window.

ward 'ad ordered the boat for 'alf are you Mr. Longfellow?" past 11." "I know you did. And I asked if he'd poet.

understand me. I said that Mr. Ed-

He seemed to be turning this over Life?" he asked. Every time I took the Heavenlies on in his mind. And with every turn he "I wrote the 'Psalm of Life,'" rea cruise the more certain I was that got more muddled. I'd concluded by nlied the noet.

this time that he wa'n't a book agent. What he was though I couldn't make for Mr. James Opper Hopper Know-itout nor I didn't much care. He riled All. He commenced to tell about some, this feller did.

"Lock 'ere," says he, after a minute. pink; might have been sky-blue Is your name Pratt?" "Yup," I says. "On Thursdays it is."

"Thursdays?" says he. "Thursdays? the land knows what. It seemed to What-what is it on Fridays?" "Mister Pratt," says I, pretty aver. Natural Life." Seems there was a

age brisk. He seemed to be more muddled than the cities, stirred up by that book, to ever. He looked back towards the get clear of luxury and comfort and hotel and then at me again. I had a good times and so on, and get to notion he was going to sing out for living like poor folks. Living the help.

"My man," he says, again. "My

"Humph!" I interrupted. "Well, if together. "I've been right in style all I'm your man whose man are you?" my days and didn't know it. Hum! And, by time! he seemed to under- going cranberrying and fishing and stand that! "I'm Mr. Edward Van clamming and taking gangs of summer Brunt's man," says he, "and Mr. Ed. folks out on seasick parties is the ward 'as ordered the boat for 'alf-" proper thing, hey? And your boss and

And then I begun to understand-or his chum want to live simple?" thought I did. 'Twas the keeper. Well, Yes, he said they wanted to live in some ways he looked his job. "O-oh!" says I. "All right. Yes.

yes. I heard you was coming, Mr .- der cooks for 'em that's the way "'Opper," says he: "James 'Opper. "Proud to know you, Mr. Opper,"

says I, which was a lie, I'm afraid. "Not Hopper," he says. "Opper." "Sure! Opper's what I said," says I. which was two-thirds of the yarn-He got red in the face. "Opper," he there was some stuff about a girl says. "Haitch-o-p-p-e-r."

"Oh, Hopper!" I says. "Of course. 'Opper," he says. I felt as if I'd been sailing a race clothes-all the stranuous nuisances. and had made a lap and got back to And she was engaged to Hartley once.

the starting buoy. "All right," says I. "What's an H broke it off. And now she was enor two between friends? How's your gaged to Van Brunt. patients, Mr. Opper Hopper?"

"Look 'ere, my fine feller," he says, she's engaged to Van why ain't be to You're too fresh. For a 'a-penny I'd home courting her instead of dissipatcome down and put a 'ead on you." ing on baked beans and thin feather And right then I give up the idea beds over to Scudder's? Why ain't he that he was a retired parson. Parsons to home in New York getting ready don't talk like that.

"You would?" says I. "Well, you go Well, the marriage, so James said, on putting "eads' on the poor lunatics was to be arranged later. Near as I you have to take care of and don't could find out Van and this Agnes me. 'Twould be safer for you and marrying. 'Twas their folks that was me. What do you want?"

"I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's vally she was to home she was great on -" he says-"is man-servant; and 'e charity. She done settlement work, as ordered you to-

ing up straight. "Of course. Didn't I says so? His bread. This wa'n't exactly the way

vally; an-" Well, I'd made a mistake, I about the sense of it. ludged. If he was a servant he couldn't "Yes, yes," says I. "But how does be a little more sociable. Besides, I the feller that's going to marry his old was curious.

to beg your parden, Mr. Opper-"

"'Opper!" he fairly hollered it.

aboard and let's talk it over." natured, of course, but loons just the lubber's job of it, and come to anchor suffering from the Natural Life dis-Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, with lunatics.

Most generally they carried on the bench in the cockpit, setting up as stiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to cut for simplicity as some would think. Cuticura Remediate the best I have ever tried, and I shall highly recommend them to with swall once the work as one would think. Cuticura Remediate the swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd read a swiff and straight as if he'd swalloud to each other. They'd re isn't he?" You'd think that book was dropping h's like he was feeding 'em does she feel on the Natural Life ques. Mrs. William Geeding, 102 Washingtion?"

A vally, Mr. Edward's vally

"Vally, hey?" says I. "Vally! Hum! poor and heducating 'em," says he. I want to know!" I guess he see I was out of sound- Opper-Hopper, I mean-" I says,

spelling for me. "V-a-l-e-t," says he. "Vally."

"Oh!" says I. "A vallet. Yes, yes; crazy."

I see. I knew what a vallet was-I'd read ing at my cigar much-a good fiveabout 'em in the papers-but this fel- cent Bluebell cigar 'twas, too. Now he ler's calling it a "vally" put me off the put it down, kind of like 'twas loaded. course. He was nothing but a foreigner, though, so I made allowances. I give him a cigar that I bought at weeds? 'Ave one yourself," says he. And then he'd pass over a cigar that the grocery store on the way down, and we lit up. Then he commenced to was one of Van Brunt's particular tell about himself and how he used to | brand. work for a lord once over in England. According to his tell England was next door to Paradise and the United Brother James, but not you. No, sir-ee! States a little worse than the other You're in it for the value of the man-

word he had for Yankeeland. "I suppose you'll quit when the Heavenly Twins showed up alongside.

keeper comes." says I. 'Keeper?" says he. "W'at keeper?' 'Why, the feller from the asylum. He bowed and scraped and "Sirred" How long has your boss and his mess- till you couldn't rest. They spoke to

mate been crazy?" I asks. "Crazy?" he says. "Crazy? W'at do you mean?"

"Look here," says I. "You tell me that. straight. Ain't Van Brunt and Hartley out of their heads?"

"Out of their 'eads? 'Eavens, no!' He was so upset that he couldn't hardmenced to tell about the Heavenlies, Life for mine. I envy the lucky devils needed a keeper; we was the biggest shoved my oar in here-couldn't

loons in the crowd. help it. Seems that the Twins was rich New Yorkers-the richest and high- article-not yet," says I. "There's a tonedest kind. Both of 'em had money hotel over back of the village where by the bucket and more being left to the boarders get the ginuine simple 'em while you wait. They lived on life-no frills included," I says. some avenue with a number to it, and they done business in the "Street," and such things, I gathered. Also I

"But, if they ain't crazy what made fellers, as I said afore, even if they 'em come down here to live," says | was crazy.

English Workingman.

When Longfellow was in London,

a man in working clothes appeared.

"Please sir, yer honor," said he, "an'

"I am Mr. Longfellow," said the

"An' did you write the 'Psalm of

Compliment From The Heart "An' yer honor, would you be will-Longfellow Appreciated the Praise of ing to take a working man by the

hand?" Mr. Longfellow gave the honest Queen Victoria sent for him to come Englishman a hearty handshake. "You're welcome," says I. I can and see her at the palace. He went, Later, in speaking of the incident, he

"I never in my life received a compliment which gave me more satisfac-The "Psalm of Life" has been trans-

lated into 15 different languages.

Milk Bottle Caps. The paper caps used on milk bottles are made at the rate of 600,000 a day, and one man operates five machines.

# One of the Essentials

Well, that was a kind of poser, even

ciety and pink teas-I guess 'twas

and stocks, and "strenuous life" and

kind of craze around New York and

"Natural Life," the valet called it.

real simple.

they'll live."

to be married?"

"So?" says I, thinking of how I

"Well," says I, "if Huldy Ann Scud-

about how the Heavenlies had lived in

New York. Cutting out everything about himself and that British lord-

named Page that interested me. Seems

she was the real thing in society, too.

Had money and good looks and fine

but they had a row or something and

"But, see here," I says, puzzled. "If

whatever that is, and her one idea in

that hankered for fishballs and brown

Lord James give it out, but 'twas

I fetched a long breath. "Well, Mr.

"My good feller," he says. "Would

you mind if I tried one of me own

I took the cigar he handed me. It

"Humph!" thinks I, "your bosses

In another half hour or so the

And then-'twould have done you good

to see that valet's back get limber.

him like he was a dog and he skipped

around with his tail between his legs

like he was one-a yellow one, at

When we'd passed the point out

comes that everlasting book and the

'Twa'n't none of my affairs, but I

"You fellers ain't getting the real

"Where's that, skipper?" says Van

"Well," says I, "folks round here call

Then they both lauched. Good nice

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They was interested right off.

Twins got at it.

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast though-and races and opera parties fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's simmer down finally to that book "The best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have had to scratch to keep body and soul | the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., He went on with another rigmarole only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

TOO MUCH.

Arabella-Ah, John, there was a try any of your asylum games with Page had mighty little to do with the time when you couldn't see enough of

wouldn't interfere with my work, fixing that up. Agnes herself had John-Well, I can see plenty of you gone to Europe with her ma. When now, can't I?

### BABY'S ITCHING HUMOR.

"His man-servant!" I sung out, set- life was to feed ice cream to children Nothing Would Help Him-Mother Almost in Despair-Owes Quick Cure to Cuticura.

"Several months ago, my little boy began to break out with itching sores. be the keeper. I callated twas best to Hartley like chumming around with I doctored him, but as soon as I got them healed up in one place they would break out in another. I was & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 almost in desnair I could not get N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn. "Humph!" says I, "I guess I'd ought It appeared that that was all right, almost in despair. I could not get Hartley and Van was chums; loved anything that would help him. Then each other like brothers-or better. I began to use Cuticura Scap and Cuti-"All right. Never mind. Come on Little thing like a girl or two didn't cura Ointment, and after using them count. Hartley was kind of used up three times, the sores commenced to So aboard he come, making a land- and blue and down on his luck and heal. He is now well, and not a scar is left on his body. They have never ton St., Attica, Ind., July 22, 1907."

# Nature Conquers Man.

Man can get along without his cities and his clothes and his complicated For ch tools and treasures; but all his vaunted wisdom and skill are set utterly at naught by the simple failure of the clouds to drop rain. The only still hang on to my first notion. I actual necessities of life are those bethink the whole crew is stark, raving stowals of nature which were necessities to aboriginal man.-Philadelphia I'd noticed that he hadn't been pull-

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery-Defiance Starch-all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a may be simpletons for the love of it, strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

> Real Meaning of "Aftermath." "Aftermath" is a persistently illused word. Early July is the time of the "math:" that is, the first mowing of the meadows. The short grasswith a sufficiency of rain-will grow again, and later will come the "second mow" or "aftermath."

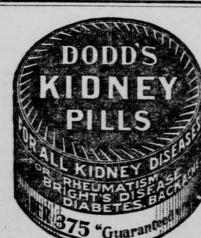
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The keener the critic the more cutting the criticism.





Jim-What's Jack trying for rheumatism, Bill? Bill-Swearing.

Mercenary Marriages.

"Dinna marry for the siller, Jock." said old Sandy, sagely, to his son, who seemed to show symptoms of the awakening of a young man's fancy; "gin ye dae, ye'll aye regret it. For a'm tellin' ye, when I marrit ye'r mither, I hadna but ae shillin', forby she had auchteen pence. And for all 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, the 15 year o' our marrit life, I ne'er | writes to Mrs. Pinkham: heard the last o' the odd saxpence."-F. C. Luck, in West Coast Magazine.

to care with local trustment, produced it is currable. Schause has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional trustment. Half's Catarrh Cure, magnificatured by F. J. Chenny & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a temporally. It hat directly on the blood goal mucous surfaces of the system. They ofter one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimostias.

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Unpoetic.

"Yes," answered the unpoetic person; "it is something of a comfort to

smaller." Asthmatics, Read This. If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Nebr.

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due to her continuous efforts to have WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP

Two-thirds of a woman's worry is

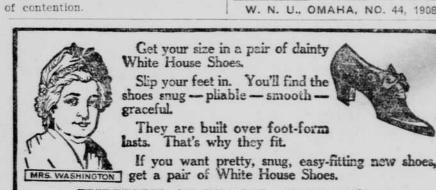
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it costs more to get out of trouble than it does to keep out.

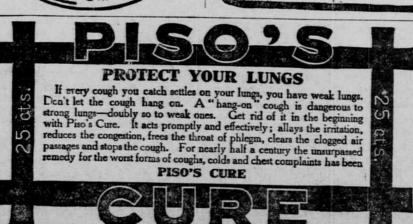
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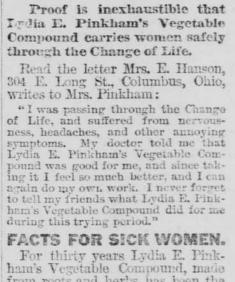
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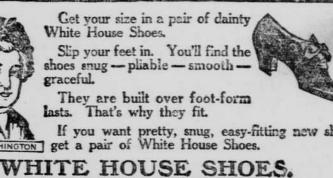


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