came back immediately-well, I don't

know that it is time yet."

"Have von written her Van ""

ter?" Hartley asks, after a little.

"Liverpool, care of her usual hotel.

in the Liverpool slums. But there!

Let's forget morals and matrimony.

a pepper box.

mamma-she won't.'

SYNOPSIS

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical nar-ration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Harties,
New Yorkers seeking rest, Because of
latter pair's lavish expenditure of money,
Pratt's first impression was connected
with lunatics. The arrival of James
Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Prat Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest, Because of he desired information about the New Forkers. They wished to live what they ermed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who

> CHAPTER III. Too Many Cooks.

It was a day or so after that that I see Nate Scudder again. I'd been out in the sloop with a parcel of boarders -they were beginning to get thicker at the Old Home now, same as the mosquitoes-and on my way home I met Nate driving down the Neck road. He was in the carryall and I hailed him as he come abreast of me.

"Hello, Nate!" I says. "Taking the air, are you?

He pulled up his horse-it didn't take a hard pull-and, while the critter leaned up against the shafts and took a nap, Nate talked to me. It appeared that there'd been more or less trouble down his way. Huldy Ann and Lord James hadn't agreed any too

"You see," says Nate, taking a calico handkerchief out of his hat and vided she hasn't already organized a swabbing his bald head with it, "it's settlement colony of small Hooligans breath. Van cut in quick. that water feller-he's too stuck-up to

I wa'n't going to fight with him on that point, so he went ahead with his Street? Not that I care a red.'

"He come parading out to the barn," been appointed cook in Huldy Ann's place. Well, she'd been sort of laying herself out, as you might say, to please them two up at the housegiving 'em spider bread and dried apple pie for breakfast, and the like of that-and it riled her to be chucked overboard that way. So she got sort sarcastic. That Opper man, he-"

"His name's Hopper," I says. "He don't call it so, then." "That's all right. Him and I had a

spelling match here tother day and Hopper it is." I says. "Well, then, this Hopper feller he

lorded it round, asking where the double biler was and complaining that he couldn't cook steak without a charcoal fire, and so on. Huldy took him down, I tell you! "Charcoal your granny!" says she

'I've fried more steak than you've got hairs on your head, and a plain wood fire always done me,' she says.

"He cooked that steak, and say! I'll et the Iron-Jawed Man I see once at a dime show up to Boston couldn't have got away with it. Tough! Why, the pesky idiot never pounded it a bit! How do you expect to get tender steak if you don't pound it? Haw!

When he got through laughing he went on to say that him and Huldy had decided to go over to her sister's at Ostable for a visit.

"We've been intending to go for a good while," he says. "And now we can do it without its costing much. Pay for the house goes on whether we're there or not, and the railroad fare'll be more than made up by the saving in our own grub. I'm a peaceable feller, anyhow," says he, "and there'd be no peace while Huldy and that Britisher was together." "Case of too many cooks spoiling

the soup, hey?" says I.

"Soup!" he says. "Well, you wait a little spell. If they ain't chasing around after a new cook inside of a week I'm a Jonah, that's all.'

He was right. Couple of days later I heard from Emmie T. that the Twins had hired Hannah Jane Purvis to do the cooking for 'em. Hannah Jane's late lamented had been cook on a Banks boat when he was young, so I suppose she cal'lated she'd inherited the knack. But I had my doubts.

I was getting real chummy with the Heavenlies by this time, so one afternoon I walked up to the Scudder place to see 'em. They were sprawled out on the piazza chairs with their feet on the railing and they hailed me as friendly as if I was rich as they was, instead of being poorer than Job's turkey. I noticed Lord James tiptoeing pan full of peas. Hannah was a kind There was beans enough, land knows! ways I'd like to, and, if you want plain around in the parlor, so I naturally mentioned him.

"Your valet man, here," I says; "he cook, hev?"

They both laughed, Van Brunt with his big good-natured "Ha, ha!" and Hartley with that quiet chuckle of his. "James," said Van, "is a glittering success in the wardrobe, but he dislikes to hide his talents under a kitchen bushel.'

apply the same methods to trousers don't know when." and steak."

says, thinking of Scudder's yarn.

sides which, this is supposed to be a it right, and 'twas enough for me that pleasure cruise for Martin and me, she'd seen me this time. She comes and James serves with the cheerful over, dishpan and all, and planks herdignity of an undertaker. He's too self down on the steps right in front complex; we yearn for simplicity and of Van Brunt's chair. There ain't

I grinned. "Well, you've got the nah Jane; she's the most folksy fe simplicity with Hannah, ain't you?" I male I ever come across, and always Clearly They Must Be Experienced to burning like a coal of fire, and, unasked. "I ain't saying nothing about was.

the shadow of the vines. "Is it time for a letter to reach you, Mr. Van Brunt, but-" here?" he asked.

"Oh.

ick 'em up?" asks Van, solemn as an 'em all day and by night they're

ready. So when Jehiel says to me,

'Hannah, I don't feel like beans,' I

"Did he look like 'em?" asks Van.

Hannah Jane switched round on the

'ep and stared at him. But he was as

over with sympathy, seemed so, so

"He looked sick," she says, "and I

got him to bed and what a night I put

because he was engaged to Emma

'nother in it. Strange I can't think!

"Chicken, possibly," suggests Van.

"No. indeed. Salt! that's what 'twas.

land of love! no. There wa'n't enough for that. Besides I want set and looked at him." to see Mr. Pratt. Well, Mr. Pratt." says she. "I suppose you're surprised enough to find me working out. Dear! dear! I don't know what Jehiel-he ceber as a church and just running that was my first husband-would have said; nor my second one neither she sniffed and went on. But there! we can't none of us never tell what's in store for us in this could see that he was sick, too. So I world, can we?"

I made some sort of answer; don't in! Oh, the hot jugs to his feet! Oh, matter what. She went ahead lament- the running for the doctor! We had ing over what a come-down 'twas for Dr. Blake here then, Mr. Pratt. You her to work out. You'd think she'd remember him, don't you? Great big been used to marble halls to hear her. tall man with gray whiskers. No, "Why, yes. I should think so. She She settles the dishpan between her wait a minute. 'Twas Dr. White that was to reach New York on the first knees and starts in shelling peas, had the whiskers; Dr. Blake was and sail on that day. She would prob- talking a blue streak all the time. She smooth-faced. No, seems to me he ably write on the seamer. It was a was a whole sewing circle in herself, had a mustache. I remember he did fast boat and, allowing that the letter that woman.

"Jehiel was such a quiet man," she Baker's sister's girl and she used to says, after a spell. "He scarcely ever say that when she once got him for He began to whistle. I gathered talked." (Didn't have a chance, thinks good he'd have to raise more beard that 'twas the Page girl he was talk- I to myself.) "When he died-did I than that. She said a doctor without ing about. 'The valet had told about ever tell you how Cap'n Samuels-my a beard was like a soft-boiled egg withher going on a trip to Europe. But first husband as was-come to die, Mr. out-without-without something or it struck me that, for an engaged man, Hartley?" says she.

Van Brunt was the easiest in his Hartley had took up the Natural An egg without something in it-" mind of anybody ever I see. I've never Life book and was trying to read it. been engaged myself, but judging by, Now he looked up and says, mournful them I've known who was, he'd ought but resigned: "No, Mrs. Purvis, I be A soft-biled egg without salt in it.

faster than you could shake 'em out of | "The pleasure was wholly the about biling eggs as you had about Cap'n's," says Van Brunt under his anything else. Way some folks bile Neither of 'em spoke for a minute. breath. If Hannah Jan heard him she eggs is a sin and shame. I've et eggs Then Hartley asked, quiet as usual: | didn't let it worry her.

"Well," she says, "twas this way: | wall out of 'em, seems so; and then | "Oh, yes; dropped a line the other | Cap'n Jehiel-him that was my first | again I've et 'em when I've actually day, telling her we were safe and duly husband-was the most regular man had to drink 'em. Now when I bile housed and so on. Whooped up the in his habits that ever was, I guess. eggs I always-let me see; I wa'n't joys of the 'Natural' and begged her to Every Saturday night all the time we speaking of eggs when I fust started. 'go thou and do likewise.' Which she was married—and we was married Where was 1?" would like to do, probably, but which eleven year, not counting the two after also-if I know her highly respected he was took sick-he always had baked believe. Mrs. Purvis," purrs Van beans for supper. I used to say to again, sweet and buttery as can be. "Where did you address your let- him: 'Jehiel,' I used to say, 'ain't you | "I seem to have a dim recollection of tired of baked beans? I should think | beans, Mrs. P. you'd turn into beans, you're so fond She'll get it all right-always pro- of 'em.' But he never did and-"

"That wasn't the cause of his death,

then?" he asks, very grave. Heigho! Wonder what's doing in the "Who-what?"

gether. But I was interested in their turn.





"Did He Look Like 'Em?" Asks Van.

as well.

The front gate clicked. Van Brunt her eyes. looked up. "Great Scott!" says he, "it's the phonograph.'

'Twas Hannah Jane Purvis coming the last bean-' home from the next house with a dishof scant patterned critter without Well, I had 'em on the table and he cooking, why, I guess likely I can give much canvas on her poles and her set down. 'Hannah,' says he, 'I don't it to you. But business is business sleeves most generally rolled up. She feel like beans to-night.' I looked at and there's my boat and my living for wa'n't quite to the skipper's taste as had brindled hair clewed back so tight him. It wa'n't because they wa'n't the summer. You're here only a off her forehead that her eyes wouldn't good beans. I'm always as particular month, as I understand it, andshut good, and the impression you got as can be about cooking beans. Al- That didn't make no difference. I from the first look at her was that she ways put such to soak over night on a could fetch the Dora Bassett along too, was all square corners-not a round Friday, and then Saturday morning I Van said. Hartley explained that they one in the lot.

the wind in front of the piazza and chunk of pork. You can't be too parlooking at me hard. "I do believe it's ticular about your pork. 'Don't,' I he called "redeemed conventionali-Solomon Pratt. Why, what a stran-"James," said Hartley, "appears to ger you be! I ain't seen you for I butcher cart; 'don't,' says I, 'give me they intended to stay redeemed.

I didn't know when either and I "Presses both of 'em, don't he?" I didn't try to remember. "Sufficient unto the day is the trouble belonging "Flat as a board," says Van. "Be- to it," the Scriptures say, if I recollect nothing shy or unfriendly about Han-

"My sakes!" says she, turning round

front of the porch where the sun could emptyin' 'em in. I hope not, 'cause | in a paint shop. get at him. Now he shifted back into peas is high now. Not that it makes He at once separated himself from

it down just as I heard it. 'Twas queer | Course he didn't turn into 'em. Whotalk, but they was queer folks, and I ever heard of such a thing? Well, as tin," says he, "you're as comforting as was learning how the big-bugs done I was saying; every Saturday night the shadow of a great rock in a-in a their courting. From what I'd heard we had 'em, and one night-'twas the -something or other. You're a genius. so far I liked the Wellmouth way full last one, poor thing-" She stopped Pratt, you've got to come here and to unfurl her handkerchief and mop live with us. We need thee every

"I said 'twas his last well night. streak of lean and a streak of fat. it took a thousand ye Then I put 'em in the oven and bake

"Pray go on, Mrs. Purvis," says Van, which is her ungodly time for getting very polite. "You were saying 'twas out of bed. It's settled; you're coming.

Both of 'em groaned. I knew Han- to Van, "I see Mr. Pratt come in here The Marshfield News tells how Her. happened to be eight miles out in the nah Jane Purvis, and she had the and I couldn't make out who 'twas. man Pauer treated him e.f for pain country. Herman now imagined he name of talking the hinges off a barn Thinks I: 'They've got company and in the back. Instead of forgetting it could smell burning flesh. Daylight I must get there quick.' So back I Mr. Bauer slapped a Spanish fly blis- brought the doctor, who with proper "Lord!" says Van. "Let's change put, and I don't know as I've got a fell ter on his person. A fly blister is a solutions soon got the fire under conthe subject. By the way, Martin; it's measure of peas 'cause it seemed to good deal like hiring a butcher to skin trol. There is a spot on Herman's me that some of 'em spilled out the you. In about five minutes it set up a back about the size of a wool hat, but Hartley was setting out towards the top when Cap'n Poun Berry was conflagration on Herman like a fire the other pain has quit.

> any difference to well-off folks like the plaster, but the latter left its somebody, put it on the baby. He will warm, cheery influence behind. There holler, anyhow. Or on the policeman. "Hadn't you better go back and was no let up to the pain it gave him. |-Minneapolis Journal.

BOTH UPLIFTING.

us farmers!"

"What do they calc'late ter use-

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to be shooting telegrams to Europe lieve we have never had the pleasure." Now you'd ought to be as careful A Cure for Poison Ivy. so hard that you could build a stone "You were telling us about beans, I

"Oh, yes, yes! I was going on to tell of Jehiel's sufferin's, Mr. Van She stopped for a second to get her Brunt. If I could only begin to give you an idea of that poor critter's agony. Why, he-who's that at the back door?"

'Twas the neighbor's boy, as it "Turning into beans? 'Of course turned out, come to borrow a cupful They seemed to have forgot me alto- not. I believe you said he didn't of sugar, but he took Hannah Jane away from us, which was a mercy. says Nate, "and give out that he'd talk all the same, and I've tried to put "I said he never got tired of 'em. She dropped the dishpan and went in

> Van Brunt looked after her. "Will some one please inform me," says he, "whether I've been at a clinic, or a funeral, or just a cooking-school session?

> "Humph!" says Hartley. "Unfortunate interruption. Now we shan't learn what became of the long-suffering Jehiel."

to find out what became of those makes ironing easy and does not inbeans.

"I understand now why they put 'At Rest' on Jehiel's gravestone," I Says.

Hartley turned to me. "Skipper. he says, "you mustn't think that Van and I are altogether cold-blooded because we refuse to ween over the departed Samuels. The lady has cheered us with happy little memories of this kind ever since she agreed to demean herself and make 'riz biscuit' at four-fifty per. She began with her cousin, who died of small-pox, and she's worked down through the family

till she's got to her husband." "Yes," says Van, "and he's only her first. We shall hear later how Number Two fell into a stone-crusher or was boiled in oil. Lord!"

"Hank Purvis had five brothers," says I; "and they've all died within the last ten year. You've got more funerals coming to you."

It was quiet for a few minutes. Out back we could hear Hannah Jane laying into the neighbor's boy because he tracked mud on the kitchen floor. "It was no use," says Van. decided.

"I refuse to renew my subscription to The Daily Morgue. All those in favor of parting with the Widow Purvis at once, immediate, P. D. Q., will say 'Aye.' Contrary minded, 'No.' It's a vote. Hannah is erased. What shall we do, Martin-go back to James and dignity, or feed ourselves?"

Hartley seemed to be thinking. "Skipper," says he to me, "you can cook. I-even I, the interesting invalid-can eat your chowder and like it and come back for more. Will you come and help us out? What do you sav?

Van Brunt sat up straight. "Marhour, as Mrs. P. sings at 5 a. m.,

"Well, now; hold on," says I. "Some

take 'em and put 'em in the bean-pot intended to stay through the summer, "Well!" says she, coming up into along with some molasses and a nice anyhow, perhaps later. He went on to used to say to the man that drove the ties," or some such name, and that nothing but fat pork. Might's well They'd hitched horses and agreed to have plain lard and be done with it. find the Natural in all its glory. And Give me, says I, a streaked chunk; the Natural they was going to find if

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

即為多為 BEAUTIES OF A FLY BLISTER

Be Appreciated.

At three in the morning it was still able to stand it any longer, he telephoned for his family doctor, who

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ton. "Oh, he died," says Van. "I wanted the iron-no blotches-no blisters, raising, mixed farming and dairying are

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ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



"Goodness, sonny, are you in pain?" "Naw, the pain's in me-boo-hoo!"

A Cure. The sinner walked along the rocky road, his bare feet torn and bleeding from bruises and wounds. He met a

"Friend," he exclaimed, "I have sinned and done wrong, I must patiently suffer the most extreme agony to save myself from eternal damnation. Can you tell me some supreme test of repentance?"

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