



"The Lunch 'Amper, of Course," He Says. "The 'Amper for the Heat-ables."

MR. PRATT. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Author of 'CAPTAIN PARTNERS OF THE TIDE'. ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL.

SYNOPSIS.

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 New Yorkers seeking rest.

CHAPTER III.—Continued. "And while we're giving you the story of our lives, skipper," says Hartley, with one of his half smiles.

CHAPTER IV. The Pig Race. I don't callate that I ever had a better run down the bay than I done that morning.

"Well," says I, setting up to go. "I'll see. Let me sleep on it for a spell, same's you fellers have done on Nate's pin-feather beds.

"You don't callate that I ever had a better run down the bay than I done that morning. 'Twas a fair wind, and a smooth sea, not the slick, greasy kind, but with little blue waves chasing each other and going 'Spaw! spat!'

CHAPTER V. "The Heavens! says I, "I don't need no book to tell me so, neither. The Heavens enjoyed it, and they'd ought to."

CHAPTER VI. "Not much," says Van, "Walking's almost as bad as running. I'll be here when you get back."

tired and quit. It got to be July and their month at Nate's was 'most over, I was up there the evening of the third and I happened to ask 'em if they wanted me and the sloop for the next day.

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him drift. If the Dora Bassett had struck a derelict or something and dredged up that Hopper valet and the thwart together.

By and by Hartley shoves both hands into his pockets, tilts his hat back and begins to sing. More effects of the Natural Life spree, I suppose, but 'twas bully good singing.

"Good!" says Van, when his chum stopped. "Martin, you're better already. I haven't heard you sing for two years or more."

Van he roared and even Hartley managed to smile. As for Lord James he looked at me like I'd trod on the queen's corns.

Blessed if I could see what there was funny about it. Solon can play like an Injun. Why, I've seen him bust two strings at a Thanksgiving ball and then play 'Mrs. McLeod's Reel'—you know, 'Buckshee, nany-goat, brown bread and beans'—on 't'other two, till there wa'n't a still foot in the hall.

We made Eastwick Port about noon and had dinner. I cooked up a kettle of chowder—fetched the clams along with me from home—and 'twould have done you good to see the Heavens lay into it.

"Why, the 'amper," says he. "The which?" says I. "The 'lunch 'amper, of course," he says. "The 'amper for the heatables."

Well, I wondered then what in the nation was in it, for 'twas heavier than lead. I remember that the heft of it made me ask him if he'd fetched along some of the late Hannah Jane's left-over riz biscuit.

Well, I heaved a sigh. 'Twas kind of unnatural to me, having come on me all to once; but I callated I could get used to it in time without shedding no tears.

When the dinner was over—the Heavens was well enough acquainted with the family to nickname it "lunch"—I started in to help his lordship wash dishes.

Hartley had been keeping so still I callated he was dropping off to sleep, but it seems he wa'n't. He set up, stretched, and got to his feet.

"I'll go with you, skipper," says he. "Might as well do that as anything. I've never seen a greased pig race. They don't have 'em on the Street."

"Chase nothing but lambs there," says Van Brunt, lazy, and with his eyes half shut. Then he turned over and looked at his chum.

"Great Caesar! Martin," he says, "you don't mean to tell me that you're going up into that crowd of hayseeds to hang over a fence and watch some one run, do you? Why any one on God's earth should want to run," he says, "when they can keep still, is beyond me; and why you, of all men, should want to watch 'em do it—that's worse yet. Come here and be natural and decent."

CHAPTER XII. "Not much," says Van, "Walking's almost as bad as running. I'll be here when you get back."

riding round in their four-horse coach and putting on airs enough to make 'em top-sided.

Hartley gave one look around at the gang and his nose turned up to 12 o'clock.

"For heaven's sake!" says he. "What do they do with that?" "Do with it?" says I. "Eat it, of course."

"No!" he says. "Not really?" "Humph!" I says. "You just wait a shake."

There was a little red-headed youngster scooting in and out among the folks' knees and I caught him by the shoulder. "Hi, Andrew Jackson!" says I. "Want some candy?"

He looked up at me as pert and sassy as a blackbird on a scarecrow's shoulder.

"Lord!" says I; "I callate he knows you." Hartley smiled. "How do they sell that—that Portland cement?" says he. "Give me some," he says, holding a half dollar to the fellow behind the oilcloth counter.

Well, it didn't do nothing, apparently, except to make the little shaver's jaws sound like a rock crusher, so we went on. By and by we come to the fence alongside of the place where they had the races.

"Mr. Van Brunt," says I, "is this part of what you call the Natural Life?" "You bet, skipper!" says he. He hadn't finished the chowder end of the layout yet.

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EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pincher Creek district, (Southern Alberta), the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet, for about 25 years, is excellently itself this year."

Hartley stopped and stares at it. "For heaven's sake!" says he. "What do they do with that?" "Do with it?" says I. "Eat it, of course."

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LAUGH WAS ON THE DEACON.

Statement Might Be True, But Certainly Was Unhappily Expressed.

"I regret to say," remarked Deacon French, at the last meeting of the Squashville Political Debate club, "that this I became a member of it."

The smile on the faces of the other members deepened, and the deacon's face turned almost scarlet.

"You all know what I mean," he added, desperately. "What I mean is that from the very minute I became a member of the Squashville Political Debate club, I could see that it was beginning to lose its value as an organization, and the longer I have stayed in it, the more steadily I see it running down hill!"—Lippincott's.

His Epitaph. "I have just one request," said the dying man to his relatives. "What is it?" they asked him earnestly. "We will grant you anything."

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Public Credulity. After making full allowance for the increased spending power of the masses, figures prove conclusively that notwithstanding the wide diffusion of knowledge, the spread of education and the raising of the standard of intelligence among the people, the appeal of the quack and the charlatan to the credulity of the public meets with a reader response than ever.—London Hospital.

Breaking the Ice. "Do you think any girl ever proposes in leap year, as they say, Jennie?" he asked.

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.

Help! Murder! "Why did you knock Jones down?" "We were talking about the frequency of Brown's jag."

The fellow who lands the first blow generally wins, but if we all waited for the other fellow to begin, there wouldn't be any fight.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advocates of corporal punishment evidently believe that an occasional spanking makes children smart.

When a man is short he usually has a long face.

FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health.



Neglected Colds and Coughs

are the cause of many cases of Pneumonia and Consumption. No matter how slight your Cough or Cold may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Whooping-Cough, and all other pulmonary affections.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and all other Heartey Bloating.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre

have been grown on farm lands in WESTERN CANADA

Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels.

For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalogue, wholesale or retail.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS. For famous and delicious candies and chocolates, write to the maker for catalogue, wholesale or retail.

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES. Walk home in almost any new shoes. They start comfortable. With every few steps they lose comfort.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. For all kidney diseases. BRIGHT'S DISEASE. DIABETES. BACKACHE.