

### High Stakes.

"Well, where's that cool?" demanded his wife. "Don't tell me she wasn't on the train." "She was on the train," timidly explained the commuter. "but I got to playing cards and a Lonleyville man won her at whist."

### The Economical Woman.

"I should like to hear the new song you've composed," said the composer's caller, "but you can leave out the chorus today, if you please. I've a taxicab waiting outside and I'm by no means a rich woman."

### Feminine Inconsistency.

The woman who rents her husband working overtime lest she be deprived of a pleasure is the sort that in later years decries his poverty in contemptuous tones.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Great Actions Endure.

He judges well who accepts unpopularity in a great cause. Hatred does not last long, and besides the immediate splendor of great actions, the renown of them endures forever in men's memories.—Pericles.

### Change Easily Made.

Five-year-old Helen was industriously hemming a square of pink gingham for a doll's table cover. She held it up and examined it critically. "Mother," she said, "I don't think this is a very stylish tablecloth. I guess I'll put a pair of sleeves in it and call it a corset cover."—The Deineator.

### How He Does It.

Notice the man of whom it is generally said: "He is successful; he is getting along." Notice that he attends to his work; he is polite; he doesn't drink; he is honest, and pays his debts. No man ever succeeded without these qualities.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

### Paying the Fare.

Annette was attending her first service at church. When the offertory began she watched the performance with interest, and as the alms basin was handed in at the pew where she and her mother sat she exclaimed, excitedly: "Mamma, let me pay the fare."

### Woman Tougher Than Man.

Although men, as they run, are perhaps muscularly stronger than women, their ability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men marooned, clothless on an island in the temperate zone might be expected to die in a month from draughts and colds in rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

With a smooth iron and Defiance starch, you can launder your shirt—starch it 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 iron.

### Vain Desire.

The man whose greatest purpose is to get even with his enemies keeps making so many of them that his desire for satisfaction can never be fulfilled.

### What Constitutes Beauty.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." We have read that if a toad was asked his idea of beauty, he would reply: "My mate, yonder."

### Worth All Literature.

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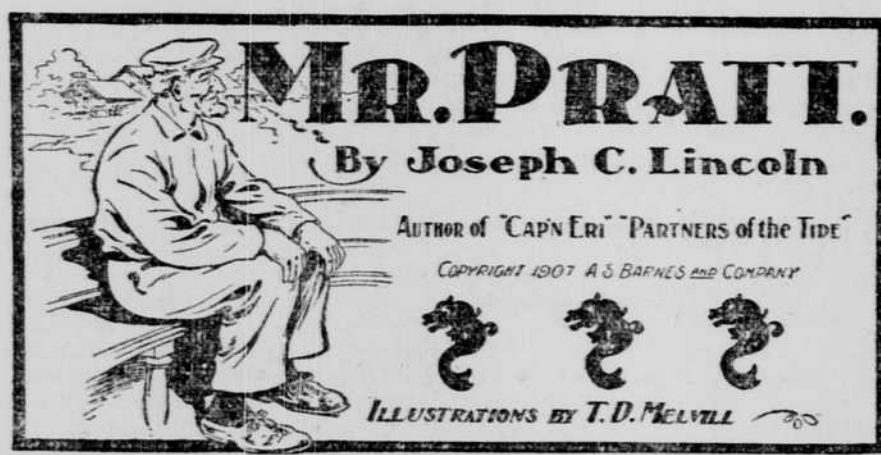
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"I Give You Warning Now, I'm Going 'Ome."



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began a long story of the domestic woes of Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich 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 Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Eazy, who gave Hartley up. The "Heavenlies" hear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth and Jerome's feet are the climax. Pratt is one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were stranded. Van Brunt rescued them from Scudder and called it Ozona Island. They lived on the island and Scudder brought ridiculous presents as a token of gratitude. Inconspicuously, Hartley and Hopper in search for clams robbed a private "quahaug."

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Did you need the extra bucket?" I ask.

"Why, no, I believe not," says Hartley. "You see I dug for a while and then I went to look for better places, and James did the digging. We found holes enough, but they didn't seem to be the right kind. Worms, did you call those things? Sea serpents, you mean, I guess. I never saw such creatures. And there was one place where there were millions of holes, but checkful of crabs."

"Um-hum," says I. "Fiddlers. You must have gone plumb up into the march bank to run into them."

"They was 'orrid things," says Lord James, rolling his eyes. "And they 'ad claws and swarmed over my feet. I give you my word I was that—"

"That'll do, James," says Hartley. "Well, I was successful at last, skipper. Struck a place where clams were actually in layers just under the sand. We turned 'em over with the hoed like winking. I pointed 'em out and James picked 'em up. Just look at those buckets, will you?"

I looked at 'em. There was three buckets chock, brimming full. "Good land of love!" says I. "Them ain't clams—they're quahaugs."

"There're clams in New York," he says.

"Maybe so," says I. "We call 'em quahaugs here. And there's no quahaugs in this part of the bay unless they've been bedded. Was there any marks around 'em?"

"There was a lot of sticks stuck up around," he says, "but we knocked those out of the way."

"You did?" says I. "Did you leave any of the—what you call clams?"

"You bet we didn't," says he. "We took the last one. Had too much trouble finding 'em to leave any."

"Humph!" says I. "That's nice. You've cleaned out somebody's private quahaug bed. Them quahaugs was all brought over by somebody and planted where you found 'em. The sticks was to mark the place."

"You don't mean it?" he says.

"Yes, I do," says I. "I call 'em 'em'll hear from them quahaugs afore long." And sure enough we did, but that comes later.

On the way up to the house I turns his lordship, who was lapping bare-foot over the beachgrass stubbles, and says I: "Ain't clammin' fun?" I says, "My word!" he, but it expressed his feelings all right.

"Perhaps," says he, "its influence may make James more motherly; who knows?"

Then we went downstairs and he made me promise to say nothing. Then he was for waking his lordship up and ordering him to bed right then, but his chum wouldn't hear of it. Martin said let the poor fellow have his nap out. He knew how he felt. So Van give in after awhile.

Pretty soon Hartley got tired of waiting and said he was going to turn in; he was played out, he said. Van wanted to wait longer, but he didn't. He went to bed, too. At half-past ten or so my round of chores was done and I sung out to Lord James to wake up and come in because I wanted to lock up. But he wouldn't.

"Let me alone," he says, pleading. "I'm 'appy for the first time in 'ours. I'll lock up, myself, by and by," he says. So I left him out on the piazza and went aloft and turned it. And it didn't take me long to get to sleep. I tell you.

What woke me up was a howl like an engine tooting. I bounced out of bed like I had springs under me, instead of corncobs and ropes.

Then comes another speech. Then a smashity—bang—smash! Then more yells, and feet going down the hall and falling downstairs. Then a door banging and sounds like all the furniture on the island was being upset.

I hit a lamp and got out into the hall. There I met the Heavenly Twins just coming from their room. They was dressed light and gauzy, same as me, but Van had a revolver in his hand and Hartley was swinging a chair by the back.

"What on earth?" says Van.

"It's in the dining room, whatever it is," says I.

I grabbed up something to use for a club—it turned out later to be the little joint of Hartley's fish pole—and tip-toed downstairs to the dining room door. And that door was locked fast.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The "Fresh-Airers."

First I tried that door, then Hartley tried it, and then Van; each of us just as soft and quiet as possible. Then we listened. Not a sound.

Then Van catches me by the arm and begins to pull me and Martin back along the hall. When we got to the end, by the parlor door, he whispers, low and cautious:

"We must break the door down. It's locked on the inside. Better turn the lamp down, too. A light gives the other man all the advantage if it comes to shooting. Now ready, when I say the word. All rush together. One—two—"

"Wait a minute," whispers Hartley—"he was always cool-headed." "Where's James?"

"James?" repeats Van. "What? James?"

"James?" says I. And then I begin to get my senses back. Wake a feller up out of a sound sleep the way we was and it takes a few minutes for him to get on earth again.

"James!" says I. "I'll be—"

"Idiot!" says Van, speaking about himself, I judge. Then he walks down the hall and gives that door a kick.

"James," he sings out. "Is that you? Open this door!"

For a second or two there wa'n't a sound. Then a voice says, weak and chattering: "O-o-h, my soul!"

"What's the matter with him?" says Van. "Is he hurt? Where's the key, skipper? Inside, of course. But—but where's the keyhole?"

Then I remembered. "There ain't no keyhole," I says. "There's no lock on the door."

"Thep what—" Come on, Martin." He set his shoulder to the door and commenced to shove. Me and Hartley helped, and the door began to open. It opened slow, because the dining table and two or three chairs and the chest of drawers was braced against it. We got in finally.

"Bring the lamp," says Hartley. I done it. The room was empty.

"James!" hollers Van. "James!"

The closet door opens just a crack. Then it swung wide and his lordship, half dressed and white as an old clamshell, staggers into the room.

"Oh!" says he. "Oh, Mr. Van Brunt, sir!"

He was shaking like a palsy.

"What alls you, man?" says Hartley. "Speak up."

The valet rolls his eyes around to me.

"I seen it," he says. "I seen it plain. It's 'im!"

"Him? Who?" says I.

"The ghost. The old cove as owned this 'ouse. 'E was up in my room a-waiting for me."

"What are you talking about?" asks Van, impatient. I begin to see light, but the Heavenlies didn't—not yet.

"'E was up in my room, sir," said Lord James, wild like. "I 'ad me coat and waistcoat off, sir, and then I goes over to the mirror intending to see if me face looked as 'ot as it felt. And I lights my lamp and there 'e was glaring at me. 'E 'ad 'is 'ead through the mirror, sir. And there was coffins around, and wreaths. It's a warning to me, sir. I'm a dead man."

And then we began to laugh.

"The presents!" says Van, between roars. "Scudder's heirlooms. Ho! ho!" His lordship started at us like he thought we was crazy. I more than half pitted him. Martin did too, I guess, for he says:

"It's all right, James. Just one of Mr. Van Brunt's jokes. You see—"

"But I saw 'im, sir. 'E was there, and there was wreaths and coffins 'ung about, and—"

"It's all right," says I. "Here! come along and I'll show you." But not one step would he stir. A derick wouldn't have lifted him up their stairs. So I quit trying and went aloft and fetched down the crayon enlargement and the wreath. Then I set out to explain.

"I leave to-morrow morning," he shouts. "Ain't it enough to bring me to this Gaud-forsaken 'ole and work me 'alf to death and blister me from 'ead to foot, without this? I give you warning now. I'm going 'ome. And you be glad I ain't 'aving the law on you for this outrage. Us poor servants 'as rights, and—"

There was more, plenty more. We couldn't shut him up. And the Heavenlies' explanations didn't count either. He was dead set on leaving in the morning.

Finally, we give it up and went back to bed. Lord James said he was going to stay in the kitchen all night. Nothing would hire him to sleep in Marcellus' receiving tomb again.

"Humph!" says Hartley, as the Twins went upstairs, "It looks to me as if your joke had lost us the best valet you ever had, Van."

Van cursed under his breath. "He shan't leave," he said. "I must keep him somehow. He's invaluable in the city, and we may go back there some time. Not for months, though, of course," he adds.

In the morning James was worse set than ever. He wouldn't help with breakfast nor nothing; went aloft at daylight and began to pack his trunk. He was going to leave, that's all there was about it.

The Twins was pretty blue during breakfast. Van about losing his lordship and Hartley on account of sunburn, I call 'em. "Twas another elegant day and there was wind enough to keep the flies and mosquitoes away from the house. If you got in the lee anywhere, though, they was laying for you in droves. They didn't bother me much, 'count of my hide being tough and leathery and my flavor too salt maybe; but they was fattening up fast on the Heavenlies and James.

About ten o'clock Scudder shows up with the first dory load of Fresh Air from the Eastwich place. Miss Agnes come along with 'em. Then the second load come, cap'n'd by the Talford girl. And then there was doings.

Them Fresh Air young ones wa'n't all of a piece with Reddy, which was a mercy. He was a handful in himself, that little sorrel-top was—but there was enough like him to keep things stirred up. Marcellus' old shingled prison had to take it that day. There had been some stewing in Heaven if old Lady Berry could look down and see them youngsters whooping and carrying-on in the front parlor. In Mrs. B.'s day that parlor was a kind of saint's rest, as you might say, and the only time anybody opened its door was when she sailed in with the broom and feather duster. And then she must have had to navigate by compass, because the blinds was always shut tight and the curtains drawn and 'twas too dark to see anything.

Hartley looked out for the children and Van Brunt piloted the two girls over the place, pointing out where the garden was going to be some day, and where the hens was likely to roost and the pig to board. They seemed to be as pleased and tickled as he was, and thought everything was "lovely" and "just too quaint and dear." I was busy cooking and Lord James sulked out in the barn. He couldn't get away until late afternoon on account of the train.

Reddy stuck to Hartley like a mud-turtle to a big toe. He was right at his heels all the time. By and by the pair of 'em come out in the kitchen to see me.

"Hello, Andrew Jackson," says I to the boy. "How do you like this part of the country?"

"Great," says he, his eyes snapping. "Gee, ain't we having the peach of a time!"

"Must feed you well over there," I says. "Seems to me you're getting fatter already. Board's up to the mark of the Newsboys' home, ain't it?"

"You bet!" says he. "Chicken, and pie, and all the milk you want. And cream—aw, say!" and he smacked his lips.

"How'd you like to live here all the time?"

"Ho! Ho! No," says he. "Naw," he says. "Too still. Sometimes I can't sleep good 'cause it's so still. No El, nor whistles nor fights nor nothing. And no thinks to chuck rocks at. Miss Agony won't let you chuck rocks at folks anyhow."

"Don't you wish you was back in New York with your dad?" I says.

"Not much," he says. "The old man used to club me too good. When he was full I'd get a belting most every day."

I looked at Hartley and he at me. Poor little shaver! It's when I see how some folks treat children that I get to thinking I could make a better world than this is.

"Going to run away again?" I asks, after a minute.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REALLY "OUR BEST PEOPLE."

Class That may with Propriety Be Titled Aristocrats.

All men are created equal, but they don't remain so, asserts a writer in the Cleveland Leader. Some raise themselves above the ruck by their minds; others by their goodness; a third set by their services to the state. The individual character and the individual energy make for uplifts in a thousand different ways. And when these qualities descend from generation to generation, growing like a rolling snowball, there naturally comes a class of men and women that can be called, with all propriety, "our best people." There's an aristocracy of intellect, of good breeding, of lofty purposes, of humanitarianism, of love of country and home, of the spirit that strives and the power that conquers. Men and women of wealth belong to it by virtue of themselves, not their treasures. But the cheap, vulgar, shallow people who have money and money alone, and those still cheaper people who mimic them as far as possible, think that "our best people" are only those who have great wealth and who spend it with a brass band accompaniment.

At the Museum.

"See that toad?" It was buried for more than a thousand years in solid rock. What do you suppose it would say if it could speak? "If it overheard you it probably would say that you are a liar."

### A VARIETY OF EXPEDIENTS.

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Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward VII., has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by mial susion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going up-stairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And I shall tell Jesus. And if that doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"—Everybody's Magazine.

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