





SYNOPSIS.

ration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward do for him? I've found out that she's 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. Van Brunt it was learned, sentimental city woman is pa's best "All right," Eureka says. with lunatics. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outling. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt 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 found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page vising wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fete, Van Brunt shocked the church community by raffling a quilt for the church's benefit. Hartley invented a plan to make Washington Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page, for whom the "sick man" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt.

CHAPTER XV.

The White Plague. The fat was all in the fire. Hartlev's great scheme that he thought was going to help Eureka, and that I callated would be one more big boost for him in the Page girl's eyes, had gone to pot to see the kettle bile. Instead of getting rid of Papa Sparrow, ding and truck enough to more than it had fetched that old hypocrite right over to eat and sleep and groan under our very noses. And, instead of helping Martin's love business, it had knocked the keel right out of it and left him stranded with a bigger reputation than ever for cold-blooded, | didn't mind. He said they was lovely mercenary money-grabbing. Sweet mess, wa'n't it?

I snum, I did hate to tell Eureka! And yet of course she was bound to that. find it out for herself. When she went home that night, thinks I: "I'll catch it to-morrow morning." And, sure enough, next morning she was laying

She come out to the garden, where I was trying to fool myself into only, now that his health was so good, hoping that six inches of green string, it showed in other ways. with a leaf or two hung along it, might bear a cucumber some day, and down she sets in the heap of dry seaweed by the pig pen.

"Now, then," says she, sharp, "I want to know all about it."

"Oh!" says I, looking innocent at hope, by no manner of means. If the all the time, loam don't blow off, and I'm able to lug water enough, we'll have as much are ready to quit."

"Humph!" she sniffs. "You ought to out in this sun. Now you look me in the eve and tell me all about it." "About what?" I asks, not looking at

her, however. "About the doings at our house yesterday. Why is pa coming over here Agnes Page to be mixed up in our af- and 'twas town talk for weeks. The business, and I want to know."

So I had to tell her. She was pretty mad, and mighty sarcastic.

you know that a girl who's as far gone with charity as Miss Page is would Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical nar- be sure to go and see pa and want to either," he adds, under his breath. holt; he can tie 'em in bow knots you. round his finger. I s'pose you thought you could fetch Hartley and his girl together all by yourself. Well, you've done a good job. Now I've got to begin it all over again."

down on him for good."

won't go backside frontwards, like a crab. And I've got to fix pa, too. I've been working out a notion about him for two or three days. I guess it's time to be starting it a-going."

She wouldn't tell me what the notion was. 'Twas her turn to have secrets. She seemed pleased to have Editha and the children go over to the Fresh Air school, because there they could be studying their lessons with somebody to look after 'em. She liked the idea of Lycurgus' hiring out to Nate Scudder, too, though she did say that she guessed he wouldn't wear out his pants' pockets carting his wages around.

Next day she stayed at home and shut up the house, and that night she and Washy come to the island to stay all the time. They had rooms in the back part of the house, three flights up, and Scudder sold the Twins bedmake up for losing the rent of the Sparrow house. Van put the wax wreath and Marcellus' picture and the rest of Nate's "presents" up in the invalid's room. He said he thought they was kind of appropriate. Washy and made him think of his "future state." 'Cording to my notion the cook stove would have been better for

Martin and his chum was pretty cool to each other for a while, but they soon got over it. Hartley was different, though, from what he'd been afore. He was more reckless and his "don't care" manner was back again;

The two of 'em took to raising the very Old Boy. They must be up to something all the time. The island wa'n't big enough to hold 'em and they was crowded over into the village, so to speak. They got mixed up with some of the men boarders at the hotel the cucumber string; "I ain't give up and 'twas "Whoop!" and "Hooray!"

They and the boarders got horses out of the livery stable and had races as one jar of two-inch pickles off this right through the main street; going plantation by the time the Heavenlies it licketty-cut and scandalizing the said more'n a thousand times that he neighbors and scaring old women into wa'n't no doctor. I've been reading conniption fits. Deacon Patterson had up lately and I know how real docpickle that understanding of yours. a new horse and the deacon happened tors cure folks." It's too fresh and green to keep long, to be setting in his buggy in front of "It ain't no use—" begins her dad. Walker, in Chambers' Journal, a quethe Boston dry goods and variety store | She cut him short. when the racers went by. The racket scared the critter and he bolted, and says she, "I'm free to say, owing to and Scotsmen. It was told Mr. Stodthere was the deacon going down the your consumption being complicated art Walker by a captain in the Dublin

road in the middle of the race, hol- with nervous dyspepsy. But I've made Fusiliers, who overheard it during the lering "Whoa!" to beat the cars, with up my mind to start in on your lungs war in South Africa. A war correto live? And what makes Mr. Hartley his hat off and his hair a-flying. Lots and kind of work 'round to your stom- spondent was speaking to a Tommy of so blue and cross? And how come that of the sewing circle women saw him ach. You listen to this:" fairs? Out with it. It's my family deacon was going to have the Twins took a magazine out of the chest of Mr. Atkins. "Well, ye see, sor, it's tock up and sent to jail, but he didn't. drawers. Then she opened to a place this way: for a time in the army it

He prayed for 'em in meeting instead. where the leaf was turned down, and was all the Gordons, and now it's all Van Brunt got another letter from went back to the kitchen. "I thought so," she snaps. "Didn't Agnes pretty quick after the race. "Consumption, pa," she says, "ain't tion for getting up ear - " lape you know no better than that? Didn't She'd heard about it and she give cured by medicine no more. Not by till dinner-time."

him fits. Why was it necessary for the real doctors, it ain't. You say yourhim-she didn't mention Martin-to self that all Miss Page's medicine ain't shock the community and public opin- done you no good. Fresh air night ion? She wanted to know that and and day is what's needed, and you other things similar. He read a little | don't get it here by the stove or shut of the letter to Hartley and that's how up in your room. You ought to live I heard it. I'd have heard more, problout door. Yes, and sleep there, too." ably, only Hartley got up and walked

for the rest of the day. I guess the Talford girl wa'n't quite so shocked. Anyhow me and Van met the main will think this place is on her up in the village one afternoon and fire. Listen to this. Here's a piece she wanted to know all about the about consumption in this magazine.

race. "I should like to have seen that old Mr Patterson," says she, "He is always so very solemn and pompous. It must have been killingly funny."

Van told her the yarn, trimming it up fine as usual, and they laughed and had lots of fun over it. He went around with her shopping all the afternoon and I was forgot altogether. I didn't mind. I don't hanker for famousness, and the way the small boys followed Van Brunt around and pointed at him and snickered was too popular altogether. I cal'late he'd been preached up to them young ones as a horrible example till they envied him most as much as if he was a pirate.

Ozone island was chock full of ecrets and whisperings by this time. Van kept up his little side talk and backvard confabs with Scudder: and Hartley seemed to have caught the disease. I see him and Nate looking mysterious at each other and meeting together in out of the way places time and time again. And the mail was getting heavier and there was half burned telegram envelopes in the stove ashes more'n once. But nohody ever mentioned getting a tele-

round the place now that Eureka was in her glory. She read when she got breakfast, with a book propped up on the kitchen table. She read when she dusted, holding the dust cloth in one hand and a magazine in t'other. She read when she ate. She went upstairs at night reading; and I wouldn't wonder if she read in her sleep.

Washy had been pretty decent, for him, for the first week after he landed in his new quarters. But his decency didn't last long. He begun to fuss and find fault and groan and growl. Miss Page sent him nice things to eat-and he always ate 'em every speck himself-and medicine, which he took about a spoonful of and then said twa'n't helping him none and give it up. He yelled for Eureka every few minutes and she'd have to drop her work and run and wait on him. He was a pesky outrage and everybody hated him, including Van, who said that he was a common nuisance and if twa'n't for his promise to Agnes he'd abate him with a shot-gun.

One day Eureka comes out on the porch where the Heavenlies was setting, and says she:

"Mr. Van Brunt, would you and Mr. Hartley be willing for me to cure pa?" "Cure him?" asks Van, surprised. "Cure him? Yes, indeed. Or kill him, Hartley didn't say nothing. He never spoke to old man Sparrow now

Van of me. "I don't know," says I. And I didn't.

That afternoon Eureka got me to "It ain't no use now," I says. "She's help her lug the haircloth lounge from the front parlor out to the spare shed, "Rubbish! Don't talk so foolish. It'll the one we didn't use. 'Twas a little be my turn next, and my plans ten by six building that Marcellus had for a toolhouse, and the shingles was falling off and the roof and sides full of cracks and knotholes. We set the lounge down in there.

"What on earth?" says I "I'm going to tell you." says she.

"Mr. Hartley said I could have the lounge." Then she told what her plan was. 'Twas a mighty good one, and I

over it till supper time. That evening we was all in the dining room. The weather had changed lately and the nights was chilly and the lamp with her apron. When we windy. 'Twa'n't pleasant enough for got to the shed there was a bran-new

the Twins to be on the porch, and padlock on the door of it. Washy had come down from his room and was all hunched up in front of the she. "I'm pretty handy at fixing stove in the kitchen. Eureka was things up." just finishing the dishes. All of a sudden I heard her sav:

"Pa, I don't s'pose you feel well

enough to go to work?" I could hear her dad's feet come down off the stove hearth with a Good-night." thump. He started to speak, and then, remembering himself, he coughed, as hollow as an empty biler.

"I asked." Eureka goes on, "because saw Mr. Brown yesterday and he said you could have that job at the hotel any time you wanted it."

"Hotel job!" hollers Washy. "How bricks and digging? Ain't you satis- foods from the ordinary diet. fied to see me slipping into the grave day by day, without wanting to shove Lancet, "is carefully cut off slices of me under all at once?"

"No, I knew you wa'n't fit to work. to cure you some day, and now I've ing of fat is regarded by not a few learned the way. And I'm going to people as positively vulgar.

try it." Twins doing the same.

"Cure? Humph!" sniffs the old man. "I'm past curing, darter. Don't you worry about me. Let me die, that's all; let me die. Only I hope 'twon't be too slow. Cure! The doctors give me up long spell ago."

"Doctors give you up! What doctors? Nobody but Penrose, and you've

"Your case is kind of mixed-up, pa,"

"Sleep out door? What kind of talk

off. And he was blue as a whetstone is that? Be you crazy or-" "Don't screech so, pa," says Eureka, cold as an ice chest. "Folks over on They call it the 'White Plague.' I'll

read some of it." The Heavenlies was in a broad grin by this time. Washy kept yelling that he didn't want to hear no such foolishness, but his daughter spelt out different parts of the magazine piece It told about how dangerous shut-up rooms and "confined atmospheres" was, and about what it called "openair sanitariums" and outdoor bed-

"See, pa," says she: "look at this picture. Here's a tent where two consumptive folks lived and slept for over a year. 'Twas 30 below zero there sometimes, but it cured 'em. And see this one. 'Twas 45 below where that shanty was, but-

The invalid jumped out of his chair and come bolting into the dining room. "Take it away!" he yells, frantic. 'If you expect me to believe such lies as them you're-'

"They ain't lies," says Eureka, following him up, and speaking calm and easy. "They're true; ain't they, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van smothered his grins and

nodded. "True as gospel," he says.

"Yes, course they be. And pa, I'm going to cure you or die a-trying. The old toolhouse out back of the barn is just the place for you. It's full of holes and cracks, so there'll be plenty of fresh air. And I took the sofy out there this very day. You can sleep there nights and set in the sun day times. You mustn't come in the house at all. I mean to keep you outdoor all winter, and then-

The Heavenlies just howled and so did I. Washy Sparrow howled, too, but not from laughing.

"All winter!" he screams. "The gal's gone loony! She wants to kill me and get me out of the way. I sha'n't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step!"

"This piece says that many patients act that way first along. 'In such cases it is often necessary to use force.' Mr. Fratt, will you take pa out to the tool shed? I'll carry the lamp.'

Would 1? I-was aching for the chance to get my hands on the little rat. I stood up and squared my shoulders.

"Mr. Van Brunt," yells Washy, dodging into the corner, "be you going to set by and see me murdered? Didn't you swear your Bible oath to treat me

"There couldn't be nothing kinder than curing you, pa," says Eureka. "It's all right, ain't it, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van didn't answer for a second. Then he says, like he'd decided: "Yes, it's dead right. Go ahead and cure him, for heaven's sake, if you can! I'll back you up and take my chances." My nerves-" hering Washy

"Nerves," says Eureka, "come from "What's the cook got up her sleeve the stomach. I'll 'tend to them later. concerning the afflicted parent?" asks | We'll cure your lungs first. Mr. Pratt, fetch him along."

I got my fingers on the back of that consumptive's neck. He fought and hung back. Then I grabbed him by the waist-band with t'other hand. He moved then, "walking Spanish," like the boy in the schoolyard.

Eureka opened the door. "Nobody can say," says she, emphatic, "that I let my pa die of consumption without trying to cure him. Come along, Mr. Pratt."

"Remember, Mr. Sparrow," says Van, busting with laugh, "it's all for your good.'

We went out and across the yard promised to help along. I laughed and round back of the barn. The Twins come to the door to see us off. I could hear 'em laughing even after we was out of sight. Eureka shaded

"I put it on this afternoon," says

We went into the shed and she put the lamp on the floor in the corner. "I guess maybe Mr. Pratt'll stay till you get undressed, pa," she says. "You tell him the rest, Mr. Pratt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

So the Lancet of London Says-Praise for the Suct Pudding.

PEOPLE SHOULD EAT MORE FAT.

The London Lancet condemns the modern tendency it discovers to exong do you cal'late I'd last lugging clude the fatty portions of animal

"Every piece of fat," says the ham, mutton and beef, and only the lean parts are eaten. Indeed, for But pa, I've been hoping to find a way some unaccountable reason, the eat-

"Such an attitude, of course, dis-Washy coughed again. I was listen- plays ignorance of physiological facts. ing with all my ears, and I see the Many minor ills of the body would be avoided if only care was taken to include a sufficiency of fat in the diet. "The introduction of the old-fashioned suet pudding into the diet is in perfect accordance with scientific teaching and, from a dietetic point of view, especially in the feeding of young and growing people, it does a really beneficial service to the coun-

> The Dublins and the Gordons. From some "Personal Reminis-

cences of Irish Humor," by A. Stodart tation may be made. The story affects the mutual relations of Irishmen his regiment. "The Dublins have been She come in the dining room and doing great things," said the visitor to the Dublins; and if ye have a reputa-

MONEY MADE IN LIVE STOCK IN GENTRAL CANADA.

W. J. Henderson, visiting Seattle. writes the Canadian Government Agent at Spokane, Wash., and says:

"I have neighbors in Central Canada raising wheat, barley and oats for the past 20 years, and are now getting from the same land 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 60 bushels of oats.

"It was the first week of May when I got my tent pitched, but the farmers all around had finished putting in their crops, so I only got fifteen acres broke and seeded. They advised me as it was late not to put in much wheat, so I put in five acres of wheat and ten acres oats, one-half acre potatoes and vegetables. All kinds of vegetables grow well up there, sweet corn, tomatoes, onions, carrots, peas, beans, cabbage. My wheat yielded about 20 bushels per acre, for which I got 76 cents, others got 80 cents; oats' threshed 35 bushels per acre, for which I got 35 cents per bushel. You see I was three weeks late in getting them in, still I was satisfied.

"From my observation, there is more money made in stock, such as cattle, horses and sheep, as prices are high for such, and it costs nothing to raise them, as horses live the year around out on the grass. In fact, farmers turn their work horses out for the winter. and they come in fresh and fat in the spring. Cattle live out seven or eight months. They mow the prairie grass and stack it for winter and give out straw. My neighbors sold steers at \$40 each, and any kind of a horse that can plow, from \$150.09 up. I raised 60 chickens and 5 pigs, as pork, chickens, butter and eggs pay well and always a good market for anything a man raises, so I have every reason to be thankful, besides, at the end of three years I get my patent for homestead. I heard of no homestead selling for less than \$2,000, so where under the sun could an old man or young man do better?"

NOT FOR HIM.



"Now, boy, this is important! It's an invitation to dinner!" "Thanks, boss. But I can't accept. Me dress suit's in hock!"

The Prince of Grumblers.

When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders, Farmer Joy quickly assented.

"Lots an' lots are never satisfied anyway," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em, there'll always be something wrong somewheres.

"Now last summer," he went on, with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was so fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk."-Youth's Companion.

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rine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine. Small-minded men regard faith as a theory; large-minded men use it as a practical working power to get things done and done right.-Ruskin.

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The man who ruined the Roman people was he who first gave them treats and gratuities.-Plutarch.

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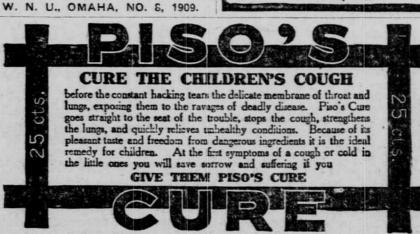
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