





Hartley's letting it bile for two hours

The Twins was pretty well wore out

by this time, so neither of them would

wash dishes. They chucked 'em into

the kitchen sink and left them there.

Then they put in three or four hours

looking out of the window and swear

ing at the weather. I stayed in the

tle or nothing but groan and rub alco-

hol on my lame shoulder. 'Twa'n't a

Mind you, if the thing had happened

Dinner was served at four o'clock;

scorched eggs again, and coffee. No

as ever and the draft kept both

the stove and fireplace roaring, so

there if this blessed cyclone hasn't

Hartley was poking at the stove,

"Cut it yourself," says he, brisk.

"I cut it before," snaps his chum.

He grabbed up the day-afore-yester-

day's newspaper and went to reading

Hartley poked at the stove a spell and

then went to the closet and got a

"Hand me one of those," says he,

"There isn't any more. This was

"The devil it is! And you take it?

"Now, see here. I saw you take

four this forenoon, and this is only my

cigar. Van looked up and saw him.

with his face and clothes all covered

"Martin," says Van Brunt, "go out

more wood had to be chopped.

up the uglier they got.

blown it out to sea."

'You're doing nothing."

"Think I'm a steam engine?"

motioning towards the cigar.

the last one in the box."

Well, by George!"

with ashes.

-so nobody wanted any more.

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. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money. Pratt's first impression was connected 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 outing. Out salling 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 harge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone island. In another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being 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's benefit. Fartley 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. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work. Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical nar- had to stop every minute to attend to row to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

Along about noon the tool-sned-the late lamented Washy's boarding house -blew down with a bang. Then the Dora Bassett broke loose from her moorings and drove into the cove head first. She was bound to bang herself flinders unless somebody got to her armchair by the fireplace and did litwick, so out I went into the storm. i did think maybe the Heavenlies would offer to turn to and help, but joyful kind of experience, but 'twas they was pitching half dollars at a the first real daytime rest I'd had crack in the floor and was too busy to think of anything else.

the sand against that wind and rain, selves. 1 had a sweet time plowing through and when I got to the cove my job was cut out for me. The sloop was hard and fast aground on the flat and the tide was coming in. She couldn't stay where she was, so I worked for two hours up to my waist in ice water. and more a-pouring on to me from the clouds, getting her off and made fast. The Twins did help me long towards the last part of it. That is to say, they set in an upstairs back window and pounded on the glass and made signs-superintending, as usual. I wish they could have heard some of the language I hove back at 'em. Then they'd have realized how grateful I was.

I got supper without changing my wet clothes, and when I woke up next morning I decided without no argument that something else had happened. I was took with the galloping rheumatiz - my old trouble - and couldn't move, scarcely, without howling same as a dog with his tail shut in a door. The fire was out-the old chimney had unloaded half of its top rigging in to the wind-the storm was bad as ever, and there I was laid up on the corn-husks. The Heavenlies was worried. Breakfast was somewheres 'round the next corner.

"Too bad, old man," says Hartley. What can we do?"

Do?" I answers, between yells. "I on't care what you do. Only don't other me. Ow! O-o-o-o! my shoul-

"But what'll we do for eatables?" ask Van Brunt.

I liked them fellers first rate and they knew it. But now they made me second. Don't be a prize pig."

The stove ashes got into his mouth " says I. "Do? Why, scratch and nose just then, so he had a fit of for your living, same's I've had to do sneezing. When 'twas over he slammed grafter's been charging me five!" all my days! Work, consarn you! the poker into the corner and went to the window.

cost money."

ing, aren't you, skipper?" he asks, mouth shut. troubled. "It isn't possible that that rascal will stay at home and not come

"Rascal?" says I. "Rascal? Oh! We'll have to do without milk."

"Milk be hanged! It's my mail want. Why, I'm expecting-" He bit the sentence in two and looked quick at his partner. But Hartley. Hartley was scowling and staring out

and chilly here if the fire goes out."

Van?" asks Hartley, kind of fretful. "Chop it yourself. My hands are blistered enough already." "No more than mine. That con-

founded stove has fixed me. Where I'm not burned I'm scraped raw." saying nothing.

and by. "Let it go," says Van. Hartley

didn't speak. want to get any more cold. You fel- at the back. lers have pretended to think some-

mains on your hands, and a funeral to Life!" pay for, you'll chop that wood." Martin got down from the window seat, moving stiff and lame.

"You're right, Sol," says he. "We are ungrateful beasts. I'll chop that

"Hold on, old man," breaks in his chum. "You sha'n't be the only game it's the only safe way. I'll go out on sport. I'll match you for the job." So they matched cents and Van

and broke up generally. The wood turn out and work. looked like it had been chewed. I cal'late they don't do much chopping

He slatted himself into a chair, wet clothes and all. Then he commenced to cuss the island and every-"What we ever came to this lone

some fag end of creation for, anyway," says he, "is-" "What?" I hollers. "I don't under

stand you. You can't mean-what things. 'Twas a sort of jerky talk-I place are you talking about?" "This place. This sand-scoured, blown out heap of desolation. Ozone human-yes, sir, human.

Horsefoot Bar island, or whatever you

lovely. "Oh, shut up!" he snaps. to breathe, veranda to set on, ozone by the keg. Man alive, it's Para-

more or less, a-scratching, and I judged dise!" dise as a feller could think of.

Supper was ready by seven. All we had to eat was a hunk of dry cornbread and two eggs. Oh, yes! and the had to be washed.

I was having a fairly good time. Wood must be chopped again and they matched cents. Blessed if Van didn't get the short end, as usual. His talk Meanwhile, you, Martin, can be ar was pretty nigh pitiful. It would have brought tears to a mule's eyes;

only thing that comforted him. He got a letter out of his pocket and all but threw things at me. went to reading it. The envelope dropped on the floor. It had printing on one corner and Hartley happened | COULD AT LEAST ENJOY BLAZE. to glance at it. Then he tiptoed up behind his chum and peeked over his shoulder.

since I got Naturalized. And, I own "Ed Van Brunt!" he sings out. up, I got a good deal of comfort watch-"What's that you've got there?"

T'other Twin jumped and looked scared. He stuffed the letter back into his pocket.

when they first lit on Horsefoot Bar. "It's nothing," says he, stuttering. when they was full of simplicity and "Nothing but an old letter." the love of it, I cal'late they'd have "It's a broker's letter," says Hartley. stood it better. But now they was about sick of the island anyway, only

"You villain, you've been speculating!" one was afraid to say so and t'other First off, Van Brunt was for denying dassent. So the more the work piled

everything. But 'twas no use. His chum had read the letter. "You've been trading in stocks," he says, solemn. "You, that have sworn dish-washing. "Twas storming hard

market! You!" "I'm mighty sorry, Martin," begs Van. "It was a miserable cheap thing to do. I don't know what you must and cut that wood, will you? The ax think of me, old man. But, you see, it is by the woodpile-that is to say, it's got so deadly dull here, and when I

over and over again never to touch the

saw the Post that day, it said that Tea Lead was a good purchase. I wrote Smythe and he-"Tea Lead?" breaks in Hartley. "Have you been buying Tea Lead?" "Yes I have. I'm carry a pretty good load of it, too, worse luck. Scudder

has been bringing my letters and telegrams, and now that he doesn't come, looking out for your wires and or-

ders?"

friendship. I've paid Scudder three that number on the back of the car. dollars a day to attend to things and That shows how many people it's run say nothing to you. It's-"

the bag and both Heavenly Twins ber to 1285."

terrupted.

"Where's that idiot Scudder?" he tarred with the same brush. That's what Nate's secrets and the talks behind the barn, and all, had meant. says I, smooth and calm. "Oh, he Van Brunt had been bucking the Tea won't show up for a day or so. Sea's Lead deal ever since he read the Post too high to risk his dory. Dories that day, and Martin had begun after his row with Agnes. And both of 'em Van sat up straight. "You're bluff- bribing Nate Scudder to keep his

First they was provoked and mad at themselves and each other. Then they got to laughing.

"Whew!" says Van, wiping his foreyes, yes. No, the 'rough diamond' head; "you and I came here to rest won't trust himself afloat this weather. and break off from business worry. He's too expensive a jewel for that. And I've worried more in the last month than I have before since my big deal. It's hard to teach old dogs new tricks, isn't it, Martin?"

"You're dead right, old chap," says

They was going to turn in soon after of the window. I guess he hadn't this, but when they went upstairs they found the rain had leaked in through "That fireplace needs filling," says the ell roof and their feather beds was I, after while. "It'll be mighty damp sopping wet. Down they come again, mad clean through and calling Marcel-"Why don't you chop that wood, lus' heirloom everything but a nice "You'd better set down and rest

you good. I'm sorry I ain't been able to help you more to-day, but there's one thing I can do; I can help you do Then there was another spell of what you call 'improve your minds.' I'll read you some out of that Natural "Fire's most gone," I suggests, by Life book. Hand it to me, will you?" Van jumped for the book. But he didn't hand it to me. Not much! He drew back his arm and banged that "Now see here," I says, decided. book into the fireplace so hard that I T've got the rheumatiz and I don't thought 'twould knock the bricks out

yourselves a spell," says I. "It'll do

"Well!" says I, my mouth opening thing of me. If you don't want my re- like a clam shell. "Well! The Natural

> "The Natural Life be d-d!" says Edward Van Brunt. And Martin Hartley says "Amen."

> > CHAPTER XVII. Across the Bay.

"Martin, says Van Brunt, "I guess the next train.'

Brunt got stuck. He yanked on his he said it. 'Twas one o'clock of the hat and coat and went out, banging day after the Natural Life sermon the door. Hartley tackled the cook went up in smoke. The weather was stove again. Twas time to be thinking still pretty mean, the sky being all of supper, if we was going to have clouded over and the sea running high. But it had stopped raining and Van was gone a long time and he the gale seemed to be petering out. I come in soaked with sweat and rain was a whole lot better and was able to

I had my hands full that morning, too. All three of us was close to starvation, after 24 hours of short rations, and it took some time to get us filled up. Then I had the pig and hens to see to. The poor critters' lives had been more Natural even than ours-they hadn't had nothing to eat. The pig was in particular trouble. The rain had turned his pen into a sort of lake and he was playing Robinson Crusee on a seaweed island in the middle of it. The way he grunted for joy when I looked over the fence was

Scudder hove in sight about ten and the Heavenlies fairly fell on his neck "Well!" says I. "Are you crazy? when he stepped out of the dory. But Mr. Van Brunt, I've heard you your- they warn't so happy when he'd spun self say that this island was all that's his yarn. It seemed that the gale had blown down the telegraph poles and tangled up the wires and no messages "Jolliest old ark you ever saw," I could get through either way, and went on, quoting from memory. "'Air | wa'n't likely to for two or three days.

'Twas that that upset the Twins. The Tea Lead market might be tied up in a knot, for what they knew, and He ripped out an order for me to go their "friends" in the Street might be somewheres as far away from Para- robbing 'em right and left. I picked up from their talk that now was the most ticklish time, something about "passing a dividend," or the like of that. So that's what they argued tea. Hartley biled some tea that was about at the dinner table; and it was a kind of herb mush. Strong and decided that Van should go to New thick enough for a stick to stand up York right off and pick up what might straight in. And there wa'n't clean be left after their chums and the rest dishes to go around, so some of 'em of the forty thieves had got through shaking the contribution box.

"I'll leave at once," Van says; "and be in town to-morrow morning. If all goes well I'll be back here next day. ranging matters with Scudder."

He meant arranging for our quitting I know it did to mine. The sight of Ozone island for good. They was as Martin's upsetting the tea-kettle and anxious now to get out of "Paradise" getting next door to scalded was the as they had been to move into it. If I mentioned a word of Natural Life they (TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Seemed About All Jackson's Neighbors Were Capable Of.

Mr. Jackson, who had but recently moved into the suburb, knew his neighbors on either hand by sight only, and, consequently, on a cold night, when his home caught fire, he was surprised and pleased by the alacrity with which they came to render their assistance, says the Youth's Companion.

"Say," Jackson yelled excitedly to his right-hand neighbor "will you run down to the corner and turn in the

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," the man answered, "but I have a lame leg and

can't run." "While I'm getting out some of the things, will you yell fire?" said Jack-

son, turning to the other man. "Got laryngitis and can't yell," said the other, in a stage whisper.

Jackson gasped; but pulling himself together, he exclaimed: "Well, both of you go into the house

and bring out chairs, then sit down and enjoy the fire!"

Record of the Auto. Few people in Smoke Ridge had ever

seen an automobile, so when one of these "red devils" stopped for a few moments in the isolated village, the "Wait a minute! Has Scudder been curious inhabitants gazed at the snorting demon with a mixture of feare and awe, and the owner, who had en-"Yes, he has. Oh, I've played you tered the one general store to make a mean and low enough, Martin. Might purchase, heard one rustic remark: as well make a clean breast of it, "I'll bet it's a man killer!" "Of course though it will probably smash our it is," assured another. "Look at over. That's accordin' to law. Now Hartley didn't seem to hear nothing if that feller was to run over anybody but the last sentence. Now he in- here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number-1284 "Three dollars!" he says, low. -to the next town ahead." "And "Three dollars! Why, the confounded what would they do?" demanded the interested auditors. "Why, the police And there it was! The cat out of would stop him and change his num-

WESTERN CANADA'S SPLENDID **CROP YIELD FOR 1908.**

AMERICANS PROFITED LARGELY AND SEND BACK SATISFAC-TORY REPORTS.

The census branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada, has completed its returns of the showing of Western Canada's grain yield for 1908, and the reports make very interesting reading. In the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which comprise what may be known as Central Canada, there was a total wheat yield of about 107,000,000 bushels, worth to the farmer about \$85,000,000; in addition to this the oat, barley and flax crops were worth another \$35,000,000. Letters have been received from many of the settlers from the United States. From these, that of Rev. Oscar L. King has been selected. He lives in the vicinity of Edmonton, Alberta, and what he says will be of interest to those who contemplate moving to Central Canada Every line of the letter is interesting. Those who wish for the particulars as to how to secure homesteads and pre emptions should write any Canadian Government agent. Mr. King says: "Mr. M. V. McInnnes, Detroit, Mich-

igan: I am well satisfied with Alberta. This country offers excellent opportunities for anyone to make a good home for himself and family if he is willing to put up with a few hard knocks for the first two or three years. But it is worth a few hard knocks to get a 160-acre farm of rich, productive land with no mortgage on it. This province is well fitted for grains, stock raising and dairying. We have found the climate generally healthful, more healthful than Michigan, and although the thermometer sometimes drops to 40 degrees below zero in winter, yet we do not seem to feel that temperature any more than we did 5 or 10 degrees below zero in Michigan. We like the winters.

"The Government takes great interest in the education of the people and quickly aids the settlers in establishing schools where they are called for. The schools, though graded differently than those in the States, are efficient and advancing. Our great drawback has been the limited and inadequate railway facilities, but new roads are being rapidly built and many more are projected through various parts of the province. The new policy of the Alberta government to construct a great many branch lines throughout the province will greatly help all parts of the country. If those new settlers who have to go back a considerable distance from existing railroads and towns to find free homesteads will but locate along the line of a projected railroad they will in two or three years be near both town and railroad. When I first came to this country three and a half years ago the home stead I took was 75 miles from a railroad town; now there is a railroad 25 miles north, another 25 miles south. and a third is being built through my neighborhood.

"I think the prairie country or country that is partly prairie offers much better opportunities than the hilly portions."

Deserves Censure. A Boston woman is charged with throwing a pie in her husband's face. That's a fine way to waste pie!

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so much if all her acquaintances were just a little poorer. Try the Natural laxative, Garfield Tea! It

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