



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began conical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful sailor or the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who saved 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. Van Brunt rented an island from Scudder and called it Ozone island. In charge of a company of New York poor children, Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone island. 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. 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" son. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work. Storm blew on Ozone island, Van Brunt and Hartley tried of the "Natural Life." Hartley suffered a broken arm while hunting a physician for "Reddy," supposed to be suffering from appendicitis. "Reddy's" ailment later proves to be an overdose of green apples.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued. I wasn't much good, but Dr. Jordan was a whole team and the dog under the wagon. He sent me for the conductor and between us we got Hartley into the baggage car and away from the crowd of passengers.

Then we rigged up a kind of bed for him on a pile of trunks and the doctor went to work.

He got Martin's coat off and his shirt-sleeve up and had a good look at the arm. Hartley opened his eyes while the examination was going on.

"Broken, doctor, isn't it?" he asks, weak. "Yes," says Jordan. "Only a simple fracture of the forearm, though. We'll get off at the next station and find a comfortable place for you."

But he wouldn't hear of it. Not much he wouldn't. He was going to see that that doctor went straight to Eastwich. Said he'd had too much trouble getting him on that train to let him off it now, even if 'twas his neck instead of his arm that was cracked. There was considerable pow-wow, but finally Jordan gave in.

"All right," he says. "Needs must if the old gentleman drives. The arm is in better shape than you deserve, considering how you've treated it. I'll make a temporary bandage, put you off at your home station, and come back and set the bone as soon as I can leave the boy. Hand me that box over there, conductor, please."

With a stalf of a box in the baggage and pieces of Hartley's shirt, he splined that arm as pretty as a picture. Then he rigged up a sling made of a couple of handkerchiefs, and there was the patient in pretty fair shape, considering.

When we got to Wellmouth the conductor—a mighty decent feller, he was—held up the train while I made arrangements with the driver of the Old Home house depot wagon to take Martin to the hotel. I was for going with him, but he put his foot down on that plan in a hurry.

"No, sir," says he. "I want you to see that the goods are delivered. You get Jordan to the school on time and find out if there's anything else you can do to help over there. Then you can come back if you want to; but don't you show your head around me till the contract is carried out. If you do—well, my right arm's in pretty good condition yet."

In spite of the pain I knew he was in he managed to pump up a grin. I grinned back, but there was a big lump just astern of my swallowing gear.

The train got to Eastwich on time, and Lord James was waiting with the team at the depot. We drove to the Fresh Air farm like we was going to a fire. Miss Talford was at the door.

"Here's the doctor," I says. "How's the boy?" "The pain is a little easier now, we think," says she. "Come right upstairs, Dr. Jordan. It was so good of you to come. Agnes hasn't slept since he was taken ill."

I followed the doctor and the Talford girl up to the bedroom. A mighty pretty room 'twas, too; all flowered paper, and colored pictures and sunshine. But I didn't notice these things much.

Four little Reddys! There he laid, in the middle of the big bed, his brick top shining against the pillow and the freckles on his nose like red paint spots on a whitewashed wall. He knew me and the first thing he said was: "Hello, Andrew Jackson." That was the name I'd always called him.

Agnes Page was there, sitting by the bed, holding the little fellow's hand. She looked mighty hollow-eyed and pale. She shook Dr. Jordan's hand and thanked him for coming. She shook mine, too, and I noticed how her hand trembled.

The Duncan doctor was there, ready to begin his carving. Dried-up young squint, with whiskers as scattering as corn-stalks in the Ozone garden.

"Er—Dr. Jordan," says he, "awfully sorry you've been put to all this trouble. Entirely without my sanction, I assure you. A most simple case of appendicitis. I should have operated immediately whether you arrived or not."

Jordan went across to the bed. He looked the boy over, careful as could be, thumping him, and listening, and asking questions about where he felt the worst, and all that. After a while he looked at Duncan, and says he: "The pain doesn't seem to be localized as yet."

Jordan nodded. Then he asked a few more questions; when the youngster was took sick, and how it begun, and the like of that. Finally he says to Reddy: "What have you been eating lately?" "Aw, I don't know, sir. Miss Agnes give me some jelly and some mush and cream and—"

"Yes, I know. But those are what you've had inside the house. What have you eaten outside? I noticed an orchard back of the farm here. There were some very pretty late apples on the trees. How do they taste?"

Reddy looked worried, seemed to me. He fidgeted with the edge of the bed spread. "I ain't eat only a few of 'em," he says. "The ones on the ground was wormy, so—"

Miss Agnes broke in here. "He couldn't have eaten those apples, doctor," she says. "I've expressly forbidden the children to touch them."

"Yes, of course," says Jordan. "But I've had the advantage of being a boy once myself. The apples on the ground were wormy, you say. How were those on the tree? And how many did you eat—well, say night before last?"

"Only six," says Reddy, beginning to snuffle. "I knocked 'em down with a rock. They was—"

"I see," Jordan smiled, quiet, and stood up. "Doctor," he says to Duncan, "I wouldn't operate yet awhile. He seems to be much easier now. I think it will be safe to wait."

Duncan bristles up and waded his hand, pompous. He was going to speak, I guess, but all at once the sense of what Jordan meant seemed to work down through his skull. He eat—well, say night before last?"

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business with Washy Sparrow. Mr. Hartley wa'n't no more to be blamed for that than a— She stopped me. "Please don't," she says. "I know; Eureka told me. And, Mr. Pratt," she adds, and her face lit up like there was a glory inside it; "I'm not going to ask you to beg his pardon for me. But will you tell him that, as soon as I can leave Dennis, I'm coming to Wellmouth to ask his pardon myself, and—to thank him? Tell him that, please."

Eureka and me drove back to Wellmouth together. If that old buggy had been trimmed up to match the feelings of the two inside it 'twould have been the gayest turnout that ever come down the plike road. No circus cart would have been in it. But poor Van!

CHAPTER XIX. Simple Versus Duplex. I left Eureka at Nate Scudder's. She was going to have him take his dory and row her over to the island. She was to see to things there till I come. Dewey was all right and over his cold, she told me, so she could take up her regular job again. Scudder was glad to see us. I don't know but he'd been scared that his whole gang of lodgers had cleared out and left him in the lurch. I told him about the doctor chase. His eyes stuck out. "Godfrey scissors!" says he. "It must have cost that Hartley man a lot for that automobile."

"Cost!" says I. "You bet it did!" "I presume likely that'll come out of the doctor's bill, won't it?" "No," I says, scornful. "Land of Goshen! No. Why should it?"

"Well, if 'twas me I'd take some of it out. The doc hadn't no right to be over to Brantboro after giving folks notice through the papers that he was to Wapatomac." He thought a minute more and then he says: "Say, Sol; don't you callate there's a commission coming to me from Ben Baker? He'd never let that auto wagon if we hadn't provided the customer."

Didn't that beat all? Sometimes I think Nate Scudder'll rise up in his coffin after they bury him and want a commission from the undertaker. He'll never rest easy and see all that cash going to somebody else when he's furnishing the center of interest. I found Martin planted easy and

and he seemed mighty willing to let go of the handles and talk to me. "Hello, Washy," I says. "How's the stomach and lungs these days?" He groaned. "Pratt," says he, "I'm dying on my feet."

"Well," I says, looking down at his cowhides, "you'd ought to have plenty of room to do it in. What are you dying of—dropsy? You're five pounds heavier than when I see you last."

He shook his head. "Tell Reky I'm doing my best to forgive her," he says. "When I'm gone maybe she'll think how she treated me. Say! how soon's she coming home? Lyeurgus can't cook fit to eat."

I told him Eureka 'd be home that night. It seemed to give him a little more hope. "When you see Miss Page," says he, "just tell her I want to talk to her, won't you? Tell her I'm most through with this world and I want to speak to her about providing for the children. Ask her to come over and see me."

Just then the foreman yelled to him to stop gassing and hustle that wheelbarrow along. He done it, surprising prompt, too, I thought. I asked the foreman about it.

"Oh!" he says. "Mr. Brown's give me the recipe for him. Every time he groans or coughs I set him to lugging stones; the louder the groans the bigger the rocks. He's getting well fast."

I took Nate's dory and went across to the island. Eureka was up to her elbows in work. "Sakes alive!" says she. "Who's been letting this house get this way? The tea kettle bottom's burnt out and somebody's been trying to eat the ax. And the beds are so wet that the feathers are beginning to grow."

"That's the Natural Life," I told her. "The Heavensly lived it for a whole day."

"I thought they lived it afore I come here at all," she says. "Things was bad enough then, but nothing like this."

"'Twas me that was the Natural then," says I. "This last attack hit the Twigs."

"Do you know who I think ought to live the Natural Life?" she asks. "I said I didn't."

"Nobody but natural born idiots, that's who."

"I guess that who's been living it," says I. Next morning I went over to see Hartley. He was feeling like a new man. Dr. Jordan had been there ahead of me and set the arm. Reddy was pretty nigh well. Jordan had the right cure for green-apple appendicitis and it worked tip-top.

I drove up to the depot in the Old Home wagon and met Van Brunt. He was in fine spirits. The Tea Lead deal had been closed up—the Street pirates having decided not to pass the dividend—and the Heavenly Twins had made money by the keg. I judged. "How'd New York look to you?" I asked him.

"Hush!" says he. "Don't speak lightly of sacred things."

When he heard about what had happened while he was away he was the most surprised man in the county. "Skipper," he says, grabbing my hand, "you're a star of the first magnitude. You and Eureka are the redeeming features of this Natural experiment. You pay the freight and a large rebate over. And Martin! bully old boy! I want to see him."

Him and his chum was shut up together for a good half hour. When Van come down to the porch he beckoned to me. "Sel," he says, "there's another question I want to ask you. Of course I know that Martin liked the boy and all that, but that reason won't quite do. What's the real one?"

"I understand," I went on, "that the reason she give him the mitten was on account of his being too grasping after money. If she'd seen him, like I have, just throwing it away as if 'twas shavings, I guess likely she—"

He interrupted and looked at me queer. "How did you know that was the reason?" he asks. "I'd put my foot in it away over the shoe lace."

"Well," I stammered, "you see I—that is, 'twas told to me—and—course I can't swear—"

"Who told it? Oh, never mind. I see. Dear James! Well done, good and faithful servant. You've been faithful over a few things, and general superintendent and adviser of all the rest. Sol, I learned something when I was in New York. Considering all you've done and know, I think you're entitled to know more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Frenchman Explains the Necessity for "Tanking Up."

The Frenchman was still pale and tremulous from his encounter with the rough.

"Did I not conduct myself well, hein?" he demanded.

"Fairly well. At the same time, for one who has fought four duels there was a certain pallor, a certain nervousness, that rather disappointed us."

The Frenchman looked mortified. Then he tapped significantly his little glass of fine champagne.

"But I had none of this," he said. "I was taken unprepared. I had not the time to—what you say—tank up."

"But you don't tank up for a duel!"

His Job. The armored knight of old was evidently in the hardware business.

Advertisement for California Fig Syrup Co. featuring the text 'One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World' and 'TRUTH AND QUALITY'. It describes the benefits of the syrup and provides contact information for various locations including Louisville, San Francisco, and New York.

Advertisement for Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, titled 'Do You Love Your Child?'. It promotes the medicine for children's coughs and colds, highlighting its safety and effectiveness.

Advertisement for Sick Headache relief, titled 'SICK HEADACHE'. It features 'Carter's Little Liver Pills' and 'Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature' as solutions for various ailments.

Advertisement for 320 Acres of Land in Western Canada, titled '320 Acres of Land in WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH'. It offers land for sale and farming opportunities.

Advertisement for Gem Embroidery Attachment, titled 'GEM EMBROIDERY ATTACHMENT'. It promotes a sewing machine attachment for creating decorative embroidery.

Advertisement for Piles relief, titled 'PILES'. It features 'This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty' and promotes a specific treatment for hemorrhoids.

Advertisement for Mapline, titled 'MAPLINE'. It describes a product used for coloring and dyeing, highlighting its ease of use and vibrant results.

Large advertisement for Baker's Cocoa, titled 'Ask for the Baker's Cocoa bearing this trade-mark. Don't be misled by imitations'. It features an illustration of a woman and emphasizes the product's quality and availability.

Advertisement for Putnam Fadeless Dyes, titled 'PUTNAM FADELESS DYES'. It promotes the product for coloring fabrics and ensuring long-lasting, vibrant colors.