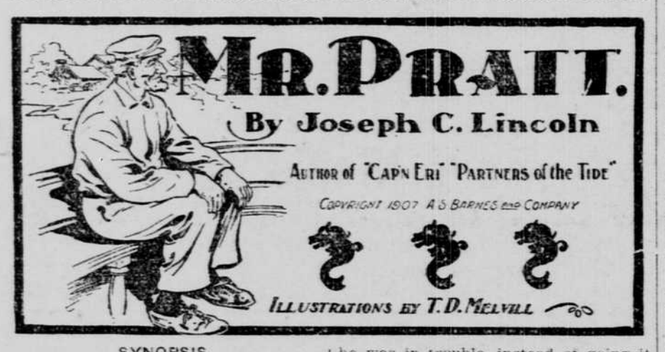
Martin Hadn't Only One Whole Arm, But He Knew What to Do with That.



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. 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. 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 chimning 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" sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work. Storm-bound on Ozone island, Van Brunt and Hartley tired 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. Eureka told Agnes of Hartley's heroism in behalf of the boy and Miss Page decided to ask Hartley's forgiveness for denouncing him in the case of Mr. Sparrow. Ozone island was made the scene of the reconciliation between Hartley and Agnes.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"When I was in God's settlement yesterday," he went on, referring to his home town, I judged, though I'd never heard afore that it belonged in that neighborhood, "I met an old friend of Hartley's governor—of his father, I mean. This friend had been abroad for some time and had just returned. He spoke of Martin, and what a fine fellow he was; to all of which I set my hand and seal, of course. Then he said that the way in which young Hartley had paid his father's debts and saved the family honor and credit was one of the biggest things he knew of. I expressed surprise. Then he was surprised to learn that I didn't know, being Martin's closest friend, and told me the rest.

"It seemed that Hartley senior was heavily involved when he died. He had speculated and his affairs were in horrible shape. Martin didn't know of this until the old gentleman, on his death bed, sprung it on him. So then the plucky chap started in to save the name. He arranged with the creditors—this man who told me the story was one of them—for time, and set to work. He worked nights and days and in his sleep, I guess. He had promised his dad, for his mother's sake, not to tell a soul, and he didn't. Every creditor was pledged to secrecy. Even his own mother didn't know it to the day of her death. But he paid dollar for dollar and broke down when it was over. That's why he was willing to join with me in this hunt of ours after the Natural Life. Agnes' cutting him made him reckless, I suppose. And when he was on his feet again financially he lost interest in the whole game."

"And now that he's well and husky," I says, "her mistake about his doings with the old man Sparrow set him going at it again. I suppose his digging in the hardest and keeping it quiet on account of his promise was what made her call him a money-grabber. I might have known 'twas something like that."

"So might I," he says, "if I wasn't such a careless, happy-go-lucky idiot. You see I always thought that the 'mercenary' business was only a cloak for the real reason of their breaking off. She only took up with me because our people wanted her to. I've been sure of that for a good while. But why Martin didn't come to me when he was in trouble, instead of going it alone like a bull-headed chump, is—"

He stopped and went to thinking. I locked at him and I guess there was a question in my face, for he answered it without my saying a word.

"Certainly I shall tell her," says he. "When is the next train to Eastwich?"

He went to the school that afternoon, and stayed at the Bay View house over there that night. Next day, afore I left the island, Hartley comes rowing over with Scudder. He was feeling chipper as could be and, except for his arm in a sling, you wouldn't have known there was anything the matter with him.

About eleven or so that forenoon Eureka comes running out to the henyard where I was. Her face was on the broad grin.

"They're coming," says she. "The whole of 'em!"

"Who?"

"Why, Miss Agnes and Miss Talford. Nate Scudder is rowing 'em and Mr. Van Brunt is along, too."

And so they was. I could see the dory half way across already.

"Hooray!" I sings out. "Let's tell Hartley."

"Don't you dare tell him," she orders. "He's in the house. You let him stay there. It's your job to meet that boat and keep the rest of 'em out of the way."

I was at the beach when the dory landed. Miss Talford and Van got out first. Then comes Agnes Page. She stepped up to me and held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Pratt," she says. "I'm very glad to see you."

"Same here, ma'am, I'm sure," says I. "How's Redny?"

"Who? Dennis? Oh, he's almost well. We left James in charge of the children. Are you all well here? Is—"

"Yes, ma'am. He's doing first-rate. You'll find him in the dining room."

She reddened up like a climbing rose-bush in June, but she left me and headed for the house. The minute she stepped her foot on the porch, that wise critter Eureka dodged out of the kitchen door. She knew her business, that girl did, and whether it had come to her by instinct or from Home Comforter reading don't make an atom of difference.

About 20 minutes after that I happened to have an errand in the kitchen. I made a dickens of a racket on purpose when I went in, but 'twas good work wasted. Hartley and the Page girl was standing by the parlor window looking out, and didn't appear to hear a sound. They'd left the doors open and I could see 'em. Martin hadn't only one whole arm, but he seemed to know what to do with that.

Van Brunt come into the kitchen after a drink of water. He see the tableau in the parlor. When we was outside again he spoke.

"Well," he says, with a kind of sigh, "that settles it. And yet, by George! I'm glad. Yes, sir; it's as it should be and I'm thoroughly glad of it."

I couldn't think of nothing to comfort him, poor feller. But I squeezed his hand hard. I guess he knew what I thought of him and his self-sacrifice.

And yet, a couple of hours later, when I told Eureka, she didn't seem to think so much of it.

"Humph!" she says. "Self-sacrificing's all right, but you look here."

She took me by the arm and led me to the woodshed window. Down by the cove on the beach was Van Brunt and Margaret Halford, walking up and down together. They was both laughing and acting perfectly contented.

Eureka gave me a nudge and a wink. "I told you I had my ideas about him," says she.

The Fresh Air girls went back to Eastwich that afternoon. When they had gone Van turns to me.

"And now, skipper," says he, slapping his hands together brisk; "now then for packing up, and back, back to little old New York. 'Oh, Uncle John! isn't it nice on Broadway?' or words to that effect."

They was all going together; the Heavenly Twins and Lord James and the Fresh Air girls and all their tribe. Redny's sickness and the worry that it brought had made Agnes and Miss Talford anxious for the city, where doctors was plenty and green apples scarce. And the Twins was pining for what Van called "the intoxicating degeneracy of an effete (whatever that is) civilization."

We packed up. That is to say, me and Eureka packed up, while the Heavenlies superintended and enjoyed themselves. Scudder's face, when he heard that his private gold mines was going to leave, was a sight to see. But, after a couple of lengthy interviews with the Twins, he seemed to feel better.

"I shall miss 'em terrible," he says to me. "But this world's a valley of dry bones, anyhow, ain't it, Pratt?"

"Valley of dry bones" and "fleeing to the ark of safety" was his pet words when he testified in prayer-meeting.

"I guess so," I says. "Still I wouldn't kick if I had your knack of getting double price per pound for the bones. You've managed to fertilize with 'em pretty well, Nate."

He fetched a sigh. "They're such nice obliging fellers," he says. "And such good hands at business. Never no beating down nor jockeying for a trade. I always feel perfectly safe in dealing with 'em."

I cal'late that statement wa'n't exaggerated. Most likely a shark feels the same way about dealing with a school of porgies.

Nate had agreed to take back the hens and the pig, as an accommodation. He was to pay three dollars for the hog and the fowls was hove into scales for good measure. There was a lease of the island, too, that had to be canceled. Them simple-minded Tea Leaders had, in the first fever of Naturalness, signed a lease on Horsefoot Bar to run till November. Now that their pulse was normal again they wanted to break that lease, and the job was considerably more painful and expensive than breaking Hartley's arm had been. But Nate let 'em break, though I thought he'd break them afore he got through.

Him and Eureka and me had a good many talks about the Twins when we was alone together. The last of these talks we had on the afternoon of the day afore the grand final emigration. Lord James was over on an errand and he was in the kitchen with us. Eureka begun the talk.

"I ain't quite made up my mind whether they're really crazy or not," she says, referring to the Heavenlies. "They don't act much more loony than some of the earls and such in books. And yet they must be some out of their minds or they wouldn't do such fool things. Once they was all for living poor and Natural. Now they're all the other way. Switching 'round like that is a sure sign of weakness in the top stories."

"Most city folks act to me some crazy," says I. "And perhaps these two, being the tonlest kind, is crazier than others. Maybe the higher up you go the loonier they get. I read in a paper once about how some rich big bug give a swell dinner to a pet monkey. The Twins are Solomons alongside of him. And, anyhow, they're mighty nice young fellers. Money may have got to their heads, but their hearts is in the right place."

"Tain't a question of hearts," says Scudder. "Way I figger it out the Almighty sends 'em down here on purpose. We poor folks alongshore don't have much chance to earn an honest living, and so the Lord takes pity on us and makes men like these two get cracked and banker to live in the sand and spend money. You put your trust in the Higher Power. He evens matters up in the long run."

His lordship broke in then; and my! but he was top-lofty and scornful.

"Crazy yourselves!" he sniffs. "My 'eavens, I've done some traveling in my time, with Lord 'Enry and the rest; I've been all over. And never in my life 'ave I seen such a Gawd-forsaken country as this, or such a blooming lot of ignorant 'ayseeds as is 'ere. Why, you don't know 'ow to live at all and yet you're proud of it. You 'aven't no conveniences, and you eat with your knives, and you've no manners. Lord 'elp you, I say! You're all crazy together, and don't know 'ow to act in good society. Mr. Van Brunt and Mr. 'Artley is gentlemen, and what you call their craziness is nothing but the eccentricities of gentlemen. And if you think they're eccentric! Why compared to some I've worked for, like Lord 'Enry—"

'Twas high time to stop him. "But they're so crazy loose with their money," says I.

He was hotter than ever. "Do you suppose," he asks sarcastic, "that a real gentleman 'as time to 'aggle over a few dirty pennies?"

Nobody said any more for a spell. Then Eureka says, like she'd been thinking:

"I cal'late," says she, "that it's all in the way you've been raised. Maybe I'd act just as queer and looney if I went to the city; that is, if I hadn't posted myself up by reading. I'll lend you the Comforters with 'False but Fair' in 'em, Mr. Pratt, some time."

Next day we all met at the Eastwich depot. Agnes Page and Miss Talford and the Fresh Air tribe, including Redney, who was chipper and gay because he was going back to New York. The Heavenly Twins was there. So was me and Eureka to see 'em off.

We spent 15 minutes or more in saying good-byes. I felt real bad and so did everybody else, I guess. Hartley and Agnes couldn't say enough to me about my sailing through that gale for 'em in the Dora Bassett. The poor old sloop was still tied up to the Wapatomac wharf. Baker had been looking out for her and I was going over that afternoon myself.

Agnes said she and Hartley would surely come back next summer. I must write and so would they. Eureka's brothers and sisters was to have money to help along their schooling, and Washy Sparrow would keep wheeling rocks, or, if he didn't Squire Poundberry would attend to him.

"Pa wanted a holiday on account of your leaving, Miss Page," says Eureka. "But I told him 'twould be a bigger celebration if he kept on to work."

Scudder wa'n't at the depot. He was too busy moving the duds off of Ozone island to get away. But he'd sent a package by Eureka. 'Twas a present for Van Brunt; something to remember him by, he said.

Van opened it. Then there was a general "haw haw." 'Twas that worked worsted motto, "What Is Home Without a Mother?"

"James," says Van, bubbling over with laughter, "this is your property. I couldn't deprive you of it."

His lordship was disgusted. "I wouldn't 'ave the blooming thing in the 'ouse, with all respect to you, sir," says he.

Agnes said she'd take it. It would be a splendid souvenir.

"Scudder's a kind-hearted chap," says Van. "He means well."

That was too much for me. I took a piece of paper out of my pocket. 'Twas a little bill I'd made out the night afore.

"Here," I says; "just run your eye over this, will you?"

Van took it. It read so:

"The Natural Life, Dr., to Nathan Scudder, Nature's Nobleman, Rough Diamond, and the like of that.

15 loads of dirt, at $3.00 a load. That's	$45.00
11 hens and 1 rooster at 50 cents a lb. That's the hens and rooster.	12.00 and
1 hog—sold for $6.00 when he was little—and thin, and bought back for $3.00 when he was big and fat. That's the hog.	3.00 and
100 quarts of skim-milk he kept the cream and made it into butter to sell us at 8c a quart. That's	14.00
About 50 lbs. of butter (made out of our cream) at 25c a lb. That's	12.50
Vegetables and truck cheaply from the stores. That's somewheres nigh	10.00
Bedding and furniture and kitchen stuff. That's about all the stuff back again.	75.00 and
Lease of Ozone Horsefoot Island for 2 months at $50 a month (a cent more than $4.00 a year is like robbing your grandmarm). That's	150.00
For canceling the lease which was to run till November. That's	40.00
About 60 days, altogether, of secret keeping at $5.00 a day ($3.00 from E. V. B. and $2.00 from M. H.). Call it, say	$300.00
Total (it ain't nigh all)	$842.50

And 12 hens and one hog and all the furniture and land knows what else besides."

"And that don't count in half of the Ozone cost," I says; "let alone what you fellers paid for hiring his house and Huldy Ann and all."

Hartley looked over his chum's shoulder.

"Humph!" says he. "I wouldn't wonder if I could add an item to that. What did you pay for those shore-birds you got when you went gunning with Scudder, Van?"

Van blushed up some, but he answered prompt.

"Well," he says, "to tell the truth, Scudder sold 'em to me for five dollars."

"Yes?" says Martin, laughing. "I thought so. I paid him six for mine."

"There's no use talking," I put in; "there may be some good things about living the Natural Life, but—"

"But," interrupted Martin, "the financial profits appear to lie in Scudder's plan; that is, to have the 'good things' live it for you."

The train whistled up the road. Van leaned over and tapped me on the shirt front.

"Skipper," says he, "I won't prophesy concerning next summer. Sufficient unto the day, etcetera. And I won't answer for Martin. But for me, and for this winter, if anybody asks, you tell 'em I've gone back to New York to live the most compound, double duplex life to be found from Harlem to the Battery. That's what!" says Edward Van Brunt.

THE END.

MUST WORK WITH THE HANDS.

Writer Points Out Value of Manual Labor to Society.

"Man is made to work with his hands. This is a fact which cannot be got over, declares a writer in the Craftsman. From this central fact he cannot travel far. I don't care whether it is an individual or a class, the life which is far removed from this becomes corrupt, shriveled and diseased. You may explain it how you like, but it is so. Administrative work has to be done in a nation as well as productive work; but it must be done by men accustomed to manual labor, who have the healthy decision and primitive authentic judgment which comes of that, else it cannot be done well. In the new form of society which is slowly advancing upon us, this will be felt more than now. The higher the position of trust a man occupies, the more will it be thought important that, at some period of his life, he should have been thoroughly inured to manual work; this not only on account of the physical and moral robustness implied by it, but equally because it will be seen to be impossible for anyone, without this experience of what is the very flesh and blood of national life, to promote the good health of the nation, or to understand the conditions under which the people live whom he has to serve."

Curious Old English Custom.

At Hornchurch, in Essex, England, the lessee of the tithes belonging to New college, Oxford, formerly supplied at Christmas day a boar's head, dressed and garnished with bay leaves. In the afternoon it was carried in procession to the mill field, adjoining the churchyard, where it was wrestled for, and afterward eaten by the rustic conqueror and his friends. There are many accounts of old charities quite as singular as the ancient tenures, to which they are closely allied.

What we do worth doing in the world only helps ourselves, because nothing is worth doing that does not help others.—William Allen White.

BUSINESS FIRST.

"Here is a little present for you—a superb $5,000 necklace—"

"Oh! How nice of you!"

"—that I will let you have for $1,000."

The Vicar's Watch.

A joke unconsciously perpetrated by the vicar of St. John's, Keswick, ought to rank high in the annals of pulpit humor. Before the service started the vicar was handed a lady's watch which had been found in the churchyard. After making the customary announcements, says the North Mail, he referred to the finding of the watch, which, he stated, was in the vestry awaiting an owner, and then solemnly said: "Hymn No. 110: 'Lord, her watch thy church is keeping.'"—Christian Register.

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"How do yoah 'possum taste, suh?" asked the solicitous waiter.

"Well," responded the patron who had ordered the article, "it tastes pretty good, but it isn't 'possum."

"No, suh," rejoined the waiter; "an' dat's a sign it's genuine. De genuine 'possum is a great pretender, suh; yas, suh."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The Elopers.

"Did you telegraph your father?"

"Yes and got his answer."

"What is it?"

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Defined.

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The Writer—Penury, my son, is the wages of the pen.

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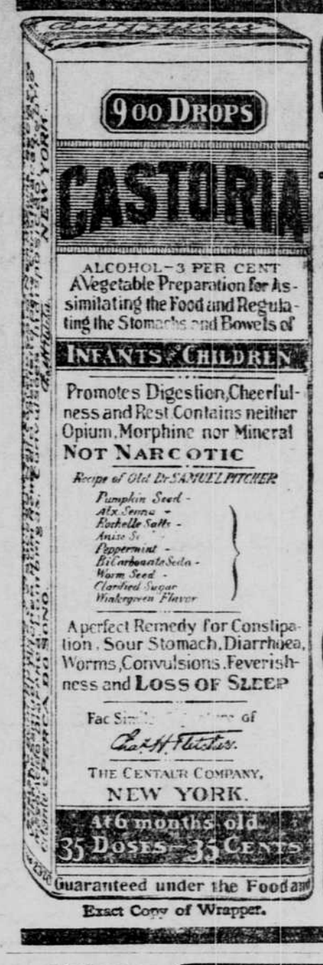

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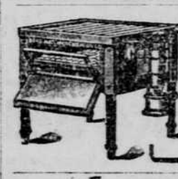
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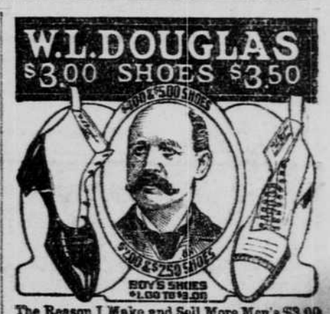
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