



**SYNOPSIS.**

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward (an Aunt 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 Page, who was Hartley's girl. "The Heavenlies" heard 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 of July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued 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. 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 found. Van Brunt rescued it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island.

**CHAPTER VII. Sweet Simplicity.**

And so that's how they began to live the Natural Life, what Van called the "accept-no-imitations" kind. I says "they" but I ought to have said "we" for I was in it. I was in it over head and hands from that time on. I didn't mean to be. When I said I wouldn't emigrate to Horsefoot Ozone and be cook and general roustabout for the Heavenly Twins I was just as certain I meant what I said as a body could be.

"No," says I.  
"Yes," says Van.  
"How can I leave the Old Home for?" I says.  
"How can you 've us?" he says.  
"But you've got James."  
"Yes but James hasn't got us."  
"But I can't 'ford to come," says I.  
"I can't afford to do anything else," says he. And that's about what it amounted to—I couldn't afford to do nothing else. The wages kept jumping like summer folks' bids at one of them auction sales of "antiques." I seemed to be as valuable as grandmother's busted hair cloth sofa. If I'd hung out long enough I call'te the Heavenlies would have fixed me so I'd have begun to feel 'twas a crime to die rich. I give in first; I want everybody to understand that.

"All right," says I. "That'll do; I'll come. But I hope you'll pay me in a room. I'll be ashamed to look in the face and take that much money."

They said they was satisfied if I was. I was satisfied, all but my conscience. Made me wish I could swap consciences with Scudder.

Nate's conscience wasn't worrying him any; you can bet on that. I wan't around when he made the deal for renting 'em the island, but, from what I heard afterwards, the price would have been high if he'd been selling it to 'em by the pound to scour knives with. He agreed to get bedding for 'em and tin things, and a pig, and crockery, and hens, and groceries, and boards to tinker up the barn with, and anything else that might come in handy. Likewise he was to fetch and carry for 'em between the village and the island; so much to fetch and twice that to carry. And Huldy Ann was to do the washing.

When the Twins told me about it you'd think they'd just pulled through one of them stock "deals" of theirs, and come out on top.

"Isn't it great?" crows Van, happy as a clam at high water. "We've arranged it all. Everything is provided for and will be done."

I could see two things that was going to be done—brown; but I didn't say nothing.

"It's mighty good of Scudder to accommodate us this way," says Hartley. "He's a gem, a rough diamond."  
"Scudder," says Van, "is one of Nature's noblemen."

Of course 'twan't none of my funeral; I couldn't interfere. But I'm a democrat myself, so the nobility don't appeal to me much, and if Nate Scudder's a diamond I'm glad I can't afford jewelry.

The next day was a busy one for all hands, each in his own particular line. Nate commenced running "accommodation" trains, so to speak, between his house and the village and Horsefoot Bar—Ozone Island, I should say. As for me, I went up to the Old Home house right off, explained matters to the manager and cleared out for my new job. The Heavenlies moved over to Ozone that very morning. Lord James went with 'em and the simple naturalness commenced.

Fast as Nate would arrive in his dory with a cargo of dunnage I'd cart it up to the Berry house and dump it on the piazza. Lord James was flying around, with a face on him as sour as a cranberry pie, opening windows and airing rooms and sweeping out, and the like of that. The old shebang had been shut up for a couple of years and was as musty and damp as a receiving tomb. His lordship looked like the head mourner; this kind of work jarred his dignity.

"Look a-ere, Pratt," says he to me. "Ow long do you think we're going to stay 'ere?"

"Where?" says I, sliding a trunk and a coal hod off my shoulders, and mopping my forehead with my shirt sleeve.  
"Why 'ere, on this 'orrible sand 'cap."

"You want to be careful," says I, "how you call names. This is Ozone Horsefoot Island, and it's a branch station of Paradise. Didn't you hear the boss say so?"

"But 'ow long are we going to stay 'ere?" he says again.

"Well," says I, "when a feller gets to Paradise it's the general idea that he's there for keeps. What are you growling about? Such a nice restful spot, too. Don't you like to be restful?"

He looked at his hands, they was all over blisters from the broom.

"Restful!" he groans. "Good 'eavens!"

"Come, James," says Hartley, loafing around the corner, with his hands in his pockets. "Get a move on. We must have this house in order by tonight."

The Twins was awful busy, too. They done the heavy superintending. Hartley superintended the house and piazza and Van Brunt bossed the unloading and trucking of the dunnage from the dory. As for me, I was the truck. After the first day was over I could see that all the natural living I'd done in my time wan't the real thing at all. Not a circumstance to it. I carted dunnage all the forenoon. Then I cooked dinner and washed dishes. James was going to help me wipe



"What's the Use of 'Er Lowering 'Erself to Marry a Man Whose Father Got 'is Money in Trade?"

'em, but Van's clothes had got wet when he was adrift in the Dora Bassett and they had to be pressed. So I wiped and cleaned up and carted more dunnage, including stove pipe and blankets and flour and quilts and nails and pork and pillows and a rake and sugar, and the land knows what. Then I cooked supper. And how them Paradise tenants did eat!

"By gad, you know!" busts out Van Brunt, with his mouth full; "this is what we've been looking for, Martin. This is getting back to nature."

Hartley grunted, being too busy with a fried mackerel to talk with comfort. But it was easy to see he was satisfied.

They went on, bragging about how good it was to cut loose from the fight and worry of the Street. At last, according to Van, they realized that life was worth living.

"No more speculation for me," he says, joyful. "No more fretting about margins. I don't give a continental if the bottom drops out of the market and carries the slides with it. I hereby solemnly swear for the fifth time never to buy another share of stock."

Then he reaches after another half-acre slab of my Johnny-cake.

Lord James was upstairs in the sleeping vaults sorting out bed clothes. The sheets and blankets and things was more or less mixed up with the hardware and groceries. I was out in the kitchen getting ready a second relay of mackerel. The dining room door was open, so I could see and hear everything.

"By the way, Martin," says Van, buttering the Johnny-cake, "how did Agnes look? Well?"  
"Yes," says Hartley, short.  
"She must have been surprised to see you. Did you tell her we were naturalized citizens, or on the road to it?"  
"No."  
"No? Why not? She probably thinks that we're down here organizing another syndicate. For a girl whose mother is of the world worldly,

Agnes has developed queer ideas. I suppose I ought to go over and see her," he went on. "You said she had another girl with her. Who it is?"  
"Margaret Talford."  
"Talford—Talford? One of the Newport Talfords? Oh, I know. Pretty little girl, dark hair and brown eyes, and—and a way with her?"  
"I guess so. Very likely. I haven't seen her."

Van seemed to be thinking. "I'll go over to-morrow," he says.

Then he commenced to whoop for more mackerel and 'twas time for me to load up the platter. I thought I'd cooked supper enough for six men, but when the Twins got through I had to fry another ration for me and Lord James. Eat! I never see such sharks in my life.

When they'd finished everything on the table, except the knives and forks and the dishes, the Heavenlies went outside to smoke cigars and promenade up and down the beach. His lordship and I set down to have a bite ourselves.

"Say," says I, "that Page girl is a good looking, ain't she?"

He was horrified, same as he always was when you mentioned the New York big bugs without getting up and bowing.

"Miss Page," says he, "is a member of one of our first families."

"Want to know," says I. "First in what?"

"First in everything," he says. "Her father was one of our oldest residents."

"So?" says I. "Oldest inhabitant, hey? I suppose he could remember way back afore the town hall was built, and about the hard winter of '33, and how his ma's cousin used to do chores for George Washington."

I knew pretty well what he meant, but, you see, I liked to stir him up. He was such an innocent critter; always swallowed hook, line and sinker. It done me good to see him stare at me after I said things like this.

All he said now though was "Or-rorral!"

"How about your boss, this Van

calling him a "born financier" and all sorts of names.

"So?" says I. "Then I don't see that Miss Page had any complaints. 'Tain't usual for a young woman to kick because her steady company is making too much money. There's something else. Out with it. I'll keep my mouth shut."

So then he told me a little—much as he knew, I guess likely. Seems that he was acquainted with the feller they call the butler—sort of a steward, I judged he was—over at the Page girl's house. And this butler was sweet on the "maid"—the young woman valet who took care of Agnes's duds and spare rigging. And one night this maid happened to be in the "conservatory"—which I presumed likely was the high-toned name for the preserve closet—and Miss Page and Hartley was in the setting room. And Agnes was laying late Martin for staying downtown and neglecting her.

The maid said she could hear only part of the talk, but 'twas more than average sharp and vinegary. Agnes told Martin he was getting more mercenary every day he lived. That all he thought of was the office and making money. She detested a mercenary, hard, money-grasping man. Said money-loving was the worst vice there was, and she thanked God she had none of it, meaning vice, of course—she had money enough to sink a ship.

Then Martin he speaks up proud and short and says he has been working hard and had been trying to make money. Said he had a good reason for it, and some day he would tell her what it was. She said he could tell her now or hang his May-baskets on somebody else's door—or words to that effect. He says "Very well," and she says something else, but the maid didn't hear it because just then old lady Page come in and give her her walking papers for listening.

"And so," says Lord James, "the engagement was broke off. And a good thing, too, I say. Wat's the use of 'er lowering 'erself to marry a man whose father got 'is money in trade?"

"How did Van's dad get his money?" I asks.

"By inheritance," says he. "Of course Mr. Edward dabbles in shares, but, Lord love you, only for the fun of it."

"How was the inheritance come by in the first place?" says I. He didn't know, but I found out afterwards. Grandpa Van Brunt was an alderman.

The Twins come back into the house then. They come in slapping and jawing. I judged that the mosquitoes was living the Natural Life too. The Heavenlies set down on each side of the fireplace—I had a wood fire going, just for sociableness—and smoked and talked.

By and by Van rummages out that Natural book and spreads it open.

"Martin," says he, "hark to the voice of the oracle. Come in here, skipper, and improve your mind."

But me and his lordship was improving the dishes just then, and, when that was done, he had beds to make and I had bread to mix and fies to lay and wood to chop and a couple of million other chores to do. The Twins read and talked until they got sleepy, which was about half past nine or so; earlier than usual, but neither of 'em had rested well the night afore, I guess. Anyhow, they went upstairs to turn in and I kept on with my work. Lord James turned in too. He had the back bedroom, the one over the kitchen.

'Twas still as still could be. The door and windows was open and there wa'n't a sound except the mosquitoes humming glad and thankful, and the breeze whining in the pines outside and the waves moaning along the bay shore of the island. Once in awhile I'd hear his lordship thrash over in bed and fetch a grunt or a groan in his sleep. He had one of the late Marcellus' cornhusk mattresses, and I wouldn't wonder if there was a cob end or two in with the husks. A rake across the back from a corn cob ain't the most comforting thing in the world even when a feller is used to it, and Lord James had been brought up tender.

Pretty soon I went to the back door to throw out some fish bones and things and then I heard somebody tramping through the sand up to the house. Neighbors are scarcer than snake's finger-nails 'round Horsefoot Ozone and I couldn't think who was coming at this time of night. I ain't a nervous chap, generally speaking, but I remember how old Marcellus had died in this very house all sole alone, and the short hairs at the back of my neck begun to bristle up. I call'ated if anything would fetch a sot old codger like Marcellus out of his grave, the doings of the Heavenlies was that thing.

But in a minute more the walker got into the light from the door and I could see him. And I was 'most as much surprised as if he had been Marcellus himself. 'Twas Nate Scudder, with his arms full of bundles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Prudence.**  
"Why did you hit that boy when he was down?" asked the gray-bearded man. "Don't you know that was a cowardly thing to do?"

"It wasn't cowardly; it was just prudent," replied the boy who had delivered the blow. "He was down because he slipped, and I was afraid he might not step in the same place again if I let him get up."

**His Investment.**  
Old Lady (who had given the tramp a nickel)—Now, what will you do with it?  
Hungry Hobo—Waal, ye see mum, if I buy an auto, there ain't enough left to hire a shofur. So I guess I'll get a schooner. I kin handle that meself.—Bohemian.

**Two Costumes**



The costume at the left is violet satin finished cloth. The blouse is trimmed in an odd way with bands of the material, buttons and straps of cord. The plastron and sash are of black liberty, the latter knotted low in front with fringed ends.

The wrist ruffles and those on the blouse are of lace, as is also the little gumples. The plain skirt is simply finished at the bottom with rows of stitching.

Green velvet is used for the other costume. The blouse, with lapped tailor seams, crossed slightly in front where it is ornamented with passementerie buttons. The wide revers are also ornamented with these buttons and with motifs of passementerie. The crossed waistcoat is of tan-colored satin, trimmed with cord and embroidered dots. The chemisette is of dotted tulle, the girle is of green liberty. The long sleeves and the skirt are trimmed to correspond with the blouse.

**PARTY DRESS OF VELVETEEN.**

Rich Costume Designed for Girl of from Fourteen to Sixteen Years.

There are so many beautiful shades in velveteen that it is difficult to know which to select; the skirt of this is quite plain; it is a circular shape. The velveteen is arranged in one deep fold over each shoulder, and smaller folds form the sleeve. Who



vest is of finely tucked soft silk and insertion, and the under-sleeves are the same; the waist-band is shaped and cut in scallops in the front, buttoning over.

Materials required: 10 yards velveteen, 6 yards insertion, 1 yard silk, 26 inches wide.

**The Smart Scarfs.**  
Just at the present moment the silks being used for the manufacture of the smartest scarfs have patterns which would seem to owe their inspiration to various phases of nature. Fruits and flowers figure very largely in the designs now as do all sorts of flowering plants and vines. The newest scarfs of this type show another phase of nature in their design. They have round balls of color suggesting suns crossed by fleecy clouds. As the majority of these scarfs are made of gray brocade, the cloud effect is perfectly apparent. One had red "suns," while dark blues and browns also appear in some of the patterns.

**The Little Berthas.**  
All sorts of berthas are used for trimming the draped bodies of crepe, voile and chiffon cloth gowns. Sometimes these berthas are of broadcloth in a matching tone and embroidered in self-colored silks. Again they are of coarse net touched, embroidered or appliqued in self or contrasting colors; but in nearly every instance they are shaped like the erstwhile popular jumper—the shoulder straps terminating just below the bust line and at the top extending out over the sleeve. To accompany these berthas there are bandings to finish the sleeve and narrow edges to finish the collar.

**ROSES ON ALL WINTER HATS.**

Of Every Color and Hue, and the Larger the Better.

Roses of every color and hue, big as cabbage, are smart on winter hats. It is the color that takes. Of course a luxuriant big rose, though of satin and silk and in the shades of pink never to be seen on a real flower, helps to enliven the feelings. A rose hat makes one feel positively young, and young faces more than ever like flowers themselves.

The ribbon roses which adorn a dressy hat just from Paris are made of many shades of pink satin ribbon in one instance, and in another of curious shades of dead white and greeny white to look like a bride rose.

It may seem folly to pay four dollars for a single artificial rose, yet that is what fashion is doing, and the ribbon roses cost as much if not more.

"The keynote of the year is simple elegance," said the milliner as she carefully extricated a large hat to fit on my head for the reception. Simple elegance.

Truly it looked so. It was a turban, rather large, and over the maline finished frame was folded a point lace scarf with little ermine and sable tails rounding the crown. A narrow twist of vieux bleu supple ribbon gave the color note—that was all. Other turbans—the coming hats—were as superb in scarfs of ottoman silk in rich colors.

**Cretonne Bed Spreads.**

The renewal of things Colonial has brought about the fashion for bed spreads of old world chints. These substitute the spreads of Marseilles. They hang nearly to the floor, are slashed to fit the two lower posts, and are edged with three-inch linen lace. There is an oblong piece made to match for the pillows. It is always better to use what is known as day pillows under this. They are stuffed with a hard substance and made to stand firm and full.

**Fancy Muffs.**

Fancy muffs will be a fad of the season, and in them there is a chance for employing all the cleverness in design and needlework that a woman possesses. In a muff brocade and feathers may be most charmingly combined, and a neckpiece to match, may be evolved. Black velvet with black ostrich tips can be worked together with astonishingly artistic results, while artificial flowers, either as a substitute or in combination, are lovely.

**The Turnover Neck.**

The very stiff linen collar has fallen into disrepute except for business wear. Softer neck effects are considered desirable, and the sheer, embroidered turnovers are being worn again in combination with fluffy jabots, rabat ties and tasseled silk or velvet cravats. Worn thus, the turnover, of course, fastens in front like a linen collar, and the edges are held neatly together by a fancy brooch.

**Silk Skirt; Cloth Coat.**

Among the best of the new costumes is seen the combination of Ottoman silk and liberty broadcloth. The skirt is of silk, long, flowing, and untrimmed. The coat is also long, is of the cloth, and usually has revers of silk.