



"Good Land of Love!" Says I. "Them Ain't Clams—They're Quahaugs."



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. 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 gave Hartley up. "The Heavens!" heard a 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 Soli 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 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. 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 rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island. They lived on the island and Owner Scudder brought ridiculous presents, as a token of gratitude.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"What in the nation?" says I. "Hello, Sol," says he. "Where's the folks?" "Turned in," says I. "What's up?" He seemed real disappointed. Set the bundles down on the kitchen table and puffed. That sand is hard walking, and nobody knows it better than I do. "Turned in so early, have they?" he says. "That's too bad. I wanted to see 'em." "Want me to roust 'em out?" I asks. "No, I guess not. But they're nice folks as ever I see and I've fetched 'em a few presents." I stopped into a chair. I was getting used to surprises, but Nate's giving anybody a present was the biggest under yet. I figured that lunacy was thing and we was all going crazy together. "Yes," says he. "Me and Huldy Ann's been talking it over. They've hired this house and—all the rest of it, and we want 'em to like it. Don't want 'em to get tired and leave, you see." I see all right. When the melon's getting ripe that's the time to watch it. "Yes," he says. "I like them young fellows well's anybody I ever see, and so does Huldy. We got to thinking of 'em over here in this big house, and we wanted 'em to feel at home; just as if 'twas home. Now there's nothing like pictures and such on the walls to make a place homey. So Huldy and me has sent 'em these few things to hang up 'round." He commenced to undo the bundles. "Twas Huldy Ann's notion," he went on. "When she bought this place at auction there was the furniture and fixings in it that belonged to Marcellus. Some of 'em we left here, beds and chairs and the like of that, and some we took over to our house. There was more than we needed and these is some we had in the attic." He got the newspapers and strings off by this time and he spread the presents out on the floor. There was a wax wreath from old Mrs. Berry's funeral, in a round case; and a crayon enlargement of a daguerreotype of Marcellus when he was 30 or so; he had a fancy vest on and a choker and a fringed-end necktie, and looked like he was freezing to death fast and knew

it. Likewise there was a shell work-basket in a shell frame with about a third of the shells missing; and two silver coffin plates on black velvet; and a worried motto thing with "What Is Home Without a Mother?" on it. "There!" says Nate, happy and generous. "We'll give 'em them things, Huldy and me. Leastways they can have 'em to look at while they're here. Have 'em strung around on the setting room walls and it kind of takes off the bare look. Gives 'em something to think about, too, don't it?" "Yes," says I; "I should think 'twould. I wouldn't think of much else, seems to me." "Yes," says he. "Well, I hoped they could have 'em to-night afore they went to bed. But you explain about 'em in the morning. Tell 'em they're from me and Huldy. I'll be around after breakfast anyhow to fetch some more things from the store and see if there ain't something else I can do. Good-night." "Good-night," says I, absent-minded. I couldn't get my mind off them coffin plates. He kind of hesitated. "Oh say," he says. "Did you eat all of them mackerel you had? If you didn't, and they're likely to spoil, why, I'll take a couple along home with me. Huldy's dreadful fond of mackerel." "There ain't but one left," says I, "and—" "Oh, well," he says; "one'll be enough for us. We're awful small eaters." So I trotted out the mackerel and he done it up in a piece of the newspaper and went away to his dory. I lugged in the presents and laid 'em away in the old chest of drawers in the dining room. Felt I'ke an undertaker, too, I did, all the time I was doing it. I didn't want the Heavens to see them relics till they'd ate a good breakfast—they was too much for an empty stomach. Then I locked up and took the lamp and went to my room. After I got undressed I opened the window and leaned on the sill and thought. I thought about my new job and what I could see was coming to me in the way of work, and about Lord James and Nate and all. And then I thought of Hartley and that Page girl. Martin didn't act to me like a money-grabber. I couldn't understand it. One thing I was sure of, then two was meant for each other and it seemed to me that they still liked each other. But there was Van Brunt. I liked him too. Just then a thundering great green-head bit me on the back of the neck and I slammed down the sash and turned in on my bale of corncoobs. Tired! don't talk!

CHAPTER VIII.
Mr. Scudder's Presents.

I was up the next morning about five and pitched in making biscuit and lugging water and so on. Lord James comes poking down after a while. He looked pretty well used up. "See 'ere, Pratt," says he. "What they got in them blooming beds—bricks?" "Why?" says I. "Was yours hard?" "Ard? Upon me word I'm all full of 'oles like a grater. My back is that sore you wouldn't believe it. And w'at makes 'em so noisy?" "That's the husks," says I. "They do rustle when a feller ain't used to 'em."

"Rustle! When I'd roll over, upon me word the sounds was 'orriying. Like the water washing around that boat of yours, it was. I dreamed about being adrift in that awful boat all night. About that and ghosts." "Ghosts, hey? Did you dream of ghosts?" "That I did. I could 'ear 'em groaning." "Twas yourself that was groaning," says I. "A feller that took aboard the cargo of supper that you did hadn't ought to sleep on cornhusks." "I didn't sleep; not a 'ealthy Christian sleep, I didn't. I say, Pratt, did you ever 'ear that this old 'ouse was 'aunted?" "Well," says I. "I don't know as I ever heard that exactly. But old Mrs. Berry died in it and then Marcellus lived here alone till he died. Seems to me he died in that room of yours, come to think of it," says I, cheering him up. He turned pale, instead of the yellow he'd been lately. "Oly Moses!" says he. "You can't mean it." "I can mean more than that without half trying," I says. "Yes, I remember now. He did die there and they say he died hard. Maybe that was on account of the bed, though." He was mighty upset. Commenced to tell about a friend of his over in "the old country" who had been butler at a place that was haunted. I asked if his friend had ever seen any of the spooks. "No," says he, "e never saw 'em 'imself, but it was a tradition in the family. Everybody knew it. It was a white lady, and she used to trip about the 'ouse and over the lawns nights," he says. "White, was she?" says I. "Well, I suppose if she'd been black they wouldn't have been able to see her in the night. Never heard of a colored ghost anyway, did you?" "I mean she was all dressed in white," he says, scornful. "And they say 'twas 'orrid to see her a-gliding around over the grass." "Want to know?" says I. "Well, if you see old Marcellus gliding around the hummocks outside call me, will you? I'd like to see how he manages to navigate through the sand. That's a job for a strong, healthy man, let alone a dead one." I guess he see I didn't take much stock in his ghost yarns, so he quit and went to getting the things on the breakfast table. But he was nervous and broke a dish and sprinkled forks and spoons over the floor like he was sowing 'em. Pretty soon he had to stop and hustle upstairs, for the Twins was shouting for their duds. For grown men they was the most helpless critters; his lordship was a sort of nurse to 'em, as you might say. After a while he had 'em dressed and ready and they come down to breakfast. Nate had brought over feather beds for them, so they slept pretty well. Van Brunt was rigged up special because he was going to Eastwich that forenoon to see his girl. I'd cooked a whopping big breakfast, but 'twas only just enough. Van was a regular famine breeder and Hartley wa'n't far astern of him. The Natural Life was agreeing with both of 'em fine so far. Martin's cheeks was filling out and him and his chum was sunburned to brick red. After breakfast they went out for their usual promenade. By and by I heard 'em hailing me from the back of the 'ouse. When I reached 'em they was standing by the barn, with their hands in their pockets, and looking as happy and proud as if they'd discovered Arica. "Come here, skipper," says Van. "Do you see this?" He was pointing at a kind of flat place in the lee of the pig sties. 'Twas a sort of small desert, as you might say: A bunch or two of beachgrass in the middle of it and the rest poverty grass and sand. "I don't see much," says I. "What do you mean?" "I mean the location," says he. "Here's where we'll have our garden." I looked at him to see if he was joking. But it appeared he wa'n't. "Garden?" says I. "Sure," he says. "It's an ideal spot. Sun all day long." "You could make a garden here, couldn't you, Sol?" asks Hartley. "Maybe I could," says I. "If I dug through to China and hit loam on 't'other side. Otherwise you couldn't raise nothing in this sand but blisters." "Scudder could bring us loam," says Van. "We've thought of that." "Starting a garden in July!" says I. "What do you callate to raise—Christmas trees?" "Late vegetables, of course," says Van. "Martin and I intend to stay all through September. Think of it, Martin; green corn from our own plantation. And cucumbers in the morning, with the dew on 'em." "And tomaters already baked in the sun," I says, disgusted. "You take my advice and buy your green stuff off Scudder." But they wouldn't hear of it. Called me a Jeremiah and so on. "All right," says I, finally. "Have it your own way. But who's going to work this cucumbers and dew farm?" "Why, we are, of course," says Van. "That's part of the game, isn't it, Martin? Nothing so healthful as outdoor work for caged birds like us. Maybe we'll have two gardens, one apiece. Then we'll see who raises the first crop." I could see 'em doing it! But there was no use arguing then. I put my trust in Scudder's not being able to fetch the loam. Pretty soon Nate heaves in sight in the dory with a cargo of skim milk and store eggs and butter. Van Brunt

and I went down to meet him. Van didn't give him a chance to talk; just as soon as the stuff was put on shore he announces that Scudder must go right back and drive him over to Eastwich. Nate backed and filled, as usual, telling how busy he was, and how he hadn't ought to leave, and so on. But Van corks him right up with a five-dollar bill and off they went. I lugged the milk and butter and the rest of the truck up to the house and started in on another stretch of work. I'd had a vacation of ten minutes or so; now 'twas time to begin again. After I'd cleared up round the kitchen and the like of that, I went off down to the Dora Bassett and tackled her. Van Brunt had cut away about everything but the mast, and I had to rig new halliards and sheets and downhauls and land knows what. Drat that Heavens! 'twas a two days' job. While I was making a start on it Hartley comes loafing down from the house. "Skipper," he says, "let's have another one of your chowders for lunch, will you? They're the real thing." "Well, I tell you, Mr. Hartley," says I, "if we have chowder I'd ought to go and dig the clams right now, on account of the tide. And, honest, I hate to leave this work I'm on. Still, of course, if you say so, why—" "What's the matter with my digging 'em?" he says. "I grinned. "Why, nothing," I says, "so far as I know, except that it's something of a job." "Job!" he says. "It'll be fun. Tell me where to go—and what to dig 'em with, and—and how to do it." I told him to take the skiff and a clam hoe and a couple of buckets and row across to the mainland. There was clams all alongshore there, I knew. "You go along till you see a lot of little holes in the sand," I says, "then you dig. Want to look out that they ain't sand-worm holes, nor razor fish. And when you begin to dig," I says, "you want to lay right into it, 'cause the clams are likely to be 'run-downs' and they get under fast. So—" "Hold on a minute," says he. "How am I going to tell a worm-hole from a clam-hole, or a clam-hole from a—what was it?—barber fish hole?" "Razor fish," says I. "Not barber. Well, I don't know how to tell you, exactly. If it's a sand-hole there's likely to be a little tiny hole alongside the regular one; that is, there is sometimes and sometimes there ain't. And if it's a razor fish—well, I can tell 'em, but I callate you'll have to use your own judgment." He said all right, he guessed he'd get along. So off he went, and pretty soon him and Lord James comes down and gets aboard the skiff. His lordship was loaded with no less than four buckets, besides a clam hoe and the garden hoe and the stove shovel. 'Twas the most imposing clam hunt outfit ever I see. If I'd been a clam and see that battery coming my way I'd have took to tall timber. "Sure you've got hoes and buckets enough?" I asks, sarcastic. "I guess so," says he, looking around at the weapons. "We might need another pail, perhaps, but if we do I'll send James after it." His lordship started rowing, taking strokes first with one hand and then with the other, and the fleet got under way and waltzed, as you might say, zigzag across to the main. 'Twas as calm as a millpond and he hit land up towards the point by the Neck Road. Then the clam slaughterers got out and disappeared round behind the point. I went on with my rigging. It got to be 11 o'clock and no signs of 'em. Then 12; lunch time. Tide was coming in fast; you couldn't have got a clam now without a diving outfit. But still all quiet on the Potomac. I went up to the house and commenced to slice ham and fry potatoes. I had my doubts about that chowder. Everything was ready by and by and I stepped to the door to take an observation. And then I see 'em coming, rowing more crab fashion than ever. I walked down to the inlet to meet 'em. And such sights as they was. Blessed if they didn't look like they'd been through the war—Lord James especial. "Hi, Sol!" sings out Hartley, as the skiff floats in, broadside on. "My! but I'm glad to see you. Give James a lift with the clams and things, will you? I'm done up." He looked it. He was barefoot and barearmed, with his trousers rolled up above his knees and his shirt sleeves above his elbows. And the valet was the same, and both of 'em soaking wet and just plastered with wet sand and clay. I gave one glance at them bare legs and arms. "For the land sakes!" I sings out. "Pull down your pants and your sleeves. You're burned to a blister already." And so they was. Tender white skins like theirs, wet with salt water and out in that sun! They pulled 'em down looking like they didn't know what for, and come hopping and groaning ashore. His lordship's back was so lame from bending over that he couldn't hardly straighten up without howling. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Bitter Truth.

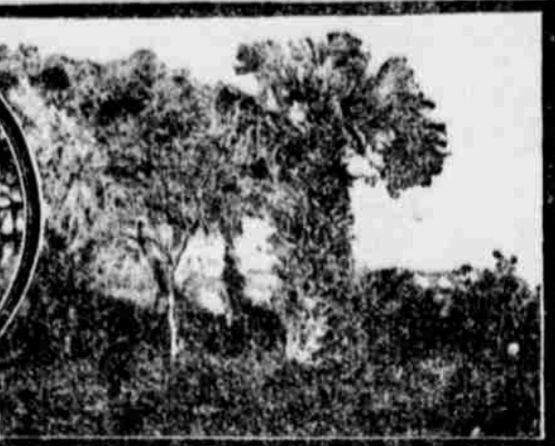
Diogenes slowly entered the pawnshop and placed his lantern on the counter. "What can I get for this?" he asked. The pawnbroker picked up the lantern and examined it curiously. "Rather antique pattern," he commented. "What do you consider it worth?" Diogenes bowed his head, the humiliation of centuries upon him. "Nothing," he bitterly admitted. "Nothing at all."—Bohemian.

NATIONAL FOREST FOR FLORIDA

FIRST RESERVATION TO BE CREATED EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



LIVE OAK TREE WITH SPANISH MOSS.



CABBAGE PALMETTO. SABAL PALMETTO. BANK OF KISSIMMEE RIVER.



GOOD REPRODUCTION OF LONGLEAF PINE.



FOREST OF PALMS AND CABBAGE PALMETTOS.

To Florida goes the distinction of getting the first national forest created east of the Mississippi river. President Roosevelt has just signed a proclamation setting aside and naming the Ocala national forest in Marion county in eastern Florida and another proclamation creating the Dakota national forest in Billings county, North Dakota. Inasmuch as the last named national forest is the first in North Dakota, the two proclamations add two more states to the list of those wherein land will be put under scientific forest administration. There are now 19 states, and Alaska, having national forests.

Before the creation of the Ocala, in Florida, the two forests in Arkansas, the Ozark and the Arkansas, were the easternmost national forests. Practically all the other national forests are in the Rocky mountain and the Pacific coast states. The Florida forest has an area of 201,480 acres, of which about one-fourth has been taken up under various land laws. It covers a plateau between the St. John's and Ochlawaha rivers and at no point is an elevation exceeding 150 feet above sea level obtained. The area is by nature better fitted for the production of forest growth than for any other purpose. Nearly all of the area, however, seems particularly well adapted to the growth of sand pine, which is even now replacing the less valuable species, and with protection from fire almost the entire area will in time undoubtedly be covered with a dense stand of this species. The longleaf pine, a much more valuable commercial tree than the sand pine, appears rather sparsely on this forest and is confined principally to the lower flat lands along the streams on the borders of the forest.

In addition to the pines and scrub growths, bald cypress, cabbage palmetto and tupelo gum, gradually changing to water oak, ash, elm, magnolia, hickory and maple are found bordering the numerous ponds and lakes which are scattered abundantly throughout the confines of this forest.

Fire has played a very important part in bringing about the present poorly forested condition of the Ocala, as year after year large fires have burned uninterruptedly over this tract, killing all vegetation and consuming the humus of the soil. Naturally protected portions which have not been subject to the flames prove positively, however, that the soil will rapidly respond to a little care taking and that the prevention of fires would eventually mean the reforestation of practically the entire area.

No sawmill operations have been conducted on the area included in the Ocala national forest. Turpentine by boxing is carried on over contiguous areas and through the careless and antiquated methods used the future pine crop of the adjoining region is greatly jeopardized. The soil is of little value for agricultural purposes and about the only crop which can be produced that will be of lasting value is sand pine, and with proper care and attention there should in time be a valuable forest of this species.

The new Dakota national forest consists of 14,080 acres in the Bad Lands region. It is located in Billings county and lies an equal distance between the Northern Pacific railroad on the north and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul on the south. Its creation is important for it means that an experimental field for forest planting has been secured in North Dakota, the least forested state in the Union, having only one per cent. of tree growth. The forest service expects to establish forest nurseries with the hope that in time to come the area may be reforested by artificial means. This feature is expected to prove a very good object lesson to the settlers, who, it is

hoped, will in turn plant windbreaks around their farms.

The forest is very open and for the most part contains a scattering stand of western yellow pine timber. Along the creek bed are found ash, box elder, cottonwood, elm and birch. Cedar breaks are also found on precipitous slopes bordering the streams. Western yellow pine is the only merchantable species, however, on the forest and the average stand per acre is not over 2,000 feet. The reproduction of pine is fairly good wherever mature trees occur, but owing to the open condition of the forest and the dense growth of grass it is for the most part unsatisfactory.

There is but little timber that will be sold from the forest at the present time, since this area is very isolated, being surrounded on all sides by vast plains. Many homesteaders have in the past come to this forest for timber for logs to build their houses. Since the completion of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, Billings county is rapidly being settled, and while stock grazing is at the present time the most important industry, it is very probable that farming will become the most important industry within the next few years. It is very important, therefore, that the timber which now remains should be conserved exclusively for the use of the home builder.

At the present time there are but seven homesteaders within the boundaries of the forest, but all of the odd sections are alienated land being owned by the Western Land Securities Company. This company has been selling portions of their holdings during the past few years. Very little of the government land within the boundaries of the forest is suitable for farming purposes, since it is quite rough and broken and water is very scarce. It is the country outside of the forest which is now being taken up by settlers.

No sawmill operations have ever been conducted on the area. When the Northern Pacific railroad was being built a larger number of trees were cut for railroad ties, and together with the logs which have been procured for house building by settlers, this is the only use which has been made of the timber on the forest. It is understood that the logs used in the construction of President Roosevelt's cabin, which now stands in the state capitol grounds at Bismarck, N. D., were obtained from the area now included in the Dakota national forest.

Gov. Burke of North Dakota is very much interested in this forest and thinks it will be of incalculable value to the people who live in the region where the forest is created.

Both of the new national forests, the Ocala in Florida, and the Dakota, will be put under administration by the forest service as soon as possible.

One-Eyed Mosquito.

Not a few Sarawak mosquitoes would be worthy of notice as being peculiar, but space forbids mention of more than one, *Oculeomyia sarawaki*. Like the monster *Cyclops* of fable, this mosquito is remarkable in being one-eyed. The insect was discovered a year or two ago by Dr. Barker, and the curator of the museum at Kuching considers that this specimen must be uncommon, as he has never seen another.—London Standard.