

**Love Generates Sunshine.**

Love generates the sunshine of the moral universe, without which life would be a desert waste. It brightens the dark places. It gladdens the sorrowing. It lifts us above the petty grudging cares that burden the heart and sap enthusiasm and energy.

There never was a more thorough truth than that hate, envy, revenge, and all the evil passions that we are heir to, corrode, render wretched and destroy first the heart in which they originate.

Love will draw the world to you and surround you with an atmosphere of happiness and success. Every hard thought gives birth to a singing serpent in your own heart.

The cashing in of the emotions in any form plays smash with the sincerity of any subsequent emotion on the part of the vendor.

Yes, a magic vase is that which overflows with what is dropped into it. And that magic vase is no fanciful conception.

**Drinking Barley Water.**

Now that grown-ups as well as babies drink chilled barley water during the warm weather, every one is learning how to make it.

It is supposed to be better than lemonade and has excellent tonic properties. It is recommended by all doctors for those whose stomachs are not very strong through the summer season.

A good way to make it is as follows: Put a scant cupful of barley in an earthen vessel and cover with two or three quarts of boiling water. When cold, strain and add lemon juice. It should be kept on ice in order that it may be chilled. This is better than serving it with cracked ice in a glass.

It's funny where some folks get their joy for discom. For instance, Solomon is said to have had a thousand wives.

By lifting the burdens of others we lighten our own. By making others happy we bring happiness to ourselves.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Some women get red in the face because of innate modesty; some get furiously red, because of their quick tempers; some women get beautifully red in the face because of the beauty of their color.

With a smooth iron and Defiance starch, you can launder your shirt-just just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

If you drop in love, it overflows love. If you drop in charity, it overflows charity. Drop in envy and jealousy and hate, and it will overflow these things into your own life.

To praise a good action is to participate in its repetition.



**SYNOPSIS.**

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narrative by 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 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 of Miss Anne Page, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave. Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domestic. 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 storm, and the only survivor was Scudder, for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt returned from the island and called it Ozan Island. They lived on the island and 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 flopped into a chair. I was getting used to surprises, but Nate's giving anybody a present was the biggest wonder yet. I figured that lunacy was catching 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—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'd 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 daguerotype 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 worsted 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 struck 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 like 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 eat 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 un-

sowing 'em. Pretty soon he had to stop and bustle 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 family 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 sun-burned 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 house. 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 America.

"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 Chiny 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, Mar-

tin; 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 of 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 leaves in sight in

CHAPTER VIII.

**Mr. Scudder's Presents.**

I was up the next morning about five and pitched in making biscuit and fugging water and so on. Lord James comes poking down after a while. He looked pretty well used up.

"See 'ere, Pratt," says he. "Wat 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 wat 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 orrifying. 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 Chris-

tiel; green corn from our own plantation. And cucumbers in the morning, with the dew on 'em."

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

tion 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 died 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. "He 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 sliding around the hammock 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

where all kicking and stamping about. The cock had to dodge from right to left and from left to right to avoid being trampled to pieces. As he shot this way and that between the heavy hoofs, he kept singing out:

"Take care, gentlemen; don't let us tread on one another."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**Where He Stood.**

The woman was showing the artist her diamond pin. "How much is it worth?" he asked. "A hundred and fifty dollars," she answered. "What would you do if you had a diamond pin that was worth a hundred dollars?" "There's one thing certain," he said. "I wouldn't have the diamond pin."

**REALLY AN APT COMPARISON**

Good illustration of the True Position of China.

During a debate in the senate on foreign affairs one day one of the senators was discussing China's somewhat precarious position in the Russo-Japanese war.

"Gentleman," observed the senator, humorously, "it has always seemed to me that China is hopelessly small and helpless as compared with Russia or Japan. Anything she may have to say to the combatants is suggestive of the remark that the gamecock made to the horses.

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Mr. Whim—Well, sharpen this lead-pencil with it.

**An Experienced Walker.**

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said.

"Yes," said Mr. Hayes. "And the next race he enters, mark me, he will win."

"Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed.

"No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

**Bessie's Task.**

"Mamma," said little Bessie, at table one noon, "I'm to write something to read at school next Friday, but I've forgotten what the teacher called it."

"An essay, perhaps," suggested Bessie's father.

"An oration," offered the little maid's high-school brother, teasingly.

"A valetudinary," prompted a senior sister.

"No," said Bessie, suddenly brightening. "I remember now what it is—it's an imposition."

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. It is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that women are barred from the Island of Ferdinand de Noronha, he longing to Brazil.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—That's like the selfish men! Don't want the women to have any privileges!

"I forgot to say, dear, that the island is only used for convicts!"

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Track from correspondence National List of Small Farms of August, 1902.

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