

SYNOPSIS.

9

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narcatch cold. I can wait a spell, I guess. air, Solonian Fint organized well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of Why don't you go after your boat, 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 Heavenlics" hear a long story of the domestic wees of Mris Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and mail of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavalling search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July cebebration 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 plenic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squal. Pratt hunded safely and a sentch mister?" she says to me. "You'll lose it first thing you know." after it, waded in and hauled it ashore. was waiting for me. during a fierce storm, which followed the plenic. Out salling later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt handed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rent-ed it from Scudder and called It Ozone island. They lived on the island and Owner Scudder brought ridiculous pres-ents as a token of gratitude. Innocently, Hartley and Hopper in search for clams robbed a private "quabaugh." Late at night their island home was disturbed by wild yells. Hopper was found in a fright at what he supposed was a ghost and he immediately tendered his resignation. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page vis-fied Ozone island in another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped be-ing wrecked, having aboard chickens, pies, etc., with which they were to start a farm. dist?" a Methodist?" berry?' pigs, etc., w start a farm.

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.)

I rubbed the wet sand out of my eyes. There on a sand hummock in front of us was a girl. A queer-looking female she was, too. Reminded me ing the same general look of being all corners. She had on a striped calico dress, stripes running up and down, and her belt went across the middle of the stripes as straight as if 'twas laid out with a spirit level. I couldn't see her face good, for she had on a sunbonnet and 'twas like peeking at her through a nail keg, but she had snapping black eyes and moved quick, which wa'n't Hannah Jane's way by a good sight. I stood and stared at her.

"I say you're pretty wet, ain't you?" she says again, louder. "Why don't you say something? Are you hard of hearing?"

Before I could get my bearings enough to answer Van Brunt comes dripping alongside. He was still holding the cigar stump in his mouth and he had one of the Plymouth Rocksthe rooster, as it happened-squeezed tight under one arm.

"Well, skipper," he says, "the Ark

"Introduce we _ er tady, skipper," says Van, when I come in, I done the honors. "She's one of Washy Sparrow's tribe-I mean family," says I. "They live over in the woods hereabouts."

"I guess tribe'll do," says Eureka, cutting in quick. "There's pretty near enough of us to make a town, seems sometimes. You'd think so if you had to get the meals for 'em, same's I do." "You!" says I. "Do you cook for all

that gang? How old are you?" "Seventeen last March. Cook for 'em? Guess I do! And scratch to get things to cook, too; else we'd have to live on salt air pudding with wind sass. I take in washing, and Lycurgus he goes fishing and clamming and choring around, and Editha helps me iron, and we all take watch and watch looking out for the young ones."

Hartley spoke then. "We're looking for a cook," he says. "Will you come I looked where she pointed and there and cook for us, and help about the was the skiff stranded bottom up on house here? Mr. Pratt finds the job the tip end of the point flat. 1 ran too big for one man."

She bobbed her head. "Yup." says The Heavenlies hurried up to the she, dry as a chip. "I should think he house. When I come back the girl might, judging by what I've seen. No, "I'll walk along up with you," she I can't come. I've got to stay home

says. "Say, you're Solomon Pratt, and look out for the folks." "Why can't your father do that? ain't you? I heard about you. Nate Scudder told pa. He said he'd let asks Hartley.

"Who-pa? I guess you ain't heard this place to Sol Pratt and a couple of crazy men from New York. I thought about pa, He's sick. Got his neversure you'd swear when the boat upset, get-over, he says. Pa's had most every but you didn't. You must belong to kind of symptom there is; phthisic the church. What are you-Metho- and influency and lumbago and pleurisy. Now he's settled down to con-

I grinned. "So you think a ducking sumption and nervous dyspepsy. Afore like that would be apt to make a man | ma died she used to try to cure him. swear, do you?" says I. but the doctor and pa had a row. The

"Yup, if he hadn't got religion. Pa'd doctor said pa didn't have consump have cussed a blue streak, You'd ought | tion nor nothing else; what he needed to hear him when he has his nervous was hard exercise, such as work. Pa dyspepsy spells. Did you say you was said the doc didn't know his business, and the doc said maybe not, but he "No-o, I guess I didn't. Let's see, knew pa. So pa told him never to

Did you say your name was Dusen- darken our door again, and he ain'texcept to come around once in a while She stopped and kind of fizzed, like and collect something from me on the

you'd better get dry yourself or you'll

a teakettle biling over. "Sakes alive!" | bill." she snaps. "I hope not! Do I look as "Well," says I, "maybe you know

if I was carting a name like that somebody else that would do for us. around? My name's Sparrow-Eureka | Who's a good cook and general house-Florina Sparrow. What's the matter keeper that would be likely to hire -anything? out?

"No, not 'special. You kind of She thought for a moment or so. "I some of Hannah Jane Purvis, being fetched me up into the wind, striking don't know," she says. "Most folks in built on the same spare lines and hav- me head on so, unexpected. Just say this neighborhood is too high toned to



"A month?" she says, staring at him. "A week," says he.

She had a queer way of doing every- ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO thing by jerks, like as it she was hung on wires and worked with a string. Now she straightened up out of her chair so sudden you almost expected to hear her snap. "A week?" she sings out. "Oh!"

Then she looked at me. "Oh, it's so, if he says so," says I. resigned like.

"Land sakes! A week! I neverbut it ain't no use. What would behad at the lowest prices, and this the come of pa and the children?"

"Couldn't you come over for the days, at least?" asks Martin. "You the statement of his case, and there is might go home nights, you know." no hidden meaning when he refers to And that's the way it ended, finally. The Twins had made up their minds, and when that happened, heaven and er possibilities than any other part of earth wouldn't change 'em. At last the American Continent, to the man Eureka said she'd talk it over with livelihood and possible competence. her folks and Van Brunt said we would come over to her house next day and get the decision.

"There!" says he, when the Sparrow girl had gone. "Skipper, the cook reached that no matter what personal interest the writer may have had, his question is settled."

"Maybe 'tis," says I. "Looks to me | reasons appear to have the quality of as if you'd settled it the way the feller great soundness. ' The climatic condisettled the coffee, by upsetting it. For tions of Western Canada are fully as Made of settled the coffee, by upsetting it. For tions of Western Canada are fully as Made of extra quality tobacco. I chaps that pined for rest and quiet you good as those of Minnesota, the Dako-dcaler or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, III. tas or Iowa, the productiveness of the two do queer things. Do you realize soil is as great, the social conditions what getting mixed up with that Sparare on a parity, the laws are as well row gang is likely to mean?"

established and as carefully observed. "If the whole flock is like the speci-In addition to these the price of land nen bird we've seen," he says, "it'll nean joy. If there was one thing is much less, casier to secure. So, with these advantages, why shouldn't this needed to make Ozone island a de--the offer of Western Canada-be ight, a gem of purest ray serene, that riginal would be the thing. She's a embraced. The hundreds of thousands fircus in herself. I shall dream to- of settlers now there, whose homes tight of pa and the doctor. Ho, ho! were originally in the United States, By the way, what's her Christian appear to be-are satisfied. Once in awhile complaints are heard, but the name? Canadians have never spoken of the

I told the name-the whole of it. How them Heavenlies did laugh. "Eureka!" says Hartley. "Splen-

"Eureka!" says Van. "We have found it! Sol, let's have lunch."

I got 'em something to eat and then the three of us put in the afternoon ter has a good basis of fact in support chasing the wild animals. The chickens was fairly easy to get hold of; 1 laid a trail of corn up to the door of the henyard and trapped the most of 'em that On the 29th of April of this year W. way. But the pig was a holy terror. R. Conley, of Lougheed, Alberta, wrote He'd had his experience with Ozone a friend in Detroit. He says: "The islanders that morning and he didn't want any more. Up and down that blessed sand bar we chased him, getone could find if he wanted to some ing upset and tiring ourselves out. The small bunches of snow around the pig race over to Eastwich wa'n't in it. edge of the lake. There is a frost near-I did most of the chasing; the Heavenly every morning: at sunrise it begins lies superintended, as usual, and gave to fade away, then those blue floworders and laughed. They pretty nighers open and look as fresh as if there laughed themselves sick. Finally the had been no frost for a week. . . critter bolted into the woodshed and I There is no reason why this country locked the door on him. It was six should not become a garden of Eden; o'clock when I dumped him into the the wealth is in the ground and only ay. Of all the Natural Life days I'd needs a little encouragement from the had yet this one was the liveliest and most wearing. A week like it and my There is everything here to build government to induce capital in here. natural place would have been the with: good clay for brick; coal underneath, plenty of water in the spring pound that afternoon. I was getting so thin that when I fell down my legs the banks." made grooves in the sand.

The next forenoon me and Hartley went over to close the cook trade. Van wouldn't go. He said the gardensemble? ing and the shipwreck and the steeplease-meaning the pig hunt-had



Western Canada as presenting great-

country as an Eldorado no matter

what they may have thought. The

writer happened to have at hand a few

letters, written by former residents of

the United States, from which one or

two extracts are submitted. These go

to prove that the writer in the Regis-

of his statements regarding the excel-

lency of the grain growing area of

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

weather has been just fine ever since

I came here in March, and I believe

The Bride-I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle. The Butcher-Madam, I think you'd batter have an egg.-Harper's Weekly.

the world's greatest horsemen, has written to the manufacturers: "SPOHN'S DIS-TEMPER COMPOUND has become the "Deep down in the nature of every standard remedy for distempers and throat diseases in the best stables of Europe. This medicine relieves Horses of great sufproperly constituted man is the desire to own some land." A writer in the Iowa State Register thus tersely exfering and saves much money for the own-er." 50e and \$1 a bottle. All druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind. presses a well-known truth. The question is where is the best land to be

The Idealist.

One woman can be awfully fond of same writer points out in the same aranother-if they are a hundred miles | ticle. The fact is not disguised that apart. the writer has a personal interest in

Garfield Tea, the Herb Laxative, agreeably stimulates the liver, corrects constipation and relieves a clogged system. Write for samples. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many a man thinks he is chariwho is inclined to till the soil for a table because he gives advice.

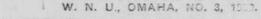
What interests one are the arguments ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. advanced by this writer, and when fairly analyzed the conclusion is

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Magaz

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MAKE MONEY IS TO INVEST IN WESTERN CANADA. Hon. Emil Kiang, Vienna, Aus., one of

has stranded and the animals may now -Hello! What? Who?" He looked at the girl and she at him. Then he says brisk: "Can you book

CHAPTER XI.

Eureka.

Whatever that girl might have expected from us, I guess she didn't expect that. It set her back so that she couldn't speak for a full minute; which was something of a miracle, as I found out later.

"Can I what?" she says, finally. "Can you cook?" asks Van Brunt

again. "Can I-" Then she turns to me.

"He ought to be attended to right off," she says, referring to Van. "Some of that wet has soaked in and he's got water on the brain. Take that poor rooster away from him afore he squeezes it to death."

Van laughed and dropped the rooster. I cal'late he'd forgot that he had it. "Let me explain," he begun. "You see, we-"

Hartley spoke, then. "Wait a minute," says he, laughing. "I suggest that we adjourn to the house and get into some dry clothes. Then we can talk business, if the young lady is willing."

The girl looked at him. "Business is what I'm here for," says she. "Which of you three is the quahaug one?"

"The which?" says I; and the Heav- Peruna-what was it?" enlies both said the same.

I've got some business to talk with row," says she, slow and distinct. him.

"Martin," says Van, grave, and turning to his chum. "Are you a some ff you did. I had to leave school 'quahaug one?' "

"I guess he is," says I. I was beginning to see a light. Hartley's clam- and pa makes eight." ming cruise was turning out as I'd expected.

"What's their names?"

"O-c-h!" says I. "I see." I knew

I'd heard of Washington Sparrow. He

"Humph!" says the girl. "Well, you and Ulysses and Napoleon and Marmade a clean job, Lys says. About guerite and Dewey-he's the baby. three buckets and a half, wa'n't they?" Great names, ain't they? Pa's do-You never see a man so puzzled as ings, naming 'em that way was. Pa Hartley, unless 'twas Van Brunt. They says there's nothing like hitching a

looked at each other, at the girl, and grand name to a young one; gives 'em then at me. I explained. "I judge 'twas this young woman's own name's Washington, but he ain't quahaug bed that you and James broke his back living up to it, far's as

cleaned out tother day," I says. "You I can see; and ma used to say the remember I told you we'd hear from same afore she died." them quahaugs later." "Oh!" says Martin. "Awfully sorry, who she was now. I hadn't lived

I'm sure. I hope you'll permit me to around Wellmouth so very long, but pay for-'

She bobbed the sunbonnet up and lived in a little slab shanty off in the down. "That's what I come for," says woods about a mile from Scudder's, and she. "They was my brother Lycurgus' had the name of being the laziest man quahaugs. He'd just bedded 'em. i in town. Quahaugs is worth a dollar a bucket We'd reached the house by this time

this time of year. That's three dol- and I left Eureka Florina in the kitchlars and a half. I won't charge you for | en and went to my room to change my the sticks, though what on earth you duds. When I come down the Twins done with them is more'n 1 can make was in the kitchen, too, and I could delphia artist, whose blindness, brought out, and Lys says the same."

and fished out a sopping-wet pocket- was telling how scarce they'd got to be of rare talent. book.

sorry. It was a mistake, and-"

You'd better spread that money out laughed.

that again and say it slow. Eureka go out working. They'd rather stay to home and take boarders. Mrs. Han-She switched around and stared at | nah Jane Purvis is about the only "Which of you is the quahaug one? me hard. "Eureka-Florina-Spar- one, and you've had her."

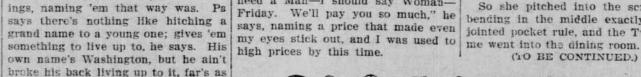
Martin made a face. "We have," he "Want me to spell it for you?" savs. "No, thanks. You might mix me up

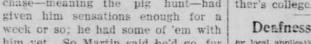
"Yup," says Eureka, "She told Mr. She said you'd get your pay hereafter for treating her the way you did."

Woman Sitter.

early. Any more in your family?" "Yup. Seven of us, counting me-"We hope to," says Van, cheerful. "Well, there's Lycurgus and Editha

"Now, Miss-er-Sparrow, we want Crusoes on a desert island and we washing done afore noon, somehow." need a Man-I should say Woman-





him yet. So Martin said he'd go, for my sake. I borrowed a couple of spare oars from Scudder, when he arrived with the morning's dose of skimmilk and cream and butter, and, as I took care to row the skiff this time, we made the passage all right. Then we walked up to the Sparrow's nest. "Twas a pretty shabby-looking shack.

now I tell you. Shingles dropping off. and fence falling down, and a general shortage of man's work everywhere. But there was a bed of bachelor buttons and old maid's pinks under the front window, and the windows themselves was clean and bright. Eureka had done her best to make the place homey: you could see that.

She let us in when we knocked at the kitchen door. Her sleeves was rolled up and there was a big basket of clothes by the steaming washtub. Editha, the 12-year-old, was grinding at the wringer and Dewey, the baby, was setting on the floor playing with a rag doll. The rest of the tribeexcept Lycurgus, who had gone ped-

dling clams-was off playing. Eureka, she apologized for things son. being so upset, but there wa'n't any need for apologies. The house was

plain and poor-you could see that it took a mighty lot of stretching to make both ends come in sight of each other, let alone meet; but 'twas clean as a whistle. Even the baby was

clean, all except his face and hands, and no healthy young one ought to have them clean.

"Good morning," says Hartley. "Have you decided to cook for us?"

She bobbed her head over the wash Scudder that you was crazy as all get tub. "I've decided it, if pa has," says out, and sunk in worldly sin besides. she. "He ain't made up his mind yet. He wanted to sleep on it, he said. I guess he's done that. Anyhow he's just got up. Step right into the dining room and talk to him. You'll have you to come and help us out. We're to excuse me; I've got to get this So she pitched into the scrubbing, bending in the middle exactly like a jointed pocket rule, and the Twin and (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Hurt Great Artist's Feelings

"A matron sat to Lambert once. John Lambert's Witty Rebuke to Vain At the end of the third sitting she

The late John Lambert, the Phila-

hear the Sparrow girl's tongue going on by the dazzling sunshine of a is a straight, long mouth, really, just Van was grinning from ear to car. like a house afire. Martin had just Spanish summer, caused his death Tother Twin reached into his pocket paid her for the quahaugs and she through grief, was a portrait painter trait I want you, if you will, to make

in the bay, and how her brother had "Lambert," said a member of the "Will the three fifty be sufficient?" worked to get a few bedded and how Philadelphia club the other day, "was he asks, troubled. "I'm really very he'd sold a couple of quarts to the a realist. His portraits were true Baptist minister's wife and what she and unflattering. It annoyed him tre-"Oh, it's all right," says the girl. said about 'em and so on. The Heav- mendously to be asked to make an "You didn't know no better. Pa says enlies seemed to be enjoying every ugly woman beautiful-it was the fools and children zin't accountable. minute of it, judging by the way they same thing, he used to say, as being England's tramways. The mileage is asked to lie.

professed to be quite satisfied with the progress of the work. "'All but the mouth,' she said. 'Please make it small and curved. I know it

it very tiny. Will you?"

"'Certainly, madam,' said Lambert. 'I'll leave it out altogether if you wish.'

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Knicker-Whom does the baby re-

Bocker-It's yell takes after its fa-

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