

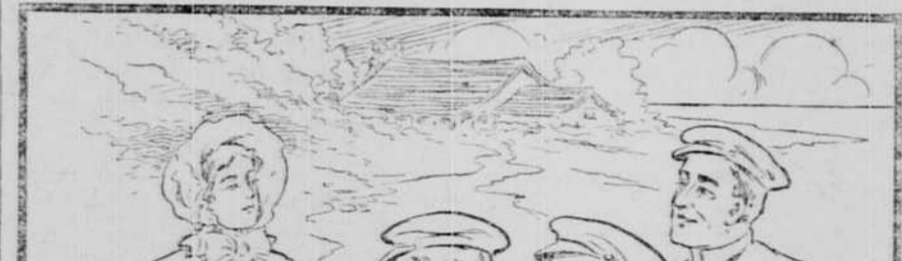
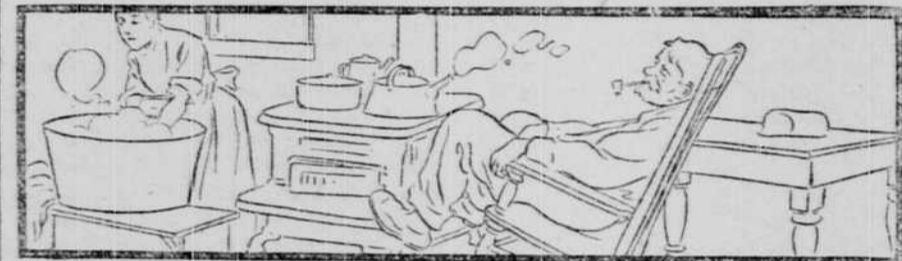


SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt being comical narrator of story... Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers...

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 some of Hannah Jane Purvis, being built on the same spare lines and having the same general look of being all corners.



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 Rocks—the rooster, as it happened—squeezed tight under one arm.

CHAPTER XI.

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.



"Which of You Three Is the Quahaug One?"

That again and say it slow. Eureka Peruna—what was it? She switched around and stared at me hard. "Eureka—Florida—Sparrow," says she, slow and distinct. "Want me to spell it for you?"

go out working. They'd rather stay to home and take boarders. Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis is about the only one, and you've had her. Martin made a face. "We have," he says.

"Introduce me to the lady, 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 got 'em something to eat and then the three of us put in the afternoon chasing the wild animals. The chickens was fairly easy to get hold of; I laid a trail of corn up to the door of the henyard and trapped the most of 'em that way. But the pig was a holy terror.

The next forenoon me and Hartley went over to close the cool trade. Van wouldn't go. He said the gardening and the shipwreck and the steeplechase—meaning the pig hunt—had given him sensations enough for a week or so; he had some of 'em with 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 skim-milk 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.

"Hurt Great Artist's Feelings" John Lambert's Witty Rebuke to Vain Woman Sitter. The late John Lambert, the Philadelphia artist, whose blindness, brought on by the dazzling sunshine of a Spanish summer, caused his death through grief, was a portrait painter of rare talent.

"A month?" she says, staring at him. "A week," says he. She had a queer way of doing everything by jerks, like as it 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.

"I got 'em something to eat and then the three of us put in the afternoon chasing the wild animals. The chickens was fairly easy to get hold of; I laid a trail of corn up to the door of the henyard and trapped the most of 'em that way. But the pig was a holy terror. He'd had his experience with Ozon's islanders that morning and he didn't want any more. Up and down that blessed sand bar we chased him, getting upset and tiring ourselves out. The pig race over to Eastwick wa'n't in it. I did most of the chasing; the Heavens superintended, as usual, and gave orders and laughed. They pretty nigh laughed themselves sick. Finally the critter bolted into the woodshed and I locked the door on him. It was six o'clock when I dumped him into the sky. Of all the Natural Life days I'd had yet this one was the liveliest and most wearing. A week like it and my natural place would have been the burying ground. I call 'em I lost three pounds that afternoon. I was getting so thin that when I fell down my legs made grooves in the sand.

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"A matron sat to Lambert once. At the end of the third sitting she 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 is a straight, long mouth, really, just as you have drawn it, but in the portrait I want you, if you will, to make it very tiny. Will you?"

WHY NOT OWN LAND? ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO MAKE MONEY IS TO INVEST IN WESTERN CANADA.

"Deep down in the nature of every properly constituted man is the desire to own some land." A writer in the Iowa State Register thus tersely expresses a well-known truth. The question is where is the best land to be had at the lowest prices, and this the same writer points out in the same article. The fact is not disguised that the writer has a personal interest in the statement of his case, and there is no hidden meaning when he refers to Western Canada as presenting greater possibilities than any other part of the American Continent, to the man who is inclined to till the soil for a livelihood and possible competence.

"There!" says he, when the Sparrow girl had gone. "Skipper, the cook question is settled." "Maybe 'tis," says I. "Looks to me as if you'd settled it the way the feller settled the coffee, by upsetting it. For chaps that plied for rest and quiet you two do queer things. Do you realize what getting mixed up with that Sparrow gang is likely to mean?"

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The Idealist. The Bride—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle. The Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg.—Harper's Weekly. Hon. Emil Kling, Vienna, Aus., one of the world's greatest horsemen, has written to the manufacturers: "SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND has become the standard remedy for distempers and throat diseases in the best stables of Europe. This medicine relieves horses of great suffering and saves much money for the owner." See and get a bottle. All druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

ONLY ONE "BEGOMO QUININE" THAT IS LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GARDNER. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. See. Cleaning upsets a house almost as badly as it does a stomach. Lewis' Single Binder straighten clear. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill. The secret of success is a secret women never tell. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 3, 1913.

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Answer This Question. When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble? Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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