

MONEY MADE IN LIVE STOCK IN CENTRAL CANADA.

W. J. Henderson, visiting Seattle, writes the Canadian Government Agent at Spokane, Wash., and says:

"I have neighbors in Central Canada raising wheat, barley and oats for the past 20 years, and are now getting from the same land 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 60 bushels of oats.

"It was the first week of May when I got my tent pitched, but the farmers all around had finished putting in their crops, so I only got fifteen acres broke and needed. They advised me as it was late not to put in much wheat, so I put in five acres of wheat and ten acres of oats, one-half acre potatoes and vegetables. All kinds of vegetables grow well up there, sweet corn, tomatoes, onions, carrots, peas, beans, cabbage. My wheat yielded about 20 bushels per acre, for which I got 75 cents, others got 80 cents; oats threshed 35 bushels per acre, for which I got 35 cents per bushel. You see I was three weeks late in getting them in, still I was satisfied.

"From my observation, there is more money made in stock, such as cattle, horses and sheep, as prices are high for such, and it costs nothing to raise them, as horses live the year around out on the grass. In fact, farmers turn their work horses out for the winter, and they come in fresh and fat in the spring. Cattle live out seven or eight months. They mow the prairie grass and stack it for winter and give out straw. My neighbors sold steers at \$40 each, and any kind of a horse that can plow, from \$150.00 up. I raised 60 chickens and 5 pigs, as pork, chickens, butter and eggs pay well and always a good market for anything a man raises, so I have every reason to be thankful, besides, at the end of three years I get my patent for homestead. I heard of no homestead selling for less than \$2,000, so where under the sun could an old man or young man do better?"

No matter how eloquent you may be talking to your Father in Heaven, it will not balance a sour disposition to your family here.—Henry F. Cope.

A Domestic Eye Remedy
Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine.

Too Much Gravity a Bad Sign.
There is a false gravity which is a very ill symptom; and it may be said that as rivers which run very slowly have always the most mud at the bottom, so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.—Saville.

Placing Him.
"Papa," inquired little May, after Sunday school, "was George Washington an Israelite?"

Before her father could answer this somewhat unexpected question May's six-year-old brother broke in.

"Why, May, I'm 'shamed of your ignorance! George Washington is in the New Testament, not the Old."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Secret of Poverty.
Dr. Woods Hutchinson of New York unlocked the secret of general poverty in an address at the American Museum of Natural History in New York early this month, when he said: "What is killing the people of this city may be stated as overwork, underfeeding and overcrowding; and two of these may be included under the one word 'underpaid.' The message of the church and of medicine to-day to the community is not 'Give to the poor,' but 'Don't take so much away from them.'—The Public.

A Dire Threat.
It is well known that certain vagabonds desire nothing better, especially when the cold weather comes on, than to be arrested and locked up, in order that they may be taken care of a while. One of this fraternity succeeded in getting himself arrested for vagrancy, and on the way to the lock-up he was so much overjoyed by the prospect of not having to sleep in the open air that he behaved somewhat boisterously.

"Keep quiet!" threatened the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you go!"—Exchange.

GOOD CHANGE
Coffee to Postum.

The large army of persons who have found relief from many chronic ailments by changing from coffee to Postum as a daily beverage, is growing each day.

It is only a simple question of trying it for oneself in order to know the joy of returning health as realized by an ill, young lady. She writes:

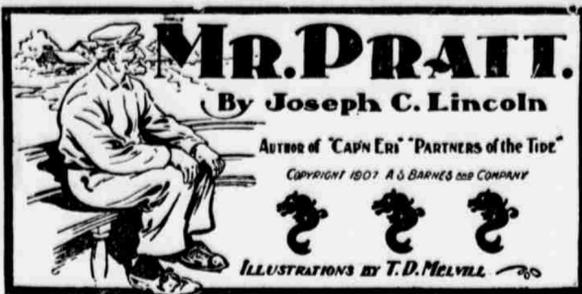
"I had been a coffee drinker nearly all my life and it affected my stomach—caused insomnia and I was seldom without a headache. I had heard about Postum and how beneficial it was, so concluded to quit coffee and try it.

"I was delighted with the change. I can now sleep well and seldom ever have headache. My stomach has gotten strong and I can eat without suffering afterwards. I think my whole system greatly benefited by Postum.

"My brother also suffered from stomach trouble while he drank coffee, but now, since using Postum he feels so much better he would not go back to coffee for anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began conical 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. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful sutor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwich, Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's foot and the uncle proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. 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. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island. In another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fete, Van Brunt shocked the church community by selling a quilt for the church's benefit.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouts. "Here is positively the last chance to secure this magnificent—er—er—lambrykin, made by the deserving poor to cover the restless rich. Competition has been so strong that no one person has been able to buy it. The only solution would be a syndicate, and the almshouse is opposed to trusts. Therefore I am authorized to—then he bent down and whispered:—

"Mr. Morton, kindly give me whatever small change you have left."

The minister looked puzzled, but he handed up a half dollar. Van Brunt reaches into the hat and takes out one of the folded slips of paper.

"Here you are sir," says he. "Treasure that as you would your life. Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is a raffle. The minister starts it. Tickets are anything you please, provided it's enough. Come early and avoid the rush."

There was a kind of gasp from all the church people. The members of the sewing circle looked at each other with the most horrified kind of faces. The parson, Mr. Morton, run forward.

"Just a minute, Mr. Van Brunt, if you please," he sings out.

But Van waved him away. The summer folks come after them tickets like a whirlwind, laughing and shouting and passing up dollar bills. "Twa'n't hardly any time afore the hat was empty and the Twa'n's jacket pocket was full of money. Then he fills up the hat with more pieces of paper.

"These are duplicates of the numbers sold," says he. "The drawing will now take place. Here, Bill!"

He grabs a little shaver by the coat collar and lifts him up to the chair. Old lady Patterson, the deacon's wife, set up a scream.

"Stop!" she yells. "My child shall not—"

"It takes but a moment, madam," says Van, waving to her, calm and easy. "Now, Julius Caesar, please take one of those numbers from the hat."

The boy reddened up and grinned and looked foolish, but he stuck a freckled paw in and took out a piece of paper.

"Number 14," shouts Van Brunt. "Number 14 secures the—the tapestry. Who's the lucky one?"

Everybody unfolded their papers, but there didn't seem to be any 14. Hartley had three, but he wa'n't in it.

"Number 14," Van calls. "Who is 14? Mr. Morton, you began this. Where is your ticket?"

The minister looked dreadfully troubled. "Really," he stammered, "I—I—it was a mistake. I—"

"Here's yours, Mr. Morton," says a little girl. "You dropped it on the ground."

The parson looked pretty sick. He reached for it, but Van got it first.

"Number 14 it is," he says. "Our esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Morton, secures the prize. That's as it should be. Three cheers for Mr. Morton!"

The summer folks give the cheers, but the church folks looked pretty average wild, I thought.

I forgot how much was in Van Brunt's pocket. That bedquilt fetched in enough money to pretty nigh buy the poorhouse itself.

The Twins felt good. They figured that they'd made a hit at that "lawn fete."

enlies was. We wa'n't fit for decent folks to associate with.

But I ain't been able to learn, even yet, that the bedquilt money was returned to the ticket buyers.

Van got a long letter from Agnes Page a little later, saying that she had heard of him as a "disturbing influence" and that she was shocked and grieved. He thought 'twas a great joke and didn't seem to care much. Nate Scudder was glad of the whole business. He didn't want nobody else to be milking his own pet cows.

Me and Eureka was glad, too, in a way. We judged that Van's being in disgrace with his girl would help Hartley's side along. And in a few days another idea begun to develop that, when I found it out, seemed to me likely to help him more.

Eureka told me that she'd seen a dress pattern at the church sale that she wanted awful. I asked her why she didn't buy it and she said 'twas two dollars and a half and she couldn't afford it. Hartley heard her say it and he loafed out into the kitchen and begun to ask questions, pumping her, sort of quiet, to find out what she done with her money. After she'd gone home he says to me:

"Skipper, that girl is robbing herself to support that old loafer, her father."

"That's right," says I. "It's my



"Here is Positively the Last Chance to Secure This Magnificent—er—er—Lambrykin."

opinion that she ain't never told him that she ain't getting that extra two dollars a week. I guess she pays every cent into the house."

"It's a shame!" says he. "Can't we make the old vagabond earn his own living?"

"When you do," I says, "I'll believe that black's the blonde shade of white. Making Washy Sparrow work would be as big a miracle as the loaves and fishes."

He thought a spell. "Well, I mean to look into the matter," he says. "Sol, I want you to find out who owns that apology for a house they live in. Don't ask Eureka. We must keep it a secret from her or she'll interfere. And we may as well not tell Van, either. He's so careless that he might give it away."

"All right," says I. "I'll ask Scudder. He knows 'most all of everybody's business and Huldry Ann knows the rest."

So when Nate come, after breakfast next morning, I asked him.

"What do you want to know for?" says he, suspicious as usual.

"Oh, nothing. Just curious, that's all."

"They ain't going to move out, are they?" He seemed mighty interested.

"No, no!" says I. "Where'd they move to? Think they're going to Washington to visit the president or the diplomatic corps?"

"Well," he says, "you needn't get mad. I didn't know but they might be coming over here. I don't mind telling you, Huldry Ann, my wife, owns the place, if you want to know."

I was surprised. He was a regular sand-flea for bobbing up where you didn't expect to him.

more proofs that lambs fooling with Nate Scudder was likely to lose, not only wool, but hoofs, hide and talow.

When I told Hartley he seemed real pleased.

"That makes it easy," he says. "Scudder will accommodate me by doing a little favor, won't he?"

"Sure thing!" says I, sarcastic. "Ain't he been accommodating you ever since you struck town?"

"Yes," he says, "he has. Scudder is a generous chap."

And he meant it, too! Why the good Lord lets such simple innocents as him and his chum run around loose for it—but there! No doubt he has his reasons. And what would become of the summer folks without that kind?

Him and Nate was pretty thick for the next few days. Something was up, though as yet I wa'n't in the secret. Hartley made one or two trips to the village and he took neither me nor Van with him. He asked me where the doctor lived and a lot more questions.

Van Brunt, too, was getting pretty confidential with Nate. I caught the two of 'em off alone by the barn or somewhere quite a good many times. They was always whispering earnest, and when I have in sight they'd break away and act guilty. There was something up there, too, and again I wa'n't in with the elect. I begun to feel slighted.

But in a little while Hartley's secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

secret come out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Hartley to go with him, but Martin said no. He said he didn't feel like it, somehow. Why didn't Van put it off? But Van wa'n't the put-off kind. He was going and going right then. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited. The

"Well, I think I've succeeded. Come with me to-morrow morning and see. I'm doing it for the sake of that plucky daughter of his, and it has required some engineering and diplomacy. But I think I win. Don't mention a word to Eureka, though."

I promised to keep mum. I tried to get him to tell me more, but he wouldn't. "Wait and see" was all I could get out of him.

I turned in a kind of trance, as you might say. Washy Sparrow work! Well, I'd have to see him doing it with my own eyes. I wouldn't believe even a tintype of the performance if 'twas took by Saint Peter.

CHAPTER XIV.
"The Best Laid Plans."

We left the island early next day. I rowed to the main and anchored the skiff. Then me and Hartley walked up to the Neck road. I didn't ask no questions. He could speak first or be still. I'd had my dose. Nobody can call me nosey.

He did speak first. "Well, skipper?" he says, finally.

"Well, Mr. Hartley," says I. "Why don't you ask me what my scheme is? Aren't you curious?"

"Scheme?" says I. "Scheme? I ain't much of a schemer, myself. Nice weather we're having, ain't it?"

He laughed. "Sol," says he. "I like you. You're the right sort—you and Scudder."

"Drat him! Why did he want to spoil it all by that last?"

"Virtue must be its own reward, then, far's I'm concerned," I says, pretty average dry. "I don't seem to be getting no other kind. Pity me and Nate couldn't divide the substantial's more equal."

His face clouded right up. "Money!" he says, disgusted, kicking a stick out of his way. "Don't you for one minute believe that money means happiness."

"All right," I says. "I ain't contradicting you. You've had more experience with it than I have. Sometimes it seems as if I could manage to bear up under a couple of thousand or so without shedding more'n a bucket of tears; but I'm open to conviction—like the feller that said he stole the horse, but they'd got to show proof enough to satisfy him."

"Twas some minutes afore he come out of his blue fit. Then he says:—

"The scheme is this: I determined to see what could be done to make things easier for the Sparrow girl. The only solution seemed to be the getting rid of papa."

"If you'd waited long enough," I says, "maybe his consumptive dyspepsy would have saved you the trouble."

"I wish I had your faith," says he. "You have. The same kind. Washy's is different. His doctrine is faith without work. Go on."

"So I tried to think of some way to bring it about. When you told me that Scudder owned the Sparrow place I saw my chance. Scudder and I consulted. He was willing to lose his tenants provided he didn't lose the rent. The rent was nothing; I promised to make that good until our season here was over and Eureka could return home. But I made it clear that when she did return home her father mustn't return with her. He must be provided for somewhere else. Then we saw the doctor and Morton the minister. Morton was somewhat prejudiced, owing to Van's raffle, but he's a pretty decent fellow and seemed to think what he called a good action on my part might offset even a bedquilt gamble. So between us we fixed it up."

"Old Sparrow is offered a job as general shoveler and brick carrier over there at the hotel. They're building a new addition, you know. Brown, the manager, said he'd take him on, as a favor to me. He has been offered the place. If he doesn't accept, why, out he goes. Scudder has told him he can't stay in his house any longer. You should have seen him when we broke the news last night."

"S'pose he don't accept," I asks. "What about the children?"

"They'll be looked out for. Lycurgus will board at Scudder's. Eureka will stay with us. Editha and the baby will be roomed and fed by the minister. The others are to have good boarding places and go to school. Every one is willing to help the family, but they won't keep the old rascal. It has worked out beautifully."

"Hold on a minute," says I. "It's all right, as a clam. But Eureka won't let her dad suffer even though she knows there ain't nothing really the matter with him. And who's going to pay all the young ones' board? She can't."

"I'll attend to that," says he, impatient. "It isn't enough to signify. And it will be all settled before Eureka knows it. The old man will take the job."

"I'll bet a cooky he don't," I says. "But it'll make him scratch gravel one way or 'nother. Bully for you, Mr. Hartley! I'm glad I'm along to see the fun."

"The fun was last night," says he. "Caesar! how he did cough and groan. And then swear! But here's the rest of the crowd."

They were waiting for us on the corner. Dr. Penrose was there, and Mr. Morton, and Cap'n Benajah Poundberry, chairman of selectmen, and Scudder, and Peter T. Brown, manager of the Old Home house. They was all laughing, and thinking the whole thing a big joke.

"Mr. Hartley," says the doctor, "I wish you were to be a permanent resident. There are a few more more cases of this kind I'd like to have you tackle."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)