

UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

A dapper little man, with a silky yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends, came out and closed the door softly behind him.

'Mr. Hardacre says he will see you in a few minutes. Will you be seated?' and the little man turned and began to rustle the papers on his desk as if he were very busy indeed.

Willis Everett dropped down in a chair close to the railing, fussed with his hat and watched for Judson Hardacre's door to open. He thought it was rather a cold reception for an uncle to give his nephew, and yet his mother had warned him what to expect.

'Your uncle Judson,' she had said is very much devoted to his business. He has never in his life had time to give to his friends, and people say that he is crusty and hard-hearted, but I am sure that my brother Judson has as kind a heart as any man living, if only you can reach it.'

Willis had come to his uncle as a last resort. He had just finished his junior year in college, and he knew that the completion of his own course would depend on his earnings during the summer. His father had been able to supply him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed for the first three years of his college life, but hard times had ruined his business and it was all he could do to pay rent and grocers' bills, not to mention the provision of clothing for the younger children.

'I want to see you finish up with your class,' he had said to Willis, 'but it is out of the question for me to furnish the money. You will have to get out and see what you can do for yourself.'

And Willis had tried his best to get a position. But he found that he was compelled to compete in this struggle for an opportunity to make a living with men older and more experienced than himself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said he would take Willis on trial, but he couldn't pay him anything for a few months; another said he had a position, but he wished to give it to a man who intended to remain with him permanently and work up in the business. And so they all put him off, and now he was watching for the door of his uncle's private office to open.

He had not seen his uncle in several years. He remembered the last meeting without any exuberance of pleasure. Uncle Judson had called on his mother one afternoon, and he had come in warm and excited from a tennis game.

'What's that thing you have got in your hand?' his uncle asked, after his mother had presented him.

'Why, a tennis racquet.'

'Sarah, can't you teach your children to go into better business than daddling around in white trousers with a toy bat?'

Even as Willis thought of it now, he felt his cheeks tingle with mingled mortification and anger.

'Mr. Hardacre is ready to see you,' said the dapper little man.

Willis slipped quietly into the private office. He saw his uncle sitting at a handsome roll-top desk and glaring at him from under his shaggy gray brows. He had a square, lean face, with a determined chin and his hair was coarse and gray.

'Well, sir.'

'I am in search of work,' said Willis, somewhat falteringly; 'father can't supply me with money for my last year in college and unless I can earn it I can't go.'

'That's just what I told your mother before she married Everett. Now that he has a family of boys he can't educate 'em. But she wouldn't listen to any of my advice.'

The hot blood surged into Willis' face. He couldn't bear this reference to his hard working, robbled-minded father, who had sacrificed everything in order that his boys might have their schooling.

'My father has done the best he could,' Willis said hotly, 'and I can't listen to anything against him. If you have nothing I can do—and Willis turned and started toward the door with his shoulders thrown back.

'There, there,' said his uncle, with the trace of a grim smile curling his lip; 'we'll let that drop. You say you want work what can you do?'

'I'm just out of college,' Willis said, 'and I'll have to do most anything I can get to do.'

'I suppose you are well up in tennis and football and leaping the pole, and all that sort of thing.'

'Yes, sir,' responded Willis, tempted again to turn and leave the room.

'Well, I don't happen to have any of those things in my business. You know, I am engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. It's very prosaic—you can't wear white trousers—might get soiled.'

Willis kept his temper, although every one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick.

'I understand all that,' he said, 'and I am willing to do anything from wood-sawing up that will enable me to save a little money.'

'Wood-sawing, eh?' said Judson Hardacre, and the grim smile again curled his lips.

'Let me see your hands.'

Willis held out his hands—they were certainly rather small and white although tennis playing had worn a few hard callouses on the right palm.

'I thought so,' said Uncle Judson; 'tennis hands, eh?'

'They may be soft now, but I assure you, Uncle Judson, I am not afraid of any kind of work which will help me finish my course.'

At the sound of the unfamiliar words, 'Uncle Judson,' Judson Hardacre glanced up sharply, and then he said rather more gruffly than before:

'Well, I'll take you at your word. Times are dull, and I haven't much of anything else besides chopping and sawing.'

Judson Hardacre pressed a button and a tall, quiet man with a pen thrust behind his ear stepped into the room.

'Calkins, this is Willis Everett. He will

go to work to-morrow morning at the Edwardsburg mill at \$30 a month. He will board at the company's hotel. Have him reported to Matthews. Let me know each week how he is doing.'

'I'm very much obliged to you—' Willis faltered, hardly realizing that at last he had found a job.

'Don't thank me yet,' said his uncle, almost gruffly; 'you may not want to after you have been working for awhile.'

Willis went home in high spirits.

'Mother, mother,' he called; 'I've got a job at last—and a job from Uncle Judson, too.'

That afternoon Willis packed his satchel and took the train down the valley for Edwardsburg, where the Hardacre mills were located. It was about twenty-five miles from home, and he had never been in the place except on his bicycle, and he hardly knew where the mills were located. But he found them easily enough, and with them the foreman Matthews—a big red-faced, stoop-shouldered giant with a voice like a foghorn, Matthews read the letter, and then glanced at Willis keenly and half contemptuously Willis thought.

'Well,' he said; 'be on hand at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll put you to work.'

Willis found a place in the company's boarding house—a single bunk in an attic room with four other men. The walls were dingy, the floor was covered with coarse matting and the bedding did not look any too clean. One little cobwebby window commanded a view of a vast heap of sawdust and slabs. Supper was served on a long table covered with oilcloth, and the tea was brought in by men waiters, who laughed and joked one another. The workmen came in with their sleeves rolled up, and ate almost in silence.

In the morning Willis was set to loading slabs from the waste pile into a box car which stood on a sliding near at hand. One man handed them down from the pile, a second tossed them into the car and a third corded them up. Willis was given the easiest job—that of piling—but he was compelled to keep up with the other two. The slivers stuck into his soft palms and the jagged bark bruised his arms. Besides that it was a hot June day without a breath of air stirring in the car. For an hour or two he stood it pretty well, but before noon he began to feel that he should drop in his tracks, but he was determined never to give up. He was a cog in the machinery of the big mill, and he proposed to do his duty until he broke down. Never was sweeter music than the sound of the noon whistle. He wearily dropped the last slab and staggered into the dining-room of the boarding house. At first he was too tired to eat, but he managed to swallow a little dinner, and by 1 o'clock he felt better. But he knew he never could last through the long afternoon at the same work, and it was with a deep feeling of relief that he heard Matthews order his crew from the carloading to the sawdust chutes. Here he was required to stand knee-deep in soft sawdust at the end of the chute, where the waste of the mill came blowing out in a dusty cloud, and shovel for dear life to keep himself from being buried. It was hot, wearing work, and by the time the afternoon was finished Willis was thoroughly discouraged.

But he was naturally vigorous of body, and although his uncle had made fun of his tennis and football he knew now how much good strength they had added to his muscles. He awakened the next morning lame in every joint and with his hands almost raw with blisters.

'But I'll stick to it,' he said, gritting his teeth; 'I've got to get through college next year.'

That day he was paired with a big, red-bearded Scotchman, and they were assigned to the work of trimming up some timbers with a long cross cut saw. For a few hours Willis bent bravely back and forth. It was fearfully hard work, particularly because he did not understand the science of getting the greatest results from the least effort.

Towards noon the big Scotchman, who had been watching him keenly, found that the saw would need filing. Willis never felt more grateful for anything in his life, and in the afternoon he was enough rested to continue the work.

And so it went on, day after day. Before the end of the second week Willis grew somewhat hardened, and although the work was still very hard, he did not grow painfully exhausted. He also found that the other men were good hearted, kindly fellows and always ready to help him where they could. Before the middle of July Matthews, the big foreman, had given him the place of checker and scaler in the temporary absence of the regular checker. This was much easier work, and Willis did it with a quickness and thoroughness and kept his accounts so accurately that Matthews more than once granted him satisfaction.

About this time Willis saw his uncle for the first time. Judson Hardacre came around with the superintendent, examining the work of the mill, and he must have seen Willis as he stood with his pen and pencil where the lumber shot from the whirling saws, but he gave no sign of recognition. It hurt Willis' sensitive nature, but he only set his teeth the harder.

'I'm making the money,' he said to himself, 'and I'm going back to college.'

None of the men knew that he was Judson Hardacre's nephew. He had said nothing about it, preferring to stand on his own merits, and his uncle had been equally silent.

About the middle of September Willis resigned his job, much to the regret of the big foreman, who had come to like the clever, prompt young man.

'When you try to get a job somewhere else,' he said, 'just let me know and I'll give you a good recommendation.'

It was said in a blunt, honest way, and no praise that Willis ever had received had sounded so sweet in his ears.

'By the way, Everett,' said Matthews, as he paid over the last salary check,

'Mr. Hardacre wished me to ask you to call and see him as soon as you get back to town.'

Willis wondered why his uncle should care to have anything to do with him, but he called the next afternoon. He had grown brown of face and his hands were calloused and muscular. When he came in Judge Hardacre said, gruffly:

'Well, how much money have you saved this Summer?'

'Nearly \$75.'

'Is that enough to take you through college?'

'No, sir; but I shall start with it. Father thinks he can help me toward the end of the year.'

'How do you like your work?'

'Parts of it I liked very well. Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at first.'

At the words, 'Uncle Judson,' Judson Hardacre looked up sharply. It was not at all usual for any one to address him as a relative, and somehow the hard lines of his face softened and his shoulders shook a little, as if he were laughing somewhere inside.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'you've showed yourself pretty plucky this summer. You've got the genuine Hardacre blood in you. Let me tell you, I've watched you a good deal more closely than you thought, and I like you, sir. Yes, I like you.'

He held out one hand, and Willis, flushing red and then paling again with surprise and pleasure, grasped it warmly.

'Let's be friends,' said the old man; 'I haven't many of 'em, and I need a good one,' and his voice took on a half-pitiful tone. Then he changed the subject.

'Here's a check for \$400. Get your last year of schooling and don't scrimp on the expenses. If you need more let me know. And when you get through come back here I've got a good place for you in my office, where you will have a chance to work up.'

Willis stammered his thanks and stumbled, half dazed, toward the door-way. His uppermost thought at that moment was: 'How happy my father will be.'

As he reached the door his Uncle Judson called after him:

'And, say just go ahead and play all the tennis and football you want to.'

Uncle Judson's crust was broken.

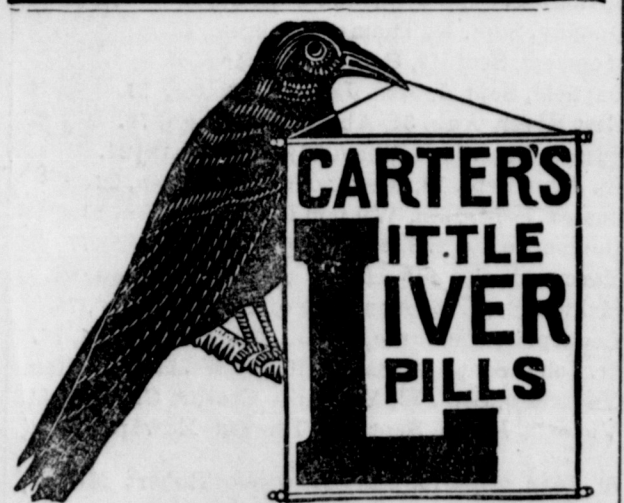
AN INSURANCE MAN'S STORY.

J. J. Hanratty, Inspector for the Standard Life Assurance Co. at Petersburg, Va., Cured of Muscular Rheumatism by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure—It Turns the Midnight of Suffering Into Midday Brightness of Good Health—These Are His Words.

I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism in my arm; so much so that for days at a time I could not sleep. I walked the floor in pain the greater part of the night. I procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and found great relief after a few doses. It's a sure cure, and I heartily recommend it.

He was not so Warm.

'No,' said the man with the large head; 'I can't say that I think very much of the fox in the old fable of 'The Fox and the Grapes.' It is recorded of him that, after trying to get the grapes by every way that his ingenuity could suggest, he finally turned up his nose and said, 'Oh! I don't care; they're sour anyway.' Now, if that fox had any really commendable wisdom in his triangular skull he would have looked at the grapes blandly and then announced to the world that they were sweet, but that sweets didn't agree with him; that, owing to the condition of the stomach, he considered it inadvisable to eat anything containing saccharine matter; and that, besides, a properly philosophical fox believed in self-denial and in taking things that were easily at his disposal, instead of trying to climb a trellis to secure attractive but deleterious grapes. If he had done that, instead of being the laughing-stock of succeeding generations, he would have stood a good chance of being appointed professor of philosophy in a subsidized university, and of living on yellow-legged chickens for the rest of his natural life.'—Puck.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

Three Successive Years of Field Experiments in Massachusetts.

From the Hatch (Mass.) station comes bulletin No. 47 on field experiments with tobacco carried on at Hatfield, Agawam and Westfield, with the co-operation of the Valley Tobacco Experiment association of Massachusetts. Some of the conclusions drawn from the third year of observation are as follows:

Good mechanical preparation of the soil, early application of fertilizers, early planting and a suitable number of plants per acre, exert a decided influence on quality and quantity of the crop. Early planting secures the benefit of winter moisture. Rows 3 1-3 feet apart with plants 20 inches apart in the row at Westfield, and rows 2 1-3 feet apart with plants 2 feet apart in the row at Hatfield, gave better returns than rows 3 feet apart with plants 28 inches apart in the row at Agawam.

A timely shallow use of the cultivator of the hoe for the removal of weeds favors a uniform progress of growth. A careless use of cultivator or hoe invariably checks more or less the growth of the plants and modifies more or less their structure and general character.

The different fertilizer mixtures used have affected in a less marked degree the weight of the crop raised by their aid than the quality. New lands reduced by previous cropping to a state approaching general exhaustion of available plant food—if otherwise well fitted for raising tobacco—have given excellent results when supplied with a suitable mixture of fertilizing ingredients. Such lands are at times preferable to old tobacco lands overcharged with remnants of all kinds of saline ingredients usually associated with the common run of commercial fertilizers.

Cottonseed meal, linseed meal and castor pomace have proved equally good sources of nitrogen for the successful raising of tobacco, when used in connection with nitrate of soda, or potash sufficient to furnish one-fourth of the nitrogen called for by the crop.

Nitrate of soda as part of the nitrogen supply of the fertilizer (25 per cent) when used in presence of acid phosphate or dissolved bone black, etc., has been accompanied with better results regarding quality of crop than nitrate of potash under otherwise similar conditions.

Cottonseed hull ashes and high grade sulphate of potash have proved valuable sources of potash for tobacco, the former in the majority of cases leading. Nitrate of potash has produced excellent results when used in connection with an alkaline phosphate, as phosphatic slag meal, or with carbonate of potash magnesia. Results with potash magnesia sulphate as main potash sources of a tobacco fertilizer are not encouraging.

The difference noticed in the color of ash, etc., in case of the crop being raised upon different plots in several instances so slight that any attempt at classifying the various fertilizers used with reference to their superior fitness cannot be otherwise than somewhat arbitrary.

The variety of tobacco selected for the trial was Havana seed.

THREE BIRDS IN A BATTLE.

A Fierce Aerial Combat With a Fish for the Prize.

A man sat on the sands at Capron Inlet, opposite Fort Pierce, Ala., and admired the graceful flight of an osprey. About fifty yards above the blue water the bird wheeled on widespread pinions, directing his course by motion of his tail and curves of the wing. Presently he balanced himself, the wings shut on the body, and he plunged into a long swell, and rose with a fish in his talons. With a scream of exultation he shook himself free of moisture, like a dog, and circled to regain sufficient altitude to clear the woods.

But a fishing eagle, twice the osprey's weight, had seen the performance, and answered the scream. He mounted to strike, and the osprey, burdened as he was, gave up the contest, and dropped the fish. With a swing the eagle turned and caught the fish and then flew low to regain the blasted pine and feast.

Then came another scene and a dim spot detached itself from a cloud and moved straight on the scene of action. It was a bald eagle that was coming.

The fisher heard the cry of battle, and knew he was not lost if the bald eagle should strike him with a swoop. Hastily he turned and flew almost directly upward, still holding his prize. The osprey soared backed with shrill whistlings, as if he mocked the efforts of the robber.

The bald eagle screamed again, and was answered by the fisher. On came the assailant like an arrow from the bow. The fisher still moved upward, hoping to gain a position where he might fight on easy terms.

Presently the bald eagle curved the forward edge of his great vans and started downward. The fisher dropped his mullet and turned upside down in mid-air, with beak and talons ready. The osprey caught the mullet and sailed homeward.

The two great birds came together with

a sound distinctly heard below, though they must have been half a mile in the air. Feathers flew as if a pillow had been torn open in a strong breeze. As the two birds fell it could be seen that the talons of the bald eagle straddled the body of the gray, and were buried at the roots of the wings. The gray's beak tore at the throat of the bald and its claws were busy tearing like the jaws of a wolf fighting a dog. Each eagle beat the other with his wings. They tumbled over and over, slantingly to the sea.

As they touched the water each broke its bold and made for the shore. The gray fell in the edge of the woods. The other landed on a tree, nearly fell, and then leaned against the tree for support as it sat in the crotch.—New York Times.

The Grim Reaper Foiled

The Marvellous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound Conquer and Banish a Lady's Troubles.

Five Doctors Were Unable To Help the Sufferer.

Twelve years of misery and agony from female, kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly perplexed and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont.

'For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results.'

'My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use of trying other medicines.'

'I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles.'

RESCUED DEER.

It was Necessary to Scare the Deer to Get Them Ashore.

Man's relation to the mild creatures of the world is, in the present day, so commonly that of destroyer, that it is pleasant to read of a case in which men assumed the character of rescuers, and in which the rescued were not unappreciative of the kindness shown them.

In April of the present year two gentlemen of Bismarck, North Dakota, discovered twenty-four deer hemmed in by the ice and water above Bismarck. They were in a dump of bushes, shut in by the ice, neck-deep in water, and had become so thoroughly chilled that they had no power to save themselves.

The two men went into the spot into a skiff and cut a passage through the ice, but even then they had to drive the deer along and compel them to swim ashore. The poor creatures were nearly chilled to death, and two of them were quite helpless on reaching land. These two were taken to a barn and thawed. They made no resistance when carried in, and submitted to having their legs rubbed to restore the circulation.

Even when they could walk again, they seemed in no hurry to depart, probably finding their warm quarters more desirable than the icy water in which they had stood so long. They showed no distrust of their rescuers, and were manifestly grateful for the help they had received.

Twelve other deer were found on a cake of ice, and it was necessary to splash water on them to get them ashore. In all probability both parties of the deer would have perished but for the humane exertions of the two gentlemen.

Better Times for Toes.

Life notices with satisfaction that the shoe manufacturers begin once more to shape their wares with some regard for the anatomy of the human foot. The manufacturers find it expedient to change the fashion in shoes a little every year, so that last year's stock may always be a little out of style, and that weak minds may always be subject to the special allurements of the latest thing out. The progress of the pointed shoe having gone as far as it could there was nothing to do but to start on the return trip. Toes, therefore, have more room than they did last year, and the chiropodists may notice some abatement of their business.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Giltord, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.