

UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

behind his car stepped into the room.

the Edwardsburg mill at \$30 a month.

Have him report to Matthews. Let me

"I'm very much obliged to you---

"Don't thank me yet," said his uncle,

almost gruffly; "you may not want to

after you have been working awhile,"

Willis went home in high spirits,

"Mother, mother," he called; "I've got

job at last-and a job from Uncle

That afternoon Willis packed his

on his bleyele and he hardly knew

where the mills were located. But he

them the foreman, Matthews-a big,

keenly and half contemptuously, Wil-

"Well," he said, "be on hand at 7

Willis found a place in the company's

boarding house-a single bunk in an

attle room with four other men. The

walls were dingy, the floor was cover-

ed 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 cov-

ered with ollcloth, and the tea was

brought in by men waiters, who laugh-

ed and joked one another. The work-

men came in with their sleeves rolled

In the morning Willis was set to load-

ing slabs from the waste pile into a box

car which stood on a siding near at

hand. One man handed them down

from the pile, a second tossed them in-

to the car, and a third corded them up.

Willis was given the easiest fob-that

of piling-but he was compelled to keep

up with the other two. The slivers

stuck into his soft palms and the jag-

ged 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

broke down. Never was music sweeter

than the sound of the noon whistle,

He wearily dropped the last slab and

low 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 car-

loading 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 blow-

ing 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

But he was naturally vigorous of

oody, and, although his uncle had made

fun of his tennis and foot-ball, he knew

now how much good strength they had

added to his muscles. He awakened

the next morning lame in every joint,

with his hands almost raw with blis-

ters. "But I'll stick to it," he said,

gritting his teeth; "I've got to get

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

And so it went on day after day. Be-

through college next year,"

Willis was thoroughly discouraged.

up and ate almost in silence,

o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll put

lis thought.

you to work."

Willis faltered, hardly realizing that at

know each week how he is doing."

last he had found a job.

DAPPER little man, with a anything else besides chopping and A silky, yellow mustache which sawing. came out and closed the door softly behind him.

"Mr. Hardacre says be 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 Judson, too." 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 impletion of his course would depend on his own earnings during the summer. His father had been able to supply him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed, for the a voice like a foghorn. Matthews read 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 prorision of clothing for the younger chil-

"I want to see you finish up with your class," he 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 bimself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said be would take Willis on trial, but be 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 had 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 rour 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 dawdaround in white trousers with a toy

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 stepped quietly into the prirate office. He saw his uncle 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 Willls, somewhat falteringly; "my father can't supply me with money for my last year in college, and unless I earn it I can't go."

"That's just what I told your mother sefore she married Everett. Now that he has got a family of boys he can't educate them. 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, noble-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 lips; "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'm not engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. It's very prosale-you can't wear white trousersmight get soiled." Willis kept his temper, although ev-

ery one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick. "I understand all that," he said, "and

am willing to do anything from woodsawing up that will enable me to save a little money."

"Wood-sawing, eh?" said Judson Hardacre, and the grim smile again had been watching him keenly, found curied his lips. "Let me see your that the saw would need filing. Willis hands.

never felt more grateful for anything in his life, and in the afternoon he was Willis held out his hands-they were enough rested to continue the work. certainly rather small and white, although tennis playing had worn a few fore the end of the second week Willis hard callouses on the right palm. grew somewhat hardened, and al-

"I thought so," said Uncle Judson;

"tennis hands, ch?" "They may be soft now, but I assure Jou, Uncle Judson, I am not afraid of He also found that the other men were Sun. any kind of work which will help me

good-hearted, kindly fellows, and always ready to help him where they finish my course." could. Before the middle of July, Mat-At the sound of the unfamiliar words, thews, the big foreman, had given him "Uncle Judson," Judson Hardacre glanced up sharply, and then he said, the place of checker and scaler, in the

temporary absence of the regular rather more gruffly than before: checker. This was much easier work, Times are dull and I haven't much of and Willis did it with a quickness and merely a shop-lifter.

thoroughness and kept his accounts so accurately that Matthews more than nce grunted his 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 pad and pencil where the lumber 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.

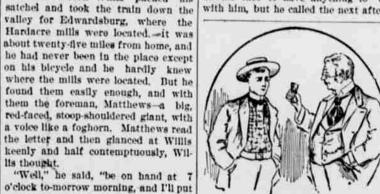
Judson Hardacre pressed a button, and a tall, quiet man with a pen thrust About the middle of September Willis resigned his job, much to the regret "Calkins, this is Willis Everett. He of the big foreman, who had come to will go to work to-morrow morning at like the clever, prompt young man, He will board at the company's hotel.

"When you try to get a job some where else," he said, "just let me know and I'll give you a good recommenda-

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

"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 after-



UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST WAS BROKEN, noon. He had grown brown of face, and his hands were calloused and muscular. When he came in Judson 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 did you like your work?" "Part of it I liked very well, Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at At the words "Uncle Judson," Judson

Hardacre looked up sharply. It was

not at all usual for anyone 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,

closely that you thought, and I like you, sir. Yes, I like you." He held out one hand, and Willis, was a cog in the machinery of the mill, flushing red and then paling again, and he proposed to do his duty until he with surprise and pleasure, grasped

I've watched you a good deal more

warmly. "Let's be friends," said the old man. "I haven't many of them, and I need staggered into the dining-room of the a good one," and his voice took on a boarding-house. At first he was too half-pitiful tone. Then he changed the tired to eat, but he managed to swal-

subject. "Here's a check for \$400. Get your last year of schooling and don't scrimp on the expenses. If you need any 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-dozed, toward the doorway. His uppermost thought at that

noment 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 you want to." Uncle Judson's crust was broken. Chleago Record.

AFLOAT AS WELL AS ASHORE. Middle-Aged Man's Discovery of the

World-Wide Use of the Buck Saw. "The bucksaw in any mind," said the middle-aged man, "is indelibly associated with a sawbuck-the reach between the two X's half sawed through, where it had been scored by the saw dropping down upon it-standing by a wood pile in the back yard. There are chips scattered around on the ground, and scraps of bark and more or less

sawdust. "What brings all of this to my mind is the sight of a man sawing wood with a bucksaw on the deck of a schooner lying at a South street wharf, a stick of cordwood resting in the sawbuck, and the man with his knee on it and sawing away just as he would ashore. At first this looked strange; and so it does still to same extent. I had seen sawbucks and bucksaws on the decks of canal boats, where they looked natural enough, because the canal boat is usually close by the land, where one could step to or from it easily; but I could scarcely make the bucksaw seem familiar on a salt-water craft, because it seemed to me so essen-

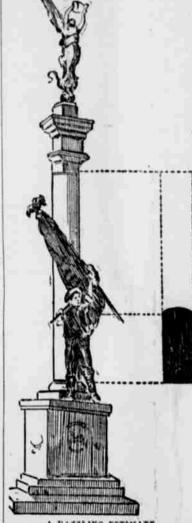
tially a thing of the land. "Finally, I did make it seem all right on the schooner, though, by thinking of that as a vessel making short voyages and keeping near land, and hauling up, maybe, in creeks, close by the shore, and as being in various ways intimately associated with the land; but I couldn't think of it as being used at sea. But when I came to think it over I knew, of course, they must have some way of sawing wood aboard deepwater ships, and when I came to inquire I learned that the bucksaw is used affont just as it is ashore; it is though the work was still very hard plied on a ship 1,000 miles at sea just he did not grow painfully exhausted, as it would be on a farm."-New York

Pay of Actors in China. In China a company of thirty actors can be engaged for \$30 to play as many pieces as may be desired for two

days at a stretch. The elevator in a department store is GOLD BY THE FOOT.

Estimated Total Output of the Kloudike This Season Is Enormous

Supposing the \$3,000,000 of gold brought from the Klondike by the St. Paul to be turned into a solid cylinder two feet in diameter, the length of the cylinder would be about shot from the whirring saws, but he live feet. The granite shaft of the Phegave no sign of recognition. It hurt lan monument is fifteen feet high and Willis' sensitive nature, but he only set | two feet mean diameter, so that one-



A DAZZLING ESTIMATE.

third of it could be replaced by the gold which the miners and the Alaska Commercial company brought to this city, says the San Francisco Examiner. The estimate of the total output of the would be left over.

SWINGS BATTLE-AXES

An Intricate Exercise Which Makes Spectators Tremble.

An intricate exercise with Indian clubs is called "doing the outer and inner circle." Only an expert performer may successfully attempt the feat. An Englishman in search of a sensation that will outdo anything else in the clubswinging line has substituted battle-axes for clubs, and goes through a performance that makes the spectator tremble to think of the consequences of one false move. The battle-axes are of the heavy antique type, and would prove terrible weapons in the hands of a powerful man. With these the performer goes through the intricate exercises known as the outer and inner cir-



SWINGING BATTLE-AXES FOR CLUBS. cle with perfect case and confidence. It is a thrilling spectacle to watch the glittering steel blades crossing each other around the man's head, cleaving the air close to his anatomy and apparently only falling by a hair's breadth to shave off a portion of his skull, an ear or nose. The feat is considered a marvel of skill and strength.

WHERE DICKENS WAS BORN. Novelist First Saw the Light at Port-

sea, Feb. 7, 1812, Many ardent admirers of Charles Dickens are under the impression that the novelist was a cockney born. As a matter of fact he first saw the light at



WHERE DICKERS WAS BORN.

Portsea Feb. 7, 1812. His father was then a clerk in the Portsmouth dockyard, earning what was then the comfortable salary of £400 a year, and resided at 387 Mile End terrace.

Distances. The latest computation shows that it is 2,413 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu and 8,050 miles from San Francisco to Mauila, Philippine Islands, by way of Honolulu.

We always wonder that some one doesn't put a brand of perfume on the market known as "Cantaloupe,"

When a man gets hold of a horse that can pass a milk wagon he begins to take an interest in races.

MEANING OF JANUARY.

Some Ancient Lore Concerning th First Month of the Year. 'Tis he! The two-fac'd Janus comes

in view!"

According to mythology Janus was the god of gates and avenues and in that character held a key in his right hand and a rod in his left to symbolize his opening and ruling the year; some times he bore the number 300 in one hand and 55 in the other, the number of its days in the ancient lunar year. At other times he was represented by four heads and placed in a temple of four equal sides with a door and three windows in each side, as emblems of the four seasons and the twelve months over which he presided.

Verstegan states that the Saxons called this period wolf monat, or wolf month, because the wolves of ancient forests, impelled by hunger during the season, were wont to prowl about buman habitations and attack man himself, the inferior animals on whom they usually preyed having retired or perished from the inclemency of the weather. It is an established fact that expanded civilization has moderated the rigors of winter. The Saxons, in a more poetical sense,

called it Guill Aftera, or Aefter Yula, signifying "after Christmas." In illuminated calendars prefixed to missals or service books January was frequently depicted as a man with fagots or a woodman's axe, shivering and blowing breath upon his fingers. Spenser, in his "Faorle Queene," thus describes the popular illustration:

Then came old January, wrapped well In many weeds to keep the cold away, Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell And blow his nayles to warm them, if he

may, " For they were numb'd with holding all An hatchet keene with which he fell'd

Wood And from the trees did lop the needless

spray. The gentle, loving Charles Lamb, in quiet differentiation, thus begins one excellent paper: "Every man hath two birthdays; two days, at least, in every year which set him upon revolving the lapse of time as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth his. In the gradual desuctude of old observances, this of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away or is left to children who reflect nothing Klondike this season is \$10,000,000, so at all about the matter nor understand that the entire shaft could be replaced anything beyond the cake of orange with the season's yield and \$1,000,000 But the birth of a new year is of interest too wide to be disregarded by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the 1st of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time and count upon what is left. It is the nativ'ty of our common Adam."-Buffalo News.

The Poetical Cobbler.

Elijah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse, And all his time was given up to stanzas

and to shoes, He scorned to live a tuneless life, inglo riously mute. And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute;

For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.

though his own weak opinions falled to reach the heights of song, His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along;

And all his little youngsters as they numerously came He christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,

That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire noble emulation to adopt the warbling

And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared, And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakspeare Brown were reared.

Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate. Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith

Brown made up the family slate. And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,

In time would roll the boulder from th buried name of Brown. But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name

Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame; For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vege table line.

And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora nine; Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is pugilist of note, And Goldsmith Brown's a deckhand on

Jersey ferryboat; In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop, Schiller Brown's an artist in a

Brooklyn barber shop; roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas.

And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese; The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,

Shakspeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek cafe! -Syracuse Courier.

Germs Killed by Heat.

In view of the destructive effect of sunlight, especially of the blue to the ultraviolet rays, upon bacteria in winter, Professor H. Marshall Ward would explain the comparative freedom of river waters from the blazing hot summer sun from bacteria, as against the more abundant infection of the same waters in winter. Pasteur and Miguel found that the germs floating in the air are, for the most part, dead-killed, the author holds, by the sun. Yensts which normally vegetate on the exterior of ripening grapes are destroyed, according to Martinaud, if the heat be very intense, and Guinti has observed that the ingress of sunlight hinders acetic fermentation. When the typhold bacillus falls into turbid, dirty water in summer it finds a congenial propagating placee. The dirt furnishes it food, absorbs heat to increase the warmth, and keeps off the hostile blue and violet rays.-Popular Science Monthly.

Strangely Constructed Prison. With the demolition of Mayas prison in Paris, the first prison in France constructed on the old cellular system has disappeared. There were 1,200 cells, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, and so arranged that each prisoner could see the chapel from the door and listen to divine service without leaving

When any one calls at a house at eleven o'clock in the morning, he really looking for a dinner. went away."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun-

Giving It Away. Little Eddle-Your nose looks just the

same as it always did. Mr. Sparkleigh-Of course. Why shouldn't it?

Little Eddie-I heard mamma say when Mr. Willikins came to see Sister May, night before last, that your nose was out of joint. Disturbed.

First Cat-Why so sad to-night,

Second Cat-I feel so lonely and neglected! I've been weeping and walling for an hour, and nobody has thrown

Thomas?

anything at me! Judgment. "There ain't much patriotism about that fellow who just passed us. "Why, did he refuse to go to war?" "I dunno whether he went to war or

Then They Glared. Ethel-Ah, no; I shall never marry. Maude-Oh, don't say that, Why, you must have at least half your life before

not, but he ain't got a solitary one of

them little flags pasted on his wheel."

you yet. A Reasonable Deduction. 'Yes," she exclaimed; "I don't believe any lady could listen to him for five minutes without being fascinated." "What a simpleton the fellow must

be," he growled.-Chicago News. His Nine Lives



The Dog-How did you feel when that empty bottle passed you? The Cat-Five of my precious lives flashed before me in an instant.-New

Her Only Allment. Parson Black-How's yo' mammy dis nawnin', Ephraim?

Ephraim-She's well, 'cep'n she's got company.-New York Evening Journal. According to Rumor,

"What a beautiful figure that Miss McClellan has," "Yes. Four hundred thousand in her own name, I believe."

Luck. "It's fortunate," exclaimed the gental optimist, pensively, "very fortunate."

"To what do you allude?" "The fact that there are only twelve were one more we'd probably be in thirteenth place a great deal of the time. And that would be very un-

lucky."-Washington Star. Information Wanted.

"Bobby, go immediately and wash your face." "Who's comin', ma? Or are you goln to take me somewhere?"

In the School of War, "Strange what good fighters society men turn out to be." "Not at all; wearing a high collar makes a man feroclous."

Why He Was Troubled. Jack-Come, old man, cheer up. What if she did break the engagement; she's

not the only fish in the swim Tom-Oh, I don't care anything about her breaking the engagement, but you tub. see I've got to go right on paying installments on the ring for the next six months. That's where the ley breeze comes in,--Chicago News.

He Wanted Excitement.



She-Did papa give his consent rour marrying me? He-Yes, but he made me join hi poker club.

She-What for ! He-He said I'd get his money anyway, and that he might as well have some excitement in parting with it.-New York Press.

The Tables Turned. Mr. Oldchap-Are you interested it fossils, Miss Gushley? Miss Gushley-Oh-er this is so sud den!-New York World.

A Necessary Adjunct. "Why is it you always will drag me out to these stupid garden parties?" "Well, Harry, you don't want me to have to scramble for my own ice cream, do you?"

How He Got a Rest. "How well you look, Dibbs! When did you get back?" "Get back? It was my wife who

Feminine Enthuslasm. Wallace-How does it happen that you have no fing flying from your

house? Ferry-My wife insists that we shall

walt until the neighbors have all bought theirs and then get a bigger

one,-Cincinnati Enquirer. Then 'Twan Bedtime,

"Oh, be quiet!"

"Pa! "Well, what is it?" "What did the Dead Sea die of?"-London Sporting Times.

Outdone



Hogarth Highton-Me sister is ter be presented at court nex' season.

Cecil May Tutuff-That's nawthin; me brudder wuz before de court yisterday an' his case wuz continered till nex' week, w'en he'll be there agin.

A Rank Outsider. "Why wouldn't they admit Scribely to membership in the New York War Correspondenta' Club?"

"They said he wasn't eligible. It appears that he simply described what was done by the fighters instead of telling the government how to run things."

One in a Thousand. "Wonderful man, that Billings."

"You know he is always playing practical jokes on people.' "Yes."

"Well, when we were out swimming he other night somebody tied his shirt full of knots, and he didn't threaten to 'lick the smart Aleck' if he ever found out who it was." "Well, I see that one Chicago girl is

the wife of the Governor of the Philippines and another is to share the viceregal throne of India." "Yes; and I know still another Chiengo girl who is at the head of affairs.

"Who is she?" "My wife." Not His Fault. "Fweddy, why don't you let your mustache grow?"

"Why don't I let it? Good heavens, deah boy, I do, but it won't!"-Boston Traveler. The Remains.

"Did you save anything out of that wheat venture?" "Oh, yes, a check stub,"-Philadelphin North American. At the Bottom of the Sea. "Who commands the Spanish armamada?" asked the teacher in history.

"McGinty," answered the boy who

was never known to study his lesson -Detroit Free Press.



Sykes-Say, Bill, dat Charlotte Cordeen is a great play. A young gal rushes in an' stabs de villain in a bath

Bill-Well, dat's wot he got fer bathin'.- Denver News.

All in Her Mind. "Henry! Henry!" she said, in frightened whisper. "What's the matter?" he sleepily ask

"Get up and light the gas, quick. I'm sure there's somebody under this bed." "Nonsense," he replied. "You imagine it. Go to sleep again. We haven't any members of the Peace union in

this family." Luck. "Did you find things as they were dvertised at that summer resort?" "Yes; exactly the same. You see, the proprietor of the place never had any experience in the business before this

senson." He-Miss Lucklone was certainly porn with a silver spoon in her mouth. She-Well, it must have been a tablepoon or no one would have noticed it. New York World.

Henry George and the Porter. Henry George was traveling once da sleeping car. The porter came to brush the dust off him and "work" him for the customary quarter. were but few passengers. George reflected on the fact that Pullman paid his poor black hireling little or naught, and relied on his ability to brush and gouge the public instead, and he de termined to give him all the change he found in his pocket. He thought there might be about 60 cents, but there ac tually was \$3 in quarters, halves and dimes. He gave it all to the darky, who dropped his broom and stared at the tip and then at George. "This all fo' me, bess?" he grasped. "It's all for you," replied George. The darky looked at the little, rusty, modest man and again at his handful of silver. "Wow!" he ejaculated; "it's true as de Good Book puts it, you nevah cain tell how fah a toad kin jump twell you sees

"I suppose you're looking

"No, I am not. I'm looking for t