

NO 'COUNT WASH.

"Wash no 'count? Don't say dat, sah." Uncle Mose was wont to plead. "He's jes' projectin'. Boys will project, yo' know. Dey's fo' all de worl' lak calves an' colts an' kittens. W'en dey's young dey klicks up dere heels; den dey stadies down an' chews dere ends an' pulls dere loads an' ketches dere mice jes' lak 'sponsible 'tings nuss'. Wash be ain' nary bad spot in him, sah. He don't tink; dat's all. W'en his heels git plumb steady on de groun' he'll pull his load shore 'nough. Yo'll see, sah."

But in spite of the sanguine expectations of Uncle Mose, who was not Wash's uncle at all, but his grandfather, the boy continued to "project." He was now fourteen, and his chief labor seemed to consist in devising ways of eluding chores and school and just punishments. His habitual movements were skulking, and, though his eyes danced fearlessly and his mouth broadened into almost perpetual merriment, he sought rather the solitary paths of the pine woods and Suwanee banks than the more populous lanes and roads of his native Ellaville. There he was apt to be reminded of unfulfilled contracts, stolen melons, decorated doors and fences and of many other matters which he preferred to let sink into forgetfulness. Of his own family Uncle Mose was the only one with whom he condescended to fraternize, and this concession was due as much to the fact that the old man excelled him in his own chosen pursuits of trapping and fishing as to his being openly sympathetic.

There were few spots inside a radius of ten miles with which Uncle Mose was not familiar, and this familiarity was especially comprehensive in regard to the fishing holes of the Suwanee. Fifty years before he had been a slave boy on a neighboring plantation, stealing off to the river on every possible occasion, and this love for the sport had been the one great pleasure of his life, interrupted only through the score of years which followed his emancipation, during which time he was working hard to provide himself with a home and to fit his children for a future which should be worthy of them as free citizens.

But as they grew up and branched out for themselves he returned more and more to the pleasure of his childhood until now there was scarcely an afternoon which was not spent in part upon the Suwanee banks. And with accumulating years and stiffening joints his early wanderings up and down the river had narrowed down to a bank beneath a wide spreading, moss grown tree, from which he could cast a line into water which experience had taught him was congenial to fish. Here after the sun had begun to throw shadows to the east he could generally be found either alone or in company with Wash.

His son Link was of a different nature. He was hardworking, shrewd, more tolerant of faults than of frivolity or carelessness, able to read a little and subscribing for several political papers, narrow in his politics and party and voting at every opportunity and on every possible pretext. He was an example of strong, ambitious manhood weighted down by a lack of knowledge. Between him and Wash there could be only misunderstanding, apprehension and avoidance on the one side, disappointment and upbraiding on the other. But before an open break came there were rumors of war, its declaration, a call for troops, and then before the family realized what was happening Link had volunteered and been accepted, the first to join the immunes from his county.

The day after he left Uncle Mose did not even look toward the river. Wash skulked down and fished under the big tree for awhile, then wandered off into the woods to look at his traps. The next day he went to the big tree again, but apparently did not like fishing alone, for he soon hid his pole and once more wandered off into the woods. And the third day and the fourth were the same, but after eating dinner on the fifth, instead of hurrying out to dig bait, as usual, he looked wistfully and irresolutely at Uncle Mose and when the old man rose and went out followed him to the truck patch behind the cabin.

"Ain' yo' gwine fishin' no mo', gran' pap?" he asked disconsolately. Uncle Mose leaned upon his hoe handle and looked at him benignantly. "Not till yo' pap gets back, honey," he answered. "Dar's heaps o' wuk round dis place now. Yo' pap been do hit maw'nin's an' arter he done git from wuk at de sawmill nights, an' 'cep'n' I tuk his place hit'll shore fall on yo' mammy, an' she hab mo' now den she ought. No, no, honey, yo'll latter look out fo' de fish an' let de ole man ben' his back ober de taters an' hynuns an' 'tings."

The boy dug his heels into the sand. "I reckon yo' ain' car' fo' fishin' no how, gran'pap," he said irritably. "If yo' did yo'd fix de wuk some way."

Uncle Mose sank the blade of his hoe among the weeds at his feet. "I's been fishin' off an' on mo'n fifty years," he said defensively, "an' yo' ain' mo'n ten. Dat means I car' fo' hit five times mo'n yo'. But we ununs' leabe wuk fo' good times, honey. I mout fix de truck patch wuk, lak yo' zay, but dar's odder 'tings. I aim to he'p yo' mammy 'bout her chickens an' washin' an' husewuk. She ain' strong lak she mout me."

sudden hardness came into the old man's eyes.

"An' dar's anudder 'ting," he continued, leaning again upon his hoe handle and looking straight at Wash. "I aim to chop an' pile up a heap o' nice wood fo' yo' mammy. She hab to go out an' er de trees mos' ebery day to pick up bits o' stick an' bark an' chips to kin'le ner fire, case dey ain' no'tin' round de wood pile 'cep'n' big sticks w'ich yo' wup bring an' w'ich ain' chop up. I aim to cut hit all an' pile hit 'ginst de do' whar hit'll be handy fo' yo' mammy. No, no, honey, I cayn't go fishin' nohow. Yo' mous' do de fishin' yo'se'f now."

Wash dropped his gaze to the ground, an unusual thing for him; but, then, the woodcutting was one of the chores he so studiously shirked.

"I's gwine wuk hard w'en I's bigger," he muttered deprecatingly. "My mammy say boys nuss' make mos' o' dere playtime. W'en I's a man I's gwine wuk hard lak yo' pap, an'—an' dere a soger," for in spite of their antagonism, Wash regarded his father as embodying all that was manly and heroic.

"Yo'll nebber be lak yo' pap," Uncle Mose said. "He study an' wuk hard w'en he's a boy. Yo' mo' lak ole ragged Jake." Then his gaze dropped in sudden abashed consciousness of having upbraided his favorite, and if the boy had waited a moment longer he would have heard the most abject apology and a contrite "Don' yo' min', honey; hit's jes' de ole man a talkin'." Yo's a good boy, a sho' nough good boy."

But Wash did not hear. He was speeding toward the woods with dim eyes and heaving breast. He like disreputable Jake, the scoff of the entire community! If his father or any of those who were accustomed to upbraid him had said the words he would not have remembered them a minute after they were spoken, but Uncle Mose, who had never scolded him in all his life before and from whom a harsh word could not be wrung except by direful provocation!

The words were true. He knew it even while combating them in impotent anger and wrath. And they stung and lashed him to the big tree, to his traps, to a spot in a dense thicket where he lay for a full hour picking unobtrusively at the leaves and finally to his bed in the loft. He not to be like his father when everybody said he was growing up big and strong and would some time be his very image! And this was his last thought when, far in the night, he fell asleep with two big tears still undried on his black cheeks.

The next morning Uncle Mose's first thought was of reconciliation with Wash. But the boy was not in his bed nor in the kitchen below, and only when he went to the door and heard a faint click-clicking from the truck patch did he understand that Wash was digging bait for an unusually early start. Shuffling in the direction of the sound, the old man stopped at the corner of the cow shed in sudden incredulous amazement, for there was the boy, not digging bait, as he had supposed, but hoeing potatoes.

Wash looked up with an odd smile on his good natured face. "Yo' better go he'p mammy wid her chickens, gran'pap," he commented, not even pausing to rest on his hoe handle as he spoke, but working vigorously on. "I finish dese taters."

Then, as the old man opened his mouth without seeming able to make a sound, the boy continued: "I tink 'bout what yo' say, gran'pap, an' I's gwine be lak yo' pap, an' I ain' gwine be lak ole Jake. An' I reckon yo' right 'bout mammy. I ain' nebber nois befo', but dis maw'nin' I low she do look porely. W'en dese taters is done I's gwine chop dat wood an' do lots odder 'tings. Now yo' better go 'long, gran'pap, case I's in a hurry."

This was the beginning of a big reformation in Wash—a reformation brought about by the force of example. And this is the origin of all reforms. Great military leaders have not said "Go," but "Follow me." The Christian martyrs supported the infant religion by an example that was effective not only 2,000 years ago, but is a shining light to millions of Christians to the present day.

And so it is in our everyday life Uncle Mose. It is true, spoke to the boy about what he was doing, but only to explain why he did it, th it might make the lesson of his own industry the more effective.

A week later there was not a weed left in the truck patch, not a stick of wood that was uncut and not a chore about the place that was in urgent need of being done.

Uncle Mose was acquiring a chronic habit of rubbing his hands, mammy was smiling to herself almost continually, and Wash grinned even while his hands were being blistered by the unaccustomed tools.

And then one day, at mammy's investigation, Uncle Mose and Wash made a compact. It was to spend every Saturday afternoon under the big tree on the Suwanee.

And what Saturdays they were! Wash has learned that pleasure is mainly a contrast with work. One cannot enjoy rest without being tired. One cannot enjoy idleness without having been busy. So Wash, after a hard week's work, knew the pleasure of idleness.

Not Deceived. "Never in my life have I deceived my wife." "Same here. Mine only pretends to believe the yarns I tell."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

Sitting on the Snakes.

"While in Paris last summer another girl and I went out to Versailles one afternoon," said a schoolteacher. "It was dusk when we reached the railway station, and, as there was no waiting room, we sat down on two crates that were out on the platform among a lot of others. We noticed that the station employees kept staring at us with a persistence that was annoying. Presently a man in a shabby uniform with a bucket on his arm approached us. He touched his cap deferentially and said in French, of course: 'Mesdames, pray do not let me disturb you, but I am forced to open the boxes on which you are seated in order to feed the boa constrictor and other serpents that are within.'"

"When we recovered from our fright we found we had been seated in the midst of a huge collection of snakes that had just arrived from their native jungles en route for the zoo near Versailles."—Exchange.

A Cinch. Dubbins—Do you know where I can find a lot facing south? Stubbins—Why not try around the north pole? That's a very likely place.—Judge.

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A Battleship Truck Garden.

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The whole of the quarter-deck of one of the war-ships had been converted into a flourishing kitchen garden, and there was promise of an excellent crop of cabbages and artichokes. The entire crew were interested in these agricultural pursuits, for naturally a share in the fresh vegetables was more to be desired than empty honors gained by proficiency in seamanship only acquired through close application to the naval duties. The state of the remainder of the Turkish ships may be left to the imagination.

To get an idea of the prevalence of "Stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease. Medicine is not life; Blood is life. Medicines hold disease in check while Nature strengthens the body through blood, made from the food received into the stomach. If the stomach is "weak" Nature works in vain. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must not be classed with the pills, powders and potions, which have at best a palliative value. The "Discovery" is a

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Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Rows include Bellefonte, Hecla Park, Hubertsburg, Snyderstown, Nittany, Lamar, Clintonville, Krider's Siding, Mackeyville, Cedar Spring, Salona, MILL HALL.

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