## Tom's Uncle.

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Tom tore open the leter which had just been brought to him. It was evidently brief. He read it at a glance, then threw it down on the table with an energetic expletive.

"I beg your pardon" said I politely. Tom pulled vindictively at his bud-

"I ought to beg mother's pardon," he muttered, "for swearing over her note! But would you believe what she says?" "Certainly," said I, with sweet serlousness. "I would take your mother's

word against a million!" "Oh!" he exclaimed, impatiently, "You know I don't mean that. Do shut

up till I tell you!"

I threw away the stump of my clgar, clasped my hands, and assumed an attitude of hungry attention.

Tom muttered something about my being an idiot, but hastening to share with me the tidings which had so dis-

"My distinguished uncle, Prof. Henry Jerrold, will be here tonight. Mother says we must make it pleasant for

"That's a gaudy prospect!" said I. "What particular species of dry-as-dust is he to be classified under? Tell me that, and I'll tell you how to manage

"Oh, I'm aware you know everything. Bob!" was the unkind reply, "but this is too big a problem even for your intellect. It's too bad, with mother just comfortably out of the way, and the little game all arranged for tonight, and the picnic to the island so nicely planned for tomorrow. We can't take him in. We can't leave him out. It's too rough altogether!"

"But who is?" I persisted, "It may not be as bad as you fancy!" "He's a professor of mathematics in

some western college!" said Tom. "A big gun in his way, you know. There are half a dozen of his books over on that shelf next to the fireplace. Fascinating things on the Calculus, and Surds, and Conic Sections."

"Ah!" said I rising languidly and going over to the shelf in question. "Mathematics, I perceive! And very very dusty! Now, my dear boy the case simplifies itself amazingly Have these books nicely dusted and leave one of them lying on this table beside your own easy chair. This will make him feel at home and please him greatly. Mathmaticians are, next to scientists and musicians, the vainest of men. Moreover unlike other profesors, the professors of mathematics are in a measure human. They all drink whisky-usually Scotch. Let him have the library here all to himselfwith pen, ink paper and whisky he'll be happy all night, till we tell him it's time to go to bed. Mathematicians generally sit up, lost in a problem, till they are told it's bedtime. We'll have our little game in the breakfast room. and tell him it's whist. Mathematicians approve of whist; but he won't want to play, because he'll understand that the party is made up!"

mewhat fatigued by this dissertation on mathematicians, I flung myself down on the broad lounge. As for Tom, he beamed upon me gratefully. "Old man," said he, "you have a

statesman's brain. And what about the plenie tomorrow?" 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil

thereof," said I, airily, waving aside the problem. "I'll devise some way of escape before the time is upon us." Tom's normal cheer of countenance had now returned to him.

"Get up, Bob," said he; "let's go down to the club. I want to arrange some

thing about the picnic." Now, it would have suited me better to stay on the lounge and think. I love to spend my mornings in luxuriously thinking of what I will do some other morning. It is easy to forget these resolutions when the time for acting upon them threatens to arrive. But this morning Tom was impatient; and, to save argument, which bores me, I went

Tom and I were in our senior year at college. I was spending the vacation with him at his mother's summer place in the quaint old village of Stratford, on the Housatonic, Tom's mother, a sweetly prim and benevolently Puritanical little dame, had run up to Boston for a few days to see an invalid sister, and we



AT THIS TOM AND I SMILED, WITH CHEERFUL ANTICIPATION.

were now bent on making ripe hay in the unhallowed sunshine of her absence. As for Stratford, the aristocratic quiet of her wide, grassy, elm-shadowed avenues was just now much ruffied by the presence of gay summer visitors from New York. There was a brilliant actress, Adela Clay, in retreat from the persistent homage of an adoring public. There was a young poetess, who had brought her husband with her to show that the somewhat candid fervor of her muse derived its fire from duly-sanctioned sources. There was a successful humorist, whose look of gloomy abstractedness after the utterce of a wittleism was supposed to be cleverly assumed for the purposes of effect. As a matter of fact, it was the result of a stupendous effort to fix the lewel of wit in his mind for future use without aid of the pencil and note book scrupulously concepted in his breast pocket. The rest were bright men and vomen of the world, whose fad it was to play on the skirts of a well-groomed

and presentable bohemia.

put in a far from dull afternoon. As we returned to the house for dinner nothing was more remote from our minds than the coming of Prof. Henry

Jerrold. As we entered the hall, our nostril vere greeted by the smell of an uncom monly good cigar, coming from the

"Who's smoking, William?" usked Tom, addressing the butler, who came

to say dinner was ready. "Your uncle, sir;" replied Williams. "He was to come on the 5.30; and we

forgot to meet him!" With some trepidation, plainly revealed by Tom, but concealed by me under an air of languid unconcern, we entered the library. A broad-shouldered man with eye glasses and s dark mustache, dressed in a rough-andready suit of Scotch tweed, was smoking there very comfortably, his nos buried in a book. He lazily took his fee off the table and rose to greet us.

"My nephew, I suppose!" said he stretching out his hand to me. "No, Prof. Jerrold, no such distinct

tion for me," said I. "There is the trembling culprit, who should have met you at the train, I am his chum, Bob Sawyer, and very much at your ser-

The professor wrung our hands cordially, and expressed so prompt an in- showing the openers. I also backed out, terest in the subject of dinner that we adjourned to the dining-room at once.

There, at first, the soup and the salad, the weather, and the professor's journey, suppplied us with safe subjects for conversation. Several spots of thin ice. incautiously approached by Tom, were dexterously skirted by me, and we began to feel quite at ease. The professor never alluded to such a thing as a conic section or a logarithm; and perceiving good natured. I felt that we would have no difficulty in getting him out of the way for the evening.

As I lit a cigar after dinner, I said carelessly: "I saw you smoking, professor, so I presume apology is unneces

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you! he responded, dryly; and we went back

to the library. The professor happened to glance at

the well-filled bookshelves. "Oh, Uncle Henry," said Tom, "I hope you won't mind if we have you alone among the books for awhlie this evening. I suppose you'll want to be study ing or writing, and you'll find everything at hand here for the purpose. Not knowing of your coming till after lunch today, we made up a little rubber of whist for this evening. But we'll play in the breakfast room, and be careful not to disturb you."

Tom's uncle smiled slowly. He gazed so long, first at Tom and then at me, that we both began to fear he had grave religious scruples against cards.

"I don't think one should be addicted to cards," said I, hastily, " but I don't think there can be any harm in an occasional quiet game-at one's home, you

"Perhaps you are right," he assented, with an air that might have been hesitation.

"Then you won't mind if we leave

you?" said Tom.

His uncle smiled again.
"I think," said he, pleasantly, "that I won't work this evening, Tom. In fact, I have done enough during the Then, catching sight of the professor, last few months to feel myself entitled he spang forward and seized him by to a loaf. If it's to be whist, of course you have your table made up, so I'll just smoke and look on; and perhaps

rubber or two?" "I always understood that mathema ticians approved of whist," said I. But Tom, rather diffidently, hastened

you won't mind me cutting in for a

to explain. "Well, you see, Uncle Harry," said he, "it is not whist exactly. We were obliged, in a way, to ask three fellows in; so, as that was too many for whist, we thought we'd have to play-erpoker you know! But just for fun you know! Just a dollar limit-you per-

haps understand!" "I've heard the phrase somewhere," confessed the professor. "In fact, I don't mind taking a hand with you It is an interesting game, light and cheerful; and six is not an inconvenient number, if I remember rightly?" Tem looked at me in some bewilder-

ment, and I said, promptly: "That will be delightful, sir, if you really think it won't bore you. And Tom and I can give you the main points of the game at once, before the others

"Oh, thank you," said the professor, but I think I know enough to scratch along on till I see how to play. If not, I'll pick it up." At this Tom and I smiled, with cheerful anticipations. We had met men before who, having read about

PART II.

the game, thought they knew it.

Presently two of our guests arrived-Fred Struthers and Jack Niles. They seemed to get on very easily with the professor, who offered them his fine eigars. We soon got out the card table, there being no longer any need of fleeing to the breakfast room, as Tom and I have found me not inapt." had planned. Tom's uncle seemed to the rest of us do, and finding them, apparently, no good, threw them away led me to wink at Tom, as much as to say: "He's learning, that uncle of yours!" And Tom nodded back, which blandly; I interpreted to mean: "We'll make something out of him, if he is an old Dry-as-Dust!" In fact after the professor had raked in a small pot, on a pair of aces. Tom was so well pleased

that he could not help saying:
"You're doing well, Uncle Henry! We'll make a poker player of you yet!" His uncle looked amused, for some reason which I could not fathom.

"You need not call me 'Uncle Henry, my dear fellow," said he. "Just call me Jerrold; or, as my most inclinate friends do, Harry!" "'Uncle Henry' makes you seem too

ease with the distinguished visitor. "No, my dear boy, but it makes you eem so young!" was the sarcastically drawled reply, at which we all laughed. I began to think that the professor would even do for the picnic on the With his circle of friends, Tom and I island, if he would not take alarm at ised to go!"

By and by there occurred a jack-pot anyone could open it. It began to as sume attractive proportions. At last

Fred Struthers cried:

an air of doubt.

la belle Adela's somewhat audacious

"I'll open it for a dollar!" I stayed, with a small pair to draw to, "Professor, up to you!" said I, seeing that he was glancing at his cards with

"Two pairs are not much good, are they, " he mused, fingering his chips. Now Tom, as it turned out, had had a pat full dealt to him, and was feeling

laughing. "All right, then," said the professor, eeing the opener's bet, and raising it

"Why, uncle-er-Harry, I often raise on two good pairs!" said he,



GLANCING AT HIS CARDS WITH AN AIR OF DOUBT.

another dollar. Tom promptly saw the raise, and lifted it again. Thereupon Niles, who was the dealer, stayed out, and Struthers cried:

"You scoundrel, you've got something big. I know," and threw down his hand, of course. The professor hesitated again.

"Well, if they were good for a raise before, they're just as good now!" said he, and raised again. This was what Tom wanted. He raised, and the professor raised back, half a dozen times till at last Tom thought he wasn't using his uncle quite fairly, and just snw his last raise.

"I don't want to be too hard on a new that he was not only reasonable but player!" he laughed, as he threw in the one blue chip. "Thanks, my dear boy!" said the pro-

fessor, sweetly. "Cards?" inquired Niles, holding out

the pack over the table. "One!" said the professor,

We all felt sorry for him. "I'll play these!" said Tom. Then the professor bet another dollar. Tom, of course, raised him the limit; whereupon the professor came back at him again. This went on several times, till I could not help saying:

"Don't you see, professor, he mus have at least a straight or a flush!" "You don't say so!" he exclaimed, with an air of alarm-at the same time raising again.

But now Tom, obeying the dictates of politeness called: "I have an ace full!" said he, pleas

antly. "Ah!" said the professor, "I threw away an ace myself." "But what have you got?" asked

Struthers. "My two pairs-I hope the reference did not mislead anyone"-said the professor: "happen to be both of the same kind!" And laying four kings on the table he gathered in the goodly pile of chips.

Tom looked blank, and the rest of us laughed softly. I began to feel, in a vague way, that Tom and I were fools. At this juncture our belated guest arrived-one Licut. Storrs, of the United States navy.

"Forgive me for being so late, old fellow!" said he, grasping Tom's hand, both shoulders before he could rise. "Why, Harry, dear old man, who ever thought of seeing you here!" he cried. And the two wrung hands, and bombarded each ther with interjectional comment of some minutes.

At length, taking his seat, Lieut, Storrs looked at the professor's pile of

"At your old tricks, Harry," said he. "Have you been winning that way right along ever since that night in San Francisco, three years ago, when you cleaned us all out, and I had to borrow



THE LIEUTENANT ROLLED IN HIS CHAIR WITH INEXTINGUISH-ABLE LAUGHTER.

the cash from you next morning to pay my hotel bill? Don't you know it's against all precedent to be both lucky at cards and lucky in love?"

"Oh, I lose sometimes!" said the professor, modestly, but he did not say whether it was cards or love he referred to. "My kind nephew here, and Mr. and began our game in the library. Sawyer, have been good enough to teach me the game of poker this evening, and

The lieutenant rolled in his chair understand the use of the little piles of with inextinguishable laughter. Niles red, white and blue chips which were and Struthers took in the situation as given him. He drew cards as he saw they had not done before, and roaged with him. Tom got red, and then joined with an easy air of unconcern, which the remnants of the prestige by gazing heartily in the mirth. I tried to save at them all in urbane surprise, till I got a chance to speak when I murmured

"I have been suspecting for some time professor, that you knew a great deal more than you would care to impart to the students-or trustees-of your col-

At this thrust the professor chuckled appreciatively. And the game went

When we broke up-I need not particularize as to the hour-Storrs said: "It's great luck that you're here for the picnic tomorrow, Harry!" "What pienic?" asked Tom's uncle.

"Oh," said the lieutenant, "Tom and Sawyer here have arranged for a party old, eh?" laughed Tom, now quite at of us to go over to the Island in boats, and have one of those fish dinners, for which the spot is famous!"

"Well, I don't know exactly." began the professor. But Storrs interrupted "Oh, she'll be there! She has prom-

the fair Adela was here. You probably came, indeed, because she wrote for "Of course, we are very good friends!"

with an air of charming innocence.

assented the professor. Tome gave me one expressive look. And we all said A little later-or earlier-Tome came

into my room, just as I was about getting into bed. "Did you ever know such a pair of

isses as we made of ourselves?" asked ne confidentially. "Yes," said I, crossly, "the pair he

"And to think he's a chum of Adela's!" continued Tom. "I was thinkng he would be too shy of her for comfort at the picnic.' boy, when he's around!" I snapped,

me, for Tom was sweet on the bewitching daughter of Thespis, and it was for her sake chiefly that he had lanned the expedition. "I don't care!" said Tom, sulkily retiring. "Lydia Charters will be there, and she's more fun than Adela any day!" Now Lydia Charters was the young poetess already referred to; and it was on her account that I found the idea

(The End.)

single chip, but in the astounding con-

## DIAMOND IN HIS TOOTH.

It Was Put There When Theo. Frazier Had a Fortune-Now the Lad Saws Wood for a Living.

From the Washington Post.

Among those provided with food and shelter at the municipal lodging house within the last few days was a young man whose dress would scarcely indicate that he had been reduced to a penniless condition, neither would it be inferred from his actions that he was accustomed to seeking accommodations

furnished free by a charitable community. Yet it was there, and for three days and nights he was obliged to remain under the roof of that institution. One of the rules of the home for the destitute is that each person provided for there must exert a certain amount of energy upon the wood pile. In this way any individual may earn a night's lodging or a meal of victuals. Theodore Frazier was the name regis-

tered upon the book, but the name signified nothing in particular, and it was not for two days that the remarkable history of the young man was learned. He had taken his turn at the wood pile, and, although quite awkward in the use of a bucksaw, he paid in full the price asked for the accommodations af-

Superintendent Cutler, of the lodging house, observed that Frazer carried an unusual amount of gold in his teeth.

"Nearly every tooth in my head is crowned with gold, and what is more, I have a diamond-set tooth." Frazer told the superintendent. With this he showed an incisor in which was set a olitaire diamond of a little less than half a carat in weight. "I had them put in there when I had

more money than I knew what to do with," he observed with a sigh of regret. The superintendent became interested in the young man. Never before had the roof of the municipal lodging house sheltered a man with a mouth full of gold and diamonds. It was indeed a rare thing to see such rich ornamentations among the poverty stricken.

"I suppose you wonder what I am doing here," remarked the possessor of the golden teeth, and taking note of the fact that the story of his life would not fall upon unappreclative ears, he began to give an account of himself. By way of introducing the subject he said:

FORTUNE THREE YEARS AGO. "Less than three years ago I was worth \$80,000, but now I must work for a living, having lost every cent of my

"Was it drink that reduced you to you present condition?" "No." was the proud answer. "It was my friends."

"All through my life I was provided with all the good things this world affords, and my father, being a prosperous man, left me at his death the sum of \$80,000, principally in currency, or that which could be easily converted. In less than eighteen months after the money was placed at my disposal it had all slipped through my hands and found myself one morning a pauper.

"When I fell heir to such a princely sum I little dreamed that I would ever be in want, but I am going to make the best of the situation and endeavor to earn a livelihood as best I can."

The young man's father realized a fortune from the sale of an iron mine n the south, but just where the son did not care to say. His own history was all he would tell. In registering for his first night's lodging he gave Memphis, Tenn., as his address, and that is probably his former home. He is now twenty-four years old, and came into the inheritance about the time he attained his majority. He started out well by going to a dental college at Philadelphia to fit himself for that profession. Availing himself of the services of an expert dentist, Frazier had gold crowns put on nearly all his teeth. A cavity appeared in one of his incisors and it was then conceived that a diamond setting would be something of a novelty. Why not a dlamond? He had plenty of money-more than he needed -so a pure white stone was purchased and set in the tooth-

While in Philadelphia Frazier enraged a suite of rooms at the Lafavette hotel, where he kept open house for his friends. Then began his downfall. Being generous, his alleged friends imposed upon his hospitality. The money began to go rapidly but the amount seemed inexhaustible to the heir.

FORMER FRIENDS DESERTED. His luxurious apartments and expensive friends rapidly reduced his bank account. When the money was no more to be had, the friends who had fared so sumptuously at the hands of Theodore deserted him to seek other lambs not yet shorn. He was of no further use to them, and then it was he learned that friends are plentiful while money lasts, but very scarce when the exchequer becomes depleted. The world seemed cold and cheerless when the last penny had been spent, and there was no longer a friendly roof to shalter

him. But he was not the kind to cry "Who is she?" asked the professor, over spilt milk. He gracefully accepted "Oh," jeered the lieutenant. "don't try and make me believe you came away out to Stratford without knowing unfitted to battle with life, he was possessed of versatility.

After trying various schemes he at elry and began trafficking in that article, which sells readily to the unsophisticated pilgrims from the rurals. He evidently met with poor sale for his ware at the nation's capital and found himself obliged to saw wood that he might subsist during the sojourn here. It might be expected that one who has enjoyed the luxuries of life, and then lost all, would be anything but cheerful. This is not true in the case of Mr. Frazer. He feels that he has been taught a lesson worth knowing, and what he accumulates by his own efforts will be treasured. It will not be squandered up-

on unappreciative friends Superintendent Cutler said that in all his experience as manager of the municipal lodging house, not one persor being very sleepy. This was unkind of has applied there for a bed whose history was as interesting as that of the

TACK-MAKING INDUSTRY.

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The best tacks are made of imported Swedish iron: the next grade of Amerof the picnic interesting. I held my lean soft steel, and the cheapest of comtongue, therefore, and fell asleep to mon American iron. Tacks are also dream a little dream, in which Tom's made of copper. Some tacks are tinned uncle was gathering in a tack not of and for ship use tacks are galvanized phenomenal dimensions. The bitter- Tacks are made of sizes ranging from ness of it, however, lay not in the fact half-ounce to 24-ounce. The tack comthat he left no one of us so much as a monly used as a carpet tack is an 8ounce tack. A 24-ounce tack is about sideration that these chips represented 114 inches in length.

all the loveliest women of my acquaint-There are many kinds of tacks, made for a great variety of uses, and they are put up in many different forms There are gimp tacks, looking-glass tacks, upholsters' tacks, trunk tacks lace tacks, shank tacks, lasting tacks miners' tacks, cheese box tacks and tacks for many other uses. Within the past dozen years the sale of doublepointed tacks has increased tenfold with the greatly increased use of electrical wire. Double-pointed tacks are also used for tacking down straw matting and for other purposes.

Tacks that are sold in papers are put up in all weights, half weights and quarter weights, the weight indicating the size of the package, Almost all kinds of tacks are also sold in bulk, in 25-pound and 50-pound boxes and in 100-

A one ounce tack machinist will make In a day about 100,000 tacks altogether The iron is fed into the machine in a plate, which is of a width a little greater than the length of a finished tack so as to allow of material to be upset for the head. An 8-ounce machine will make about 200 pounds of tacks a day, 1250 to the pound, about 250,000 tacks. Tacks that are put up in papers are weighed out and the papers filled by hand. Comparatively few tacks are put up nowadays in tled-up paper; they are put up mostly in little pasteboard boxes. These boxes are packed in larger boxes and in turn in cases for shipment. A common tack package is a case weighing about 100 pounds.

The annual tack product of the country is estimated at about 20,000 tons If these tacks were all put up in papers of the usual assortments of sizes and weights, the papers would number about 300,000,000, or something more than four papers per capita of the population .-New York Sun.





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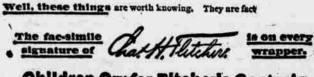
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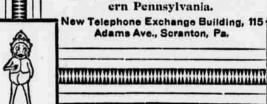
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