better."

The next afternoon Zadoc was painting the Thorndyke barn. He worked there only in the afternoons; in the mornings he hunted up odd jobs about the towh, and the money he got for these he took to Center and invested in paints and brushes.

Is he paid cash, he had to buy in small quantities; but when the barn was painted—and it was painted to Mr. Thorndyke's atisfaction—Zadoc found himself something more like a capitalist than he had ever

atisfaction—Zadoc found himself some-hing more like a capitalist than he had ever been in his life.

But there was one unpleasant incident connected with this job. He was sitting one afternoon in the children's swing, which he had borrowed to use in painting those parts of the barn which he could not reach with a ladder; he tied the ends of the ropes around the cupola, twisted himself up to the ridge-pole, and untwisted himself as he painted downward. He was slathering away on his second coat, whistling cheerly he painted downward. He was slathering away on his second coat, whistling cheerily to himself, when a man in overalls and a painty jacket came up and made some remarks about the weather. Zadoc told him that the weather was a good thing to take as it came; and then the man inquired:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"What union?" asked Zadoc; "I ain't no Canuck, ef thet's what yer mean."

"The house-painters' union," said the man.

man. "Well, no," said Zadoc, still slathering "Well, no," said Zadoc, still slathering away, with his head on one side. "Guess I'm union enough, all by myself. I'm perfectly united, I am—ail harmonious and unanimous and comfortable."
"What are you painting for, then?" demanded the stranger.
"Fer money," said Zadoc. "What are you a fooling around here for?"
"Have you ever served an apprenticeship to this business?" the man asked.
"Here you ever served an apprenticeship

see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labor; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest tollers—"

"Sho I' Zadoe interrupted him, "don't taken no bread out of the mouths of honest tollers—"

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"Sho I' Zadoe interrupted him, "don't taken no bread out to that yet. Suppose you tell me in plain English what I've done to be run outer town fer?"

The man muttered something and moved away. Zadoe communed with himself.

"Ap-prenticeship ter slopping paint! Well, I be derned! Why, fool-work like thet's born in a man, same's swimming."

As Zadoe became known to the community he found that work came right to his hand. The laboring native of South Ridge was the sort of a man who said, when a job was offered to him, "Well, I guess I'll take aday off some time week arter next and attend to it." This energetic person from the North Woods, who made engagements

see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honests tollers—"

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"Sho I' Zadoe interrupted him, "don't taken no bread outer no man's mouth. I ain't got down to that yet. Suppose you the taken no bread outer no man's mouth. I ain't got down to the yet done to be run outer town fer?"

There was more hushed laughter in the spokesman's rear, and he set his teeth and it

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ORRESPONDED TO THE COAST.

T "I suppo'e so."
"Well, /sst try me on paint. Same old terms—nv satisfaction, no pay. I can't make that there barn look wuss'n it does now; sad I'm going to make it look a heap better."

Zado revenue work, and hand it to Zadoc Pine with a tranquil dismissal of all further care, than it had been to meet every ceruring morning in the old, old question, "What shall we have for dinner to-day?" And Zadoc found his profit therein. his profit therein.

One warm evening in September, Zadoc Pine sat in the front yard of the widow Dadd's house, whittling a plug for the cider-barrel. He looked up from his whittling and saw a party of a dozon men come up the road and stop at the gate. He arose and went forward to meet them. "Good evening, friends!" he said, driving his jack-knife into the top rail of the tence and leaning over the pickets: "Want to see me, I suppose? What can I do fer ye?"

yo?"
One man came forward and put himself at the head of the party. Zadoc knew him by sight. It was McCuskey, the "walking-delegate."
"You can got out of this town," said Mo-

"You can get out of this town," said McCuskey, "as fast as you know how to. We will give you ten hours."

"That's friendly-like," said Zadoc. "I ain't had a present of ten hours' free time made me since I wuz a boy at school."

"Well," McCuskey broke in, annoyed at some suppressed laughter in his rear, "you can take them ten hours and use them to get out of South Ridge."

"Ken, eh?" said Zadoc. "Well, now, ef I've gotter go, I've gotter go. I ain't got no objection. But I jest wanter know what I've gotter go fer. Then maybe I'll see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labor; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers—"

"Sho!" Zadoc interrunted him "don't to when the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers—"

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labor; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers—"

"Sho!" Zadoc interrunted him "don't have done more with it of I'd have had an edication. "When the the work mine gets a few to suite green to the disturbance was a chickenthic, and the cause was caught, Zadoc played upon him.

"Can't bring out that engyne fer nothing," he said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

Two years and a half have passed since Zadoc left the North Woods. He is an employer now, and an owner of real-estate, in a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her years enter him a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her years enter him a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her years enter him a small way, and he still has South Ridge.

"Mon must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow." he has said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

"Man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow." he has said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

"Mon must earn his men de

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castorio

Schmitzer Supply Company; but after he had drummed up the local trade on the new basis, and broken Schmitzer into the routine work, he branched off for himself in

a new line.

He had found an amateur electricar

He had round an amateur electrican among his customers, and with this gentleman's aid he organized the South Ridge Fire Department and Protective Association. Thirty-six householders paid him ten dollars for the plant and ten dollars for yearly service; and he connected their houses in an electric circuit, of which his own hedroom was the central setting.

use of the disturbance was a

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in the size of your love !" Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

own bedroom was the central station. In each house was a combined bell and alarm; and if a citizen awoke at night to find his chimney on fire or to hear a stranger within his chicken-house, he rang a wild toesin in thirty-five other houses, and then sounded a signal-letter by dot and dash to proclaim his identity. Then the whole town turned out, and Zadoc drove a small chemical en-gine behind Schmitzer's horse. If the HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

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