

THE POOR MAN'S TOOLS.

The poor man's pick and shovel lead progression on her way;
Make enterprise move faster and bring commerce here to stay.
They route man's field of labor, mark his boundaries of toil
And produce the wealth of nations from the bed-rock and the soil.

The poor man's pick and shovel loose emancipation's chain,
And carry education o'er the prairie and the plain.
They found the mighty city and the mansions of the rich,
Prepare the tombs of millionaires and dig the pauper's ditch.

The poor man's drill and hammer rend the caverns of the earth;
Bring forth the golden nugget and the ores of priceless worth.
They pierce old nature's secrets, and reveal, as ages roll,
The knowledge that is needed to light science to her goal.
Laura W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

THE WILBUR WILL.

By ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

Holding up the sample of pink cashmere, Constance Wilbur looked at it admiringly. "How many yards would it take for a dress, mother?" she asked, wistfully.

"Eight," responded Mrs. Wilbur, briefly. She was a little out of patience with Constance on the subject of pink cashmere. Ever since the question of Constance's going to Mason Academy the next fall had been settled, the girl had seemed to think that a dress of this kind was necessary to complete her equipment. She had inherited certain qualities of persistence from her father's family. "I don't see why all Aunt Edith's dresses are blues and grays," remarked Constance. "At least, all that she sends to me are."

"There are two white dresses, a serge and a dotted muslin," replied Mrs. Wilbur, who was even then engaged in ripping up the seams of a soft gray wool affair, "and you ought to be glad enough, Constance, that your Aunt Edith sent this box of clothes. We couldn't have managed to have bought you so many dresses. You will have enough for a year."

"Just the same, you would have bought me a pink cashmere if Aunt Edith had not sent that box," persisted Constance.

Mrs. Wilbur smiled. "Well, my dear, very likely I should; but it would have been your only dress-up gown. You would have had to wear it on all occasions. Very likely you would have been known at school as 'the girl with the pink dress.'" Now you will have this pretty gray voile, the blue chiffon and the two white dresses. Besides that, every dollar counts with your father this year."

"This sample is only one dollar a yard," said Constance, smoothing the delicate wool between her fingers.

Mrs. Wilbur made no reply, and Constance, after a pleading look toward her mother, picked up her books and left the room.

"I could buy one yard of it," she thought, as she went down the street on a delayed errand. "I have exactly one dollar."

And without thought of the necessary car fares that the dollar was intended to pay for, Constance promptly turned her steps toward the store from which she had obtained the sample.

The clerk held up fold after fold of the delicately tinted cashmere, and Constance's eyes brightened as she admired it. "It's just like a pink rose," she declared.

The clerk glanced at the girl smilingly. "Just the shade to wear with brown eyes and brown hair," he remarked.

"I only want one yard," said Constance, and suddenly remembered the car fares and a much-needed pair of gloves. "I'd rather wear shabby gloves than lose this!" she exclaimed.

"Gloves?" said the clerk. "Two counters down toward the front," and Constance picked up the small package, put down the one dollar, and walked briskly out.

The yard of cashmere was put carefully away in a small trunk, where Constance stored her treasures; and Constance, the pink sample still in her purse, watched the advertisements of mark-downs with anxious eyes. She said no more about a pink cashmere, and Mrs. Wilbur congratulated herself that, after all, Constance had seen the folly of teasing for a dress which she did not need and which her father could not afford to purchase.

Before the summer was over Mrs. Wilbur had occasion to speak to Constance on the subject of the use of money.

"I know, my dear girl, that your allowance is small," she remarked one day, with a disapproving glance at Constance's worn ribbon belt, "but I am sure it is sufficient for the little things that we expect you to buy for yourself. Your gloves are shabby, and that belt is really worn out."

Constance flushed, but she made no explanation. Mrs. Wilbur sighed a little, finding an excuse for Constance in the thought that a girl of sixteen doubtless found soda-water, chocolates and car rides of even more importance than fresh gloves and faultless belt ribbons.

"I suppose mother would think that

I had thrown my money away if she could see these!" chuckled Constance that evening, as she opened her treasure trunk and took out a carefully wrapped package.

She undid the wrappings and spread the contents out on her bed. There were eight or nine pieces of pale pink cashmere. The longest strip was the first yard purchased, for which Constance had recklessly paid one dollar. How often she had regretted her haste, for that week she had discovered that there were such things as remnant sales. Sample in hand, she had gone from store to store, turning over piles of short-length cashmeres, now and then successful in securing a match for her goods.

Pieces of three-fourths of a yard had been secured for twenty-five cents. A remnant of a quarter of a yard had been bought for five cents. She was sure that two yards more would give her material enough for a dress, but time for sales was growing short. In two weeks more she would have to start for Mason Academy, and Constance realized that to make this dress would require not only patience and planning, but more work and time than would go to the making of an ordinary gown.

"It will have to be tucked and tucked and tucked to hide the pleatings," Constance decided, "but I'll do it all, and I'm sure that mother will

Keep These Twelve Things in Mind.

The value of time. Lost capital may be restored by diligent use of experience; time lost is lost forever.

The success of perseverance. "Keeping everlastingly at it" always brings the hoped-for results.

The pleasure of working. The only really unhappy, rich or poor, are the idle.

The dignity of simplicity. When the "frills" are off the man is "on."

The worth of character. In the last analysis the only real value is a clear conscience.

The power of kindness. It wins when all coercive measures fail.

The influence of example. Practice does more than precept, in showing the way.

The obligation of duty. Your concern should not be so much what you get, as what you do for what you get.

The wisdom of economy. The man who saves makes more than he saves.

The virtue of patience. "All things come to him who waits."

The improvement of talent. Talent is the only capital which compounds itself by exercise.

The joy of originating. The happiest man is he who does the best thing first.—The Master Printer.

help me plan it, for if anybody ever earned anything, I've earned a pink dress." And Constance recalled her many tiresome tramps during the warm summer days from store to store, her many disappointments, and the doing without of all the little things which she had been accustomed to spend money for, but which for the past six months she had resolutely denied herself.

"Your things are all ready now, dear," said Mrs. Wilbur, a few days later. "I don't think that you will need anything in the way of dresses for an entire year; and you can go out to Aunt Edith's Saturday for a week and get a breath of the country. I am sorry that you have had to stay in the city all summer, but, as you hear me say so often, every dollar has to count."

"Mother, I'd rather not go out to Aunt Edith's," Constance said. There was to be a remnant sale on Saturday. It would be her last chance, she thought, and she must not miss it.

Mrs. Wilbur looked at her daughter in surprise; then her face softened. "It's the child's last week at home," she said to herself, "and she wants to stay with her father and me as long as possible." So she replied in a very tender tone, "Very well, dear," and a load was lifted from Constance's mind. She had feared that her mother might insist upon the visit.

Early Saturday morning Constance was at the store advertising the remnant sale. As she eagerly turned over the pile of delicately tinted cashmeres, she heard her own name spoken, and glanced up, to see her father standing beside her.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "what are you after?" "I'm afraid you'll tell," he replied, soberly.

Constance laughed. She and her father were always the best of companions, and as she looked up into his kindly face, she resolved that she would tell him all about the remnant dress.

"I won't tell, honor bright," she responded, laughingly.

"Well, I want to buy a present for a young lady who is going away to school," he said. "It is to be a surprise present, you see, and I want to be very sure that she will like it."

"Of course she will," declared Constance.

"This young lady belongs to rather a queer family," went on Mr. Wilbur; "at least, some people say so. I always admired the family very much myself. Well, this girl wanted a pink dress—I happened to hear quite by accident—and she didn't get over wanting it; and I thought to myself that, being like her father, she might think that dress was of more importance than it really is, so I have started out this morning to buy eight yards of pink cashmere."

"But you can't afford it!" exclaimed Constance.

"I am going to afford it," Mr. Wilbur declared, so firmly that Constance laughed again. "That is, if you will go with me and select the right color."

"Wait just a moment, dad," for Constance's glance had fallen upon two lengths of rose-colored cashmere.

"There's a yard in one piece and a yard and a half in the other, miss," said the clerk. "You can have the two pieces for eighty cents."

"Now, dad," said Constance, having paid for her purchase, "I have a story to tell you about your only daughter. I suppose mother has told you how much I wanted a pink dress?" Mr. Wilbur started as if surprised.

"Yes, I did," said Constance, laughing, "and the more I thought about it the more I wanted it. You see, Aunt Edith's clothes are not just the colors I like best, and I just made up my mind that I must think out some way to get a pink cashmere," and Constance looked up at her father.

He nodded understandingly. "Wilbur all over," he said.

"You see, my allowance just covers

Well, my dear, he seemed to think you deserved the dress, even if you did not need it, and I was weak-minded enough to give in. You see, when a Wilbur is really determined about anything, somebody has to give in."

"But, mother, I remembered that every dollar counted this year, and so father did not have to buy it. I bought it myself—in remnants," and Constance rapidly told the story of the remnant sales, holding up piece after piece of cashmere before her mother's astonished eyes, as she described how she had acquired it, and told of her long walks to save car fares, and the series of other small economies.

"I haven't bought an ice cream soda this summer!" she concluded, dramatically, and joined in her mother's laughter.

"It will be almost like making the cloth," declared Mrs. Wilbur, holding up the narrow strips, "but by tucking, I'm pretty sure that the piecing won't show."

"That's what I thought," agreed Constance, happily.

The cashmere was undoubtedly the most becoming of Constance's gowns, and although it was spoken of as "the remnant dress" by Constance and her mother, Mr. Wilbur always referred to it as "the Wilbur will dress."—Youth's Companion.

TRAGEDY OF THE ARCTIC SNOWS.

A story learned from a modern trail was related in my hearing by a gentleman who had spent a recent winter hunting in Alaska. Tramping down a valley one day he noticed a little group of wild sheep (bighorn ewes) coming slowly down a gulch toward the valley, but as he had no desire for them he went steadily on. Coming back a few hours later, he discovered at the mouth of the gulch the trail of three or four sheep which had turned at a leisurely gait up the valley. He followed after, toward his camp; but presently came to a point where the tracks changed in an instant from a peaceful trail to a scattered, leaping confusion of footprints and the marks of a bloody struggle which had continued for several rods, when he came upon the mangled body of a sheep, whose flesh and skull in the region of one eye had been crushed and torn away; and from it ran the footprints of a lynx. Going back to the scene of the attack he climbed to an overhanging rock, and there found the tracks of the lynx and the print of its crouched body. The story was plain. The cat had seen the sheep, had chosen this "coign of vantage," and had waited until its victims had walked beneath. One leap had landed it upon the back of the nearest ewe, when its first act was to rip out the eye and claw its way through the orbit into the brain. Meanwhile the poor beast struggled on, carrying its impacable foe, till it dropped dead. That history of the tragedy, written in the Arctic snows, told how small a cat was able to kill speedily and surely so large and tough an animal as the bighorn; and with this hint the hunter speedily afterward gathered plentiful evidence that this is the regular method of the northern lynx—quite a new fact in the history of both animals.—From Recreation.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Nine times out of ten patience is pure laziness.

The home is the bulwark of the State, and the cook is the foundation of the home.

Some women slander another merely to be able to confide to her that somebody is saying things about her.

A man thinks he has a natural capacity for history if he can remember the year his home town won the baseball championship.

It's a hot passion that gets no shower baths.

The way to make the furnace burn best is to pick out a warm day to do it.

What makes a woman so devoted to her husband is he hardly ever deserves it.

It takes a good deal of the edge off an engagement for a girl when there isn't anybody left to whom she can tell it's a secret.

Women make truces with one another; seldom real friendships.

The more money a man can steal the less it seems like a crime.

Falling in love, like going in debt, means a hard score to settle afterward.

The riskiest thing about a man's proposal to a girl is how sure she is to accept him.

A man's idea of a wife with a good head for money matters is where she will save her allowance till he borrows it and then not expect him to pay it back again.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

GIRLS' INCREASING HEIGHT.

Comparison of Dress Measurements To-day and Fifty Years Ago.

A search of the garret for old fashioned clothes "to dress us in" does not yield so much as it once did. Behold, when great-grandmother's gowns come to light they are all too small for the young generation. It is not a mere matter of stays and busks, for if it were, a tightened corset lacing might be endured for a single evening. But the girl of today is hopelessly taller than her forebear, and there is no remedy for the skirt, waist and sleeves too short.

The increase in the height of American women has doubtless gone on steadily for fifty years, but measurements have altered, markedly in the last ten years. A skirt of forty-one inches was considered long in 1895. Now skirts of forty-four and forty-five inches are made by wholesale. Grandmother stood barely five feet in her shoes, but her daughter measures five feet four inches, and her athletic granddaughter measures from five feet seven to five feet eleven in her stockings.

The increase in height is not an unmixed good. To begin with, long clothes cost more than short ones. Six inches added to length of skirt and bodice make an actual increase in the cost of material. Moreover, tall girls, especially if they are slender, are not so easily fitted in the cheaper ready made garments. The large sizes all seem calculated for stout women.

Strangely enough, the average stature of the men of the coming generation has not increased so fast as that of the women, and there are many men not so tall as the girls of their own age. Such a man fears to dance or walk or even to talk with a woman to whom he must look up physically, whatever he may prefer in her of moral superiority. It is little short of tragic when a long line of tall girls files past a group of short men, each avoiding the other with blank gaze and the secret reflection, "How I should look with

Too Wise For That.

"Rupert Guinness was defeated for Parliament," said a magazine editor. "Guinness I know well. He is a great admirer of our American bock beer. He imports a keg of bock beer every spring."

"Guinness, the famous stout maker, told me a bock beer story last month."

"He said that about this time last year he heard that an American friend, being ill, had attempted suicide. So he wired to America to ask if this was true. His friend winked back."

"Suicide story false. Wouldn't be such a fool as to kill myself before the bock beer season."—Washington Star.

Yielding to the Majority.

A Philadelphia physician, in declaring that insanity was frequently productive of sound logic tempered by wit, told the story of a patient he once met in an asylum.

He came across this patient while strolling through the grounds, and, stopping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics the physician said:

"Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won!"—Lippincott's.

A God-Fearing Set.

The reverence for the Sabbath in Scotland sometimes takes a form one would hardly have anticipated.

An old Highland man once explained to an English tourist:

"They're a God-fearing set o' folks here, sir, 'deed they are, and I'll give ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skalin', there was a drover chap frae Dumfries along the road, whistlin' and lookin' as happy as if it ta middle o' ta week. Weel, sir, our laads is a God-fearing set o' laads, and they just set upon him and almost killed him."—Tit-Bits.

Not Afraid of Slipping.

Michael Dugan, a journeyman plumber, was sent by his employer to the Hightower mansion to repair a gas leak in the drawing room. When the butler admitted him he said to Dugan:

"You are requested to be careful of the floors. They have just been polished."

"They's no danger iv me slippin' on thim," replied Dugan. "I hov spikes in me shoes."—Lippincott's Magazine.

In the Belgian Parliament there is an age minimum of twenty-five for deputies and forty for senators.

Moving pictures of the flight of insects have been made with exposures of 1-42,000 second.

Crime in the United Kingdom costs the State about \$30,000,000 a year.