

## 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 blue 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, 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 cashmères, 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 Acad-

emy, 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 pickings," Constance decided, "but I'll do it all, and I'm sure that mother will 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 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.

## 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.

"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 cashmères, 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 I'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.

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

"You see, my allowance just covers things," went on Constance, "so at first I bought one yard of the piece. After that I learned about remnant sales, and, dad, I've bought the rest in remnants. I've got the last piece here. There are over nine yards in all—eleven pieces of them—and they cost me three dollars and twenty cents."

"What did your mother say," questioned Mr. Wilbur, "and how on earth are you going to make a dress out of those bits?"

"Mother doesn't know anything about it," said Constance. "But it was all my own money, dad. I just went without some little things. I suppose it will be lots of work to make it. Do you suppose that mother will care?"

"I suppose she will think that you are a Wilbur, all right!" chuckled her father. "Talk about persistence! Well, I guess there are not many girls of sixteen who would have strength of will enough to have earned a dress that way. For as I look at it, Constance, you have earned every yard of that dress."

"There is only quarter of a yard in one piece," said Constance.

Mr. Wilbur laughed again, and regarded her approvingly. "Now run home and show your piece to mother," he said, "and tell her all about it. And if any trimmings are needed, just let me know."

"I've saved a dollar for those," replied Constance.

"Mother, I've got a pink cashmere dress," said the girl, as she brought her bundle of remnants into the sitting room.

Mrs. Wilbur looked up with a little smile. "So you met your father. 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



### Cheerful Dining.

Where nourishment and health are concerned laughter and good will are vigorous promoters of the digestive functions. The court jester was a valuable piece of dining room furniture in olden times, and a good natured and cheerful guest who keeps up a lively and entertaining conversation at table does more to aid digestion than all the nostrums ever invented.—Woman's Life.

### A Short Biography.

"This is the life of little me. I am the wife of Beerbohm Tree." Thus Lady Beerbohm Tree when asked to write her "life"—surely the shortest autobiography on record. Lady Tree is shortly to appear on the variety stage, and patrons of the music halls will then have an opportunity of seeing one of our very cleverest and most distinguished actresses; for, beside her histrionic gifts, Lady Tree from an early age developed a taste for classics and mathematics. Her favorite subject was Greek, at which she was most learned, and many years ago she took part in a Greek play before an audience which included so distinguished a classical authority as the late Mr. Gladstone.—Tit-Bits.

### Success With Dinners.

Success in dinner giving is something like success with flowers. The guests must be grouped as artistically with regard to congeniality as the flowers are with reference to color and form, and both must have the right sort of environment. The room must be cool, but not too cool, and the viands must be well chosen, well

than ever this season owing to the extraordinary popularity of jet and the new favor extended to Chantilly. The run on black Chantilly has been so great that the French makers are having positively to refuse to take any more orders for the present for this beautiful lace.

Many handsome evening frocks are being made of rich black velvet with dull silver embroideries. The transparent black jet studded net evening frock also has its place in the spring fashions, with trimmings and relieving notes of color on the corsage and the waist belt. Often the jet appears only in fine embroideries or paillettes on a tulle or net, which falls over a soft clinging robe of mousseline de soie or satin charmeuse.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Plan For Baby Exchange.

More than passing consideration is being given a recent suggestion looking to the establishment of a regular "baby exchange," that would supply babies to and receive them from clients in accordance with their several needs. At present the founding hospitals and kindred institutions are the principal resort of those who wish to adopt children, and for those who have strong views on heredity these poor waifs are always under a certain suspicion; but a wealthy New York woman who advertised privately the other day offering a child all comforts and a real home was surprised at the number of replies she got from honest and hard working fathers and mothers who felt they had too many children to do full justice to all in their upbringing. The "baby ex-

Our Cut-out Recipe: Print in Your Scrap-Book.

**Cocoanut Pudding.**—One pint of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one-half cup cracker crumbs, one saltspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat eggs separately, adding yolks to the milk and then mixing with cocoanut and salted cracker crumbs; flavor and bake a half hour. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and one cup of sugar. Put on pudding after it is baked and return it to oven to brown. Serve with cream. This is good either hot or cold.

cooked and well served. The lights must neither be too dim nor too bright, and the flowers should have but little odor, for, however delicious, the fragrance of flowers grows heavy as the evening wears on. With all this and congeniality, a dinner cannot fail, and in those few hours one can get better acquainted with those on either side than would be possible in weeks under less favorable circumstances.—New York Tribune.

### Commercial Instinct.

"It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at the commercial instinct, and to despise it as something common and vulgar; but in reality it is nothing of the sort. The essence of vulgarity is the concealment of vulgarity. The common man who knows that he is common ceases to be common by this knowledge; by realizing that he is not a gentleman he almost becomes one. The really vulgar people are the people who are forever pretending that they are not vulgar; the truly ill-bred are those who are constantly bragging their gentility. There is nothing so vulgar as when it pretends to be something else. Therefore the commercial instinct is never a common instinct, except when it sets itself up as not being commercial at all."—Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, in Home Notes.

### No Shame.

In Turkey there is no shame attached to slavery. Can the same be said of our domestic service? Should a servant marry a rich man here and be raised into the ornamental class would she not find it hard to live down her former state? In Turkey the mother of the Sultan Abdul was a slave, as is the wife of the Khedive of Egypt, and no disgrace attaches to the fact. It is this which primarily differentiates Turkish slavery from what we are accustomed to associate with the word—this and the fact that the slaves do not come from an inferior and servile race, but from among themselves. There is no caste in Turkey. All persons below the Sultan are equal before Allah. Every man and woman has a chance to rise, according to his personality—his intelligence, charm or beauty.—Metropolitan Magazine.

**Dressmakers Hunt Picture Galleries.** Parisian dressmakers are seeking inspiration for evening modes in the picture galleries. There is always more latitude allowed in the fashioning of dresses that are to be worn by night than in the tailor made, or even the elegant afternoon gown; and it is safe to prophesy that for evening the period gown will have a successful vogue. The terms are almost synonymous, for it is the paintings of the Louis XV. and XVI. period that are guiding the modistes.

This means the coming of the pointed, tight fitting corsage, the tucks, and the draped skirt. The vogue rose tints which have had such a long inning are to be allowed to have a rest, perhaps only a brief one. A pale amber shade, curiously becoming to both fair and dark haired women, is one of the newest colors for evening. Incidentally it is a perfect background to the mass of gleaming jet which trims so many of the smartest gowns. The delicate mignonette green of the summer is another shade which shows up well under the electric light. Blue is a color that has often been eschewed in the past because of the difficulty of choosing a shade which looks well under artificial light. There are several blues notably the pastel tones, Sèvres and Natter, which can be worn with safety in the evening.

White is, of course, always worn, and the indispensable black evening gown is, if anything, more delectable



### A Good Dairy Cow.

When you see a calf that is everything that could be asked for in the way of gentleness, there is every prospect that she will make a good dairy cow. A wild calf can hardly ever be made fit for the dairy.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Test the Cows.

Keep a record and test your cows. In this manner you will find out the profitable cows in the herd. Since you cannot afford to keep an unprofitable cow the sooner you learn the unprofitable ones the better for you.—Farmers' Home Journal.

### Cider to Vinegar.

A short time ago I announced that we were having trouble in getting our cider changed into vinegar. A subscriber writes that fifteen pounds of sugar should be added to every barrel of cider. He says that he has made twelve barrels and that he has had good results in following that plan.—Epitomist.

### Holds the Cow's Tail.

A new and improved contrivance for holding the switch of a cow when the cow is being milked has been designed by a Massachusetts man. The holder is constructed from a flat circular strip of spring metal, which is clamped around the leg of the attendant. To prevent it moving a number



### Protection For the Milker.

of projections are placed on the inner face, which engage the trousers of the wearer.

On the outer face of the strip is a spring clamp, one end of which is riveted to the strip, while the opposite end is free and curved slightly outward, so that the switch of the animal can be readily entered between the strip and the clamp. The animal is thus unable to swish her tail in the milker's face, protecting the latter from injury in this way.—Weekly Witness.

### The Value of a Farm.

There are few farmers or gardeners who place a proper estimate upon the value of their farms; I do not refer to the salable value of the land alone. What does it matter to you or me what our farms will sell for if we do not care to sell them? The question for us to decide is what is our farm worth to us for the purpose of furnishing a home and a livelihood? Suppose you have a farm with comfortable buildings, which you can sell for \$5000, says Southern Fruit Grower. This farm furnishes a house in which you and your family abide, a garden, a playground about the house, barns for stabling your horses, cattle, food for these animals and almost all that you consume in the family. In other words, the farm very largely supplies the wants of your family and provides you with horses and carriages for traveling wherever you wish to go. Now suppose you sell this farm for \$5000 in cash and move to the city. You can scarcely buy a house and a small lot without barns that are as comfortable as your own for \$5000. In the city you are taxed for city taxes at least one hundred dollars. Your expenses are increased in the city for car fares, for cost of everything you have to do, since you find it necessary to wear better clothes which cost you more money; you also have your amusements and other expenses which are increased in the city life. In other words the \$5000 which in the country almost provides for your living, in the city simply provides a shelter from the storm. But there is another trouble in the city, and a most serious one. Your \$5000 is invested in your house and you have no business, where as the farm has not only furnished a home but a paying business also.

### Live Stock Manure Value.

It is well known that such foods as clover, alfalfa, tankage, bran, middlings, etc., have a high per cent of protein, and that the manure of live stock largely fed on these is much the most valuable for the soil. An agricultural writer touching this matter calls attention to the fact that "Chemistry of the Farm," by Warrington, says that when fed to oxen all except 2.9 per cent. of the nitrogen of the food is voided either as a solid or liquid excrement, that 73.5 per cent. is voided as liquid excrement, hence the importance of keeping plenty of absorbent at hand.

We also find that 14.7 per cent. of the nitrogen is retained in the body when the food is given to pigs. Twenty-one per cent. is voided in the solid excrement and 64.3 per cent. voided as liquid excrement.

There is a marked difference between the ox and the pig in this respect, due to the rapid growth of the pig.

As to the ash constituent of food, the same author says that 2.3 per

cent. of the ash of the food is stored up in the body and that 97.7 per cent. is voided in the excrement when the food is given to an ox, while a pig will retain 4.5 per cent. of the ash of the food and void 95.5 per cent. in the excrement. The figures show that only a small per cent. of the plant food is sold off the farms when animals are fed the products, and that the rapid exhaustion of the soil's fertility is a result of carelessness and lack upon the part of the farmer of properly managing the various farm operations.

By a judicious management and the feeding of farm animals it has not only been possible but practicable to increase the production of the farm from year to year without spending large sums of money each year for commercial fertilizer.

### Succulence and Palatability.

We have often called attention to the fact that silage had the important elements of succulence and palatability so essential in feeding dairy cows. Referring to this matter Valancey E. Fuller, the well known dairyman, in a contribution to the Practical Dairyman says:

The chemist cannot tell us why the water that is contained in all these succulent feeds plays such an important part in the well doing of the cow. He will tell us that pasture grass is eighty per cent. water; that corn silage has 79.1 per cent.; sugar beets, 86.5 per cent.; mangel beets, 90.9 per cent.; carrots, 88.6 per cent.; cabbage and pumpkin over 90 per cent. each. Yet this very water, as we find it in the various succulents, plays a very important part in the digestion of other food taken in conjunction with the succulents. It seems to act directly on the bowels and kidneys of the cows and maintains the cattle in that healthy condition which is essential to the best production.

We know that apples contain 80.8 per cent. water, yet we know also how beneficial that "juice" as we call it, is to us as a regulator of the bowels, and how, if we eat an apple or two each day, it contributes to our good health.

Corn silage is the cheapest of all succulent, except pasture grass. Roots are expensive to grow. They cost more per pound of digestible dry matter, than corn silage. Although, I had all the silage that I required to feed my cows in winter and in the dry season of summer, I used to grow all the roots I possibly could on my own place and contracted for 12,000 bushels a year, to feed the cows. My experience showed me that cows would do better when they had corn silage if they were fed roots, especially mangels and sugar beets, than they did without them, and what the beets cost me extra was more than saved in the lessened grain fed each day.

If every dairyman would put up enough corn silage in the fall to feed his cows in the winter and carry over enough to feed them in the dry spell that comes in the late summer, his bank account would be materially added to each year.—Farmer.

### Poultry Notes.

Don't overcrowd. Don't allow the pullets to crowd in a corner the first few nights they are moved from winter roosts; teach them what the roosts are for.

This is a good time to plan the next season's business. Be regular in caring for and feeding the poultry; regularity counts for more than many think.

Don't allow a scrap to be wasted; fresh scraps of meat mean increased number of eggs; the cracklings, when well pressed, are good to feed hens, in limited quantity.

Many families will make no use of the livers at all; it would pay to secure these and save to feed hens. Much better give to the poultry than to leave for stray dogs and cats.

If there is a north or northwest window in the poultry house, close it up to-day as tight as possible. While at it close all the cracks; tar paper is good for this if nailed closely.

If the weather is too warm for the cold storage plan, then the meat must be cooked; one of the kettles in which the lard was rendered will be the handiest for a cooking vessel. Salt just enough to keep from souring.

In freezing weather all that is necessary is to put dressed poultry in cold storage, out of the reach of cats and dogs; it will keep just as long as it remains frozen; of course it will be necessary to thaw the mess before feeding.

When selecting a new site for the poultry yards, remember a southern slope is best, and a loose, rich soil, containing enough gravel or sand to allow of rains soon soaking in, is the best. The southern slope gives the maximum share of the sunshine.

In order to secure the good green growth, it is much better to have two yards, or a partition fence through the yard, thus enabling the green growth, rye or oats, or whatever is grown for forage, to get a good start, while the poultry is confined to the other part.

The size of the yard will depend quite a good deal upon the care taken of it, and the way it is managed. If green growth is kept upon it most, or all through the growing season the yard need not be so large; if bare, it should be regularly and thoroughly cleaned of all refuse once each month.

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