

### 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 soul.

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 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 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 piecings," 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

### 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.

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 things," went on Constance, "so at first I bought one yard off 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 pieces 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 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.

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

## A Wandering Colonel, He

Weatherby Has Fought Is Cuba and Frozen in Alaska—He's British Consul at Nome Now and He Likes the Northern Rigors Better Than the Tropics—Ran a Spanish Blockade Off Santiago With Arms.

Col. Lionel R. Stuart Weatherby, who is his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Nome, Alaska, is at the Waldorf, having just returned from a brief visit to London, whither he went to show his friends over there a nugget he had picked up in the North and to renew old associations for a brief time.

But the fashions of Piccadilly and Pall Mall did not appeal to the Colonel at all. Most of his life during the last twenty years has been passed away from England, for he has sought adventure in India and South Africa, and again in Cuba during the last insurrection. So he clings to the wide brimmed felt hat of the West and a short coat. In manner he is genial and he speaks in a full, round voice, and he hasn't lost the broad "a" of his younger days, though his forehead has grown and grown. The Colonel makes no attempt to conceal this either, for what hair he has left he wears closely cropped, in contrast with the length of his mustache.

"I went to the Northwest in '98 first," said Col. Weatherby. "First I tried the Dawson country, but in 1900 I came back and went down into South America to explore the headwaters of the Amazon. I have never told about that until I get ready to tell what I found. I was down there two years.

"There are few old timers left in Alaska. Most of those who went up there in the early days got out after making their pile. Alaska is still the richest gold country in the world, but of course the Territory has undergone tremendous changes.

"During the last Cuban insurrection I was in charge of a filibustering expedition in the Horsa, a little fruit steamer, and took a lot of rifles and ammunition down there for the rebels. One night we ran up near the southern coast, but when we made out a vessel which the Cuban major with me said was a Spanish gunboat we made off shore again. Next night we came back and came in sight of a black cloud which the major said was the island and we prepared to land our cargo in boats. A field piece was the most important part of the outfit, and I got that and the ammunition belonging to it safely into the first boat, and told the major to hold on until the last boat left. Well, after a few of the other boats had been loaded the steamer started away and I pulled in my hawsers and found they had been cut. The Horsa afterward arrived in Jamaica, was found to have arms on board and was sent up here with her captain, under arrest.

"We found ourselves in a predicament. What we were told was land turned out to be only a cloud, and instead of being a couple of miles off shore we were fully thirty. To make things worse, a storm came up and we spent the night pitching up and down. We couldn't see the stars, and so couldn't make out which way to steer. The crews of the other boats threw their cargoes overboard, except one that was commanded by a colonel. Next morning we could not see land at all. I had put a tarpaulin into the boat to cover the gun, and we rigged this up with a sail, and using this and the oars we made for where we thought the land was. As we had been told we were so near the

land we had not put any water or food into the boat, and on the second day the man upon whom we depended to show us the way to Gomez's camp went mad and tried to kill several of us, so we had to tie him up. We made out land on the second day, and rowed for all we were worth, and that night, the moon being clear, we hove in sight of what seemed the entrance to a beautiful bay.

"All at once two men-o-war appeared, coming out of the opening. It was the harbor of Santiago. I immediately ordered the tarpaulin down and the men and I got under it, hoping that as we thus presented almost a flat appearance upon the water we would not be noticed, and we were not, though one of the warships passed within 500 yards of us before turning east. The other turned west. As soon as they got far enough away we changed our course and rowed along the coast until we found a bit of beach. There we buried the field piece and the breech block in sand and brush, destroyed the trail and running the boat out to sea stove a hole in her.

"We were all pretty weak, but I made the men go to sleep while I started to do sentry duty. I strolled up and down and must have gone to sleep while walking, for suddenly I came up against a rock that was sticking up out of the sand and thought I had run up against a Spaniard. At daylight we started out over the hills looking for water, but found none until three o'clock of that afternoon, when reaching the top of a little range, we looked down and saw a beautiful stream at our feet. We rushed down to drink, but the water was salt.

"Well, I told the men to lie down, placing them in a strategic position, and telling them to fight if the Spaniards came, and started off alone to find water. In half an hour I came across a friendly Cuban who quickly got us out of our distress.

"This was in '95. I fought down there with the insurgents until '98, but it was poor fighting. Fully eighty per cent. of the victories we were credited with we won by our superiority of foot power. We really ran away. We had to run because our men had no arms.

"Yes, I like Alaska better than the tropics. We have a great deal of sport up there. One great event is the yearly dog race from Nome to Candle, a distance of 406 miles. The one last year was a corker. They started out in a blizzard, and this continued for fifteen hours after the start. The winner, in spite of it, finished the journey in eighty hours. The Hon. Fox Ramsay, a young Englishman, who is my partner, was passing his first winter there, but he had entered with a team of nine dogs. He got out three miles and then his dogs got away from him. He came back to Nome pulling his sled himself. Then he got his dogs together again and made another start. Well, he got lost out at sea on the ice. He was missing for a couple of days, but he found the course again, and reached Candle safely. Then when he found he hadn't won he went on further north to shoot polar bears. His pluck made him vastly popular with the men up there."—New York Sun.

## BASEBALL'S GREATEST PLAYER

How Hans Wagner, the Pirates' Star, Got His First Job on the Diamond.

Hugh S. Fullerton, the well-known baseball expert, contributes an interesting sketch about Hans Wagner, "the greatest baseball player in the world," to the American Magazine. Mr. Fullerton gives the following account of how Wagner got his first pay job at playing baseball.

"The career of Wagner in baseball has been interesting. He was reared in Carnegie, Pa., before it was Carnegie, and he and his brothers played the game there. John (I wonder how many admirers of Honus, or Hans, know his name is John P?) was not a good player as a boy. The brothers thought he was a bit too awkward, and barred him except when he wanted to pitch. His arms were tremendously long, and they asserted around his home that when he was a 'kid,' and his legs were even more bowed than they are now, he could walk along and pick up apples without stooping. That immense length of arm has been one of the physical advantages that has gone to make him the greatest of all players. Besides, he has shoulders almost as wide as his arms are long, and he could throw a ball with terrific speed. Because he could throw so hard, all the other boys boasted 'no catcher could hold John,' and thereupon made him pitcher.

"Presently Al, who was John's older brother, became a professional player, and got a job playing third base for a team at Steubenville, Ohio. George Moreland, who now is the chief baseball statistician of the country, was seized with a mania for owning and managing teams, and he had bought the Steubenville club and hired Al Wagner. Moreland needed a pitcher in the summer of 1895, and

could not find one to complete his pitching staff until Al Wagner came to him and said, 'Why don't you give my brother John a chance?' 'Can he pitch?' asked Moreland. 'I don't know,' replied Al. 'But it won't cost much for you to find out.'

"Honus was playing on the lots around Carnegie and Moreland wrote, asking him if he would sign a contract to pitch for Steubenville, and the second day thereafter there came a postal card on which was written, 'Yes. When do you want me?'

"Wagner ignored the salary question entirely, and Moreland called Al into consultation. 'What will your brother want?' he asked. 'Oh, anything will suit him,' replied Al.

"The salary limit of the Steubenville team was \$800 a month, and Moreland was within \$35 of the limit set by the league, so he wrote offering John Wagner \$35 a month to pitch for him. The following day came another laconic card: 'All right. Will accept.'

"Moreland telegraphed Wagner to report immediately and wired a railroad order for transportation. The telegram was sent at eight o'clock in the morning, and the first train leaving Pittsburg for Steubenville started at noon, reaching Steubenville at about 1.30. Shortly before one o'clock, Claude Ritchey, who was playing his first professional engagement, said: 'Here comes the big Dutchman,' and Hans Wagner, covered with clinders, sauntered up to begin his baseball career."

In the United States the percentage of railroads which are not engaged in carriage of the mails is very small.

## WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, Says Mrs. Chas. Barclay



Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

Prince Rupert and his fellow-adventurers, with a charter granted by Charles II, were the pioneers of the now famous Hudson Bay Company.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

### Natural Versus Laboratory Milk.

Clear cut is the explanation Dr. Louis Fischer, the eminent authority on feeding of children, gives on the worse than useless practice of pasteurizing milk for the use of infants, invalids or healthy adults. In words easily understood by the laymen he shows that under the process the food value is decreased and toxins which cause disease developed. "You cannot make dirty milk clean by steaming it," says Dr. Fischer. Dr. Fischer's denunciation of pasteurizing squares with the opinion of S. T. Taylor, president of the Borden Condensed Milk Company, the pioneer among milk companies in demanding clean milk for its customers. In his opinion pasteurizing opens the doors to dirty milk produced under unsanitary conditions and puts a premium on negligence. The experience of Mr. Taylor's company plainly shows the decline of the pasteurization fad. The company formerly produced pasteurized milk. It dismantled the plant 10 years ago because its customers no longer desired milk so treated.—New York Herald.

They Fast. Salmon require little or no food in fresh water, and while they will take most of the things swimming against the current and swallow or nibble at them, still they always spit or drop them out of their mouths, seemingly only making play at eating. One thing more. Any differences in sea trout come not from being of different breeds—for all sea trout are of the same class, only look different because of the water they frequent or the food they eat. And the same thing applies to brown trout. So there are only two breeds of trout.—New York Press.

Many a Clever Housewife Has learned that to serve

## Post Toasties

Saves worry and labor, and pleases each member of the family as few other foods do.

The crisp, dainty, fluffy bits are fully cooked—ready to serve from the package with cream or good milk.

Give the home-folks a treat.

"The Memory Lingers"

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