

THE AVERAGE MAN.

His face had the grimness of granite. It was bleached and bronzed by the sun. Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders...

He wages all battles and wins them. He builds all towers that tower over walls of the city to tell of the rulers and priests of the hour...

Then I lifted my hand in a promise. With teeth set close, and my breath held hard in my throat, and I uttered a vow that shall outlive death...

HARD TIMES.

66 SO HE'S gone at last, has he? said my wife, with a little piquant elevation of her pretty brows...

Jenny and I were both young people, just beginning the world, with no particular riches, except one apple-cheeked baby. Jenny did her own work, made my shirts and cut and fitted her own dresses...

"Every fellow in the bank, except me, has a gold watch. I've been ashamed of this old silver concern more than once. And Seymour has a very nice second-hand one for sale that he will let me have for ninety dollars if—"

"Well, then, what do you suggest?" "I should so like to give a social party with it," said Jennie, coaxingly. "Only think how often we've been invited out since we were married, and never have had a chance to return any of the hospitalities of our friends..."

"Nobility notices a gentleman's dress," said Jenny. "I can make your overcoat look very nice with fresh binding and new buttons—but how I should like a sealskin jacket!"

"I don't care very much for new carpets as long as we live on a second floor," said Jenny. "And you don't seem to remember, Charles, that I haven't had a silk dress since we were married. Black silk is suitable for all occasions, from a wedding to a funeral, and I really think—"

"I believe a woman's thoughts are always running on dress," muttered I, somewhat contemptuously. "I'm sure that black aspect of yours is beautiful."

"That's all you know about the matter," said Jenny, elevating her nose. "Well, I don't care. Spend the money as you choose. Only, Uncle Moses was my relative."

"And the money was left to me, Mrs. Everts," said I. Jenny looked at me with her eyes full of tears. "Oh, Charles," said she, "how can you speak to me so?"

"Because I'm a brute, Jenny," said I, fairly melted. "Forgive me, and we'll fling the paltry old hundred-dollar bill into the fire before we'll let it scatter the seeds of division between us."

"No, Charles, don't do that," said Jenny, laughing through her tears. "Let's—put it in the savings bank." "Agreed," said I, sealing the bargain with one of our old-fashioned kisses. "And apropos of savings banks, did I tell you about Greene?"

"No. What about Greene?" "Why, he and his wife have just moved into the prettiest little Gothic cottage you ever saw, just the other side of the Harlem Bridge, with a lawn and a garden, and space to keep a little Alderney cow."

"Rented it?" "No, bought it." "Why, Charles, how can that be? Greene has only two or three hundred a year more than you, and it takes money to buy places in the country."

"All savings banks, my dear," said I. "Greene tells me that he and his wife have been saving up for years, with special reference to this country home for their children. They commenced with a fifty-cent piece."

"We can do better than that!" said Jenny, with sparkling eyes. "Please God, dear Charles, our little fellow shall have a green and sunny place to play in before he is many years older. And I'll do without the silk dress."

"And I'll make the old overcoat last another season, at the very least," I added. "And we'll give up all such nonsense as new carpets—"

"And gold watches?" "And foolish suppers and wines and everything else that isn't absolutely necessary," added Jenny, comprehensively.

Rise of Two Men From Pennies to Millions.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Born in Dunfermline, Scotland, Nov. 25, 1835. Came to America with parents at age of 10. Began to help earn family's living when 12 years old by working as a bobbin boy in a cotton factory, receiving \$1.20 a week.



HENRY CLAY FRICK.

Born in Fayette County, Ohio, in 1849. Dry goods clerk at \$5 a week when 16 years old. Bookkeeper in distillery at \$1. Salary \$7 a week. With friends bought 300 acres of cheap land and fifty coke ovens when 22 years old.

WON BY A SONG.

Romantic Marriage of Miss Munk and Prince Oscar of Sweden.

One of the most romantic marriages in royal European circles was that of Prince Oscar of Sweden, better known as Prince Bernadotte, to Miss Munk, one of the attaches at his mother's court, and the most singular thing about it was that the young lady won her husband by a song.

King Oscar and all the court were horrified when Prince Oscar proclaimed that he loved Miss Munk and that no other woman should be his wife.

There was a great turmoil. The maid of honor was admonished to keep her thoughts and her eyes away from the King's sons and Prince Oscar was sent on a long voyage, with orders to forget Miss Munk as speedily as possible.

King Oscar himself is no mean poet and musician. At that time he had composed several songs. Miss Munk studied them and learned to interpret them with great feeling.

Prince Oscar returned from his voyage in much the same frame of mind, save that he thought more of Miss Munk than ever before.

So matters stood one evening when the court gathered in the music salon. Miss Munk was commanded to sing. She began a song of King Oscar's—his favorite composition.

SEARCHING QUEST.

Inquiries to Boys Who Wield the City.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the sagacious and practical of our great statesmen, had the habit, as it is said, of reducing every problem in life to a series of questions and answers.

First, I am going to the hope of making my fortune any duty at home on which my back when I go—any duty and more urgent than that of my fortune?

Second, For every dollar ed there are at least ten cost the city for one in the quantities have I which will success over the other nine?

Third, The Jack of all "handy man, who can turn anything," is not wanted. He is speedily trampled. Success is to be won only by best trained in their own professions. What trade or profession? What proof have I given ability in any trade I have chosen that may seem attractive to you?

Fourth, Have I energy, ing manners, tact to work where the crowd and the are so great? Or is my education for town work discarded home and village life and work in the country?

Fifth, At home I have the and friendship given to my to me by people who have since I was born. This is capital, out of which I have made to come. What is the city to atone for the lack of a friendless boy? Isn't there a position in the village or town that I can secure, of earning, with energy and industry, to give me an adequate income?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Shadow pictures are as old as the hills, for in sunshine or moonshine, wherever there is a tree or a rock or a flying bird, a blade of grass or a shadow floating its almost invisible shape along the air, there will be found shadows, and they all make pictures of some sort to the careful observer.



SANTA CLAUS.

In perfect content, putting the shadows of the twinkling blue leaves. She called the shadows butterflies, and would put her hand over one and then peek under her hand and give a little squeal of surprise that the shadow butterfly was gone.



JOHN BULL.

peopled with spirits, and caused them to think that the tree, the stream and the modest flower had each its guardian angel.



FIGGY.

held them in the proper position between the light and the wall to get the shadow picture. By wriggling your fingers you may make Santa wrinkle his nose and upper lip in a most amusing manner.



TERRIER AND MUZZLE.

by properly placing the hands, only. Move your fingers up and down and watch the fellow open and shut his mouth. Perhaps he represents the Boer making faces at John Bull.

Plants that Shoot Their Seeds. The witch hazel throws its seeds to a greater distance than any other plant. It flowers late, after the fall of the leaf, and amid its plummy yellow blossoms cluster the nuts produced from last year's flowers, each containing two black, white-tipped seeds.

on the principle of a rocket, by which are often thrown twenty feet. With some plants, as the vetch and the pool, so that the seeds may be ten or fifteen feet. The seeds have long feet split along the length, but the distance until the tiny, delicate capsule each seed is wrapped in, doing propels both itself and seeds with considerable velocity.

How Tom Thought It. He is not a boy in a boy's our home. He seldom says remarkable. He eats enormous quantities, goes through the boots, loses his cap and always like any other boy. But able, for his eyes few does much thinking. He understands, he whistles, habit on most occasions.

There was much whistling one summer. It was all-summer performance. He announced the height of our tree to be thirty-three feet. "Why, how do you know?" "Measured it."

"How?" "Foot-rule and yardstick." "You didn't climb that?" "Mother asked, anxiously." "No'm; I just found the shadow, and measured that." "But the length of a shadow?" "Yes'm; but twice a day I'm just as long as the tree. I've been trying it. I stuck a stick into the ground, and shadows were just as long. I knew that the shadow would be just as long as that—that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you're talking about all summer?" "Did I whistle?" asked lected. "Could Trust Her." "Do you like candy, mamma?" "4-year-old Bessie." "No, dear," was the reply. "I'm awful glad of it," said miss. "You're just the same. You hold my caramels while I go."

And Others of Cat. "Mamma, are all people just?" "Yes, dear." "Well, then, I suppose the made of brick dust?" "What They All Said." "Mr. Newman—You're a Tommy." "Tommy—that's what they when they first meet sister."

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