

THE AVERAGE MAN.

His face had the grime of granite; It was bleached and bronzed by the sun. Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders; And his hands showed the work he had done.

His dim eyes were weary and patient; And he smiled through his pallor and tan.

A wistful, sad smile, as if saying: "I'm only an average man."

"I can't be a hero or poet, Nor a dictator wearing a crown, I'm only the hard-working servant Of those set above me. I'm down; I'm down, and it's no use complaining; I'll get on the best way I can; And one of these days'll come morning And rest for the average man."

He wages all battles and wins them, He builds all turrets that tower Over walls of the city to tell Of the rulers and priests of the hour, Without him the general is helpless, The earth but a place and a plan, He moves all and clothes all and feeds all, This sad-smiling, average man.

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. I swear that the builder no longer To me shall be less than the plan, Henceforward be gerdon and glory And hope for the average man. —Hamilton Garland.

HARD TIMES.

66 **S**O HE'S gone at last, has he?" said my wife, with a little, piquant elevation of her pretty brows. "I began to think he was somewhat gifted with immortality."

"Dead at last," said I. "And what do you think, Jenny? He has left us a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!" echoed my wife, clasping her hands together. "Oh! Charles—a hundred dollars!"

Now all this may sound like a two-pence-half-penny sort of affair to some of my readers, as I am very well aware. But as I am only a clerk on a salary of one hundred a year—a hundred dollars drifting, as it were, out of the sky, seemed a very neat sum to me.

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. I walked to and from business every day to save the twenty cents omnibus fares. We did our best to make both ends meet—and a tight pull we found it.

So that you will easily see that this hundred-dollar bill represented considerable more to us than its mere face value. Old Uncle Moses Manson was mortally offended when he niece, Jenny Clifford, chose to marry me instead of a wizened, bespectacled, old contemporary of his own. He had never spoken to her since, and we naturally entertained no very exalted hopes of any testamentary recollections on his part. And the hundred-dollar bill, therefore, possessed the charm of an agreeable surprise into the bargain.

"Charles," said Jenny, under her breath, "what shall we do with it?"

"That is the very question," said I. "Do you know, Jenny?"

I hesitated a little here.

"Yes!" she responded, interrogatively.

"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—"

"And turn the hundred dollars into a mere useless ornament!" cried Jenny, with a strong accent of disapprobation in her voice. "Charles, that isn't a bit like you."

"Well, then, what do you suggest?"

"I should so like to give a social party with it," said Jenny, 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. The musicians, the supper, and all, would come within the hundred dollars."

"And you are absurd enough to wish to eat, and drink, and dance up a sum like that!" I cried. "No, no, Jennette, it is entirely out of the question."

"A new velvet suit for the baby?" suggested Jenny, pointing a little at the emphasis of my words.

"How would it correspond with the rest of our surroundings?" I asked, not without an accent of bitterness. "You had a great deal better suggest a new winter suit and overcoat for me. You never seem to observe how shabby I am getting."

"Nobody 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!"

"Jenny," said I, somewhat disgusted, "I had no idea you could be so selfish. Jenny colored and tossed her head.

"Selfish, indeed!" cried she. "I would like to know whether you have yet suggested anything which was not for your own special benefit and use?"

We were both silent. I don't suppose either one of us had felt so vindictive before, since our marriage. Clearly, the hundred-dollar bill had worked no great benefit as yet.

"I'll tell you what, Jenny," said I; "let's compromise. Let's buy a new sitting-room and stairs carpet. I saw a beautiful pattern at Moody's yesterday—pearl-gray, with a vine of scarlet moss all over it."

"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 alpaca 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.

The next morning, bright and early, as soon as business hours would permit, I went and deposited the hundred dollars in the nearest savings bank.

A week afterward Mr. Manyply dropped in, in a friendly way. Manyply is the lawyer who transacted Uncle Moses Manson's financial affairs—a plump, bald-headed, deep-voiced old gentleman, who always dresses in spotless black and wears a gold seal ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"So," said Mr. Manyply, "you've invested that hundred dollars, have you?"

"Yes," said I, with the complacent air of one who has an account in bank. "But how did you know it?"

"Oh, I know a good many things," said Mr. Manyply, oracularly. "But what's the idea of it?"

"Economy," struck in Jenny, proudly. "We are saving now, Mr. Manyply. We mean to have a home for little Charles—a garden full of roses and pinks and strawberries one of these days."

"And a very laudable ambition," said Manyply in that smooth, oily way of his. "How much would such a place cost now?"

"Charles thinks if we waited for a bargain we could secure it for about \$7,000," Jenny answered, promptly.

"Buy it now, then," said Mr. Manyply. "Here's a check for eight thousand."

"Eh?" cried I, breathlessly.

"A check," the old lawyer went on, "signed by your Uncle Manson, payable to the order of his niece, Jane Aune Everts. Ah! you may well look astonished. He was an eccentric old chap, this uncle of yours, Mrs. Everts—and I have his written instructions to keep an eye on the manner in which you invest that hundred-dollar bequest of his. If it is squandered in any foolish way," he writes, "there is an end of the matter. Put my money all in the Hospital for Hunchbacks. If they show any disposition to save help them along with this check for eight thousand dollars, to be expended only in the purchase of real estate. My young friends, I congratulate you."

And Mr. Manyply's spectacles beamed upon us like two full moons.

This is how we became possessed of our lovely little country home, where Charles thrives like a growing flower and Jenny flits about in a broad-brimmed gardening hat, trimming roses, pruning gooseberries and planting lily-bulbs. And the hundred-dollar bill lies untouched in the savings bank.

"It shall be Charles's fortune," says my wife. "It would be a shame to touch it after it has wrought us so much good."

"And I quite agree with her.—New York News.

A Republican Hat.

The story below, taken from the New York Tribune, proves that when poetry is in, wit is not necessarily out:

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him, charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable, among other things, swore that he was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court.

"I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

The average man would be satisfied if he could only get the earth, but Alexander the Great wanted to get up a collection

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 bobbin boy in a cotton factory, receiving \$1.20 a week.
Fired a boiler in a cellar when 13 years old.
Clerk in bobbin factory at \$2.50 a week at 14.
Messenger in telegraph office at 15.
Telegraph operator at \$25 a month when 16, supporting family.
Operator for Pennsylvania Railway superintendent at 19.
Secretary to Pennsylvania Railway officials 1854-1861.
Military telegraph operator during war. Bought Adams Express and sleeping car stock in small quantities.
Bought oil lands, which ultimately became worth millions, in 1863.
Built iron bridges in 1867.
Built Bessemer plant in Pittsburgh when 23 years old.
Twenty years later (1888) owned the seven great steel works in and about Pittsburgh.
Parted with his business associates in 1899, when his steel works and mines were estimated to be worth \$500,000,000.



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 21. Salary \$7 a week.
With friends bought 300 acres of cheap land and fifty coke ovens when 22 years old.
Doubled capacity of coke works four years later.
Survived panic of '73, when others went under.
Owned 3,000 acres of coal lands and sold part interest in coke company to Carnegie in 1882.
Became partner with Carnegie in steel business in 1888.
Fought through the Homestead strike and riots in 1892 and won it, after being shot by Anarchist Berkman.
Indicted for manslaughter because of deaths of workmen, 1893.
Built one of the most luxurious homes in Pittsburgh's suburbs.
Was able to pay \$100,000 for one painting when 49 years old.
Employed John G. Johnson, Pennsylvania's greatest lawyer, to fight Carnegie in the courts, February, 1900.

WON BY A SONG.

Romantic Marriage of Miss Munck 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 Munck, 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. Prince Oscar, the King's second son, saw the young lady at his duties among the maids of honor in his mother's train. None was more obscure than she—untitled and unportuned. But she had a face that in his eyes singled her out from all.

It shone, white and pensive, from a frame of hair as yellow as that of any Valkyrie in the Norse mythology.

Prince Oscar, who knew the folklore of his native land by heart, wove around that face of hers many a day dream in which thoughts of gods and heroes were curiously intermingled with the realities of to-day, his own hopes and his own affections.

Like a Valkyrie, too, Miss Munck could sing a man's heart away. Prince Oscar discovered that listening to her one day when she thought she was alone.

King and Queen and all the court were horrified when Prince Oscar proclaimed that he loved Miss Munck 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 Munck as speedily as possible.

Meanwhile her gift of song had been discovered by others and the Queen encouraged her to use it for the pleasure of the court.

King Oscar himself is no mean poet and musician. At that time he had composed several songs. Miss Munck 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 Munck than ever before.

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

The theme was a sad one, the music pitched in a tender minor. All the girl's breaking heart found voice as she sang.

When she ceased she had apparently forgotten where she was. As a deep sob was heard all eyes turned from her to the King. His eyes were streaming.

Approaching Prince Oscar he took her by the hand and led her to where the singer sat. Without uttering a word he joined their hands and left them there, standing amazed before them all.

Prince Oscar and his wife—the Prince and Princess Bernadotte as they call themselves—are well known and liked all over Europe. They are very religious and often work together as public evangelists. And at such times the princess's voice rings as sweetly in streets and slums as it did in a palace when it won a king's heart.

FOUGHT FOR A PENSION.

Difficulties Sarcunented by the Widow of Three Soldiers.

There are skeletons in the pigeon holes of the pension bureau, skeletons as ghastly as ever took up habitation in a family closet. The specialist who makes divorce-getting his business does not receive more shocking revelations

than does the pension official through whose hands pass the result of investigations of claims. A case from St. Louis fairly illustrates hundreds of domestic complications which come under the observation of these officers. Soon after the civil war a soldier who had married in the vicinity of St. Louis died. His widow applied for a pension and got it. But while the claim was pending a courtship was also under way. The second marriage took place just before the allowance of the pension. It stopped further payments, and all that the woman received was the amount due from the death of the soldier husband to the remarriage. With her second husband the woman lived twelve years. Then a separation took place. The woman went to Denver, became acquainted with a soldier, and lived with him as his wife about ten years, or until his death.

Remembering her experience with the first husband, the woman presented a claim for a pension on account of the second soldier or third man with whom she had sustained marital relations. After a careful investigation of all of the facts the pension office refused this claim, on the ground that there had been no marriage to the second soldier. Thereupon the woman entered claim for the restoration of the old pension granted to her on account of her first husband, and stopped by the second marriage. To make her case she frankly admitted that she had not been married to the third man. She next proceeded to get rid of the bar created by her second marriage. She declared it was illegal. To establish this she set forth that the second husband had lived at the time of the marriage another wife, from whom he had not been divorced. Investigation showed that this was strictly true. The second husband, after the separation from this second wife, had become reunited with his first wife. The examiner found the two living together in St. Louis and learned that they were highly respected people. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Russian Whist.

America has already rivalled England as a home for whist. It will be interesting to see whether we shall follow the example of our transatlantic cousins in the mania for "bridge," or "Russian whist," which is now all the rage in London, and in many card circles has made whist as obsolete as "Boston." It is a sort of dummy whist. Different suits of cards give different values to the tricks, the red suits, for example, being more valuable than the black. The dealer does not turn up a trump card, but has the privilege of making any suit he pleases trumps, or may declare no trumps, which increases the value of the tricks. This value also may be doubled again and again by the holders of good hands, so that it is a game of uncertainties. The best authorities use the American leads, which are rather dropping out of use in English whist.—Troy Times.

Onions and Garlic a Perfume.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

Status of the Bull ers.

It is said that Sir Redvers Buller is the wealthiest general (among commoners) in the service, and Admiral Sir Alexander Buller the wealthiest admiral.

People are very patient, considering that the end of every day only finds them one day nearer their graves.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

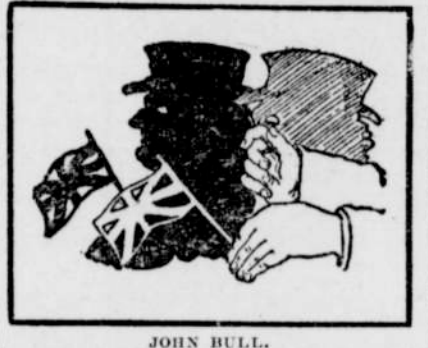
Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

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 cobweb 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. I remember seeing a little tot of a girl among the lilacs of a private flower garden last summer. The day was sunny and warm and the baby was sitting



SANTA CLAUS.

in perfect content, patting the shadows of the twinkling lilac 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. So, for ever so long, this small girl played in a shower of butterfly shades that were unconsciously making pictures for her. It is more than likely that the stealthy shadows of the great forests first suggested to the Indians that the wilderness was

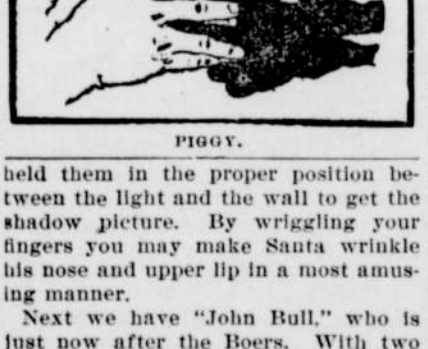


JOHN BULL.

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

In winter evenings it is great fun to make shadow pictures on the wall, and the accompanying illustrations may suggest to you how easily they may be produced in great variety.

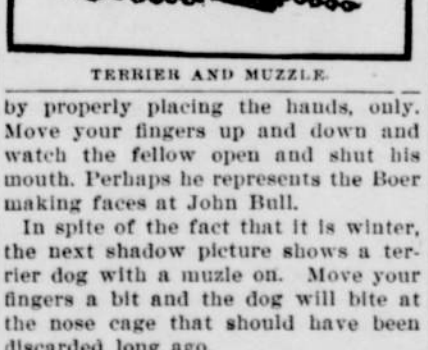
Take the first one, representing Santa Claus. You have but to cut a tree and cap and beard from cardboard and



PIGGY.

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.

Next we have "John Bull," who is just now after the Boers. With two pieces of cardboard and your fingers in right position you get a picture of English John carrying his flag before him. Just below is a pig's head, made



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.

In spite of the fact that it is winter, the next shadow picture shows a terrier dog with a muzzle on. Move your fingers a bit and the dog will bite at the nose cage that should have been discarded long ago.

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 plump yellow blossoms cluster the nuts produced from last year's flowers, each containing two black, white-tipped seeds. As they ripen the outer shell cracks from the top, while the inner covering splits and turns its edges inward, so as to press on the seeds. As soon as the crack extends below the middle of the nut this pressure expels the seed, which is, it is said, sometimes thrown forcibly to a distance of forty-five feet. To pass through a witch hazel copse in late autumn is to expose oneself to a miniature bombardment. Many other plants throw their seeds to a great distance, the advantage being that the seedlings find fresh grounds, neither over-shadowed nor exhausted by the parent plant. In different species the means employed is very various. The distribution in the case of the geraniums is

on the principle of a released spring by which are often thrown seeds for twenty feet. With some pod-bearing plants, as the vetch and the broom, the pods burst suddenly with a spiral motion, so that the seeds may be projected ten or fifteen feet. The wood-sorrel has its seed pods split along their whole length, but the fissure remains closed until the tiny, delicate capsule in which each seed is wrapped bursts, and in so doing propels both itself and its contents with considerable violence.

How Tom Thought It Out.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, goes through the toes of his boots, loses his cap and slams the doors, like any other boy. But he is remarkable, for he asks few questions, and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was a general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yard-stick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."

"But the length of a shadow changes."

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadows were just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer."

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.—Selected.

Could Trust Her.

"Do you like candy, mamma?" asked four-year-old Bessie.

"No, dear," was the reply. "It always makes me feel bad."

"I'm awful glad of it," said the little miss. "You're just the one I want to hold my caramels while I dress dolly."

And Others of Coal Dust.

"Mamma, are all people made of dust?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, then, I suppose the Indians are made of brick dust?"

What They All Said.

Mr. Newman—You're a nice little boy, Tommy.

Tommy—That's what they all say when they first meet sister.

SEARCHING QUESTIONS.

Inquiries to Boys Who Wish to Go to the City.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the most sagacious and practical of the world's great statesmen, had the habit, it is said, of reducing every puzzling problem in life to a series of written questions and answers. "When I can see them before my eyes I can master them," he used to say. There are hundreds of boys and girls to-day on farms and in country villages who are eager to go to the nearest great city to "try their luck." We offer a few questions for them to consider before making their decision.

First. I am going to the city in the hope of making my fortune. Is there any duty at home on which I shall turn my back when I go—any duty weightier and more urgent than that of making my fortune?

Second. For every dollar to be earned there are at least ten competitors in the city for one in the country. What qualities have I which will insure me success over the other nine?

Third. The Jack of all trades, or "handy man, who can turn his hand to anything," is not wanted in the city. He is speedily trampled out of sight. Success is to be won only by the men best trained in their own trades or professions. What trade or profession have I? What proof have I given of special ability in any trade I have in mind, or that may seem attractive to me?

Fourth. Have I energy, skill, pleasing manners, tact to win me a place where the crowd and the competition are so great? Or is my only qualification for town work discontent with home and village life and unfitness for work in the country?

Fifth. At home I have the good-will and friendship given to my family and to me by people who have known me since I was born. This is a valuable capital, out of which happiness can be made to come. What is there in the city to atone for the lack of it to a poor friendless boy? Isn't there some occupation in the village or the country town that I can secure, or cannot farming, with energy and industry, be made to give me an adequate livelihood?

These questions, if gravely considered, may lead a boy or girl of common sense to a wise choice at one of the great turning-points of life.—Youth's Companion.

His Fatal Mistake.

"Ah, no!"

Count de Plattebroke raised his voice to a tone of impassioned protest as he addressed the homely helress.

"Ah, no! I do not love you for your money! It is your own fair face that I love. My affection is as great as your beauty."

"Then, Count," came the cruel answer of Miss Ugleigh, "you'll have to look a little farther. Your affection doesn't appeal to me."

For she had a mirror that had told her a few things about her beauty.

Besides, as she afterward said, "What's the use of having money if it isn't appreciated?"

What, indeed?—Baltimore American.