

LITTLE RED SHOES.

They brought the tears that possibly saved a life.

"What dear little red shoes!" said Mrs. Garnett, pausing in front of a window on the Corso in Rome.

"Then I think we had better go in and buy them," Mr. Garnett's eyes twinkled, "for Ellen ought to have a pair of shoes. It must be a whole week since she had any new ones."

"But these are so cunning, Tom! Think how pretty they would look running round the deck of the steamer. O Tom, isn't it nice that in two weeks we shall be sailing? When I think that baby hasn't seen her native land yet, I can hardly wait to get home. It's really sad not to be born in one's native land."

"Then you are a subject for commiseration, for after a bull like that I'm convinced Ireland must be your native land."

Mrs. Garnett joined in her husband's merry laugh, and drawing her arm through his, said, "Now you must buy those shoes just to make up for poking fun at me."

It is impossible to say which enjoyed and admired the red shoes the more that afternoon, baby Ellen or her mother. The nurse took the child for a promenade in front of the hotel, and Mrs. Garnett, ostensibly reading on the balcony, watched almost every step of the proud little feet, so daintily shod in shiny red leather.

A fortnight later, at Naples, Mr. Garnett tenderly supported his wife as they walked up the gangplank of a great steamer. She leaned heavily on his arm, and all the sparkle was gone from her girlish face. Listless and wan, she sank into a deck chair, and as the boat left its moorings, she hid her face in her arms, anxious to shut away forever the sight of the Italian shores, where baby Ellen, stricken with a fever, sudden fever, lay in the English burying-ground.

"I think," said the ship's doctor, the third day out, when, grave and worn, Mr. Garnett came to him for advice, "that if your wife could cry, or give way in any manner to her grief, she would be better. She must be roused from her apathetic condition. It is dangerous."

"Yes, she grows weaker hourly," answered Mr. Garnett, sadly. He returned to Mrs. Garnett and tried to rouse her interest in some of the events of the voyage, but without success.

That evening, weary and discouraged, Mr. Garnett strolled among the steerage passengers, trying to pat away the fearful dread of a double sorrow that was fast growing in his heart. A beautiful, dark-eyed baby toddling toward him with one tiny foot bare and the other in a worn shoe and stockings brought a fleeting smile to his lips. He stroked the cloud of soft brown locks, so different from Ellen's sunny curls, and the mother, pleased at the attention, explained that Annunziata had lost her shoe on the deck the day they sailed, and that she insisted upon wearing the one she had left.

"May I borrow your baby for a little while?" asked Mr. Garnett, with a fair imitation of the mother's pretty Neapolitan dialect; and holding out his arms to Annunziata, she came to him with sweet confidence.

"Dear," he said, a few minutes later, standing before Mrs. Garnett, "here is a small fellow voyager who needs a pair of shoes. Can we fit her out?"

"O Tom!" she cried, and the swift look of pain which came into her face almost broke his resolution.

"Shall I help you find a pair? We can take little Annunziata into the stateroom with us. Come!"

Mrs. Garnett rose and slowly followed her husband. He placed the baby on the berth and unlocked one of the steamer trunks.

"Ellen's things are here, aren't they, dear?" he asked, as calmly as he could; and Mrs. Garnett knelt down and lifted the little garments out of the trunk until she came to a pair of shiny red shoes; then she burst into a passion of weeping, so wild and uncontrolled that Annunziata cried in fright.

For a moment Mr. Garnett feared that the flood of sorrow would be too much for her, and he was about to try to calm her when she brushed away her tears and said, sobbing:

"I'll put them on the child myself." In a minute the bewildered Annunziata was on her lap, gazing rapturously at the bright shoes that trembling fingers were fastening on her little feet. Then two hungry arms held her in a long embrace, which, for the sake of the red shoes, perhaps, Annunziata bore without protest.

"Now take her to her mother, Tom. She must want her. And, Tom, when you come back I think I can talk to you of Ellen."

HIS GREETING.

Do you know why the sun is bright to-day? Why the flowers are decked in so fair array? Why all this wide world is so glad and gay? My dearest is coming home!

Did you hear the mockingbird's glad some note? Such a world of joy from so small a throat! A message to me his carols float— My dearest is coming home!

Do you know why the same glad song is mine? Why my face is reflecting God's own sunshine? Why my being is filled with joy divine? My dearest is coming home!

He is coming home. From the toil and stress, Coming to cheer all my loneliness, And to list to the love that my lips confess, My dearest is coming home!

He is coming home to the arms that wait, To clasp him forever, whatever his fate, To guard him in high or low estate! My dearest is coming home!

An Unknown Grave



OUR men were seated upon a trader's veranda at Maduro, one of the Marshall Islands. The night was brilliantly moonlit, and the hull and spars of a little white brig that lay anchored in theagoon about a mile distant from the trader's house stood out as clearly and distinctly as if she were but 50 yards away from where they sat.

Three of the men present were visitors—Ned Packenham, the captain; Harvey, the mate, and Denton, the supercargo of the Indiana. The fourth was the trader himself, a grizzled old wanderer of past 60.

It was long past midnight, and the old trader's numerous half-caste family had turned in to sleep some hours before. It so happened that the old man had just been talking about a stowaway on his, who had died a few months previously, and Packenham and Denton, to whom the lad had been well known, asked the father where the body had been buried.

"In there," replied the old man, pointing to a small white-walled inclosure about a stone's throw from where we were sitting. "There's a good many graves there now. Let me see. There is Dawney, the skipper of the Maid of Samoa, and three of his crew; Peterson, the Dutchman—him that got a bullet into him for fooling around too much with a pistol in his hand and chattering natives to fight when he was drunk; two or three of my wife's relatives, who wanted to be buried in my boneyard because they thought to make me some return for keeping their families after they were dead; my boy Tom and the white woman."

"White woman?" said the mate of the brig. "Did a white woman die here?"

"I'll tell you all I know, and a very queer yarn it is, too. In those days I was the only white man here. I got on very well with the natives and was doing a big business. There were not many whalers here then, but every ten months or so a vessel came here from Sydney, and I was making money hand over fist."

"The house in which I then lived stood farther away toward the point, in rather a clear spot than this. You can see the place from here and also see that a house standing in such a position would be visible not only from all parts of the inside beaches of theagoon, but from the sea as well."

"My wife—not the present one, you know—was a Bonin Island half-bred Portuguese woman, and as she generally talked to me in English and had no native ways to speak of, we used to sit outside in the evenings pretty often and watch our kids and the village people dancing and otherwise amusing themselves on the beach."

"Rotau, the head chief of this lagoon, one night told us that a canoe had come from Mill, an island about three days' sail to the leeward of Waller's place, and reported that a ship had passed quite close to their island about a week before."

"After we had sat talking for awhile my wife called the children in and put them to sleep, and Rotau and I and his wives sat outside a bit longer smoking. It was a moonlight night, almost as bright as it is to-night, and the sea was as smooth as a mill pond—so smooth, in fact, that there was not even a break upon the sea, and the trade wind having died away, there was not the sound of a leaf stirring in the palm grove."

"We had been sitting like this for about half an hour, when Nora, my wife, just as she was coming out of the door to join us, gave a cry."

"To Kallbuke! Look at the ship!" I jumped up and looked, and there, sure enough, was a big ship just showing round the point, and close in, not more than a mile away from the reef. "For a moment I was a bit scared, remembering that there was not a breath of wind, and yet seeing her moving. Then I remembered the cur-

that woman's death was?" said Packenham, thoughtfully, as he looked toward the place where she was buried. "Heaven only knows," answered the old trader. "Whether it was a mutiny and her husband was murdered, or whether the officer who came ashore with her was the captain himself, and her husband was well, I cannot tell. Any way, I have since learned that there never was a ship named the Inca Prince. I've told the story to every ship master I've met since that night, and it was written about a good deal in the English and American newspapers. Then the affair was forgotten, and, like many another such thing, the secret may never come out."—London Chronicle.

AMERICANS BUY POOR LAND.

Colonists in Cuba Give Too Much Attention to Low Prices. It must be remembered that there is some very poor land as well as much very good land in Cuba. In only too many cases the buyers either did not know or did not care about the quality of their purchases if only the price was low enough. Flowery prospectuses, with pictures of beautiful tropical scenes, and luscious fruits, and most extravagant statements as to the profits to be derived from the products of the few acres, were scattered broadcast, especially in the United States. Large commissions were given to canvassers and the work was merely begun of unloading worthless acres that cost only \$2 or \$3 on unsophisticated teachers, clerks and railroad men at prices ranging all the way from \$15 or \$20 to \$50 or more per acre.

During the early days of my residence in Cuba I had the good fortune to travel some distance by rail with a typical representative of the most charming class, the well-to-do Cuban planter. My friend was educated in France, had traveled much in Europe, and had resided for many years in the States. He was thoroughly posted on Cuban agriculture and was keenly alive to any suggestion as to the means by which existing conditions could be improved.

He talked entertainingly and instructively of the country through which we were passing, pointing out with unerring judgment the best cane lands, others that were suitable for tobacco, and still others that were useful only for pasturage. Finally, the character of the country began to change and we came into a region where the scanty vegetation proclaimed only too clearly the poverty of the soil.

"And what," I said, "do you consider this land is good for?" "This," he said, "so far as I know, is good only to sell to American colonists."—World To-day.

DOES WELL IN THIS LAND. Immigrant Boy Dies, Having Accumulated \$10,000 in Few Years. Over at 253 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, an aged father and mother, two sisters and a brother are bewailing the death of Jakey Kaplan, as he was familiarly known to pretty nearly all in the Brownsville section. About five years ago he left the province of Courland in Russia, taking passage to America with no other asset than a little red bundle and an abundance of energy and ambition.

He did not know a word of English when he landed at Ellis Island. The Hebrew Aid Society released him and gave him a small sum of money. With that he bought a basket and a small stock of bootstrings, collar buttons and other notions and thus equipped he started a year he had saved enough to bring his old father and mother, two sisters and brother to this country. When they came he rented a house at 253 Graham avenue, Brooklyn, and it took every cent he had left to meet the first month's rent. After that all the members of the family worked at something and in a few months the shop into which he had turned a part of the house was the storehouse for a considerable stock of dry goods and notions, from which his pushcart and his brother's were supplied.

Business prospered and a friend of the family told a reporter that the family owned \$10,000 in real estate and other assets. All this Jakey had done by the time he was 21, but the hard work told on his strength, and typhoid pneumonia took a fatal hold on him, ending in his death. The funeral was held from the little dwelling and both before and after the hour there was a steady stream of friends and acquaintances, young and old, who went to pay their last tribute to his memory.

The Clock Plant. There is a plant, a native of Borneo, which is known as the "clock plant." The name is derived from the action of the sun's rays on the leaves, which are three in number, a large one extending forward, with two small ones at the base pointing sideways. These, coming in contact with the rays of the sun, oscillate like the pendulum of a clock, the larger leaf moving upward and downward, going its full length every forty-five minutes, the smaller leaves moving toward the larger, completing the distance forward and backward every forty-five minutes, thus resembling the hour and minute hands of a clock.

Apprentice Vehicle. Mrs. Newrich lived in an expensive and luxurious hotel. She knew that well-appointed equipages of many sorts were to be had, and proposed to show that she knew what was suitable for each occasion.

"Clayton," she said to Mr. Newrich's valet one afternoon, with great dignity, "I am going to return some calls this afternoon, and you may go to the stable and tell them to send up the best cart-de-visit they have."

A Consoling Thought. "They say you are but the servant of the trusts," said the reproving friend.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "the position has its advantages. Of course, it's more agreeable to be the boss—but after all, the servant isn't the one the grand jury goes after."—Washington Star.

THE OLD BARN LOFT.

"Tis thirty years or thereabouts Since I used to roll and play And turn all kinds of somersaults On the fresh and fragrant hay: A-jumping and a-tumbling On the hay so sweet and soft At my home away back yonder, In the old barn loft."

How the pigeons used to flutter, And strut about and coo! And make love to one another, Like sweethearts used to do, While I walked the risky crossbeam, Or clambered high aloft, With half intent of falling, In the old barn loft."

How I used to frighten sister, Who was looking for the eggs, As I dangled there, head downward, Holding by my little legs, And giving them a swing or two, I'd strike the hay so soft, At my home away back yonder, In the old barn loft."

The twittering of the swallows, While making homes of mud; The gleeful game of hide-and-seek, The slip, the sudden dash, The pattering of the rain drops About the hay so soft, Are memories still clinging Of the old barn loft."

WAY OF A WIDOW.

WIDOW MARYASHA KUZLEWSKY, fair, plump and 30, sat before a neat little grocery shop, her fingers playing idly with the folds of her pretty lace-trimmed apron. Yet, despite her fairness, slowness and youth, despite the pleasant little shop and its comfortable income, Mrs. Kuzlewsky was not entirely happy.

It could hardly be that the unhappiness came from the sorrow at the loss of the lamented Kuzlewsky. For three years, when a woman is in the twenties, is more than a sufficient length of time in which to become reconciled to such a loss. Yet Maryasha's present state of unhappiness was not entirely unconnected with that sad occurrence, for she was meditating upon the dreariness of the single life all alone, unaided by the protecting arm of a strong man? True, she had all the comforts she wanted and more, but how she would have liked to share them—with—well, say with—



GOOD EVENING, PANI BASLAWSKY.

In answer to her thoughts came within her vision the tall, handsome figure of Stanislaw Baslawsky.

Indeed, do but look a moment at their frocks, how airy and lit fitting; see how untidy their tawny hair. Still, what was to be expected of a man? So ruminated the fair Maryasha, whose heart went out in sympathy for the good-looking young widower and his sorry-looking wife. How she would enjoy rolling their little frocks—heaven knows they needed it—and doing up their straw-colored hair!

"Good evening, Pani Baslawsky. And how is it with you, nowadays? Why is it not to see you any more?" The round face of the widow lighted up with a smile.

"Oh, many times thanks to you," stammered Stanislaw and blushed furiously. For, despite his matrimonial venture, he was still a novice in affairs of the heart. He stood in great fear when in the presence of the fair sex and particularly so in the presence of this plump and pretty widow.

It must be confessed that he had more than once noted the well-rounded figure of the widow, as she bustled about in the little shop where everything was so well ordered. He would compare it with his own four-room flat, where nothing was ever in its proper place, if, indeed, anything had any place at all, where the windows were thick with dust, where the floor seemed felt the cleansing touch of the scrubbing brush—in short, where could be recognized in every nook the sad absence of a woman's care.

It was at such times that he longed most for the helpful companionship of Maryasha.

But heavens! How should he, a poor man who worked for wages, dare to aspire to the hand of so fine and wealthy a woman? No, never could he muster courage to ask her to forsake her present independent state to assume the heavy duties of taking care of a brood of stepchildren. So, indeed, it would be too much to ask of any woman, to say nothing of so precious a prize as Maryasha. So his thoughts would sink again to their normal state of deep despondency.

One evening as Stanislaw alighted from the car on the Division street corner he was not met, as usual, by his three untidy cherubs. Immediately his heart was filled with alarm. Surely one or all of them must have been crushed under the wheels of a street car. Or perhaps—dread thought—one of them had managed to turn on the gas in the little flat and the three motherless ones had been suffocated. With this fear gripping at his heart he was rushing past the little store of the Widow Kuzlewsky when an astonishing sight stopped him.

Could these really be his children, these trim, clean little ones, with their snow-white, stiffly starched frocks, shining faces and smoothly arranged hair? Behind the glass door Maryasha enjoyed the surprise of the father. After allowing what seemed a proper time to elapse, she appeared smiling before the puzzled widower. She herself, by the way, was arrayed in a very attractive dress which did not fall to do justice to the pleasant lines of her figure. Nor did the manner in which her hair was arranged fail to emphasize the well-shaped head and the clear-cut features. And her smile! Only a lonely widower like Stanislaw could appreciate the warmth of that smile.

"Well, Pani, how does it come the father does not know his own children? Well, well! Such a world!" At these words from the fair widow something of the truth began to filter through the slow masculine mind.

"But the dresses, Pani, and the hair! How nice! Surely—" "Oh, do but come in a moment. Eat you I promise you I will not."

COLOR LINE A WORLD ISSUE.

Success of Japanese in Late War Arouses Thinking People. The negro problem in America is but a local phase of a world problem. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line. Many smile incredulously at such a proposition, but let us see.

The tendency of the great nations of the day is territorial, political and economic expansion, but in every case this has brought them in contact with darker peoples, so that we have to-day England, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Portugal and the United States in close contact with brown and black peoples and Russia and Austria in contact with the yellow. The older idea was that the whites would eventually displace the native races and inherit their lands, but this idea has been rudely shaken in the increase of American negroes, the experience of the English in Africa, India and the West Indies and the development of South America. The policy of expansion then, simply means world problems of the color line. The color question enters into European imperial politics and floods our continents from Alaska to Patagonia.

This is not all. Since 732, when Charles Martel sat back the Saracens at Tours, the white races have had the hegemony of civilization—so far so that "white" and "civilized" have become synonymous in every day speech and men have forgotten where civilization started. For the first time in a thousand years a great white nation has measured arms with a colored nation and has been found wanting.

The Russo-Japanese war has marked an epoch. The magic of the word "white" is already broken and the color line in civilization has been crossed in modern times as it was in the great past. The awakening of the yellow races is certain. That the awakening of the brown and black races will follow in time no unprejudiced student of history can doubt. Shall the awakening of these sleepy millions be in accordance with and added by the great ideals of white civilization or in spite of them and against them? This is the problem of the color line. Force and fear have hitherto marked the white attitude toward darker races; shall this continue or be replaced by freedom and friendship?—Collier's.

Wanted the Credit. Anything in regard to Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, is interesting, but some of the anecdotes told of him make plain the fact that he was not wholly free from human weaknesses. One story, whether true or not, is often told of Allen, and is recorded in Mr. Morrill's "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons."

Ethan Allen was not wont to bridle his tongue, especially when flushed with success. His bravery was not to be despised, but sometimes his words were even bigger than his deeds. "Had I but orders I could go to Albany and be monarch in three weeks, and I've half a mind to do it," he once boasted.

On the Sunday after the capture of Ticonderoga Parson Dewey thanked God, in his long prayer, for the great deliverance. The hero of the occasion was one of the congregation.

"Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey!" was heard in a whisper by those sitting near Ethan Allen.

The clergyman was absorbed in his own thoughts and continued to thank the Lord.

"Parson Dewey!" This time the exclamation was heard all over the church by every one but the preacher. Allen could stand it no longer, and shouted in a stentorian voice, "Parson Dewey, thank the Lord, but just mention that I was there!"

Odd Sign in Cigar Store. In the window of a cigar store in Columbus avenue appears in bold black letters the following sign:

No paregoric, postage stamps, hair oil or soap sold here.

Just why such a sign should appear in the window of a tobaccoist's shop mystifies the neighbors. If the place had a drug store attachment there would be less comment about it and fewer gatherings of curious spectators in front of the window, but the proprietor of the little shop sells nothing but tobacco and odds and ends of articles closely allied to the fragrant weed.

Yesterday a neighbor was impelled to quiz the proprietor and in doing so just for the sake of good fellowship he purchased a cigar.

"Why have you placed that odd sign in your window?" he asked. The tobacco man smiled. "I guess you've found out. You bought a cigar," he answered with a smile. The neighbor left illuminated. The proprietor is hoping that others may seek to be enlightened in the same manner. "Maks 'em curious and you've got 'em," he confessed to the reporter, who also found out—for 10 cents.—New York Globe.

In the Carlo Hall. "It's just scandalous the way the Bearded Lady is leading herself with booze these days," remarked the Wild Man from Borneo. "I think that he'd be afraid o' delirium tremens."

"Oh, no, he considers himself safe," replied the Living Skeleton. "He's married to the Snake Charmer, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Used Up. "I suppose I do look bad," said Love, "and I feel as bad as I look. You see, poverty knocked at the door and—"

"And you flew out of the window," put in Hyman.

"Yes, and I forgot it was summer-time and the screens were in."—Philadelphia Press.

NEW ROUTE TO EUROPE.

Canada Grain Can Be Sent by Way of Hudson Bay. Hudson bay is destined to become a new world Mediterranean, says J. C. Elliot in the Technical World Magazine. In his article entitled "Hudson Bay—A New Way to Europe," he gives a graphic account of the wonderful future of Canada as a grain-producing country, and tells of the tremendous possibilities for trade which the new route through Hudson bay to Europe will open for Canadian farmers.

It has long been known that Hudson bay affords a path to Liverpool which is from 700 to 1,300 miles shorter than the present route down the great lakes and overland to New York and then to Europe; but it was thought that the short time during the summer that the straits to Hudson bay was free from ice, prevented the shipping of any of the season's crops by that route. Recent expeditions to the bay, however, have established the fact that Hudson bay may be used as a traffic route clear into October, which, of course, will allow time to transport the season's wheat crop at least. The result of this announcement is that the traffic situation of all North America is likely to be transformed and the various railroad interests are trying to get a leverage on the situation and secure the strategic point which will bring them the trade. The Canadian government has already issued charters to eight different railroad companies which propose to extend lines to this vast inland sea from various points in the interior of Canada.

Clock to Control Lights. Consul Albert Halstead of Birmingham reports that an automatic gas controller has been patented and is now on sale in England which may materially lessen the cost of public lighting in the municipalities of the United States if in practical operation it fulfills the claims of its owners.

The controller is said to be adaptable to any type of incandescent burner, to fit any lamp and to be instantaneous in its lighting and extinguishing. The mechanism consists of a clock which can be set so as to light the gas each night and extinguish it each morning, so as to make an automatic variation of the time of lighting and extinguishing according to the calendar. In short, by means of a chart, the street lights are turned on and off, lighted and extinguished at a different moment each day throughout the year, according to the season. This is an advantage, it is claimed, over any other controller now on the market, one adjustment a year being sufficient.

It is claimed that the apparatus would require no attention except winding once a fortnight, and that once set it would not have to be reset for a year. The gas can be turned on and off in the ordinary way.—Scientific American.

What Knocking Willie? The Pall Mall Gazette says: "It is of course impossible to endorse in these days of over solitary artists." "Enthusiasm" a villainous word. It is only admitted to the new English dictionary of Dr. Murray to be stigmatized as "enthusiasm" and "B. S. (colloq. or humorous)." The Pall Mall Gazette is labelled "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen." But it is owned by William Waldorf Astor.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Negative Method. "I'm doing my best to persuade people to vote for you," said the assistant.

"Never mind about me," answered the experienced candidate. "Just scare 'em into not voting for the other fellow."—Washington Star.

Kidd Question Answered. What did the treasure of Captain Kidd amount to and where was it found. PIRATE.

The treasure, which was secured on Gardiner's Island, with that found with Kidd on the San Antonio, amounted to \$70,000.—Newark Advertiser.

When a contralto strikes a high note, it is pitiful. In every walk in life, keep within your register.

Fortunate is the man who knows how big a fool he can be without trying.