Mowers, weary and brown and blithe.
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endies over-word that the Scythe
Bings to the blades of grass below?
Soythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass:
What is the word, that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

"Rush, ah, hush!" the Scythes are saying,
"Hush and heed not, and fall asleep:
Rush," they say to the grasses swaying,
"Hush," they sing to the clover deep!
"Hush," they sing to the clover deep!
"Hush," they sing to the clover deep!
"Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
"Hush, ah, hush!" and the Scythes are singing,
Over the clover, over the grass!
—Andrew Lang.

Geralda's Delusion.

BY MARION LEROY.

CHAPTER I.

"Arthur is welcome to admire her If he chooses, only it is so very ab-

"So it is, my dear; but men are so dense. How that poor, dear, weak-minded wife of his ever made Miss Blake's acquaintance I have never been able to discover; but any one could have taken in Kitty Macdonald."

Elsic Conway opens her baby-blue eyes wide, and ceases to take an abbing interest in the shining buckle on her pretty little shoe.

" 'Taken in?' What words you use, mother!" she says bluntly. "You and I do not like Miss Geralda Blake because -- well, because she is, a little too handsome, and Arthur admires her too much to please us; but I suppose she is only a dangerous charscter from our point of view. She is certainly a very accomplished woman and an admirable governess.

"Talk sense, Elsie-you can when you choose," she says coldly. "You know that it is not as a governoss that I care to consider Miss Blake. or that I wish to get rid of her, but as a stumbling-block in my path, a dangerous rival for you."

Though she is not a little impressed by her mether's earnest tone. Elsie Conway's fair face flushes brightly and her blue eyes flash as she says rather defiantly:

"No rival of mine, mother. Arthur is a very good fellow in his way, but have no wish to undertake the training of his two sickly children, I

"No wish to be mistress of the Larches, to escape all the petty miseries of poverty in such a position as ours, to have carriages and horses. carto-blanche at your milliner's, and a goodly balance at your bank? You eken me when you talk such childish, sentimental nonsense, Elsie. I am not a man, I am your mother; and I know these things are as dear to you as they would be to me, or to o any woman who respects her-

Elsie laughs, in spite of herself, at the tragic passion of her mother's ace and the intensity of her tone. Then, as Lady Conway rises, indig-nant at such ill-timed levity, and walks over to the open French window, the girl follows and says coax-

Forgive me, mother. I was rude and disrespectful, and all that sort of thing, I know, but you were too whally ridiculous. You talk as though you thought that I-Elsie Conway, your daughter-without a penny in my pocket or a paid-for gown to my back, could actually re-tuse my rich and handsome cousin."

You spoke as though you would, Lady Conway says, the lines of the eager aristocratic face, which had xing a little as she speaks.

"Nover-never - never!" she ats with solomn emphasis. should say, 'Yes, and thank you kindly, sir,' if he were only good enough to ask me; but, take my word for it, he never will. He likes me in the same kind, careless way that he likes Dick, but he would not think of me as his wife if there were | signed to her fate. no Geralda Blake in the world; and

She sweeps the long lace curtain back with a swift movement, and points with a rueful triumph at a ouple who are moving towards them the tree-lined avenue, talking earnestly and evidently quite unconclous of any other presence than their own

That they are a handsome pair and well matched even Lady Conway canot in truth and justice deny, though she turns abruptly away as if the sight of them filled her with anger and disgust. A tall, fair-haired, blueed man, with a clear-featured, resoute-looking face which may harden to stubbornness at times, but which is only brightly eager now, and a woman in whose severe, classical uty it is absolutely impossible to find a fault, are the persons spoken

Elsie Conway, who is in all probability no younger than her uncon-solous rival, is called a girl by every who sees her and habitually thinks and speaks of herself as such; but no one ever applies that term to Geralda Blake, partly no doubt because her position at the Larches as less children takes her out of the so not the faintest flush on her classic ranks of ordinary girlhood, but as face, and, though she quickens her suredly also in a large measure be steps a little when she sees Miss there is such a dignity of Conway, she moves with her usual womanhood about her, such a quiet

grace and air of controlled power. The moon has risen over the tops of the tall trees and shines down upon the two earnest faces. The watchers can see clearly as by the light of day the flush on Arthur Macdonald's face and almost the eager sparkle in his ordinarily tranquil eyes as they seek to meet Miss Blake's quietly a rerted

"Mother, he is making love so her now!" Elsie cries, pinching her mother's arm. and speaking in an

they are saying; and really, one cannot wonder at his taste. beautiful, mother, startlingly beautiful, even in that plain black gown; she looks like a queen, does she not?

"She knows how to set off her figure to the best advantage," Lady Conway says, with feminine bitter-It is the nearest approach she can make to admitting the beauty of the woman she so cordially detests, and she makes the admission reluctantly enough. "I believe she has been an actress or a dancer, Elsie; every movement strikes me as a pose for effect; she has the unmistakable air peculiar to that sort of people."

"Oh, mother, she is so thoroughly well bred, I should say-so aristocratic! But that is absurd. Half the aristocrats would like to look like Miss Blake!

Lady Conway does not answer. In truth she is too angry to speak, and knows that, if Elsie chooses to be impracticable, it is only waste of time to argue with her; but she thinks it hard that, when she has been planning and scheming and fighting hard in her daughter's interests, that daughter should refuse her even a show of sympathy in her defeat.

"She is such a more butterfly, so foolish and so frivoious, that I do not think she cares," the ill-used ady communes with herself in bitterness of heart. But in this supposition she does her daughter gross injustice, and shows herself much less keen-witted and quick-sighted than she has always believed herself to be.

Elsie is quite alive to the loss she has sustained. She is well aware of the value of the prize that has slipped through her fingers, and she regrets it as much as Lady Conway could wish. She is by no means a vain girl, though she knows herself to be a very pretty one, always sure of partners at a ball and eager escorts and admirers everywhere.

But partners and admirers are not always convertible into husbands, and as it happens that Miss Conway's eligible suitors have been few, she has fallen in with charming readiness with her mother's plan for marrying her

to her wealthy cousin Arthur Mac-donald, and readily accepted his invitation to be at the Larches to welcome him home.

For some time after his return the hopes of mother and daughter rose high. The young widower had evidently conquered his grief and was brightly eager to take up the dropped thread of his old life. Lady Conway and Elsie were almost strangers to him, for the late Sir Peter, governor of an obscure and far-away dependency of the British crown, and a poor man for his position, had only allowed himself and family a trip to the old country twice in the whole course of his married life.

But, strangers though they have been, the young man welcomed his cousins with such frank cordiality, and paid Elsie so many outspoken and outrageous compliments, that the girl learned to blush and dimple prettily at his approach, and Lady Conway was mentally engaged from morning till night in ordering Elsie's trousseau and inviting the wedding guests.

It was a pleasant delusion while it lasted, but with Elsie it had not nce been strikingly handsome, but lasted long. The first time she saw ness together, and noted the sur-Elsie laughs again and shakes her prised admiration in Arthur's eloquent face, she felt a sharp pang of doubt and fear assail her; the second time she watched them with a jealousy-sharpened scrutiny that let no word or look or faintest change of voice escape her; the third time, she was absolutely sure her cause was lost as she is to-night. and almost as philosophically re-

Elsie thinks she can almost read the words that shape themselves on Arthur Macdonald's lips. Evidently their conversation, whatever its subject may be, has reached a crisis Goralda's face is paler than usual, her lips are closely set, and there is a look almost of tragic pain in the dark violet eyes that look almost black beneath the level brows.

Suddenly Arthur bends towards her and takes possession of both long slender hands. She draws quickly back, the pain in her face changing, Elsie thinks, to something like fear; and the girl, in her anxiety to hear and see, now pushes the shrcuding curtain hastily aside. The movement betrays her, the rustle of the silk and lace reaches the absorbed pair; they look up. and see the yellow head and rosy face of Miss Conway.

All the blushing done on the occasion Elsie and her cousin manage between them-the former grows red with vexation, Arthur with a masculine consciousness of the sentimental part he has been seen to play. But Miss Blake is apparently no more embarrassed than if she had been discovered giving music lessons governess to Macdonald's two mother- to the youngest of her pupils. There

> serene and somewhat stately grace. "All alone, Elsie?" Arthur called out, with rather over-acted ease and cheerfulness, as he reaches the veranda steps. "You little recluse, to shut yourself up in sulky solitude on such a night as this!"

"There is such a thing as solitude a deux, as perhaps you may have heard, Arthur," the girl says demurely, though there is a mischievous sparkle in her hig blue eyes that belies her innocent accent. "Mother is in there; and I wish she excited whisper. "I am sure of it, were not," she adds, in a quick Glanders—That is b

a spray of jasmine just above her cousin's head, and brings her rosy lips close to his ear. "She is in an awful bad temper to-night; she and I have had several squabbles already. I should stroll in the other way and avoid her if I were you."

There is an unmistakable and goodnatured significance in the girl's whispered warning; and the young man thanks her with a quick grateful glance and a sudden pressure of the plump little hand, even while his handsome features harden into a haughtily intolerant expression, and he answers with careless loudness-

"Lady Conway has you in leadingstrings, little girl, and very properly too. I dare say you deserved your scolding—eh, Miss Blake?"

He turns pointedly to the silent Geralda, who answers the appeal with a sweet, perfectly unembarrassed smile.

At the sound of Arthur's clear raised voice Lady Conway comes suddenly forward; she utters Geralda Blake's name, and raises her gold glasses to her eyes and surveys that statuesque offender with an exaggerated display of shocked disapproval that causes Arthur Macdonald to bite his under-lip savagely, and nearly sends the irreverent Elsie into convulsions of suppressed mirth.

Lady Conway does not speak for a second or so, perhaps proudly conscious that there is something more awful than words in that frigid stare. Geralda endures it with a look of calm unconsciousness; but Arthur grows impatient at last.

"Are we natural curiosities, Aunt Eliza?" he asks, with a short laugh.

"Surely you have seen us before?" Lady Conway drops her glasses and turns to him then. There is something awe-inspiring in her face and voice as she says, with sorrowful solemnity-

"We have not seen you since dinner, Arthur; is it possible that you have spent all those hours in the society of Miss Blake?"

CHAPTER II.

There is something unspeakably insolent in the question and the way it is put.

Elsie flushes to the roots of her curly locks and cries in a quick remonstrant tone, and with a deprecatory glance from Geralda to her cousin-

"Oh, mother, as though anything could be more natural than taking a walk on such a night as this! I think Miss Blake and Arthur were very sensible people!"

Lady Conway does not even seem to hear the feeble explanation. Mr. Macdonald however puts his little cousin gently but decisively out of the way.

"You are a kind little girl, Elsie," he says, in a tone of tranquil goodnature, but his face has grown several shades paler, and there is an ominous glitter in the frank blue eyes; "but you are only a little girl, and must not interfere between your mother and me. Lady Conway-turning to the elder woman with rather alarming calmness and courtesy-"you were pleased to ask me a question just now-a question I shall be most happy to answer when I quite understand its drift."

Lady Conway is not timid in any sense of the word; but for a moment she is half disposed to regret her rash speech and the awkward position into which her jealous passion has betraved her.

ows well that shadow of a right to dictate to or find fault with the rich and independent cousin whose guest she is and, as she glances from his set stern features to the proud serenity of his companion's strikingly beautiful face, she feels a crushing conviction that she has helped to bring about the very catastrophe she would have given a good year of her life to avert. She bites her lip sharply, even while she makes a desperate effort to force a complacent smile and smooth her ruffled brow. Conciliation and propriety are the only cards left in her hands now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Decline of Sooth-Saying. The decline in the credit and honor of soothsaying dates in a considerable measure, perhaps, from a certain performance of John Galeazzo, duke of Milan. He had a soothsayer. One day the reader of the stars came to him and said: "My lord, make haste to arrange your earthly affairs.' "And why shall I do that?" asked the duke. "Because the stars tell me you are not going to live long. 'Indeed! And what do the stars tell you about your own lease of life?" asked Duke John. "They promise me many years more of life." "They "So I have read them, my lord." "Well, then," said the duke, "it appears that the stars know very little about these things, for you will be hanged within half an hour!" sent the soothsayer to the gallows with promptness, and lived many years afterward himself. Star-reading fell into disuse in Milan from that time. - Argonaut.

Eucouragement.

Nervous Lady Passenger, to deck hand-Have you over seen any worse weather than this, Mr. Sailor? Deck Hand-Take a word from an old salt, mum. The weather's never very bad while there's any feemales on deck a-making henquiries about it -Pick-Me-Up.

Ammunition.

Mrs. Ritter-What kind of ammunition do they use in these magazine guns?

Mr. R.-Poetry, I guess. All mine has been fired.

No Wonder. Grummey—Miss Kittish's beauty is

quite intoxicating.

Glanders—That is because

IN THE OZARKS.

DEVELOPMENT RAPID SOUTH MISSOURI.

In Addition to Its Climate and Scenic Attractions It Is the Home of Big Red Apples and Peaches.

If questioned on the subject the majority of people would probably say that the beauties and wonders of the United States had long ago been discovered and described a thousand times over, and that all its garden spots have been as long known and cultivated. But they would be far from the truth, for there are leagues and leagues of tillable land and other leagues and leagues of beautiful scenery that are still held from the world by forbidding surroundings and on account of inaccessibility to commerce and travel. No farther away than the heart of the Ozark region in Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri is a region that has been almost a terra incognita to the more progressive civilization until within the past ten years. Already its star shines with a prophetic brightness that means much for the future. It is along the line of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railroad that the most progress towards future prosperity has been made. There are throughout this region many of the treasures and attractions that nature has elsewhere scattered sparingly, but which are here brought together, and she has poured them out with lavish hand. The lands here are sheltered alike

from the cold winds of the winter and the hot blasts of July and August, and in many localities is the fairest scenery, beautiful streams teeming with fish, game in abundance and a soil that seems to have been specially combined in nature's laboratory for the growing of fruits. It is not alone on top of the earth, in the soil and woods, that the riches was not room on top for all the favors to be stored. Of the mineral wealth the future has unquestionably much to tell. Of the rocks much is known, and especially of the onyx. for who has not heard something of the but partly explored cave in Stone county, Missouri, in which stands a mountain of the beautiful material? There are other caverns also holding a wealth of the marvelously beauti-

ful stone. The Ozarks are one day to be the summer resort of the Central Western states, and already the region is rapidly becoming the breathing place of Southern invalids and the resort of people of leisure from Memphis and the cities beyond. Among hose who have established summer homes there is Mr. Newton Erb of Memphis, who calls around him many of his friends, who with hundreds of others find their way to these hills every summer to hunt and fish, to enjoy the salubrious air, the crystal waters and the delightful scenery. The most wonderful river in the world is here, having its rise where the road from Kansas City to Memphis crosses the boundary line between Missouri and Arkansas, and the road runs for some distance along its banks. There are else-where streams which sink suddenly into the earth and are lost to view, but where except in the Ozark region can be found one that rises out of the

earth, at once a full grown river? But it is as a fruit growing country that the Ozark region is to be especially famed. It has the soil, gravelly loam, with a red clay subsoil: an altitude of from 1.200 to 1,60) feet; the climate, free from killing blasts of winter and withering winds of summer; an abundant rainfall, and springs and streams everywhere. These are the theoretical advantages, but experience has shown that they give all that is promised, for the apples produced are larger and smoother than those of New York or Michigan, and they have a superior flavor with the best keeping qualities. It is the very home of the peach, for the best to be found in the market, not excepting these of California, come from the trees which have bad intelligent secollon and care here. The "yellows" is unknown among them, and the curculio, the gouger and the borer are seldom found. What is more, and best, the peach crop never fails. All the fruits common to the temperate zone are said to grow freely and yield abundantly.

At Olden, in Howell county, Mo., is the 3,000 acre fruit farm so widely known. This great orchard stretches away on either side of the railroad, and it is a rare sight to see. The fruits from the Olden fruit farm compose the greatest attraction of the Missouri section of the exhibits in the horticultural building at the world's fair. It is planted to apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries and berries in 1886, when but a small part of the fa m had come into bearing, the company which owns it shipped away 20,000 boxes of peaches and 12,000 crates of berries. Nearly half the expense incurred up to that time was returned to the company from the crop of one year. The success that has attended the opening of this one farm has been the cause of other efforts in the same direction. Other large fruit farms are being planted and the cheap lands along the same transportation line are in demand for the first time since they were bought from the government. Smaller orchards all along the road within the favored territory are repeating the experience of the Olden farm. secretary of the Missouri state horticultural society, Mr. L. A. Good-man says that small fruit plantations pay from \$50 to \$75 per acre, and peach orenards from \$100 to \$150 per acre.

One of the present advantages which the Ozark range country has

over the older fruit growing sections is the price of land. Good fruit land can be had at from \$2 to \$5 an acre. The best can be bought for \$10. Where is the man who has the energy and ambition necessary to make a success at farming of any kind who cannot see the brightest possibilities when he can surround himself with such conditions as exist here at such a price? There are fortunes here awaiting the right kind of men. It is not strange that this country has been so long left undeveloped when we consider that the modern farmer is dependent upon railroad transportation for his ability to make more than a bare living. The Ozark country has the soil, water, climate, and all that is necessary to produce the fruits which meet with many vicissitudes in other sections of the country, but until of recent date it has had no markets. All the advantages of nature count for little without markets and transportation. The building of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis road was the turning point in the possibilities of the part of the Ozark region which is now attracting so much attention. It has placed Memphis and the cities beyond, as well as St. Louis, and Kansas City within markets which will always take all the fruits offered, at all seasons. Another ten years and this will be a garden spot indeed.

WHO WERE THEY?

Anew They Came From Vienna, and Be ing Ignorant About Austria.

Of all the interesting visitors l have seen so far were three men walking down Broadway a few day ago, says a writer in American Women.

There was a delightful uncertainty in the placing of their nationality. They were not English, French, Ger mans or Americans, and scarcely Russians. I wonder can any one sat isfy my curiosity after this description. They were only medium height, tremendously broad across their square shoulders and deep in the

The width of their shoulders accentuated the slenderness of the lower half of their bodies, and they walked with a peculiar swinging, springy step that wasn't military as I know Tiesir hair and eyes were brown, and their clear-cut features very regular, and very unlike any type I have ever studied.

Their clothes did not fit them, as do the American's, with that expression of smooth plumpness, nor as the Frenchman's meagerly, nor yet as the Englishman's full and roomily; but with a sort of compromise between the English and Ameri-

They seemed cut on quite a different though quite as smart a pat-tern as the English tailor's most ap-proved. These men were not Polish, for Poles are very like Frenchmen in their dress, so I compromised on Austria, and concluded that they were archdukes merely to account for their splendid bearing.

We see and know so little of the higher type of that great Eastern kingdom that I settled on the inconnus as nothing less than very smart Viennese.

A Proper Distinction.

"How do you pronounce the word fecit' that artists put on their picres after their signatures?" asked

"It depends on the artist," replied Criticus. "With some men I should say fee-sit, with others, fake-it."_

And too Much.

The Hon. Mrs. Mudd-There is no credit in you American girls being so crazy after our titled Englishmen. Miss Americanus Summers-Certainly not we have to pay cash.-Trath.

The Loop.

The world famous Loop above Georgetown, Col., only 50 miles from Denver, on the Union Pacific System, is the most wonderful feat of engineering in America.

Great Shoshone Falls.

Shoshone Falls, on the Union Pacific System, is the only rival of Niagara in the world. From June 1st to September 30th a fre

Shoshone Falls and return will be accorded parties holding tickets between the Missouri iver or Denver and Portland, via the

How He Got Sumner's Autograph. A small boy once saw Charles Sum-ner's frank on a public document and, avaricious of autographs, straightway sat down and wrote to him, saying: "By the aid of Webster's unabridged, the Latin and Greek lexicons, and the assistance of my high school teacher, have made it out to be your name. that is so, and you can do it again, please do it for me." The senator, amused by what the flippant in these days would call the gall of the youth, replied: "I am glad to learn that you have so many helps to education. was my name. I can do it again, and here it is. Yours very truly, Charles Sumner."

Three Harvest Excursions South via the Wabash Railroad.

Wabash Railroad.

On Aug. 22nd, Sept. 12th and Oct. 10th the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee (except Memphis), Mississippi and Louisiana (except New Orleans), at one fare, plus \$2.00, good returning 20 days from date of sale. For tickets or folders giving a description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash office, 1502 Farnam Street, or write

G. N. CLAYTON,

Northwestern Pass. Agent, Ornaha, Neb.

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant will contri-bute an article on Daniel Defoe to the September Century. She says that no man in his age was a more complete paradox than Defoe. "His fame is world-wide, though all that is known of him is one or two of his least pro-ductions." He was fifty-eight years of age at the time "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and he was then a man who had fallen and failed, and had made but little of his life.

AT THE FORTUNE-TELLE The Lady Did Not Want Any

Number Information. The lady who entered the app The lady who entered the apartments of the fortune-teller short before noon had red hair and an of reserve force that was very stricting. It was evident that the business on hand was of the deepest moment to her, inasmuch as her eyes had fixed expression and her thin lips were firmly set. With majestic mines she strode into the inner room. she strode into the inner room, seated herself stiffly and extended her hand to the clairvoyant, says the Detroit Tribune.

"Reveal to me," she loftily directed 'my future."

The fortune-teller durted a swift glance into the strong face before her and bent attentively over the outstretched palm.

"It is very plain, she quietly observed, "you will be married twice." The brow beneath the clustering auburn curls contracted in a from "Yes," the clairvoyant continued

othere is a distinct break in the line of hymen. You are destined to bless two men with your wifely love "Two?" The red-haired lady's tone wa

hard and incisive, suggesting a trace of skepticism. Ah, yes. The first husband will

die under sad circumstances, but ye will be consoled and made happy in the devotion of the second." It seemed as if the ruddy tree which had escaped from the elaborate coiffure and depended witchingly beside the shell-like ear was tree.

bling, but it might have been the play of dancing sunlight.

"But I will make sure." "Do so."

The red-haired lady watched with unfergned eagerness while the for-tune-teller consulted a horoscope and a pack of cards. "As I thought. The facts have

spoken. You will marry twice."
The red-haired lady breathed hard "All have their sorrows," gently suggested the clairvoyant.

The red-haired lady bit her finger nail.

"One dollar, please," "Hey?"
"One dollar."

"Not by a jugful."
As the red-haired lady rose from her seat her manner had not losts particle of its majesty.
"One dollar, indeed! Well, I guess

not. Do you think I came here to pay a dollar for a lot of old informa-tion? Two husbands! The idea! Why, I myself know of more than that without anybody telling ma Yes, ma'am. You might be into ested to learn that I buried a fourth husband as long as six weeks ago. Married twice. Why don't you try to tell people something they don't know already? You make me drowsy. You ought to have lived ten years

ago. You're away behind the times" The sunlight kept right along dancing, but the red-headed lady was gone like a dream that has fled.

A Careless Diagnosis.

Dr. Liddell's morning levees were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, sound him with a stethoscope, write his puescription and pocket his fee in a space of time varying from two

One day an army man was shown into the consulting-room and underwent what might be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed the patient shook hands with the doctor and said:

"I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forester, speak of his old friend Dr. Liddell."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor, 'are you Dick Forrester's son?'

"Most certainly I am."
"My dear fellow," exclaimed the doctor, "fling that prescription into the fire and sit down and tell me what's the matter with you. - Yankee Blade.

Dr. Wasp, the Surgeon.

Wasps, according to a scientific paper, are natural surgeons. A gentleman becoming annoyed by the persistent buzzing of a wasp about his head, knocked it down with a newspaper. It fell through an open window upon the sill, apparently dead. Only apparently, for a few seconds later a large wasp flew on to the window sill, and, after buzzing around; the injured one a second or two, began to lick it all over. After this treatment (which may have been a kind of massage) the sick wasp seemed to revive, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him around the body and flew away with him.

A Quaint Advertisement.

"The house where one changeth one's sandals" is the title of a shoe store kept by a rabbi in New York city. In a Hebrew circular the keeper of the place says: "It is an ancient custom of Israel to confirm all things by drawing off the show and so I call upon all my friends who love the ways of our forefathers to come to my tent and draw off your old shoes and buy new ones. me this will be redemption, and for you it will be shoes which will last for length of days."

Making a Shoe.

In the making of a shoe 100 steps are made, and only experts at each step are step are employed at it. In this day of rapid competition, manufacturers have no use for a dilatory workman, neither can they afford to bother with a novice. Hence all workers on a shoe are experts after a few days' experience, and the reason they are transferred into experts so quickly is that they do but a very small part of a shoe.