

ONLY A BABY'S SHOE.

BY HENRY T. GRAY.

Only a baby's worn-out shoe. A wee, little thing. Cas out, neglected, lying there. Revived when woke the spring.

A STANGE RIDE.

On the highway between Appleby and Ambleside, just bordering the roadside green with Hawthorn bushes, stood the very pretty cottage which Robert familiarly known as 'Bob's' Butterworth had earned by faithfully following the tailow business.

Nicely finished without and neatly furnished within, with a garden of roses in front and no pipes in the rear, it only needed the smiling face of its happy little mistress to make it a very haven of delight to the tired husband when he came home at night sick of the smell of tallow.

Not a cloud had marred her married life, not a wrinkle had crossed Mrs. 'Bob's' smooth little forehead. Her biscuit always rose an even, light, her hared girls had no 'followers,' her children never had the mumps nor the measles, and the small allowance on which she dressed herself sufficed to make her the envy of the farmers' wives in the neighborhood and provided her with that self-satisfaction feeling which does more to tone up the nervous system than a dozen bottles of beef, wine and iron.

It all came about through a pink bonnet, for there are as many serpens conne ted with fine feathers as with fresh fruit.

Mrs. Bob had a school friend who, having married a rich grocer, could live in the city, own a real seal-skin jacket, and use lump sugar all the year round.

One day it occurred to Mrs. Butterworth's fertile mind that as her friend was not feeling very well, a breath of country air would do her a 'world of good.'

So she persuaded easy-going Bob to call on the grocer, and invite his wife to come out and spend a week or two.

The consequence was that soon afterward, on a lovely July afternoon, the stage stopped at the tallow-manufacturer's cottage and a very fashionably dressed woman got out, and embracing Mrs. Butterworth declared she was 'delighted to see her dear Kitty again.'

Everything went beautifully for a while. The grocer's wife staid herself with country dainties, and in return played a song so sweetly for them every evening that Mr. Butterworth wished to send for a music teacher at once for his daughter, aged 4 years.

If there was any cloud in the horizon, it was only that Mrs. Bob felt a twinge of jealousy every Sunday when she saw her friend's face surrounded by the nodding pink feathers that trimmed a very elegant wet bonnet, as she said to her husband—

'I'm perfectly happy, Bob, and I wouldn't change places with Celia for the world, but—'

'But what?' echoed Mr. Butterworth, putting down his paper and looking at her.

'Oh, nothing,' said Kitty, wondering the while how much such a bonnet would cost without the feathers.

Without the feathers! Yes, but that would be 'Hamlet' without the ghost.

Pretty little Mrs. Bob sighed. That sigh was an era in her life, and she and the 'serpent' made each other's acquaintance for the first time.

About a mile and a half from the Butterworth's lived in great seclusion a young widow, who had just settled there, and between whom and Mrs. Bob there was a slight, formal, calling acquaintance. The widow was rich, dressed in elegant mourning, owned a pony carriage and drove up to Kitty's cottage in style, when she came at all; but Mrs. Butterworth had returned the visits on foot, tripping along the country lanes in stout walking shoes, in the plainest and quietest gowns, and had felt no pang of jealousy. But now, as she remembered that she owed a call at the Sunset Villa (the widow's residence), it occurred to her, with regret, that her best bonnet was but a shadow of last summer at best, and that the eghorn she had bought for her daughter made it impossible for her to dream of a pink bonnet herself.

About this time the grocer's wife, having satisfied herself with four weeks' fare of cream and fruit, began to grow weary of the monotony of life at the Butterworth's and to yearn for a change.

'I believe,' she said languidly, one morning, picking daintily the wing of one of Kitty's pet fowls, cooked especially for her, 'I will go and stay over Sunday with Evelyn Thomas. She lives only a few miles from here, and I have not seen her since she was married. I know she will be glad to see me, and I can go just as I am, without dressing, and I will be back on Monday, to stay one more week with you before I go home.'

Kitty uttered a feeble protest, but in her heart she said, 'Hallelujah!' She looked forward with a spasm of delight to a respite from the society of the friend of her youth and she saw her drive off on Friday with an expression of polite regret on her face, but a palpitation of joy in her heart.

On Saturday morning she went, with a bonnet excepter's careful foresight, to sweep out her pretty bedroom, dusting here, and dusting there, in a vase there, and making each nook and corner she visited the subject for her presence.

The first thing she noticed on entering the apartment occupied by the grocer's wife was her wardrobe door left ajar. Temptingly in view lay the white bonnet which Mrs. Bob knew, lay the lovely pink bonnet for which her heart yearned.

'There's no harm in my looking at it,' she whispered, putting down a broom.

There it lay, light and feecy as a pink aurora, and Kitty, lifting it carefully out, ran to the glass and set it daintily on her pretty little head. Becoming, I should say, 'My! If Bob could only just see her. She laughed and nodded to herself in the mirror, then, turning sideways, gave backward nettish glances at herself over her shoulder.

All at once an audacious idea occurred to her. Why not go over and make a call on the widow, who had never seen the bonnet, and wear it? No one would meet her. There was not a house on the way; it was a lovely day, and—

'I'll just dress myself and see how it looks, any way,' said she.

Here the serpent got his own way entirely, you see.

After an hour or two spent in eating a hasty lunch, putting on her best white dressing, doing up her hair in four different ways and pulling it down as often, she again, and with less hesitation, took out the bonnet.

Alas! what woman could have withstood that smiling face with its halo of pink satin ribbon tied so coquettishly under the chin? Mrs. Bob could not. So much in love was she, in fact, with herself under this new aspect that she could hardly tear herself away from her image. Gliding cautiously down stairs to avoid meeting any one, she tripped along the lane, glancing coquettishly at herself in the little pools she came to.

The widow was delighted to see her, and she appeared to be so charming, in fact, did she make herself that Mrs. Bob staid two hours, and noticed not the gathering clouds or the fast disappearing glory of the summer afternoon. Hearing at last the little gilt clock on the mantel strike five, she rose to depart, feeling well pleased with herself, the widow, and he call.

As she went gayly down the garden path she noticed for the first time, with alarm, that the sun had hidden himself, and that a black cloud hung over her head. He hurried on, glancing uneasily at the sky.

'What was that on her nose? A drop of rain? Poo! it couldn't be. Yes, it was, though, and she a mile from home and no umbrella.

Have you ever seen one of those sudden storms that come without warning? They are very common in the lake districts in the north of England. This was one of them. First, two or three drops, then a deluge.

Poor, guilty Mrs. Bob. She stood for a moment, horror-struck, looking vainly for a place of refuge, and then throwing her skirts frantically over her borrowed plumes, crushed under a big bush that skirted the roadside.

This was not very comfortable, as you may imagine, and Mrs. Bob had plenty of time to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Meanwhile the rain came down in torrents, pattering, pattering, sopping, sopping, soaking through her thin shoes, dripping through the bushes on her nose, her hands, and on the skirts that covered the bonnet. Had it soaked through? She dared not look.

'Oh, dear!' she thought, 'if some carriage would only go by.'

That day a funeral had taken place; an old man who had been suffering many years with rheumatism had been taken away, and that very afternoon he had gone to his last resting place—a graveyard two miles beyond the widow's.

As if in answer to Kitty's thoughts, she now saw coming down the road at a speedy gallop the hearse which had conveyed the mortal remains of old Deacon Potter to Appleby, and which was then on its homeward journey.

Now in England the hearses are not like those in this country. There are no glass sides, no transparencies, nothing to show to the outside public the sad contents that they bear, and as Mrs. Bob saw this coming toward her, horrible with its black nodding plumes, and dreary in its wet gloominess, a strange and awful idea took possession of her. She knew the driver, he had taught her by side with her husband in the Sunday school.

She now waved her stiffened and dripping hand to him, calling him by name.

'Mr. Knighton! Mr. Knighton!' Now Mr. Knighton's calling did not allow him to be over-sensitive in the matter of nerves, and he had looked upon many a blood-curdling horse unremoved, but this woman's horse was calling him so strangely, at such a time and in such a place, made him considerably agitated.

'By Jupiter! ma'am—what the—'

'It is only I, Mr. Knighton,' cried dripping little Mrs. Bob, putting her head out from under the bush. 'I'm caught in a storm with all my good clothes on, and no umbrella!'

'I shall get drenched,' cont nued Kitty, looking dubiously at him, while a cold stream trickled down the side of her face in a dangerous proximity to the bonnet.

'Do you think if I—do you think it would be any harm if I—do you suppose I would if I—do you think if I—'

'If you—what?' echoed the man, looking at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

Now Mrs. Bob was a healthy woman with no nerves. To her a wet bonnet and rain to one's best clothes weighed heavy in the balance with any unpleasant idea or false scare.

She ran head up on her tiptoes and unfastened the door of the vehicle and looked in. She reached up her hand and felt the outside of the skirt that covered the pink bonnet.

Damp—very damp.

'If you will help me Mr. Knighton—'

'I believe I will.'

In a dream he heard the driver descend from his box. In a dream he 'roasted' pretty little Mrs. Bob up into a depressed heap on the floor of the carriage, where, having taken off a d carefully examined her feathers, he saw her give a sigh of relief, and, having made herself as comfortable as the circumstances permitted, she motioned to him to go on.

'Shall I drive fast or slow, ma'am?' he asked, not feeling sure just what pace deorum would demand under such extraordinary circumstances.

'Fast,' called Kitty. 'Drive me to the livery stable, then you can lend me an umbrella and I'll get home safely.'

What that drive was to Mrs. Butterworth no one knows, but when she sat on her husband's knee that night and confessed the whole thing to him, she added pathetically—

'I don't feel as if it had paid, Bob.'

'I should think not,' said he, trying to straighten his face so as to show disapproval. 'What possessed you, anyhow?'

'The serpent tempted me,' quoted Kitty, rubbing her eyes and looking foolish.

'If you had ruined that pink rag it would have cost me three guineas,' said he, parenthetically.

'Agreed Kitty. 'The loveliest thing you ever—'

'Just think how it would be to have the Sunday school get hold of the story!' cried Bob, unfeelingly.

'Celia would never have spoken to me again,' meditatedly.

'And the servant,' added Mr. Butterworth. 'Whenever you chose to remind me, she would look at you and ask, "Do ye mind the time ye rode in the cart?"'

'Oh!' exclaimed Kitty, overcome by the suggestion.

'The moral is—'

'Mrs. Bob put her fingers in her ears.

'I know the moral,' said she, running upstairs and leaving him laughing.

THEIR RECORDS COMPARED.

The Republican Party's Wise Administration of State Affairs.

MONEY OF THE STATE SQUANDERED.

Statement of Facts Concerning the Foolishness of the Populist Government.

The advocates of a change in state government in Nebraska are denouncing past republican state administrations and calling upon the business men, farmers and laborers of the state to vote the populists into power on the ground that economy demands that another than the republican party should control the collection and disbursement of the state funds. Nebraska for years past has been among the few states which, under republican rule, have kept expenditures within appropriations. Unlike other states, its levy for state purposes has been in small proportion to those for municipal and county governments. One of the new states of the union which came into the sisterhood of states in 1857, it has built up its various institutions for the care of the unfortunate and the criminal classes and has paid for them without extending its bonded debt and upon a tax levy so small that it will compare favorably with the oldest states of the union.

When there is a demand for a change good reasons should be shown for the change demanded. In business institutions, if a manager is to be superseded by another one, those in control are able to show why it is to the interest of the business institution that the transfer should be made. So, too, in state governments. The record of the republican party's administration of state affairs in Nebraska will stand the closest scrutiny. When Governor Crouse, in an interview a few days ago, stated that there was no commonwealth in the United States where the affairs were more honestly and economically administered than in the State of Nebraska, he made such statement as governor, as a citizen who had been honored, as an accomplished lawyer and a judge, as a representative in congress and one who had been chosen by Mr. Harrison as assistant secretary of the treasury, and later and now fills the position of chief executive of this state. Close investigation of the affairs of Nebraska will bear out fully Governor Crouse's statement that the republican party which stands today for conservatism in business administration as against the lunacies of the populists, is prepared to invite the closest scrutiny of its past record.

In business affairs a citizen who desires to keep his business in the proper condition regulates his expenditures according to his income. Today, while the republican party is being accused by the populists and their allies, of extravagance in appropriation, the fact is that during the past twelve years there has been but one instance in which the appropriation made by a republican legislature has exceeded the amount levied. That year was in 1887, when there was more than half a million dollars of the levy of the previous two years unappropriated. At that time the legislature yielding to the demand for new charitable institutions, caused by the overcrowded conditions of the ones then in existence, exceeded the levy by \$100,000 and appropriated \$800,000 for new construction. This was due to the urgent appeals on the part of citizens, of managers then in control of state institutions which were daily turning away from their doors unfortunate unable to secure the advantages intended to be provided for them by the state, and in response to a universal demand based on charity, philanthropic ideas and appeals of those who most intimately knew the pressing necessity for increased facilities in this direction.

In contrast with the conservative action of republican legislatures, it is interesting to note the action of the populist party when they obtained control of the legislature in 1891. With all their howl for economy, with all their pledges to contract expenditures and to limit them to the taxable capacity of the state and the needs of state administration, they appropriated in that session of the legislature over \$428,000 more than the possible income of the state. While accusing the republican party of making too liberal appropriations for the benefit of institutions built and maintained for the care of the unfortunate charges of Nebraska, they proceeded at once to belie all their professions and to vote money far in excess of the amounts ever appropriated by their predecessors.

The prior republican legislature was in 1889. The populist legislature met in 1891. Let us compare the appropriations made for state institutions by the two legislatures.

Table with 2 columns: Institution Name and Amount. Rows include The Deaf and Dumb (1889, \$65,964; 1891, \$68,800), Home for the Friendless (1889, \$30,000; 1891, \$5,540), Industrial Home at Milford (1889, \$15,710; 1891, \$30,650), Soldiers Home (1889, \$60,780; 1891, \$76,710), Feeble Minded (1889, \$77,483; 1891, \$90,975), Insane Asylums (1889, \$402,438; 1891, \$452,890), Institute for the Blind (1889, \$32,600; 1891, \$36,900).

The amount of the appropriations made need not necessarily be called in question. If the institutions in the year 1891 actually needed the amounts

appropriated, and care for the welfare of the people demanded them such institutions, created and maintained by the republican party, were entitled to what they received within the total amount of the tax levied and which was likely to be collected within the period for which such appropriations were made. But in the face of the effect that the republican party was guilty of reckless appropriations during their tenure of power, it was absurdly ridiculous, if consistency, which no populist ever considered, was taken into consideration, that such appropriations should be made. Two years later the populist legislature which met seemed to have secured a dawning idea of the fact. With statistics of the economy of the preceding republican legislature as compared with the appropriations made by the legislature of 1891, the populist legislature of 1893 felt that it must do something to at least establish a reputation for economy. Prodded and pricked by criticism, it decided to establish its reputation for retrenchment, by cutting down the appropriations made for such institutions. Without any regards to the needs of the unfortunate charges of the state it put the knife in the moneys appropriated for their maintenance as follows:

For the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, \$13,000; Home for the Friendless, \$12,540; Industrial Home at Milford, \$5,000; Soldiers Home at Grand Island, \$94,990; Institution for the Feeble Minded, \$14,575; Insane Asylums, \$26,990. This action seriously crippled a number of these establishments, but the populist party burning under criticism cared little for that fact, while they were at last attempting to make a reputation for economy and reform at the expense of the comfort and welfare of the helpless charges of the state.

With a further desire to reform extravagance in Nebraska the populist party, which for some strange reason claimed to have a horror of a state militia, an organization which was the care of the first president of the United States, and which during George Washington's presidential term he never failed to urge upon the states as an element in the perpetuity of the union, at first increased and then decreased the appropriation as an expense which could be materially decreased, although Nebraska's militia is one of the least expensive of the militias of any of the other states in the union. In 1889 under a republican government the expenditure for the militia support was only \$20,100, which was increased by the extravagant populist legislature of 1891 to \$35,500. This appropriation did not include the payment of the militia or consequent expenses for the quelling of the Indian disturbances in the Pine Ridge campaign. But in 1893, under the criticism of their alleged reform legislation, they cut down the appropriation to \$20,000 and their papers and speakers have since been upon the stump denouncing the existence of a militia and its use in maintaining order in the state when threatened by internal disturbances which local authorities are unable to suppress.

The people of Nebraska are now being informed by men who are unable to balance a bank account of their own, by speakers who can not secure credit for ten dollars at stores in their own towns, by orators whose only material interest in the state is their own ambition to secure office, by writers whose desire for populist success is coincident with their ambition to pander to elements for which they have no respect or regard, that economical state government demands the election of a populist state governor and with it the choice of a populist legislature. Let such men be pointed to the record. There has been no populist control or assistant populist control of the state of Nebraska which has not been against the interests of the state, financially considered, which has not been outrageously extravagant in its administration, or swinging to the other extreme, absurdly parsimonious. The ranting of orators and the creeds of writers against republican administration of the state of Nebraska will not bear investigation, because a search of the records will show that since its admission into the union there has been no state whose government has been more honestly and economically administered under republican auspices than has been that of Nebraska. The experience of the past is the best possible guarantee of the future.

The Nebraska Campaign. They have an unusual condition of things in their present political campaign over in Nebraska. Ever since Nebraska became a state she has been dominated by Republicanism. Her constitution, her statutory laws, and all the machinery of her state government have been created and controlled by Republican thought. Her state institutions, of which she has many, have been built, paid for and controlled on a broad and liberal basis, and yet on the line of practical economy, so that her state tax rate has been lower than that of many western states. Her reputation for good government and business progress has been such as to attract emigration and command the confidence of eastern capital. Her borrowers have obtained eastern money on better terms and at lower rates than have obtained in Kansas, Colorado or the Dakotas. Her municipal securities have been rated A No. 1 in the eastern

markets and the enterprise and energy of her railroads and local capitalists have advertised her as a progressive State from Maine to California. Her cities have grown rapidly, on a substantial basis, and the thrift of her farmers has been almost phenomenal. In a few years they have passed out of the period of cheap land, sod houses and poverty, into comfortable conditions with their farm land, excepting a few counties on the western border, selling readily when offered, at \$30 to \$60 per acre.

Now the unusual condition which exists in the present political campaign in Nebraska is this: That a portion of these thrifty farmers led by a hungry crowd of irresponsible agitators, in the name of the people, styling themselves reformers, should rise up and assault the reputation of the state and threaten its future progress and credit, by a campaign of slander and falsehood against the men and methods that have enabled the state to reach its present high mark. It is not unusual that shyster politicians assail the character and methods of good men and good laws for temporary advantage to themselves, but it is an unusual and an unnatural thing that these Populist politicians should have even a small following among thrifty farmers and working men whose future prosperity is so dependent on the guiding force of business energy. Farmer Brown can produce, and the workingman can sell his muscle for money, when there is work to do, but the value of farm land and product, and the employment of the artisan, depends and always will depend on the guiding force of capital and businessmind. Let the state of Nebraska depart from the business instincts that have guided her in the past and put her reputation into the hands of irresponsible Populist leaders, and she will soon know and feel what it is to have a blighted credit abroad and a humiliated and disorganized condition at home.

Republicans are natural organizers and creators of confidence. Populists are natural disorganizers and destroyers of character and credit. As it looks now from this standpoint, the business men of Nebraska are united, regardless of old party lines, to save the State from Populism, and they will likely wipe out the "Pops" from Nebraska politics.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Nasty and Dangerous.

A couple of years ago we called attention to the danger and nastiness of putting money coin in the mouth. A few days ago we witnessed another exhibition of this filthy habit. We were in the street car going to the capital. At the Saverly House a colored man got in going east also. He was no sooner seated than he pulled from his pocket a nickel and placed it between his teeth and kept it there until the car nearly reached the bridge. As he held it in his mouth the saliva spread over it and his lips would occasionally protrude and hide it from view—then recede and the nickel could be readily seen. This "hide-and-seek" arrangement kept up until the conductor reached for him when, without wiping or cleaning it in any way, it was transferred into his hand and then into his pocket. It is possible the next person getting into the car may have been a lady and she became the possessor of the nickel. It may have gone into her mouth also—for we have often seen I die put coin into their mouth on the street car.

Now the first party may not have had any disease about his mouth, may not even have been chewing tobacco, and no harm come to the air mouth to which it was next transferred. Still there is something repulsive in the thought and more in the practice. But oh, if the first party had had some loathsome infectious disease how serious the results might have been! No mouth, especially a lady's mouth, was ever intended as a substitute for a porte-monnaie and should not be put to such vile purposes.

Stitches in Time.

One of the most distasteful of housekeeping duties is the weekly mending, and still worse the monthly mending—for the inch darn that would have been all sufficient three weeks earlier now demands a full half hour of steady work that raises strong doubts as to whether the game is worth the candle, while toes and heels have come through stockings that needed only a few stitches when first noticed. The woman who hesitates about mending at the outset, nipping decay in the bud, as it were, is assuredly lost so far as any further satisfaction in the neglected garments is concerned, and every time they are washed fresh gaps are sure to appear.

The smallest thin place should be darned as evenly as though it were embroidery, and the daring stitch is often used for this purpose. When time and regular, the work is really beautiful, and in imparting this fact to a child will greatly mitigate the woes of her first lesson in darning. The evenness and regularity of a darn give it dignity and elevate it into a work of art.

It is important, however, to know when to darn and when not to darn, as most women's time in these busy days is of far more value than ordinary material in a half-worn condition.—Harper's Bazar.

No matter how large a woman is, when a man likes her he says she is dear little thing.

The sea of Baltimore is the primacy of the Catholic church in America.

The air vesicles of the lungs are about one seventy-fifth of an inch in diameter.

On an average the lung contains 100 cubic inches or nearly five quarts of air.