

THE LITTLE SHOES.

BY WILL F. CHAMBERLAIN.

A pair of little slippers. Or shoes, no matter the name. I sometimes meet as I runnage. And a sligh'etray, the pain That lingers in my bosom; And I sit in the parrot there. In thought of a vanished summer That gave a bud most rare.

You would forgive the tear-drop— That men must be firm, they say— If you knew of the blossom which faded And fell with the flowers of May; Of how, on the quiet hillside, We broke the carpeted sod And laid away our portion. Of the angel returned to God.

Unsung sleep these dear secrets, And only now and then Are we permitted to wander Away from the marts of men— To dwell with our household treasures And their history, as we choose— Dreaming such dreams as mine to-day Of this little pair of shoes. ELK POINT, E. D.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ETHEL NEVERGAIL RECEIVES AN OFFER. "Miss Nevergail," said Andrew, a pompous footman, at Castle Cairn, as he knocked at the door of Lady Linwood's boudoir, and was hidden to enter, "a gentleman is in the drawing-room who wishes to see you."

"Did he give you a card?" "No, miss, neither would he tell his name."

"Do you know him?" still queried Ethel. "I cannot call his name, yet I have often seen him."

"It is of no consequence. I will be with him presently," returned the governess, as she resumed her book and continued the lesson she was giving her charge.

On no account would she neglect a duty for any person whatever. When the task was finished, and not until then, she descended the grand broad stairway and entered the drawing-room of the castle.

There a surprise, indeed, awaited her, in the presence of Robert Glendenning. Certainly she had never anticipated a visit from her former tormentor, and the sight of him now brought back so many unpleasant recollections that she hastily turned to retreat.

"Too late!" the young man started forward and placed himself between the door and her slight figure, thus completely preventing her sudden flight.

"Pardon me, Miss Nevergail," he remarked, in a perfectly respectful manner, very different from his former unpleasantly familiar one. "I am very anxious to have a little conversation with you, before leaving this place forever, and therefore I beseech you to remain a few minutes. I promise not to detain you long."

"Very well," returned the young girl, gravely, taking the seat he offered her. "Why do you leave?"

"The death of my uncle has, of course, deprived my sister and myself of his care and guardianship. As the title and estate now fall to his younger brother, Fitzroy, the present incumbent must remove and leave the hall, to be occupied or not by the new baronet, as he sees fit. Lady Constance will seek a residence with some relatives in London, and we shall make a home somewhere together, unless—unless—"

Here the young man paused, greatly embarrassed for a proper conclusion to the sentence he had commenced. Breaking the silence again, for it was becoming oppressive, he resumed:

"Miss Ethel, I come this morning to lay before you a proposition that I hope will meet with your approval and sanction. I must first, however, express to you my deep regrets for the offensive manner in which I used to treat you. I know not why I was led to make myself so disagreeable. I was probably prompted by a spirit of mischief, but as soon as you left the Hall so suddenly I became aware of my great mistake."

"I never thought I should miss you as much as I did, but as soon as I could see you no more I became miserable. I lost my appetite and was almost beside myself with despair. I saw, then, for the first time, that I really loved you."

"Merciful heaven, can this be true?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley. "Doctor, please read that last-paragraph once more. I am so dazed with surprise that I can scarcely understand it."

"Yet I live. I, Sir Arthur Glendenning, Bart., am alive to-day, incarcerated in this concealed room, built in the ruined part of my own residence," again read Dr. Elfenstein.

"After a pause he continued: 'The fact that this room existed was known only to my father, Sir Geoffrey, and he, shortly before his death, confided the secret to my brother, Reginald, and myself. We three were alone together when he taught us how to open the panels by the aid of a sharp pointed knife, and after leading us inside this strange apartment, he charged us to keep the existence of the place a profound secret, as the time might come when such a hidden retreat might become of immense importance.'

"Dear father! how little did he dream that Reginald, for the sake of usurping my lawful title and estates, would drag me hither, in the darkness of night, and, by chaining me like a beast to the floor, by the help of his valet, Antoine Duval, keep me a prisoner for months, year after year!"

"Oh, that horrible Antoine! how I always disliked his soft, fawning ways, his smooth tongue and cringing airs. 'Villain that he is! Villains, indeed, both master and man!'

"But I will not thus anticipate. I will go back to our father's leading his two young sons to this place, and pointing out its many conveniences for spending a time in hiding."

"See," he said, "there is a bathroom, with all its appointments, opening from this small and neatly furnished bedroom. Soft mattresses, plenty of bedding, heat from an unseen register-through pipes leading to the kitchen ranges. Oh, everything is complete!"

"It was the only time I ever saw this room, until the night I was thrust within its walls by my inhuman brother, Reginald, two days and one night after I was forcibly taken from my bed."

"Ah, that night! when they overpowered me in my own room, shall I ever forget it!"

"I had retired rather earlier than usual, and had fallen immediately asleep. About midnight, I should judge, I was awakened by feeling a hand pressing something to my nostrils."

"I instantly had my complete senses, so dashed the hand with the chloroform sponge from my face, then sprang with a bound upon the floor."

"Two men stood above me, and firm hands seized and pressed me back, while a gag was forced into my mouth."

"A dim light was burning, and I saw that, although masked, one of them was like Fitzroy's, and his dressing-gown was wrapped around his form."

"Turning then to the other, I recognized the form and voice of Antoine Duval."

"In the course of the conflict, Reginald drew out a dagger and plunged it into my arm, then threw the dagger red with blood, on the carpet, saying grimly: 'Fitzroy's dagger. Lie there and testify that he did this deed!'

"Oh, my brother, my innocent brother! have they dared accuse thee of my death?"

"This question harrows me night and day. 'Alas! I tremble for Fitzroy, when such a fiend as Reginald has proved himself to be is let loose upon his track. 'But to go on: Binding my hands— for all my strength could avail little against two hardy men—after first putting a rope around my body, after first putting on my clothing, and, dragging me from the window, swung me from the balcony to the ground below."

"Carrying then my helpless form to the lake, they there bound up my wounds, staunching the flow of blood, which until then they had allowed to drip as it would, then turned and noiselessly bore me to a lonely cave, situated in the heart of Demon's Wood—a place never frequented, and, I presume, the existence of which was unknown."

"This place had been prepared for my reception, and after fastening me firmly to a staple with a chain they had in readiness, they left me, gagged and helpless, there alone, for two days and one night."

"Twice they both came with food, and, while one stood with a pistol over my head, to prevent a word, the other fed me."

"On the second night they visited me about midnight, and, merely saying: 'All is now ready for your reception, rise and go with us,' they placed me in a wagon as before, and took me back to the Hall."

"Leaving the wagon concealed outside the grounds, they between them carried me to the ruined part, and, entering, conveyed me into this, my prison, which they had secretly arranged for my use. I was not brought here at once, it seems, because on the very night of their daring outrage they had discovered that some revolving iron shelves they had fitted to the entrance could not be securely fastened, as the large screws to be inserted were too short. Not wishing to postpone the horrible business, they had hastily prepared the cave, and held me there until other screws could be procured."

"Now all was ready, and here, just eighteen years ago, I was thrust and kept a prisoner by means of a long chain fastened from my ankle to an iron bolt in the wall."

"Not one word was spoken until I was securely fastened, then the gag was taken from my mouth and the ropes fastened to my wrists."

"At first my tongue and mouth were so stiff I could make no sound, but seeing that both were leaving me, closing the entrance securely inside by standing up the shelves and tightly screwing to them the long screws, I found myself able to speak to them, to pause I begged an explanation of the cruelty to which I had been subjected, and asked why I was to be imprisoned there and how long I was to be detained."

"At first Reginald would not answer, but finally he did astonish me by these words: 'You are to be kept concealed in this place as long as you live, so the sooner you die the better for all! I shall not, however, take you life! I never will be a murderer! Food will come to you every night, about half-past nine or ten, on these shelves. You will empty the plate on dishes you have here, and setting it back the empty plate will at once return to me. By this returning plate I shall know you still live. When you fail to return it no more will come, as you will then be supposed to have died. I alone shall attend to sending this food.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Manners of Men.

Every man thinks he has a right to impose on some woman. Every man who starts a quarrel unnecessarily, ought to get whipped. It is so easy to get into debt that most men do not realize how hard it is to get out.

"Rustlers" are all right in their way, perhaps, but they run into a great many unnecessary fights.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHEELING FOR WOMEN.

It May Be Made of Great Benefit to the Weaker Sex. Physicians and surgeons have had a new problem to contend with since wheeling came to be such a rage among women. Is the bicycle destined to prove a benefit to women or will it be a curse? It is a question of the greatest moment to all of us and the expression of opinion of learned men is received with the greatest interest.

"I am only afraid," says one doctor, "that the sport is being abused, but cyclists will gradually adapt themselves and then the benefit to the race will prove even greater than now. The benefit already derived does not come from the intrinsic merit of the wheel but rather from the fact that it is a fashion which keeps women out of doors the greater part of the day, and that is what our American women need."

"Notwithstanding the fact that women have taken up this sport indiscriminately," says another M. D., "it has been of wonderful benefit to them, for it has carried millions out into the fresh air and kept them out of our abominable public conveyances that the great distances in our cities necessitate. Women are naturally better riders than men. This is because they are lighter and sit much more erectly, and then they do not attempt to race or scorch as a rule. I am inclined to think the benefit is greater than the bad effects, and consider it a most healthful exercise for women if they will assume a proper position and ride along easily, covering not more than six miles an hour and not bending themselves over the handle bars like a jackknife and go scorching along like would-be sports and young boys anxious to make or break records."

Another physician says: "I do most emphatically approve of cycling for women, and the wheel is a part of my prescription nowadays to many people with different curvatures of the spine and diseases of the joints, and I've found it very excellent medicine. Wheeling is a craze at present, and when I prescribe it the patient usually carries the prescription out to the letter, because it is the fashion. Perhaps another form of exercise would answer just as well, but sometimes when we prescribe a walk every day the patient will not take it. Cycling is especially fine for young girls, who should spend most of their time in the open air, and it does a great deal for that class of women who suffer from innumerable complaints attendant on their taking breakfast in bed at about noon and never taking outdoor exercise, except in a carriage. It not only gets them into the open air, but is exhilarating, and brings the whole system into action."

Young Duff—"I never talk about things that I do not understand." Old Ruff—"Really, you must be the most reticent young man in the city."—*Boston Transcript.*

Crimsonbeak—"Do you know Pucker-ton, the coriander?" Yeast—"Yes, he lives within gunshot of me." "Well, you must be a frightfully bad shot."—*Yankees Statesman.*

England's decision to spend \$100,000,000 in building new war-ships this year would be more formidable if the fact were not known that the ships already completed are decidedly short of sailors. A landman transferred at short notice to a modern battle-ship is about as effective as a Spanish infantryman on a Cuban mule.

"I really don't understand," said the fond mother to the photographer, "why you should insist on charging double for photographing the baby when even the grasping street-car corporation has him ride free!"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

NOTES AND YARNS BY FURNACE OF THE PRESS.

How to Look Intellectual—How to Burglar Alarm—Striking Reports—Change in Symptoms.

SOLID FOOD. The St. Louis Hostess—I am sure you will find our dear Missouri rather unpleasant to your taste. Guest—Not at all, madam, it's the best I ever ate.—*Life.*

LOCOMOTION. Time flies. And still, One somehow feels It cannot be so long. Until he wheels.

HOW TO LOOK INTELLECTUAL. "That Miss Dawson is a stupid dog," extends to about eight or ten girls. "Yes, isn't she?" "Somebody ought to persuade her to wear eye-glasses."—*Chicago Record.*

HOW IT HURT HIM. "Some men have been circled falsehoods about me," said the official, indignantly. "What do they say?" his wife queried. "That I have made a great deal of money since my election."

"Do you think it will hurt you?" "I should say it would. Every one of my creditors has written me a letter the strength of the rumor."—*Winton Star.*

SUSPICIOUS. Mrs. Millyuns—Has the count your for any money yet? Mr. Millyuns—No. Mrs. Millyuns—That looks suspicious. You don't suppose he's a bogus, do you?—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE DESIRED EFFECT. "I'll teach you how to lie to me," declared the irate old gentleman, reaching a strap. And so he did. It only took four such lessons to teach the boy to lie so well that he was no longer detected.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

OF COURSE. "Buffles is always talking about library. How large is it?" "Oh, his library is in his head." "Bound in calf, then, evidently."

HER HOPE. "This X ray is doing wonderful things for mankind," he remarked. "Yes," his wife replied. "It has lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time, it will enable womankind to see her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."

HER HUMAN BURGLAR ALARM. Agent—Can't I put a burglar alarm on your house? Lady—No, we don't need it. Agent—But— Lady—No, I mean it. The policeman across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar could get in without being seen!

REPEATS HER POLICY. "Miss Bolleigh says she dreamt of having Willie Washington." "Indeed?" "Yes. And she also says that last morn'g she's ever gettin' touch."—*Washington Evening Star.*

STRIKING REPARTER. "Why," said the maid, with warmth, "do you make light of me?" "Because," answered the man, "like to see you flare up."

HOW INDEED? Taxpayer—I can't for the life of me imagine why bicyclists want a path from Coney Island; they'll be there by the earth yet. His Wife (timidly)—But dear, can they get back unless they return path.—*Brooklyn Life.*

NO CHANGE IN SYMPTOM. "What is the best sign of weather?" "That delightful feeling which you want to sit down and water people work."—*Chicago Record.*

THE PROPER SEASON. "Well," said the lover, "you must be a heart's father, if he refuses his consent, the maiden began to sob. 'Do not cry, dear,' he said, 'I'll try to comfort her.' 'He said, 'Fly with me, my darling.' 'But!'"

"No buts, my dear! It is a pity. Fly-time has come again. Then they went to Youngstown and were married."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

THERE WERE OTHERS. "I can't live without you," said the Duke. "Oh, yes, you can," said the girl. "There are plenty of other noble institutions in the city, but I allowed to starve who makes me known."

A HORRIBLE FACT. First Hobo—'Not been here for a long time, but I've heard you were married. Second Hobo—'De las frescas! You're a liar!—*Chicago Record.*

Notes and Yarns by Furnace of the Press. This was the first of a series of statements in which a distinguished lecturer in a lecture delivered on 'The People' in the Roman Coliseum. His audience included Queen Victoria.

Monaco, the smallest country in Europe, is Liechtenstein, in Germany, the ruler of which is Prince von Liechtenstein. For some time he has been in Vienna, leaving a manager in his place. This manager is unpopular, and the people are dissatisfied that there is some mobilizing the standing army of 4,000 men.

Mr. Peterson, an expert in London, the life of a pug dog extends to about eight or ten years. The education of a dog for a year, according to Mr. Peterson, should not commence before the dog is a year old, and generally lasts a year. Some animals, however, are longer than others, and a dog found in the streets repaid his rescuers from a chamber by picking up all the money he could get and going on the streets in three months.

According to a recent bulletin of the Labor Department, the average of every employee engaged in manufacturing or mechanical industry in 1904 was \$444.83 as wages; \$1213.33 for raw material, and \$547 for salaries, etc., and profits. The average annual wages have been \$247 in 1850, \$302 in 1870, \$346 in 1880, and \$443 in 1890.

According to consular reports published by the State Department the output of Russia in 1894 was 1,000,000 tons, an amount totally inadequate to the demand. It is the demand is growing constantly. In view of such a state of affairs it is pointed out that there is a favorable opportunity for American manufacturers to extend their sales and to supply at least a part of the demand of that country.

The hope of becoming a great iron and steel manufacturing country has been kindled by the discovery of iron mines of vast extent and high grade in the state of Colorado. It is estimated that the state will produce 30,000,000 tons of iron ore a year. The Mining Bureau, an authority for the statement, says the product is equal in quality to the best of the world, and makes good steel. It is estimated that the country will be able to import manufactured goods to the value of \$100,000,000 a year.

An acquaintance just returned from a many interesting wayland of travel, admiring of dogs, and on the nondescript island. "Like the dog," he said, "they are not familiarities. They are self-reliant, all the cunning chronic hunger made in their hands in large packs, great distances, short space of time. 'The island is a den of deep, slumful, venacious reptiles, voracious reptiles, dinner than a snake knows better than. When a pack of crocodiles have to resort to a stream, cross in safety, together and the bark furiously for a crocodile or a bear for a month will hear a dog bark and hunt for the dog every reptile will creep back as an approach at plunge in. Who them the dogs save about 300 yards across before snapping their snouty off the stream, when the shipwrecked lover frantically preserve me! The savage child believe me, he'll be a c...

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