

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

BY PAUL F. HAYNE.

On a dark November morning
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and graceful beauty,
The peace on her pure young face
Was soot as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calm of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop window,
An urchin, timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning
look,
Was mistily gazing in.

At the rows and various clusters
Of slippers and shoes cutspread,
Some, shimmering brown, bet of amber sheen,
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what she could not hear,
And oft on his fisted hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May-wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

I was praying for shoes," he answered:
("Just look at the splendid show!")
I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so."

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light
That flickered and danced before.

And there he was washed and tended,
And his smudged brow, bet of snow;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strange from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a grateful swift and glad.

"Happy? * * * Oh! yes! I am happy!"
Then * * * (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low)
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"
—Independent.

GREENBERRY GORDY'S LEAP IN THE DARK.

BY NEMO.

Conspicuous among the passengers on the southward bound train from Hawkinsville were Dr. Peter Columbus Hackemup and his blushing bride, Juliana Keziah, nee Skiggs. The lady had doffed her favorite color, green, and donned for the occasion the more bridelike attire, pale orange, which harmonized beautifully with the delicate salmon tints of her complexion. All eyes were upon them as they entered the car. Dr. Hackemup, of course, in advance, with the majestic strut of a turkey cock, Juliana ambling meekly in the rear. Smiling benignly and affectionately, the Doctor seated his fair spouse, and, having attended to her comforts, took his position beside her.

Suddenly an irreverent youth, overcome by his feelings, ejaculated, "The long and the short of it," to which a companion added, "The thick and the thin of it," a third joining in.

I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb.
Convinced that these invidious remarks alluded to himself and wife, Dr. Hackemup shot from his seat like a rocket, and, glaring in every direction but the right one, vociferated:

"Could I diagnose the perpetrators of these atrocious insults, I would lay them as did Samson the Philistines," and snorting violently, he flopped back into his seat.

"With that marital expression of countenance, Peter Columbus," sweetly remarked his admiring spouse, "you are irresistible. You remind me of Venus, the fulsome god of war, as he rose from the sea. I am a competent judge," she added, with modest pride, "for botany was always one of my favorite studies."

Somewhat appeased by this soothing assurance, Dr. Hackemup yielded himself to the seductive charm of the occasion, and the two turtle doves settled down to a little quiet cooing.

Suddenly, however, Mrs. Hackemup raised her head from the Doctor's shoulder with a jerk, while her countenance assumed an expression of anger and amazement. The Doctor, on his part, began to swell, until he bore such a striking resemblance to the ambitious frog who tried to be an ox that it was only by a miracle he escaped the same fate. The turtle doves were quarreling.

"Did you not tell me, madam," thundered the Doctor, "that your investments were secure? Did not Mr. Somers inform me that you were the possessor of a fat prize? Where are the investments, I ask; and where is the prize?"

"Oh!" groaned Juliana; "are these the cuddibilities of married life?" Bursting into tears she emitted a series of ear-splitting shrieks, and fell in hysterics into the unwilling arms of her angry spouse, from whence she slipped to the floor with a shriek, which restored her in the twinkling of an eye.

Reprimands were exchanged vigorously for about ten minutes, to the great delight of the passengers. As they approached the next station, Dr. Hackemup pulled out the 1,000-mile ticket upon which they were traveling, and shaking it at his bride, exclaimed vigorously: "No more of this shall be wasted. I shall get off at this station and go back by return train. You can do as you please."

Juliana would have again resorted to hysterics, but the train slackened up at this moment, and fearful of losing her so lately acquired treasure, she seized his arm, and they marched off, amid the audible smiles of the spectators.

In the mean time, Belinda, the Doctor's pretty daughter, and Harry, his sixteen-year-old boy, who had been bit-

terly opposed to their father's second marriage, were sitting at home together, trying, with the unselfishness of truly loving hearts, to comfort each other. Just as they were about to seat themselves to their frugal supper of bread and cheese (being limited to this by their father's express command), the door opened, and without further warning in walked the malcontent bride and groom, sadly shorn of all their pristine grandeur.

A hollow reconciliation had been effected on the return trip; Dr. Hackemup shrewdly deciding that it would not mend matters to betray his chagrin, and poor Juliana being only too thankful to make peace on any terms. Conscious of presenting a sheepish appearance, the Doctor determined upon bold measures, and, therefore, without vouchsafing any explanation of their sudden return to his wondering children, or to Mr. and Mrs. Somers, at whose house he and Juliana were married, he settled down to the even tenor of usual every-day life, with as much apparent satisfaction as if his wedding trip had extended from Dan to Beer-sheba.

Still there was trouble in the Hackemup establishment.

As weeks and months rolled on Dr. Hackemup, always parsimonious, became positively miserly. To his intense dismay he discovered that his second venture in the matrimonial lottery had not only failed to secure him the wealth he hoped for, but had burdened him with a partner who was as fond of spending as he was of hoarding. Constant were the bickerings on the subject, all to no avail. The Doctor found that his confiding Juliana Keziah possessed an india-rubber nature. After crushing her to the earth one day with his ponderous logic, his work would be all to do over again the next, and so on in perpetuum.

In this terrible strait he would have lost all hope but for an unforeseen occurrence which revived his drooping spirits.

Greenberry Gordy, a dried-up old money lender, happened to cast his eye on Belinda's fresh young beauty, and coveted it for his own. Like a wise man in his generation, he spoke to the Doctor first, who in his turn conferred with his wife before broaching the subject to Belinda.

Mrs. Hackemup favored the proposed alliance. Apart from monetary considerations, it would be a fine way of getting even with Belinda, who made no effort to conceal her dislike to her stepmother, and who secretly abetted Harry in all the various devices by which he daily sought to annoy his father's wife.

When Belinda was first apprised of the honor designed her, she burst into paroxysms of laughter, not dreaming her father could be in earnest. When convinced of this, however, the girl refused, with angry disdain, to see "Old Moneybags," as she called him, and hitherto had treated with the utmost scorn and contumely. Of course she had a lover—pretty girls do, all the world over, and Belinda was very pretty. Her beauty certainly was not inherited from her parents. It was nature's gift to her favored child, upon whom the partial dame likewise bestowed a loving heart, a bright intellect, and—a spicy temper.

Matters had thus gone on for several weeks. Greenberry's wizened old phiz could be seen every evening in Dr. Hackemup's parlor. Very seldom, however, was Belinda there. Neither the Doctor's coaxing and threats nor Juliana Keziah's sneers could induce her to treat politely her superannuated wooer. At last Dr. Hackemup, fearing the old miser would change his mind, grew desperate, and, calling his daughter to his presence, bade her prepare for her wedding in a month, thundering forth, in reply to her indignant and emphatic refusal:

"Cease this contumacious behavior, and prepare to become Mrs. Greenberry Gordy. As to that audacious mendicant, John Heron, should he dare to darken my door, I will immediately and at once convert his corpus into a carcass, anatomize it upon the dissecting table, and wire the skeleton in terrorum."

Unwaved by this terrific threat, the girl tossed her pretty banged head rebelliously, and shooting a defiant glance at her father and stepmother, rushed from the room, leaving the discomfited match-makers in a most uncomfortable state of suspense.

Although Belinda presented such a bold front to the enemy, still her youthful heart was boiling over with outraged pride and wounded affection. Hastily seeking her own room, she penned a note to the very Jack Heron against whom her father had uttered his dire threat, and dispatched it by Harry, who ardently espoused his sister's cause. As a result of the note, Mr. Heron presented himself at the side gate of Dr. Hackemup's yard at 8 o'clock that evening, where he was met by Harry, who conducted him at once to a little tumble-down summer house, in full view of the parlor windows. There he found Belinda awaiting him, and, while poor Greenberry sat in the parlor white with rage but outwardly smiling, while Dr. Hackemup and Juliana Keziah made night hideous with shouts of Belinda and Belindiah, these refractory lovers, with Harry on guard, remained serene, discussing the past, present, and future.

Furious was the scolding bestowed upon Belinda next morning by her irate parent for her impertinent absence. To his surprise she received his reproaches meekly. To his delight and astonishment, when evening brought Greenberry as usual Belinda greeted her suitor quite graciously, and when he, emboldened, ventured to allude to their marriage, the young lady merely

smiled and bridled as most young ladies do.

This was almost too good to be true, but as Mrs. Hackemup said to the Doctor:

"The only way to do is to take time by the fetlock, and hasten the wedding."

Accordingly she had a conference with the bride elect early the next morning.

"Now, Belindiah," said she, "seeing that you have concluded to act like a sensational person, I am willing to take charge of your trowso. I depreciate your sentiments in regard to Mr. Gordy, for while your pa and I were sparking we became quite familiar with Romeo and intended to read Juliet. I have insisted upon the Doctor giving me blank mangle for dispensaries, so we will begin our shopping instantier."

Belinda was nothing loath. Even though the destined bride of old Money Bags, still she had no objection to new dresses. So they sallied forth. In spite of Belinda's youthful grace and beauty, Juliana Keziah threw her entirely in the shade. This J. K. was not slow to perceive, and the gratification induced by the knowledge increased her air of importance.

"You see, Belindiah," said she, impressively, as they left a store where she had been, as usual, the cynosure, "there is a great difference between the born aristarchus and the made aristarchus, and these tradespeople notice it at once. I could have told them that my mother was always considered a grand dam. She danced with Gen. Washington at Queen Victoria's wedding."

The days passed rapidly by. Belinda was quite gracious to Greenberry, although she often absented herself from home, ostensibly to visit Mr. and Mrs. Somers, between whom and Dr. Hackemup there existed a slight coolness since the latter's marriage. Jack Heron never intruded himself upon the Doctor's wrathful vision, so all went merry as the marriage bells which were to ring so shortly.

About a week before the wedding, as the entire Hackemup family (including Greenberry) were enjoying (?) an evening together, Juliana Keziah expressed a great desire to attend a public meeting to be held the ensuing evening in honor of the nomination of the Republican candidate, Peter Columbus.

"You know," said she, "there is nothing I would enjoy so much as to attend the gratification meeting, I wish you would take me with you."

"Why?" said Harry, who never neglected an opportunity of annoying his stepmother. "I thought you were such a good Democrat."

"Well," answered she, tartly, "suppose I am; I always did despise big-headry. I can be a good Democrat, I guess, and still consort occasionally with publicans and sinners."

"Oh," exclaimed Belinda, graciously. "If you and papa would like to go, perhaps Mr. Gordy will kindly come and play a game of checkers with me to pass the time away. Harry will help me entertain him."

Greenberry, his wizened face shining with delight, expressed his eager acquiescence, and the matter was settled.

At an early hour the following evening Money Bags presented himself, clad in snowy linen. A huge diamond sparkled in his shirt front, another glittered in his necktie, an immense cluster ring weighed down his skinny old hand, while the parchment-like appearance of his wrinkled old visage would have made any respectable mummy wither with despair. Dr. Hackemup and Juliana Keziah, all impatient, departed at once. Belinda and her aged fiancé began their game. Harry stationed himself at the window in order to watch the procession as it passed. But when the glimmer of the torches appeared, and the martial toot of the fifes broke upon the ear, the boy could no longer resist the infection, and, crying out with youthful ardor, "Oh, sis, I'll just follow them a square or so; you'll see me again in fifteen minutes," he disappeared.

Alas, for Harry's resolution! Not fifteen minutes afterward Mrs. Hackemup, comfortably seated in the hall, waiting for the speaker to begin, nudged her husband.

"There's Harry," she whispered.

"What did he leave home for?"

"Oh, all right," impatiently responded Dr. Hackemup. "If he is here, it is very evident he is not there. Stop clacking!"

Belinda and Greenberry did not appear to regret the absence of Harry. The girl had never seemed so amiable, and old Greenberry was in a state of rapture.

"Oh, Mr. Gordy," cried she, "what a fortunate thing it is for us weak women that we have gallant men like you to protect us!"

"Miss Belinda," cackled Greenberry, trying to swell his flat chest, "would that the opportunity were mine to show you how a brave man would do and dare for his adored. Would that I could fight a hundred men in your behalf!"

At this moment the door was flung open and a tall, masked man strode into the room, brandishing a huge horse-pistol in each hand. Belinda, screaming loudly, precipitated herself into her aged lover's arms, knocking him on his back, at the same time blowing out the light with great dexterity. Greenberry, in mortal terror, feeling in imagination the cold barrel of a pistol against his head, struggled to his feet, and, to tally regardless of Belinda's frantic appeals, "Save me, dear Greenberry!—protect your destined bride!" fled in the darkness. His pursuer's steps were close behind. Making a frantic dash for liberty, he sprang through a window and plunged headforemost into a

huge water cask which was partially sunk into the earth just beneath it. The shock and the immersion stunned him for a moment. When his scattered senses returned he heard a loud, rumbling noise in the house, mingled with faint shrieks, while a dreadful voice somewhere in his vicinity growled, "Find the villain and secure the gold!"

"Oh," he thought, "they are pillaging the house and carrying off Belinda, and will murder me if they find me."

Crouching in the hogshead, paralyzed with terror, he hardly dared to breathe. Hours, it seemed, of agony passed as he cowered motionless, half submerged in the slimy water. The enterprising wiggle waggle and the sentimental polywog, whose domain he had invaded, regained their equanimity and sported around his anguished body, while an ancient bullfrog, chief proprietor of a pond near by, interrupted in his nightly serenade, delivered a sonorous discourse on the vanity of earthly anticipations.

At last, as hope seemed dead, voices smote his ear. Dr. Hackemup and Juliana Keziah, accompanied by Harry, had returned.

"What!" exclaimed the Doctor. "All darkness! Where is Belinda?"

"Murder! thieves!" piped a mournful voice from a great apparent depth.

Juliana screamed, the Doctor swore, while Harry, the only collected one of the party, secured a light, the voice continuing to pipe, "Help! murder! thieves!"

Following the sound, Greenberry was soon discovered, and, by the aid of a step-ladder, rescued from his prison.

Sad was the ancient lover's plight. His once glossy linen suit, dripping with water, clung to him limp and dejected. His wig was gone, forever gone. The glittering diamonds only mocked the wild-eyed, woe-begone countenance above them.

Dr. Hackemup and Juliana were speechless with horror. Harry was even more affected. Covering his face with his handkerchief, his form shaking with sobs (?), he, too, seemed unable to speak. At length, however, without removing the handkerchief, he asked, in a smothered voice:

"Where's Belinda?"

"Murdered!" wailed Greenberry.

Dr. Hackemup flew toward the door leading up stairs, but started back as he reached the table. On it were lying two immense horse-pisols, beside which was a card with this inscription: "To Mr. Greenberry, with the compliments of John Heron."

Dr. A. was not quite a fool.

"An elopement?" he roared. "Greenberry, we have all been the victim of a base conspiracy."

"Yes," shrieked Juliana Keziah, seizing the card; "this is consummation strong as a writ of habe his corpus. It's enough to bring on the Sairy Bean Swinem Maginnis of the backbone. She has crossed the Rubicund, let her go; but," dropping her voice, as her eyes rested on Greenberry, "po-or Mr. Gordy, you surely are a monster to the cause."

Greenberry sneaked home, nearly bursting with impotent rage, vowing revenge.

Belinda Hackemup was never found. Even her trunks of bridal finery had disappeared.

But a bright young matron, Belinda Heron by name, is one of the favorites of Hawkinsville society. Happy, as wife and mother, she has never regretted her stepmother's attendance upon the gratification meeting, and often laughs with Harry and Jack, her coadjutors, over Greenberry Gordy's leap in the dark.

Steam Pipes in Buildings.

The idea that steam heating pipes can not set fire to wood is a popular error. One of the best proofs of their danger was afforded about a year ago in the house of Gen. Wager Swayne, in Gramercy Park. Steam pipes ran through a closet in the basement under the parlor floor and thence into the library. An alarm of fire was given at a late hour one night, and when the firemen tore away the hardwood partitions they found that the wood work along which the steam pipes ran was scorched. The fire had begun in a wooden box into which the steam pipes entered before forming a coil in the parlor. It was easily got under control, but not before it had done about ten thousand dollars damage.

The firemen are inclined to believe that much of their work in the downtown districts is due to nothing else than the lack of protection from steam pipes. The Fire Department has very stringent laws which it enforces in matters of this sort, and in the heating arrangements of new buildings the danger is carefully guarded against. When alterations are made and heating pipes are laid, less care is taken to prevent fire, and the result of this carelessness is the destruction of life and property.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Almost Too Venusy.

Once in a while amateur artists vent upon very delicate ground. A lady not far from this city, who is clever with the brush, not long ago painted a tapestry of Tannhauser and Venus. "Well, my dear," she said to a female friend, "how do you like it? Do you think I have got Venus Venusy enough?" "Well, I don't know what you think, of course," was the reply, "but if she were any more Venusy" with severity—"you couldn't show it."—New York Tribune.

In poetry, as elsewhere, those who forget themselves are the last to be forgotten by others.

COVETOUSNESS, like a candle ill-made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.

HUMOR.

"ARAB" is an article (of war); in the vindictive mood, (at) present (in) tents; disqualifies the British army, and has for its object the noun "look."—Life.

"It is a shame for an old man like you to get state-struck," remarked the omnibus driver, as he placidly rolled over an octogenarian.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"I wish I were a muf," said a disgusted poker-player. "Why so?" inquired his astonished friend. "Because I might have a chance of finding a fair hand once in a while."—Bohemian.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."—Providence News.

SUNAT-SCHOOL TEACHER—"What is meant by the words 'Quench not the spirit?'" Bright Scholar—"Please, ma'am, my father says he guesses as how it means don't put too much water in it."

WHEN Bangs, the rifle-shooting expert, died his widow was inconsolable. "There was none like him," she moaned; "he never missed fire." "Cheer up," said a sympathizing friend, "possibly he may be equally successful in his present abode." The effect upon the widow was electric.—Boston Transcript.

DONOSTO to the public gave Old stories; very badly told, Well printed in a portly tome, And bound in cloth and gold. And those who read his fimping lines No trouble had in finding The only good about the book, For it was on the binding.

—Book Lore

MISS ALBION (on a visit)—"So our great-grandfathers were brothers? Indeed, I did not think you had such things over here as great-grandfathers." Mr. Y. Doodle—"Well, you see, I was so anxious to claim relationship with you that I looked the old gentleman up." Miss A.—"And what did you find?" Mr. Y. D.—"I found they were green-grocers."

MASTER—Well, Susan, did you mail my letter, as I told you? Faithful servant—Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put on another stamp. Master—Good girl; only I hope you did not put it on so as to obliterate the address. Faithful servant—O, no, indeed, sir; I just stuck it on top of the other stamp so as to save room.

"DEAR little man with the slender legs, Man with the long, long hair, Why do you dance on your slender pegs? Why do you rant and rave? Why do you howl and maul so? Why do you clench your fist? 'Silly chatterer, don't you know? I am an el-o-cution-ist.'"

—Texas S. F. Jags.

WIFE—"What a number of ladies there was at church this morning wearing sealskin saques. I counted no less than twenty-seven." Husband (who won't see the point)—"Do you think that is the proper way to occupy one's mind while at church? I didn't notice a single one." Wife—"No one can scarcely be expected to notice such things when one's asleep."—New York Sun.

JUST THE SAME.

Was Shiloh a surprise or was it not? Bath given rise To many a batt e fought with ink, Where printers love the beer they drink; But whether it was or was not so We don't much care to say. For we know who held the real estate At the close of the second day. Is the chieftain's recollection right, Or is it a little on? This also is a dispute with those At merit who love to scold? But whether it is or is not so But little difference makes; The best judge of the baker's dough Is he who eats the cakes.

—New York Sun.

A DEAF mendicant who was in the habit of blowing a cornet through the streets of this city, met with remarkable success one day last week. His hat was nearly filled with coin. When he repaired to his lodgings he related his experience to his comrades by the sign language, and was surprised to learn that he had not made a sound all day. His cornet was broken. We publish this item in the hope that it may do some good.—Puck.

A TRAGIC TALE.

"Spell it dynamit," quoth the editor bold—"Spell it dynamit-t-a-r-d." And the proof-reader did just as he was told, And changed the s-t-y-l-e.

THOUGHTS BEGINS.

Now the proof-reader sipped of the wine when 'twas red, And it flew to his h-e-a-d, And he followed that style in a way that was dread.

Fully aggravated-t-i-n-g.

THE HORRIBLE RESULT.

It was "elevated,"

"Street-sprinkler,"

"P-r-e-a-d-a-r-d,"

It was "engnared,"

"Hack-driver,"

O, a sickening sight to s-double-e.

THE PAINFUL SQUEAL.

Lo, the editor smote that proof-reader sore—

He smote him both hip and thigh.

With his prostrate body he mopped the floor;

He reduced his "form" to "pl."

MORAL.

Style is a very good thing in its way,

But take good c-a-r-e

That you're not possessed with the f-d-e-a

That a rule's iron-c-l-a-d.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

I SUSPECT that we underrate the Mongol. The Celestial, with all his ignorance, has his share of shrewdness. When some American capitalists were endeavoring to get the consent of the Chinese Mandarins to develop the coal fields of China, their answer was, at least, not without diplomatic skill: "No, we cannot permit it. First, it will displace the center of gravity and the world will tumble over; second, if it is a good thing for you it is good for us."—The Ingleside.

NATURE so intertwines the grave with the gay that the color of the web is dark or bright according to the humor of him who handles it.

AVOID an angry man for awhile—a malicious man for ever.