

HER PRAYER.

Softly peep through the open door,
I can see my loved one there;
She is kneeling on the parlor floor
In an attitude of prayer.
Her back returned, so her clasped hands
And her face I cannot see.
Yet I feel in my inmost heart that prayer
Is raised to heaven for me.
As I draw near with gentle step,
And bend toward, as her poor demands,
I see that she kneels by a register,
And is merely warming her hands.
—Cornelia Redmond de Judge.

SLUG NUMBER ELEVEN

"Never been in a printing office before, I suppose. What woman's picture is that over that case, you ask? Why, that's Nan. She was Slug 11. Oh, no, Slug 11 wasn't her nickname. 'Twas her number. See, here is a slug eleven. Printers use their slug numbers to mark their matter; else how could they make up their strings? A string? Oh, we paste all our dopes together, and that makes a string that shows what we've done. Here's my string for the day—regular rope, ain't it?"
"Want to know about Nan, eh? Well, she was the only female typesetter we had, and she was a hummer. She could talk longer, and on occasions louder, and truth compels me to say broader, than—well, than some girls. Pretty! Not exactly, just so so. Slender, lively, hair the color of canned salmon, teeth pretty well justified, and eyes that were usually blue, but liable to turn green if she got mad. Boys used to say that if Nan was going to Paradise she'd be late getting there; but I never saw nothing but about her except, once in a while, her tongue. Mister, don't you get it into your head that because a girl sets type or works in a factory among a lot of men she can't be good."
"To resume my yarn. One day there came along a handsome young fellow that we dubbed Mr. Kokuk, because he came from the town of Kokuk. Nan took quite a fancy to him. He and The Rat were the only persons in the office that Nan did notice. We called him The Rat because he went back on us when we struck. We took him back out of pity, but no one loved him. Lank, cadaverous, peak marked, thin lipped fellow, with eyes like two holes burnt in a blanket."
"Well, Nan and Mr. Kokuk went to two or three dances and a circus or two—we used to get plenty of comps to such things then—and first we knew they were engaged. The very next week we went on a strike again, all except Nan and The Rat. He said his wife was dying, and he had to earn what he could. It wasn't much, because he was a regular blacksmith. We call a poor printer a blacksmith. Nan's eyes turned green as she said she wouldn't be turned as she didn't want to, so there! About a week after the strike began Mr. Kokuk and I were in a saloon opposite the block where The Rat's folks roomed, and we saw Nan come in at the family entrance and buy a flask of whisky. We were in there celebrating the end of the strike. All went back next day, and late in the evening, when only Mr. Kokuk, Nan and I were left in the office, I heard him go over and tell Nan he must break off the engagement because she had gone back on the strikers, but more particularly for the reason that he would never marry a woman that bought whisky by the flask at a saloon. Mr. Kokuk was a kind of goody goody fellow, you see. Nan wheeled about on her stool, her eyes snapped till the ladies fairly cracked, and she said: "You are a little plaster of Paris, ain't you? Be careful you don't tip over or you'll break in two. You ought to go as a missionary to the cannibals. You wouldn't be good eating, but that's all very marvellous." Mr. Kokuk put his coat and went away, but after he had gone I went to lift a handful of type out of a form that stood near Nan's case, and I saw that her eyes were sweating. Tears as big as rain drops fell down over her case. She kept on throwing in type. She tossed "a's" into the 'c' box and commas over among the periods and 'caps' down among the lower case letters in a reckless manner. Every stick of type set up next day was so lousy the foreman threatened to discharge her. What do I mean by lousy? Why, full of mistakes, to be sure. I knew the reason and corrected some of her galleys to help her out. At the next meeting of our union some one said it had been proposed to raise a fund to bury The Rat's two children that had just died that day of scarlet fever, both on the same day, mind you. He had married his wife the week before. "He ought to be able to bury his own dead; he's been at work right along," said some one, and nearly all growled assent.
"Who started the movement to raise the fund?" asked I.
"Nan," answered the fellow who had proposed the matter. "She headed the list. She's about the only friend in the family bad. Set up nights to help take care of The Rat's wife; was a mighty sweet little woman. Bought whisky for her when that was all that would keep the poor woman alive."
"You ought to have seen the expression of Mr. Kokuk's face when he heard this explanation as to why Nan went to the saloon to get a bottle of whisky. 'And when The Rat's wife died,' continued the speaker, 'and his two children fell sick, she cared for them. Worked all day and set up nearly all night with them. I tell you, boys, printing offices have their devils, but now and then angels drop down into them, and—'"
"Before he could say any more Mr. Kokuk sprang up and moved that each member be assessed \$2 to defray the funeral expenses of The Rat's children, and that as many of the boys as could hire subs should attend the funeral. Did we carry the motion? Well, no, it didn't. "Nan was the only woman mourner, and she looked handsome on a cheap dress of black she had got for the occasion. Next day she was back at her case, and as evening, while she was distributing type, Mr. Kokuk crept up to her case looking like a whipped spaniel, and said: "Nan, do you know what I think of you?"
"No; and what's more, I don't care!" snapped Nan.
"Well, I think you are a saint upon earth."
"Do you know what I think of you?" said Nan, knocking about half a handful of matter into it. "I don't think anything."
"Then how Mr. Kokuk did plead for forgiveness! Nan said not a word for a long time, but finally she turned about with a half sneer on her face and said: "I'll jiff to see who pays for the tickets to

the theatre to-night.' To jiff is to play a game with type. Mr. Kokuk got stuck for the tickets, and I tell you he was tickled. They went; but they only saw part of the play. As they were walking along to the theatre they passed a parsonage. 'Isn't that the man that preached the funeral sermon for The Rat's children?' asked Mr. Kokuk.
"Yes," answered Nan.
"Let's go in and see him," said Mr. Kokuk.
"In they went, and Nan, who is usually surprised at nothing, was much astonished when Mr. Kokuk asked the minister to marry them, but she consented and they were married, and when the minister had reached the end of his performance and Mr. Kokuk took Nan in his arms and kissed her, what did she do but drop her head on his shoulder and cry! She said it was because she was wren out watching with The Rat's folks, but I reckon those tears were tintured with the compound essence of joy.
"Say, do you see that kind of contrived looking fellow with a sloop hat standing over there by one of the forms talking to the foreman? That's Mr. Kokuk. He's now editor and proprietor of The Kokuk Banner. Gets all the county printing and is making a barrel of money. He's here on a visit and telling the boys about Nan. Gave me her picture she's new looks. Gentle, refined looking lady, ain't she? She's boss of the Sunday school in Kokuk, has two scholars from her own family to send to it, and when any of the printers goon the tramp she bustles into The Banner office and gets a mortal with the best of them. If there's a tick family in Kokuk or the contiguous territory that needs help, you bet Nan will be there.
"Say, mister, I'm not well posted on religion, but when the saints take their places in line in heaven I'll bet Nan will be not far from the head."—New York Evening Sun.

SHOES OF ALL NATIONS.
London Without End.
London never fails to impress the tourist with its peculiar place among the cities of the world. There are many interesting features of buildings; its main thoroughfares, such as Regent Street and Oxford Street, are not to be compared with those in Paris or Philadelphia; but there is a solidity in its pavement, a steady progress in its vehicles, a sense of continuity in the endless succession of its streets, an air of unpretending confidence in its crowds, an unshaken, monotonous ugliness in its lines of suburban villas which is unique. London is the place where incidents and gatherings which would move many a metropolis "to its center" are wholly unnoticed except by such as happen to come across them. Even the most popular events, which may attract some hundred thousand people, do not make a sign or ripple in the surface of the great brick and mortar sea which surrounds the city proper.
It must be a very big man, indeed, who can draw direct personal notice in London. Metropolitan news is conveyed not by conversation or verbal rumor, but by journals. The "talk of the clubs" (excited by some "society" papers) is an infinitesimally small fraction of that which engages the metropolis. There is really no "talk of the town" as distinct from that of the nation. It is sheer size which distinguishes London. Not long ago I stood by the castle in Edinburgh and noticed that I could discern men at work in the fields all around me. There were indications of separate outside life. It is so, moreover, in the large transatlantic cities. Down the straight streets of New York you can catch glimpses of white sails on the Hudson or East river, but when you look at London from any square or open space within its borders, there appears no proof that it has any borders at all, or that it ends anywhere. It might cover the whole earth for all you can see.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Wolverines Are Ugly Customers
Few Washington people know what a wolverine is. They know that Michigan is called the Wolverine state and that Michigan people are called Wolverines. But they have little or no idea why the state was so named or what the nickname means.
The state is named after an animal that used to infest, and still frequents, the dense woods in the northern part of the state, as well as in the woods of northern Wisconsin and Canada. This animal is the wolverine, or, as the varieties of him found in northern European countries are called, the glutton.
They are savage beasts, these wolverines are, and they play sad havoc with the cattle of the Michigan farmers. They are like a cross between a wolf and a bear. The tail and the temper resemble those of a wolf, but in strength and size and savageness they much resemble a bear.
They are less clumsy than bears, though, and they can climb trees. Many a hunter has walked under a tree up in Michigan without looking for a wolverine in the tree first, and the wolverine dropped down on him from one of the lower limbs, and before the next morning had eaten him up, bushes and all, even to the heels of his hunting boots. They are ugly looking beasts, the only pretty thing about them being their bushy tail, a foot or so long. Their claws are longer and sharper than bears', and their teeth just as sharp.
Altogether the animal is a very unpleasant sort of one to see outside of a cage. They are so savage and so wary and suspicious that it is almost impossible to catch them alive, and so they don't have them in circuses and zoological gardens, and most people don't know what they are. They are so savage that hunters don't care to hunt them, and so the wolverine has things about his own way where he lives.—Washington Critic.

Oscar Wilde and Joe.
I asked Pryor about the bumping of Oscar Wilde by Hungry Joe. Said he: "I saw Wilde give Joe the check over at the Brunswick, but Joe got away before I could interfere. I came at once to the Second National bank and told the cashier not to pay Wilde's check if presented, but send for me. It wasn't twenty minutes until I was sent for, and there was Hungry Joe himself with the check. Of course he gave up. Inspector Byrnes took all the credit of the affair nevertheless, and I never got any credit in the matter at all. Hungry Joe got \$4,000 in cash and checks out of the president of a large bank in Montreal, who was a guest at the Fifth Avenue hotel, but when I told him the banker was our guest Joe gave up like a little man. He came pretty near getting \$150 out of Gen. John A. Logan once. The general was in one of the rooms on the ground floor on the Twenty-third street side of the house, where the ladies' entrance is located.
"The boy at the door came and told me that the general had gone into his room accompanied by a bumco man. I went around and knocked at the door. Hungry Joe was just going away, but I barred the door and asked the general if he had given the fellow any money. The general was inclined to get nettled at my question, and blurted out that the young man was the son of the president of the bank in Chicago where the general's account was kept. I said: "Why, general, the man is a thief, a common thief." He would scarcely believe me. But presently Hungry Joe took \$50 out of his pocket, which he got from Logan, handing it back said I was 'on to him and the general might as well have his eyes opened." The general had given him \$50 and was going to give him \$100 the next day. This story of Logan has never been told before."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Same Thing.
The pastor was a little abstracted while giving out the notices from the pulpit, and did not observe the smile that passed around the congregation like a magic hat, as it were, when in speaking of the concert for the benefit of the poor fund he called it "A Charity Bowl." Everybody smiled except the quartet.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Evolution of Footgear in Civilized Lands.
Fixing the Shape by Law—Wooden Shoes with Chambers for Corns—"Walking on His Uppers."
Various forms of footgear have been devised by different people under different conditions. All the shoes made have one thing in common, and that is a sole. There are shoes consisting of a sole without an upper, but none that consist of an upper without a sole. Not to have a sole on one's shoe has been taken figuratively to represent extreme destitution. So when one wants to speak of a person who is in impetuous circumstances, one, if he uses slang, is likely to say: "He is walking on his uppers."
The oldest form of a shoe or sandal seems to have been merely a flat sole secured to the foot by thongs.
FIRST EFFORTS TO PROTECT THE FEET.
This form can be seen represented in Roman and Greek sculpture. The Egyptians had similar soles or sandals made of ordinary leather, but sometimes of palm leaves or papyrus. In the Ninth and Tenth centuries the common form of shoe in Europe was the wooden shoe. Even the nobles and princes wore clumsy wooden shoes, such as now are found among the peasants. The Fourteenth century produced the grotesque long pointed shoe. The points had been extended by fashion so far that in the days of Richard II they were secured to the knee by little chains. The church thundered against this absurd and useless fashion, but almost without avail, for it held sway for 200 years or more. In 1463, however, so much headway had been gained against the mode that a decree of the English parliament was obtained to oppose the decree of fashion.
An act was passed prohibiting shoemakers from making points more than two inches long for the unprivileged classes. Henceforth the long point became a badge of the criminal class. But a reaction came, the long point went out of fashion, and people went to the opposite extreme. The toes of shoes were made of grotesque width. This absurdity was carried so far that Queen Mary felt called upon to issue a proclamation restricting the width of toes to six inches. If there were any of her subjects who had a natural spread of the toes greater than six inches they had to go barefooted.
In the Sixteenth century boots were generally worn in England and France and the boots of the cavaliers were made with enormously wide tops, that were rolled or folded over. After the restoration the tops of the boots were ornamented, at least by the tops of the day, with lace. The simple form of shoe, which has held its own among Europeans and Americans to the present day, made its appearance in the Seventeenth century. This shoe has undergone several modifications. It was fastened with a buckle before shoe laces and buttons came into vogue.
In the National museum in the department of ethnology are gathered together specimens of foot wear from all over the world. Shoes are studied not alone from the economic standpoint. Ethnologists see in the development of shoes, the growth of the heel, the sole and the upper, the process of evolution, just as the naturalist sees in the mechanical fitness of the prehensile tail to the conditions of life of the monkey that has it. Many drawers are filled with shoes, and in one of the alcoves of the museum are stored away another collection of shoes. If there was a procession representing all nations and even the subordinate divisions of all nations, the representatives of the different countries and localities could all find in this collection the proper boots or shoes to wear.

Large Collection at the Museum in Washington.
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WHEREFORE?

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