

A LITTLE PINK SHOE.

Only a little pink baby shoe. That is stained and wrinkled and torn. With a tiny hole where the little pink toe. Peeped out in the days that are gone.

GRAYSON'S BABY.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

The first snow sifted in through the Gap that night, and in a "shack" of one room and a low loft a man was dead, a woman was sick to death, and four children were barely alive; and he said nothing when I came in one night and told him that some mountaineer—a long, dark fellow—had taken the woman, the children, and the tarnished household goods of the shack back into the mountains.

Grayson, the Virginian, coming down from the woods that morning, saw the big-hearted little doctor outside the door of the shack, walking up and down, with his hands in his pockets. He was whistling softly when Grayson got near and without stopping, pointed with his thumb within. The oldest boy sat stolidly on the one chair in the room, his little brother was on the floor hard by, and both were hugging a greasy stove.

The little girl was with her mother in bed, both almost out of sight under a heap of quilts. The baby was in a cradle, with its face toward the door, a dead or asleep Grayson could not tell. A pine coffin was behind the door. It would not have been possible to add to the disorder of the room, and the atmosphere made Grayson gasp. He came out looking white.

The first man to arrive thereafter took away the eldest boy, a woman picked the baby girl from the bed, and a childless young couple took up the little fellow on the floor. These were step-children. The baby boy that was left was the woman's own. Nobody came for that, and Grayson went in again and looked at it a long while. So little, so old, a human face he had never seen. The brow was wrinkled as with centuries of pain, and the little drawn mouth looked as though the spirit within had fought its inheritance without a murmur, and would fight on that way to the end. It was the pluck of the face that drew Grayson. "I'll take it," he said.

The doctor was not without his sense of humor even then, but he nodded. "Cradle and all," he said, gravely. And Grayson put both on one shoulder and walked away. He had lost the power of giving further surprise in that town, and had he met every man he knew, not one of them would have felt at liberty to ask him what he was doing. An hour later the doctor found the child in Grayson's room, and Grayson still looking at it.

"Is it going to live, doctor?" The doctor shook his head. "Doubtful. Look at the color. It's starved. There's nothing to do but to watch it and feed it. You can do that."

So Grayson watched it, with a fascination of which he was hardly conscious. Never for one instant did its look change—the quiet unyielding endurance that no faith and no philosophy could ever bring him. It was ideal courage, that had he met every man he knew, not one of them would have felt at liberty to ask him what he was doing. An hour later the doctor found the child in Grayson's room, and Grayson still looking at it.

"The young couple who had the second bed in charge said they had wakened at daylight the next morning by some noise in the room. Looking up, they saw the little fellow at the fire-place breaking an egg. He had built a fire, had got eggs from the kitchen, and was cooking breakfast. The little girl was mischievous and chery in spite of her bad plight, and nobody knew of the baby except Grayson and the doctor. Grayson would let nobody else in. As soon as it was well enough to be peevish and to cry, he took it back to its mother, who was still abed. A long, dark mountaineer was there, of whom the woman seemed half afraid. He followed Grayson outside.

"Say, partner," he said, with an unpleasant smile, "ye don't go up to Cracker's Neck fer nuthin', do ye?" The woman had lived at Cracker's Neck before she appeared at the Gap, and it did not come to Grayson what the man meant until he was half-way to his room. Then he flushed hot and wheeled back to the cabin, but the mountaineer was gone.

"Tell that fellow he had better keep out of my way," he said to the woman, who understood, and wanted to say something, but not knowing how, nodded simply. In a few days the other children went back to the cabin, and day and night Grayson went to see the child, until it was out of danger, and afterwards. It was not long before the women in town complained that the mother was ungrateful. When they sent things to eat to her the servant brought back word that she had called out, "Set them over thar," without so much as thank." One message was that "she didn't want no second-hand victuals from nobody's table." Somebody suggested sending the family to the poor-house. The mother said "she'd go out on her crutches and hoe corn fund, and that the people who talked 'bout sending her to the po'house had better save their breath to make prayers with." One day she was hired to do some washing. The mistress of the house happened not to rise until ten o'clock. Next morning the woman did not appear until that hour. "She wasn't goin' to work a lick while that woman was a-layin' in bed," she said, frankly. And when the lady went down town, she too disappeared. "Nor would she, she explained to Grayson, "while that woman was a-struttin' the streets."

After that, one by one, they let her alone, and the woman made not a word of complaint. Within a week she was working in the fields, when she should have been back in bed. The result was that the child sickened again. The old look came back to his face, and Grayson was there night and day. He was having trouble out in Kentucky about this time, and he went to the Blue Grass pretty often. Always, however, he left money with me to see that the child was properly buried if it should die while he was gone; and once he telegraphed to ask how it was. He said he was sometimes afraid to open my letters for fear that he should read that the baby was dead. The child knew Grayson's voice, his step. It would go to him from its own mother. When it was sickest and lying torpid it would move the instant he stepped into the room, and, when he spoke, would hold out its thin arms, without opening its eyes, and for hours Grayson would walk the floor with the troubled little baby over his shoulder. I thought several times it would die when one trip Grayson was away for two weeks. One midnight, indeed, I found the mother moaning, and three female harpies about the cradle. The baby was dying this time, and I ran back for a flask of whiskey. Ten minutes late with the whiskey that night would have been too late. The baby got to know me and my voice during that fortnight, but it was still in danger when Grayson got back, and we went to see it together. It was very weak, and we both leaned over the cradle, from either side, and I saw the pity and affection—his hungry, half-shamed affection—in Grayson's face. The child opened its eyes, looked from one to the other, and held out its arms to me. Grayson should have known that the child forgot—that it would forget its own mother. He turned, and his face was a little pale. He gave something to the woman, and not till then did I notice that her soft black eyes never left him while he was in the cabin. The child got well; but Grayson never went to the shack again, and he said nothing when I came in one night and told him that some mountaineer—a long, dark fellow—had taken the woman, the children, and the tarnished household goods of the shack back into the mountains.

"They don't grieve long," I said, "these people." But long afterwards I saw the woman again along the dusty road that leads into the Gap. She had heard over in the mountains that Grayson was dead, and had walked for two days to learn if it was true. I pointed back toward Bee Rock, and told her that he had fallen from the cliff back there. She did not move, nor did her look change. Moreover, she said nothing, and, being in a hurry, I had to ride on. At the foot-bridge over Roaring Fork I looked back. The woman was still there, under the hot mid-day sun, in the dust of the road, motionless.—Harper's Weekly.

Education in Centre County.

This is a short review of our county's education for the years 1893-1896, ending May 1, since Prof. C. L. Gramley is in office—based upon the annual statistical reports of the Sup't., which he has been so kind a to give into my hands. At first this study was purely for my personal benefit, but although only statistics, it became so interesting and instructive that I finally concluded that it might be likewise to others should the WATCHMAN see fit to publish it. To all interested in education, and who should not be, it will speak volumes of information, conditions and duties.

First in regard to houses, twenty-nine buildings have been erected and remodeled in the last four years, their number having been increased from 198 to 209; the number of school rooms increased from 264 to 275, and the number of good school rooms from 148 to 153. The seating capacity and suitable furniture supply are receiving more careful attention.

SCHOOLS.

The whole number of pupils enrolled increased from 9,792 to 10,926, (Miles Twp., 381 to 341); number of schools increased from 261 to 273; number of graded schools 100 to 110. For the last two years textbooks have been supplied free of cost to the district. For the last two years the Bible has been read in all the schools. The number of schools in which the higher branches are taught is also increasing.

TEACHERS.

The whole number increased from 264 to 276, the men increasing from 155 to 171, and the women decreasing from 109 to 105. Bellefonte, Philipsburg and Rush township have the most lady teachers. The average age of both sexes is 27. The employment of teachers without previous experience is on a decrease, and that of teachers of five or more years of experience increasing. There is also an increased employment of those holding professional certificates. Those employed having permanent certificates, from 30 to 37 per year in number. About 16 State Normal graduates have been employed per year on an average, and are not increasing either, but those not being graduates at State Normals have happily decreased from 47 to 34. The number of employed teachers educated in common schools increased from 68 to 130. According to this the academies and select schools conducted at Spring Mills, Rebersburg, Millheim, must be doing excellent work, meeting the county's higher educational demand, then the spring terms of equal length at our State Normals. The number educated in academies or seminaries have been averaging 114 annually. Teachers who are college graduates increased from 10 to 14.

Sup't. Gramley made 1309 visits to schools. Only 10 schools were not visited in four years of which 3 it was impossible to visit, two being snow bound and the third closed. 840 visits by all the directors who are becoming more interested in this their duty.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Sup't. attended sixteen educational meetings. In 1896 it is estimated that there are still 312 children between the ages of six and sixteen not in school, but we are glad to state that this number is on a decrease having been 476 the year before. There are 198 directors and controllers constituting school boards, there having been 3 women as members of school boards, but at present none.—South Philipsburg 2, Bellefonte 1.

To every reader of the above undisputed statistics, the following facts must be self-evident; that our county through its energetic superintendent, school directors and voters is progressing as much as present circumstances will allow; that through the mercies of the number of buildings, remodeling of buildings, and rooms, and the supply of proper school furniture the physical and physiological necessities are more complied with for a freer and more normal brain and mental activity. Something so much emphasized by the most recent investigators of child-mind study on the Continent and in America; that grading of schools increases in the same proportion as their number, thus affording more specialization and hence better instruction to the individual, that at last the rich and poor have equal educational opportunities by supply of free textbooks; that biblical instruction is much insisted upon, about which there is so much negligence in some counties; that the standard of education is gradually becoming higher in examinations and in the employment of those of most experience and better knowledge; that the superintendent and directors are doing more visiting than ever was done before; that educators are seeing the great necessity of attending county, state and national associations; that the compulsory school law is after all a very good thing; that woman suffrage is on a decline in Centre county in regard to electing them as school directors, and finally that the future educational outlook is very hopeful through a non-recognition of political and ecclesiastical bigotry and jealousy. H. ELMER BIERLY, Rebersburg.

SPRAYING TREES.

Last Monday morning Prof. Geo. C. Butz, horticulturist at the Pennsylvania State College, gave an impromptu talk on tree spraying and a practical illustration in the Alexander orchard at McCalmont's lime kilns. A small though representative body of fruit growers from different parts of the county were there to receive instructions. Prof. Butz talked only on the extermination of the codling moth and other insect and fungus life that is parasitic on fruit trees. For the destruction of all fungus growth he recommended the Bordeaux mixture as a spray, then to kill insect life he advised the addition of paris green to the mixture. For fungus growth sprays should be used early, about the time the buds are just bursting then followed up with two or three applications later, until the work is thoroughly done and there is no danger that rains have counteracted the effect of the spray. The last application should contain the paris green and should be used just about the time the blossoms begin to fall. Then insect life is most active on fruit trees and there is a greater probability of killing it.

A Pest of Rabbits.

California's rabbit nuisance is assuming proportions and making progress which most unappreciatedly suggest comparison with the actual plague of rabbits that afflicts Australia; afflicts it in a hopeless degree, according to the latest reports of the various colonial governments. California has lately adopted some Australian methods of thinning out the rabbits, and apparently with about the same limited measure of success. In Australia the attempt to exterminate them has been given up, and every effort is now directed to confining the rabbits to certain areas, or rather to keeping them out of certain cultivated regions. Even this entails enormous expense on the governments and land owners, is by no means sure, and often is unsuccessful. It is stated that in one county alone in California the loss to farmers from rabbits and hares amounted last year to \$800,000. Many experiments with poison have been made, but the farmers have about concluded that the only thing to do is occasionally to thin out the rabbits by holding big round-up hunts or drives. The story of several of these drives recently undertaken has been told in the Sun. It is estimated that as a result of 144 drives in all held in California 356,400 rabbits have been killed. But the latest reports say there is no appreciable diminution in their numbers. Some years ago the government of New South Wales offered a reward of £25,000 to any one who suggested a really efficient method of getting rid of the rabbits. This offer stood open for several years, and more than 2,000 schemes were offered, coming from all parts of the world. Many were tried, but none was found to be wholly satisfactory and finally the offer was withdrawn, and the Australians tried to make up their minds to the inevitable permanence of the pest. Ferrets, stoats, and cats were imported and bred in thousands and they have been tried with but little success. Cats were introduced and they also did good service. But the rabbits multiply at such an astounding rate that they have much more than held their own and have spread into new regions, destroying a large proportion of all crops wherever they have penetrated. Directly and indirectly South Australia loses fully £500,000 a year from rabbits. The government of Victoria has been working hard since 1880 trying to keep down the plague, and has spent more than £300,000 in the work. The amount of money spent by farmers and other land owners is incalculable. One man, owning a large estate, has spent £15,000 in the last few years fighting rabbits. The government estimates that no less than 37,750,000 acres of land, farming and grazing, in the colony of Victoria is infested by rabbits. Many schemes have been offered for making use of the rabbits commercially, but just now no elaboration of embroidered beads and silk lace seems too good to be dedicated to its honor. A lovely bodice of grass lawn which it has been my pleasing task to interview this week is embroidered all over with many colored cottons—green, pink, blue and yellow—and this supplied with a tabbed tulle set upon a frill of black velvet, the front of the bodice is trimmed with double tabs from neck to waist, each with tiny little frillings of lace over green chiffon. Many of the gowns are made entirely of muslin, spotted or plain or embroidered, and these look delightful when trimmed with ribbons or lace; and a pleasing model of a plain white muslin gown appears striped with insertions of black lace mounted over a lining of black and white and blue striped satin. Nothing delights the eye as colors, properly harmonized, while nothing jars on a sensitive organization as much as ill assorted tints. The employment of color has its foundation in philosophical laws, for certain shades in close proximity to other tints partake somewhat of their quality, either raising or lowering their tone. Above all, should the woman who values her appearance study the proper application of color to dress. The reason that dark red is becoming to brunettes is because it whitens the skin by contrast. Yellow, especially the dark rich shades, is flattering to olive-skinned women, as it causes them to seem fairer by contrast, one tone neutralizing the other. Deep rose is a difficult color to manage, for under it most dazzling complexion loses their freshness when brought in contact with certain shades of pink. Violet should never be worn by women with muddy skins, as it emphasizes the yellow in their complexion; it is adapted to both brunettes and blondes with a high color, as it tones them down. While the delicate shades of blue, such as forget-me-nots, sky blue and turquoise, are eminently becoming to fair women, they are not flattering to dark ones. Dark blue may be safely worn by blondes and brunettes. Green is par excellence the color of fair, spiritual-looking women. It should not however be donned by those with too red lid cheeks, as it accentuates their pallor; green, however, the most trying shades, may be safely adopted, provided a little lace or frill intervenes, which accentuates all other tones. Dead white is exceedingly trying, and only becomes persons with lovely pink-tinted complexion. Cream and ivory white can be more safely worn. These white materials look well on blonde and brunette alike, as they take on to themselves the vaporous gray tones, due to the transmission of light. Black, while universally worn, is not always becoming, and an all black gown is apt to, age a woman and bring out facial defects.

He Got the Recipe.

A man in Mahanoy city, who couldn't spare \$2 a year for his local paper, sent fifty 2 cent stamps to a down east Yankee to learn how to stop a horse from slobbering. He got the recipe and will probably never forget it. Here it is: "To stop a horse from slobbering, teach him to spit."

Governor Hastings will speak at Gettysburg on Decoration Day.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Now and then capricious fashion decees something that is so thoroughly sensible, so altogether comfortable, that it atones for the dozens of other fads that bring with them nothing but an impulse toward martyrdom. The welcome arrival of this season is the adjustable collar, and if any one not addicted to shirtwaists should doubt its popularity they have only to inquire at the first store they chance upon and they will at once be told that the demand in white collars is so unprecedented that manufacturers are filling their orders through promises, and cannot possibly supply the sudden need. To the fastidious eye there seemed at first an incongruity in a plain white collar surmounting any possible color in a waist, and it is not improbable that another season will furnish collars to match, and in unlimited quantities; but the effect is chic, it is certainly new, and—all the world has adopted it. So we accept it for its unquestioned merits, and conquer the first impression of oddity. An adjustable collar for a shirt waist means a laundry bill lessened by at least one-half and probably two-thirds, since every woman knows that on a warm day nothing is so certain to give her a dowdy look as the gradual disintegration that goes on in the linen about her throat, while the rest of her waist is as fresh as when she donned it.

The popular sailor hat may be varied by different colored ribbon bands, which come with button and elastic attachment, and so may be easily slipped around the crown.

The sash is seen with every possible costume, and is certainly a welcome change from the endless belt. Many of them are marvels of elegance, rich with the most dainty of hand embroidery, in brilliant colorings, but, after all, the really most chic are those of plain, unadorned beauty. Soft sarahs, taffetas, satin, gros grain and every conceivable sort of silk are used. Deeply fringed ends in the elaborately knotted fashion are like—

The girl with a figure inclined to be staidly had best avoid this mode of decoration, as it very much inclines her to look more staidly than ever. The willowy, graceful figure is the one for which the sash is invented. A smart finish for the short waisted figure is a narrow, tight twist of ribbon, with a small bow at the back, instead of the big shawl bow.

White is to be very much worn this season, and rice and yatching gowns are made of white alpaca and serge. Short white capes of silk lace or chiffon will be a desirable possession at the fashionable summer resorts, and the only permissible black cape is elaborately trimmed with white.

The latest novelty in dress materials is a very ordinary hemp sacking, woven, of course, with heavy threads and very open mesh. Some Paris dressmaker has introduced this, and, while it looks very innocent and cheap, the gowns are made very expensive with elegant silk and satin linings and outside decorations of embroidery. Insertion with colored ribbons underneath are used, and the whole effect is not at all suggestive of the low priced sackcloth. Another material called "bure" is very popular, especially in brown; it resembles poplin and mohair, and some sort of them, which is a little like each of the more expensive materials.

The whole tendency in dress materials this season is to produce something transparent enough to necessitate a silk lining and display the shot effects to good advantage, but there is a new substitute for silk called "sunshine," which has a very pretty gloss and a most ingenious way of rustle for those who cannot afford the more expensive lining. Beige colored canvas over pale blue makes a charming dress with a plain skirt and a Louis XVI, coat finished with a hand of black satin around the bottom and two large pearl buttons at the back.

The enormous popularity of grass lawn will speedily bring about a distaste for it, but just now no elaboration of embroidered beads and silk and lace seems too good to be dedicated to its honor. A lovely bodice of grass lawn which it has been my pleasing task to interview this week is embroidered all over with many colored cottons—green, pink, blue and yellow—and this supplied with a tabbed tulle set upon a frill of black velvet, the front of the bodice is trimmed with double tabs from neck to waist, each with tiny little frillings of lace over green chiffon. Many of the gowns are made entirely of muslin, spotted or plain or embroidered, and these look delightful when trimmed with ribbons or lace; and a pleasing model of a plain white muslin gown appears striped with insertions of black lace mounted over a lining of black and white and blue striped satin.

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Some of the fences are hundreds of miles long. One starts at Barrington, on the Queensland border, follows the Main Trunk line from Bourke, and ends at Corowa, extending in an unbroken line for 407 miles. There is another such fence along the entire western boundary of New South Wales, 346 miles long. But even this heroic remedy is not unflinching. The fences are liable to break down, especially in times of flood, and particularly where they cross rivers and creeks. It is impossible to keep the fences under complete and constant supervision in order that breaks may be repaired immediately, and it does not take long for a few thousand rabbits to pour through a break once they find it. It is stated that in many instances hundreds of thousands of rabbits have been seen dead or dying on the outer side of the fence, having eaten up all the available food supplies, and making vain efforts to leap over the closely woven wire netting. These fences are expensive to build and expensive to maintain. They have to be sunk a considerable depth as well as built up quite high. But after many years of heavy loss and disheartening struggles the Australians have come to consider this as the only means of dealing with the pest.

On Friday afternoon about two o'clock the fire alarm sounded and at once the streets were filled with people inquiring "where is the fire?" Upon investigation it was found that the alarm had been sent out from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Spigelmyer on Howard street, where the lace curtains had taken fire from a lighted gas jet. By the time the engines and fire companies arrived some one, with much presence of mind, had thrown the burning curtains and bed clothes out into the street thereby averting what might have been a serious conflagration.