BEBEE

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

BY OUIDA.

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER V.

"If I could save a centime a day, I could buy a pair of stockings this time next year," thought Bolses, locking her shoes with her other treasures in her drawer the next moreing, and taking her broom and pail to wash own her little palace.

But a contime a day is a great deal in Bra-But a centume a day is a great doal in Bra-bant, when one has not always enough for bare bread, and when, in long chill within, one must weave thread lace all through that short daylight for next to nothing at all for there are so many women in Brabant, and every one of them, young or old, can make lace, and if one do not like the pithul wage, one may leave it and go and die, for what the mater lace makers care of know; there will always be enough, many know; there will always be enough, many more than enough, to twist the thread round

the bobblins, and weave the bridal veils, and the trains for the courts. "And besides if I can save a conthus the

Varnhart children ought to have it," thought Variation choice to have it, "thooghed Bebes, as also swept the dust together. It was so solidal of her to be dreaming about a pair of stockings when those little things often went for dots on a slew of methes. So she looked at her own pretty feet-pretty, and slander, and archest, resy sui-fair, and uncramped by the pressure of leather-and resigned her day dream with a trave heart as she and un her brown and

brave heart, as she put up her broom and went out to weed, and hee, and trim, and prune the garden that had been for once negad the night before.

"One could not move half so endly in stockings," she thought with true philosophy, as she worked among the black, fresh, sweet smelling mold, and kissed a ress new and then as she passed one.

When she got into the city that day, her rish bottomed chair, which was always left upside down, in case rain should fall in the night, was set ready for her, and on its seat was a gay, gilded box, such as rich people give away full of bonbons.

Babee stood and looked from the box to the Broodhuls, from the Broodhule to the box; she glanced around, but no one had come there so early as she, except the tinker, who was busy quarreling with his wife and letwas busy quarreling with his wife and let-ting his scaling fire burn a hole in his in her brief life the Broothuis seemed to

"The box was certainly for her, since it

was set upon har chair "-Babes pendered a moment; then little by little opened the lid. Within, on a nest of rose satin, were two pair of alls stockings --Real alls --with the the rain prettiest clocks worked up their sides in color; Bebee gave a little scream, and stood still, the blood hot in har cheeks; no one heard har, the tinker's wife, who alone was near, having just withod heaven to send a judgment on her husband, was busy putting out his smoking

small clothes. It is a way that women and wives have, and they never see the bathes of it. The place filled gradually.

The customary crowds gathered. The business of the day began underneath the multi-tudinous tones of the chiming bells. Bebee's business began, too; she put the box behind her with a beating heart and tied up her flowers.

It was the fairies, of course !--but they had never set a rush bottomed chair on its legs before, and this action of theirs frightened her. It was rather an empty morning. Sho sold little, and there was the more time to think.

About an hour after noon a voice addressed "Have you more moss roses for me!"

Bebes looked up with a smile, and found some. It was her companion of the cathedral. She had thought much of the red shoes and the sliver clasps, but she had thought nothing at all of him.

"You are not too proud to be paid today " he said, giving her a silver frano-he would not alarm her with any more gold; she thanked him, and ellpped it in her little leathern pouch, and went on sorting some clove pinks.

and smile in mu eyes damied nor a intile; is "How late you are working to alght, Enwas so strange, and yet had so much light in it, but she did not understand him one whit. basi" one or two called out as they passed the gate. She loaced up and smiled; but how could Li" she said earnestly. "If I were to save for two years, I could not get france mough to buy anything worth giving back; and I should be so unhappy, thinking of the debt of it always. Do tell us if you put those stockings there?

make a meal for the fowls in the morning. "Little ugir, shameful, maked cost!" are used to them, sitting on the size of her mat-trees, and looking at them in the moonlight. "No;" be looked at her, and the trivial lie faltered and died away; the eyes, clear as erystal, questioned him so innocently. "Well, if I did?" he said frankly, "you

wished for them; what harm was there? Will you be so cruel as to refuse them from The tears sprang into Bebeo's eyes, She

was sorry to loss the beautiful box, but more serry he had lied to her. "It was very kind and good," she said, re-

But for once she saw none of It. But for once the black Broedbuls, the red Bbs only saw the black Broedbuls, the red and gold sunset overhead; the gray stones, and ber eyes grew wistful and wondering with the fallen ross leaves and crushed fruits; and in the shadow two dark, reproachful

eyes, that looked at hors. Rad she been ungrateful! The little tender, honest heart of her was

troubled and oppressed. For once that night she slept ill. CHAPTER VL

All the next day she sat under the yellow awning, but she sat alone. It was market day; there were many strangers. Flowers were in domand. The copper places were ringing against one another all the hours through in her leathern bag. The cobbler was in such good humor that he forgot to quarrel with his wife. The

entition

fruit was in such plenty that they gave bor a loaf full of white and red currants for bor An Open Letter from Henry M. Stanley noonday dinner. And the people split their sides at the Chenp John's jokes, he was so (B) the Commercial Cable to the Herald. droll. No one saw the leaks in his kottles or the hole in his bellows, or the leg that was lack ing notice was mailed last sight ting in his milking stoel. Measure, Charles Scribner's Sons, and

Everybody was gay and merry that day have been shown the original signed copy But Babee's hus eyes looked wintfully over the throng, and did not find what they sought. Somehow the day seemed dull, and 1 beg distinctly to state that it

the square empty. When the day was done Bebee gave a quick thority to publish anything whatever o algh as she looked across the square. She had so wanted to tell him that she was not un grateful; and she had a little more reservady. Measure, Harper Brothers. My new and shortly forthcoming work "In Darkess with a sprig of sweetbriar, and a tiny spray of maklen hair fore that grew under the will laws, which she had kept covered up with a cannot too empirationally condenan the

leaf of sycamore all the day long. No one would have it now. The shild went out of the place sadiy, as the many of truth and justice, put forth ar carillon rang. There was only the meas ross advectisement headed, Look out' De

that had been given her for her dinner,

thing, the sea. But this dall day Bebee did not go down vious works; and being an American

that streamed from them, and they made her restless, which they had never done before. Instead she went in at a dark old door and I am aware that several other publish-

old woman in a red petticest and a tight cap, who sat against the window, and pricked out

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S. SCRIPT

Oregon



"A folsehood is never a thing for a man." She shut the box and pushed it towards him and turned to the selling of her bouquets. Her voice shook a little as she tied up a bunch

of mignonative and told the price of it. Those benutiful stockings! why had she over seen than, and why had he told har a lie!

frown between her and the sun. Undisturbed, he painted on and did not look

_The day was nearly dona. The people begen to scatter. The shadows grew very long. He painted, not glancing once elsewhere than at his study. Bebee's baskets were quite

empty. She rose, and lingered, and regarded him wistfully, he was angered; perhaps she had been rude! Her little heart failed her.

If he would only look up! But he did not look up! But he did not look up! he kept his hand-some dark face studiously over the canvas of the Broodhuis. She would have seen a smile in his eyes if he had lifted them, but he nover

raised his lids, Belies hesifated, take the stockings she would not; but perhaps she had refused him too roughly. She wished so that he would look up and save her speaking first; but he know what his was about too warily and well to help her thus.

She waited awhile, then took one little red mom rose bud that due had saved all day in a corner of her bashet, and held it out to him frankly, shyly, as a peace offering. "Was I rudef I did not mean to be, but 1

cannot take the stockings; and why did you tell me that faischood ? He took the rose bud and rose too, and

amiled, but he did not meet her eyes. "Let us forget the whole matter; it is not worth a sou. If you do not take the box

leave it; it is of no use to me." "I cannot take it," She know she was doing right. How was Bit that he could make her fool as though she it that he could make her fool as though she

athern pouch, and want on sorting some propuls, and want on sorting some "You do not seem to remember me!" be aid, with a little andness. Were acting wrongly! "Leave it, then, I say You are not the first woman, my dear, who has quarreled with a wish fulfilled. It is a way your sex based for the source of source of a way your sex based for the source of source of a source of a source of a source of the source of a source of vero acting wrongly!

in her basics, and the red and white currants not be deceived." which is made up o She went along the twisting, many colored, maintly fashioned streets, till she came to the "Heroes of the Dark Cootinent," I re-

water side. Bebes was fond of watching the brigs and barges, that looked as big to her, with their national flags fring, and their tail masts standing thick as grains, and their tawny sails flapping in the wind, and about them the sweet, strong smell of that strange, unknown

upon the wharf, she did not want the sallors' citizen and therefore holding my copy tales, she saw the masts and bits of bunting right there, I shall in due time take

climbed up a steep statrense that went up and up as though she were mounting St. Gudule's beitry towers, and at the top of it inghtirow that all my good friends in

entered a little chamber in the roof, where one square ungland hole that served for light looked out upon the canal, with all its and bear in mind that my authorized crowded craft, from the dainty schoozer work will becalled "In Parkest Africa."

yacht, fresh as gilding and holystens could make her, that was running for pleasure to the Scheldt, to the rude, clumsy coal barge, B. J. Snanr, Local Agent.

of Belgium to the mow buried reside of Claris tiania and Stromstad. In the little dark attic there was a very office

TEMPER LAND ACT. JUNES, 1678.

"Oh, I remember you," said Bebee, lifting old witch-have is a treasure trove for you, her frank eyes. "But you know I speak to so many people, and they are all nothing tome." You can sell it for ten france in the town anywhere."

the flowers," do nothing for you.

She looked at him eagerly.

found a box, and some stockings-such beau-tiful stockings! Silk onest is it not very self wayward and ungrateful, and it was odd#

m so long. May I see them !" "I cannot show them to you now. These taken it himself she would have been glad you so long. May I see them !"

"I will wait and paint the Broodhuis."

So many people do that; you are a painter be glad. then !"

"Yes-in a way,"

He sat down on an edge of the stall, and spread his things there, and sketched, while the traffic went around them. He was very the traffic went around them. many years older than she; handsoms, with a dark, and changeful, and listiess face; he wore brown values, and had a red ribbon at Bebes lifted her dropped head and looked

have done when wooing Claire. Bebes, as she sold the flowers and took the her look.

of Beneva garden were and again, sitting on the not take what you cannot pay-not ever what you cannot pay-not ever what you cannot pay-that is the way to walk with pure text. Perhaps I spoke ill, because tread out on the board, he talked to her, and, tossed out on the board, he talked to her, and, with pure test.' Perhaps I spoke ill, because with the soft, imperceptible skill of long they spoll me and they say I am too swift to

There were not always people to buy, and whilst ahe rested and shaltered the flowers from the sun abe answered him willingly, and in one of the location rested and shaltered the flowers from the sun abe answered him willingly, and in one of the location rested are the flowers from the sun abeanswered him willingly, and in one of the location rested are the flowers from the sun abeanswere thom will be the flowers in one of the location rested are the flowers in one of the location rested are the flowers in one of the location rested are the flowers in one of the location rested are the flowers are thought in the location of the location rest the statement the stateme in one of her longer rests abowed him the did it matter to her what a stranger thought! wonderful stockings.

"Do you think it could be the fairles?" she laughed a little coldly, and bade her good asked him a little doubtfally. It was easy to make her believe any fan-

tastical nonsense; but her fairles were ethereal divinities. She could scarcely believe grateful that they had laid that box on her chair. She ba

itatingly. why should there be any limit to what they they can do! It is the same with the saints, had come in from Vilvoorde fair and brought is it not !"

"Yes," said Bobee, thoughtfully. garden to work. The saints were mixed up in her imagination with the fairies in an intricacy that would have defied the best reasonings of Father

Francis. "Well, then, you will wear the stockings, will you not? Only, believe me, your feet are the droll frogs creak in the rushes, while the far prettier without them."

Bebee langhed happily, and took another peep in the cozy rose satin next. But her lit-tle face had a certain perplexity. Suddenly she turned on him

she turned on him. "Did not you put them there?"

"Il-never!"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite; but why ask!"

"Because," said Bebee, shutting the box resolutely and pushing it a little away, "because I would not take it if you did. You are a stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine always said."

hart children, or your old friend who gave

"Ab, that is very different. When people are very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save with the other, little presents that they save are very, very poor, equally poor, the one with the other, little presents that they save for and make with such a difficulty, are just things that are a pleasure; sacrifoes, like your sitting up with a sick person at night, and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?" and then she sits up with you another year when you want it. Do you not know?" "I know you talk very prettily. But why flowers. should you not take any one else's present, though he may not be poor P "Because I could not return it."

"Could you not?"

of rewarding gods and men. Here, you aved them for you. They are the first cur

"Who is anything to you?" It was softly and insidiously spoken, but it awoke no echo, "Varnhart's children," she answered him, instantly. "And old Annemie by the wharf-side—and Tambour—and Antoine's grave-and the starling—and, of course, above all, the flowers "

is flowers." "The tears swam in Beboo's eyes as abe saw "And the fairies, I suppose?-though they o nothing for you." The tears swam in Beboo's eyes as abe saw the box whirled through the air. She had done right—she was sure she had

done right. "They have done something today. I have He was a stranger, and she could never

ddi" hard to see the beautiful fairy gift borne away forever by the cherckling, hobbling,

ladies are going to buy. But you can see then to have been brave and to have done her them later-if you wait." But it was not in his design that she should

He now her tears, but he seemed not to see

therri.

to do." his throat; he looked a little as Egmont might have done when wooing Claira.

Bebes, as she sold the flowers and took the change fifty times in the hour, glanced at him now and then, and watched the move-ments of his hands—she could not have told why. He spoke to her rarely, and sketched on and on in rapid bold strokes the qualit grace, and muscive richness of the Maison du Roi. The painter took a long time. He set about it with the bold ease of one used to all the in-tricacies of form and color, and he had the shill of a master. But he spent more than half the time looking idly at the humors of the populace or watching how the treasmers of Bebee's garden went away one by one in

bee's garden went away one by one in nds of strangers, you would have thought me very mean, and full of greed; and Antoine always said, 'Do

And yet Bebee's heart was heavy as he day, and left her alone to go out of the city homewards. A sense of having done wrong weighed on her; of having been rude and un-

She had no heart for the children that "Impossible to doubt it!" he replied unhese tatingly. "Given a belief in fairies at all, bor door shelling peas, and called to her to a stock of rare good berries with him. But Bebee thankad her and went on to her own

old people told her takes of the time of how in their babyhood they had run out, fearful yet fuscinated, to see the beautiful Scots Grays flash by in the murky night, and the endless

But to-night she had no fancy for it; she

Waterloo.

rants we have seen this year. Mot oh, for a me, I have eaten more than are good! You # know I pick fruit like a sparrow, always.

each crumb she broke off the broad. "Why had you not a grandmother of your

own, my little one?" she mumbled. "How good you would have been to har. Hebes!" "Yes," said Bobee, seriously, but her ailed could not grasp the idea. It was easier for her to believe the fanciful filly parentage or

Antoine's stories. "How much work have you done, Annemie! Oh, all that! All that! But there is enough for a wook. You work too early and too late, you dear Annemie." "Nay, Babee, when one has to get one's bread that cannot be. But I am afraid my

eyes are failing. That rose, now, is it well donsf "Beautifully done. Would the Bass take

take them if they were not! You know he la one that cuts every centime in four pieces." "Ahi sharp enough, sharp enough-that is true. But I am always afraid of my eyes. I do not see the flags out there so well as I used

"Because the sun is so bright, Annenite

that is all. I myself, when I have been sit-ting all day in the Place in the light, that flowers look pule to ma. And you know it is not age with me, Annemie." The old woman and the young girl laughed

together at that droll iden. "You have a marry heart, dear little one," maid old Annomie. "The snints keep it to you

alwaya." "May I tidy the room a little?" "To be sure, dear, and thank you too. I have not much time, you see, and somehow

my back aches badly when I stoop." "And it is so damp here for you, over all that water!" said Bobeens she swept and dusted and set to rights the tiny place, and put in a little broken pot a few sprays of honeysuckle and resemary that she had brought with her. "It is so damp here. You should have come and lived in my hut with me, Annomio, and sat out under the vine all day, and looked after the chickens for me when I was in the town. They are such

mischievous little souls; as soon as my back is turned one or other is sure to push through the roof, and get out among the flowerbeds. Will you never change your mind, and live with me. Amontifet 1 am sure yon would be happy, and the starling says

your name quite plain, and he is such a funny bird to talk to, you never would tire of him. Will you never come? It is so thright there, and green and sweet smelling; and to think yoh never even have seen it!-and the swans end all-it is a shame."

"No dear," said old Annemie, enting her last bunch of curranta "Yon have said ec so often, and you are good and mean it, that I know. But I could not leave the water. It would kill me. Out of this window, you know, I saw my Jeannot's brig go away-away

a sure, and her mato; and as proud as might be, and with a little blast Mary in lead round the threat. She was to be back in port in eight months, bringing limber

snake through the summer dust and the trampled corn, going out past the woods to Waterloo.

 wanted to be alone with the flowers.
Though, to be sure, they had been very the daisies them, still they had sympathy, the daisies the match and when he washome safe and such that was the flower was being to for the set of the set brigs are all much alike, and only her I alnse I would not take it if you on. You and stranger, and a present is a debt, so Antoine ways said." "Why take a present then from the Varn-"Why take a present then from the Varn-mood might be; the flowers were closer flax nor I to spin the hose. But the hank of flax I never saw this time, nor the brave







She had always liked to sit out on the quaint wooden steps of the mill and under the red shadow of the sails, watching the swallows futter to and for the the the swallows

Eight months-that brought Easter time. flash by in the murky night, and the endless line of guns and caissons crawi back as a you know. I ast here watching them come

