

B E B E ,
OR
TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

BY OUIDA.

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER: VIII.
"Can I do any work for you, Bebe?" said black Jeanot in the daybreak, pushing her gate quickly with one hand.

"There is no time to do, Jeanot. They want little in this time of the year—the flowers," said she, lifting her head from the sweet peas she was tying up to their sticks.

The woodman did not answer; he leaned over the half open wicket, and wayed it backward and forward under his bare arms. He was a tall, thin, slender, dark-haired peasant, a peasant and simple as a child, and girls' peasant; having spent all his days in the great Salgoise forests making fagots when he was a little lad, and hewing down trees or burning charcoal as he grew to manhood.

"Who was that knight with you last night, Bebe?" he asked, after a long silence, watching her as she moved.

Bebe's eyes grew very soft, but they looked up frankly.

"I am not surprised—I think he is a painter—a great painter, prince, I mean—as Rubens was in Antwerp, he wanted roses the night before last in the cathedral."



"Who sees that *seigneur* with you last night, Bebe?"

"But he was walking with you!"

"He was in the lane as I came home last night—yes."

"What does he give you for your roses?"

"Oh—he pays me well. How your mother loves you, Jeanot!"

"You do not like to talk of him?"

"Why should you want to talk of him!—he is nothing to you."

"Did you really see him only two days ago, Bebe?"

"Oh, Jeanot!—did I tell you a falsehood?—you would not say that to one of your little sisters."

The former stayed the gate to and fro.

Belos not regarding him, cut her flowers, and filled her basket, and did her other work, and set a ladder against the butt and climbed on its low root to seek for eggs, the hives having green taste sometimes for the rushes and hives of its trash. She found two eggs, which she promised herself to take to Amiens, and looking round as she sat on the edge of the ladder, with one foot on the highest rung of the ladder, saw that Jeanot was still at the gate.

"You will be late in the forest, Jeanot;—she cried to him. "It is such a long, long way in out. Why do you look so sulky? and you are kicking the wicket to pieces."

"I do not like you to talk with strangers," said Jeanot, suddenly and sadly.

Belos not regarding him, cut her flowers, and the larch, and looked at the shining gray skin of the early day, and the dew wet garden, and the green fields beyond, with happy eyes that made the familiar scene transformed to him.

"Nevertheless"—he said to himself and smiled.

For her, the painter all his life dead, believed that every daughter of Eve either vanishes the Red Mouse or swallows it.

It makes so little difference—which either—the Red Mouse has been there.

And yet, stretching there in the dusky red of evening, the larches, the little red mouse crept and forgot the Red Mouse and began vaguely to see that there are creatures of his mother's sex from whom the beast of Brocken slinks away.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

7-21-0-25

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., July 19, 1880.

Charles H. Kinney.

The next day she had her promised book under the lime leaves of her empty basket, and Belos not, and thought she had not seen them very long or spoken to him very much, she was lost.

The golden gate of knowledge had just opened to her; she saw a faint, far off glimpse (To be continued.)

CHAPTER X.

The next day she had her promised book under the lime leaves of her empty basket, and Belos not, and thought she had not seen them very long or spoken to him very much, she was lost.

Belos not checked grow warm as with some noonday heat of sunshine. She thought it was with anger against blundering Jeanot.

"Not and what would his name be, if I did know it? I cannot ask people's names because they are not mine."

"As if it were only roses!"

There was the length of the garden between them, and Belos did not hear as she sat on the edge of her roof with that light dreamful enjoyment of air and sky and coolness, and all the beauty of the dawning day, which the sweet vague sense of a personal happiness will bring to it as the dullest and the coldest.

"You are cross, Jeanot, that is what it is," she said after awhile. "You should not be cross; you are too big and strong and good. Go in and get my bowl of bread and milk for me, and hand it to me up here. It is so pleasant. It is as now as being perched on an apple tree."

Jeanot went in obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he took up his basket and turned away; for he was the sole support of his mother and sisters, and if he did not do his work in Soignies they would starve at home.

"Will you be seeing that strange again?" he asked her.

"Yes!—she answered, with a glad triumph in her eyes, not thinking at all of him as she spoke. "You ought to go, Jeanot, now, you are so late. I will come and see you mother-to-morrow. And do not be cross, you dear big Jeanot. Days are too short to climb up into little bits by bad temper; it is only a stupid sheep shearer that spills the fleece by snapping it at sharp and hard—that is what Father Francis says."

Jeanot went up obediently and handed up her bread to her, looking at her with shy, wistful eyes. But his face was overcast, and he sighed heavily as he