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The Way of the World.

When'er we see a man
Who's wise beyond the rule;
We ask who is there, can
Take his place another day,
When his soul has passed away
Out of all this world of life—
When the world fates his life-thread sever
And he is lost to us forever?

To us it seems as though
The world could scarcely stand—
The course of things scarce goes
Without his guiding hand.
Strong the wide world of a direct,
Reconciling every sect,
Keeping evil courses checked—
A hand that's strong enough, and clever,
To keep the world's course straight forever.

But when he gains the bound,
When runs his earthly race,
Another man is found
Straightway to fill his place;
Just as though it were to prove
Others can the world make move
In its old accustomed groove—
The world, that would survive him never,
Still rolls on just the same as ever.

We learn a lesson here;
We find we, after all,
Who think ourselves so dear,
Are only very small.
Though we do our best to-day
That our praises men may say,
And we remember ay,
Yet, notwithstanding our endeavor,
Our deeds and we are missed scarce ever.
—Domestic Monthly.

Our Little Servant-Maid.

I never thought so little of Barbara Darling as I did that July afternoon when she stood by the window with a pout on her lips and a frown on her brow, looking out on the road with eyes that saw nothing, and utterly oblivious to the fact that her dear, ever-cheeked, bright-eyed little sister was tugging at her skirt with one small hand and holding up her doll with the other, while she piteously complained, "There's sum'n' berry awful wrong er matter wif my baby, Baba; her's broke in her inside, an' can't get no more to eat." "What's the matter?" asked the speaker, as though to make up for this deficiency on the part of her "baby," burst into a loud, long and tearful cry herself, and even then Barbara only pulled her dress out of the dimpled little hand, and said, in a decidedly unamiable manner, "Oh, bother!"

Barbara Darling was not pretty, that is, not very pretty—at least there was a diversity of opinion about her. The young men, alluding to her eyes and hair, spoke of violets and buttercups, the young women, on the contrary, young women are so unpoetical when by themselves!—sneered, "Blue chins and molasses candy;" the young men called it was "awfully babyish;" the young women called her "a fairy," the young men "a dwarf."

She was the best of eight children; had no accomplishments, unless singing a ballad or two passably well could be called one; was eighteen years old, poor and—and—well, to tell the honest truth, rather high-tempered. And yet she had for a lover handsome, talented, proud, wealthy Anthony Ditto, the match that all the girls in her circle had been making eyes at for a year before he, with heart still untouched, had met "wee Bab," as he called her.

How he came to notice her at all goodness knows, unless the comicality of the introduction struck through the dignity which enveloped her in a mantle, and softening his heart, let her steal into it, and then being a busy sort of a little body, he couldn't get rid of her afterward.

"Miss Barbara Darling," said the provoking Ned Parker, "Mr. Anthony Ditto" and we (yes, we, I'm Bab Darling) burst out laughing at the manner, you know; and from that moment we were excellent friends until the day we ceased to be friends and became lovers.

Fapa and mamma were delighted with the engagement, and so was I, for of course I loved him dearly; and yet for the life of me I couldn't stop to get it called "flirting," though I'm sure I didn't mean it for that. You see every body is so very kind to a little woman that it is almost impossible for me to be dignified. She gets used to being treated like a child, and accepts pet names and bouquets and bonbons and gloves and the best of every thing, and talks and laughs and sings with pleasant people of the opposite sex just as a child would.

Now Anthony didn't like it—absurd fellow!—I wasn't to marry him?—and he used to look, oh! so very grim and ogreish, and lecture me on the impropriety of my conduct, until I felt myself the most miserable of sinners; but—I don't know how to account for it—I always forgot the lecture as soon as it was over, and was in disgrace again immediately.

"Well, the other evening—Fourth of July evening it was—a party of us young folks went to the village green to see the pyrotechnic (I had to consult the dictionary before I ventured on that word) display, and arriving there rather late, found ourselves the last ones, and consequently on the outside of the crowd. Ned Parker and I tried to push our way to the front, but we couldn't and I didn't see a thing, excepting few rockets and blue-lights, until it was very late, when Ned lifted me in his arms so that I might at last catch a glimpse of Washington, blessing his countrymen and women with one fiery hand, while he pointed to a Roman candle that had just gone up with the other.

Anthony was a few feet away, talking to Nettie Brooke; and when I joined him, respecting to meet with a terrible frown, he greeted me with a charming smile. And all the rest of the evening he was as amiable as possible, and though he had several five-minute chances to scold me, never said a reproving word—never even referred to the George W. episode, but he did worse—he flirted himself.

That I had never dreamed of, and I must say that I thought—at the time—

it was a real mean thing for a great tall fellow like him to do to revenge himself on a mite like me.

Yes, he flirted for two long, very long, hours; and when (the party ended at our house) the children proposed a kissing game, he, my haughty, reserved lover, joined in with that bold Brooke girl, and chose her for a "partner" every time, kissing her on the mouth—and she has a pretty mouth—as he did so.

I should have liked to box her ears, and his too, for that matter—but I didn't of course not. I sauntered about with Ned Parker, and looked up into his face as though every moment I discovered some new beauty in it; and when Nettie bade me good-night (Anthony could find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there), I kissed her, and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh! very much—very, very much, indeed," said she, flinging a look which she meant to be tender, but it wasn't she has big, black, shallow eyes—at Anthony. "I never enjoyed myself so much."

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement ring from my finger and flung it upon the ground, and I actually, I'm ashamed to tell it, but I did—made my hand into a fist and shook it at my promised husband. What would mamma, the dear, meek darling—I don't get my temper from her—have said if she had seen me?

As for Anthony, he wasn't the least bit frightened, but caught the fist, and shut up in his strong right hand like something in a box.

"I hate you!" I cried. "Nobody ever treated me so before."

"But how many have you treated so?" he asked, with a smile; and I couldn't help thinking how handsome he looked in the silver moonlight.

"Everybody has always done what-ever I wanted them to do," I went on, stamping my foot.

"And consequently spoiled you," said he.

"What did you love me for, if I'm not—not vice?"

"Because I knew the moment I saw you, you were mine, you were my fate, I thought you were nice then, and wanted to take you in my arms the moment you smiled on me."

"And now I think you a bad-tempered, selfish, willful, unreasonable girl."

"Indeed, you're wrong," I said, "I'm away, but not before he had kissed it with the most provoking coolness. "Then we'll part, unless you change your opinion immediately, and promise never to speak to Nettie Brooke again."

"I shall make no such silly promise, Barbara! Good gracious! the idea of my calling me Barbara! I have promised to drive her to the depot to-morrow."

"You return to the city together?"

"We return by the same train, as we have done a dozen times before."

"Go," said I, almost beside myself with rage. "I never want to see you again."

"Are you sure, Barbara?" he asked—"quite sure? I think you had better wait for a day or two before you banish me. If by the day after to-morrow—your birthday—you still 'hate' me, send me word to that effect, and I will, the moment your name is read, accept a position offered to me this morning, and start for a home beyond the sea. Good-night, Miss Darling."

"Good-night, Mr. Ditto."

And he strode away up the road, and I picked up my ring and stole into the house, and cried as though my heart would break. It was so cruel of him to be unkind to a poor little thing like me.

The next morning, as I sat on the front porch darning the children's stockings—dear me! it seems to me every time stocking-darning time comes around there never could be another family with so many legs as ours—Anthony drove past with Nettie Brooke at his side. I hid behind the stocking basket until they were out of sight, and then I flew to my desk and wrote as bitter a note as a woman twice my size could have written, and I sent it to the village post-office free very evening by our little servant-maid.

Our little servant-maid is a pretty little maid, with large honest gray eyes, a small red mouth, bright chestnut hair, a pleasant smile, a neat, plump figure, and a remarkably cheerful disposition. And a clever little maid she is, too—can wash and iron and cook, and do a hundred other things; but she possesses one taste which interferes sadly with the performance of her domestic duties—the most insatiable hunger for literature, which she gratifies whenever she finds an opportunity, in season or out of season, morn, noon, or night.

Potatoes and steaks are burned, bread, cakes, and pies baked to cinders, doors left open all night, breakfasts delayed, lunches forgotten, dinners served too early or late—all on account of this love of reading which characterizes our little servant-maid.

She nearly drowned baby once, while giving her her bath, by letting the darling's head slip under the water, while she devoured a story in a *Harpers Weekly* she had taken from a table near by. She let my curlew escape while she removed his empty seed cup with one hand, and held Helen's Babies in the other, her eyes being fixed on the book. She spilled the soup one dinner-time over papa's immaculate white vest while trying to keep the magazine he was glancing over. She set the hot flat-iron on our best damask table-cloth, and left it there to indelibly imprint its triangular portrait, while she hastily read a murder case in the morning paper.

She could scarcely be got out of bed mornings, because she was tired and sleepy from reading the magazine she had abstracted from the book-case the night before, and when she did get up she actually sat before the dreary-looking stove for half an hour or so, intently perusing the various scraps of newspaper with which she should have been lighting the fire.

In short, if she had not been the most devoted, sunny, unselfish, fond-of-us little creature, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have stood the many mishaps and disasters that sprang from our servant-maid's devotion to literature. As it was, papa said to her when she drowned him with soup: "Another

occurrence of this nature, and you go." And mamma said to her when she nearly drowned the baby: "Really, Eleanor, if anything as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And I said to her when she freed my song-bird: "The very next wrong thing you do while reading—" and I made a significant pause and looked.

"Yes, miss," said Nellie, meekly, with the tears in her gray eyes, which didn't prevent her, as soon as she reached the kitchen; bursting out with "Why, why, why didst thou leave me?" to a tune made up of a strange combination of "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Russian Hymn."

But with the exception of a turkey nicely roasted and sent to table retaining its crop and one or two other superfluous appendages to a turkey when roasted, on account of "Red as a Rose is She," and forgetting to put the yeast in the bread one night because "East lovelily" I read a little bit, and Nettie had got into no trouble for several months, and had gladly said to me, the morning of the very day I sent that horrid letter: "So, miss, I shall be with you another birthday, after all; and isn't that 'Monarch of Mingling Lane' lovely? I read a little bit, and when I was dusting the parlor, miss."

Well, to go back to naughty Barbara, standing by the window, and gazing out into the street.

Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry I was for quarreling with my dear, good, splendid Anthony! The first thing this morning, my birthday morning—Last year I was scarcely through my breakfast when he came, bringing me the loveliest set of pearls—he will get my cruel letter, and then, before I can send another to beg him to forgive me, he will have started for that dreadful place away off goodness knows where.

"What possessed me," I said to myself, wringing my hands in despair, "silly, wicked little thing that I am, to break my own heart and wound him so deeply? He loves me, I know he loves me dearly, and he never, never would have broken with me, unless the example;" and I heaved a deep sigh, which was immediately echoed behind me, and turning, I saw Nellie laying the table for dinner, with a most we-be-gone expression on her round rosy face; and as I turned toward her, two frightened imploring gray eyes met mine. For a moment I forgot my own trouble.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how can I tell you? And out of this house I must go as soon as you know. And I love your maid, and I almost love you, pa, and I adore all the rest of you. Oh! oh! oh!"—bursting into sobs and tears.

"Take down your apron this minute," said I, firmly, "and tell me what you have been doing this time, and give me a great gulp, and coming and standing before me, 'you know, miss, last evening I went to the village, and it was an elegant moonlight night, miss; and, oh! miss—twining and untwining her fingers nervously—"I can't bear to go out into a cold, wet, stormy world. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I got my paper—*The Weekly Roarer*—you know, where they're printing 'The Vow of the Glass Field,' or the *Gleaming Girandola*." And oh! miss, what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I opened the paper in the store just to see how Stephany Alveretter got out of the enchanted cave, and I came out into the road a-reading it. Oh, miss, it's most awful interesting!"

And Nellie, completely carried away by her subject, unfolded her story, and continued in as bass a voice as she could assume, "The dragon belched forth streams of fire." And then suddenly changing to a high, shrill tone, "Rud-dler sprang between her and the monster—r-r-r. Saved, saved, saved, she cried, 'cried, cried, cried, cried, cried, cried, entirely lost to everything but the 'most awful interesting' story."

"Good heavens! Nell," said I, "you will have me tumbling down stairs, thinking it's traps. Forget the 'Glass Field,' or whatever it is, for a few moments, and finish your story."

The frightened look came back into Nellie's face. "Well, miss," she said, slowly, "I got my paper, and, oh! miss—"

"Go on!" said I, stamping my foot. I had made up my mind never to stamp my foot again, but the girl was so provoking.

"And, miss—with desperate calmness—"I forgot to post your letter."

I flung my arms around her and gave her a hug and a kiss, promised her a whole year's subscription to the village circulating library, and left her with round eyes and a look of wildness in wonder, while I flew to the door to answer the ring of—

"Barbara Darling," said he.

"Anthony Ditto," said I—*Harpers Weekly*.

"THE GENTLE CRAFT."

Shoes, Ancient and Modern—Shoemakers Who Have become Famous.

Shoes date from a very remote period, and the shoemaker is a relic of antiquity who lived and had his being in very early times. The Jews wore wooden shoes long before the age of Augustus, and sometimes their shoes were mentioned. The Jewish soldiers covered their feet with copper or with iron. The shoes of the Egyptians were of papyrus; the Chinese and the Indians manufactured theirs of silk, of bark of trees, of brass, gold or silver, according as their fancy permitted, their fancy dictated. At Rome, as in Greece, leather was the material which covered the feet of most every one. In classical times the Romans wore cork soles in the shoes to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies, who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under themselves. The Roman ladies wore white shoes; the common people wore black, and the magistrates and those of exalted rank set their feet off with red shoes and employed the crescent as an ornament—they were often very costly. The custom of making shoes right and left was common in classical times. Only one instance is drawn of an ancient monument exhibiting shoes with separate heel pieces. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobble-stalls, which he therefore caused to be removed.

The fashion of boots and shoes has undergone innumerable changes. Under William Rufus, son of the Duke of Normandy, who conquered at Hastings in 1066, a fashion was introduced by wearing long pointed shoes with up-turned toes, and a long, thin, horn and stuffed with tow. In the fourteenth century they connected these points with the knee by chains of gold and silver—they were called crocows. Buckles were also worn in this century. The laboring classes wore them of copper. Other persons had them of gold and silver, and they were highly prized as they came in fashion. In the last century the high heels of ladies' shoes became a monstrosity. On our day the general disuse of the shoe proper, and the introduction of short ankle-boots, form the chief change of fashion.

At present the fashion is no uncommon practice on the part of "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork, in an amusing paper in the *Connoisseur*, relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further he stated that a lady once ordered her shoes dressed and to be served for supper. "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part, which was of fine damask, into shreds, and tossed them up in a ragout, minced the soles, fried them in butter, and served them round the dinner-table. The company testified their respect for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu." Within the last score of years, at a dinner of Irish squire, the health of a beautiful girl, whose foot was as pretty as her face, and whose eyes were as blue as the sea, and whose hair was as black as her dress, and who was as good as gold, was toasted by the company. The patron saints of shoemakers are St. Crispin and his brother Crispian, who supported themselves by making shoes while they preached to the people of Gaul and Britain. In compliment to the "gentle craft," the shoemaking is called "the gentle craft." The shoemaker in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property, among which may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg and the friend of Luther, the eccentric Lackington, the original friend of William Hazlitt, the biographer, says that he came to London with \$5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of minor bards, the original friend of William Hazlitt, the biographer, says that he came to London with \$5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of minor bards, the original friend of William Hazlitt, the biographer, says that he came to London with \$5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of minor bards, the original friend of William Hazlitt, the biographer, says that he came to London with \$5 in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller, having an annual sale of 100,000 volumes; 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