

One Touch of Nature.

Cruel and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and reared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud
Blood-red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shot's rattle,
And 'mid hoof-tramp and rattle,
The shrieks of women screamed.

For it was Russ and Turkoman—
No quarter asked or given,
A whirl of frenzied hate and death
Across the desert driven.
Look! the half-naked horde give way,
Feeling frantic without breath,
Or with both legs cut off at the knees,
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
White, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay—
Wives, grandmothers, baby brows and gray,
Scream after groan, yell upon yell—
Are men but fiends, and is earth hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;
In his arms a child he bears,
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race,
The small hurt creature sheds a tear
For others cry; but clinging still,
To this one arm that does not kill
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman find a space,
Where, with face crouched upon her knee,
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sphere?
Was there, far north by Nova's waste,
Some Russian girl in sleep-robe white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy "neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night.

A YOUNG WIFE AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorn & Co., tea merchants of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr. Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew; and until a year or two ago there was a third member in the firm in the person of Thomas' uncle, Mr. Babington Blackthorn, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr. Blackthorn, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and Bass' ale, and ate too much curry and too many "Bombay ducks"; the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate. This alarming despatch arrived at a particularly inopportune moment. Mr. Thomas Bilbury had on the day previous, married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lapples by name; and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly made husband—who, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage—should, without a moment's delay, take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta. The affair was pressing. Mr. Blackthorn's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of the firm.

"Go at once, my dear boy," wrote Mr. Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the Isle of Wight, "and send your wife to me. I will take care of her, and see her settled in your new home at Richmond. I would go myself, but my gout won't allow me. And, above all things, take care of your liver."

There was no help for it. Mr. Bilbury, Jr., felt that he must go; so he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and tender good-bye to his poor little wife. He escorted her across to Portsmouth, put her into a London train, kissed her, saw her off, and then took the next train for Dover.

She settled down in her new home on Richmond Hill; and he for many months afterward worked hard at his desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress, and love letters to Lydia.

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England, then he returned, as he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free; and, unwilling to lose a day, he took the first home-bound steamer, which, so it happened, was also taking a letter to Richmond, written a few days earlier, in which Mr. Bilbury, among other matters, regretted to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a month.

He traveled home without adventure, and in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without saying written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill. Why he did not write a telegraph, we cannot say; perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would greatly surprise his wife; or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all. But in any case, he neither wrote nor telegraphed a single word of reproval.

It was a fine sunny morning in Summer. Mr. Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding; and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze toward the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure which was watering some flowering plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognized the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation when he suddenly became conscious that she did not recognize him, for with graceful modesty she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her. An idea struck him. It was a foolish, but not wholly unnatural, one. He would pretend to be some one else—a friend, say, of her husband's—and would ask to see her as such. Of course she would at once recognize the voice; but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure would be the more complete if he thus deferred them. He knocked, therefore, at the door, and to the servant who appeared announced that he had just returned from India and de-

sired to see Mrs. Bilbury. He gave no name, but he was admitted and shown into the drawing-room, where in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated. "I suppose that she will know me," he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; "but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks that I am still at Calcutta, for she must have had my last letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her, I must be careful."

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sounds of rustling skirts in the passage without; and as the door opened he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously. "May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you will find the open window too much for you," said a soft voice behind him.

"Oh, no, not at all!" he returned, facing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resuming his survey of the garden.

Mrs. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband. "Do let me order a fire to be lighted," she said. "Oh no; not for the world!" ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness. "But the fact is, Mrs.—"

"My name is Mrs. Bilbury!" "Oh! thank you—yes. The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say a mango—ah—and has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah; but I dare say you understand!"

"Oh perfectly, Mr.—, I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Who am I?" thought Mr. Thomas Bilbury. "My name," he said, after a slight pause, "is Bilbury."

"What a curious similarity!" said his wife. "Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first, even in summer. My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr. Bilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

"That is satisfactory," thought Mr. Bilbury. "The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me." "Yes," he said aloud; "I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta."

"Indeed? How delightful! Do sit down, Mr. Bilbury. It is delightful to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently, for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?"

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation, and therefore determined for the present to retain his incognito.

"He was," he said with deliberate hesitation, "as well as could be expected."

"As well as could be expected?" repeated Mrs. Bilbury with alarm. "Do you mean that he has been ill?" "Well, not exactly ill," prevaricated Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him?" Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognize him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

"Nothing very serious," he said. "I dare say he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger shooting?" "Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr. Bilbury, tell me!"

"Well, he went out tiger-shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant. They entered the jungle! Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance; help arrived; and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster."

"Dear me, how alarming!" commented Mrs. Bilbury; but the exclamation seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. "That fully accounts," continued Lydia, "for his bad spirits. His right arm—"

"Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury. He has learned to write with his left hand."

"Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?"

"Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow."

"It must be agony! And his leg deep scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you left him, Mr. Bilbury, how was he? Will he survive?"

A new light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

"It is impossible to say with certainty," he said; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, to keep up your spirits."

"Indeed! Then he had not quite forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you?" repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. "Oh, no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her."

"And of but few men to have a wife—"

"So charming," said Mr. Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

"Oh, Mr. Bilbury! But excuse me, of course you will stay to luncheon

Do; to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than a malaprop. One moment, I will just go and give the necessary orders." And Mrs. Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

"Well, this is awful!" reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. "She doesn't recognize me, and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose, means if I would only die and liberate her she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithfulness of women. Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that. I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than ever I did. No, I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then—"

His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more and more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

"It must have been very delightful," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course I know every one in the neighborhood, and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come some night, Mr. Bilbury, and sup with us afterwards."

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. "I'm afraid I shan't be here for long," he said bitterly. "I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere."

"You are worried, I see," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I can sympathize with you. Yes, family matters and disappointments—you know."

"Disappointments! But you are young; and you will excuse me, not bad-looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"Oh, no," he replied. "And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about."

"Don't be cynical," said Mrs. Bilbury with a smile. "Perhaps you expect too much from women."

"I expect sympathy, fidelity and consideration," answered Mr. Bilbury, gravely.

DUELING.

An Interesting Account of the Code as it was.

Thinking of New Orleans reminds one of the celebrated Howell and Henry duel that took place at the so-called Half Way. The various accounts of this affair contain so many conflicting details that I follow the one that strikes me as being most plausible. Joe Howell, a giant six feet six inches in his stocking feet, a brother-in-law of Mr. Jefferson Davis, had been with Walker in Nicaragua, and while there had had an altercation with a Major Henry, a wonderful character, a combination of Leopold's Cassanova and Knight of the Hound. The recorded feats of his bravery put to the blush Leatherstocking and all his kind. The cause of the difficulty was never known. On the way out Howell's second gave his principal some good advice which the latter received with "Tut, tut, my boy, teach your grandmother how to suck eggs."

An immense concourse of people had preceded the adversaries to the field. Both parties were noted for their bravery, coolness and determination, and both were armed with scars from head to foot. The duel was regarded as the Romans might have regarded the meeting of two half-famished Numidian lions. In the account before me the following story of the duel is given: "Will you please give me your version of the cause of this difficulty?" Howell's second asked.

"It don't matter; we are here to fight," was the sharp answer from Henry's second.

"Well, but brave men don't fight like children, for nothing; we want to know what we are going to fight about; if we are wrong we may apologize, or vice versa."

"We don't know anything about it; but if there is to be an apology Major Howell must make it."

"But if you are ignorant of the origin and cause of this difficulty, how can you point out a wrong?"

"Wait; we will see Major Henry." And off they went to the ditch where Henry sat leisurely resting. In less than three minutes the Nicaraguans were back.

"Well?" asked Howell's man.

"Well, Major Henry says if Joe Howell will apologize it's no fight."

"Apologize for what?" asked the other with some animation.

"Don't know and don't care," was the laconic reply.

"Then there is no possible way of arranging this matter amicably. Suppose both parties approach each other half way and shake hands without a word? Will you see Major Henry and tell him the proposition comes from our side?"

After some discussion they consented to this but very reluctantly.

This time the seconds remained fully ten minutes by the side of their principal. There was animated discussion and much gesticulation among them, but they returned and said: "Major Henry says Joe ought to apologize, and then they can shake hands."

Then it means fight. Load your navy. We will do likewise. Ten paces; six barrels loaded; fire at will, and advance."

The line of fire was a narrow path, flanked on each side by a small ditch. Howell stood six feet seven inches in his boots, and contrary to advice, wore white pants and an alpaca coat, making him a dangerously conspicuous target. The command was given:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

Joe, who was facing the woods, answered firmly "Ready!" but kept his eye looking steadily along the barrel of his pistol. Henry, in a nonchalant fashion, threw his head on one side, his pistol dangling at his arm, and in a lazy tone said "Ready!"

The word was then given, "Fire!" Both raised simultaneously, fired at each other, and fired again before Henry was ready for his second shot. Howell's ball pierced Henry's left forearm, when Henry again fired and missed. Howell now came in with his third shot, striking Henry in the abdomen. To this Henry responded with a shot which threw up the dirt right at Howell's feet. The latter then advanced one step, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. Seeing that Henry was done for, Howell's second rushed up and threw up Joe's pistol with his hand. The shot flew away up in the air, that certainly would then and there have killed Henry.

The other side having cried "stop," according to agreement in case of either party being badly wounded, uttered shrill cries of "Foul, foul!" and immediately whipped out their revolvers. Then followed a scene of confusion, and for a long time it looked as if a wholesale duel would follow; but the crowd interfered and prevented the fight. The wounded man was taken to the half-way house, where he remained some weeks before he could be transported to the city.

Perhaps the most celebrated duel that was ever fought in the south was the Prentiss-Howell duel of duels. In 1833 these two were pitted against each other in a law suit, during the course of which Foote, who was a very vain, flung some taunt at Prentiss. The latter retorted with a blow that knocked Foote down. The latter then challenged Prentiss. But one shot was exchanged. Prentiss, who was an unerring marksman, expressed his intention before going upon the field of not firing at Foote. When the word was given Foote fired so quickly that Prentiss was disconcerted and pulled the trigger before he intended. Foote was hit in the shoulder, and here the matter was supposed to end. "But whistling tongues can poison truth," Prentiss, who was lame, had leaned upon his cane during the duel and there was some talk of his having used a rest. Such an imputation was wormwood to the proud spirit of Prentiss, and his restless imagination worked him into a fine frenzy over it. Finally he was told upon what he regarded as good authority, that Foote himself had insinuated some kind of insult about the matter. Prentiss was eager to believe this and he did believe it. "I had no animosity against him when I fought, but the next time he shall not come off so lightly." The terms of a second meeting

were soon arranged. The attempt to arrest the principals was anticipated. Prentiss and his friends hid themselves near the landing at Natchez in order to get the first boat. While here he accidentally stumbled upon a cooking main. Prentiss joined the spectators; the party were started when two cocks were put down, one named Prentiss, the other Foote, in honor of the duellists. They were not a little chagrined when Foote killed Prentiss at the first flutter.

Prentiss and his party arrived on the grounds just in time and found not only Foote and his friends, but an immense crowd of people. Among the latter several small boys who had climbed a tree, somewhat to the rear of the position taken during the duel by Prentiss, in order to get a good view. As the principals were allotted their places, Prentiss came limping to his with his cane, which he threw aside as soon as he took his position. Morgan noticed that he smiled bitterly as he did so. At the word Foote fired hastily, his ball striking the ground in front of Prentiss. The latter aimed steadily at Foote, who stood coolly and unflinching, his left arm pressed against his side, his right hand holding his pistol, but his pistol failed to go off. His second stepped up and put on another cap, and fired the bullet into a tree to prove that the pistol was fairly loaded. It is said that the box of caps contained 100, every one of which afterwards, upon trial, went off. The pistols were reloaded. At the second shot Foote fell dangerously wounded. There is a tradition that after the first shot Prentiss advised the boys in the tree to come down, as Mr. Foote was shooting very wild that day.

Posters for all shows.

Many of the huge posters need to advertise the theaters and circuses are familiar, making their appearance year after year, as plays are reproduced or the circuses resume their summer rounds. It is not unusual for different companies to use the same pictures. In explanation of this a printer of posters said: "The cost of engraving these big cuts is generally too great for one establishment to own them, although some are held as exclusive property. The great demand for them, however, among the many theatres of the United States, which are constantly reproducing the same pieces, has built up several large establishments where they are kept in stock, and impressions are sold to one show after another. A picture of an elephant will do for one circus as well as another. The same is true of camels, acrobatic illustrations, ring pictures, and the like. Certain standard cuts are always in demand. There are many varieties of scenes from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' which have ornamented bill-boards and fences throughout the country. There is a big cut of *Evans's* escape on the ice, pursued by bloodhounds and slave catchers. It is made up in twelve sheets of four colors. Each bill costs a dollar and twenty cents. A picture of *Topsey* in four colors, made out of three sheets, costs twenty-four cents each."

"The largest size of the blocks is 27 1/2 x 39 inches. They are simply soft pine boards, without knots and well seasoned. The picture is drawn on the wood as for ordinary wood engraving, and the parts not wanted are cut away. A block must be cut for each color. The largest size yet used is a circus poster in four colors, requiring ninety-six blocks, or a pile of wood forty feet high—say 3,000 feet of lumber. If all the pieces were laid at length they would extend 1,000 feet."

"Among the big cuts kept in stock are 'Plantation Dances,' at 24 cents each, a great variety of cuts for minstrel shows, spectral portraits of well-known actors like Joe Jefferson, and Irish scenes and characters. We also have picture scenes that will do for various plays. Here is a scene on a lawn, with a fine residence. There are four figures. The gentleman has a lady in his arms. She may be either asleep, in a faint, or dead, as the play requires. There are four colors and nine pieces to make up the picture. They cost ninety cents. Here is a scene of a safe burglary with a man dead on the floor, pistol on the table, man bending over the dead man in great agony—only fifty-four cents each. A large butterfly or moth, with four life-size male and female figures on its back, costs \$1.25 each. Three dancing girls before the Czar cost \$1.20 each. Then we have Indian scenes, opera scenes, and pantomime scenes, so that all sorts of shows may be suited. It is a common thing for a new play to be thus illustrated with huge bills that are sold to the theatres at so much a hundred, while the cuts are owned by the dealer, who takes his chance of selling copies to some other combination playing the same piece. In this way some of the smaller combinations make as good a show with their bills as the few rich ones that can afford to pay for cuts of their own."

In recent experiments the average crushing force resisted by red bricks was 6830 pounds per square inch. They were slightly cracked. Bricks supporting about one-seventh of this load—or 63 tons per square foot—have been accepted as safe for high towers if still uncracked. At the base of the tallest brick structure in existence—the famous chimney of 420 feet in height at St. Rollox, Glasgow—the pressure is calculated at 6670 pounds per square foot.

Another Aluminium Process.—In a new French process an electric current acts upon a saturated solution of sulphate of aluminium in the presence of a solution of common salt, the two solutions being separated by a porous vessel. A double chloride of aluminium and sodium is formed, which is decomposed and the aluminium set free is deposited on the negative electrode. It is claimed that the important result of cheapening the manufacture of aluminium may be accomplished by this method.

WIVES OF SOME SENATORS.

Women Who Have Felt to Win Their Husbands' Fame.

There are many brilliant and entertaining women in the families of the present Senators, Mrs. Logan and Mrs. McPherson, wife of the New Jersey Senator, are the two cleverest women in the circle, each in a different way. Mrs. Logan is the typical Western woman, and Mrs. McPherson a typical Eastern woman, clever, polished, graceful and brilliant in conversation. Had health and long absences abroad have kept Mrs. McPherson from being as well known as she would be were she here all of the time, but when present she is a power and a force quickly appreciated. Mrs. Mahone is a universal favorite, and, besides shining with a front of diamonds on grand occasions, shines by her conversation, which is full of humor and originality.

Mrs. Mahone always keeps a bubbling of mirth about her, and relates her own experience and describes things and people in a way quite her own. She is an uncompromising American and carried the flag triumphantly through many encounters with the insufferable British tourist during her recent stay abroad. She has a proper scorn for the Europeanized American and his affectations, and a comical story that she once told of her going to a store or shop, rather, in an English town, and innocently asking for crackers. The proprietor hunted through all the shelves and boxes and under the counter, and finally sent the apprentice boy up a ladder and brought down a dusty paper of fire crackers. Though she had to call a cracker a biscuit for the two years that she was away, Mrs. Mahone is quite the same as ever now that she is in a land where a cracker is a cracker. At Senator Sherman's her pale blue satin dress was half-covered with lace, and the front of her square-cut corsage was all a glitter with the sprays, pins and ornaments of diamonds.

Mrs. Spooner, wife of the Wisconsin Senator, who has made a stir lately with his maiden speech and funeral oration, is another of the very cleverest women of the group.

Mrs. Spooner is a fine vocalist in addition to other things, and is quick-witted and humorous in conversation. Her blue satin gown was striped with silver flowers recently, and a deep-gathered yoke of white crepe lisse was drawn in by a woven collar of narrow ribbon around her throat. It was a most artistic and becoming gown, and exquisite in its freshness and dainty combination. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Frye give the same honors to Indians and Maine by their clever conversation, full of witty turns, and Senators Daves' daughter keeps up conversational fireworks right and left all the time. There are other ladies of equal talent in the circle, and Mrs. Don Cameron, Mrs. Call and Mrs. Dolph are considered the most beautiful among them, while Mrs. Enstis, Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Manderson and Mrs. Hale are women of fine and striking appearance.

Points in "Shoology."

"Yes, sir; they beat palmistry all hollow. Take yourself, for instance; in your shoe I see vacillation, irresolution, fickleness, a tendency toward negligence or evasion of unpleasant duties, occasional spells of moroseness. Show me any person's foot-covering after two months' wear, or often less than that, and I will tell you that person's character. If both heel and sole are evenly worn level the wearer is clear-headed, decisive and resolute, a good business man, a valuable and trustworthy employe or an excellent wife and mother. If the outside sole is cut through, the wearer, if a man, is inclined to be adventurous, unreliable and spasmodic in all his acts; if a woman, she is predisposed to boldness and wayward tendencies. If the inside of the sole is cut through it indicates weakness and vacillation in a man and modesty in a woman."

"A few months ago there came into my shop a stranger having a pair of shoes with the outside of the sole worn through and the toe somewhat cut away, while the heel was nearly as good as new. I said to my wife, after he went away, 'that man's sneaky,' and so he was. The very next day a boy came up from the police station to get the shoes, and said that the wearer had been arrested on a clear case of sneak-thieving."

"A certain young man who has patronized me for years was keeping company with two girls, also customers of mine. I noticed that one of them wore out her shoes on the outside of the sole first, while the other stepped squarely and wore down both shoes alike. I've always had a fixing for the young fellow, and knowing that he was wavering between the two girls, I took him aside one day and showed him the shoes of his flames and told him what I have told you. The result was that he married the square stepper and was happy, while the other girl disgraced herself."

"I can also tell something of a person's tendencies by the size of his shoe, the breadth of the sole, the condition of the bittons or strings, the amount of wear on the toe, the condition of the lining, etc. I would not advise a friend to marry a girl who squeezes a number four foot in a number two shoe, for such a one is apt to prove vain, affected and frivolous."

"Do I believe that character can be molded by keeping the shoes properly oiled and healed? Well, it has its influence. The gait of a person is as closely connected with his disposition as the expression of his countenance, though not so easily read by most persons. To continue the wearing of a shoe which is run over badly only tends to confirm the habit in the person's walk."

"Your job is done, sir; sorry I couldn't give you a better character, but truth is truth, and I never flatter."

You never hear a true wife complaining of her husband. He may be a shiftless fellow, but she will not say so. She will try to hide his faults or to apologize for them. You begin to abuse her husband in her presence, and her eyes will flash with anger or fill with tears."