O Lin bow valut A little spite, A little pain.

And then-good-night! -¡Charles G. D. Roberts, in Independent.

A WHITE ONE.

The air was thick with steam and im- much more to a man." pregnated with the smell of soap, and the temperature was by no means low, Polly Blaines. more especially as the sun was streaming in through the uncurtained windows. sensitive, scented patronage. But the laundry girls were used to these them. They chattered continuously over name was Charlie.' their work, not because they were happy or because they had anything particular to say, but because they had no goncep tion of the dignity of silence. The con- looking girl, gave a little squeak. versation was, perhaps, not of the most edifying description, and the language employed was forcible, garnished by slang, and not free from superfluous expletives, for these girls were not of the highest type. There was a curious tawdriness or rather gaudiness about their, white, and" ('Liza warmed to her subfor the most part, ragged dresses; they had big, heavy fringes, which the steam had taken out of curl, so that in nearly every instance they straggled into the bold eyes beneath them; their faces, tco, were in a striking contrast to their hands in the matter of cleanliness, for it was keepin' company, and he was a-goin' to not compulsory to put them in the water in order to earn a livelihood; but they were better in this respect than they would be nearer the end of the week, for to-day was only Tuesday.

The only exception to the universal untidiness was manifested in the person of one whom the girls called 'Liza (the i being pronounced as if it was the diphthong ai). This 'Liza, the preliminary "e" of whose name was invariably dropped by her acquaintainces, was a hunchback, and her face, though it possessed the merit of cleanliness, was almost repulsively ugly. The complexion was sallow, the mouth badly shaped, the evebrows obtrusively dark and heavy; very sad were the eyes oeneath them. had there been any one to note their wistful look, but 'Liza did not encourage scrutiny, and, indeed, the brown eyes were not remarkable in themselves, and were moreover half hidden by the drooping lids, from which she glanced in a sideways, half-sinister manner. 'Liza was not very popular among her companions, partly because she chose to be exclusive, and partly because she could on occasions say unpleasantly sharp things. But there was one person whom she loved, and that was Miss Callender.

By and by the ringing of a bell created a diversion among the workers. Almost simultaneously eight pairs of red, soapy arms were drawn out of the wash-tubs, eight pairs of red, crinkled hands were wiped on some portion of convenient apparal, and eight pairs of ill-shod feet tramped into an adjoining

At a table in this room stood a young lady, very sweet in appearance and pretway to the girls, and shook hands with each one as they passed. She had their interest at heart, and made it her duty to come two or three times a week and provide them with dinner. This dinner consisted usually, as on this occasion, of a plate of soup and a large slice of pud. ding, for which they paid a penny; a second helping of either could be had for a farthing, so the payment was merely nominal; but the girls were exempt from the feeling that they were the recipients

of charity. The coppers were "dabbed" down on the table in a little pile, and Miss Callender ladled out the soup, which was quickly and noisily consumed. The young lady watched the other women, smiling. Perfeetly dainty herself, their roughness did

not seem to repel her. "Girls," she said presently, in her quiet, clear roice, "I am going to give a party in the Mission Hall. Will you it.

There was a chorus of delighted assent, spoons on the almost empty plates. "Lor, Miss; what sort of a party

might it be, now?" 'Oh, friendly," said Miss Callender. "Music, and plenty to eat, and-you may bring your sweethearts."

This caused a prolonged giggling. 'Might we bring more than one?" inquired Poly Blaines, who enjoyed the

provingly. "You oughtn't to have more than one,"

she said, sailing. any, I'm sure; but there, the more you ings, when I ache for some one to say strain upon the crust of the earth is least.

her head in the air. done, and by no means reticent on the or poor girls. Ain't it nat'ral to want subject of their love affairs, fell to talk- to be loved?" ing about them, finding the topic eminently congenial, and treating it in a lender to whom Liza was just then a with all its details. manner which displayed no more vulgar- revelation. ity of heart than is concealed by certain ladies. Miss Callender rather encour- by the sympathy which was rather in used frequently to repeat bilis under aged than checked them; she liked them manner than words, "when folks are discussion, after having rend then once. to be perfectly natural before her, and kind to me it's mostly pity as makes 'em; was glad of anything which gave her an and I hate to be pitied. It ain't be-

a little newly married woman, to whom to keep company with me in case folks fore was too sacred for common speech; should stare. And, oh, I'm proud, I am

seemed to stick in 'Liza's throat, and she know. had great difficulty in gulping it down, for the other hunger of which she was Callender, spontaneously. "And I'm committed to memory the "Iliad," which often conscious, the hunger of the heart, sure others don't." now so asserted itself as to make her oblivious of bodily needs. Something there because you pitied me, I'd be uncommon was, too, of bitterness in her mind as she glad," said 'Liza, shyly. "I s'pose," she listene I to the talk of these others. Per- went on, half-ashamed at her own confihaps Polly's words did more to cause it dences, "it wouldn't make no manner o' than anything else; "There as don't difference to you, me likin' you?" want 'em always has the nost admirers." "Indeed it would," Miss Callender and a person armed with a pontard, who Looking up, she suddenly met the eyes swered, and she bent forward and kissed should stab him with it at the first error.

they expressed pity, perhaps scorn. She

There was a momentary lull, so that huskily. they all heard her when she said in a peouliarly loud, harsh, defiant voice:

"Mine isu't livin'; mine isn't." once?" asked the married woman, not un- things. gently, though there was the slightest From that day began a new era for

looks.

flashed ominously.

"Was he handsome?" asked Polly, that the latter, a high-colored, coarse-

"I never see anybody better looking." said 'Liza, with promptitude. "He wasn't any of your pink, dolly men." (Polly's favored suitor happened to be fair. He was dark and his nose was straight. like a gentleman's, and his teeth was ject) "he used to wear a red silk tie, with a pin in it And," she went on, "he always gave me lots of presents-lots, and he oved me so, as he couldn't bear me out of his sight. Oh," she cried excitedly. "he did love me, and we was so happy, She paused abruptly. marry me-Indeed, her shrill voice had got almost beyond her control.

"What did he die of?" asked one of her. the girls, with genuine compassion in her

'Liza looked at her-gasped -hesitated a moment-then rose and pushed back

"That don't matter to no one," she said, in a hard voice that yet had a catch in it. "He's dead, and that's enough; and you needn't any of you ever talk to me about him. So there!" And she went back into the laundry.

There was a moment's silence. Miss Callender sat looking thoughtful; then she rose and followed 'Liza into the next room, closing the door. The other girls regarded one another with some surprise. Liza was usually silent and was considered morose, but her affliction had made them kind to her in their rough way, though she was certainly not a favorite among them. But now that they realized that she had a romance in her life the love of sentiment, which is in every woman, made them feel a sympathy for

her hitherto unknown. 'Liza was standing by her washtub, and she had already plunged in her hands and begun to vigorously soap one from the heap of towels she had to wash. Her lips were set tight together, her bosom was heaving, and a tear had rolled down her cheek and dropped off it on her

liza," said a soft voice. more tender than she was wont to hear. so that her name sounded quite musical.

She looked up. "Eliza," said Miss Callender again, and then she came close up to the girl, ly. and drew her toward her.

'Liza was unused to any such demonstration. Perhaps that was why she half-pulled herself away.

"My dear," said Miss Callender, "we linked by mutual trouble. Two years ago I was engaged to be married, and he who was to have been my husband waswas shot, in Afghanistan.'

"Oh, Miss!" cried 'Liza. "Oh, Miss!" "So you see," said Miss Callender theory. softly, "you and I must be a comfort to each other.

Liza did not speak. She began to pull at her apron-strings, then getting | moon. them into a knot, busied herself undoing

"It don't seem as I could do anythink," she said presently. "You always seems attractions in heaping up the waters of accompanied by a general clattering of happy and bright-like. You're mostly the sea. The same thing happens when

> many things to be grateful for." "Ah, there yer are," cried 'Liza, al-

most passionately; "you ain't poor and the same forces of the sun and moon lonely and hugly. You could have love which raise the tides put a strain upon distinction of being the prettiest of the if yer wanted to; you don't go longin' the crust of the earth which, by causing Miss Calender shook her head disap- mostwhiles. I wouldn't tell any o' little, produces earthquakes. them." (pointing to the door) "for they wouldn't understand, but you ain't like pull is at right angles to that of the sun, them, and you won't make a mock at me, and then, as is well known, the tides are "Oh! as for that, Miss, I don't want but there's times, specially in the even- lowest. Then, too, it is argued, the draws off, the more they comes on. quite gentle-like to me, "Liza," and just If this theory is true, how wonderfully That's how it is with men, and that's why to look at me a bit lovin'. Why shouldn't sensitive the apparently solid globe must them as don't want 'em, always has the I have what others do? 'Cause I ain't be to the impulses conveyed to it by the And Polly conscious of a fascinating Polly's there? Wouldn't I be truer than ands and millions of miles distant .retrousse nose and a dimpled chin, tossed | her? Maybe I won't mind later on, but | [Chicago Herald. I ain't so old now as all that come to. Whereupon all the girls, not to be out- And natur's natur, whether we're ladies

"Most natural, dear," said Miss Cal-

"Then," went on the girl, emboldened insight into their lives and characters. | cause they wants me with 'em; there's | word for word, including punctuation Two there were who kept silence; one even some, I suppose, as wouldn't care stops.

"I don't despise you, Eliza," said Miss

"If I thought you liked me a bit, not

Looking up, she auddenly met the eyes swered, and she bent forward and kissed of this girl. To her morbid imagination, Liza on the furthead.

'Liza turned away quickly. 'I reckon THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

And at that minute the door was open-ed, and the others came trooping in. Miss Callender exchanged a few words with "Yours? Did you have a sweetheart them and then went back to get her

perceptible accent on the pronoun.

"And why not?" asked "Liza, and her der sing et her out for special attention, der sing et her out for special attention, voice was louder than before. "It isn't or because they were really capable of a only pretty girls as has people caring for lasting impression themselves, it is im-There's other things besides possible to say, but it is certain that she was differently treated by the other "Of course there are, dear," said Miss women and equally certain that this Callender, soothingly. for 'Liza's eyes treatment hala salutary effect upon her. "Goodness is worth Repellant at first, she grew daily more ap proachable, less suspicious, more gra-"What was his name, 'Liza?" asked clous, and her better qualities came into play. Perhaps the influence of Mi-s Polly was conceited, and 'Liza, hyper- Callender had not a little to do with this, for from the beginning 'Liza had loved 'I ain't going to tell yer." she said. her, and now her feeling was little less inconveniences and thought nothing of Then, with swift contradiction, "his first than worship. And to love another is so good for a woman's soul that it works like magic on her whole being. It made pinching her neighbor under the table, so possible to Liza the comprehension of a love higher than Miss Callender's; and the little Loudon heathen, being taught by her dear lady concerning those things of which she had been ignorant hitherto became what the girls called "religious." Toward the end of the summer, she consented to be confirmed, and went to classes, and this seemed to the others to make 'Liza more important, especially when she explained that "there was ladies at the classes.'

'Liza was nearer being happy now than she had ever been in her life, and yet she seemed sadder too. Often she heaved great sighs that made her neighbor turn and look at her, and frequently there were marks of tears on her face; so that bye-and-bye it grew evident to the others that there was something weighing upon

As the time for her confirmation drew near 'Liza looked graver than ever, and more worried At last it came to the day itself. She had obtained a holiday from the laundry, through the influence of Miss Callender. What was the surprise of that lady and the others, therefore, when, in the midst of the mid-day meal, in rushed 'Liza. She had on a clean print dress, made for the occasion, but her hair was disordered, her face pale from fatigue and excitement, her eyes shone brightly.

"Hullo," exclaimed the girls in a breath. 'My! ain't she a swell." They thought she had come to show off her dress.
"Eliza," exclaimed Miss Callender. 'What do you want? You will be late

for your confirmation." "Oh, Miss," gasped 'Liza, almost breathless, as she was, "I had to come. I've tried and tried to say it, and I hever could; and at first it seemed a white one. But, lately, it's come 'atween me and God. And I've thought on it at night, in bed, and when any of you had been kind to me, it ha' cut me like a knife. And, oh, Miss, when you've spoken of him, I've been a near fallin down and explaining to yer, but somethin' held me back. And I told God, but he seemed to say it wasn't any use my just teliin', uncoarse apron. She put up her arm, her I don't care now what you think of me, less I undid it. Oh. please, all of you. hands being soapy, and laid her elbow or if you despise me. I can't go to church until I've told yer. Him as I talked of was only what I dreamed about when I was lonely, evenings and times; and there wasn't no Charlie, really, and no one ain't never loved me, nor wanted to marry me." Ludgate Month-

Earthquakes.

must be great friends, you and I, for we have recently been felt in various have a sorrow in common. Nothing binds people so close together as to be Several shocks of earthquake which theory that the earth is more frequently shaken near the periods of the new and full moon than at any other times. Lists of earthquakes covering many years have been prepared, which seem to favor this

The reason assigned is similar to that by which we are able to account for the greater height or the tides at new and full

When the moon and the sun are on the same side of the earth, as is the case at new moon, they unite the force of their smiling. I don't see how you can be it they are on opposite sides of the earth, as when any one as has cared for yer has at full moon, for then each, by attracting in an opposite direction, assists the other "God helps me to be happy, said Miss in pulling out the ocean, so to speak, as Callender simply. "Besides, I have one might pull out the sides of a rubber ball.

According to the theory in question, and lengin', and a pain in your heart the strata of the rocks to slip and slide a

When the moon is at its quarters its

pretty? Ain't my heart as good as attraction of bodies hundreds of thous-

Memory Feats.

Louis XIII. after a year's time could draw from memory the plan of a country,

When Mr. Blaine was in Congress Le

Daniel Webster was able to repeat the whole Constitution of the United States

Hortensius.the famous orator, attended I'm awfully proud. There's none so a public sale lasting a whole day and re-The pudding she had begun to attack proud as them as is despised, you called, in order, all the objects sold and the names of the purchasers.

Scanger, an Italian, in twenty-one days comprises 15,210 verses, and the "Odyswhich also comprises a large number.

Lipsius, a professor at the University of Leyden, offered to recite Tacitus' history in its entirety in the presence of - New York Press

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Left his Address-Needed Finishing Good News. Pay-At the Club, Etc.

-'Twas Ever Thus-It Doesn't LEFT HIS ADDRESS.

Bank teller-Well, sir. Tramp (at the window) -- Saay, I picked up part of the paper called the Banker's Bugle to-day. Saw a queer thing in it. Th' paper is reliable, en?

Teller-Perfectly. Its financial news may always be relied on. Tramp-Jimmy! I'm glad o' that, till she went to his grave and asked his

Say, that paper says money is so easy that the bank will soon be seeking borrowers, and I merely wish to remark get any reply. that when th' hunt begins you'll find me on seat No. 226 Washington square .-

NEEDED FINISHING. Caller-Your daughter is at home now. s she not? I heard she had graduated at the Artistic Literary and Scientific Uni-

gone to a finishing school. 'Why, what for?" "Oh, to learn how to enter a room, and sit down, and hold a fan, and blush. you know."-- New York Weekly.

Hostess-She is not at home. She has

TWAS EVER THUS, When a maiden is vivacious.

Men applaud and call it chick: But if she's an old back number. They will whisper: "That's no chick."

-[Truth.

IT DOESN'T PAY. Little Daughter-I'm awful sorry we had our old piano tuned. Mother-Why so, my dear?

Little daughter-'Cause when I play now I can't blame the discords on the really make you eat the things, does she! piano."-[Good News. AT THE CLUB.

Gay Bachelor-Do you think there is anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones? Henpecked Friend (wearily)-Oh. I don't know-seems longer.

NOT TO BE RESISTED. First Damsel-But I thought he said e would never speak to you again. Second Damsel - Oh. yes; but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure.

BENEFIT OF COLLEGE EDUCATION. Scholasticus Hardup-I am a college student, and I want a place to work in your hotel this Summer. Hotel Proprietor-What experience or

ualifications have you? Scholasticus Hardup-I am the champn boxer and wrestler of my class. Hotel Proprietor-Ah! then you will do very well to whip cream. Boston

A MATTER OF DIET.

She (gushingly)-And do you write poetry? Oh, I could live on it! He-You could? Well, I can't. I merely write it. I'm in the wholesale grocery business .- [Truth.

BELLS.

The church-bells have a joyous sound Of peace and good-will bringing; And sleigh-belis, when the moon is round.

Have music in their ringing; But, after all, I must agree That maide as are the belles for me. -Judge.

MEMORY FOR LITTLE THINGS. Bloggs (returning to his native town)

-Do you remember me, Jay? Jay-Well, no, I can't recall you name, but I well remember lending you five dollars in 1840, which you never returned. Do you happen to have that amount with you now?

HARD ON SOPHTIE. "I am very sorry for poor Mrs. Soph-

.. Why?" "She has so little to live for." "How is that?" "They say she lives only for her hus-

A PHYSIOGNOMIST.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Bondelipper, what a clever man that Mr. Gilhooley is! He is really quite a physiognomist. I was telling him last evening that I had become quite proficient in painting, and

he said: "'I am sure of it, madame; your face

Chorus-Indeed .- [Texas Siftings. REGRETS.

I've scribbled many a tender note, In language soft and sweet; I've written many a loving verse, In different kinds of feet.

I've shaken the girl I wrote them to, And oh, it gives me pain To think of how silly and cheap I'll feel, When I hear them in court again. - New York Herald.

DANGERS OF PROGRASTINATION. Landlady-I s'pose you noticed that

long-whiskered old gentlemen who sat op-Prof. Driebones, and you can have his room, as he is going West on a scientific exploration -- strangest thing you ever New Boarder-What is?

Landlady-The object of his tour. He has been told that a pre-historic cave has been discovered out West, and in it sat

MAMMA'S DIARIES.

Little Girl-The teacher says I must get a diary, and write in it all I do every day. Will you buy me one, mamma? Mamma-There are plenty of them up stairs in the lower bureau drawer, fifteen or twenty, I think.

Little Girl-But isn't those ones writ-Mamma Only the first pages of each. Republic.

AN EMCOURAGING CHANGE.

Tramp-Please mum, I'm nearly starved mum. I'm so week I can hardly Housekeeper-Tramps in that condition are not so dangerous as the other

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

sort. Goon with your starving, please .-

Bouttown-Here comes Sappy, one of the best fellows that ever lived. Downtown-Lends you money, ch!-

A USEFUL PROVERS.

"She was so much attached to her first husband that she would not marry again consent.

"No, but she married again, nevertheless; she remembered the proverb, 'Silence gives consent."

"How foolish! Of course she couldn't

ONLY A HALF.

Little Dick-Did you ever see half a

Little Dot-No; did you? Little Dick-Not yet, but we both will next week. A consin of ours what we never saw is comin' here from the West, an' mamma says he's half orphan.'

A LADY IGNORANCE.

Kind Lady-If you did not drink liquor you would have more to eat. Tramp-Oh, no, mum; no, indeed, mum; it's just the other way. If the barkeeper didn't see us buyin' a drink once in a while we'd soon starve .-- [New York Weekly.

WORSE THAN AN INQUISITION.

Young Wife-Idon't like that cookingschoel teacher at all. She has neither patience nor consideration. She actual-Husband-Great snakes! She doesn't

- New York Weekly. SOME CONSOLATION.

Spacer-Isa't your little attic room awfully cold these days? Liner-Sometimes it is; but (cheerfully) the chimney catches fire sometimes. New York Herald.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

He-I don't see what people keep diaries for; I can keep all my affairs in my head. She-That's a good way, too; but not

every one has the room. WORTH THINKING OF.

Customer-Isn't that a pretty good price for a porous plaster? Druggist-Yes, but think how long it

A CHAUTAUQUA SPOON. Dell-I wonder if Maggie Morrison brought home one of those spoons from

Chautauqua with her?

the social last night .- (Epoch. Old Resident-Yes, sir. I'm eighty years old, and I walked thirty miles t'other day. Kin you do that?

Bill-Oh, yes; I saw her with him at

Average Man-N-o, not yet. I'm not

WINKING AT CRIME. "Oh. not a whole bird on my hat," She cried: "I couldn't think of that, It's wrong to kill the dainty things, Just use the head and pair of wings.

-Chicago Times.

A DIRE THREAT. Snooper-I'm afraid we'll lose young Harris. He's a very capable man, and we are not paying him much. I'm afraid some other firm will tempt him away." Swayback-Just tell him that if he accepts another situation, we'll discharge him on the instant .- [Epoch.

THERE WERE EXCEPTIONS. The Shopper (in china and queensware store, to salesman)—You don't break these sets, I presume?

The Salesman-No'm; but our errand boy does, sometimes. A SAFE PURCHASE.

"I've just mortgaged my house for \$5,000," said a New Yorker to his broker "Can you give me a pointer on friend. something that's a purchase? "I can," replied the broker; "buy that mortgage on your house."- Harper's

Bazar.

proposed to you.

CURIOUS SIMILARITY. "When we were in the north seas," said the whaling captain, "we frequently traded blubber for sealskins."

in the North River region my wife worked the very same racket on me."- New York World. THOUGHT SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.

"That's nothing," said Bond; "down

She-I wouldn't marry the best man living. He-Then there is no hope for me. It was because I thought you would that I

Russian Servants.

We have a pleasant way of growling posite you at dinner to-day? That is and grambling over the inefficiency of our Mary Anns and Elizas, and consider ourselves very badly used because they do not come nearer the pinnacle of perfection, but the Russian servant double liscounts ours in vexatious incompetency. and the Russian mistress has trials beside which our fade into insignificance. Every household has a host of retainers. They tea skeletons around a petrified table.

New Boarder Well! Why They annex anything within reach, and didn't the fools change their boarding truth is an unknown virture to them. A house sooner?—[New York Weekly.] lady cannot help about her house or she lady cannot help about her house or she loses all caste with and authority over her servants. She can only scold and wait for the spirit of the domestic to move her toward the accomplishment of her duties. The servant is expected to provide her own mattress, and usually sle on the kitchen stove in winter and out in he yard in summer. The idea of providng a room for servants never occurs to he Russian housekeeper .- [St. Louis

THE YOUNG POLKS.

PAIRY TALES.

The time I like for fairy tales. Is when the day begins to die, Just as the brilliant sunset pales.
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can lie before the fire That blazes with a ruddy light, And hear the tales that never tire Of imp and fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall Across the floor from every side, A goblin dances on the wall. And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the fire-light blazes high We see the shadows run away, And silently again draw nigh. Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow, Upon the smoke I see ascend The little folk I love to know, Who vanish at the story's end.

- Harper's Young People.

BULDA. Holda-which means "the friendly, the benignant one" is the name of the supposed patroness of agriculture and domestic life with all its customary duties and tender offices. Sometimes it is spelled Holda, but however spelled it is always attended by happy, cheerful thought. In the long ago, busy housemothers would say when snow fell, Hulda is making her bed. - Derroit Free Press.

DOMESTIC SNAKES. The Dinka tribes of Africa reverence snakes. An officer once had to pay a fine of four goats for killing one snake. These tribes domesticate snakes and keep them in their homes, their pythons they bathe with milk and anoint with butter. In most of their huts snakes may be seen crawling in search of mice. Other Africans have equally peculiar attachments. On the east of the Nile there is a tribe that is partial to lions. It is told in Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" of how a lion fell into a pit prepared for other prey, and how his we shipers cut poles and laid them slantwise to the bottom and thus rescued the fallen "king of the beasts," as this coward'y animal, the lion, is sometimes misnamed. - [Picay-

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

A mocking bird in Macon, Ga., that had been taught by its female owner to whistle a topical song incorrectly, recently heard an itinerant band play the air. The bud at once noticed the difference, and, as though to rebuke the musicians, rattledoff the song in its own incorrect way, high notes being frequently used for low ones, and vice versa. Again the band, which had moved a few houses further on, played the tane, and again the bird endeavored to correct them. After a third and fourth attempt the bird gave up in disgust, and perching itself in a corner of the cage remained there quiet and motionless until the music no longer reached its ears. Then, avs the Macon Telegraph, through which the story comes, the bird proudly jumped from the perch. and assuming a dignified attitude, once more rolled the only song it knew.

BOULOT AND BOULOTTE.

When Boulot and Boulotte, the little piny-wood twins, had reached the dignified age of twelve, it was decided in family council that the time had come for them to put their little naked feet into shoes. They were two brown-skinned. black-eyed croole roly-polies, who lived with father and mother and a troop of brothers and sisters half-way up the hill, in a neat log cabin that had a substantial mud chimney at one end. They could well afford shoes now, for they had saved many a picayune through their industry of selling wild grapes, blackberrie, and socoes to ladies in the village

who "put up" such things.
Boulot and Boulotte were to buy the shoes themselves, and they selected a Saturday afternoon for the important transaction, for that is the great shopping time in Natchitoches Parish. So upon a bright Saturday afternoon Boulot and Boulotte, hand in hand, with their quarters, their dimes, and their picayunes tied carefully in a Sunday handkerchief, descended the hill, and disappeared from the gaze of the eager group

that had assembled to see them go. Long before it was time for their return, this same small band, with tenyear-old Scraphine at their head, holding a tiny Seraphin in her arms, had stationed themselves in a row before the cabin at a convenient point from which to make quick and careful observation.

Even before the two could be caught sight of, their chattering voices were heard down by the spring, where they had doubtless stopped to drink. The voices grew more and more audible. Then, through the branches of the young pines, Boulotte's blue sun bonnet appeared, and Boulot's straw hat. Finally the twins, hand in hand, stepped into the clearing in full view.

Consternation seized the band. "You bof crazy done, Boulot an' Book lotte," screamed Scraphine. "You go buy shoes, an' come home barefeet like you was go!" Boulot flushed crimson. He silently hung his head and looked sheepishly

down at his bare feet, then at the fine

stout brogans that he carried in his hand, He had not thought of it. Boulotte also carried shoes, but of the glossiest, with the highest of hools and brightest of buttons. But she was not one to be disconcerted or to look sheep-

ish: far from it. "You spec Boulot an' me we got money fur was'e-us?" she retorted, with withering condescension. "You

think we go buy shoes fur ruin it in de dus? Comment?" And they all walked into the house crestfallen; all but Boulotte, who was mistress of the situation, and Scraphin, who did not care one way or the other .--[Harper's Young People.

The styles of many so-called Paris bonnets seen on this side of the Atlantio are totally unknown in the French capi-