## BEBEE:

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.



CHAPTER L Bebee sprang out of bed at daybreak. St

It seemed to be a very wonderful thing to be as much as that—10—a woman quite.

A cock was crowing under ber lattice. He

said how old you are!—how old you are!—every time he sounded his clarion.

Sho opened the lattice and wished him good day, with a laugh. It was so pleasant to be woke by him and to think that no one in all

There was a kid bleating in the shed. There was a thrush singing in the dusk of the sycamore leaves. There was a calf lowing to its mother away there beyond the fence There were dreamy muffled bells ringing by the distance from many steeples and belfries where the city was, they all said one thing: "How good it is to be so old as that—how

Bebee was very pretty. No one in all brabant ever denied that. To look at her it seemed as if she had so lived among the flowers that she had grown like them, and only looked a bigger blossom-

She were two little wooden shoes and a little cotton cap, and a gray kirtle-linen in summer, serge in winter; but the little feet in was as white as a lily, and the gray kirtle was as white as a lily, and the gray kirtle was like the bark of the bough that the apple blossom parts, and peeps out of, to blu

The flowers had been the only godmothers she had ever bad, and fairy godmethers, too. The marigolds and the sunflowers had given her their ripe, rich gold to that her hair; the lupins and trises had lent their azure to her eyes, the moss rose buds had made her pretty mouth the arum tilles had uncurled oftness for her skin, and the lime blossoms had given her their frank, fresh, innocen

fragrance.
The winds had blown, and the rains had rained, and the sun had shone on her, indeed, and had warmed the whiteness of her limbs, but they had only given to her body and her soul a hardy, breeze blown freshness like that of a field cowslip.

She had never been called anything but

One summer day Antoine Maes-a French subject, but a Belgian by adoption and habit, an old man who got his meager living by till-ing the garden plot about his hut and selling flowers in the city squares—Antoine, going into Brussels for his day's trade, had seen a gray bundle floating among the water tiles in the bit of water near his but and had hooked it out to land, and found a year old child in it, left to drown, no doubt, but saved by the lilies, and laughing gleefully at fate. Some lace worker, blind with the pain of toll, or some peasant woman harder of heart

than the oxen in her yoke, had left it there to drift away to death, not reckoning for the inward ripple of the current or toughness of he lily leaves and stems.
Old Antoine took it to his wife, and the

wife, a childless and aged soul, begged leave to keep it; and the two poor lonely, simple folks grew to care for the homeless, mothercalled it Bebee-only Bebee. The church got at it and added to it a

saint's name, but for all its little world it re mained Bebee-Bebee when it trotted no higher than the red carnation heads—Bebee when its yellow curls touched as high as the lavender bush-Bebee on this proud day when the thrush's song and the cock's crow found her 16 years old.

Old Antoine's but stood in a little patch of garden ground with a brier hedge all round it, in that byway which lies between Lacken and Brussels, in the heart of flat, green Bra bant, where there are beautiful meadows and tall, flowering bedges, and forest trees and fern filled ditches, and a little piece of water, deep and cool, where the swans sail all day long, and the si sway with the wind, and the silvery willows dip and

Turn aside from the highway, and there it lies today, and all the place brims over with grass, and boughs, and blossoms, and flower-ing beans, and wild deg roses; and there are few cottages and cabins there near the pretty water, and farther there is an old the green level country and the endless wheat fields, and the old mills with their red sails against the sun; and beyond all these the pale blue, sea like horizon of the plains of Flanders.

It was a pretty little hut, pink all over like a sea shell, in the fashion that the Nether-landers love; and its two little square lattices were dark with creeping plants and big rose bushes, and its roof, so low that you could touch it, was golden and green with all the lichens and stoneworts that are known on earth.

Here Bebee grow from year to year; and soon learned to be big enough and hardy enough to tie up bunches of stocks and pinks for the market, and then to carry a basket for berself, trotting by Antoine's side along the green roadway and into the white, wide streets; and in the market the buyers-most often of all when they were young mothers
-would seek out the little golden head and the beautiful frank blue eyes, and buy Bebee's lilies and carnations whether they wanted them or not. So that old Maes used to cross binself and say that, thanks to Our Lady, trade was thrice as stirring since the little one had stretched out her rosy fingers All the same, however stirring trade might

be in summer, when the long winters came and the Montague de la Cour was a sharp slope of ice, and the pinnacles of St. Gudulwere all frested white with snow, and the hot house flowers alone could fill the market, and the country gardens were bitter black wind swept desolations where the chilly roots had dled themselves together under ground, like comeless children in a cellar, then the money gained in the time of leaf and blossom was a needed to buy a black loaf and fagot of wood; and many a day in the little pink but Bebee rolled herself up in her bed like a dormouse, to forget in sleep that she was supperless and as celd as a frezen robin.

So that when Antoine Maes grew sick and died, more from age and weakness than any real disease, there were only a few giver crowns in the brown jug hidden in the thatch and the but itself, with its patch of ground, was all that he could leave to Bebee,

"Live in it, little one, and take nobody in it to worry you, and be good to the bird and the goat, and be sure to keep the flowers blowing," said the old man with his last breath; and sobbing her heart out by his bedside, Belse vowed to do his bidding.

She was not quite fourteen then, and when she had laid her old friend to rest in the rough green graveyard about St. Guido she as very sorrowful and louely-poor little bright Belse, who had never hardly known a worse wee than to run the thorns of the roses into her fifigers, or to cry because a thrush was found starved to death in the

and thought.

The hut was her own, and her own the little green triangle just then crowded with its May day blossom in all the colors of the rainbow She was to live in it, and never let the flowers die—so he had said, good, rough old ugly Antoine Maes, who had been to her as father, mother country, king and law. The sun was shrating.

Through the little square of the lattice she could see the great tailin opening in the great and a bough of the apple tree swaying in the wind. A chaffinch clung to the bough and swung to and fro singing. The door stood open, with the broad, bright day beaming through; and Bebesh little world came streaming in with it—the world which dwelt in the half doom cottages that fringed this green lane of here like beavers' nests pushed out under the leaves on to the water's edge.

They came, some siz or eight of them, all women, trim, clean, plain Brabant peasunts, hard working, kindly of nature and shrewd in their own simple matters; people who labored in the fields all the day long, or worked thomselves blind over the lace pillows in the city.

worked thomselves blind over the lace pillows in the city.

"You are too young to live alone, Bebee," said the first of them. "My old mother shall come and keep house for you."

"Nay—better come and live with me, Bebee," said the second. "I will give you bit and drop, and clothing, too, for the right to your plot of ground."

"That is to cheat her," said the third. "Hark here, Bebee; my sister, who is a lone woman, as you know well, shall come and bide with you, and ask you nothing—nothing at all—only you shall just give her a crust, perhaps, and a few flowers to sell sometimes."

"No, no," said the fourth; "that will not do. You let me have the garden and the but, Bebee, and my sons shall till the place for you, and I will live with you mysolf, and leave the boys the cabin—so you will have all the gain, do you not see, dear little one?"

"Pooh!" said the fifth, stouter and better clothed than the rest. "You are all eager for your own good, not for bera. Now I—Father Prancis says we should all do as we would be done by—I will take Bebee to live with me, all for nothing; and we will root the flowers up and plant it with good cabbages and potatoes and saind planta. And I will stable my cows in the but to sweeten it after a dead man, and I will take my chance of making money out of it, and no one can speak mere fair than that when one sees what weather is, and thinks what insects do; and all the year round, winter and summer, Bebee here will want for nothing, and have to take no care for herself whatever."

bee here will want for nothing, and have to take no care for herself whatever."

She who spoke, Mero Krobs, was the best to do woman in the little lane, having two cows of her own and carrings of solid silver, and a green cart, and a big dog that took the milk into Brussels. She was heard, therefore, with respect, and a short silence followed her words.

But it was very short; and a hubbub of voices crossed each other after it as the speak ers grew hotter against one anothe more eager to convince each other of the dis

Through it all Bebee sat quite quiet on the edge of the little truckle bed, with her eyes fixed on the apple bough and the singing chaf-

She beard them all patiently. They were all her good friends, friends old and true. This one had given her cherries a score of summers. The other had brought her a little waxen Jesus at the Kermesse. The old woman in the blue lines skirt had taken her to ber first communion. She who wanted her sister to have the crust and the flowers, had brought her a beautiful painted book of hours that had cost a whole franc. Another had given her the solitary wouder, travel and foreign feast of her whole life—day fifteen miles away at the fair at Mechlin The last speaker of all had danced her on ber knee a hundred times in babyhood, and told her legends, and let her ride in the green cart behind big, curly coated Tambour.

Bebee did not doubt that these trusty old friends meant well by her, and yet a certain beavy sense fell on her that in all these counsels there was not the same whole hearted and frank goodness that had prompted the gift to her of the waxen Jesus and the Ker-

nesse of Mechlin.

Bebee did not reason, because she was too little a thing and toe trustful, but she felt in a vague, sorrowful fashion that they were all of them trying to make some benefit out of her poor little heritage with small regard for herself at the root of their speculations.

Bebee was a child, wholly a child; body crocus just bern out of the snows. But she was not a little fool, though people sometimes called her so because she would sit in times called her so because she would sit in the moments of her leisure with her blue eyes on the far away clouds like a thing in

She heard them patiently till the cackle of shrill voices had exhausted itself, and the six women stood on the sunny mud floor of the for though they were good neighbors at all times, each, in this matter, was hungry for the advantages to be got out of old Antoine's plot of ground. They were very poor; they toiled in the scorched or frozen fields all weathers, or spent from dawn to nightfall poring over their cobweb lace; and to save a sou or gain a cabbage was of moment to them only second to the keeping of their souls secure of heaven by Lenten mass and Easter psalm.

Bebes listened to them all, and the tears

dried on her cheeks, and her pretty reschud lips curled close to one another. "You are very good, no doubt, all of you," she said at last. "But I cannot tell you that I am thankful, for my heart is like a stone, and I think it is not so very much for me as it is for the but that you are speaking. Per haps it is wrong for me to say so—yes, I am wrong, I am sure—you are all kind, and I am only Bebee. But you see he told me to live here and take care of the flowers, and I must do it, that is certain. I will ask Father Francis, if you wish; but if he tells me that I am wrong, as you do, I shall stay here all the same."

And in answer to their expostulations and condemnation, she only said the same thing over again always, in different words, but to the same steadfast purpose. The women clamored about her for an hour in reproach and rebuke, she was a baby indeed, she was a little fool, she was a naughty, obstinate child, she was an ungrateful, willful little blue, if only there was anybody that had the

"But there is nobody that has the right," said Bebee, getting angry and standing up-right on the floor, with Antoine's old gray cat in her round arms. "He told me to stay here, and he would not have said so if it had been wrong; and I am old enough to do for myself, and I am not afraid, and who is there that would hurt me! Oh, yes, go and tell Father Francis, if you like. I do not believe he will blame me, but if he do, I must bear it. Even if he shut the church door on me, I will obey Antoine, and the flowers will know I am right, and they will let no evil spirits touch me, for the flowers are strong for that; they talk to the angels in the night."

What use was it to argue with a fittle idlet like this! Indeed, persants never do argue, they use abuse,

It is their only form of logic, They used it to Bebee, rating her soundly, as became people who were old enough to be her grandmothers, and who knew that she had been raked out of their own pond, and had no more real place in creation than a water rat, as one might say.

women were kindly, and had never thrown this truth against her before, and in fact, to be a foundling was no sort of disgrace to their sight; but anger is like wine, and makes the depths of the mind shine clear, and all the mud that is in the depths stink in Antoine's legacy, the good souls said bitter things that in calm moments they would no more have uttered than they would have

taken up a knife to slit her threat. They talked themselves hourse with im patience and charrin, and went backwards over the threshold, their wooden shoes and their shrill voices keeping a clattering chorus. By this time it was evening, the sun had gone off the floor, and the bird had done sing-

Bebee stood in the same place, hardening her little heart, while big and bitter tears swelled into her eyes and fell on the soft fur of the sleeping cat.

She only very vaguely understood why it was in any sense shameful to have been raked out of the water libes tike a drowning field mouse, as they had said it was

She and Antoine and often talked of that summer morning when he had found her there among the leaves, and Belsee and he had laughed over it gayly, and she had been quite proud in her innocent fushion that she had had a fairy and the flowers for her mother and godinothers, which Antoine al-ways told her was the case beyond any man-ner of doubt. Even Father Francis, hearing the protty, barmies fiction, had nover deemed it his duty to distarb her obsasire in it. below

a good, cheerful old man, who thought that woo and wisdom both come soon enough to bow young shoulders and to silver young curls without his interference.

without his interference.

Bebee had always thought it quite a fine thing to have been born of water lilies, with the sun for hor father, and when people in Brussels had asked her of her parentage, seeing her stand in the market with a certain look on her that was not like other children, had always gravely answered in the purest good faith:

"My mother was a flower."

"You are a flower, at any rate," they

"You are a flower, at any rate," they would say in return; and Bebee had been al-ways quite content. But now she was doubtful; she was rather

But now she was doubtful; she was rather perplexed than sorrowful.

These good friends of here seemed to see some new sin about her. Ferhaps, after all, thought Bebec, it might have been better to have had a human mother who would have taken care of her now that old Antoine was dead, instead of those beautiful, gleaming, cold water lilles which went to sleep on their green velvet beds, and did not certainly care when the thorus ran into her fingers, or the pebbles got into her wooden shoes.

got into her wooden shoes.

In some vague way, disgrace and envy—the twin discords of the world—touched her innocent check with their hot breath, and as the

evening fell, liebes felt very lonely and a little wistful. She had been always used to run out in the She had been always used to run out in the pleasant twilight time among the flowers and water them, Antoine filling the can from the well; and the neighbors would come and lean against the little low wall, knitting and gossiping, and the big dogs, released from harness, would poke their heads through the wicket for a crust; and the children would dance and play Colin Maillard on the green by the water, and she, when the flowers were no longer thirsted, would join them, and romp and dance and sing the gayest of them all.

But now the buckets hung at the bottom of the well, and flowers hungered in vain, and the neighbors held aloof, and she shut to the hut door and listened to the rain which began to fall, and cried berself to sleep in her tiny

digdom.

When the dawn came the sun rose red and warm; the grass and boughs sparkled; a lark sang; Bebee awoke sad in heart, indeed, for her lost old friend, but brighter and braver. "Each of them wants to get something out of me," thought the child, "Well, I will live done then, and do my duty just as he said. The flowers will never let any real harm come, though they do look so indifferent and smiling sometimes, and though not one of them hung their beads when his coffin was carried

through them vesterday." That want of sympathy in the flowers

The old man had loved them so well: they had all looked as glad as ever, and had laughed saucily in the sun, and not even a rose bud turned the paler as the poor still "I suppose God carea-but I wish they did," said Bebee, to whom the garden was more intelligible than Providence.

"Why do you not care?" she asked the pinks, shaking the rain drops off their curled rosy petals.

The pinks leaned lazily against their sticks, and seemed to say, "Why should we care for anything, unless a slug be eating us!—that is real wee, if you like." Bebee, without her sabets on, wandered

thoughtfully among the sweet, wet sunlight-ened labyrinths of blossom, her pretty hare feet treading the narrow grassy paths pleasure in their coolness.

"He was so good to you," she said re-proachfully to the great gaudy gillyflowers and the painted sweet peas. "He never let you know heat or cold—he never let the worm gnaw or the small harm you—he world graw or the shall harm you—se would get up in the dark to see after your wants—and when the tee freze over you, he was there to loosen your chains. Why do you not care, any one of you?"

"How silly you are!" said the flowers.

"How silly you are!" said the flowers.
"You must be a butterfly or a poet, Bebee,
to be as foolish as that. Some one will do all
he did. We are of market value, you know. Care, indeed!—when the sun is so warm, and there is not an earwig in the place to trouble

The flowers were not always so selfish as this, and perhaps the sorrow in Bebee's heart made their callousness seem harder than it really was. When we suffer very much ourselves, any

thing that smiles in the sun seems cruel-a child, a bird, a dragon fly-nay, even a fluttering ribbon, or a spear grass that waves the garden, set into the wall, a niche with a

bit of glass and of the Virgin, so battered that no one could trace any feature of it. It had been there for centuries, and was held in great veneration, and old Antoine and always cut the choicest buds of his roses and set them in a delf pot in front of it every other morning all the summer long. Belsee, whose religion was the sweetest, vaguest mingling of pagan and Christian myths, and whose faith in fairles and in saints was exactly equal in strength and in ignorance— Beboe filled the delf pot anew carefully, then knelt down on the turf in that little green corner and prayed in devout, hopeful child ish good faith to the awful unknown Powers

kindly playmates.
Was she too familiar with the Holy Mother? She was almost fearful that she was; but the Holy Mother loved flowers so well, Bebee

who were to her only as gentle guides and

would not feel aloof from her nor be afraid.
"When one cuts the best blossoms for her, and tries to be good and nover tells a lie," thought Bebece, "I am quite sare, as she loves the lilies, that she will never altogether forget me."

So she said to the Mother of Christ, fearlessly, and nothing doubting, and then rose for her daily work of cutting the flowers for the market in Crossels.

By the time ber baskets were full, her fowls fed, her goat foddered, her starling's cage cleaned, her but door locked and her wooden shoes clattering on the sunny road into the city. Bebee was almost content again, though ever and again, as she trod the familiar ways, the tears dimmed hereyes as she remembered that old Antoine would never again hobble over the stones beside her.

"You are a little willful one, and too young to live alone," said Father Francis, meeting

her in the lane.
But he did not scold her seriously, and she kept to her resolve; and the women, who were good at heart, took her back into favor again; and so beloe had ber own way, and the fairies, or the saints, or both together, took care of her; and so it came to pass that all alone she heard the cock crow while it was dark, and woke to the grand and amazing truth that this warm, fragrant, dusky June morning found her full 16 years old.

The two years had not been all playtime, any more than they had been all summer When one has not father, or mother, or brother, and all one's friends have barely bread enough for themselves, life cannot be very easy, nor its crusts very many at any

time.

Bebee had a cherub's mouth, and a dream er's eyes, and a poet's thoughts sometimes in her own untaught and unconscious fashion.

But all the same she was a little hard working Brahant peasant girl; up while the birds twittered in the dark; to bed when the red sun sank beyond the far blue line of the plates, she hood, and dug, and watered, and planted her little plot, she kept her cabin as clean as a fresh blossomed primrose; she milked her goat, and swept her floor; she all the warm days, in the town, selling her flowers, and in the winter time, when her garden yielded her nothing, she strained her sight over lace making in the city to get the small bit of food that stood between her and that hunger which to the poor means death.

A hard life, very hard when hall and snow made the streets of Brussels like slopes of ice; a little hard even in the gay summer time when she sat under the awning fronting the Maison du Rei; but all the time the child throve on it, and was happy, and dreamed of many graceful and gracious things while she was weeling among her lilies, or tracing the

threads to and fro on her lace pillow. Now-when she woke to the full sense of her wonderful 16 years—liebee, standing barefoot on the mud floor, was as pretty a sight as was to be seen betwirt Scheldt and

The sun had only left a soft warmth like an apricot's on her white skin. Her limbs, though strong as a mountain pony's, were slender and well shaped. Her hair curled in shiny, crumpled masses, and tumbled about for shoulders. Her pretty, round, plump little breast was white as the lilles in the

gram without, and in this blooming time of her little life Bebee, in her way, was beauti-ful as a peach bloom is beautiful, and her in-nocent, courageous, happy eyes had dreams in them undermosth their laughter—dreams that went further than the green woods of Lacton, further even than the white clouds

Lacton, further even than the white clouds of summer.

She could not move among them filly as posts and girls love to do; she had to be active amidst them, else drought and rain, and worm and snall, and blight and frees would have made have of their fairest hopes.

The lovellest love is that which dreams high above all storms, unsolled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through mire, and burns its brow in heat, for the thing beloved.

and burns its brow in heat, for the thing beloved.

So Bebee dreamed in her garden; but all the time for sake of it hoed and dug, and hurt her hands, and tired her limbs, and bowed her shoulders under the great metal palls from the weil.

This wondrous morning, with the bright burden of her sixteen years upon her, she dressed herself quickly and fed her fowls and, happy as a bird, went to sit on her little wooden stool in the doorway.

There had been fresh rain in the night; the garden was radiant, the smell of the wet earth was sweeter than all perfumes that are burned in palaces.

The dripping resebuds needed against her hair as she went out; the starling called to her, "Bebee, Bebee—bon jour, bon jour." These were all the words it knew. It said the same words a thousand times a week. But to Bebee it seemed that the starling mest certainly knew that she was 10 years old that day.

day.

Breaking her bread into the milk, she sat in the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live when one is young!"

Old people say the same thing often, but they sigh when they say it. Below smiled.

Mero Krebs opened her door in the hers ottage and nodded over the wall. "What a fine thing to be 101 A merry

year, Belson."

Marthe, the carpenter's wife, came out from her gate, broom in hand.
"The bely saints keep you, Bebee, why, you are quite a woman now!"

The little children of Varnhart, the char-

The little children of Varnhart, the charcoal burner, who were as poor as any mouse in the old churches, rushed out of their little home up the lane, bringing with them a cake stack full of sugar and seeds, and their round with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in her bonor.

"Only see, Bebeet Such a grand caker" they shouted, dancing down the lane. "Jules picked the plums, and Jeanne washed the almoods, and Christine took the ribbon off her own communion cap—all for you—all for you, but you will let us come and eat it too?"

Old Gran'mere Bishot, who was the oldest woman about Laeken, hobbled through the grass on her crutches and nodded her white shaking bead, and smiled at fiebes.

"I have nothing to give you, little one—ex-cept my blessing, if you care for that."

Bebee ran out, breaking from the children, and knelt down in the wet grass, and bent her pretty sunny head to the benediction. Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman of them all, called to the child from the steps

"A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, Bebeel Come up, and here is my first dish of cherries for you; not tasted one myself; they will make you a feast with Varnhart's cake, though she should have known better, so poor as she is. Charity begins at home, and these

as she is. Charity begins at home, and these children's stomachs are empty."

Belsee ran up and then down again gleefully, with her lapful of big black cherries; Tambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk cart, leaping on her in sympathy and congratulation.

"What a supper we will have!" she cried to the charcoal burner's children, who were turning summersaults in the dock leaves, where the swans stared and hissed.

When one is sixteen, cherries and a cake

When one is sixteen, cherries and a cake have a flavor of Paradise still, especially when they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in al

An old man called to her as she went by his door. All these little cablus lie close to gether, with only their apple trees, or their tall beans, or their bedges of thorn between them, you may ride by and never notice them if you do not look for them under the leaves

closely, as you would for thrushes' nests. He, too, was very old; a life long neighbor and gossip of Antoine's; he had been a day laborer in these same fields all, his years, and had never traveled further than where the red mill sails turned among the colza and the

"Come in, my pretty one, for a second," he whispered with an air of mystery that made liebee's heart quicken with expectancy "Come in; I have something for you. They were my dead daughter's—you have heard me talk of her—Lisette, who died forty years me talk of her—Lisette, who died forty years or more ago, they say; for me, I think it was yesterday. Mere Krebs—she is a hard wo man—heard me talking of my girl. She burst out laughing, 'Lord sake, fool, why, your girl would be sixty now an she had lived.' Well, so it may be; you see, the new mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but, my girl, she is young to me. Always young. Come here, Bebee,"

Bebeo went after him, a little awed, into the dusky interior, that smelled of stored ap-ples and of dried herbs that hung from the roof. There was a walnut wood press, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their home spun linen in and their own lace that serves for the nuptials and

baptisms of half a score of generations.

The old man unlocked it with a trembling hand, and there came from it an odor of dead lavender and of withered rose leaves. On the shelves there were a girl's set of clothes, and a girl's sabots and a girl's com-

"They are all hers," he whispered; "all hers. And sometimes in the evening time I see her coming along the lane for them—do you not know! There is nothing changed; actions changed; nothing changed; the grass, and the trees, and the huts, and the pend are all here—why should she only be gone away?"

"Antoine is gone."

"Yes. But he was old; my girl is young."

He stood a moment, with the press door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the mule like stupidity of ignorance made him cling to this one

thought without power of judgment in it.
"They say she would be sixty," be said,
with a little dreary smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why, she had cheeks like yours, and she would run-no lapwing could fly faster over corn. These are her things, you see; yes-all of them. That is the sprig of sweetbrier she wore in her belt the day before the wagen knecked her down and killed her. I have never touched the things. But look here, Bebee, you are a good child and true, and like her just a little. I mean to give you her silver clasps. They were her great-great-great-grandmother's before her. God knows how old they are not. And a girl should have some little wealth of that sort-and for

Antoino's sako"-The old man stayed behind, closing the press door upon the lavender scented clothes, and sitting in the dull shadow of the but to think of his daughter, dead forty summers and more.

Bebee went out with the brave broad silver clasps about her waist, and the tears wet on her cheeks for a grief not her own. To be killed just when one was young and was loved like that, and all the world was in

her touch—as cold as though it were the dead girl's hands that held her.

The garlands that the children strung of daisles and hung about her had never chilled her so. But little Jeanne, the youngest of the char-

its May day flower! The silver felt cold to

coal burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with gise, and danced in the gay morning.
"Oh, Bebee! how you glitter! Did the
Virgin send you that off her own altar! Let
me see—let me touch! Is it made of the stars

or of the sunf" And Bebee danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk carts were half an hour later for town, and the hens eackled loud unfed, and the men even stopped on their way to the fields and paused, with their scythes on their shoulders, to stare at the splendid gift.

"There is not such another set of clasps in Brabant; old work you could make a fortune of in the curiosity shops in the Montagne, said Trine Krebs, going up the steps of her mill house,

"But, all the same, you know, Beloe, things off a dead body bring mischance sometimes." But Bebee danced with the child, and did Whose fote day had ever begun like

se of hers! She was a little poet at heart, and should not She was a little poet at beart, and should not have cared for such vanities; but when one is only it, and has only a little rough woolen freck, and sits in the market place or the lace room, with other girls around, how should one be altogether incliferent to a broad, embossed, beautiful shield of silver that sparkled with each step one took!

A quarter of an hour idle thus was all, however, that Beabs or her friends could

"Go to the Madelaine; you will make mon-ey there, with your pretty blue eyes, Bobee," people had said to her of late; but Bebee had shaken her head.

Where

Where she had sat in her babyhood at Antoine's feet, she would sit so long as she sold flowers in Brussels—here, underneath the shadow of the Gothic towers that saw Eg-

saints, and little waxen Ctrists upon a tray; the big dogs who pulled the carts in, and lay panting all day under the rush bottomed chairs on which the egg wives and the fruit sellers sat, and knitted and chaffered; nay,

even the gorgoous buissier and the frowning gendarme, who marshaled the folks into or-der as they went up for municipal registries, or for town misdemeaners. She knew them all, had known them all ever since she had first trotted in like a little dog at Antoine's

and for the angels, the tinker and the cobbler were of opinion that one had only too much

"I remembered it was your name day, child. Here are half a dozon eggs," said one of the hen wives, and the little cross woman

with the peddler's tray added a waxen St. Agues, colored red and yellow to the very life, no doubt; and the old Chenp John had

und be a wonder in to all the neighborhood. and be a wonder in to an the insignation of the And they throughed round her and adored the silver waist buckles, and when Bebee got faising to her stall and traffic began, she

fairly to her stall and traffic began, she thought once more that nobody's feast day

sum of magnitude in the green lane by Lac

that was all, when the Ave Maria began ring

stroll in St. flubert's gallery, and I will buy you a little gilt heart, or a sugar apple stick,

or a ribbon, and we can see the puppet show afterwards, chf

But the children were waiting at home; she would not spend the evening in the city; she only thought she would just kneel a mo-ment in the cathedral and say a little prayer or two for a minuto—the saints were so good in giving her so many friends.

People looked after her as she went through the twisting, picture like streets, where sun-light fell still between the peaked high roofs, and lamps were here and there lit in the bric-

Her little muslin cap blew back like the wings of a white butterfly. Her sunny hair caught the last sun rays. Her feet were fair

woolen skirts the grace of her pretty limbs moved freely Her broad silver classe shone

like a shield, and she was utterly unconscious

that any one looked; she was simply and gravely intent on reaching St. Gudule to say

her one prayer and not keep the children

Some one leaning idly over a baleony in

the street that is named after Mary of Bur-gundy saw her going thus. He left the bal-

ony and went down his stairs and followed

The sun dazzie on the silver had first caught

his sight; and then he had looked downward

liebee made her salutations to the high

She said her prayer and thanked the saints

for all their gifts and goodness, her clasped hand against her silver shield, her basket on

the pavement by her, abovehead the sunset rays streaming purple and crimson and golden through the painted windows that are the wonder of the world.

When her prayer was done she still kneeled there; her head thrown back to watch the

light, her hands clasped still, and on her up-turned face the look that made the people say,

What does she seef—the angels or the dead?" She forgot everything. She forgot the

cherries at home, and the children even. She was looking upward at the stories of the

painted panes; she was listening to the mes-sage of the dying sunrays; she was feeling

vaguely, wistfully, unutterably the tender

beauty of the sacred place and the awful wonder of the world in which she with her six-

teen years was all alone, like a little blue corn flower among the wheat that goes for grist

For she was alone, though she had so many

friends. Quite alone sometimes; for God had been cruel to her, and had made her a lark

without song.

When the sun faded and the beautiful case.

ments lost all glow and meaning, Bebse rose with a startled look—had she been dreaming)

-was it night !- would the children be sorry

and go supper less to bod!

"Have you a reschud left to sell to me?" a
man's voice said not far off; it was low and

sweet, as became the Sacrament chapel.

Below looked up, she did not quite know what she saw; only dark eyes smiling into

and the barley that makes men drunk.

altar, and stole on into the chapel of the Saint Sacrament; it was that one that she

at the pretty feet.

These are the chances women call fate.

a brac shops and the fruit stalls.

waiting.

loved best.

had ever dawned like hers.

by the storm when it brenks.

their homes or their pleasuring.

But none did.

it spoken, of course.

By the instinct of habit she sought in her basket and found three mess roses; she held them out to him.

"I don't sell flowers here, but I will give them to you," she said, in her pretty, grave, childish fashion.

"I often want flowers," said the stranger, as he took the buda. "Where do you sell yours—in the market?"

"In the Grand place."

"Will you tell me your name, pretty one?"
"I am Bebee."

There were people coming into the church.

sowerer, that Beebe or her friends could spare at 5 o'clock on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its boney, its flowers, its cream and its butter, and Tambour was shaking his leather harness in impatience to be off with his milk cans.

So Beebe, all holiday though it was, and servine though she felt herself, ran indoors, put up her cakes and cherries, cut her two basketfuls out of the garden, locked her hut, and went on her quick and happy little feet along the grassy paths toward the city.

The sorting and tying up of the flowers she always left until she was sitting under the awning in front of the Broodhuis, the same awning, tawny as an autumn pear and weather blown as an old sail, which had served to shelter Antoine Maes from heat and rain through all the years of his life.

"Go to the Madelaine; you will make money there, with your pretty blue eyes, Bobee," There were people coming into the church. There were people coming into the church. The bells were booming abovehend for vespors. There was a shuffle of chairs and a stir of feet. Boys in white went to and fro, lighting the candles. Great clouds of shadow drifted up into the roof and hid the angels. She nodded her little bead to him.

"Good night; I cannot stay. I have a cake at home to-night, and the children are waiting."

at home to-night, and the children are waiting."

"Ah! that is important, no doubt, indeed.

Will you buy some more cakes for the children from mer"

He child a gold piece in her hand. She looked at it in amaze. In the green lanes by Laoken no one ever saw gold. Then she gave it him beach.

thim back.
"I will not take money in church, nor anywhere, except what the flowers are worth.
Good night."

He followed her and held back the heavy oak door for her and went out into the air

with her.
It was dark already, but in the square there

was still the cool, bright, primrose colored evening light. Bebee's wooden shoes went pattering down shadow of the Gothic towers that saw Egmont die.

Here Bebee, from 3 years old, had been
used to sit beside him. She knew all the
people—the old cobbler, who sat next her, and
chattered all day long like a magpie; the
tinker, who had come up many a summer
night to drink a glass with Antoine; the
Cheap John, who cheated everybody else,
but who had always given her a toy or
trinket at every Fete Dieu all the summers
she had known; the little old woman, sour as
a crab, who sold resarries and pictures of
mints, and little waxen Christs upon a tray; the sloping and uneven stones. Her little gray figure ran quickly through the deep shade cast from the towers and walls. Her

dreams had drifted away. She was thinking of the children and the cake. "You are in such a hurry because of the

ber, Bebee looked back at him with a unite tr her blue eyes.
"Yes; they will be waiting, you know, and there are cherries, too.
"It is a grand day with you then?"

"It is my fete day; I am 16." She was proud of this. She told it to the very dogs in the street.
"Ah! you feel old, I dare say?"

"Oh, quite old! They cannot call child any more." "Of course not; it would be ridiculous.
Are these presents in your basket?"
"Yes, every one of them." She paused a
moment to lift the dead vine leaves and show him the beautiful shining red shoes. "Look!
—old Gringoire gave me these. I shall wear them at mass next Sunday. I never had a pair of shoes in my life."

So Bebee stayed there.

It is, perhaps, the most beautiful square in all northern Europe, with its black timbers and gilded carvings, and blazoned windows, and majestic scutcheons, and fantastic pinnactes. That Bebee did not know, but she loved it, and she sat resolutely in front of the Broodhuis, selling her flowers, smiling, chatting, helping the old woman, counting her little gains, eating her bit of bread at noonday like any other market girl, but at times charging up to the stately towers and the "But how will you wear shoes without stockings!"
It was a snake cast into her Eden She had never thought of it.

She had never thought of it.

"Ferhaps I can save money and buy some," she answered, after a sad little pause. "But that I could not do till next year. They would cost several france, I suppose."

"Unless a good fairy gives them to you!" Bebee smiled; fairles were real things to ber—relations indeed. Bhe did not imagine that he spoke in jest.

"Sometimes I pray very much and things come," she said, softly. "When the Gloire de Dijon was cut back too soon one summer, and never blossomed, and we all thought it was dead, I prayed all day long for it, and never thought of anything else; and by autumn it was all in new leaf, and now its flowers are finer than ever." day the any other market girl, but at times glancing up to the stately towers and the blue sky, with a look on her face that made the old tinker and cobbler whisper together: "What does she see there—the dead people or the angels?"
The truth was that even Bebee herself did not know very surely what she saw-some thing that was still nearer to her than even this kindly crowd that loved her. That was all she could have said had anybody asked

ers are finer than ever. But you watered it whilst you prayed, I of them sculptured about everywhere, and shining on all the casements—in reverence be

The surcasm escaped her.

She was wondering to herself whether it would be vain and wicked to pray for a pair of stockings; she thought she would go and ask Father Francis. By this time they were in the Rue Royale, and half way down it. The lamps were

lighted. A regiment was marching up with a band playing. The windows were open and people were laughing and singing in some of them. The light caught the white and gilded saved her a cage for the starling; and the tinker had a cream choses for her in a vine leaf, and the sweetment seller brought her a beautiful gibled born of sugar plums, and the cobbler had made her actually a pair of shoes —red shoes, beautiful shoes to go to mass in

crowds loltered along in the warmth of the evening.

Belsee, suddenly roused from her thoughts by the loud challenge of the military music, looked round on the stranger, and motioned him back.

"Sir—I do not know you—why should you come with mel Do not do it, please. You make me talk, and that makes ine late."

And she pushed her basket further on her arm, and nodded to him, and ran off—as fleetly as a hare through fern—among the press of the people.

"To-morrow, little one," he answered her with a careless smile, and let her go unpur-

When the chimes began to ring all over with a careless smile, and let her go unpur-sued. Above, from the open casement of a cafe, some young men and some painted women leaned out, and threw sweetmeats at him, as in carnival time.

"A new model—that pretty peasant?" they asked him.

He laughed in answer, and went up the steps to join them; he dropped the mess roses as he went, and trod on them, and did not wait. carillon was not saying its "Laus Deo" with some special meaning in its beds of her.

The morning went by as usual, the noise of the throngs about her like a driving of angry winds, but no more burting her than the angels on the root of St. Gudule are burt

The day was a busy one, and brought in good profit. Bebse had no less than fifty sous leather pouch when it was over-a CHAPTER IV. Bebee ran home as fast as her feet would A few of her mosa roses were still unsold, The children were all gathered about her

gate in the dusky, dewy evening; they met her with shouts of welcome and reproach in-termingled; they had been watching for her since first the sun had grown low and red, ing over the town and the people dispersed to It was a warm gray evening; the streets were full, there were blossoms in all the baland now the moon was risen.

But they forgave her when they saw the splendor of her presents, and she showered out among them Pers Melchior's horn of comfittee. conies, and gay colors in all the dresses. The old tinker put his tools together and whispered to her:
"Bebee, as it is your feast day, come and

They dashed into the hut, they dragged the one little table out among the flowers; the cherries and cake were spread on it, and the miller's wife had given a big jug of milk, and Father Francis himself had sent some

The early roses were full of scent in the dew; the great gillyflowers breathed out fragrance in the dusk; the goat came and nibbled the sweetbrier unrebuked; the chil-dren repeated the Flemish bread grace, with clasped hands and reverent eyes: "Oh, dear little Jesus, come and sup with us, and bring your beautiful Mother too; we will not for-get you are God." Then, that said, they ate, and drank, and laughed, and picked cherries from each other's mouths like little black birds; the big white dog gnawed a crust at their feet; old Krebs, who had a fiddle, and their feet, old Krebs, who had a fiddle, and could play it, came out and trilled them rude and ready Flemish tunes, such as Teniers or Mieris might have jumped to before an ale house at the Kermesse; Bebee and the chil-dren joined hands, and danced round to-gether in the broad white moonlight, on the grass and by the water side; the idlers came and sat about, the women netting or spin-ning, and the men smoking a pipe before bed time; the rough, hearty Flemish bubbled like a brook in gossip, or rung like horn over a jest; Bebes and the children, tired of their play, grew quiet, and chanted together the "Ave Maria Stella Virginis;" a nightingale among the willows sang to the sleeping swans. All was happy, quiet, homely; lovely also

in its simple way.

They went early to their beds, as people

must do who rise at dawn.

Bebee leaned out a moment from her own little casement ere she too went to rest, Through an open lattice there sounded the murmur of some little child's prayer; the wind sighed among the willows; the night-ingales song on in the dark—alf was still. Hard work awaited her on the morrow, and

on all the other days of the year.

She was only a little persant—she must sweep, and spin, and dig, and delve, to get daily her bit of black brend—but that night she was as happy as a little princes in a fairy tale, happy in her playmates, in her flowers in her sixteen years, in her red shoes, in her silver buckles, because she was half a woman happy in the dewy leaves, in the singing birds, in the hush of the night, in the sense of est, in the fragrance of flowers, in the drifting changes of moon and clouds; happy be

half a poet, because she was wholly a poet. "Oh, dear swans, how good it is to be 16 how good it is to live at alli-do you not tell the willows sof said Bebee to the glean of silver under the dark leaves by the water's were sleeping, with their snowy wings closed over their stately heads, and the veiled gold

and ruby of their eyes. The swans did not awake to answ Only the nightingale answered from the willows, with Desdemona's song. But Bebee had never heard of Desdemona.

and the willows had no sigh for her. "Good night!" she said, softly, to all the green dewy sleeping world, and then she iny down and slept herself. The nightingal sang on, and the willows trembled.

Continued next Saturday.

## SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR FEARS FANCIES AND FAIRY TALES.

Didn't Belleve in Ghosts, but Afraid of Them-Things Worn and Carried to Frevent Disease - Unlucky to Go Under a Ladder-In and Out the Same Door.

The probable truth is that there is not one of The Globe's readers who does not at least half believe in some superstition. Somewhere in your lives you have a little private doset where you keep one or more put superstitions locked up out of sight of your friends, and, for the most part, and of your own sight. But now and then you unlock the door, or they get out through the keyhole; then they look at you in the twilight with their weird eyes, full of the mystery of the past, and you find yourself on your knees before them. Perhaps you are half ashamed of them, because you do not more than half believe in them, but when hey get you alone they master you. You are like Mme. de Stael. A friend said to her one day, "Do you be-lieve in ghosts?" "No," she replied, "but I am afraid of them, though."

Col. Ingersoll dedicated his first volume of lectures to "Eva A. Ingersoll, a early mining days in California, when selfish rascality seemed to be the rule, an old miner who had been repeatedly "fleeced" was very much astonished at the remarkable honesty of a young man who had just paid back some money which had been given him by mistake. Thinking he could not have many comtantions in such deeds the old many panions in such deeds the old man stepped up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Stranger, don't you find yourself awfully lonesome about these parts?" So I have often thought that if Mrs. Ingersoll is really altogether "without superstition," she must some-times find herself "awfully lonesome."

I remember, when a boy, that one of my brothers used to wear about his neck a red woolen cord to prevent the nose-bleed. The only thing clear in my mind on the subject was that it did not pre-vent it. At any rate it used to bleed on the subject was that it did not pre-vent it. At any rate it used to bleed very often, while the rest of us, who did not wear one, were never troubled at all, except in those cases that all who have been boys will understand, where a post, or the ice in skating, or a snowball, or some other boy's fist came in somewha violent contact with the most prominen feature of our faces. I suppose, how-ever that there was some fanciful conever that there was some and the string nection between the red of the blood, and an incipient and the red of the blood, and an incipient homeopathy suggested that "like v

cure like."

I also remember, when a child, how some of the larger boys used to carry about a horse chestnut in their pockets as a preventive of rheumatism. This is one of the mysteries I have never fathomed. Only it does seem a willful perversity for people to suffer so, just to save the trouble of carrying a horse chestnut. Just as it seems pure malice in any one Just as it seems pure malice in any one ever to die when one looks through an apothecary shop, reads the advertisements in the newspapers, or knews how Dr. Cullis cures people by simply praying for them, and then telling them they are

WHAT BAD DREAMS MEAN. A friend told me the other day that when a boy he always felt it incumbent on him to spit three times whenever he saw a dead cat. The origin of this I will

not stop now to trace.

Not long since a lady acquaintance was walking along the street with a friend, when she suddenly felt herself pulled off the sidewalk into the street. The occasion of this sudden maneuver was the other lady's superstitious fear of walking under a ladder that leaned against the wall in front of them. I have learned that this superstition is very common-and, perhaps, it is not worth my while to disturb it. For it might be decidedly "unlucky" to walk under a ladder—provided a man weighing 200 was on it and it should slip; or in case an unsteady man with a "drop too much," should in-dulge in a further drop too much of a loose lying brick from his hod. Though in the case of the colored brother, who stood serene while the brick lay in fragments at his feet, and who merely ex-claimed, "Look out, dar! Ef yo dean't want yo' bricks broke jes' keep 'cm off o'

dis chile's he'd!" it was only the brick that was "unlucky." I have an old acquaintance in Maine who used to stick his jackknife in the headboard on going to bed to prevent his having the cramp. That is the sole instance of that sublime faith with which I am acquainted. But I have known of people who warded off the same uncom-fortable nightly visitant by scrupulously arranging their slippers bottom up at the

foot of their bod.

A lady not long since went into a jowelry store. Being at a corner it opened on two streets. When she started to go out, the salesman said, "Madam! you have forgetten." "Why what?" said she, thinking of purchase or purse. "But you came in at the other door," he replied. Then it flashed over her; and though she went on her way, she remembered that it was "unlucky" to enter by one door and go out by another. However it may be about other places, I am really inclined to think that it is unlucky for a lady to go into a jewelry store, no matter which door she goes out of; unlucky for the man who has to pay the bills.

Then, again, it is unlucky to have a bad dream three nights running. This is one of the signs that I believe in thor-oughly. "Aha!" you say, "then you, too, are superstitious as well as the rest of us?" Yes, I believe it is very unlucky to have a bad dream-even one night. It is a sign that your supper didn't set well, and also that you will not feel nearly so well the next morning. And if you allow it to trouble you the next day it is another bad sign-a sign that you won't sleep so well the next night, and also a sign that you have not yet outgrown the fanciful dreams of the world's childhood.—Dr. Savage in Boston Globe.

"Let Her Go, Gallagher."

A correspondent in Lexington, Ky., wants to know about "Let her go, Gallagher." This phrase never became as popular as "Painting the town red," although last year it had some currency. There are forty-nine different ex-planations about how it started. One is that there was a young baseball pitcher named Gallagher, on the Pacific coast, who was much admired by the boys, and whenever he stood up to pitch they used to shout the phrase. But as the inquiry comes from the south, perhaps the writer would like a southern ver-sion. Here it is: "Squire Ben Screws is the sion. Here it is: "Squire Ben Screws is the genial and hig hearted magistrate of the city of Montgomery. A colored lady, having indulged in very 'inflamed language' toward another of an equally night shade of complexion, the aggrieved one had her arrested and arraigned for trial before the squire. One of the numerous witnesses was very severe in her testimony against the accused, saying, among other things, that she used 'talk that no lady can 'spress.' This so aggravated the defendant that she went for witness regardless of surroundings. Tom Gallagher, the squire's bathiff, tried to stop the wool pulling that ensued, and caught hold of the defendant's arm, when the squire, who likes to see fair play, and withal enjoys a good thing, shouted: 'Let her go, Gallagher,' "— Detroit Free Press.