BEBEE; TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.



as threw the leaves away, tiritably, and told hor to leave off her spinning. "Some day I shall paint you with that wheel as I painted the Broodhuis. Will you

'Yes."

She answered him as she would have an-swered if he had told her to go on pilgrimage from one end of the Low Countries to the

other. "What were you going to do today !" "I am going into the market with the flow-

ers; I go every day." "How much will you makef"

"Two or three francs, if I am lucky, "And do you never have a holiday?"

"Oh, yes; but not often, you know, because it is on the fete days that the people want the

"But in the winter !"

"Then I work at the lace."

"Do you never go into the woods?" "I have been, once or twice; but it loses

whole day."

"You are afraid of not earning?" "Yes. Because I am afraid of owing per ple anything."

"Well, give up this one day, and we will make holiday. The people are out; they will not know. Come into the forest, and we will dine at a cafe in the woods; and we will be as poetic as you like, and I will tell you a tale of one called Rosalind, who pranked herself in boys' attire, all for love, in the Ardennes country yonder. Come, it is the very day for the forest; it will make me a lad again at Mandea udon, when the lilacs were in bloom. Poor Paris! Come."

"Do you mean it?"

The color was bright in her face, her heart was dancing, her little feet felt themselver already on the fresh green turf. She had no thought that there could be any

harm in it. She would have gone with Jean-not or old Bac. "Of course I mean it. Come. I was going

"Of course i mean it. Come. I was going to Mayence to see the Magi and Van Dyck's Christ. We will go to Soignies instead, and study green leaves. I will paint your face by sunlight. It is the best way to paint you. You belong to the open air. So should Gret-chen; or how else should she have the blue aky in her eves!"

But I have only wooden shoes!"

Her face was scarlet as she glanced at her feet; he who had wanted to give her the silk stockings-how would be like to be seen walk-ing abroad with those two clumsy, clattering work-a-day, little sabots! "Never mind. My dear, in my time I have had enough of satin shoes and of silver gilt

heels; they click-clack as loud as yours, and cost much more to those who walk with them, not to mention that they will seldom deign to walk at all. Your wooden shoes are pictur esque. Paganini made a violin out of a wooden shee. Who knows what music may furk in yours, only you have never beard it. Perhaps I have. It was Bac who gave you the red shoes, that was the barbarian, not I.

"You really mean it?"

"But they will miss me at market."

issue origination the model, and new be not ber pourly tooth into, early peaches and cestly sweetmests; he wandered with her hither and thither, and told her tales out of the posts and talked to ber is the dreamy, cycleal, postical manner that was character-tetic of bim, being half artificial and half corrowful, as his temper was. But Bebee-all unconscious, intoxicated with happiness, and yet touched by it into that vague address which the summer mu-brings with it even to young things, if they have soul in them-Bebee said to him what the work girls of Paris never had dow. Besutiful things; things fantastic, igno-rant, absurd, very simple, very unreasonable of the world; by a certain light divine that bester hamp, through minds that have no crossness to obscure them. Her words were not equal to the burden of the thoughts at times, but he knew how to the top performed the thought from the broken shell and tangled as weed of her simple un-tion and tangled as weed of her simple un-

some in the syster of the syst rush thatched roof, and bring her here to so-the green leaves and the living things of the forest.

belief in any God, he could not deal with her as he had used to do with the work girls in the primrose paths of old Vincennes. As they went a man was going under the trees with a load of wood upon his back. Be-bes gave a little cry of recognition. "Oh, look, that is Joannot! How he will

wonder to see me here!" Flamen drew her a little downward, so that the forester passed onward without per-CHAPTER XV. "To be Gretchen, you must count the leaves of your daisles," he said to her, as he painted-painted her just as she was, with her two little white feet in the wooden shoes, and the thick green leaves behind the simplest picture possible, the dress of gray-ouly cool dark gray-with white linen bodice, and no color anywhere except in the green of the foliage; but where he meant the wonder and the charm of it to lie was in the upraised, serious, child like face, and the gaze of the grave, smiling eyes.

"Why do you do that" and Bebee. "Shall I not speak to him?" "Why? To have all your neighbors chat-ter of your feast in the forest? It is not worth while."

"Ab, but I always tell them everything," said Bebee, whose imagination had been al-ready busy with the wonders that she would unfold to Mere Krebs and the Varnhart chilserious, child like face, and the gaze of the grave, smiling eyes. It was Gretchen, spinning, out in the open air among the flowers; Gretchen with the tall dog daisies growing up about her fect, among the thyme and the roses, before she had had need to gather one to ask her future of its parted leaves. The Gretchen of Scheffer tells no tale; sho dren. "Then you will see but little of me

dear. Learn to be silent, Bebee. It is woman's first duty, though her hardest." "Is it?"

She did not speak for some time. Sh could not imagine a state of things in which she would not narrate the little daily mira-The Gretchen of Scheffer tells no tale; sho is a fair haired, hard working, simple minded peasant, with whom neither angels nor devils have anything to do, and whome eyes never can open to either hell or heaven. But the Gretchen of Flamen said much more than

she would not narrate the little daily mira-cles of her life to the good old garrulous women and the little open mouthed romps. And yet—she little her eyes to his. "I am glad you have told me that," she said, "Though indeed, I do not see why one should not say what one does, yet—somehow—I do not like to talk about you. It is like the pio-tures in the galleries, and the music in the cathedral, and the great still evenings, when the fields are all slient, and it is as if Christ walked abroad in them; I do not know how to talk of those things to the others—only to to talk of those things to the others-only to you-and I do not like to talk about you to them-do you not know!" "Yes, I know. But what affinity have I,

Bobee, to your thoughts of your God walking in his corn fields?"

noisee, to your thoughts of your God watking in his corn fields?" Bebee's syes glanced down through the green aisle of the forests, with the musing scriousness in them that was like the child angels of Botticell's dreams. "I cannot tell you very well. But when I am in the fields at evening and think of Christ, I feel so happy, and of such good will to all the rest, and I seem to see heaven quito plain through the beautiful gray air where the stars are—and so I feel when I am with you—that is all. Only"— "Only what?"

"Only what?" "Only in those evenings, when I was

alone, heaven seemed up there, where the stars are, and I longed for wings; but now, it is here—and I would only shut my wings if I had them, and not stir." He looked at her, and took her hands and

kissed them—but roverently—as a believer may kiss a shrine. In that moment to Flamen she was sacred; in that moment he could no more have hurt her with passion than could have hurt her with a blow. could have hurt her with a blow. It was an emotion with him, and did not endure. But while it lasted it was true.

CHAPTER XVL

Then he took her to dine at one of the wooden cafes under the trees. There was a little sheet of water in front of it, and a gay garden around. There was a balcony and wooden stairway; there were long trellised arbors, and little white tables, and great rose bushes, like her own at home. They had an arbor all to themselves; a cool sweet smelling bower of green, with a glimpse of scarlet from the flowers of some twisting beans, They had a meal, the like of which she had how the voices got into the bells, and how they can make one's heart beat, hanging up there as they do, all among the jackidaws. I want to know what it is when I walk in the fields in the morning, and it is all gray and soft and still, and the corn crake crics in the rheat, and the little mice can home to their

soft and still, and the corn crake crics in the wheat, and the little mice run home to their holes, that makes me so glad and yet so ser rewful, as if I were so very near God, and yet so all alone, and such a little thing; be cause you use the mease she has her hole, and the crake her own people, but 1"— Her voice faithered a little and stopped, she had never before thought out into words her own lonelines; from the long green arbor the voice of the girls and the students sang: "Ah is doux son d'un baiser teedre?" Flamen was silent. The poet in him—and in an artist there is always more or less of the poet—kept him back from ridicule, nay, moved him to pity and respect. They were absurdly simple words no doubt, had little wisdom in them, and were quite childish in their utterance, and yet they moved bin corinsity as a man very base and callous may at times be moved by the look in a dying deer's eyes, or by the sound of a song that some lost love once sang. He rese and free her hands away, and took her small face between his own hands in-stend.

"Poor little Bebee!" he said gently, look-ing down on her with a breath that was al-most a sigh. "Poor little Bebee!--to envy the corn crake and the mouse!" She was a little startled; her cheeks grow

She was a little startled, her checks grew very warm under his touch, but her eyes looked still into his without fear. He stooped and touched her forchead with his lips, gently and without passion, almost reversently; she grew rose hued as the bright bean flowers, up to the light gold ripples of her hair; she trembled a little and drew back, but she was not alarmed nor yet ashamed; she was too simple of beart to feel the fear that is horn of passion and of consciousness. It was as Jeannot kissed his sister Marie, who was 15 years old and sold milk for the Krebs people in the villages with a little green cart and a yellow dog—no more.

Krobs people in the villages with a little green cart and a yellow dog—no more. And yet the sunny arbor leaves and the glimpse of the blue sky swam around her in-distinctly, and the sounds of the guitar grew dull upon her ear, and were lost as in a rush-ing hiss of water, because of the great sud-den, unintelligible happiness that seemed to bear her little life away on it as a sea wave bears a young child off its feat. bears a young child off its feet. "You do not feel alone now, Bebeel" h

whispered to her. "No!" she answered him softly under her breath, and sat still, while all her body quiv

ered like a leaf. No; how could she ever be alone now that this sweet, soft, unutterable touch would always be in memory upon her; how could she wish ever again now to be the corn crake In the summer corn or the gray mouse in the bedge of hawthorn?

hedge of hawthorn! At that moment a student went by past the entrance of the arbor; he had a sash round his loins and a paper feather in his cap; he was playing a life and dancing; he glanced in as he went. "It is time to go home, Bebee," said Fla-

men.

CHAPTER XVII.

So it came to pass that Bebee's day in the

So it came to pass that Bebee's day in the big forest came and went as simply almost as any day that she had played away with the Varnhart children under the besch shadows of Cambre woods. And when he took her to her hut at sunset before the pilgrims had returned there was a great bawildered tumult of happiness in her heart, but there' was no memory with her that prevented her from looking at the shrino in the wall as she passed it, and saying with a quick gesture of the cross on brow and bosom: "Ab, dear Holy Mother—how good you

bosom: "Ah, dear Holy Mother—how good yo have beent and I am back again, you see and I will work harder than ever because o all this joy that you have given me."

And she took another mose rose and changed it for that of the morning, which was faded, and said to Flamen: "Look-she sends you this. Now do you know what I mean? One is more content

when she is content!" He did not answer, but he held her hands

against him a moment as they fastened in the resebud. "Not a word to the pilgrins, Bebee-you

remember!"
"Yes, I will remember. I do not tell them every time I pray-it will be like being si-lent about that-it will be no more wrong

But there was a touch of anxiety in the

And why nott-any way she would marry

He, half way to the town, walked back sgain and paused a moment at the gate; an emotion, half pitiful, half cynical, stirred in

him. Anyway, he would leave her in a few days; Paris had again opened ber arms to him; his old life awaited him; women, who claimed him by imperious, amorous demands, re-proached him; and, after all, this day he had got the Gretchen of his ideal, a great picture for the future of his fame. As he would leave her any way so soon, he would leave her uncesthed accord little field

As he would leave her any way so soon, he would leave her unscathed—poor little field flower—he could never take it with him to blossom or wither in Paris. He world would leagh too utterly if he made for himself a mistress out of a little Floming in two wooden shoes. Besides— Besides, something, that was half weak and half moble, moved him not to lead this child, in her trust and her ignorance, into ways that, when sho awakened from her trance, would seem to her shameful and full of sorrow. For he knew that Bebee was not as others are. He turned back and knocked at the hut door and opened it.

door and opened it. Bebee was just beginning to undress herself ; she had taken off her white kerchief and her wooden shoes; her pretty shoulders and her little neck shone white in the moon; her feet

were bare on the mud floor. She started with a cry and threw the hand-kerchief again on her shoulders, but there was no fear of him; only the unconscious instinct of her girlhood. He thought for a moment that he would

not go away until the morrow-"Did you want mef" said Bebro softly.

"Did you want me!" said Bebeo softly, with happy eyes of surprise and yet a little startled, fearing some evil might have hap-pened to him that he should have returned thus. "No; I did not want you, dear," he said gently; no—he did not want her, poor little soch, she wanted him, but he—there were so many of these things in bis life, and he liked her too well to love her. "No, dear, I did not want you," said Fla-men, drawing her arms about him, and feel-

"No, dear, I did not want you," said Fla-men, drawing her arms about him, and foel-ing her flutter like a little bird, while the moonlight came in through the green leaves and feil in fanciful patternson the floor. "But I came to say—you have had one happy day, wholly happy, have you not, poor little Bebeef" "Ah, yes?" she sighed rather than said the Botse's little brown and bis own. Nor oven in friendship, for he had reship spoken rough words against the stranger from Rubes' land, and Bebee ever since then had passed him by with a grave simple greeting, and when he had brought ber in timid gifts a barrow load of fagots, had thanked him, but had bidden him take

answer in her wondrous gladness; drawn there close to him, with the softness of his lips upon her. Could he have come back only

to ask that! "Well, that is something. You will re member it always, Bebee!" he murmured in his unconscious cruelty. "I did not wish to spoil your cloudless pleasure, dear-for you cars for me a little, do you not i-so I came back to tell you only now that I go away for a little while to-morrow.

Jeannot had pleaded, with a sob in his voice; and she had answered gently: "No; but do not speak to me, that is all." Then he had cursed her absent lover, and Bebse gone within and closed her door She had no idea that the people thought ill of her. They were cold to her, and such cold-ness made her heart ache a little more. But the one 'great love in her possessed her so strongly that all other things were half un-real. "Go away!" She trembled in his arms and turned cold as ice, a great terror and darkness fell upon her; she had never thought that he would over go away. He caressed her, and played with her as a boy may with a bird before real. She did her dally house work from sheer habit, and she studied because he had told her to do it and because, with the sweet, stub-born, credulous faith of her youth, she never doubted that he would return. he wrings its neck.

"You will come back!" He kissed her-"Surely."

"To-morrow!" "Nny-not so soon." "In a week!"

"Hardly."

"In a month, then F'

"Perhaps." "Before winter, anyway?" He looked aside from the beseeching, tear He looked aside from the bair, and her ful, candid eyes, and kissed her hair and her throat, and said, "Yes, dear-beyond a doubt."

St. Guido tolled through the stillness for the first mass. For though even Father Francis looked angered at her because he thought she was stubborn and hid some truth and some shame from him at confession, yet she went reso-lutely and oftener than ever to kneel in the dusty, dusky, crumbling old church, for it was all she could do for bim who was absent —so she thought—and she did not feel quite so far away from him when she was besecch-ing Christ to have cars of his soul and of his body. All her pretty dreams were dead. She never heard any story in the robin's

doubt." She clung to him, crying silently—he wished that women would not weep. "Come, Bebee, listen," he said, coaringly, thinking to break the bitternees to her. "This is not wise and it gives me pain. There is so much for you to do. You know so lit-the. There is so much to learn. I will leave you many books, and you must grow quite learned in my absence. The Virgin is all very well in her way, but she cannot teach us much, poor lady, for her kingdom is called Ignorance. You must teach yourself. I leave you that to do. The days will go by quickly if you are laborlous and patient. De you love me, little oner" you love me, little one?" For an answer she kissed his hand.

"You are a busy little Bebes always," he said, with his lips caressing her soft, brown arms that were round his neck. "But you must be busier than ever while 1 am gone. So you will forget. No, no, I do not mean

beenn to fall, and chilly winds to sigh any neways crowd signizet him, and whenever an met Bebee on the highway she never assured to we him more than she saw the snow that the willows; the squirrels began to store away their nuts, and the poor to pick up the ber satiots were treading. One night in the midwinter time old An "He shid he would come before winter,"

emie died. Belee found her in the twilight with thought Bebee every day, when she rose and felt each morning cooler and grayer than the ticad against the garret window, and her left side all shriveled and useless. She had a one before it; winter was near. Her little feet already were cold in their little sense left, and a fer

draw

- STOKAT

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Bebee found her in the twilight, with her

"Look for the brig," she muttered, "You will not see the flag at the masthead for the fog to-night, but his socks are dry and his pipe is ready. Keep looking—keep looking— she will be in port to-night." But her dead sailor never came into port; she went to him. The poor, weakened, failty ful old body of her was laid in the graveyard of the poor, and the ships came and went under the empty garret window, and Bebee was all alone.

under the empty garret window, and Bebee was all alone. She had no more anything to work for, or any bond with the lives of others. She could live on the roots of her garden and the sale of her hens' eggs, and she could change the turnips and carrots that grow in a little strip of her ground for the quantity of bread that she needed. Bo alse gave herself up to the books, and drow herself more and more within from the outer world. She did not know that the neighbors thought very evil of her; she had only one idea in her mind—to be more worthy of him against he should return. The winter passed away somebow; abe did not know how.

The winter passed away somebow; all did not know how. It was a long, cold, white blank of frozen silence; that was all. She studied hard, and had got a quaint, strange, deep, scattered knowledge out of her old books; her face had lost all its roundness and color, but instead the forehead had gained breadth and the eyes had the dim fire of a student's.

Every night when she shut her volu

she thought: "I am a little nearer him. I know a little

Just so every morning, when she bathed ber hands in the chilly water, she thought to herself: "I will make my skin as soft as I can for him, that it may be like the ladies' be has

Love to be perfect must be a religion as

Love to be perfect must be a religion as well as a passion. Bebee's was so. Like George Herbert's serving maiden, she swept no specks of dirt away from a floor without doing it to the service of her lord. Only Bebee's lord was a king of earth,

(Continued next Saturday)

MEN WHO HAVE CLIMBED.

Railroad Managers Who Staated as Brake

men, Telegraphers, Rodmen.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 16 .- Coming in

Jersey Sity the other day on the Erie

road, my attention was attracted to a

nervous, wiry man of forty, or there-

abouts, who sat a little way in front of

me. From the car window he closely inspected each station house, bridge, cul-

vert and piece of rolling stock, as we moved along. "Know him?" asked the gentleman who shared the scat with ms.

His name is W. J. Murphy, and twenty

superintendent on the Erie under Mur-

phy, started in as a track laborer and his first promotion was to the position of

rodufan in the engineer corps. John N.

Abbott, of the Western States Passenger association, used to be a freight clerk on the Eric. C. W. Bradley, general super-intendent of the West Shore, used to 17

a brakeman and conductor on the

same road. General Superintendent

Bancroft, of the Denver and Rio Grande, learned the Morse alphabet in one of the small stations on the

Erie and counted himself lucky when he

obtained a position as telegraph operator on the West Shore. President Caldwell, of the Nickel Plate, was once a clerk on the Pennsylvania. F. K. Hain, general manager of the New York elevated

roads, began his career in his seventeenth

year as a machinist's apprentice on the Philadelphia and Reading road at Potta-

The officers of the great Pennsylvania

system, from the president down, have

all come up from the bottom. President

Roberts entered the service of the road

in 1853 as rodman in the engineer corps.

of small branch lines, and finally was

made assistant to the president in 1862.

He has been president of the road for

eight years. A. J. Cassatt, formerly

vice president of the company, also be-gan as a rodman. Second Vice President

Thomson [used to be a machinist in the

shops at Altoona. He invented the block

signal interlocking switch. General Man-

ager Pugh commenced as brakeman, and

General Passenger Agent Carpenter was

Geer used to be receiving clerk in the

James McCrea, general manager of

the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg,

like President Roberts, began as rodman

at \$40 a month. He now draws a salary

of \$15,000 a year, and is still under 40.

Robert Pitcairn, superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania

and general agent for the company, was

once a messenger boy in the old Atlantic

Western Union Telegraph company; W.

O. Hughart, now president of the Grand

Rapids and Indiana Railroad company;

Andrew Carnegie, who a few years later

laid the foundations of his wonderfully

successful career as private secretary to

Col. Tom Scott, and David McCargo, now

general superintendent of the Allegheny Valley railroad.

Reade's Realism.

Charles Reade was accustomed to dictate

his compositions to a secretary while he

paced the room, sulting his actions to his words. In "Love and Money" the re-

mark occurs in the dialogue, "There's a

smut on your nose." The dramatist gave

the original exclamation with such per-

feet intonation and gesture that his secre-

tary was for once deceived. He rose and

went to the mirror, handkerehief in hand,

only to be laughed at by his employer .-

True Flag.

Toward the end of his life, it is said,

RUPUS R. WILSON.

freight department.

ville.

nade of earth's dust and vanities. But what did she know of that?

loved."

lead against the garret w

1 3900

wooden shoes; and the robin sirendy sang in the twigs of the sear sweet briar; but she had the brave, sweet faith which nothing kills, and she did not doubt-ohl no, she did not

and she did not doubt-ohl no, she did not doubt, she was only tired. Tired of the strange, sleepless, feverish nights; tired of the long, dull, empty days; tired of watching down the barren, leafless lene; tired of hearkening breathless to each step on the rustling dead leaves; tired of looking always, always, always, into the ruddy autumn evenings and the cold autumn starlight, and never hearing what she listened for, never seeing what she sought; tired as a child may be, lost in a wood, and wearily wearing its small strength and breaking its young heart in search of the track forever missed, of the home forever beyond the hori-zon. missed, of the home forever beyond the hori-ron. Still she did her work and kept her courage. So she toiled hard and learned much, and grew taller and very thin, and got a look in her eyes like a lost dog's, and yet never lost heart or wandered in the task that be had set heart or wandered in the task that be had set her, or in her faith in his return. "Burn the books, Bebee," whispered the children again and again, clinging to her skirts. "Burn the wicked, silent things, Since you have had them you never sing, or roup, or laugh, and you look so white—so white." Bebee kissed them, but kept to her books.

Bebee kissed them, but kept to her books,

Jeannot going by from the forest night after night saw the light twinkling in the but

after night saw the light twinkling in the but window, and sometimes crept softly up and looked through the chinks of the wooden shutter, and saw her leading over some big old volume with her pretty brows drawn to-gether, and her mouth shut close in carnest effort, and he would curse the man who had changed her so, and go away with rage in his breast and tears in his eyes, not daring to say anything, but knowing that Lever would Bebee's little brown hand lie in love within bis own

the wood home to his mother. "You think evil things of me, Bebeef" good Jeannot had pleaded, with a sob in his voice;

doubted that he would return. Otherwise there was no perception of real life in her; she dreamed and prayed, and prayed and dreamed, and nover ceased to do either one or the other, even when she was scattering potato peels to the fowls, or shak-ing carrots loss of the soil, or sweeping the snow from her but door, or going out in the raw, dark dawn as the single little sad bell of St. Guido tolled through the stillness for the first mass.

"They will think you are go ne on the p grimage; you need never tell them you have

"But if they ask me?"

"Does it never happen that you say any other thing than the truth?"

"Any other thing than the truth! Of

course not. People take for granted that one tells truth; it would be very base to cheat them. Do you really mean that I may come -in the forest-and you will tell me stories

like those you give me to read!" "I will tell you a better story. Lock your hut, Bebee, and come,"

"And to think you are not ashamed!" "Ashamedf"

"Yes, because of my wooden shoes." Was it possible? Bebee thought, as she ran out into the gardon and locked the door be hind her, and pushed the key under the water butt as usual, being quite content with that prudent precaution against robbers which ad served Antoine all his days. Was it pos sible, this wonderful joy! Her cheeks were like her rozes, her eyes had a brilliance like the sun, the natural grace and mirth of the child blossomed in a thousand ways and gestures

As she went by the shrine in the wall bent her knee a moment and made the sign of the cross; then she gathered a little moss rose that nodded close under the border of the palisade and turned and gave it to him.

"Look, she sends you this. She is not an gry, you see, and it is much more pleasure she is pleased-do you not know?" He shrank a little, as her fingers touched

him. "What a pity you had no mother, Bebeel he said, on an impulse of emotion, of which in Paris he would have been more ashamed than of any guilt.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the deserted lane by the swans' water under the willows, the horses waited to take him to Mechlin; little, quick, rough horses, with round brass bells, in the Flemish fashion, and gay harness, and a low char-a-bane in which a wolf skin and red rugs, and all a painter's many necessities, were tossed to

He lifted her in, and the little horses flew fast through the green country, ringing chimes at each step, till they plunged into the deep glades of the woods of Cambre and Soignies.

Soignies is only a Flemish forest in a plain, throwing its shadow over corn fields and catthe pastures, with no panorama beyond it and no wonders in its depth. But it is a fresh, bold, beautiful forest for all that.

To Bebee it was as an enchanted land, and every play of light and shade, every have speeding across the paths, every thrush singing in the leaves, every little dog rose or harebell that blossomed in the thickets, was to her a treasure, a picture, a poem, a de-

He had seen girls thus in the woods of Vincennes and of Versailles in the student days of his youth, little work girls fresh from chalets of the Jura or from vine hung huts of the Loire, who had brought their poor little charms to perish in Paris, and who dwelt under the hot tiles and amidst the gilded shop signs till they were as pale and thin as their own starved balsams, and who, when they saw the green woods, laughed and cried a little, and thought of the broad sun swept fields, and wished that they were back agai behind their drove of cows, or weeding

among the green grapes. But those little work girls had been mere homely dahies, and dahies already with the dust of the pavement and of the dancing gardens upon them.

Beboo was as pure and fresh as these dew wet dog roses that she found in the thickets of thorn.

He had meant to treat her as he had used to do those work girls-a little wine, a little wooing, a little folly and passion, idle as a butterfly and brief as a rainbow-one mid-summer day and night-then a handful of gold, a caress, a good morrow, and forgetfulness over afterwards-that was what he had meant when he had brought her out to the forest of Soiguies.

But-she was different, this child.

He made the great sketch of her for his Gretchen, sitting on a moss ground trunk, with marguerites in her hand; be sent for is the story! Oh, I have told you stories enough. Gretchen's you would not understand just yet." "But what did the daisies say to her?"

"My dear, the daisies always say the same thing, because daisies always tell the truth and know men. The daisies always say 'a little,' it is the girl's car that tricks her and makes her hear 'till death,' a folly and false hood of which the daisy is not guilty."

tutored speech. "If there be a God anywhere," he thought to himself, "this little Fleming is very near

She was so pear that although he had no

CHAPTER XV.

this; looking at it, men would sigh from shame and women weets from orrow. "Count the dalsies!" schood Bebos. "Oh,

I know what you mean. A little-much-passionately-until death-not at all. What

the girls say when they want to see if any one loves them? Is that it?"

one loves them! Is that it?" She looked at him without any conscious-new—except as she loved the flowers. "Do you think the daisies know?" she went on, seriously, parting their petals with her fingers. "Flowers do know many things— that is certain." "Ask them for yourself."

"Ask them what?" "How much—any one—loves you?" "Oh, but every one loves me; there is no one that is bad. Antoine used to say to me, 'Never think of yourself, Bebee; always think of other people, so every one will love you.' And I always try to do that, and every one down "

"But that is not the love the daisy tells of

"No; the girls that you see count the flow

adow falls across theirs in the moonlight

"Ah, yes-and they marry afterwards-

yes." She said it softly, musingly, with no embar

rasement; it was an unreal, remote thing to ber, and yet it stirred her heart a little with a vague trouble that was infinitely sweet. There is fittle talk of love in the lives of

the poor; they have no space for it; love to them means more mouths to feed, more wooden shoes to buy, more hands to dive into

wooden shoes to buy, more hands to dive into the meager bag of coppers. Now and then a girl of the commune had been married, and had gone out just the same the next day to her plowing in the fields or to her lace weav-ing in the city. Bebee had thought little of it. "They marry or they do not marry That is as it may be," said Flamen, with a smile. "Bebee Levuer and the same as Girchen her.

Bebee, I must paint you as Gretchen be ore she made a love dial of the daisies. What

ers-they are thinking, not of all the village, but of some one unlike all the rest, whose

"Ask them what?"

to your sex."

You know that!"

"But who says it if the daisy do not?" "Ah, the devil, perhaps—who knows! He has so much to do in these things." But Bebee did not smile, she had a look of

horror in her blue eyes, she belonged to a peasantry who believed in exercising the fiend by the aid of the cross, and who not so very many generations before had driven him out of human bodies by rack and flame. She looked with a little wistful fear on the white, golden eyed marguerites that lay or

her lap. "Do you think the fiend in these?" sh whispered, with awe in her voice.

Flamen smiled. "When you count them he will be there, no doubt."

Bebee throw them with a shudder on the grass.

"Have I spoiled your holiday, dear?" said, with a certain self reproach. She was silent a minute, then she gathered up the daisies again, and stroked them and

"It is not that they do wrong. You say the girls' cars deceive them. It is the girls

who want a lie and will not believe the truth because it humbles them; it is the girls that are to blame, not the daisies. As for me, will not ask the datsies anything over, so the flend will not enter into them." "Nor into you. Poor little Bebee."

"Why, you pity me for that?" "Yes. Because, if women never see the

scrpent's face, neither do they ever scent the smell of the paradise roses; and it will be hard for you to die without a single rose d'amoun in your pretty breast, poor little Bebee." "I do not understand. But you frighter

me a little." He rose and left his easel and threw hin self at her feet on the grass; he took the little wooden shoes in his hands as reverently as he would have taken the broidered shoes of a duchess; he looked up at her with tender, smiling eyes.

-3 P.I

He threw himself at her feet on the grass. "Poor little Bebee!" he said again. "Did I frighten you, indeed! Nay, that was very base of me. We will not spoil our summer holiday. There is no such thing as a flend, my dear. There are only men-such as I am. Say the daisy spell over for me, Bebee. See if I do not love you a little, just as you love you flowers."

She smiled, and the happy laughter came again over her face.

"Ob, I am sure you care for mea little," she said softly, "or you would not be so good and got me books and give me pleasure; and I do not want the daisies to tell me that because you say it yourself, which is better. "Much better," he answered her dreamily and lay there in the grass, holding the little

wooden shoes in his hands. He was not in love with her. He was in n haste. He preferred to play with her softly, slowly, as one separates the leaves of a rose to see the deep ross of its heart. Her own ignorance of what she felt had

never seen; such a huge melon in the center of it, and curious wines, and coffee or cream in silver pots, or what looked like silver to her-"just like the altar vases in the church, she said to herself.

"If only the Varnart children were here! she cried; but he did not echo the wish. It was just sunset. There was a golden glow on the little bit of water. On the other

side of the garden some one was playing a guitar. Under a lime tree some girls were winging, crying Higher! higher! at each

In a longer avenue of trellised green, at a long table, there was a noisy party of students and girls of the city; their laughter was mel lowed by distance as it came over the breadth of the garden, and they sang, with fresh shrill Flemish voices, songs from an opera oouffe of La Monnaie.

It was all pretty, and gay, and pleasant. There was everywhere about an air of light hearted enjoyment. Bebeo sat with a won-dering look in her wide opened eyes, and all the material institute of the material states. the natural instincts of her youth, that were like curled up fruit buds in her, unclosed softly to the light of joy. "Is life always like this in your Rubes

land," she asked him; that vague, far away country of which she never asked him any

thing more definite, and which yet was so clear before her fancy. "Yes," he made answer to her. "Only— instead of those leaves, flowers and pomegranates; and in lieu of that tinkling gu a voice whose notes are estcemed like king's jewels; and in place of those little green arbors, great white palaces, cool and still, with ilex woods and orange groves and sap phire sens beyond them. Would you like to come there, Bebeel-and wear la you weave, and hear singing and laughter all light long, and never work any more in the mold of the garden, or spin any more at that tiresome wheel, or go any more out in the wind, and the rain, and the winter mud

to the market." Bebee listened, leaning her round elbows or the table, and her warm cheeks on her hands as a child gravely listens to a fairy story. Bu the sumptuous picture, and the sensuou

phrase he had chosen, passed by her." It is of no use to tempt the little chaffinch of the woods with a ruby instead of a cherry. The bird is made to feed on the brown berries on the morning dews, on the scarlet hips of roses and the blossoms of the wind tossed pear boughs; the gem, though it be a mon arch's, will only strike hard and tasteless on

its beak "I would like to see it all," said Bebee, musingly, trying to follow out her thoughts, "But as for the garden work and the spinning -that I do not want to leave, becau done it all my life; and I do not think I should care to wear lace-it would tear very soon; one would be afraid to run; and do you see ! know bow it is made-all that lace. how blind the eyes get over it, and how the hearts ache; I know how the old women starve, and the little children cry; I know that there is not a sprig of it that is no stitched with pain; the great ladies do not think, I dare say, because they have never worked at it or watched the others; but I have. And so, you see, I think if I wore it I should feel sad, and if a nail caught on it I should feel sad, and if a nail caught on it I my friends. Ferbaps I say it badly-but that is what I feel."

"You do not say it hadly-you speak well, for you speak from the heart," he answered her, and felt a tinge of shame that he had tempted her with the gold and purple of a

baser world than any that she knew. "And yet you want to see new lands?" he pursued. "What is it you want to see there?" "Ah, quite other things than these," cried Beboe, still leaving her checks on her bands.

"That dancing and singing is very pretty and merry, but it is just as good when old Claude fiddles and the children skip. This wine, you tell me, is something very great-but fresh milk is much nicer, I think. It is not these kind of things I want-1 want to know all

about the people who lived before us; I'want o know what the stars are and what the wind is, I want to know where the lark goes when you lose him out of sight against sun, I want to know how the old artists got to see God, that they could paint him and all his angels as they have dono: I want to know

words; she was not quite certain; she wanted to be reassured. Instinct moved her not to speak of him; but habit made it seem wrong to her to have any secret from the p who had been about her from her birth peopl

He did not reassure her; her anxiety was pretty to watch, and he left the trouble in her heart, like a bee in the chalice of a lily. Besides, the little wicket gate was between them; he was musing whether he would pus It open once more. Her fate was in the balance, though she did not dream it; he had dealt with her ten-

derly, honestly, sacredly all that day- al most as much so as stunid Jeannot could have done. He had been touched by her trust in him, and by the unconscious beauty of her fancies, into a mood that was unlike all his life and habits. But after all, he said to himself----

After all!----

Where he stood in the golden evening h saw the rosy curled mouth, the soft troubled eyes, the little brown hands that still tried to fasten the rosebud, the young peach like skin where the wind stirred the bodice, she was only a little Flemish peasant, this poor little Bebee, a little thing of the fields and the streets, for all the dreams of God that abode with her. After all-soon or late-the end would be always the same. What matter! She would weep a little to-morrow, and she would not kneel any more at the shrine in the garden wall; and then—and then—she would stay here and marry the good boor Jeannot, just the same after awhile; or drift away after him to Paris, and leave h little wooden shoes, and her visions of Christ in the fields at evening, behind her for ever-more, and do as all the others did, and take not only silken stockings but the Cinderella slipper that is called Gold, which brings all other good things in its train; what matter He had meant this from the first, becaus she was so pretty, and these little wooden subots ran so lithely over the stones; though he was not in love with her, but only idly stretched his hand for her as a child by instinct stretches to a fruit that hangs in the sun a little rosier and a little nearer than the

rest. What matter—ho said to himself—she loved him, poor little soul, though she did not know it—and there would always be Jeannot glad enough of a handful of bright French gold. He pushed the gate gently against her ; her

ands fastened the resebud and drew open the latch themselves. "Will you come in a little?" she said, with

the happy light in her face. "You must not stay long, because the flowers must be watered, and then there are Annemie's oasterns-they must be done or she will have no money and so no food-but if you would come in for a little? And see-if you wait a minute I will show you the roses that I shall cut to-morrow the first thing, and take down to St. Guido to Our Lady's altar in thank offering for today. I should like you to choose them-you yourself-and if you would just touch them I should feel as if you gave them to her too. Will you?"

She spoke with the pretty outspoken frank ness of her habitual speech, just tempered and broken with the happy timid hesitation the curious sense at once of closer nearness and of greater distance, that had come on her since he had kissed her among the bright bear flowers.

He turned from her quickly. "No, dear-no. Gather your roses alone, Bebeo-if I touch them their leaves will fall." Then, with a hurriedly backward glane wu the dusky lane to see that none were looking, he bent his head and kissed her again quickly and with a sort of shame, and swung the gate behind him and went away through the boughs and the shadows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On a sudden impulse Flamen, going through the woodland shadows to the city, paused and turned back, all his impulses were quick, and swayed him now hither, now thither, in

many contrary ways. He knew that the hour was come-that he must have her and spare her, as to binself he phrased it, or teach her the love words that the daisies whisper to women.

So you will forget. No, no, I do not mean that; I mean so the timo will pass quickest. And I shall finish your picture, Bebes, and all Paris will see you, and the great ladies will envy the little girl with her two wooden shoes. Ahl that does not please you-you care for none of these vanities! No, Foor little Bebes, why did God make you, or Chance breathe life into you? You are so far away from us all. It was cruel. What here here your poor, little soul ever done harm has your poor, little soul ever done that, pure as a flower, it should have been sent to the bell of this world f"

She clung to him, sobbing without sound, "You will come back! You will come back? she monned, clasping him closer and closer. Flamen's own eyes grew dim. But he lied to her: "I will-I promise." It was so much easier to say so, and its

would break her sorrow. So he thought. For the moment again he was tempted to take her with him-but he resisted it-he would tire, and she would cling to him for-

There was a long silence. The bleating of the litle kid in the shed without was the only sound; the gray lavender blew to and fro.

Her arms were close about his throat; he kissed them again, and kissed her eyes, her cheek, her mouth; then put her from him

quickly and went out. She ran to him and threw herself on the

damp ground and held him there, and leaned her forehead on his feet. But though he looked at her with wet eyes, he did not yield, and be still said: "I will come back soon—very soon—be quiet, dear, let me go." Then he klassi her once more—many time

-and put her gently within the door and closed it.

A low, sharp, sudden cry reached him, went to his heart, but he did not turn; he went on through the wet, green little garden, and the curling leaves, where he had found pence and had left desolation.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I will let her alone and she will marry Jeannot," thought Flamen, and he believed timself a good man for once in his life, and pitied himself for having become a sentimen talist.

She would marry Jeannot and bear many children, as those people always did; and ruddy little peasants would cling about those pretty, soft, little breasts of hers; and she would love them after the manner of such women and be very content clattering over the stones in her wooden shoes, and growing brown and stout, and more careful after money, and ceasing to dream of unknown things, and not seeing God at all in the fields, but looking low and beholding only the ears of the gleaming wheat and the feet of the tottering children; and so gaining her bread and losing her soul, and stooping nearer and nearer to earth till she dropped into it like one of her own wind blown wall flower when the bee has sucked out all its sweetnes and the heats have scorched up all its bloom yes, of course, she would marry Jeannot and end sot

Meanwhile he had his Gretchen, and that was the one great matter

So he left the street of Mary of Burgundy and went on his way out of the chiming city as its matin bells were rung, and took with him a certain regret and the only innocent affection that had ever awakened in him; and thought of his self negation with half admiration and half derision; and so drifted away into the whirlpool of his amorous, cyni cal, changeful, passionate, callous, many ored life, and said to himself, as he saw the last line of the low green plains shine against the sun: "She will marry Jeannot-of course she will marry Jeannot. And my Gretchen is greater than Scheffer's." What else mattered very much, after all,

except what they would say in Paris of Gretchen!

CHAPTER XX.

The wheat was reaped in the fields, and the brown earth turned afresh. The white and purple chrysanthemums bloomed against the flowerless rose bushes, and the little gray Michaelmas daisy floarished where the dead carnations had spread their glories. Leaves

night—never now. The fields were gray and sad; the birds were little brown things; the stars were cold and far off; the people she had used to fake care for were like mere shadows that went years ago he was a telegraph operator at a small station back on the Susquehanna division of the Eric. Now he is general superintendent of the road, and draws a salary of \$10,000 a year." This is only one instance in many. Among the officers of nearly every railor meaningless and without interest, and by her meaningless and write step that never all she thought of was the one step that never came, all she wanted was the one touch she

She never heard any story in the robin's song or saw any promise in the sunset clouds

or fancied that angels came about hor in the

"You have done wrong, Bebee, and you "You have done wrong, Bebee, and you will not own it," said the few neighbors who road in the country are to be found men who have risen from the very lowest round. A. M. Tucker, who is a division

Bebee looked at them with wistful, uncom

Bebee looked at them with wistful, uncom-prehending eyes. "I have done no wrong," she said gently, but no one believed her. A girl did not shut herself up and wane pale and thin for nothing, so they reasoned. She might have simed as she had liked if she had been sensible after it, and married

Jeannot. But to fret mutely, and shut her lips, and seem as though she had done nothing—that was guilt indeed. For her village, in its small way, thought as the big world thinks.

CHAPTER XXL Full winter cama.

The snow was deep, and the winds drove the people with whips of ice along the dreary country roads and the steep streets of the city. The bells of the dogs and the mules sounded sadly through the white misty silence of the Flemish plains, and the wear horses slipped and fell on the frozen ruts and on the ragged stones in the little frost shut Flemish towns. Still the Flemish folk were gay enough in many places. In the little village above St. Guido, Be

bee's neighbors were merry too, in their sim ple way. The women worked away wearily at their

lace in the dim winter light, and made Later he had charge of the construction wretched living by it, but all the same they got penny playthings for their bables, and a bit of cake for their Sunday hearth. They drew together in homely and cordial friend ship, and of an afternoon when dusk fell wove their lace in company in Mere Krebe millhouse kitchen, with the children and the dogs at their feet on the bricks, so that one big fire might serve for all, and all be lighted with one big rush candle, and all be beguiled by chit-chat and songs, stories of spirits, and once messenger boy in the Philadelphis office of the company. General Agent whispers of ghosts, and now and then when the wind howled at its worst, a paternoster or two said in common for the men toiling

or two shift in common for the men toning in the barges or drifting up the Scheldt. In these gatherings Bebee's face was missed, and the blithe soft sound of her voice, like a young thrush singing, was never heard. The people looked in and saw her sitting over a great open book—often her hearth had no first

Then the children grew tired of asking her to play, and their elders began to shake their heads; she was so pale and so quict there must be some evil in it-so they began to think.

and Ohio telegraph office in Pittsburg. Little by little people dropped away from Among the other messengers employed at that time was Anson Stager, afterher. Who knew, the gossips said, what shame or sin the child might not have on her wards general superintendent of the sick little soulf True, Bebee worked hard just the sam

and just the same was seen trudging to and fro in the dusk of dawns and afterneous in

her two little wooden shoes. She was gentle

and laborious, and gave the children her goat's milk, and the old women the bramble

But they grow afraid of her-afraid of that

sad, changeless, far away took in her eyes

and of the mute weariness that was on her-

and being perplexed were sure, like all igno

rant creatures, that what was secret must

So they bung aloof and let her alone, and by and by scarcely nodded as they passed her, but said to Jonnot:

her, but said to Jennicot: "You were spared a bad thing, lad; the child was that grand painter's light-'o-love, that is plain to see. The mischief all comes of the stuff old Antoine filled her head with—a stray little by blow of chick weed that he cockered up like a rare carnation. Oh do not fix in a rare, langed that child is

Ohi do not fly in a rage, Jeannot; the child is no good, and would have made an honest

man rue. Take heart of grace, and praise the saints, and marry Katto's Lisa."

But Jeannot would never listen to the slanderers, and weakl never look at Lisa,

even though the door of the little hut was

of her garden.

be also vile.