## BEBEE;

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

By "OUIDA."



One day in the May weather she sat within doors with a great book upon her table, but no sight for it in her aching eyes. The star-ling hopped to and fro on the sunny floor; the bees boomed in the porch; the tinkle of sheep's bells carge in on the stillness. All was peaceful and happy except the little weary, breaking, desolate heart that best in her like a caged bird's.
"He will come;" am sure he will come,"

the said to herself; but she was so tired, and it was so long—oh, dear God!—so very long.
A hand tapped at the lattice. The shrill voice of Reine, the sabot maker's wife, broken with auguish, called through the hanging

the only one there is at home in the village this day Get you to town for the love of heaven, and send Dr. Max bither, for my pet, my flower, my child lies dying, and not a soul near, and she black as a doal with choking-go, go, go!-and Mary will forgive you your sins. Save the little one, dear Bebee, do you hear! and I will pray God and speak fair the neighbors for you. Go!"

Bebee rose up, startled by the now unfa-

miliar sound of a human voice, and looked at

"Surely I will go," she said, gently; "but there is no need to bribe ma. I have not sinned greatly—that I know."

Then she went out quickly and ran through the lanes and into the city for the sick child,

and found the wise man, and sent him, and sympathetic instinct than in any reasoning onsciousness of doing good. When she was moving through the once

familiar and happy ways, as the sun was set-ting on the golden fronts of the old houses and the chimes were ringing from the many towers, a strange sense of unreality, of non-existence, fell upon her. Could it be she—she, indeed, who had gone

the earth bore, with no care except to shelter her flowers from the wind and keep the freshest blossoms for the burgomaster's housewife! She did not think thus to herself, but a vague doubt that she could ever have bee vague doubt that she could ever have been the little, gay, laborious, happy Bebee, with troops of friends and endless joys for every day that dawned, came over her as she went by the black front of the Broodhuis.

The strong voice of Lisa, the fruit girl, jarred on her as she passed the stall under its yellow awning that was flapping sullenly in "Oh, he, little fool!" the mocking voice

ried. "The rind of the fine pine is full of pickles and stings the lips when the taste is cone, to be sure. Crack common nuts like me and you are never wanting—hazels grow free in every copsa. Prut, tut! Your grand lover lies a-dying—so the students read out of not to get a roll of napoleons out of him before he went to rot in Paris. I dare say he was poor as sparrows, if one knew the truth. He was only a painter after all."

Lisa tossed her as she spoke a torn sheet, in

which she was wrapping gentians; it was a piece of espaper some three weeks old, and in it there was a single line or so which said that the artist Flamen, whose "Gretchen" was the wonder of the Salon of the year, lay sick unto death in his rooms in Paris. Bebee stood and read; the strong, ruddy

western light upon the type, the faunting laughter of the fruit girl on her ear. A bitter shrick rang from her that made even the cruelty of Lisa's mirth stop in a

sudden terror.

She stood staring, like a thing changed to

filled all the universe. "Ill-he is ill-do you hear?" she echoed piteously, looking at Lisa; "and you say he

Poort for sure! is he not a painter!" said the fruit girl, roughly. She judged by her own pehniless student lads; and she was an-

gored with herself for feeling sorry for this little silly thing that she had leved to torture. "You have been bad and base to me, but now-I bless you, I love you, I will pray for you," said Bebee, in a swift, broken breath, and with a look upon her face that startled

into pain her callous enemy.

Then without another word, she thrust the paper in her bosom, and ran out of the square breathless with haste and with a great re-

He was ill—and he was poor! The brave little soul of her leaped at once to action. He was sick, and far away, and poor, they said. All danger and all difficulty faded to nothing before the vision of his need. Believe was only a little foundling who ran

about in wooden shoes; but sho had the "dog's soul" in her-the soul that will follow "dog's soul" in her—the soul that will follow faithfully though to receive a curse, that will defend loyally to meet a blow, and that will die mutely loving to the last.

She went home, how she never knew; and without the delay of a moment packed up a change of linen, and fed the fowls and took the key of the but down to old Jehan's cabin.

The old man was only half witted by reason of his affliction for his dead daughter, but he was shrewd enough to understand what sh wanted of him, and honest enough to do it.

"I am going into the city," she said to him; "and if I am not back to-night, will you feed the starling and the bens, and water the

Old Jehan put his head out of his lattice; it was 7 in the evening, and he was going to ted. "What are you after, little one?" he asked;

"going to show the fine buckles at a student" ball? Nay, fie—that is not like you."

"I am going to—pray—dear Jehan," she
answered, with a sob in her throat, and the
first falsehood she had ever told. "Do what I ask you-do, for your dead daughter's sake -or the birds and the flowers will die of hunger and thirst. Take the key and prom-He took the key and promised.

"Do not let them see those buckles shine; they will rob you," he added.

Bebee ran from him fast; every moment that was lost was so precious and so terrible. To pause a second for fear's sake never oc curred to her. She went forth as fearlessly as a young swallow, born in northern April days, flies forth on instinct to new lands and over unknown seas when autumn falls.

Necessity and action breathed new life into

her The hardy and brave pensant ways of her were awoke ence more. She had been strong to wait silently with the young life in her dying out drop by drop in the beart sickness of long delay. She was strong now to throw herself into strange countries and dim perils and immeasurable miseries, on the sole chance that she might be of service A few human souls here and there can love

tike dogs. Bebee's was one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was dark. The May days are short in the north lands of the Scheldt. She had her little winter cloak of frieze and her wooden shoes and her little white cap,

with the sunny curls rippling out of it is

their pretty rebellion. She had nor little lanters, too; and her bundle, and she had put a few frosh eggs in her bushed with acres awast herbs and the pairs sheaf that Pather Francis had blossed last Raster—for who could tell, she thought, how ill be might not

could tell, she thought, how ill be might not be, or how poor?

She hardly gave a took to the nut on the ran by its garden gate, all her heart was on in front, in the vague far off country where he lay sick unto death.

She ran fast through the familiar lanes into the city. She was not very sure where Paris was, but she had the name clear and firm, and she knew that people were always coming and going thence and thither, so that she had no fear she should not find it.

She went straight to the big, busy, bewildering place in the Leopold quarter where the tron horses fumed every day and night along the iron ways. She had never been there before, but she know it was by that great highway that the traffic to Paris was carried on, and she knew that it would carry people also as well.

There were bells clanging, lights flashing, There were bells clanging, lights hashing, and drowds pushing and shouting as she ran up—a little gray figure, with the lantern spark glimmering like any tiny glow worm satray in a gas lit city

"To Parist" she asked, entreatingly, going

where she saw others going, to a little grated wicket in a wall.

"Twenty-even francs-quick!" they de-Bebee gave a great cry, and stood s

trembling and trying not to sob aloud. She had never thought of money, she had forgotten that youth and strength and love and willing feet and piteous prayers—all went for nothing as this world is made. A hope flashed on her, and a glad thought. She loosed the silver buckles and held them

"Would you take these! They are worth

There was a derisive laughter, some one bade her with an oath begone; rough shoul-dors jestled her away libe stretched her arms out pitcously.

"Take me—oh, pray take me! I will go with the sheep, with the cattle—only, only

But in the rush and roar none be

some thief snatched the silver buckles from her hand, and made off with them and was tost in the throng; a great iron beast rushed by her, snorting flame and bellowing anoke; there was a roll like thunder, and all was dark, the night express had passed on its way Belice stood still, crushed for a moment

with the noise and the crueity and the sense of absolute desolation, she scarcely noticed that the buckles had burn stolen; she had only one thought—to get to Paris.
"Can I never go without money?" she asked at the wicket; the man there glanced a

moment, with a touch of pity, at the little wistful face.
"The least is twenty france—surely you must know that?" he said, and shut his grat-

ing with a clang.

Bebee turned away and went out of the great, cruel, tumultuous place; her beart ached and her brain was giddy, but the sturdy courage of her nature rose to need.

"There is no way at all to go without money to Paris, I suppose?" she asked of an old woman whom she knew a little, who sold

nuts and little pictures of saints and wooden playthings under the trees in the avenue hard "Eh!—no, dear There is nothing to be done anywhere in the world without money. Look, I cannot get a litre of unts to sell un-



"Would it be far to walk?"

"Far! Holy Jesus! it is right away in the heart of France—over two hundred miles, they say: straight out through the forest. Not but what my son did walk it once—and he a shoemaker, who knows what walking costs, and he is well to do there now-not that he ever writes. When they want nothing people never write."
"And be walked into Paris?"

"Yes, ten years ago. He had nothing but a few sous and an ash stick, and he had a fancy to try his luck there. And after all our feet were given us to travel with. If you go there and you see him, tell him to send me something—I am tired of selling

Bebee said nothing, but went on her road ince there was no other way but to walk she would take that way; the distance and the hardship did not appal two little feet that were used to traverse so many miles of sun baked summer dust and of frozen winter mud unblenchingly year after year

unblenchingly year after year

The time it would take made ber heart sink, indeed. He was ill. God knew what might happen. But ueither the length of leagues nor the fatigue of body daunted her. She only saw his eyes dim with pain and his lips burned with fever,

She would walk twenty miles a day, and then workers all the might get lifts here and

then, perhaps, she might get lifts here and there on hay wagons or in peddlers carts; people had always used to be kind to her. Anyhow she counted she might reach Paris well in fifteen days. She sat under a shrine in a by street a mo-

ment and counted the copper pieces she had on her; they were few, and the poor pretty buckles that she might have sold to get money were stolen.
She had some twenty sous and a dozer

eggs; she thought she might live on that; she had wanted to take the eggs to him, but after all, to keep life in her until she could reach Paris was the one great thing.

"What a blessing it is to have been born poor; and to have lived hardily—one wants so little!" she thought to herself.

Then she put up the sous in the linen besom of her gown, and trimmed her little lanteru and knelt down in the quiet darkness and prayed a moment, with the hot agonized tears olling down her face, and then rose and stepped out bravely in the cool of the night, on the great southwest road towards Paris.

Her way lay out through the forest, and in that sweet green woodland she was not afraid -no more afraid than the fawns were. At Boitsford she shrank a little, indeed. Here there were the open air restaurants, and the cafe gardens all alight for the pleasure seekers from the city; here there were music and laughter, and horses with brass bells, and bright colors on high in the wooden balconies, and below among the blossoming hawthorn bedges. She had to go through it all, and she shuddered a little as she ran, thinking of that one priceless, death less forest day when he had kissed her first.

But the pleasure people were all busied with their mirth and mischief, and took no notice of the little gray figure in the starry night. She went on along the gramy roads, under the high arching trees, with the boot of the owls and the cry of the rabbits on the At Groenendsei, in the heart of the forest,

midnight was striking as she entered the vil-lage. Every one was asleep. The lights were all out. The old ruined priory frowned dark under the clouds

She shivered a listic again, and began to feel chill and tired, yet did not dare to knock at any one of the closed house doors—she had

no money

So she walked on her first ten unknown miles, meeting a few people only, and being altogether unmolested—a small gray figure, trotting in two little wooden shoes. They thought her a peasant going to a fair or a lace mill, and no one did her more harm than to wish her good night in rough Flem-

When the dawn began to whiten above the plains of the east, she saw an empty cow shed filled with hay, she was a little tired, and lay down and rested an hour or two as

But by full sunrise she was on her way again, bathing her face in a brook and buying a son's worth of bread and fist milk at the first cottage that she passed in bright, leaf howered Hosylnors.

The forest was still all around her, with its exquisite life of bough and blessom, and nurmur of insect and of bird. She told her bands, praying as she went, and was almost happy.

God would not let him die. Oh, no, not till she had kimed him ouce more, and could die with him.

The harm ran across the path, and the blue butterdies flew above head. There was purple gloom of pinewood, and aparkling verdure of aspen and elm. There were distant church carillons ringing, and straight golden shafts of smishine streaming.

Bhe often felt tired, and her wooden shoes were wearing an thin that the hot dust of the road at moonday burns her feet through them. Sometimes, too, she felt a curious brief faintness such as she had never known, for the lack of food and the long fattigue began to tell even on her hardy little body.

But she went on bravely, rarely doing less than her twenty miles a day, and sometimes more, walking often in the night to mve time, and lying down in cow abeds or under haystacks in the noontide.

Bo she walked on until she reached the frontier of Franca. She began to get a little giddy; she began to see the blue sky and the green level always swirling round her as if some one were spinning them to frighten her, but still she would not be afraid; she went ou, and on, and on, till abe set her last step on the soil of Flanders.

Here a new, strange, terrible, incomprehensible obstacle opposed her; she had no papers; they thrust her back and spoke to her as if she were a criminal. She could not understand what they could mean. She had never heard of those laws and rules. She vaguely comprehended that she must not enter France, and stunned and heart broken, she dropped down under a tree, and for the first time sobbed as if her very life would weep itself away.

She could see nothing, understand nothing. There were the same road, the same hedges, the same fields, the same white cottages, and peasants in blue shirts and dun hued oxen in the wagons. She saw no mark, no difference, ere they told her where she stood was France, and the tok no notice of her. They went back into the cruard house, and smoked and

france, and that she must not pass from one into the other.

The men took no notice of her. They went back into the guard house, and smoked and drank. A cat sunned herself under a scarlet bean. The white clouds sailed on before a southerly sky. She might die here—he there

and nothing seemed to care.

After awhile an old hawker came up, he was traveling with wooden clocks from the Black Forest. He stopped and looked at her, and asked her what she alled. She knelt down at his feet in the dust.

She knelt down at his feet in the dust.

"Oh, help me!" she cried to him. "Oh, pray, help me! I have walked all the way from Brussels—that is my country, and now they will not let me pass that house where the soldiers are. They say I have no papers. What papers should I have! I do not know. When one has done no harm, and does not one a son anywhere, and has walked all the When one has done no harm, and dose not owe a sou anywhere, and has walked all the way—Is it money that they want! I have none; and they stole my silver clasps in Brussels; and if I do not get to Paris I must die—die without seeing him again—ever again, dear God!"

She dropped her head upon the dust and crouched and sobbed there, her courage broken by this new barrier that she had never dreamed would have come between herself and Paria.

The old hawker looked at her thoughtfully. He had seen much of men and women, and

He had son much of men and women, and knew truth from counterfeit, and he was knew truth from counterfeit, and he was moved by the child's agony.

He stooped and whispered in her ear:

"Get up quick, and I will pass you. It is against the law, and I may go to prison for it. Never mind; one must risk something in this world, or else be a cur. My daughter has stayed behind in Marbais sweethearting; her name is on my passport, and her age and face will do for yours. Get up and follow me close, and I will get you through. Poor little soull whatever your wee is it is real enough, and you are such a young and pretty thing. Get up, the guards are in their house, they have not seen; follow me, and you must not speak a word; they must take you for a Ger-man, dumb as wood."

She got up and obeyed him, not comprehending, but only vaguely seeing that he was friendly to her, and would pass her over into France.

The old man made a little comedy at the barrier, and scolded her as though she were barrier, and scolded her as though she were his daughter for losing her way as she came to meet him, and then crying like a baby. The guards looked at her carelessly, joked the hawker on her pretty face, looked the papers over, and let her through, believing her the child of the clockmaker of the Hartz

Some lies are blessed as truth. Some lies are blessed as truin.

"I have done wrong in the law, but not before God, I think, little one," said the peddler.

"Nay, do not thank me, or go on like that;
we are in sight of the customs men still, and
if they suspected, is would be the four walls

of a cell only that you and I should see to-night. And now tell me your story, poor maiden—why are you on foot through a strange country?" strange country?

But Belee would not tell him her story;
she was confused and dazed still. She did
not know rightly what had happened to her,
but she could not talk of herself, nor of why

the traveled thus to Paris. The old hawker got cross at her silence and called her an unthankful jade, and wished he had left her to her fate, and parted company with her at two cross roads, saying his path did not lie with hers, and then, when he had done that, was sorry, and being a tender hearted soul, hobbled back and would fain press a five franc piece on her; and Bebee, refusing it all the while, kissed his old brown hands and blessed him, and broke away from him, and so went on again solitary toward

The country was very flat and poor, and yet the plains had a likeness in them to her own wide Brabant downs, where the tall green wheat was blowing and the barges dropping down the singgish streams.



She knelt down at his feet in the dust. She was very footsore; very weary; very hungry so often; but she was in Fra try-and her spirit ross with the

After all God was so good to her; there were fine bright days and nights; a few showers had fallen, but merely passing ones; the air was so cool and so taimy that it served her almost as food; and she seldom found people so unkind that they refused for her single little sou to give her a crust of bread and let her lie in an outhouse.

After all God was very good; and by the sixteenth or seventeenth day she would be in the city of Paris.

the city of Paris. She was a little light headed at times from

She was a little light headed at times from insufficient nourishment; especially after waking from strange dreams in unfamiliar places; sometimes the soil felt tremulous junder her and the sky spun round; but she struggled against the feeling and kept a brave heart and tried to be afraid of nothing. Sometimes at night she thought she saw old Annemia. "But what if I do?" she said to herself; "Annemie never will hurt me."

And now, as she grew nearer her goal, her natural buoyancy of spirit returned as it had never done to her since the evening that he had kissed and left her. As her body grew lighter and more exhausted, her fancy grew keener and more dominant. All things of the earth and air moke to her as the west

ng as they had used to do All that the

along as they had used to do All that she had learned from the books in the long cold months came to her clear and wonderful. She was not so very ignorant now—ignorant, indeed, beside him—but still knowing some thing that would make her able to read to him if be liked it, and to understand if he tailed of great things.

She had no fixed thought of what she would be to him when she rearched him.

She fancied she would wait on him, and tend him, and make him well, and be caressed by him, and get all gracious pretty things of leaf and blomon about him, and kneel at his feet, and be quite happy if he only touched her now and then with his lips—her thoughts went no further than that—her love for him was of that intensity and absorption in which nothing but itself is remembered.

When a creature loves much, even when it he as little and as simple a soul as flebes, the world and all its people and all its laws and ways are as maught. They cease to exist; they are as though they had never been.

Whoever recollects an outside world may play with passion, or may idle with centiment, but does not love.

She did not see the streets of the towns as the passed thom. She kept herself clean always, and broke fast now and then by sheer instinct of habit, nothing more. She had no perception what she did, except of walking—walking—walking—walking always, and seeing the white road go by like pale ribbons unrolled. She got a dreamy, intense sleepless light in her blue eyes that frightened some of those she passed. They thought she had been fewer stricken and was not in her somes.

Bo she went across the dreary lowlands, wearing out her little sabots, but not wearing out her patience and her courage.

Bhe was very dusty and jaded. Her woolen skirt was stained with wanther and torn with hriers. But she had managed always to wash her cap white in brook water, and she had managed always to teep her pretty bright curls so

Paris. Shining away in the sun; white and gold; Shining away in the sun; white and gold; among woods and gardens she saw Paris.
She was so tired—oh, so tired—but she could not rest now. There were bells ringing

always in her cars, and a heavy pain always in her bead. But what of that!—she was so near to him.

"Are you ill, you little thing?" a woman asked her who was gathering early cherries in the outskirts of the great city. Bebee looked at her and smiled: "I do not know—I am happy."

And she went onward.

And she went onward.

It was evening The sun had set. She had not eaten for twenty four hours. But she could not pause for anything now She crossed the gleaning river and she heard the crossed the gleaning river and she heard the crossed the gleaning. Paris in all its glory was about her but she took no more note of it.

about her, but she took no more note of it than a pigeon that flies through it intent on reaching home.

No one looked at or stopped her, a little dusty peasant with a bundle on a stick over her shoulder.

The click-clack of her wooden shoes on the

The click-clack of her wooden shoes on the bot pavements made none look up, little rue ties came up every day like this to make their fortunes in Paris. Some grew into golden painted silken flowers, the convolvuli of their brief summer days, and some drifted into the Seine water, rusted, wind tossed, fallen leaves that were wanted of no man. Anyhow, it was so common to see them, pretty but homely things, with their noisy shoes and their little all in a bundle, that no one even looked once at Bebea. no one even looked once at Bebes.

She was not bewildered. As she had gone

through her own city, only thinking of the roses in her basket and of old Annemie in her garret, so she went through Paris, only thinking of him for whose sake she had come

thinking of him for whose sake she had come thither.

Now that she was really in his home she was happy; happy though her head ached with that dull odd pain, and all the sunny glare went round and round like a great gilded humming top, such as the bables siapped their hands at at the Kermesse.

She was happy; she felt sure now that God would not let him die till she got to him. She was quite glad that he had left her all that long, terrible winter, for she had learned so much and was so much more fitted to be with him.

Weary as she was, and strange as the pain in her head made her feel, she was happy, very happy; a warm flush came on her little pale cheeks as she thought how soon he would kiss them, her whole body thrilled with the old sweet nameless joy that she had sickened for in value so least for in vain so long.

Though she saw nothing else that was

around her, she saw some little knots of mosa roses that a girl was selling on the quay, as she used to sell them in front of the Maison du Roi. She had only two sous left, but she stopped and bought two little rosebuds to take to him. He had used to care for them so much in the summer at Brabant.

The girl who sold them told her the way to

the street he lived in, it was not very far off the quay. She seemed to float on air, to have wings like the swallows, to hear beautiful music all around. She felt for her beads, and said aves of praise. God was so good.

It was quite night when she reached the street and sought the number of his house.

She spoke his name softly, and trembling very much with joy, not with any fear, but it seemed to her too sacred a thing ever to An old man looked out of a den by the door, and told her to go straight up the stairs to the third floor, and then turn to the right. The old man chuckled as he gianced after

her, and listened to the wooden shoes patter-ing wearily up the broad stone steps. Bebes climbed them—ten, twenty, thirty, forty. "He must be very poor!" she thought, "to live so high," and yet the place was wide and handsome, and had a look of riches. Her heart beat so fast, she felt suffocated, her heart beat so fast, she felt suffocated, her limbs shook, her eyes had a red blood like mist floating before them, but she thanked God each step she climbed—a moment and she would look upon the only face she loved. "He will be glad—oh, I am sure he will be glad!" she said to herself, as a fear that had

never before come near her touched her for a moment—if he should not care! But even then, what did it matter! Since he was ill she should be there to watch him night and day; and when he was well again, if he should wish her to go away-one could

always die. "But be will be glad-oh, I know he will be glad!" she said to the resebuds that she carried to him. "And if God will only let me save his life, what else do I want more!" His name was written on a door before her. The haudle of a bell hung down, she pulled it timidly. The door unclosed, she saw no one, and went through. There were low lights burning. There were heavy scents that were strange to her. There was a fan-tastic gloom from old armor, and old weapons, and old pictures in the dull rich chambers. The sound of her wooden shoes was lost in the softness and thickness of the carpets.

It was not the home of a poor man. A great terror froze her heart—if she were not wanted beref She went quickly through three rooms, see-ing no one, and at the end of the third there

were folding doors.

"It is 1—Bebee," she said softly, as she shed them gently spart; and she beld out he two moss resebuds Then the words died on her lips, and a great horror froze her, still and silent, there. She saw the ducky room as in a dream. She saw him stretched on the bed, leaning on

his elbow, laughing and playing cards upor the lace coverlet. She saw women with loose, shining hair and bare limbs, and rubles and diamonds glimmering red and white. She saw men lying about upon the couch, throwing dice and drinking and laughing with one another. Beyond all she saw against the pillows of his bed a beautiful, brown, wicked tooking thing, like some velvet snake, who leaned

upon the lace, and who had cast about his throat her curved, bare arm with the great coils of dead gold all a glitter on it. And above it all there were odors of wines and flowers, clouds of smoke, shouts of laughter, music of shrill, gay voices, She stood like a frozen creature and sawthe reschuds in her hand. Then with a great

over him as he threw down the painted cards

plercing cry she let the rbses fall, and turned and fled. At the sound he looked up and saw her, and shook his beautiful brown harlot off him with no call.

But Belse flew down through the empty chambers and the long stairway as a bar

mes from toe nounds, nor tired foet never paused, her aching limbs never slackened; she ran on, and on, and on into the lighted streets, into the fresh night air; on, and on, and on, straight to the river. From its brink some man's strength caught and held her. She struggled with it. "Let me die! let me die!" she shricked to

Then she lost all consciousness and saw the stars no more.

When she came back to any sense of life, the stars were shining still, and the face of Jeannot was bending over her, wet with

tears.

He had followed her to Paris when they had missed her first, and had come straight by train to the city, making sure it was thither she had come, and there had sought her many days, watching for her by the house of Flumen.

She shuddered away from him as he held her, and locked at him with blank, tearless

That was all she ever said to him. She never asked him or told him anything. She never noticed that it was strange that he should have been here upon the river bank. He let her be, and took her silently in the cool night back by the iron ways to Brabant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She sat quite still and upright in the wagen, with the dark lands rushing by her. She never spoke at all. She had a look that frightened him upon her face. When he tried to touch her hand she shivered away

The charcoal burner, hardy and strong among forest reared men, cowered like a child in a corner and covered his eyes and

She had no perception of anything that happened to her until she was led through her own little garden in the early day, and her starling cried to her "Bonjour, Bonjour!"

So the night were away.

wildered way, and never spoke. Were the sixteen days a dream! She did not know. The women whom Jeannot summo mother and sisters, and Mere Krebs, and one er two others, weeping for what had been the hardness of their hearts against her, un

Even then she only looked about her in a be-

dressed her, and laid her down on her little bed, and opened the shutters to the radiance of the sun.

She let them do as they liked, only she seemed neither to hear nor speak, and she

never spoke.

All that Jeannot could tell was that he had found her in Paris, and had saved her from The women were sorrowful, and re-proached themselves. Perhaps she had done wrong, but they had been harsh, and she was

The two little sabots with the holes work The two little sabots with the holes were through the soles touched them, and they blamed themselves for having shut their hearts and their doors against her as they saw the fixed blue eyes, without any light in them, and the pretty mouth closed close against either sob or smile.

After all she was Bebee—the little bright blithe thing that had danced with their children and some to their singing, and some to their singing, and some to their singing.

dren, and sung to their singing, and brought them always the first roses of the year. If she had been led astray they should have

she had been led astray they should have been gentler with her.

So they told themselves and each other.

What had she seen in that terrible Paris to change her like this—they could not tell. She never spoke.

The cock crowed gayly to the sun. The lamb bleated in the meadow. The bees boomed among the pear tree blossoms. The gray lavender blew in the open house door. The green leaves threw shifting shadows on the floor.

All things were just the same as they had

All things were just the same as they had been the year before, when she had woke to the joy of being a girl of 16.

But Bebee now lay quite still and silent on her little bed, as quiet as the waxen Gesu that they laid in the manger at the Nativity.

"If she would only speak!" the women and the children wailed, weeping sorely.

But she never spoke; nor did she seem to know any one of them. Not even the starling, as he flew on her pillow and called her.

"Give her rest," they all said; and one by one moved away being roor fells and here.

one moved away, being poor folk and bard working, and unable to lose a whole day. Mere Krebs stayed with her, and Jeannot sat in the porch where her little spinning wheel stood, and rocked himself to and fro.

in vain agony, powerless.

He had done all he could, and it was of no avail. Then people who had loved her, hearing came up the green lanes from the city—the cobbler and the tinman, and the old woman who sold saints' pictures by the Broodhuis. The Varnhart children hung about the garden wicket, frightened and sobbing. Old Jehan beat-his knees with his hands, and said only over and over about. "Another deal-

only over and over again, "Another dead—another dead!—the red mill and I see them all dead!"

The long golden day drifted away, and the swans swayed to and fro, and the willows grew silver in the sunshine.

Bebee, only, lay quite still and never spoke. The starling sat above her head; his wings drooped and he was silent too.

Towards sunset Bebee raised herself and called aloud: they ran to her.

"tiet me a rosebud—one with the mose."

"det me a rosebud-one with the round it." she said to them. They went out into the garden and brought ber one wet with dew.
She kissed it and laid it in one of her little



She kissed it and laid it in one of her

little wooden shoes. "Send them to him," she said "tell him I walked all the way." Then her head dropped; then momentary consciousness died out, the old dull, lifeless look crept over her faceagain like the shadew

The starling spread his broad black wings above her head. She lay quite still once more. The women left the reschud in the wooden shoe, not knowing what she meant. Night fell. Mere Krebs watched beside her. Jeannot went down to the old church to beseech Heaven with all his simple, ignorant, tortured soul. The villagers hovered about, talking in low, sad voices, and wondering, and dropping one by one into their homes. They were sorry, very sorry; but what could they do!

what could they do!

It was quite night. The lights were put out in the lane. Jeannot, with Father Francis, prayed before the shrine of the Seven Sorrows. Mere Krebs slumbered in her rush bottomed chair; she was old and worked hard. The starting was a water. hard. The starling was awake. Bebee rose in her bed and looked around, as

she had done when she asked for the mos A sense of unutterable universal pain ached

A sense of unutterable universal pain ached over all her body.

She did not see her little home, its four white walls, its lattice shining in the moon, its wooden bowls and plates, its caken shelf and presse, its plain familiar things that once had been so dear—she did not see them—she had been so dear—she did not see them—she only saw the brown woman with her arm about his throat. She sat up in her bed and slipped her feet on

to the floor; the pretty little rosy feet that he had used to want to clothe in silken stockings Poor little feet! she felt a curious compas-sion for them; they had served her so well, and they were so tired.

She sat up a moment with that curious dull agency, aching everywhere in body and in brain. She kissed the resolud once more and laid it gently down in the wooden shoe. She

one not see anything that was around ner. She felt a great dullness that closed in on her a great weight that was like iron on her head. She thought she was in the strange, noisy, cruel city, with the river close to her, and all her dead dreams drifting down it like murdered children, whilst that weman kissed him. She slipped her feet on to the floor, and rose and stood upright. There was a door open to the moonlight—the door where she had as spinning and singing in a thousand happy days; the lavender blew; the tall, unbudded green lilles swayed in the wind; she looked at them and knew none of them.

The night air drifted through her lines dress, and played on her bare arms and lifted the curls of her hair; the same air that had played with her so many times out of mind when she had been a little tottering thing that measured its height by the red rosebush. But it brought her no sense of where she was.

All she saw was the woman who kissed him.

There was the water beyond; the kindly calm water, all green with the moss and the nests of the ouzels and the boughs of the hazels and willows, where the swans were salesp in the reeds, and the broad lilies

wide and cool.

But she did not see any memory in it. She thought it was the cruel gray river in the strange white city; and she cried to it; and went out into the old familiar ways, and knew none of them; and ran feebly yet fleetly through the bushes and flowers, tooking up once at the stars with a helpless broken blind look, like a thing that is dying.

"He does not want me" she said to them.
"He does not want me—other women kim

"He does not want me-other women kim him there!"
Then with a low fluttering sound like

when its wings are shot, and yet it tries to rise, she hovered a moment over the water, and stretched her arms out to it.

"He does not want me!" she murmured; "he does not want me—and I am so tired.

Dear God!"

Then she crept down, as a weary child creeps to its mother, and threw herself forward, and let the green dark waters take her where they had found her amidst the lilies, a little laughing yearling thing.

There she soon lay, quite quiet, with her face turned to the stars, and the starling poised above to watch her as she slept.

She had been only Bebee—the ways of God and man had been too hard for her.

When the messengers of Flamen came that day, they took him back a dead moss rose and a pair of little wooden shoes worn through a pair of little wooden shoes worn through

with walking.
"One creature loved me once," he says to women who wonder why the wooden shoes

Amenbmente.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for their approvator rejection at a special election to be held June 18, 1890. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuancel of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth:

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met. That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said

There shall be an additional article to said constitution to be designated as Article XIX as

ollows : ARTICLE XIX. ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The Geograf Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.
CHARLES W. STONE.
Secretary of the Commonwealth. A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for their approval or rejection at a special election to be held June 18, 1888. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth:

SECTION I. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of

Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provis-ions of the eighteenth article thereof: AMENDMENT. Strike out from section one, of article eight, he four qualifications for voters which reads as

Strike out transitions for voters with follows:
"If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he "If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which before the election," so that the section which was as follows:

""" twenty-one years of age, ball be before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed there 5 on and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed there from and returned, then shall have provided in the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least from nonths immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-lwo years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended, so as to read as follows:

Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election in the Legislature, at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly enforce this provision.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age or twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen of the shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: Provided. That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the architection district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: Provided. That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the archited to the shall at the tim

Secretary of the Comm

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