

### LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle  
In one caressing hand,  
Two tender feet upon the untrod border  
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms  
In April's fragrant days;  
How can they walk among the briery tangles,  
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white rose feet along the doubtful future  
Must bear a woman's load;  
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,  
And walks the hardest road.

Love for a while will make the path before them  
All dainty smooth, and fair—  
Will cull away the bramble, letting only  
The roses blossom there:

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded  
Away from the sight of men,  
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,  
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness  
Of sorrow's fearful shades,  
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty  
Whose sunlight never fades?

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,  
Fair faced and gentle eyed,  
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway  
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling  
We crave all blessings sweet,  
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens  
Will guide the baby's feet.

—Florence Percy.

### WOOLING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in a deep criticism chair, with a white dress sweeping in long, shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujeu whom he knew so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon, as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without having confessed that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's common-places. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her, or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I regretted her she naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he had been waiting for is come, the little court about her disperses, until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Mme. Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments' serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation," she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come then?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her, and moves away.

It is all as he prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the hand is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing with despair in his eyes, at Mme. de Miramon's slender, white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which a sentimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with a fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaujeu, the young sister of Mme. de Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he had danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks, gayly. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he utters, hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extracting him from

an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. Lucille—"

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says gravely.

"Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Mme. de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that, much as she loves her, you love her even more—"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasping both the girl's slender hands in his he murmurs, unsteadily: "God bless you!"

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiancee to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house, and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts, and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making more violent quarrels than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torment a proud, pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her with some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at the convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to her impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgetting?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and downcast eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always," he says, almost inaudibly, then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You love her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur, my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is good!" continued Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute horror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lips quiver, even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant; then rising abruptly walks away.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to me."

"If you? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asked softly.

"Pardon, I am scarcely myself, and I cannot imagine how—"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her own heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor, if I consent, and as my chaperon she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember; make her regret."

"But forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plan," she replies with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks, and know that your love is worthy of my sister, that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Enfin it is with you to consent or decline?"

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her newly-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is so long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness

as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and disarms her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you who have long ago ceased to regret him, and he is the best party in Paris and tres bell homme for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objections to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart, which she is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written, fixing an hour for his first visit, and Mme. de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anger of a lover's quarrel.

There is the sound of wheels in the courtyard, and she rises with a hasty glance at her reflection in the mirror. "His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully, "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open and a servant announces:

"M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

"You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is, of course, a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust has changed me."

"It would be sad, indeed, if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that made her feel like a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—"

"May I enter, my sister," asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared that she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns as once and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaperon bends over her lace-work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten, and sees the tender glances she imagines she had ceased to regret, all given to her younger sister in her unregarded presence. She is very patient and used to suffering but at length she can endure no longer, and not daring to leave the room she moves away to a distant writing-table where she is at last beyond hearing.

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Mme. de Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came."

"You would make a charming jeune premier at the Francis only when you do say anything very tender, do you remember to look at me instead of Jeanne?" And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs, too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month has dragged by wretchedly enough, both to the conspirators and their victim, and like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his role, if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitterness of Jeanne's daily presence, which even in its serene indifference had become the one charm of life to him. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the courtyard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once and he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etoile," she said anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Mme. de Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etoile, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says eagerly. "I should like to master a horse who has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block.

"Jeannel!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes, like a stag at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers, putting his arms across the saddle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden blaze in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own. Then she springs from the block and comes close to him. "I hate you!" she gasps, and turning gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the salon she faces him with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me!" she says, "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and, like most men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—"

"You should have said, 'I love you,' he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at least—I who have loved you for all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shone and lips that quiver with bewildered joy. "Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, Jeanne, which would never succeed if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—fi donc! When my day comes."

"Lake Alexander, I will reign, and I will reign alone."

**Two Guineas and Four Men.**

New York World.

Four gentlemen were seated at a table in the smoking room of the steamer Alaska, of the Guion line, on her recent remarkable trip across. The sea was running heavy, and the smoking room steward found it a delicate matter to place a glass and a bottle before each of the four gentlemen and to uncork the complimentary ginger ale otherwise than on his head. The conversation turned on the extraordinary good speed the steamer was making, and led to a bet. In "covering" the wager of a sovereign upon a trivial matter, one of the four gentlemen took from his purse a guinea of the reign of William and Mary.

"There are only two of them in existence," he said proudly, "and this piece is worth a hundred times its face value. Had I the other, the collection of two would be simply invaluable to numismatists."

He laid it on the table as he spoke, and in a moment after the coin had disappeared. Nobody saw it fall or glide off the table. Nobody saw anybody else take it. Its owner searched high and low; his three companions and the steward helped him. No other persons were in the compartment, and yet the coin could not be found.

These four men had been strangers to each other when the voyage began. They had been five days out, and were rapidly nearing port. The owner of the valuable coin was inconsolable, suspicious and profane by turns.

"I'll tell you what is the best thing to do," said one of the party. "The coin is not on the floor; it can not have rolled through the ceiling. Somebody here must have it. Let all of us be searched."

All agreed but one gentleman, who had hitherto said nothing. He positively refused to suffer such an indignity. When it was suggested to him that where all others agreed no single person ought to object, he simply declined, made his bow, took his drink alone and left for his stateroom.

The good ship Alaska ploughed on to her sixth day, and just after her completing it Fire Island was sighted. The gentleman who had refused to be searched had been put in coventry; the three others who had sat at the table with him had unanimously suspected him.

But just as the pilot came aboard the Alaska the gentleman who had lost the guinea found it sticking in the sole of his boot, where it had been wedged ever since he had first displayed it. He was overjoyed at his discovery and anxious to make amends for his unjust suspicions.

"But," said he, to the gentleman who had refused to be searched, "why on earth did you not agree as we all did to such a simple test? That would have settled the matter instantly."

"No, it wouldn't," answered the other.

"Why not?"

"Because (producing his purse) there is the only other coin of the kind in the world—same date, same color, worn the same! That is the reason I refused to be searched, for nothing on earth would have made you believe this was not your own coin had you not been so lucky as to recover it."

As the Alaska steamed into port a social glass removed all traces of unpleasantness.

**Falling From the Clouds.**

A foolhardy acrobat who was performing on a trapeze attached to an ascending balloon, recently had a narrow escape from death at Pittsburg. He has given the following account of his adventure:

I had the balloon inflated under my own personal supervision, and considered her all right. When the men let go I shot up into the air, hanging to the trapeze-bar and making my usual revolutions. I went up very rapidly, and in a short time the exposition grounds were hidden by a heavy cloud. I continued to exercise; for it was quiet chilly, until I was about a mile and a quarter above the earth. I paused to rest a minute, when I heard a faint sound overhead, and looking up, saw a white smoke pouring out of the gas-bag.

I knew what was wrong in an instant, and got up into the basket as quick as I could, and then climbed into the netting. I never thought about the safety valve, but began to throw the sand bags attached to the netting overboard as rapidly as possible, to lighten the fall I knew was coming.

There was a second of suspense, and then I began to shoot down like a lump of lead, while the balloon swayed terribly. I hung on with feet and hands to the netting, or I should have been thrown off. All at once the envelope collapsed, or turned over, and I was thrown right into the center, the envelope forming a parachute. I was nearly suffocated with gas, and the balloon was pitching and rolling terribly.

I don't know how long I was in coming down. I remember seeing the city below me, and then I felt a shock, and fell into somebody's yard. A man rushed up and I told him to pound me on the back to get the gas out of my lungs. I was stunned by the fall, but I guess I am all right now.

**Carving a Canadian Goose.**

From the Toronto Mail.

"Mr. McLeod will please carve the goose!"

These words were addressed to a young man who made one of a party at a breakfast table on Tuesday morning last. The table was standing in a house on Cing Street, near Widmer, and the breakfast—dejeuner would be a better fitting word—was given in honor of a young couple who had been married about an hour before. There was no threat contained in the words 'above' quoted, but nevertheless, they sent a thrill of terror through the young man to whom they were addressed. He had never cut up anything before except a few capers when out with the boys at night, and the idea of carving a goose before company made him so nervous that he fancied the other guests were beginning to regard him as akin to the bird he was called upon to mangle. However, he was ashamed to show his ignorance of a useful accomplishment, so he drew a long breath and the carving-knife towards him. As he arose to his feet the eyes of the party were upon him. So was the goose a moment later, for it slid from beneath his fork and flew like a real live bird out of the dish and into his very best waistcoat. Of course expressions of sympathy were tendered from all sides, but somehow or other they didn't make the young man feel better or look less greasy. The goose was returned to the dish, and Mr. McLeod returned to the work before him. The accident had not a reassuring effect upon either the carver or the company, and the renewed operations were watched with greater interest than before. This increased interest in his maneuvers with the roast goose had a tendency to make the obliging gentleman quite careless as to whether he attempted to carve with the edge or back of his knife, and, as a matter of fact, he did try to dismember the goose with the broad back of the carver. He thought at the time that the bird was "confounded tough," not being aware of his endeavor to slice it with the back of the knife, but when the sharp edge pierced the finger which he had pressed upon it in his frantic effort to cut, he knew that "some one had blundered." The accident, however, was not observed by anyone in the company, and Mr. McLeod, who was swearing inwardly and perspiring outwardly very freely, was encouraged to renew the attack. "Break a leg off him," was generally advised, while a young lady with a terra cotta hat and an amused smile, who sat next to the young man with the knife, pleasantly remarked that the carver looked more cut up than the fowl. This young woman was one of the bridesmaids, and should have been more seriously inclined at such a moment. The advice tendered was accepted, and the now desperate man seized the goose with both hands. Then began a fearful struggle for the mastery. In the wrestling match which followed neither seemed to have the advantage for some moments. The wedding guests awaited the issue of the contest—and something to eat—in breathless expectancy. They did not feel very hungry, for they were full of hope. Their confidence in McLeod was not misplaced, for in the third round the goose was "downed." The leg came off, and so did an event which was wholly unexpected. The goose, in parting with its limb, slipped from the grasp of its opponent and dashed itself against a bowl containing gravy. The bowl was upset, and its contents sought a fresh resting place in the lap of the bride. A shriek of dismay arose as a patch of the blue silk dress assumed an esthetic gray. The bride, covered with blushes and gravy, hurriedly arose and left the room, and there were some at the table who felt they would sooner be enjoying a free lunch at a bar-room counter than awaiting the free spread at that wedding party. As for Mr. McLeod himself—well, he was overcome with a desire to sink into the cellar. He promptly resigned his position as carver for the company, and the resignation was accepted without loss of time in discussing it. Some one with a greater knowledge of the anatomy of a goose was elected to fill the place, and at length the guests were served. McLeod fled to London, Ont., the following morning.

**Words of Wisdom.**

More honorable name have been ruined by thoughtlessness than by malice.—Marie Eschenbach.

The mistakes of woman result almost from her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.

Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black; over our heads hardly gray.—Richter.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one must think of the effect his death would produce.—Levis.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.—Rose Terry Cooke.

Exclusion is in their mouths and supremacy in their hearts. These are the essence of sectarianism, call it by what denomination you will.—Lady Sidney Owenson Morgan.

The rainbow is the damask flower on the woven teardrops of the world; hope is the skimmer on the dingy wrap of trouble, shot with the golden wool of God's intent.—George MacDonald.

By diligence and self-command let a man put the bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not stand in bitter and false relation to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom.—Emerson.

Mysterious disappearance of gentlemen with other people's money are as numerous about this time as railroad accidents.

Ignacio Garcia Veyvan, a rich resident of Tlaxcolec, Mexico, was seized by a party of bandits on October 3, and carried off. They demand \$10,000 for his ransom.

The first minister of the Dominion government is charged with bribery.