

...her turn, which was concluded by the young lady: "On general principles it should be papa who returned the call. But he would not know how to appear in a way that would do us justice. Now, if it were I, having the habit of the world, I should know how to manage perfectly. So it is best that mamma and I should go to call on the countess. By doing so we will make her understand that we are very willing to know her, but not willing to accept the attentions of her son against her wishes."

A VISITING CARD.

It was a rainy day in January. Large drops were beating monotonously against the windows of a red brick house whose white architectural ornaments were that air of having been manufactured by the thousand which characterizes the dwellings of those good people who have gained wealth without gaining taste. Behind the gauze curtains on the first floor stood a handsome blonde looking out with a sad expression in her cold blue eyes. This was Solange Tarvenue, the only daughter of a respectable bourgeois who, having made his money in trade, now lived a gentleman of leisure in this fine new house.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mlle. Tarvenue, "how tiresome this rain is! One can't go out to make any calls and no one comes to see one." "The bell rang." "There! I'm sure that is a call. You see, mamma, you were very wrong to say that you were not at home to visitors. Every one is not as much afraid of bad weather as you are."

"Dear me!" cried Solange, sourly. "It does great good to say 'What a pity, now!' cried Solange, sourly. M. de Prevaret was considered the very best catch in Ville Abbe! Young and handsome and clever, and the possessor of a large fortune, he lived with his mother, the dowager countess, in one of the most sumptuous residences in the town. And this young man, on whom every woman of rank with a marriageable daughter smiled, had rung the doorbell of the Tarvenues and left his cards for them! How had this ever come about? He bowed to them, because they bowed to his mother, but he had never been introduced to the ladies.

"What can it mean?" asked Mme. Tarvenue, anxiously. Solange was standing before the glass. "Why, it seems to me that it is a card," she replied, with deep complacency. "Haven't you noticed, my dear mamma, that every time we go to hear the band play M. de Prevaret is there too?" "What!—why—do you think?"—Mme. Tarvenue did not dare finish, so audacious did her thought seem to her.

"I did not know that my son had called upon you," she said with her grand air, "but his friends are mine. Ah! There he is now, Gerard," addressing the young man who now entered with a smile, "will you not introduce me to Mlle. Tarvenue?" "It seems to me that it is you who ought to introduce me," remarked the young man, bowing low before his mother's guests.

"I know them and I don't. He is used to be a linen draper, I think. He is out of business now and sits near you in church—the father is a little man with spectacles; the mother very stout and rubicund; the daughter a superb creature, a blonde, who dresses very well. You must have seen them?" "Oh, yes, I remember now. I believe they live to me. They are good souls, very regular."

"Good souls, perhaps," laughed her son, "but frightfully ordinary. The mother is impossible. As for the daughter, we call her the empress. I assure you the name suits her. She is a tremendous possessor." "But why should they come to see me," asked the countess. "Perhaps to solicit subscriptions for some charity. The mother and daughter belong to different church organizations, I think."

"But you might at least have been trained from saying that we were at home, since you had your son's cards?" "Nevertheless the sight of the countess' card somewhat appeased her. That a grande dame of the countess' age, too, should have taken the trouble to drive out in the cold in order to leave a card at their house proved conclusively that she wished to sanction her son's course. And Mlle. Tarvenue thought likewise, and the two ladies resolved that the least they could do would be to call once more upon the countess without delay.

"But he never came—he never left a card!" cried Mme. Tarvenue. "In any case, there's a good match off," grumbled M. Tarvenue. "Do not deplore it, I beg," remarked Solange with her most superb manner. "I should not have accepted M. Eusebe Ramillat in any event. I hope before long to present to you a son-in-law of quite another stamp."

"I regretted the coincidence all the more that I thought you might have wished to see me with regard to some church charity." Solange understood the allusion, and her eyes flashed fire. "No, madame, I am interested in church work, but I do not solicit aid from others," she announced trenchantly. "We have come simply to prove our recognition of the visit by which you were

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SHOES AND THE WEARERS

DEALERS IN FOOTGEAR FOR MEN AND WOMEN GIVE SOME FACTS.

Eastern Women Wear the Largest and Southern Women the Smallest Shoes. Chicago Girls Have Been Maligned. Western Men Are Not Very Particular. "What kind of shoes are the ladies wearing nowadays?" "If you should say that they are wearing all kinds you would be just about right; but there is one thing certain, much more sensible shoes are worn."

"Where are the largest shoes worn?" "The largest shoes are worn in the East, and yet many a man in the West is fitted with an inch and an eighth heel, which is a comfortable height. Next in popularity to the New York medium toe is the New York opera toe, which is more pointed at the end and has a heel one quarter of an inch higher than the former."

"Where are the smallest shoes worn?" "You will be surprised when I tell you that for small feet the southern women are in the van. They wear rather wider shoes than their New York sisters, but their feet are shorter. To sum up, I think the largest shoes are worn by eastern women, slimmest by New Yorkers and the widest and smallest by the fair creatures who make the south and west their homes."

"Are there particular styles manufactured for different sections?" "There are. Here, for instance, and the members of the general public who sell shoes and took out what looked like men's shoes, 'is a sample of the ladies' waif shoe, which is now very popular in that city of blue blood and beans—Boston."

"You will notice that they are nearly as heavy, have wide heels, and look fully as useful as men's shoes. We sell them nowhere else but in the east. Again, here is a pair of shoes which you will observe have perfectly square toes and narrow feet. These are what the Philadelphia belles dote upon, and you save your money, I fancy, isn't it?"

"Are women wearing heavier or lighter shoes than formerly?" "You would naturally suppose from my previous statement that they are wearing more sensible shoes, that I can't say heavier. I regret to say that I can't say lighter. The reason is, in my conclusion that distasteful, resulting from too short and too tight shoes, detract from her appearance, and is therefore wearing better shaped feet coverings. You cannot persuade her to wear anything clumsy looking. A thick sole is more desirable, resulting every year from her determination to wear paper soles, shoes than from any other cause. At least, that is my opinion. Why, just look at it a moment. The thickest shoe you make has but a three-eighths of an inch sole—about the thickness a man would wear if he were a shoe—and yet women will put on the thick leather as they call them, and tramp through slush and mud all day long in them. It makes no difference if their feet are soaked when they get home; they have worn their thick boots, and that settles it."

"Is the French high heel as much in vogue as it was?" "For street wear, no. For the house and the city, the most popular button shoe is the high New York style, with the high French heel. This shoe naturally is not adapted for much walking, and the women have discovered this. For low shoes the New York medium toe and the opera with high and moderately high French heels sell the best. For a good walking shoe \$5 to \$6 can be paid; for fancy ball slippers of course fancy prices are given."

"Which section of the country demands the largest shoes?" "That would be difficult to say, but probably the western man will wear a little larger shoes than other men. As a rule the western man, you know, is not so particular in his dress as an eastern man. It is long and a shoe is comfortable that is about all he cares for."

"Do you make particular styles for different parts of the country?" "I can't say that we do except for the south. Southerners wear more boots than men in the north. In fact there are very few of the finer grade of boots worn up here. The southern man likes boots and he wears them with high heels and is apt to get them too short for his feet. In consequence the southern foot is shorter and wider than other feet, the sizes down there ranging from 4 to 8, while in the north they range in this part of the country from 5 to 10, and in the west from 6 to 12. The eastern men have the slimmest feet. A fact which is somewhat strange is that more heavy shoes are sold right here in the city than in the country districts."—New York Press.

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While staying in your good city last week I read in the Globe-Democrat an account of certain individuals connected with a certain business, who, on a night of two or three weeks ago, were engaged in a struggle with a crowd of men, who were not seen for several years, and in the morning I sat directly opposite this very lady in the dining car. I had not thought of her, but who will say that her presence in the street was not a dream the night before?"

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