

THE LOST SLIPPER.

BY HELEN ASHTON.

If ever I saw a man desperately in love it was Dr. Farnsworth with my friend Charlotte Palmer, who was visiting me in my cosy little home, where I lived with a most indulgent husband and two darling children.

A bright, beautiful girl was Charlotte, tall, slender and graceful, with soft brown eyes and chestnut hair that looked golden in the sun. Her hands and feet were marvels of beauty—so small and white—and her voice the sweetest ever heard.

The doctor was our next-door neighbor and family physician. He was thirty-five years of age, tall, handsome, and of commanding carriage. When I introduced him to my friend I saw he was greatly impressed by her beauty, and I immediately found myself making all sorts of plans for their future, though many times in my hearing Charlotte had declared her intention of remaining in a state of single blessedness, she believing that to be the only truly happy state, free from cares and responsibilities.

Observing the doctor's admiration of Charlotte, my husband asked her why she did not marry. She laughed gaily and declared she had not a serious admirer in the world and would not give up her freedom for any man living.

Dr. Farnsworth came often to our house and seemed never to tire of looking at Charlotte and listening to her fresh, sweet voice. I saw he was rapidly losing his heart, and felt anxious for him, but the dear girl never betrayed by word or look that she knew aught of his feelings, and when I bantered her she replied that Dr. Farnsworth cared nothing for her—he only meant to be kind and help us to pass our time pleasantly.

Thus several weeks passed, the doctor continuing his attentions, sending daily the most beautiful flowers and taking Charlotte for long delightful drives. One morning he came to me and gave me his confidence. He said he loved my beautiful friend beyond expression and desired above all things to make her his wife; he had determined to ask her that very day to share his heart and home and wanted my good wishes for his success. He left me full of hope and faith for the future, but soon returned looking crushed indeed. Charlotte had most positively refused him, declaring she did not love him and hoped he would never refer to the subject again.

I did my best to comfort the doctor, begged him not to despair and told him I thought perhaps Charlotte would change her mind.

He said: "No, I shall never ask her again. I could not go through such an ordeal more than once. I love her and would devote my whole life to her, but she will not have it so and I must abide by her decision." I felt thoroughly provoked at Charlotte and plainly told her so. She expressed regret, but said it was impossible for her to marry Dr. Farnsworth, and she thought he ought to be grateful to her for refusing to give him an unloving wife.

Some time passed, and we saw nothing of the doctor; he seemed to have forgotten us. My husband went several times to his office, but did not find him; he was out making professional visits. Charlotte was not looking so bright and happy as usual, and I began to wonder if she repented her decision, but thinking silence the best policy I avoided the subject.

One morning we were on the lawn playing chess with the children, when Charlotte took off her slipper, throwing it at me, "for good luck," she said, but, strange to say, the slipper disappeared, and though we hunted in every direction we could see nothing of it. After every spot had been searched, I sent my servant into Dr. Farnsworth's garden, to see if the tiny shoe could have fallen there, but she returned without it; there was not a trace of it anywhere. We were greatly puzzled, and I never ceased to wonder what became of the slipper.

As time passed on, I saw that Charlotte was looking pale and she complained constantly of feeling tired. One morning I stopped at her door, on my way to the breakfast-room, and found her still in bed. She had quite a fever, and I suggested calling in a physician, but to this she would not consent. She said she only needed a rest and would be better after awhile. Evening came and found her no better. In the morning she was positively ill, and when I saw her fever-flushed face I hastened down stairs to call Dr. Farnsworth. He came at once and told me, with deep sadness in his eyes, that Charlotte was, indeed, very ill.

For three long weeks we nursed her night and day, the doctor spending every spare moment at

the bedside, and if ever a man fought for a woman's life he did for hers, though many times hope almost died within him. In the delirium of fever she would call on his name and beg him not to leave her, though she had been so cruel. The crisis came and when he knew she was safe he threw himself into a chair and wept like a child.

As Charlotte grew stronger the doctor's visits became less frequent. Still he came once a day. I always managed to be busily engaged at that time. One morning I followed him up stairs and opened the door very quietly. He was sitting by the bed with Charlotte's hands in his and his face was radiant. She, serene and happy, was lying very quiet and beside her pillow lay a tiny slipper.

"Come in," cried the doctor, "and wish me joy. She is mine and this little shoe has done it all. When she threw it at you it flew over the fence and struck me in the face. After admiring it I quietly slipped it into my pocket, intending to keep it until I met the owner. After I saw her I vowed never to give it up until she had promised to become my wife."

"Which promise," said Charlotte, "I have just given, he has been so kind to me; and I am the happiest girl in the world."

Charlotte has been Dr. Farnsworth's wife for many years. He has prospered in his profession and they have a beautiful and lovely family of sons and daughters. We are still dear friends and the lost slipper is one of their household treasures. The doctor sometimes shows it to his girls and never fails to remind them that not one of them can wear their darling mother's tiny shoe.

Distilling Roses in Turkey.

We stopped before a klan to look at a distillery and rose field. In front of a long shed six large cauldrons stood over the brazier, and into these vessels about \$500 worth of roses were put with warm water. The iron tubes through which the vapor escapes passed through a long tin receptacle shaped like a trough, which was filled with cold water, and below which large glass bottles stood to receive the first distillation. Three distillations are necessary before the oil of the rose appears. We were shown a small bottle into which the essence just distilled had been poured. The color is a rich gold and the smell is strong, subtle and penetrating, pleasant for the first instant, but soon producing a sense of giddiness and oppression in the head. It affects everything near it and the perfume clings tenaciously even in open air. The proprietors are secured from being cheated, as the peasants cannot endure the perfume they themselves manufacture, and make no use of it whatever. It is sealed up in leaden bottles and sent to the great perfume emporiums in London and Paris. — Blackwood's Magazine.

The Cost of a Billiard Ball.

The cost of a billiard ball is curiously estimated by a Cairo author as follows: In the judgment of honest African travelers, the tasks of dazzling whiteness are answerable for the following: One hundred and sixty deaths that must be counted as murder or manslaughter; thirty deaths, incurred during the journey from the interior to the coast; ten "deaths by law," and ten accidents during the elephant hunt. "Add to this fifteen thefts, any amount of cheating, drunkenness, and acts of brutality and cruelty." A medium-sized faultless tusk yields two, or occasionally three, billiard balls; and every ball means, it is stated, at least one murder or one great crime. — Invention.

Time to Act.

"Old Si" wanted to know of the religious editor yesterday: "Iz dey dun turn dat Precher Briggs loose, up yander in New York?" "Oh, yes; he was voted not guilty." "Den I expose dat settle hit dat der an' no hell—am dat er fact?" "Well, people regard it as an indication of the liberal ideas which include a figurative rather than a material and igneous hell." "Uh—oh—hush, honey! But ef dat means dat dese wulfless niggers am ter git de noshum in dere beds dat hell an' 'bolished I'd bettah be gittin' erlong home, chainin' up de chickens an' loadin' my ole shotgun." — Atlanta Constitution.

Man Outdone By Woman.

"You may talk all you like about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do." "And that was?" inquired Mr. Snipps. "Lost 50,000,000 hairpins and wore the wings of 3,000,000 birds on their hats." — Buffalo Express.

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