

TRUE HONORS.

A bard lived, once upon a time,
Of good and honest name,
Who frequently dropped into rhyme,
Without a thought of fame,

Until one day an agent trim
Appeared before this singer,
And asked if he might name for him
His patent new clothes-wringer.

And then he heard that far out West
A nursery man of means
Had called for him his very best
Superior kind of beans.

Fast flocked these honors at his feet,
Faster by far than dollars;
And when for him was named a sweet
New thing in paper collars,

He asked, confused by all these brands,
"What is there in a name?"
And all the people clapped their hands,
And answered, "This is fame."

—Harper's.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT BOOTS.

It is not the world renowned "boots," the trial as well as comfort of all travellers to whom I refer, nor is it that especial "boots" introduced to the public by Mark Twain in his "Idle Excursion," but merely to boots defined in the dictionary as a covering for the leg and foot. They are of many varieties and descriptions; I've seen them, long and short, new and old, buttoned and buttonless, laced and unlaced, broad and narrow, high and low, tight and loose, polished and unpolished. For instance, let us ensconce ourselves comfortably in some room which has a large window facing the principal street in some city, let it be between seven and eight a.m. when we first begin to scan the boots of the passers-by. Very few new ones are out so early in the morning—some are patched and others ought to be; many are open at the toe, smiling, as some one once pleasantly remarked; others full of bumps and hollows, some, two or three sizes too large for the wearer. By eight o'clock a few shiny ones appear; here is a sensible pair, broad, with thick soles, fitting well and showing themselves to be supporters of the ankle, and assistants in the work to be done through the day. Later on a greater variety appears, and by noon they are so numerous that we can scarcely note them all.

The ladies are coming down Town to shop, those with pretty feet and with well-fitting boots indulging in dresses short enough to display these said boots, of course there must be a little vanity somewhere, but perhaps only in a small degree and legitimate too, I'll allow, for all should think enough of themselves to appear to the best advantage provided the making of that good appearance does not interfere with duty. What is the matter with that lady? Her head shoots forward, her shoulders are round and she looks as if she were deformed almost; turn your attention to her boots, therein lies the secret; those high heels are the cause, starting almost from the centre of the foot, tilting the whole body forward and forcing the wearer to walk in a most peculiar way and resulting eventually in a weak back, turning into a querulous invalid what might have been a strong, healthy woman. Look! there is a contrast, an English lady, we feel sure, and not long from across the water: her boots are ugly, yes, but see how well she walks; she holds herself erect, shoulders back and head high; those boots are strong, a good thick sole, not too narrow, a heel broad and low, and the whole boot giving strength and support to the ankle; that lady will walk three, nay, six miles and feel nothing of the fatigue the former would in doing one. Here are two handsomely dressed ladies, everything agreeing in richness and taste, until we glance downward to the feet. Oh! hide your eyes; old and torn prunella boots, pieces of white lining showing thro' the ripped seams, elastic sides in a sad taste; it is true the dresses are pretty long and it may be that only on the crossings are they visible, where the skirts have to be lifted; but what does it intimate? Love of outside show, untidiness and carelessness inside, we would not like to be left to the tender mercies of either.

There is a gentleman with a good pair of boots, but why does he have a gallery extension on the sole? It must become rather tiresome before the day is over, carrying such a quantity of mud about. There goes a sensible pair-sole thick, leather good, well-polished; that foot is put down with a feeling of prosperity and good feeling.

Here is a poor, untidy looking individual, eyes vacant. Yes, just what we expect to see, shoe strings hanging, probably have not been tied at all; he must be a poet, might possibly be an artist; they generally delight in appearing in a somewhat tumbled fashion; but it strikes us that they neither tie or button their boots and pay special attention to keeping the hair on end and looking as if they dwelt in a country where high winds prevail and brushes are scarce.

That lady has lost numerous buttons, still we will not insist that she is lazy or indifferent to her personal appearance, indeed, the taste and style displayed in her costume would contradict us; probably in her haste to keep an appointment the same accident has happened to her that has come to many; at the moment of buttoning the boots, those buttons have snapped off, the question is now whether she should, for satisfaction to herself, stop and sew on more buttons, or put pride in her appearance aside and think of those who are waiting to meet her,

the latter would certainly be the right course. But this young lady who now comes into view, can gain no sympathy from us, buttonless almost are the poor boots; glance at her face, plump and round, large grey, soft sleepy eyes, mouth being fair, but no firm lines about it, verdict is,—lazy and indolent, probably selfish, no strength of mind. Here is a gentleman in "patent leathers" probably a traveler, most sensible thing to wear when moving about. "Boots" cannot worry you then. What is the trouble now? this "swell" (no other term would be suitable) seems to be walking over broken glass or eggs. Let us examine him; a new suit to begin with, an overabundance of shirt front and cuff, brilliant necktie, sparkling pin, glossy hat, light kids and cane, face is slightly contorted, difficult to describe the expression. Oh boots! you are new and stiff, but more than that you are too small for the poor fellow; those boots pinch. A smile illuminates his countenance, an eager look forward, off goes his hat, but instead of a smile now, (at this most critical moment) a fearful contortion of the face which loosens the eyeglass and she's past and gone like a beautiful flower; boots won't let you catch her, her feet are properly encased, and firmly and erectly she gracefully passes from your sight. Those boots that are run down at the heel, we will judge gently, perhaps the poor feet have tender parts, and the owner thereof so puts down those feet that the harder parts shall bear the brunt of the burden. Here is a patched pair, hardly perceptible, showing the wearer to be careful and economical. A patch is no disgrace, a hole is. We do not agree with the lady who said she never repaired anything because it was premeditated poverty. She preferred to twist up the gaping fingers of her gloves and stick pins in them, much to the discomfort of those who shook hands with her before knowing her principles. It was much safer to take pussy's paw than her hand, pussy having the grace to imbue her claws in a soft cushion giving one a friendly purr at the same time. No matter how sweet the greeting of the lady it was instantly forgotten in the pain suffered thro' those dreadful pins, or unpremeditated poverty. Here comes another style, leather toed prunella boots, congress we would mention as there are many pretty buttoned, leather finished prunellas, but these horrid boots—and worn by a man. He certainly is not troubled with vanity concerning his personal appearance. We may pass into the by-ways and alleys and see there also the different grades of respectability and well-doing marked by the boots worn, but we will not enter there, or we must touch upon the misery, broken hearts and crimes which are too closely crowded together in these places, all too numerous they are notwithstanding the constant untiring care of the many Christian men and women who devote so much time and money for the purpose of lifting up and purifying in some degree the human beings so wrapped in wickedness, ignorance and superstition.

We may leave the crowded streets and returning home prepare for a dinner party. Here we see all sorts, shapes and sizes again, all tending more to firmness and beauty. Later on we enter a ball room and before the evening is over come to the conclusion that more torture is borne and endured by the wearers of tight boots and slippers than any one would imagine, those enduring that torture being the very ones who in the common routine of life are the first to murmur and sink under any slight disappointment, trouble or ordinary suffering.

There is a story told of a gentleman (he is said to have had enormous feet) who attended a ball determined to settle his fate. His idea was to seek it from the lady of his choice in the conservatory after supper. But alas! The pain inflicted by his tight boots began to affect him some time before supper, and during that repast the exquisite torture made him slip them off under a table, he, thinking he could manage, some way or other, to get them on again; but such hopes were soon dispelled. He was obliged to ask a friend to escort the lady back to the ball-room, while he as quietly as possible made his exit through a side door, leaving those boots a legacy to the hostess. That she never found an owner for them is easily credited.

The negroes in some of the West Indian Islands are very much delighted if they are able to sport the upper part of an old pair of boots, the sole is of no consequence, the appearance of owning boots is sufficient. A grand review took place in Hayti not long ago; in the front rank were placed all who owned a pair of boots, then came those who owned one boot, those who were dependant upon nature for a covering bringing up the rear. It is very common in the mountainous districts of Jamaica to see whole congregations carrying their boots until they reach the church door and then putting them on, to doff them as soon as service is over. We have looked at boots rather as an index to the character of the bearer than at them as they stand a subject of themselves. Quite a volume could be written upon them, their origin, the changes that have been made through hundreds of years, in shape and material. We could bring historical boots into notice and find in fairly large many wonderful tales of boots, of course including under the head of boots all covering used for the feet to fill the same purpose. We will merely mention one or two well known species, namely, the sandal of the East, the sabot of the Normandy peasant introduced into Canada by the early French settlers and still to be seen in the French villages. Then the "clang of the wooden shoon" rings in our ear and a voice from a very respectable pair of boots begs space for a few words, in which

they wish to make an appeal to the public in general:—

THE BOOTS SPEAK.

"Dear fellow-labourers, for as such we look upon all who wear us, perhaps it has never struck you in that light, therefore are we constrained to address you. In the morning a bright welcome await us, especially if we have been rubbed the right way and our shine knows no flaw. It takes much practice and a willing hand to bring us up to the desired state of polish, and we are not to blame if being rubbed the wrong way gives us an appearance of dullness. All day long we are pretty well content with the treatment given us by reasonable people, that is, provided we are a good comfortable fit, but when home is reached, and worn out and weary, our companion in the toil of life sends us off with a "How glad I am to get those horrid boots off, I am heartily tired and sick of them. What a comfort to put on one's slippers again!" Down we are thrown, no matter where, and unnoticed and sad are left until grasped on the morrow by "boots" who, regardless of our feelings, brushes and rubs till our much-abused sides and soles give way, and we become, some people say, port wine. It must take a wonderful amount of pounding to reduce us to that, we, as a pair, would rather be cremated. "Those delightful slippers"—delightful indeed! What have they done all day? Stared with vacant eyes from out their kid-lined soles, from an embroidered, be-ribboned case, taking their ease and now joining in our discomfort and summary dismissal. We said we were left alone for the night, but sad to relate that is not always the case. How often have our feelings been harrowed, our sides bruised by being thrown along a passage downstairs and even into the yard in order to quiet some unruly cat, whose unmelodious voice had disturbed the slumbers of all around. And now, a favour I would ask, this, that you give your weary helpful boots a friendly pat of appreciation and a word of encouragement when the day's work is done, thereby making forever grateful, at any rate.

ONE PAIR OF BOOTS.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, October 21.

AN æsthete has, after an infinite expenditure of imagination-labor, got a new idea, namely, an æsthetic glove for winter wear. The colors are alternately green and yellow, laid on in strictly horizontal lines, crossing the glove from left to right. It looks like the beginning of a zebra.

THE largest parliamentary debating society in London is that which is called the Hackney Parliament, which has just commenced its autumn session. Singular enough there is no House of Lords; but proudly enough the Hackney Legislature is going to have the speeches of its "House of Commons" printed. There are about 800 gentlemen who have the honor of being addressed on their letters, M.P., Hackney.

THE idea of lighting railway carriages with luminous paint, which had only a partial acceptance when it was realized on the Metropolitan Railway, which is all tunnel, has not been abandoned, and is now about to be tried on lines which have a few tunnels. It has been this week tried on the South Eastern Railway, and it is to be hoped that success will lead to its adoption. The directors of most lines want a coat of this paint.

\$109,500 a year is a pretty good rent for furnished apartments, yet at this rate, that is, £60 a day, the Grand Duke Vladimir, his wife and suite, are lodged in the grand suite of apartments on the first floor of the Hôtel Continental in Paris. If the other expenses are at the same rate, he had need indeed be a Russian Prince of the Imperial House, though such expenditure would put trouble into the finances of even some of them. Is the Duke waiting to see Ignatieff and have a little strong talk with him?

THE homeward-bound generals and soldiers from Egypt are not the only people who are to be lionized upon their return from Egypt. Already preparations are being made to do honor to the war correspondents. The newly-established Press Club has taken the lead by inviting the correspondents to the inaugural dinner, which is to be celebrated on the 28th instant; later in the season these gentlemen will be entertained by Mr. Sala. Already arrangements are being made to fête individual correspondents, and in connection with these enterprises the names of Messrs. Cameron and Burleigh are mentioned.

THE success of the Press Club has far exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine founders. Members continue to pour in, and—what is still more indicative of the quality of the popularity, so to speak—the culinary resources of the institution are taxed to the very utmost. It is the daily and nightly wonder of members of this excellent club why such a resort for Press men was not established many years ago. The Press Club begins its history on a sound pecuniary basis. It is solvent, and its furniture

is its own. This is more than some institutions can plume themselves on. Although the situation of "the house" is admirable—in the most journalistic part of Fleet street—the time cannot be far distant when more commodious premises will be required.

It will be a surprise to most people to learn that Mr. Toole attended the Church Congress at Derby. It is not said that a love of things ecclesiastical led the popular comedian to make a special journey to that town; but being there he accompanied a friend to the Congress one day, joined in hymn with great fervor, and listened to the speeches with utmost interest. In the course of the proceedings a young clergyman gave an excellent address, which, however, was not to the taste of some of his elders. "I cannot listen to any more of this," said a grave and reverend parson behind Mr. Toole. "The man is much too young." Mr. Toole put his glass in his eye, turned round, and with that indescribable twist of the mouth, which playgoers know so well, exclaimed, "Well, he can't help that, you know!"

NORTHUMBERLAND avenue is destined to be one of the grandest of London thoroughfares. The Grand Hotel is to be surpassed in size by the Hotel Metropole, the foundations of which are being prepared. This hotel, it is said, will be one of the largest in the world. The frontage to the Avenue will be 300 feet in length; there will be an equally long facade in Whitehall-place, and the ground plan covers an acre in extent. A handsome block of buildings at the south-west corner of the avenue is being rapidly completed, the upper storeys to be used for offices and the ground floor for shops. The Metropolitan Board of Works are building a fire brigade station close by the avenue. There is to be yet another hotel, a contract having been entered into for the erection of "The Northumberland Avenue Hotel." At another corner the foundations of the Charing Cross Turkish Baths are being laid.

MRS. LANGTRY sailed for America from Liverpool last Saturday. A lady writes:—We went this morning on board the *Arizona* to say good-bye to Mrs. Langtry. We found her in her cabin with her friend, Mrs. Labouchere, both looking very sad and quiet. They had come from London by the night mail, and had a special tender to take them on board early this morning. Mrs. Langtry's departure was without ostentation or any attempt at effect. Her eyes were full of tears. She said she felt nervous, frightened and lonely, and for the first time—now that all the excitement of getting away and parting with her friends was over—began to realize the importance of the step she was about to take. A stranger, and almost a novice, to face the critics and public of New York, it made her heart sink. It seemed so easy here, where she had so many friends, but there—"Oh! how I wish I were home again," she said.

A KIND of confidence trick was performed by the police authorities recently. It appears that an inspector of police sallied forth from the head office and put the question of confidence to some respectable gentleman in this way. "Would you oblige us, sir, by stepping into the head office for an instant or two, merely for the purpose of conferring a great favor on the department." A gentleman, whose feelings of doing his duty to his country were touched by this appeal, describes the result of his complying. On entering the police station I was surprised to find waiting there five city gentlemen who had also been inveigled thither by similar assurances to those above described. I could see that the officers enjoyed the seriousness with which some of us began to view the seeming dilemma in which we so unexpectedly found ourselves. The joke seemed to be stretched still further, and the mystery at the same time deepened by the superintendent liberally supplying us with cigars to while away the time. After a time, and in answer to our inquiries, we were informed that in the adjoining room there was a respectable man in custody on the charge of stealing from the person, and as the prosecutor (who had not yet arrived) was confident he could identify the man, the police, in order to test his discrimination, and to give the prisoner at the same time fair chance for his liberty, had determined to place him with half a dozen others when the time for identification arrived. At length the prosecutor arrived, and we were ushered into the room, and the man in custody took his place at the head of the file. A brief but critical examination followed, which resulted in a verdict of "not there." A sigh of relief escaped from one and all, for the possibility of a case of mistaken identity, and of the innocent being confounded with the guilty, had flashed across all of us. Before leaving, one of the party gave expression to this feeling by inquiring of the superintendent what would have happened supposing the prosecutor had fixed upon him or any other gentleman called in to "assist" the police. The officer smiled blandly, and informed us that in that case he supposed it would have been his duty to have detained the person so identified! While laughing at what might have been a very awkward *contretemps*, we departed, each fully determined to see the force far enough before he would be entrapped into a like situation on the plea of "conferring a favor" on the department.