

## HEAVY SHOES FOR THE LADIES.

WINTER is coming, and we desire to say a word or two to our lady readers about clothing the feet.

Abernethy said: "To insure continued health and a ripe old age, keep the head cool, the system open, and the feet warm."

Dry feet are warm feet, generally, if the system is healthy. To keep the system healthy, the circulation must be good. The circulation is not good without exercise, and exercise can only be really valuable when gotten up by walking. Riding in a carriage is not exercise at all; it is merely inhaling the air. This is very well as far as it goes, but the lungs are not in full play without the individual is walking. Horseback exercise is very good, and is an improvement on carriage riding, but it is not the kind of health-creating play of the muscles nature demands. It is action—action of the entire body—and walking only will procure it. Now, the ladies of Europe, particularly those of England, understand this thing. They walk miles per day, and if any of our pale beauties desire to know how the English keep up their fine color, clear complexion, and superb busts, we tell them that it is outdoor exercise, walking in the open air, filling the lungs with pure oxygen by rapid movement on a sharp November day, when the sun shines brightly and the clear blue sky is above. This is the secret of the rich blood of the English women, and their almost universally fine looks and matronly beauty at fifty, when at that age our American women are pale, sallow, and wrinkled.

To enjoy a walk thick soles are needed. Stout, well-fitting, calf-skin high gaiters, neatly laced, will always "set off" a pretty foot, and improve a homely one. To guard that sensitive portion of the human frame (for the sole of the foot is keenly sensitive to the changes from heat to cold or dryness to dampness), the boot sole should be thick, and as well made as human ingenuity can do it. Then even in moist weather, or in a rain storm, the foot can be protected; that insured, all is well with the lady.

Ladies, walk more; take long walks; get tired—no matter how tired—tired muscles, in any well woman eighteen to forty-eight, only proves that they need to be used; flabby muscles prove that action is wanted, and such muscles also prove that the system lacks tone. They are like a violin with the keys loose; the strings are without vibration, and the instrument is dead. Buy the best of calf half boots, ladies; exercise in them till you are well enough to go out, well clad in all weather. Wear no rubbers, if you can avoid it. They are bad for the feet. If you need to paddle in the slush and soft snow of spring, put on rubbers, for the feet must be kept warm and dry, but use them as little as possible. Wear, when out of doors, soiled shoes; take all the open air exercise you can by walking, and you will be, in your old age, as fine looking as you are now; and, moreover, the next generation will be as proud of you as the young fry of old England of their stately mothers. We have seen in Hyde Park, London, on a fair day, hundreds of grandmothers, fresh and nearly handsome; and scores of mothers with marriageable daughters, which, had we been in the marrying line, we should hardly have known which to have popped the question to, so dazzling was the real beauty and youth of both. Our American ladies can possess these charms and carry them into the age of threescore, if they will walk more in the open air, and inhale daily the health-giving properties which can be obtained in wearing out a couple of pairs of tip-top ten dollar gaiters per year. We hold that one ten dollar pair of walking shoes will save twenty doctors' visits at five dollars each. Take your choice, ladies.

Mrs. FERRY, in her book on Naples and Sicily, tells the following amusing story of the verdict of an inspector on a set of Waverley novels: "They were consigned to a gentleman, who was an admirer of English literature; and, when the name of the book and the author were read out, for the information of the inspector, who sat at a high desk, and did not look at the volumes himself, he immediately declared that the work was prohibited. The clerk, who read the name Walter Scott, pronounced it as any Italian would do—Voltaire Scott. 'This, sir, is Voltaire Scott.' 'Well, sir, and what then?' Voltaire's works are prohibited; and I do not see what difference the Scott makes."

Very affecting, but rather Mormonish:—

"He leaves two wives and three children to mourn his loss," are the concluding words of a Utah obituary notice.

We copy the following from an exchange:—

INDUCEMENTS.—The proprietors of some papers are so prosperous they now hire subscribers to their papers. A New Hampshire editor and proprietor takes the lead in liberal inducements as follows:—

Subscribers to one copy of the *Cancer* will be presented with one box of petroleum blacking. This is a very superior article; it will black boots, stoves, or may be used as a hair dye. (For testimonials from leading elegymen, statesmen, and boot-blacks, see advertising columns of the *Cancer*.)

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines. Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles with glass eyes, warranted to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers to ten copies will be entitled to a patent adjustable bootjack, which can also be used as a cork-screw, coffee-mill, or inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a marble bureau with mahogany top to it.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a seven octave sewing machine with the Agrafic attachment.

Subscribers for seventy-five copies will receive a bass-wood suit of furniture.

Subscribers for one hundred copies will receive a burial plot, with an order for tombstones, to be delivered when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey, fenced in and mortgaged.

FURNITURE FASHIONS IN PARIS.—The newest fashion in Paris is to have dining-room chairs no longer covered with morocco or moleskin, but with dark cloth, the walls hung with dark-colored velvet paper or cloth and relieved by candelabras, behind which are attached plates of metal or of glass, the whole being highly "becoming" to ladies in full dress.

COMFORT for young ladies who are not satisfied with the color of their hair: Whom the gods love dye young.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON I.—It was in 1776. Josephine, before marrying General Bonaparte, consulted her lawyer, Monsieur Raquideau, as to her union with the young victor of Saint Roch. "It's folly," answered the sage man of law, "perfect folly, to marry a young officer without fortune and without future." But Josephine had more confidence still in the oracles of Mlle. Lenormand, the celebrated fortune-teller; or rather, she did as people often do after asking advice—she followed her own mind and did well.

Bonaparte heard of the opinion passed upon him, but made his way in spite of M. Raquideau's doubts, and the young officer became Emperor. But although he had advanced much he had forgotten nothing. When he was attired in his coronation robes, and a few minutes before proceeding to Notre Dame, he called out in a voice of thunder: "Let Raquideau be brought."

The poor notary thought that he had signed his last contract. "Well," said the Emperor, as soon as he perceived him, "here is the man without fortune and without future!" and then, after a mischievous pause of a few minutes, he turned to the confused lawyer and added: "I name you lawyer to the family."

Josephine *did well*, they say. Can we think so if we remember her after suffering, and the agony of that night, when, knowing her fate, she drew Bonaparte to the window and, pointing to the sky said, prophetically, "Like those two stars we have risen together, and separated we shall fall!"

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.—Will our subscribers please imagine this page to be filled with them. We could fill the whole Book, but we presume our readers would prefer something else. Those who take the Book know just how good it is, and those who are not yet subscribers must take us on a character from our last place of thirty-seven years' standing. The tone of all the notices is as follows: "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is the best magazine for ladies in the world;" now fix to this the titles of all the papers published in the country, and you are saved both the time of reading and the space they would take,