Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 16, 1894.

"IF I WERE YOU." If I were you and had a friend Who called a pleasant hour to spend I'd be polite enough to say, "Ned, you may choose what games we'l play." That's what 1'd do If I were you.

If I were you and went to school, I'd never break the smallest rule, And it should be mv teacher's joy To say she had no better boy, And 'twould be true If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell The truth, no matter what befell, For two things only I despise— A coward heart and telling lies— And you would, to. If I were you.

If I were you, I'd try my best To do the things I here suggest, Though since I am no one but me I cannot very well, you see, Know what I'd do If I were you. —New York Independent,

Orion.

THE GOLD SERPENT. The Story of a Strange Adventare at the Great Fair.- A Worshiper of Siva.

Thaddeus Gywnn was a navy man, retired on a stiff ankle, the result of an ignominious fall on deck when the Lafayette ran afoul of a northeast storm. But it was not so bad as it might have been, for Gwynn had been twice around my finger, and at the same instant I the world when it happened, had spent was conscious of a pricking of the skin. A drop of blood trickled slowly two years at Bombay and eighteen months at Constantinople. Moreover he had only been out of the service a year when his father died and lett him independent.

When I last met Thaddeus he had just come back from the World's Fair. He said very little about the beautiful White City, the Plaisance and all that; terribly.' but he told me another sort of a tale, and it was certainly remarkable.

"I went into the India Building one day," he began, puffing a hubble-bubble in his own little den, where I found moment the whole scene had faded tue ! He does it at his peril !" him orientalizing. "You remember how you entered a court where those smooth old marble gods sat cross-legged on the floor, serene and manificent in spite of their degradation. 'Ab,' I 'this is really like Benares.' Besaid. hind the fretted wood-work on the left turbaned Hindoos in red coats were serving tea. I sauntered in and ordered a pot of Light of Asia. I had seated myself with my back to the table. looking up at the marble image of Siva, the Destroyer. My heart was stirred with a feeling akin to pity for the old deshrined gods robbed of all homage in a land where children laughed at their noses and derided their ugliness.

"It is no longer Siva, the Destroyer," I murmured, using instinctively the language I had learned at Bombay. 'It is Siva, the Destroyed.'

'Alas, yes !' said a voice at my elbow-the voice of a Hindoo woman filigree lamps swung from the ceiling who belonged to that educated class among whom English is spoken as the native tongue.

"I turned quickly

the schoolship years and years ago; it the summer. I furnished it myself. I with such wonderful grace as only a was the most seductive tea I had ever shall stay here as long as the great All poet could fancy. It may be that drunk.

Powerful One. I cannot leave him nymphs and naiads trod such measures here alone-in a strange land. I am a when myths were young and Greece a "You like it ?" said my companion, Saiva. I adore the Destroying One.' leaning forward and resting her arm on the table. As she asked the quee-Her voice grew solemn as she spoke, tion my eyes were drawn insensibly to | and suddenly, without a word of warning, she prostrated herself upon the her wrist. The serpent had glided floor before a picture gorgeously color-ed, yet in which I could readily trace down from her neck under the loose sleeve of her dress and was coiled ed, yet in which I could readily trace have immortalized the poetry of mo-about her arm again. Suddenly, as the outlines and posture of one of the tion in an epic dance such as this; though it had been exercised, my marble gods in the India building. I aversion passed away. I noticed for comprehended this act of reverence in the first time that it was really made a Hindoo.

of curiously twisted gold wire enameled brilliantly. At the same time, I observed what uncommonly beautiful

hands this woman had. I wondered why I had not observed them beforewhy I had not remarked as well the ple.

strange Oriental beauty of her face with its setting of midnight hair and eyes that shown like the stars of

"As I looked at her I saw that her black gown had in some way become loosened at the throat. Her slender, shapely neck arched gracefully from the hidden curves of her shoulders. Under the demure black folds of her dered and dropped her head.

robe I had a glimpse of some bit of have been in that? I cried thoughtgorgeous gold embroidery. "Would you like to look at it? she lessly.

she said sadly. 'I have sought to to sing, and her voice alone rose in a for Engmake atonement. When Siva's image plaintive melody as she lifted her arms India. was taken from the shrine in my fath er's house 'twas I who came to guard I could not understand her, but I knew it.

"' 'My father has become 'a Christian,' she said, with a curious drawing Karuli fell prostrate upon the floor, of the lips. 'Siva's image is no longer and from the lips of the dancers there sacred in his house. But I-I am still rose a long wail, full of passionate deof the faithful,' she said, raising her spair. The rose-colored lights grew head with a look of sublime exaltation. dim, the music hushed and the players 'I have traveled from India to America rising up stole silently away. The to see that no violence befalls the image dancers were motionless, then with of the All-Powerful. You see him whispering voices they slipped away, over me. Why I, a navy man, should succumb like that to the sight of a drop of blood I cannot say, but in a "Herhand was suddenly thrust in- the victim of some great misfortune, to her bosom, and I saw the jeweled and I hastened to her.

hilt of a knile grasped in her fingers.

curious three edged blade, and waved can help me. Siva will not hear me. it before her. As I looked at her, Henceforth I am an outcast!'

'Karuli, let me be all in all to you. tle fists clenched, I felt a shiver pass will serve you like a slave. I adore

ment ?" I said. 'Your sin is for the wildest protestations in her ear. "Not yet,' she answered with a sigh. breath came quick, but it was with the 1863, 1864 and part of 1865 was a field

or what it looked like," he continued. 'The police could not help me. In the India Building, no one remembered ever having seen a Hindoo woman dressed in black, and the last day I coming empire; in far away ancient Egypt, when Isis summoned the flowvisited there the marble image of Siva er crowned daughters of the Nile to had the name of James Woods, of glorify her alters; lithe-limbed maid-Iowa, written across its brow."

ens, now lying in mummied state, may "My dear Tad," I said laughingly, have immortalized the poetry of mo as I stretched my legs and looked at my new patent leathers, "I am afraid Cyrus, the Persian, may have seen you went at it pretty lively when you were out in Chicago. Snakes, you such dancing, or Nebuchadnezzar in know, are a very suggestive symptom." "But they do not usually materialhis court ere Cyrus came, or Nero, the

Roman; but if any modern has looked upon its like I know not where it was. ize," he answered quietly and at the same time he drew from an inner pock-Round and round they whirled and et something which he laid down on swayed, singing, while they scattered roses in the flame of the alter, on which top of the cigar box he had opened for burned a crimson fire, their gauze me. It was a small, glittering, gold draperies floating like the skirts of a and green serpent with ruby eyes, a serpentine dancer, their beautiful limbs | snake which coiled itself up like a real in constant, symmetrical motion. The live thing.

"Moreover !" he added, unbuttoning his collar and showing me his neck on which there was a long, red scar markinga wound but recently healed.

I examined it critically, but said rious creature! My soul succumbed to nothing. The case was one I wanted the intoxication of her beauty as she to think about. I went away resolved advanced towards the ritar, her hands to make a study of Tad, and write a monograph, if the results warranted it. full of roses, her head thrown back and But, unfortunately, before I could see "Suddenly the other dancers ceased him again I heard that he had sailed to sing, and her voice alone rose in a for England and was on his way to

Hon. Benjamin L. Hewit.

Death on Saturday of One of Blair County's Foremost Citizens

Hon. Benjamin L. Hewit died at the bedside were his wife and his two sons. On last Tuesday two weeks ago, he departed for Philadelphia and put and Mills, two eminent specialists. ingitis of a most serious form and informed Mr. Hewit that his case was almost hopeless. The disease made rapid progress and the sad final announce-

delphia to Hollidaysburg on Saturday evening, and buried Monday afternoon. Benjamin L. Hewit, was born at Petersburg, Huntingdon county, June 4, 1833. He attended the common schools and was prepared for college at Tuscarora academy. He entered Princeton in 1851 and was graduated from that celebrated institution of learning in 1854, with high rank as a scholar, particularly in literature. Leaving college he took a legal course under the late Hon. S. S. Blair, of Hollidaysburg. and was admit-ted to the bar in October, 1856. He was elected district attorney in 1857 and was honored by a re-election in 1860 and two years later left an excellent practice At the expiration of his term of enlistment he served as a private in company paymaster with the rank of major caval-

hat some day-perhaps-I may hope.' | tice of his profession and was thus en-"Her sobs slowly subsided. She gaged when, in 1870, he was elected a last year he was chosen speaker of the house and presided with such fairness and impartiality as to win high enconiums from all parties. In 1882 Mr. Hewit returned to the assiduous practice of his profession. In 1892 he was again returned to the legislature and made a creditable record by opposing his party in the matter of the Andrews-Higby election. His last important legislative work was his bill to prevent adulteration of food and liquors which Governor Pattison was influenced to veto. Mr. Hewit's political career was marked by fearless and efficient support of every measure calculated for the best interest of his constituents and the commonwealth. On account of his tact, readiness and ability as a debater and thorough knowledge, he was always recog-nized as one of the republican leaders of the house. Mr. Hewit was an interesting and entertaining speaker and a convincing jury pleader and had he chosen to confine himself to the practice of his profession would have had few equals in hand slip under my coat, feeling about in the section of the state. But politics was more congenial to his taste and ocme caught the glimmer of her jeweled cupied most of his active life. His ability, integrity and earnestness combined with a pleasing personality and charming social qualities, attracted to his side many staunch friends outside of his political associates. The republican party of the county was ready to tender him a renomination to the legislature at the convention to be held this month, and his name was only withdrawn by request of his sons a few days ago, then being known that he would be physically incapable, even if his life was spared. On June 18, 1857, Mr. Hewit married Miss Lilly Davis, daughter of Judge Davis, deceased, of Bedford, Pa. She died in 1873, leaving two sons, Oliver H. Hewit, of Duluth, Minnesota, and ran down the street, not knowing where | Harry D. Hewit, a farmer in Dakota. In 1874 Mr. Hewit was united in marriage with Miss Mary W. Smith, daughter of the late Joseph Smith, of Hollidaysburg. Mr. Hewit was all his life a constant attendant at the Presbyterian services.

For and About Women.

The daughters of 12 members of Cengress and the wives of fully 20 members draw pay from Uncle Sam as private secretaries of their husbands or fathers.

Perpendicular stripes are not nearly Perpendicular stripes are not not strips so stylish, except in the thin materials, as the all-round or Bayadere stripes, which cross the stuffs horizontally. In flannels, of course, cottons and all materials for easy-fitting wear, the lengthwise stripe is the thing.

What a fussy lot we are going to be this spring. Every frock will be smothered with lace, bristling with ribbons and jangling with jet. And yet what a dainty conglomerate it makes when put together as it should be done. Just fancy a frock in purple, green and whitestripes. Around the bottom a twelve-inch bias band af green velvet headed by a narrow ruching of the same. Above this again an equally wide band of cream guipure lace trimmed with rosettes of green velvet set at intervals along the top edge.

The bodice of green velvet had a voke of guipure run with green velvet ribbons ending in rosettes at the bust. Epaulettes of green velvet fell over immense sleeves of purple silk which were finished by deep lace ruffles. It sounds awful doesn't it? but it was in reality exceedingly smart.

Bright red cloaks for tiny girls are very much the fashion, and the little ones look like lady-bugs in their scalletwinged garments, trimmed with black braid or black fur.

Fashion still smiles most approvingly on all the eccentricities employed in broadening the feminine shoulders with berthas, bretelles, cape collars, revers, puffs frills, and all sorts of wide spreading elegances in lace velvet, silk, and moire. The majority of the fancy sleeves have passed from a quaint and charming style to ultra-distorted outlines which are neither pretty, picturesque, nor artistic.

Miss Carrie Bell has been nominated city clerk at Creede, and if elected she will be the first woman to hold office in Colorado, which recently admitted women to full voting privileges.

It takes a man to talk economy -- a woman to practice it.

New coats have large square collars and wide revers faced with moire or velvet. A novel jacket of velour du nord offers suggestions for making over any cloth jacket. It just reaches the waist and is double breasted, finished with a large collar of velvet, rolling away in front, where it is filled in with a silk scarf. It is lengthened by a basque of velvet, thus affording an opportunity to do away with an old-fashioned jacket skirt.

When massaging the face, rub lines. under the eyes from the nose to the temples. This is the rule. In washing the eyes, wipe them from the temples

The choise trimmings for washable White moire or with short edds, also for shoulder-knots. Black moire ribbons are rather old-looking, but are pretty on the pink, blue or yellow zephyr dresses of large girls in their teens. Very narrow ribbons only twice the width of baby ribbons are white in the middle with red or blue stripes on the edge, and are used for drawing through embroidered beadings in rows, and for making rosettes of many loops on the belt or collar band. For girls of 16 or 18 years are bordered or robe gingham gowns-pale blue, lilac, pink or green--having three white bands closely twilled woven around an accordion-pleated skirt, with three similar bands crossing in yoke fashion on the high belted waist. Fulness is gathered just under the throat, and again at the belt in front and back. The sleeves have a deep cap ruffle of the bordered gingham. White ribbon bands. cover the collar and belt. When the accordion-plaiting is washed out this skirt will be simply a gathered full skirt. A lovely pink Chambery gown for a girl of 16 has the whole yoke of white embroidered insertions, that come on the selvage of the Chambery. The front of the waist is all in one piece, and hooks on the left side. The sleeves have three ruffles of graduated width at the top, all edged with insertion. The straight skirt four years wide has three embroidered bands woven in it above a hem. and is gathered to a belt of embroidery that has a scalloped ruffle of embroidery below it. There are also lovely white nainsook dresses for these young girls, with rows of insertion as tramming, or else with five embroidered flounces covering the entire skirt.

down my finger. "Oh ! you have scratched yourself," she cried, seizing my hand and wiping my finger with a delicate perfumed handkerchief. 'I should have told you. There are ivory teeth in the jaws, and if one isn't careful they scratch one "I felt a wave of faintness sweeping drop of blood I cannot say, but in a his fancy and deface that sacred sta-

away, and I was wrapped in the obliv-

"When consciousness came back to Her eyes flashed with the light of venme." said my friend Tad, continuing geance. "The other day,' she said quickly, his exercises with the hubble-bubble, 'a boy would have written his name on "I found myself in a strange place-a room about the size of an average Siva's marble brow. I stopped him.'

"She drew her little dagger with its chamber, but bearing no resemblance. to any interior I had ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. The walls were covered with paneling of an Eastern material, which looked like bits of old with the passion of religious fever in her eyes her lips drawn and her lit-Decca shawls. A broad divan swept over me. I could easily understand you!

given ?' far in any one direction. A number of

screen, and a small stool with feet of in black pouring out tea on the other | ibex-horn supported an Indian piper. side of the table. A hand, thin and A tabatier with a teapot and cups was brown, grasped the teapot, and a face. drawn to one side and all about the room were scattered bits of rare bric-abrac, old brass, ebony, teak, ivory, por-I had often seen in India, was turned celain-a marvelous profusion of what towards me. I was about to speak, we call curios, Oriental arms, gilded when she set down the teapot, and out gods, fans brilliant with gold thread from under her loose sleeve there slip-, and beetle wings, plumes of rare birds uli gravely, 'I wear upon my person ped over her wrist one of those brilliant | -everything that one might look for in this serpent. It is only abit of gold, "I gazed around in wonder. Back but Siva can give it life, and should I forget my vows of atonement it will of a curtain some distance away some one was playing on one of those Hinarise and sting me.' doo-stringed instruments that resemble a guitar. It was a sweet, plaintive air weak and giddy again. like the warble of that curious bird called "The Wandering Soul.' I rais-" 'What more can you do ?' I asked ed myself to listen. My head swam and I sank back on the divan. At the same moment I heard the soft swishing of a silken curtain and a step, halfment.' "Good heavens !' I cried. 'You showing her beautiful teeth and laying muffled, on the floor. A woman, tall and splendid, clad in silk and gold er the hideous thing. 'It is only a poor little bracelet which belong to my-to the Rajah of Bundapore. He had it tenderness which filled me with a joy rapid gesture swept aside a curtain which revealed to me, through a long from an old man who came from Thi- I could not fathom. Recognition passage, a room lighted with rose-hued bet. The natives say it is a thousand roused my weakened memory. They were the eyes of the woman with the lamps and fragrant with incense. serpent-that radiant creature with

ion we call unconsciousness.

almost entirely around the room, and was made luxurious with rugs, skins how an idler in the India Building, and cushions of the most splendid seeking some place to scribble his kind. A fine matting strewn with soft | empty name, might have been induced coverings and furs was spread over the to move on. floor, Rich curtains hung on swing-"Then Siva accepts your atone ing poles, divided the room into many alcoves, so that I could not see very

and shed a flickering light in the room. An incense burner of old bronze stood offer prayer and sacrifice. You hear

'I have done much, but much remains | fervor of the dance. One. Listen !'

"Tell me !' I cried when, she had taken her seat beside me again. 'Who are you ?" "Karuli,'she answered, 'Princess of Bundapore, a prietess of Siva's Tem-"You have come here,' I said wonderingly, 'out of pure religious feeling.' "I am a pilgrim,' she said, rising, song grew louder and more animated. The cymbals clashed, the drums rolled,

'Twelve months ago I rode upon an el-ephant. It was the Feast of the Tigers and we were going to the Sacred City. Alas I my elephant trod upon a serpent in the grass and killed it.' She shud-

"What possible harm could there

"It was the soul of my grandfather," said untwining the serpent from her arm and holding it out to me. A momentary feeling of my old repulsion swept over me, but it passed away. As I took the bracelet from ber the slippery green thing coiled itself around

"I wonder that your father would Mighty One. Then suddenly she cast let it go,' I interposed.

"Her face clouded."

"Her head rested on my bosom.

She continued to weed while I poured

upon the altar a shower of roses. The crimson flame flickered a moment and went out. As its last spark died

and Karuli advanced alone. Bear

with me while I contess that from that

moment I loved her-beautiful, myste

lips parted in a ravishing smile.

in supplication before the altar of Siva.

she besought forgiveness from the

some thing terrible, I knew she was "'Karuli !' I whispered, 'I love you.' She suffered me to lift her in

my arms and bear her to couch. She was weeping bitterly. "'What is it, my beloved ?' I cried.

Tell me. How can I help you?' "'No, no, no !' she wailed. 'No one

"'Never!' I answered, passionately.

stooped and kissed her tears away. My words of love met no response save the submission of overwhelming grief.

Her heart was beating rapidly and her A, Independent battalion, and during

Bingham house, Philadelphia, at 3.15 o'clock on Saturday morning. At his him-

self under the treatment of Drs. Pepper They pronounced his disease pachymen-

ment was not unexpected. The remains were brought from Phila-

to enlist as a private in company A. Twenty-third Pennsylvania infantry. and shed a flickering light in the room. An incense burner of old bronze stood smouldering near a carved wooden the music now in honor of the Supreme the Supreme my beloved. Speak to me! Tell me daysburg, where he resumed the prac-tioned the music now in honor of the Supreme my beloved. Speak to me! Tell me ry. He was honorably discharged in to the nose. This is said to prolong sight.

member of the house of representatives dresses are embroideries that imitate of Pennsylvania. In 1871 and 1872 he guipure lace, or else that are much closwas re-elected, and during his third | er wrought with an edge of lace in deep term he was chairman of the committee points or scallops. on ways and means. He was re-elected gros grain ribbons two inches wide are in 1878, 1879, 1880 and 1881. In the used for belts, and tied in a large bow

keen and dark, with a curious little brand between the brows, a caste-mark green snakes which infest the valleys the palace of an Eastern prince. of the Himalayas. It was a hideously real thing, with eyes like pigeon. bloods and curious gliding scales, which I could have sworn were moving insensibly round and round that thin arm.

Good heavens ! I cried involuntarily.

"The woman darted a quick look at me, and then she laughed.

"It will not hurt you," she said, her hands with a caressing gesture, ovyears old and it sprang from the dust of the Great Serpent, the enemy of man which dwelt in the Himalayas ages whom I remembered having drunk a ago. But Siva has drawn its fangs.

"She drew the serpent from her arm, and it twisted itself in and out of her fingers till I could not for the life of me tell whether it was living or dead. Never had I seen before such an achievement of the jeweler's art.

"I am sorry it annoys you," she said slipping the creature around her slender neck and drawing her scarf more tightly to hide the strange ornament.

"Gurubai," she cried 'do you call that India tea? Bring the sabib some fair, bronzed hue, satin smooth and a case of Nemesis. of my own tea."

"A black man from the dhuns had brought me the so-called Light of Asia, but it was far from suiting me. floor. There came back to me the It gave me some satisfaction when I faint memory of a thin, dark woman, saw placed upon the table a little Benares tray bearing an elaborate service | der than this lovely Oriental creature, for making tea.

"Madam, I said, 'you are taking a great deal of trouble.

She smiled agreeably and went on deftly making tea with a grace which won my fancy. 'There is the seed as well as the leaf in this tea,' my hostess said in response to my interested glances. 'It is flavored with five kinds of roses and just a tiny bit of ginger. Will you permit me to offer you a cup ?' "Ah !' I said sipping the beverage

she had just served me, 'this is delicious.'

"I could not portray the subtle qualities of this tea in adjectives. It reminded me of certain memories of curious wines I had drupk once in China; it recalled the bouquets I used in bewilderment. to send Mise Rittenhouse when we

very vaguely something I had smelt in | endure one of their hideous apartments | ens, singing a song that seemed to the drug room when I was on board here? This is a little house I took for touch my very soul, began to dance

cup of tea-it seemed years and years ago. "Ah!' she said, with an enchanting smile and a voice that was still more on my arm. It is defiled with blood.' charming. 'You are awake at last. 1 thought you would sleep another

day." "I looked at this fascinating creature old aversion for it. as she flung herself into a large chair beside me. Never had I seen a face so beautiful or a form so full of sylphlike grace. Her round arms were of a slender; her little feet, in gold embroidered slippers, rested on the tiger's head that ornamented a skin on the robed in black, a woman ten years olda woman with a serpent-ab, there it was now on her wrist !

"How do feel ?' she asked swaying a peacock fan gently over my heated est of silken gauze starred with gold-

bead. "Very queer,' I replied, promptly. 'Tell me, won't you, am I dreaming, or are you a real woman.

"Poor fellow,' she said soothingly. 'It must bother you, awfully. You have been ill, you see. I have no doubt it was the heat and the terrible glare. How awful the White City becomes when the sun is high. It is like a Bengali jungle in July. If I had not brought you here, I am sure I don't by Karuli, and I saw a dozen maidens,

know what might have happened. Was it not a lucky thing you met me in the India Building ?' "But-what is this place?' I asked

"My house!' she replied, with

went to the Charity Balls ; it suggested proud gesture. 'Do you think I could

"The plaintive air I had heard when I first awakened had been taken looked up at me with her beautiful eyes and my happiness passed forever up by other instruments of various kinds, and the room was filled with a into her keeping. "'Some day-perhaps,' " she said weird harmony, broken now and then

laintly. 'Not here, my friend, but far by the clash of cymbals, followed by a half-silence, in which I heard the fall- away-in Siva's temple-some daying of water somewhere near. perhaps-"From that draadful day,' said Kar-

"Her head dropped and she sank into the overwhelming slumber of exhaustion.

"I was kneeling at her side, watchng her tear wet face with the hungry intentness of a new-found love. She "I sank back on the pillows feeling slept protoundly. I did not dare to What happiness it was for me to stir. hold her thus in my arms! But bodily teebly. "There is one thing left,' she also slept. "No drey weariness overcame me at last and I

"No dream disturbed me. I slumbered sweetly, my heart full of a rap-turous hope. The name of Karuli would not destroy yourselt for a-,' I slipped unconsciously from my lips. "'My beloved,' I murmured.

"What was it I heard? An answerng voice in this happy oblivion-a voice low and stealthy.

"'Siva will accept no sacrifice but blood,' Karuli murmured.

"I opened my eyes. Good heavens! "'You are favored.' she said turning In the same instant I felt her little quickly toward me. 'In a moment you will witness the sacred rites of Siva's altar. Wear this,' she said unclasping the serpent from her arm. 'I may not approach his altar with that jewel knife.

"'Karuli !' I cried, springing to my feet and grasping the band that held "She clasped the bracelet on my wrist. I did not feel anything of my the dagger, 'would you murder me in my sleep?'

"With a sudden twist of her body "I thought my head must have been she wrenched her hand away and made going that day in the India Building, a lunge at me. The knite glided over as I saw how utterly lifeless the wiry a lunge at me. The knite glided over thing appeared. If I had been a drink-my neck. I had parried her blow with ing man I should have though it was a thrust of the arm, which threw her to the floor. In the same instant I "As I allowed the reptile to remain sprang to the window and leaped blindcoiled around my wrist Karuli smiled, | ly out into the night. Why I did not and then like a vision she seemed to kill myself I cannot understand. I drift away from me down the passage had jumped from the second story. to the brilliant room beyond. As she My brain was on fire. I sprang up, unmindful of the shock of my fall, and left me she threw from her her gold

embroideries. Her slippers and jewel-I went. The wild anguish of my ed dagger were cast upon the floor, and I saw her with beautiful naked feet, thoughts, the horror of this last experience maddened me. I ran for squares her lithe, lovely form clad in the softturning now one way, now another, till my wildly-beating heart and the grow. a robe that floated about her like a cloud and over which her wonderful agony of a pain in my left ankle over. powered me and I sank down, exhair, loosed from its jeweled pins, fell

like a veil. The music had grown hausted. louder and louder. Four men, clad in "The lights in the street danced the scanty native costume of the Punwildly up and down. I heard a roarjab, entered the passage way from one ing in my ears. The earth seemed side and sat down along the wall cross- slipping away, and then I knew no legged upon the floor, continuing to | more.

play their weird instruments. Sudden-

"When I came to myself," said my ly there was burst of song, led by friend Tad, after some moments of silence. "I was lying in one of the beds clad as she was, advancing with their delicate gauze skirts full of roses. On in the surgical ward of a hospital, with their heads they wore helmets like the my left leg in splints and a bandage on vulture's head of shining gold. One of my neck. My body was badly bruised, but none of my personal effects was them came forward and placed such a helmet on the head of Karuli.

missing." "She waved her hand and the maid-"Well !" I said impatiently.

My friend Tad paused again.

"I had no idea where the house was

A Good Night Song.

Good-night, dear love! The shadows deepen, darken, And hide your face, and blot the last of light.

And hide your face, and blot the fact of light; Yet stretch your hands towards me, dear, and hearken To this, my heart's good-night. Good-night, dear love! My weak hands fain would hold you, But fate prevails, with all its wrong and right: right; I do pray God His great love may enfold

you After this last good-night! Good night, dear love! For all love's great en-

deavor, Mine is the dark, and yours, thank {God, the bright! Take with you, sweet, the love that lives for-

Good-night, good-night, good-night ! — Frank L. Stauton in Atlanta Constitution.

Cold cream is apt to make pimples and vaseline used on the face will give one a disfiguring growth of hair.

A unique traveling gown for an Eas-ter bride is of green cloth, stitched with black about the edge of the plain skirt. The plain bodice has jet nail heads set on in round yoke and corselet form and from the shoulders wide black moire ribbon comes to the waist line where it forms two short loops, which are again supplemented by two more reaching below the hips. This gives a very bouffant effect and is decidedly novel.

A chic French hat does not count for much if the face underneath it isn't bright and piquant. What could be more ridiculous than a saucy Tam-o-'Shanter toque on a "weedy"-looking spinster of uncertain-no, not uncertain certain-age? Toques are always popular, though far from being always Nothing is quite so terrible tocoming. see as a fat, red face surmounted by a little turbanlike toque ; it looks so verv absurd. People with large heads and faces should leave the toque for their more petite sisters.