

Bellefonte, Pa., March 13, 1896.

Full flowered summer lies upon the land. I kiss your lips, your hair-and then your hand Slips into mine; lo, we two understand That love is sweet.?

The roseleaf falls, the colorfades and dies : The sunlight fades, the summer, bird-like, There comes a shade across your wistful ever

Is love so sweet? The flowers are dead, the land is blind with

rain: The hud of beauty bears the fruit of pain-Can any note revive the broken strain, Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere, I turn to you, and in my heart's despair Find peace and rest. We know through foul

That love is sweet. Pall Mall Gazette. THE BLIND EYES.

The Sory of a Picture. BY C BOULTON.

The room was dingy and tawdry, looking exactly what it was, the parlor of a third rate boarding house. The furniture, upholstered in gaudy brocade of gold and crimson, in its prietine brilliancy must have been wonderful to behold, but it had dimned and faded until it wore the prevading tone of the apartment. The walls were hung with a motley collection of pictures in cheap frames, aud a plaster figure of Venus, which had been given a coat of gold paint, adorned a pedestal in one corner. A semi-grand piano, whose embroidered cover was littered over with loose sheets of music, stood against the folding doors, and the whole room, with its air of degenerate grandeur, was reflected in the depths of a long and very dusty mirror

which hung between the windows. An untidy-looking colored woman had just lighted the gas, and as she turned to leave the room she almost ran against a young lady who had

entered noiselessly.
"Dear sakes, Miss Rush! Yo' done give me de horrors ! 'Peared like yo' was a spook creeping in dat ar

The girl laughed. "I am sorry I

scared you, Sally." She walked over to the window and looked out. Snow was falling quite heavily and the sidewalks were deserted. The electric lamps across the square shot out great shafts of light through the white flurry, and the red lantern of a trolley car gleamed like a cyclopean eye as it whizzed around the corner. She gazed out for a minute or so, and then seated herself on one of the yellow and red couches, drumming nervously on the carved arm with her fingers. She was a pretty girl, with shadowy blue eyes and fair hair that went up softly into a neat coil at the back of her head. She was dressed in black, and she wore a large black hat, caught up at the side to show her little pink ear and the temples. She had thrown her coat and gloves on the sofa beside her, and she sat there watching the clock as the hands slowly approached 7.

A couple of young women in brilliant colored waists entered the room noisily, followed by a weak kneed gentleman with fair whiskers and a bald head. The three made for the piano and one of the girls played an accompaniment, while the other sung a duet with their companion, whom they call-

ed "Professor.' Their appropriation of the instrument was evidently regarded in the light of an impertinence by a mother and daughter who entered almost immediately afterwards, and who cast fierce looks of scorn and astonishment at the trio.

Just then the sound of wheels crunching across the frozen snow came to a stop outside. The girl on the sofa gave a nervous start, and a minute later the door bell pealed loudly. She rose to meet the visitor, who was shown into the parlor. He was a tall man, and he wore a long overcoat and a thick muffler, concealing the lower part of his face. His eyes met hers in a quick bright glance, and she murmured something so indistinctly, however, that the other ladies, despite their efforts, were unable to hear what she

She caught up her things from the sofa and slipped past him into the long. narrow entry that was dimly lighted from a gas jet at the foot of the stairs.

"Those horrid people," she muttered with a little embarrassed laugh. They take stock of everyone and everything In another ten minutes the whole house will have heard that Miss Rush had a 'gentleman' come to take her out, with a full description of how you looked and what you did and didn't

"I am glad the occurrence is so rare as to merit remark," returned the man with a grave smile and a flash of the

Mildred Rush averted her gaze somewhat and became very much interested in the fastening of her glove. She fancied that the beating of her heart must be audible, so fiercely did it throb against her side. In silence she followed him down the slippery steps and allowed him to help her into the cab, which still waited. He gave a direction to the driver and then jumped in by her side.

"Well, madam, and now that you have conquered your scruples and given me a chance to have more than two minutes' conservation with you, I should like to know why you took so long to make up your mind, or what caused you to change it at last ?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but I am anxious

years?—somewhat monotonous? A girl, too, with your eyes and fig-

"My eyes may be hard to please. Suppose that goes for a reason. Yet anything than the drudgery of the I must tell you candidly that I only counter again. let you call this evening because I am sick and tired to death of the terrible monotony of it all. I have no relations, no friends. I can't make companions of those women at the boarding house. When they are not attrociously common and vulgar they are do come along they regard me with care of me. Oh, yes; imagine my life! me as being so like yours." The store all day, and at night long, solitary hours in my room, darning

or something equally interesting." "You poor little thing; you wanted a change, indeed! I feel flattered. But why did you choose me-were there no others?"

He was laughing at her, but his voice was gentle and very kind. He felt sorry for her because her life had ing gaze of the blind.
been so colorless and empty of all that "I think that is a fine thing," said been so colorless and empty of all that goes to make existence bearable.

He, Lloyd Hinchliff, had admired her times a week. Sometimes he took her a few flowers, which she would accept with gratitude, but despite his endeavors he had never learned her name ungiven him permission to call and take she turned listlessly away, her out the same evening. "What the deuce?" thought Hinch-

The cab drove out Chestnut street beyond Broad, and then, after a few short turnings, pulled up before a square, illuminated door-way built out street. "My head is bewildered. onto the pavement.

Before Mildred could say a word her companion had hurried her out of the cab and behind the glass doors, then went back to pay the man.

She followed him up a carpeted stairway into a long saloon brilliantly lighted, where one or two men sat drinking at the tables. A waiter with a big, clean shaven face, came up smiling, and Hinchliffe spoke a tew words to him in an undertone.

"Certainly," said the man, and ing open a door near the top of the stairway, he shoved them into a small room, containing a couple of chairs, a table and a hat rack with a long mirror.

When they were alone he turned with a smile to Mildred. She had her chin resting on her hand was regarding him anxiously.

"What place is this, any way?" Hinchliffe laughed as at a joke. "If I tell you that it is the renowned O'Kinahan's are you any the wiser?"

"Not a degree." "It is just the place for a long comtortable chat, and that is why I brought you here. Patsy, that fat soln cuss, is a model of discretion, and here we are absolutely free from intrusion. Let me help you off with your coat.

When he had done so, he added: "I'm sure you are dying to fix your hair or your hat at that mirror. Be a true woman, and I won't make fun of

Mildred laughed merrily. The place with its brilliant lights, the good humor of her companion, and the unwonted romance and strangeness of her whole adventure begun to tell upon her. She felt like a new creature.

Just then the waiter entered with the wine. He filled their glasses, and retired, his countance immoble as a spinx.

Hinchliffe spoke. "Here's to our everlasting good friendship, Mildred." He drained the glass, but she sat looking somewhat aska@ce at the dancing iquid.

"Drink it, drink it. It will not harm you. Champagne never got into any one's head yet." "Seriously?" "Oh, yes."

They remained their talking for a couple of hours. Hinchliffe rang for a second bottle. He was triumphant, for Mildred, in a dream of wine and bewilderment had yielded to his importunities and had admitted, not exactly that she loved him, for she was too honest, but that she was tired of her present existence and very far from in-different to him. He told her he was going to Florida in a couple of days. His lung was affected, and his physician insisted on the change.

"Come with me, and you shall never regret it, I swear," he whispered. "I will make you very happy, you poor child. I have money. I love you, and I will do everything to please you, and make you love me." The note of passion trembled in his voice, Mildred, seeing the great tenderness in his eyes. held out her hand.

"I love you almost already," she said. "I think I must have cared about you for some time. Do you remember one day when it was snowing so, and you brought me some violets? I have them yet in my desk. Oh, yes, take me with you if you will. I will be your slave—anything—but take me from that wretched life,"

"Not altogether for my sake?" said Hinchliffe. He rose from his chair and went over to her, taking her in his arms and smothering he warm face and lips with kisses until half suffocated she wrenched herself from

his grasp.
"It is so late, look!" She pointed at the clock. "I must get home." "Must ?"

"Indeed, I shall be locked out."

to you. For instance, have you never she could never again demand from found the selling of paint and lead this man the consideration of respect, beneils day after day for-how many and the thought, shadowy as it was, still wounded her. But she was determined to go on-she had fought long against her better self, and now it was trampled under foot at last. Better

"Come, Hinchliffe, I must go back at once-on Tuesday I will come to you for good or bad, but until then-He caught her again in his arms. Just as you wish-you darling !"

As they were leaving the room a dull to a degree, and if any nice ones thought struck him. "By the way, you ought to be interested in pictures. cold suspicion because I am young and There is a beautiful thing here I must nice looking and have no one to take show you. The face has always struck

The long saloon was empty. He took her arm and led her to the furthstockings or patching up my clothes, er end. There were several pictures in the place, but the one to which he referred was undoubtedly the best. It was lifesize, the figure of a young woman with a child in her lap. The little one was looking at a picture book, but the eyes of the mother looked out from the canvas, mournfully beautiful hecause they wore the wistful, unsee-

Hinchliffe. "The proprietor of this place picked it up for almost nothing now for about three years, and he had at an auction sale in New York. It managed to see her at the store where is signed Bosmer, Bosmet or someshe worked on an average about three thing, I can't make out. Anyhow it's a name I never heard."

"It is nice enough," said Mildred, "only you are mistaken. I don't like pictures." A violent shudder convulstil this morning, when after many and ed her; her eyes glared for a moment persistent refusals she had suddenly at the blind face, then drooped, and

> liffe, but he made no remark. "Let us walk back," Mildred pleaded, when they reached the snowy

wish I had not taken that wine. The cold air will do me good." But Hinchliffe, who never forgot his affected lung, would not hear of such a thing. So he called a cab and on the way back to the boarding house he spoke with much fervor of the happy days to be spent in the South. The future glowed to him by comparison

with the bitterly cold night. "And now, love, good-bye." The cab had reached the house and they stood on the steps waiting for the door to be opened.

"To-morroweevening I will come for you again, and then we can settle all our plans. Three nights from now we will be together, beneath a more charitable sky than this."

Wher. Mildred reached her attic she seated herself by the table, and with threw herself upon the bed. Her soul wandered through an intricate and cruel wilderness of thought- Towards morning she slept, but her dreams pursued her like demons. Only as she woke, with the noise of the six o'clock whistles, she fancied that a woman's figure evanescent as spray, hovered for

a second by her bedside. She dressed herself hurriedly and proprietor of the store where she work ed, the other to Hinchliffe:

I cannot do as I said. Something has occurred to make it impossible. now and forever. You have been kind to me, and I thank you, and I would like you to forgive me because I misled you. I have told them at the store that I am sick, and that I shall stay home for some days—by that time you will be in Florida. If you come here, I will not see you-if you write, I will burn your letters unread. Please do not think it is on account of anything you have said or done. I cannot give you my reason. If this thing had never happened, and I had gone to Florida with you, I am sure would have come to love you very dearly indeed; but what is the use of telling you that? It is impossible, so good-bye for all time.

She slipped on her wrapper and crept along the entry to the head of the stairs. Down in the hall Sally was sweeping with a great clatter of dust pan and whisk. Mildred called to her, "Sally, can you come up here a minute ?"

When the woman, fat and grumbling somewhat at being disturbed at work, had made the ascent of the stairs. Mildred handed her the letters and a dollar bill.

"Get these off for me as soon as you can, and put a special delivery stamp on this one-never mind the change. And, Sally, I am sics. I am not going to work to-day, and if anyone should

wretched.' The woman took the money and the letters and went down stairs with a curious smile on her black face. Mildred heard no word of her lover

for the ensuing three days, and al-though she felt it a relief, she was at the same time much chagrined at finding that her decision was accepted so unhesitatingly.

Had she known the truth, he was to be added. cut to the quick. Balked is his love, cooly thrown over by the girl whom he 1815: had deemed conquered, disappointment and anger rioted in his heart. But care for his health predominated aud he departed for the South in solitary displeasure, cursing the race of

woman. And for Mildred, existence went on as drearily as before. She never saw Hinchliffe again.

Late in the spring after he returned home assured that his infatuation for her was dead, the scent of some violets which a street urchin was bawking brought back to him what she had said about the flowers he once gave "Do not ask questions if you are wise," she said softly. "It is enough so quickly. I have said nothing to impulse, he bought a couple of the fragrant bunches. A few steps took fairly well before they are allowed to "A good long nothing," she retorted, him to the art store and he hastily use their wheels in the public streets of about a good many things with regard almost angrily. Dimly, she felt that pushed the glass door open and enter. Russian cities.

ed. The proprietor himself was standing behind the counter, and at the far end of the store a young lady, w. was not Mildred, was dusting some ock. The man smiled obsequiously at his customer, and Hinchliffe, a little taken aback, asked to see some sketch books. He fingered them at random selected one, and then, after a minute's hesitation, asked for Mildred. The man looked up quickly, his face

sombre. "She is dead-died last night of typhoid. I thought I recognized you when you came in. You used to run atter her here, I remember."

His words and his tone were brutal but Hinchliffe could not resent them. "Yes, I cared very much for her," he said in a low voice. "It is very hard

for me to realize such a cruel thing."
"Yes, it's true enough, poor child," said the man. "The old storystrength gave out, all run down. It's upset me enough, I can tell you. Such a nice creature about the place as she was. Quite a lady, too. She came to me when her grandfather died-her own father was a devil of a bad lotand asked for a job here. You see I knew the family. She had to support her mother, who was blind as a bat, and only lived for a year after-poor soul! The old man didn't leave a penny. An artist, and, I guess, sold precious few pictures.

"What was his name," asked Hinchliffe, holding his breath hard.

"Bosmer-Henry Bosmer." Hinchliffe was silent. He paid for the book and walked out, leaving it on

the counter. It was a lovely morning and the street was full of pretty women in spring toilettes, flitting from store to store, and exchanging greetings with their friends. But for all that Hinchliffe noticed he might have been wondering over a desert. He felt strangey upset and regretful. Poor little girl, no wonder she had been shock-What fateful impulse had induced him to show her that picture? His thought rambled into the past and he wished things had happened differ-

erently. Perhaps. What use in dreaming? Mildred was dead and it was best so after all. He turned into a florist's and bought a huge mass of white flowers; then, hailing a cab, had himself driven to the boarding house and the colored woman who opened the door was hauded a piece of silver and the flowers

"For the funeral."

Pilgrims to the Holy Land.

A Band of Christians Who Will Worship at the Holy Land.

Jerusalem is the Mecca of seventy wo pilgrims who arrived in Philadelphia, on Saturday morning, on a Pennsylvania railroad train from Chicago and in the afternoon sailed on the steamship Waesland, of the Interna. tional navigation company, for Liverpool. When the pilgrims arrive at Liverpool they will be transferred to the steamer Rameses, which will convey them to Jaffa. They are scheduled wrote a couple of letters, one to the to arrive at Jaffa on April 7, and to take a train for Jerusalem, where they

will be met by a colony known as 'The Americans." The pilgrims were a peculiar looking band as they were huddled together in the immigrant station at the foot of Washington street before the Wassland sailed. All the goods they possessed were in trunks and in bundles. They were mostly from the farming districts of Minnesota and Southern Wisconsin and refused to speak about their pil-

grimage. An accompanying party was William J. Ruddy, who claimed he had \$20,000 in cash belonging to the pilgrims. Ruddy refused to divulge their | him."-Houston Post. plane. Mrs. Anna Spofford, an elderly woman, with a sad-looking face, will have charge of the party after it lands. She was not very communicative. She said: "Our mission is to lead a religious life. Christ died on the ground near where we propose to make our permanent home, and there we can worship surrounded by the beautiful scenes which greeted the eyes of the earlier christians. We do not belong to any fixed religious de nomination, but we will simply follow the doctrine of the Bible. hold joint meetings every day, and by doing this we expect to make a good impression on those nearest to us.'

An Historical Ready Reckoner.

Here is an easy way to ascertain any day of the week for any event in the past from 1753 up to this year: Take the difference between the given and current year, divide by 4, call, I cannot and will not see them. I | multiply the quotient by 5, and divide am going back to bed, I feel so this product by 7. She remainder, if any, will indicate the days to count ductor. back from the day of the week on which the given event is marked in

the current almanac. Should there be any years over from the first operation, add 1 to this num ber, and this will represent so many

more days to reckon back. But if the date given is in January or February, the one day extra is not The battle of Waterloo, June 18,

> 1896 1815 4) 81 20 1 over 7) 100

> > 14 2 over

3 plus 1 = 4.June 18 is marked for 1896 on a Thursday; four days back is on a Sunday .- St. James Gazette.

Bicyclists must first learn to ride

The Duke's Vendetta. Chapter I .- Over the scene hangs a

leep star-studded sky.

It is midnight in Venice. On the balcony of a magnificent ducal palace on the waters of the Adriatic sits the Countess Ginccioli. By her side is Pete Skidmore, the talented young American painter. The brilliant but soft light of an Italian moon floods the marble steps of the palace, and the crystal sea where shadowy gondolas

wind in and out like the mazy figures | in some half-remembered dream. "Do you love me?" asks the countess in low, overripe tones. "Easy," says Pete, kissing her jewel-

led hands. As he speaks a black-gondola glides past, and something is thrown and falls

at the feet of the countess. "Corpo di Bacchio!" she exclaims. "It is a vendetta!" "Is it?" says Pete. "I thought it

looked like a potato."

The gondola glides past again, and some one in it hisses some words in Italian through his clenched teeth. "That must be a steamboat," says Pete, "and the escape valve is out of

order. "It is the Duke Rivoli," says the countess. "He loves me to distraction. You must fly."

"Why?" "He has declared a vendetta." "What's that? Anything like a dividend ?

"Do not jest. Fly, oh, fly, ere it is too late. One kiss, and then farewell." As Pete Skidmore kisses the countess another prolonged hissing sound comes from the gondola. Pete looks up at the summit of Mount Vesuvius in the dis-

"Sounds like we are going to have the ideal. another eruption," he mutters to himself. "I wonder the Cuticura people haven't caught on over here."

Pete then puts on his shoes and vest. and goes back to the palace where he boards.

Chapter II .-- It was twenty minutes to 6 o'clock in Texas. Pete Skidmore has finished his art studies in Venice and has returned to Houston. He has arisen early, and to oblige an old friend, is painting a barn a dark red color for \$4, one-half in ad-

vance. He often sighs when he thinks of Venice and the dark, languishing eyes of the Countess Ginccoli, and through his head runs the refrain of a song she used to sing .

"Barcipa setta muppa ganon me." Suddenly the ladder is jerked from under him and he falls into a bucket of

He colors quickly and rises to his feet The Duke de Rivoli stands before him.

"Zis ees ze vendetta to ze death!"

hisses the duke between his clenched teeth. "I have come to keel you." "What for? asks Pete. "R-r-r-r-evenge!" says the duke.

"I married ze countess." Moonlight on the Adriatic. The Duchess Rivoli, nee Ginccioli, waits upon the balcony. A gondola glides to the steps and the Duke de

Rivoli springs out. "Did you kill him ?" she whispers.

"I did not." "What! Did you fail in your mission? Is it possible that a Rivoli could declare a vendetta and then let it go to protest ?"

'Peace, Fiametta," says the dude. 'I do not deserve your reproacha.' "What did you do to him?"

"I left him running a weekly news-

paper in Texas." The duchess sinks down, covers her face with her hands and shudders violently. "Oh, Luigi!" she sobs. "Revenge is all right, but was there any need to be

A Good Story.

so inhuman? You should have killed

Her Request Startled the Modest Conductor. Mrs. ---, a lady who has spent a number of years in Paris, came to Phila-

delphia recently on a visit. People who have lived abroad for long periods realize more than others how unfamiliar certain phrases and cus. toms seem.

Mrs. - had been used to the term 'correspondence," used in Paris for transferring on the omnibuses and tramways, but our term "transfer," like Chaucer's abbess, "was to her un" known."

She had been directed by some friends how to reach their house by a certain street car line, and where she should change cars. She remembered the name of the street, but she did not remember the name of the act. When she heard the street called, she rose hurriedly and went to the conductor. "I want a correspondence," said she.

"What's that, mum?" said the con-"I want a correspondence," she peated.

"Look here, lady," said the conductor, stiffly drawing himself up, "I'm a married man, and I don't do no mashin.' I want you to understan' that you don't git no mash notes from me. See Change fur Old York road and Jenkin. town. Let them people out there! Cling-cling !"

And the car rolled on.

New Use For Corncobs.

Frank Shafer took to Dacon, Ill., recently, a sample of syrup which a number of experts pronounced genuine maple syrup. It was nothing more or less than corncob syrup, made as follows: Twelve clean corncobs were put in a gallon of water and boiled until soft. Then the juice was strained off and a gallon of dark brown sugar solution added. This is boiled a little while, resulting in a fine quality of syrup, hardly distinguishable from the these things in mind. maple product.

She-"Don't you think that the best time to approach a man is after a hearty meal ?"

before, he may invite you to join him." ers.

For and About Women.

Women in Holland are employed as watchers at the railway crossings, and no accident has ever occurred through a woman's carelessness.

Swell tailors who have a large trade n women's gowns are making up many very pronounced check suitings.

The fashionable baby girl will wear a pique coat this summer, and a very stylish, jaunty little garment it will be. These little coats are already appearing in the shops and are seen in pink, pale blue, ecru and yellow. The prettiest have deep sailor collars and gauntlet cuffs of embroidery. The newest white pique coats have the collars and cuffs in grass linen embroidery.

A change to be noted is that the cuffs are deep and turned back from the wrist with either square or rounded corners; collars and cuffs of white linen are chic in some instances the ribbon neckband is substituted for the collar.

You will never be in good health and never do your best work if your feet are constantly cold. Grave diseases of the throat and lungs are caused by cold feet alone, and these troubles are always aggravated by a frigid condition of the lower extremities. If proper footwear does not give relief, consult a physician, for the chances are the system is "run down" and radical measures are necessary. For cold weather, leather should always be lined with woolen cloth, or, better, wool felt. In fact, for all cold climates and for winter wear in all climates where there is any winter a footgear made of all-wool felt approaches

A despairing plump woman once said me: "All the fashions are made for you thin people. We who are inclined to embonpoint fare hardly indeed." In many cases I fear this conclusion is arrived at because our heavy-weight sister does not know how to dress. She is too often a patron of the huge boas, two yards long and of gross thickness, a purchaser of plethorie shopping or chastelaine bags that hang at the belt as if to weigh their wearer down, a buyer of large hats over-trimmed with feathers, etc. All these adjuncts emphasize her weight. A stout wowan cannot wear too plain clothing. In no color does she appear so well as in black, but even this must not be black satin, essentially a material for the slender. Huge hats are not for her, nor double-breasted coats, large ruchings, heavy stock col-lars, nor much bodice trimming. She will also do well to avoid bulky lingerie and jewelry. Rough cloths will increase her apparent size, and horizontal lines will make her appear shorter. But there are many pretty things she can WART.

Gloves, if soiled and buttonless, speak plainly as words the word "slovenly," which if cleaned with a bit of gasoline and repaired would give many days of wear. And old hat carefully cleaned of dust can be disguised by a fresh veil; thus a whole turnout, though it has seen its best days, need not chronicle the fact to the casual observer.

Vaseline, a cheap article is a wonderderfully good dressing for women's shoes. Rub plenty of it into the shoes, let it stand awhile and then polish off with a clean cloth. Shoes treated to this dressing will last and look new infinitely longer than neglected footwear. On removing the skirt brush all soil and dust from the folds with a good whisp, turn the garment and hang it up by two loops that should be sewn to the belt, and the garment will repay the trouble by keeping its fresh appearance indefinitely.

A blue and black-figured taffeta gown has a variety of the coat-waist which is longer on the hips than at the front and back. The upper part of the front is cut away, leaving a sort of pointed cor-selet, from which bretelles start up-wards and meet in a knot with similar bretelles at the back. The space enclosed is covered with cream guipure over blue silk.

Have you ever noticed how few women walk well? Nowadays, when the streets are full of all sorts and conditions of women, you have a good chance to watch the varieties of gait. Very few walk gracefully. One gives you the idea her feet are too heavy, so unelastic is her tread; another walks as if she was pursued. Yet another walks as if every step would jolt her to pieces, and there are some students of Delsarte who are thinking all the time just how they must do it, and the result is an affectation worse than any awkwardness. French women have a special style of walking, pretty enough in its way, and which makes their dresses hang better than they do in America. They throw their whole bodies forward, keeping them quite erect all the while, so that a line dropped from the chin would touch the bosom and then fall sheer to the toes. The difference is so marked that American women are known at once in Paris. Most of the girls who stay long enough in Paris, however, adapt themselves to the French manner.

It is strange that women doesn't realize that it is her mission to be graceful. We cannot all be pretty : but the charm of grace even more potent than that of beauty, can be acquired by any one who will take the trouble. should any woman be willing to make herself ridiculous? If you want to walk well, hold yourself erect; don't throw your shoulders back, though you have probably often heard that piece of erroneous advice. Just keep them in a natural position. Don't put your toes down first, like a dancing master, but try to make both heel and ball of the foot touch the ground at once. Hold your body firmly, your head up, your chin in, and walk a great deal with

"High and higher" is apparently the watchward of collars; they are already stiffened with whalebone, so that they bury the head within all imaginable He-"Not necessarily. If you come | kinds of material--laces, ribbons, feath-