## HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

"I longed to kiss you," he softly said, "As we passed the turnpike, dear." "Oh, that was the place," and she tossed her head.

"Where my saddle was out of gear. "How much I loved you I longed to tell. When we stopped at the inn, you know." "Oh, that was the place," and her glances

"Where my front wheel wobbled so.

"And then, when we reached the clover farms, Under the old oak tree,

I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my aims, And ask you to marry me.'

And the maid, with her rapt gaze turned away, Blushed deep at his words of fire, "To think," she said, "that I rode that day

Ten miles on a punctured tire! "And so with pleasure and real delight I note what your words reveal; For I've longed some time," and she clasped him tight,

"To ride on a brand-new wheel." -Tom Masson, in Life.

## ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Of course the general's will was at the bottom of the affair, but the Eve behind these fig leaves was his second wife. They could not call her a stepmother, for

the general's children were all older than she was. The general was well along in years when she married him, but that was her affair. There hangs his portrait, painted by

Copley. Look at it. You do not believe he was 60 when it was painted?

But they say he was. He was more handsome and fascinating at 60 than his sons were at 30. The second wife was rich-very rich. She brought the greatest quantity of gold and silver plate into the family, all marked with an Arabic cipher, to which she added the Chevalier crest--a terrapin-and the motto,

'Not to the swift." No one knew certainly who her people were. She said they were Spanish, and him to the grave, and so they hated each her own appearance supported her asser-other fiercely.

There is her portrait, painted at the time of her marriage. Look at it. The general went to Paris, a long journey in those days, to buy those diamonds she wears, and the corbeille.

Sometimes, even when there was no one to dine at home but the family, Mistress Chevalier would sail into the drawing room, that peafowl's tail of green embroidered velvet spread behind her, her beautiful black hair turned back—like that—in a tour, her arms as naked as Venus,' her point lace falling from her milk white shoulders, and flashing from hair and ears and fingers and flaming in a fire circle about her delicate neck, the diamondsmagnificent stones, worth scores of negroes.

Lord! how the daughters would stare at their plates and how the sons would sneer at each other as the general would meet her midway the room, lead her to her seat at the table and kiss the dimple on her shoulder before he left her.

They say she loved him passionatelythat often, when she thought they were ions and hold out a beautiful hand.

Would kneel beside her and kiss her pomegranate lips and lovely throat until as clear and as crystal as ice. you would have sworn him 25, and maybe not married at all.

They say, too, it was a pretty sight to see her with her little son. A maid going to help her dress one morning heard so much laughter and such baby shrieks that she first peeped in at the door.

And, behold, the mistress on her hands and knees, and baby, just from his bath, on her neck !

She was crawling over the velvet carpet in her linen shift, looking over her shoulder at the little shouting rascal, who tugged at her hair with one hand while he beat her with the branch of jasmine in the other. The black "da" sat and shook like a fuscous mold of berry jam, while the young mistress crawled about, crushing the vellow flowers under her soft hands and

The door of the inner room sprang open, and in walked the general, his dressing gown with the Persian border wrapped There was shrieking then, I warrant

Those years were the general's holiday time. He had earned it, for his first wife was a Guelph, and everbody in Carolina

knows what that means. She never got down on her knees except to pray in her life, and she never prayed for anything except money.

She put on morning the second year of her marriage and never took it off again. They say she slept in her crape veil.

Her children were all born black in the

face and crying, and they cried the greater part of their childhood. The boys got ashamed of it after awhile,

for their English blood was strong, but the girls never did, and ought to have lived in a land of droughts. Their tears would have fertilized a desert. As it was, there was rain a-plenty and to

spare, and the general kept out of their way, gave them umbrellas and handkerchiefs for birthday gifts, and rejoiced greatly when they cried over him at their weddings for the last time, as he thought. But some of them drowned their husbands in tears and came home again damper than ever, and no one but the second wife could have stood them.

She laughed, ordered more fires, brighter house with flowers and gay company. She called the eldest Niobe to her face

and spoke of them collectively as the weep-ing willows, for they were tall and liked to be thought willowy They cried so much over their little half

brother that the boy fairly detested them and ran away from the sight of them. He grew up strong like his father and beautiful like his mother a veritable enfant de l'amour, but when he was 10 and the general was 70 the fine. handsome old gen-

tleman died suddenly. The mistress was but 30, just the age of the youngest stepdaughter, and she sat in the drawing room when the will was read with such a look on her face that nobody but a Guelph would have dared to cry. The boy sat by her, the very print and copy of his father, with his little aquiline nose, his bright blue eyes, and his father's own trick of holding up his chin and stiffening his spine when he desired to see

children. He had given generously to his touching each other, and covered with a mainder of his days.

always gave marriage portions to his

They all came to hear the reading of his will—the women shrouded in crape, with red eyes and noses. The mistress sat in the gown the general had loved her the most in, and everybody stared at it and at

her beautiful grief stricken face. The will stated that she should hold the old Chevalier place for her son. If she survived him, it should be hers absolutely, to leave as she pleased.

There should be no division of property until the last son was of age. Then came bequests to relatives and servants, and that The stepchildren were furiously angry.

One would have thought them on the verge of starvation. "Wait 11 years!" they "Wait until that precious brat is in her hands and responsible to no one? It is not to be endured.

And so on, worse and worse. The mistress looked from one to another. 'I will not tell you to leave my house,' she said in a voice both sweet and frozen, 'or remind you of the home you have always had here. You now have homes of your own and must live in them, as I shall live in mine. As long as you are in my house you must conduct yourself as your father's children should. Your quarrels

and cruel speeches insult his memory." They took flight like so many blackbirds, but the mistress was so good natured they flew back at intervals, and every now and then the boy was permitted to visit them. He went with pockets full of gold and returned a total bankrupt. He gave, and they took, with both hands.

About a year after the general's death the boy came home from a visit to his eldest brother, Robert, who lived in the city. He had been at home for a day, perhaps, when he was taken ill

His illness puzzled the country physician, and a city colleague was sent for. But the boy died. His mother, looking at his dead body, spoke out her thought: "He has been poisoned. His brother has poisoned him.'

And she called the eldest son Cain and

Robert the Devil to his dying day. The speech went abroad like a blot of ink in a tumbler of water. Robert never forgave her. There was no proof that the child had been foully dealt with, but the suspicion imbittered his life and followed

other fiercely.

The Chevalier place was very valuable. Add to that the mistress' money and plate and jewels, and one can see why every bachelor and many a man who could not marry looked longingly into her beautiful

But one could tell by the manner of her walking, the inflections of her voice and the immobility of her attitude when she sat that for her there was neither light nor sweetness, nor hope, nor desire, left in

And yet she went about as usual, even after her son's death, steadily, refusing the shroud of crape and having always in the house light, flowers, perfume and pleasant company.

The stepchildren looked curiously at each other as year after year slid away and said to each other that she would never

Many of them died of dropsy and other watery disorders, and their children grew up, but at 90 Mistress Chevalier was still alive-and at 93, although, truth to tell, she had shriveled into a brown mummy alone and he would pass her chair, she and sat all day and ofttimes all night in a would turn her head upon her lazy cush- great wadded chair with a hood over it, stuffed about with cushions and propped bottles. Her body had mummified, but her mind was

She would look with her deep black eyes at the faithful mulatto slave woman who waited upon her and laugh to herself-a strangely clear laugh to issue from such sunken lips.

Sometimes her step-grandchildren would go to see her. When they were children, they were afraid, but as the years passed they got quite used to the sight of the great M. Girardeau in Lippincott's Magazine. coffin in one end of the room.

"It is a very comfortable bed," Mistress Chevalier would often say. And several times, when she thought the hour had come, she made the slave woman and her daughters put it on its trestles and lift her in, and she would lie, waiting for death, gazing with a corpselike smile at University, has made a scientific study of the general's portrait. At these times the family, in all its

branches, rejoiced. There were only a few of the direct line left. Nearly all had married. poor, and all were avaricious. At last, one morning the faithful mulattress found the mistress dead in her

Once again the children of the house assembled in the drawing rooms to hear the degrees of fearfulness. reading of a will—the women, as usual, a

were present except the son of Robert. He had inherited his father's hatred, and Mistress Chevalier's death revived the story of her son's. So the step-grandson staid away from her burial.

His portion of the estate should be the place itself. But the will ran, "To my faithful and devoted attendant Cilla, or Lucilla, Chevalier I leave the place and certain sums of money at interest, herein more fully described and specified."

This Lucilla Chevalier was none other than the mulatto slave woman whose papers of freedom, together with those of her daughters and sons, had been declared before the will was opened.

Therefore was she a legal heir. A gasp of horror ran round the room. The Chevalier place!

But that was not all If the surviving relatives of the testator should attempt to set aside the conditions of the will in any way, on any grounds, the entire property, real and personal, should go to the dead woman's physician. Between this man lights, opened the windows, and filled the and the Chevaliers there had always been feud and ill favor.

Niobe's son received a life interest of many thousand dollars, and there were a few legacies here and there amon; the poorest Guelph-Chevalier tribe.

The mistress' gold and silver plate, diamonds and other jewels were locked up in a bank in the city, to be disposed of, in accordance with sealed instructions locked up with them, a year after the reading of

When Robert's son was told these things, he turned white and then green-a livid, unpleasant shade.

The Chevalier place, his patrimony, left to slaves! And God knew to whom the gold, the silver and the diamonds were The sealed instructions with them would undobtedly reveal further determination on the part of the dead woman to insult and rob the family.

Mistress Chevalier's coffin had been placed in the family vault, between those of her husband and their little son. By

sons and had helped them in business. He velvet pall, on which she herself had laboriously embroidered the Chevalier coat of

arms, with its significant crest and motto. The vault was in the churchyard of old King William, Seaforth, facing the salt marsh and flanked by the ricefields. Thither went, in his rage, the son of

Robert the Devil. By his direction the mistress' coffin was dragged out, wrapped in the pall and sunk in the edge of the marsh, with not a stone to do it reverence.

By night came Niobe's son—who, mind-ful of his life interest, felt ashamed of his cousin's poor revenge-dug up the coffin and replaced it, dripping, in the vault. A slave of his let slip the thing to a fel-

low belonging to Robert. Again the vault was opened, the casket was dragged out by slaves, and in the flare of pine knots was delivered to the marshof age? And his mother, with everything this time in a spot where the salt tides rose daily and flooded the place.

Then the avenger of disappointment and family dishonor met his cousin in the city street and triumphed over him. "No easy matter, either," he concluded, "for the old nummy case was damnably heavy. Find it again, if you can."

He passed sneeringly. Niobe's son let the marsh keep its secret and bided his time.

When the year had expired, the various heads of the tribe met, as if by appointment, in the private office of the president of the bank.

But each one, as he entered, looked haughtily and inquiringly at the others. At midday the large and ponderous strong box was brought into the office and the key inserted in its intricate lock. The men and women crowded about the table, squeezing and jostling each other,

the women shoving aside their crape veils to see better. For 50 years and more no one had laid eyes on the once famous Chevalier dia

The box lid was thrown back-all the necks were craned. The men's fingers itched for the gold and silver, the women's for the precious stones.

The box was empty. Empty-save for a folded square of paper sealed and stamped with an Arabic cipher "Shall I open it?" inquired the president of the bank, looking from one bewondered face to another.

"If you please," answered Niobe's son. "Is there no address?" "None whatever."

Broken open, the letter ran: My Dear Robert—Sixty years ago I wronged your father. To-day I repair the wrong as far as I am able. I intended leaving my plate and jewels in this box for you, but I prefer to give them to you with my own hands. Come and take them from me. Your affectionate grandmother.

JUANA DE RILEAS-CHEVALIER.

A card with a mourning border dropped from the letter to the table. Robert picked it up mechanically and "Mistress Geoffrey Robert Chevread:

alier. At home. The Chevalier vault, King William, Seaforth." "God!" he ejaculated, staring at the bit of glazed pasteboard and then at Niobe's

Then he seized his hat, pushed his wife aside and rushed from the bank. From the city to Seaforth station, St. Peter's parish, from the station to the churchyard, from the churchyard to the

The tide was up. For hours he sat looking at the slowly receding water. Niobe's son touched him on the shoulder. "Fool," he asked politely, "where did

said Robert doggedly, point-"There," The marsh was drying, with sucking sounds, under the sun. A slave near by

murmured to himself. They caught one word, then waded to the spot and dug, sank a spade, a log of wood and several other heavier things and watched the quicksand suck them out of

Then they scrambled to the marsh bank and went each his separate way.-Claude

## What People Are Afraid of.

Thunder and Lightning Rank all Other Gauses in a Given Number of Cases. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark

fears, and gives the following tabulated 6,-456 fears described by 1,707 persons: It would appear that thunder storms ar feared by most persons; that reptiles fol-Some were rich, and some were low, with strangers and darkness as close seconds, while fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, high winds,

dream fears, cats and dogs, cyclones, solitude, drowning, birds, represent decreasing Altogether a list of 298 classes of objects hypocritical row of veiled pleureuses. All feared was made up. The order quoted is not quite the same in different localities. In Cambridge alone the fear of thunder and lightning does not lead. In St. Paul sixty-

seven fear cyclones, and only eight the end

of the world, which has sixty-two victims in Trenton, where also forty-six fear being buried alive. The St. Paul returns show an average of 4.86 fears for each person, those from Trenton 3.66, while the Cambridge, Mass., boys report 2.28 each. Dr. Hall gives this to indicate more interest in the work in St. Paul than in Cambridge and objective realism; their quality is more primitive and they have less variety. Here,

however, we meet with fears of train robbers, having to sleep on the porch, and starvation. So far as Dr. Hall's investigations go it is noticeable that boys acknowledge to a great many less fears than girls. Fortyfour girls fear the sight of blood as against fourteen boys. Two hundred and thirty boys fear thunder and lightning as against one hundred and fifty-five girls. In regard to water, height and shyness, boys are the

The following classes of fears show decline with advance of years: Meteors, clouds, blood, end of the world, being kidnapped, fairies, loss of orientation, shyness of strangers, while the following seem to increase: Thunder and lightning, reptiles,

robbers, self-consciousness, machinery. The number of persons who felt an impulse to throw themselves from high places was astonishing. Here is an example: "Girl, aged thirteen, at the top of a high building, was irresistably compelled to squeeze between the bars of a railing to see if one could fall to the payment sure she would have landed there if she had not been held, and describes it as an outside power forcing her against her will, as very terrible and conquering her control."

A boy, aged 16, says: "The horror of hell is you are always falling."

-Bishop Bowman (Methodist,) now Now, the general had been good to his her desire the coffins were on one shelf, ton, Ill., in which he will spend the re-80 years old, has bought a home in Evanspecial correspondence to the WATCHMAN. FROM ATHENS TO JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, to the tomb of our Saviour. One of the dreams of my life has been realized. I had long promised myself a trip to the Holy Land where "milk and honey flow" and I write about it while my

impressions are still vivid. During the fifteen days I was in Jerusalem we received comparatively no news, the telegrams were meagre and filtered through the government censure, to suit their purposes. Thr newspapers were suppressed by the Turkish government.

On reading the back numbers of the newspapers I am astonished and gratified to learn, that the combined powers are no further advanced in their grotesque attempts at repression of the Cretan revolt and the war-like preparations of Greece. than they were three weeks ago.

But let me take up the thread of my story where I cut it, my letter from Athens mailed you March 11th.

The Catholic priests with whom I had been traveling having applied to their peronal conductor to secure them an audience with King George, of Greece, he assured applied to the American Minister, Mr. Alexander, who, it appears, enjoys but little favor at Court and consequently declin-

ed to make the request. The American Consul Mr. Horton, who, porter at Chicago before becoming Consul, had gone to the front at Larissa, (Thessa-King Yorgo, as the Greeks call him.

I undertook it and went at the task with the vim, vigor and determination to succeed which my friends know I possess. It was

not so difficult as I thought it would be. As a starting point I knew that the proprietor of hotel Grande Bretagne had been in the service of King George of Greece, (not Grease by natural induction) first as dishwasher when a boy, later as Chef, when he had mastered the intricacies of a Brillat Savarinian cuisine. The ex-chef, a distinction of which he is proud, introduced me to a patriarchal patriot, one of the leaders of the Hetairie National, who consented to undertake to secure us the audience, and forthwith we proceeded to the

The Major Domo of the palace, received me with voluble affability, protesting that the King was excessively busy, and signs of the cross, his face turned towrestling with and deciding problems the ward Mecca. solution of which meant, perhaps, the life

or death of Greece, etc. ludicrous contrast to the solemnity of the deck. Not an audible prayer. occasion, the King in uniform, and the

reception room. The Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince pilgrimage to Mecca.

stood beside King Yorgo. I had to measure up to the occasion, for the priests had made me their spokesman. King that we as American citizens admir- medicine. ed and applauded the pat iotic action of the heroic Nation of which he was the dignified Sovereign. That we believed the applauded Greece for arming for the defense of her sons in Crete, and condemned the actions of the intriguing combined powers who place might above right.

We exchanged a few words with the King and the Diadoque and filed out delighted with our Kingly, cordial reception. King George is tall and fair with blue

eyes and regular features. He reminds me olives, lettuce and sausage. of my friend Hon. George S. Graham, of Philadelphia. He is, as you know, the Turk does not drink. son of the King of Denmark, has been king of Greece since 1863. He married the sia when she was only sixteen years old and he only twenty.

The future King of Greece bears the educated at Heidelberg and Berlin. He is married to the third daughter of Empress Frederick, mother of the Emperor of Ger- | me.

many, William II, the poet, artist, orator (?) The second son, Prince George, is the hero of the hour owing to his recent actions in Crete, where he commands the torpedo fleet. He it was who saved the present Emperor of Russia's life by warding off the sword of a Japanese fanatic when the two were traveling in the East, several years ago, and he can claim to be his imperial cousin's most intimate friend. (On dit that the Emperor of Russia has still an open wound from this attack. that the excessively dangerous operation of trepanning may yet be necessary, and, that he frequently suffers from epileptic attacks.)

Prince Nicholas, the third son is a captain with his command at Larissa, Thessaly, where the Crown Prince is in supreme command. The evening after the reception, my

friends among the priests insisted on giving me a farewell banquet, for we separated here, they going to Constantinople, I to The next morning escorted by an ablebodied katzen-jammer and three of my

clerical friends in a landau, holding high the American flag flying at the end of a sugarcane stalk, I boarded the Russian

I have just returned from a pilgrimage to steamer Tchihatchoff at Piraeus for Alexandria, Egypt. Through the crowded streets of Athens

populace by our cries of Zito Creta! Zito always gather it. Grecia! They took off their hats, cheered the

American flag and good-humoredly made room for our carriage. Perhaps they nebulously believed America had espoused their cause, had intervened in their favor!

The port of Piraeus was deserted. Where ride at anchor in peaceful, commercial times perhaps a thousand ships and barks, now there were only half a dozen. This is grim war's first effect, the ricochet of the threatened blockade.

The Tchihatchoff had aboard two hundred and sixty pilgrims to Mecca embarked at Odessa and Constantinople. They slept on the deck under the silver rays of pale Cynthia, in picturesque, phauton-like confusion. Most of the pilgrims were Russians who, so the captain said, had traversed on foot a good part of Russia and came on the ship sick and exhausted from fatigue and exposure in the extreme cold of that them it was an impossibility. They then climate in March. Here they were by contrast boiling in a semi tropical sun.

These third class passengers offered the

most varied and curious of spectacles. their typical heavy caps, their greasy hair breath should be held as long as possible be it said en passant, was a newspaper re- falling to the shoulders, enveloped in a breath should be held as long as possible and then slowly exhaled, holding the air a long sheep-skin coat, se Brianoliniana in few seconds in the throat. Bend the head my letters from Russia, disgustingly dirty, backwards as far as possible and then raise ly), with the correspondent of the New their legs and feet swathed in cloths or lost it to its normal position. Bend the head York Herald. My companions were a lot in immense boots, dripping with grease or of stubble bearded priests, several of the sea-water. The women wearing high coarse the right, backward to the left and then most intelligent and least dissipated of boots and greasy black handkerchiefs forward. whom came to me, a veteran traveler and around the head were, if anything, less prelinguist as they flatteringly entitled me, to possessing than the men. With their pale, ask me to try to secure a shake hands with ash-colored faces and their sombre, slippery, greasy clothing they appeared as a mockery, an insult to the bright oriental

> Nothing could produce a more striking, unpleasant contrast.

As if to accentuate this glaring contrast there were several fine types of Arabs, Majestic Turks and effeminate Syrians wearing the crimson fez, or white turbans, red turbans, vari-colored turbans and broad, red belts, elegant in the aesthetic beauty of their brilliant colored dress and their fine intelligent faces.

To them the Moscovites were as dumb,

driven cattle in the comparison. A first class passenger, a Turkish Colonel, as if disdaining the common herd who pray-King's palace, within a stone's throw of the ed on deck, spreads his prayer carpet on a bench on deck, takes off his shoes, and there on his knees reads his Koran, backwards, says his prayers, with many genuflexions

At certain hours, (Mohammedans pray five times a day) Turks, Russians, Boukar-He consented, however, to lay our cards lis, Tartars all went out together on the l our request before the King. A few prow, each one taking off his shoes, spreads hours after I was notified that the audi- a handkerchief, or a mat, or a magnificent to his full capacity, and consequently lacks ence was fixed for the next morning at oriental carpet and then in perfect cadence eleven and that the function should not last they smite their breasts, make the sign of more than a quarter of an hour. Preceded the cross, standing, bend the body forward its benefits, practice it daily, and you will by the Major Domo we filed in. The as low as possible and then always as if in increase the circulation, purify the blood strong intellectual faces of the priests in military cadence, one, two, three, they fall and send it rich and warm to make lips wood-choppers' beards, dressed some in on their knees and recommence the series of sack coats, some in cut-away coats were in prostrations, touching the forehead on the

Several of the pilgrims wore great turbeautiful tinselry and decorations of the bans, which is the certificate of saintly holiness; the wearer had already made the

His calling and election is sure. One of these devout, holy men inquired of me if I were not the ship's doctor! I In a few sentences, in French, I told the offered to give him good advice, but no

An Armenian who noticed my interest in watching the Turks saying their prayers said, "yes they pray five times a day but people of all christian nations justified and I'll bet four out of ten of them are murderers of Armenians."

When this motley crowd, after the babies had been combed and spanked, spread out their food, pienic fashion, on deck, on fine carpets or coverlets, reminding me of the many colored bedspreads which the girls at home used to make at their quilting parties, it was diverting to see them eat beans,

No knives, no forks, no wine. The

The Koran prohibits it. Sailing by Crete (Candia) the elements Queen, who was Archduchess Olga of Rus- as if in sympathy with the turbulent denizens of that bellicose island began to kick up a commotion, and soon under the influence of a sharp gale we were dancing, rollproud title of Duke of Sparta. He was ing, pitching so that walking on deck was excessively difficult and dangerous. I am a good sailor and the motion never phased

> Crete was in sight for seven or eight flowers and shades on the new spring hats hours, we sailed along the north side of it, but too far away to see the belching fire from the cannons of the Christian (?)

After several hours of sea-sickness promoting movements, Christians and Mohammedans, Russians, Arabs, Syrians were piled on deck in a confused mass of suffering gray and crimson, yelling with fear at mixed in with it. You can wear a green mixed in with it. every wave we shipped and making convulsive efforts to find a dry place on deck. The air was impested with the odor of mutton grease, incense pastilles and other wistoric and reliable from the hat) and purple sickening perfumes. Signs of the cross not reserve this combination, for garden and ejaculations in honor of Allah were party or noon wedding, but you can, if you mixed and alternated with the pneumogastrie effort to avoid paying tribute to the tary gown the slums. sea. All were of one mind.

It was a temporary, partial solution of the oriental question.

Early in the morning of the second day from Piraeus one of the delta of the Nile

Concluded on page 6.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

-The most satisfactory shape for the skirts of the plainer wash gowns, that are intended to be washed often, is a gored front with the side gore's straight side to the bias of the front, and a straight gathand Piraeus we drew the cheers of the er. Never pleat the back of a wash gown; ered back. These will iron much straight-

> -Be sure to have your things in keeping; a note out of tune will spoil an entire With delicate organdies have a costume. posy and tulle-trimmed hat, and white suede gloves. With silk or cloth gowns a feathered trimmed hat and glace gloves will do; but too heavy accessories will spoil the effect.

Straight, buttoned-in cloth vests, in cream, white, tan, dark blue and English pink are especially swagger for wear with the open-front, tailor made suit just at this season, when a shirt waist looks a little coolish.

-To fill out unsightly hollows on each side of the collar bone and to develop all the neck muscles, nothing is more efficacious than deep breathing, that is, if one

goes to work understandingly.

Combined with the breathing exercises must be head bending movements and side and front sweep arm movements, practiced either outdoors or before an open window. There are four separate exercises for the

Bend the head sowly, but firmly forward, without jerkiness, until the chin nearly touches the neck, then slowly raise the head to its normal position; repeat The Russian pilgrims were dressed in these movements 15 or 20 times at least sideways 10 times, to the right and as many to the left. Roll the head slowly to

For the side sweep arm movements, stand perfectly erect, with the arms at the sides, then lift them up vertically, inflating the lungs as the arms ascend. With the arms in vertical position raise up on the tiptoes, and throw the head back, touching at the same time the backs of the hands overhead. As the arms slowly descend exhale from the lungs.

For the front sweep inflate as you bring your arms to a vertical position, look up and raise on the tiptoes; keep the elbows straight and touch the thumbs when the arms are raised above the head. Exhale as the hands are returned to the sides of the thighs. Then alternate the front sweep and the side sweep. For the next movement draw the arms

from the front horizontally, palms up, until the elbows are as far past the sides as possible, but keep down close to the body. Inflate as the arms are drawn back, exhale as you return to position. Repeat these movements three or four times. The last time when the elbows are back, beat the chest lightly and quickly 15 or 20 times. Repeat these movements several times. Every alternate day the arm sweep exercises should be practiced, lying flat on

the back with the knees bent, and remember that the movements must be taken slowly and deliberately, with the breaths as deep and full as possible. Not only is the neck, and all its muscles benefited by these exercises, but one acquires at the same time an erect and graceful carriage. A word about deep breathing. strength and vigor of body and mind. Enough cannot be said of the benefits of ruby red and to plant roses in the cheeks.

No summer outfit is considered complete without at least one white pique frock, though the usual up-to-date wardrobe contains three or four of these gowns, a couple made prettily for walking, and a smart one for tennis.

A pretty one is a plainly made, snug skirt of the white, coarsely-ribbed pique, with a jaunty little hip coat to match, having wide, pointed reveres and rolling collar of the same, opening broadly over a soft waist of geranium pink organdie built over taffeta of the same shade. It has a deep yoke laid in clusters of fine French tucks, to which is attached the full body. girdled around the waist by a belt of white

The bodice that will undoubtedly be very popular during the coming season is made of pale pink lawn, with rows of narrow Valenciennes lace down each side of the closing, writes Isabel A. Mallon, in the May "Ladies' Home Journal." About the neck is the extremely high white linen collar which stands horizontally. A peculiar effect is achieved by wearing with this bodice a high cravat of red silk, tied in a flaring bow in front. The belt is also of red silk, fastened under a dull jet buckle. The sleeves are easy at the shoulders, shape in to fit the arms, and have turnback cuffs of white linen, caught with coral links. When the stiff collar is an adjunct to the shirt waist care must be taken not only in choosing but in trying one's cravat, so that not only an artistic, but an individual air shall characterize it. The high collar rolling over is the rival of the new upright one, with the horizontal border one inch wide.

All that has been said, sung or written regarding the heterogenous mixture of was verified on Easter. You need not walk forth in fear and trembling because you have red and purple together on one hat; the very millenium of fashion has arrived in that the very fiercest and the softest of colors lie down together; they do not "swear" at each other or "kill," each other they repose in true Biblical fashion of the

lamb and lion.
You may walk boldly forth with purple stone buckles, and red roses and green buckles, and red roses and green leaves (of wisteria and yellow wheat; and you need elect, wear it with your new, severe, military gown on a shopping tour or a visit to

-The latest belt and buckle is a McAllister plaid silk, with a bunch of silver thistle, and enameled purple leather, tied with a gold ribbon.

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