

KEEP RIGHT ON.

Lots of shrugs and lots of sneering? Let 'em sneer. Let 'em think you are hard of hearing...

THE WOOING OF "HOLY CALM."

Miss Ashbell's first name was Matilda, but everybody at her boarding-house called her "Miss Mittie" by way of friendliness to a stranger...

But at Mrs. Ingersoll's store, where Miss Mittie "had the ribbons," they called her "Holy Calm," pronouncing it "ca-m."

There was just something in the way she said it that "got" me, I recalled that she did not know that I had bought proper hat-pins there three months before on my way up to the ranch...

"Oh, only two sold," said she, taking it for truth, though never till that had she set eyes on me. They were must all be here except those two, and with that, she drew out a box marked "ruching" in black letters six inches long. It contained ruching.

Miss Mittie only murmured apologetically to the box. "Not here, I see," and drew forth another marked "stocks" containing stocks, and then one marked "gloves" containing gloves, and a fourth marked "ties" containing ties.

At this point my wickedness took me, and I showed her a box marked "corsets" containing corsets, a box marked "baby ribbon" containing baby ribbon, a box marked "embroidery cotton" containing embroidery cotton; after which I swept a commanding gesture over a table where silk hose were displayed and said artfully, "You'd better look under those stockings."

She thanked me for the kind suggestion and conscientiously turned over every pair, soberly telling me, when she was through, she "didn't see any hat-pins." Neither did she see the glitter in my eye nor hear the derision in my voice; she positively never suspected that I was "doing her" in a way that would have reduced a New York "saleslady" either to rage or a red faced pulp.

Roddy had driven me down from the ranch, an all-day trip across the plains, with a sandwich lunch in the middle, and he had made use of the opportunity to tell me the whole, true story of his life. He was emphatic on the truth of it,

and said that I ought to write it up for the New York papers; and with this in view he went into details that would have made me faint away if they had been true. But knowing Roddy after three summers of him, I took his recitation quietly. My vague "Did you?" annoyed him but stimulated him to larger invention; and when at last we reached Laramie, he was in fine fettle for an adventure that would eclipse all the rest.

In this mood he strolled up the street after leaving me, and almost trampled Mrs. Ingersoll under foot as she dashed out of her store. She, too, had just received defeat at the hands of Holy Calm, and felt she had to save a soul alive.

Mrs. Ingersoll and Roddy were friends after a sort. Everybody in the country was friends with him in the same fashion, as you've got to be with a next-of-kin nature who has a reputation for originality in sin and has been in the papers no less than five times for it. So when Roddy and she collided and he said: "Why, hello, Mis' Ingersoll! I didn't go fer to smash ye," and held out his big paw, she, with fine courtesy, took his cheeks also. He had not expected her to take him up so quickly. He was prepared to wheedle and urge, and it made him feel just a bit mean to see her so eager to go with him to a fictitious festival; and after that, when she suddenly remembered her duty, said, "Thirty-seven dollars please," but very sweetly, and as though she hated to ask him for it after that invitation, and felt it not quite ladylike.

"Charge it, please," he gave back, with a sweetness emanating from his eyes, while she was beginning to be felled on his cheeks also. He had not expected her to take him up so quickly. He was prepared to wheedle and urge, and it made him feel just a bit mean to see her so eager to go with him to a fictitious festival; and after that, when she suddenly remembered her duty, said, "Thirty-seven dollars please," but very sweetly, and as though she hated to ask him for it after that invitation, and felt it not quite ladylike.

"You ain't been out much—in Laramie, have you come?" She shook her head.

"I have n't been to one thing," she replied, giving him a wistful look, and adding with a brighter one and a sigh, "until tonight."

Meanwhile the two guards at the door had been his first stab of self-pride, came at the ribbon counter that they'd cast aside their duty; they acknowledged the duty, however, by tipping to the region of the ribbons, flattering themselves that, if they were not heard, they would not be seen.

Miss Mittie swept a glance at the five young men ranged before her and then at the clock. It was ten minutes past closing-time, and the street door stood wide open! Dreadful! In her shy delight at the prospect of a strawberry festival, she'd forgotten her sacred trust in putting the store to bed. What would Mrs. Ingersoll say when she found it out?

With a quick, "Excuse me," she slipped along behind the counter, those five cowboys standing like gawks and watching her do it, and locked the door and put the key in her pocket. She took the key, naturally, so she could get in the next morning and she was intending to let the young men out by a certain back way in order that nobody should know how her mess she'd been. Returning hurriedly, she said, "Thirty-seven dollars, and stuck her pencil in her hair.

The young men had been exchanging disconcerting glances. Roddy dropped his ribbon on the counter. Figuratively speaking, he threw up the sponge then; but it was Hank Homans who first found a usable tongue.

"I guess we don't want it, after all," said he, depositing his awful beseeching Roddy.

She smiled at him a smile that nothing but calm that is calm all through can produce on earth, and said, "Thirty-seven dollars, please."

"No-I guess we don't want it," corrected Roddy, trying to appear self-confident while he bunched his ribbons together with decisive gestures that eschewed ribbons from his life forever.

For the fraction of a second she appeared to believe it; then she repeated, "Thirty-seven dollars, and thrust the slip of paper at him.

"He turned red."

"I say—we don't want it," he stammered.

She took this for a pleasantry, and held out her hand for the money. At the same moment he felt a spur dig into his boot; the situation was become exceedingly unpleasant to his fellow-missioners. What was the girl up to anyway! And what in thunder did she mean by locking them in? Beany Johnson came to the rescue.

"I say, why, this here was—a—er—kinder joke," he explained sheepishly, and feeling dreadfully uncomfortable.

She looked at him, puzzled.

"I don't see it," she remarked. Literally she did not. "What is the joke?"

"Why—er—all this here—er—waved his hand over the pile of ribbons—"this here is a ribbon hold-up, why, it was all a—er—kinder joke, without meanin' any offense," he trailed off, blushing.

"But I don't see it," she repeated, still with her puzzled look.

The words gave Roddy an idea. "Perhaps you'd like to go—with me." The wretch beamed at her, thinking here was the best chance yet to "do her one" and send the shivers over her in a way she'd never forget.

A faint tinge of color suffused her cheeks. How kind of him, the great Roddy, to want her! She spoke, however, with her calm:

"I'd like to go with you ever so much. Yes, I'm sure I can go tonight; I haven't anything else. I'll go, she accepted, making what she felt a momentous decision. Never yet had she been anywhere with a real live cow-boy, and it had been the dream of her life—the dream now at last come true! What a story to write home to Philadelphia! She smiled happily at Roddy, then, suddenly remembering her duty, said, "Thirty-seven dollars please," but very sweetly, and as though she hated to ask him for it after that invitation, and felt it not quite ladylike.

"Charge it, please," he gave back, with a sweetness emanating from his eyes, while she was beginning to be felled on his cheeks also. He had not expected her to take him up so quickly. He was prepared to wheedle and urge, and it made him feel just a bit mean to see her so eager to go with him to a fictitious festival; and after that, when she suddenly remembered her duty, said, "Thirty-seven dollars please," but very sweetly, and as though she hated to ask him for it after that invitation, and felt it not quite ladylike.

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"But I don't see it," she repeated, still with her puzzled look.

"Well, it is, anyway," he assured her, desperately. "It's what it is all right—a joke."

For a moment after his brutal confession they thought comprehension dawned in her eyes; then she murmured, looking critically at the ribbon: "But I'm sure I measured it all right; I never make mistakes on ribbons. Mrs. Ingersoll will tell you that. I was very particular as I went along. And I know I counted right—thirty-seven dollars, and the remnant, five cents; but I threw that off. I didn't charge it on the slip." She glanced at the slip to make sure on that point.

"Oh, you're right," Hank chimed in, beginning to clamor, their arms overhanging with ribbons, that she measure some for them; and presently upon that counter lay a haystack of silk of all colors of the rainbow, and every roll that the boys could lay hands on had been unwound.

"Thirty-seven dollars and five cents," said Miss Mittie. "But I'll throw in the remnant and call it an even thirty-seven, since you took so much." She had done the sum all in her head while she was measuring off!

"Charge it," said Roddy, loftily. "This here pen—" He presented Hank, who bowed acknowledgment—"is Mr. Andy Carnegie. I guess you heard of him often enough, and know you can trust him all right; an' this here one with the mustache is Mr. Pierpont Morgan. I am John D. Rockefeller." That being the preconcerted cue for them to go in, their parts, they began gathering the ribbons into their arms as fast as they could, meaning to cut and run with them.

"Excuse me, but this is a cash-down store," informed Miss Mittie, laying her hand on the ribbons nearest her. "I can't charge anything. I'm sorry not to oblige." She turned a little pale at the thought of it,—"but you see how it is; I'm not allowed, so I can't. Thirty-seven dollars, please."

"Well, I guess you won't refuse us," said Roddy, ingratiatingly, pulling surreptitiously at the ribbons while Hank added this sweet touch, "it's fer a strawberry festival—real straw-berries, real cream, you know." (The season was late October.)

Imagine as coming from her chaste lips. Getting out was now all they were capable of thinking of in the present predicament; they would n't have cared what she called them. Hank added firmly, and as a sort of inspiration, "You see, we don't want it now."

She looked from one to the other of them, repeating, "Don't want it now, did you say?" Then with another of her comprehending smiles, "But you ain't the kind of gentlemen that order things you don't want, and then don't pay up for 'em, and you would n't disappoint a church. Besides—" Here she presented them with a smile apiece—"I know you would n't leave a lady to roll up 'most two hundred yards of ribbon just for a matter of thirty-seven dollars."

"It wouldn't be kinder jest right," Hank admitted, seeing a chance here to slide out on excuses. "Sure it wouldn't; but we didn't none of us fellas think o' that—"

She broke in on him with a quick, "I see it now!" and they waited breathless while she looked at the price-tags and several rolls. "You think I made a mistake in the different prices, carrying the different widths in my head, and you're all too nice to tell me for fear you'll get me in trouble with Mrs. Ingersoll. Well, maybe I did. Nobody's perfect; no more, but I'll measure it again and count it over just to satisfy you."

She took a long ribbon in her hand. Inwardly they groaned, and Roddy felt spurs digging at his legs and elbows, at the ribs that said, "You got us into this fix; now get us out, and be quick about it, too."

But Roddy seemed to have been struck with paralysis. The truth is, Miss Mittie had those young missionaries cowed. They didn't dare tell her face how they'd planned and played a mean joke on her confiding innocence when she'd never done anything to harm or annoy them in the whole of her blameless life. To leave her to roll up that pile of ribbon was, as Roddy afterward confessed when he told me the story, "such a dirty, ornery trick to play on a lady as only a coyote would think of." And then, they didn't dare to give Mrs. Ingersoll away. Yet if they didn't make a clean breast of it and show Miss Mittie just how low-down cussed they'd been, how were they to get the key? They couldn't take it from her by force; at least things hadn't reached the point where they felt they could "do anything that was really ungentlemanly," as Roddy said. And then this thought came to all of them: suppose they did make her understand, and "she struck it hop-pin' mad an' let 'em fer it an' git even!" By this time they felt her capable of anything through sheer lack of imagination.

"One—two—three—four—five—" She measured swiftly, counting aloud as she went that they might be sure she was making no mistake. Under cover of her voice Hank hissed in Roddy's ear: "It's yer turn to play. Say something, can't yer! An' git us outa this here hold-up."

"Hold-up! I should say yes!" snorted Beany in Roddy's ear, suddenly appreciating the real essence of the joke; and then snorted again as he heard "Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen," accompanied by the rapid swish of silk along the counter.

But all Roddy, now very red of face, could contribute toward a graceful retreat for himself and friends from the scene of disaster was, "We don't want it," while pushing the ribbons weakly in her direction.

Before he could think of anything else, she raised her unsuspecting eyes questioningly to his, acknowledging him the leader and his word her law. That was the glance that shot him through the heart—that, and the way she'd beaten them at their own game and never turned a hair. Roddy was enough the man and the sport to appreciate the laugh on himself.

"Fellas, the drinks are on us," he informed them, grimly. "The little girl gets the jackpot. It's up to us to shell out an' be P. D. Q. about it, too."

Miss Mittie stopped her measuring, since he was satisfied to take the ribbon as it was, and put the slip into his hand with a smile that said, "Now I'll be ready to go with you to our entertainment."

They made up the amount with difficulty,—it took every cent Roddy had and most of the spare cash in the party,—and when he had given it to her, he leaned distance, and said:

"Little girl, y' can buy me fer a nickel." She drew a shabby purse and took out of it a shabby nickel.

"It's all I have," she told him, soberly, offering it.

All she had, and she was giving it to him in earnest! In one swift flash it came to him why she hadn't seen through the mean joke they were playing on her: she had trusted him too much; or, as he more picturesquely put it, "She knew I was too much of a gentleman to do a girl dirt." Her lack of comprehension of the true inwardness of the whole affair was precisely her measure of the high estimate she placed on his chivalry; she saw him as his own deepest ideals painted him, and he knew she saw him thus; and in the shine of the heavenly revelation, which was very real to him, he felt a sense of awe.

Something broke loose in him; his better nature, his affection, his generosity, his instinct for fair play, rose to its occasion, and in one instant he ceased to be a lawless young rapscallion—his heart truly and in the scriptural sense turned from its wickedness and the error of its ways.

"Little girl, if I take this here nickel off'n ye, it's a bargain between us," he told her dizzily. "You an' me'll belong to each other fer keeps. I mean it, honest."

She hesitated, blushing from throat to forehead under the gaping stare of the other young fellows; then she said bravely, "I mean it, honest, too," and laid the nickel in his hand.

I fear I've told this so jocosely I've belated their miracle, which was very real. I met her on the street in Laramie last summer, five years after the episode, and speaking of her marriage she confided to me that she and Roddy had been "made for each other."—By Marion Hamilton Carter, in the Century Magazine.

How much do I know about myself? Such a question honestly asked and answered would show at once the need of a medical work such as Dr. Pierce's medicine. It is a book dealing with the plain facts of physiology, hygiene and reproduction, in plain English, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Sent 21 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Third-Class Traveling in India. Friends from Johnstown. The Majesty and Massiveness of the Fort. Wonderful Beauty of the Taj-Mahal. The Palace and Squallor of Agra.

Dear Home Folk:

JHANSI, APRIL 26th. Even in India one has home surprises. A few days ago I learned that some friends of mine from Johnstown would pass through Jhansi in a special train for Agra, and being invited to join them, decided to go up to the city ahead of them, traveling third-class, for the experience. I wish you could have seen the preparations for that three-day jaunt; besides my three suit cases of clothes there was the outfit for making tea, pillows, blankets, fans, and last but not least, ice enough to last to my journey's end.

I was glad to reach Agra safely, having had all the experience I cared for of third-class traveling in India. I went directly to the hotel for a good night's rest before the special arrived. In the middle of a red-hot night the rope to our "punka" broke and not being able to sleep one wink without the fan had to get the "punka walla" into the room to fix the fan so that we could get a breath of air, and by this time we decided the garden would be more comfortable and, fixing ourselves comfortably, calmly awaited morning and the arrival of our Pennsylvania friends.

Their train reached Agra about four o'clock and it seemed like home indeed, to see so many Americans. We started eight-seeing at once and while Agra, as a city, does not impress me as having any more especial beauty than any other Indian town, yet one is so impressed by the Fort and the Taj Mahal that the unsightly native streets crammed with unspeakable dirt and squalor, are lost sight of for the moment. Sir Frederick Trevis, in "Behind the Lantern," gives a perfect description of all the beauties of Agra, and if you have an opportunity do not miss reading it for it is well worth while.

The Fort is a massive red sandstone pile, majestic and impressive; if you forget the modern method of warfare you feel that at the pure strength of man or horse those walls would smile on forever. It stands on a hill and is surrounded by two moats and the effect is almost invincible strength.

We drove over the moats and under the great gate-ways; past hundreds of Scotch soldiers, and on to the Palace, which again, in contrast, is ideally beautiful—of white marble, exquisitely inlaid with semi-precious stones. The architecture, so new to me, that as our guide took us from one point to another, we could get but a jumbled idea of the real plan, but the beauty of each separate portion strikes you anew at every turn. The exquisitely carved marble walls, the cut marble screens in the windows, the colonnading with its wonderfully beautiful pillars, each in turn holds you spell-bound.

The effect of a temple directly beside a market place, or a ladies' living-room, as dainty as a fairy palace, located upon these same red sand-stone Fort walls, leaves a wish in your heart that you might be able to go back again and again to study it all until you could never forget.

The open spaces are all green with grass; great trees in the court-yard, and the outlook is near the river; air fresh and pure and everywhere peace, cleanliness and space and after the approach, I wonder if these natives have retrograded, or the old Kings did belong to a higher order of mortals, for surely their plan of living was far superior to that at present seen here. Of course, the great contrast of extreme poverty and extreme wealth may account for part of this, but scarcely, in my mind, for the dirt and rags one sees everywhere.

The drive to the Taj is through an entirely different part of the city. The well-kept McDowell park, and with it beautiful gateways, one is partially prepared for the gem, set in such ideal surroundings. Your first glimpse through the arch of this deep gateway is almost an unreal sensation; you think such extreme beauty must be a mirage to the eye and you press eagerly forward so that it cannot disappear, until you have looked your fill, only to find that the picture becomes more perfect, and to the white marble beauty of man's hand is added the perfecting in the blue of the sky. Oh, it is almost too beautiful! So exquisite that it remains as a dream, and you feel that a strong wind will blow it away.

As all those who have seen and written about it say, it strikes one as being so fine and ethereal, it must surely be feminine, so dainty are the lace works of the carvings. The inlaying is merely black against the dead white, carrying an inscription from the Koran. The fretted and lace screens, so fine and sheer, might well serve for a young girl's confirmation gown.

As we sat in the garden among the cedars, cypress and the water plants, from the minaret to the west, came the call of the Mohammed to prayer. It reached to the dome and to complete the effect, two or three dozen native women, in brilliant colored sari, crossed the wide terrace to take part in the sunset worship.

Then turning and looking past the fountains, back to the gate with its red sand-stone as a foil, to the white marble, on out to the entrance bazaar, or the street to the almost forgotten wild be-

yond, one comes to the realization that beauty lies in anticipation.

The other tombs we visited were also of white marble, each beautiful in its style and setting, making one wonder why this nation, which knows so well how to build beautiful poems in stone, can be content to live in such abject squalor. We spent the rest of the day wishing for heaps of money to squander on the exquisite things found in the shops, and by nine o'clock were on the road back to Jhansi, promising ourselves another visit to the most perfect temple ever built by human hands. I am told that the Fort at Delhi is far more interesting than that of Agra, but will visit it later, when there is more time for real study.

(Continued next week.)

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen. And most miseries lie in the anticipation.—Baltac.

A clever way to keep the wrinkles pressed out of a linen dress, without ironing after every evening, is to turn the dress or skirt out and lay it upon some flat surface (your bed or trunk,) then take a damp wash cloth and rub briskly where the gown is wrinkled. Put on hanger, hang well spread out and when it has dried you will find your dress freshened and without wrinkles.

The Tuxedo is a new form of the tailored shirtwaist. Fashioned exactly like the shirt, worn for the masculine dinner jacket, it has a vest of finest tucks outlined with hemstitching, gives the shirt bosom effect. The sleeves are long, joined to the body of the waist with hemstitching, and carry a tight turn-back cuff. The collar is upstanding and is encircled at the base by a narrow band of black taffeta ribbon, which is finished in the front by a bow tie resembling that used on a man's dress shirt.

High school girls in Springfield, Mass., are wearing strikingly effective spring millinery which they designed themselves at a surprisingly low cost, writes a correspondent of the New York World. Millinery is a part of the girls' course at the technical high school, the aim being to teach the pupils to fashion becoming hats with due respect to both cost and utility.

Nearly 200 hats were recently exhibited at the technical high school. The hats were the work of the pupils in every particular. Little tags attached to the hats gave the cost of the materials used.

One smart bit of headgear, suitable for school and street wear through the spring and summer, cost the owner 43 cents; thus: Straw, 30 cents; frame, 10 cents; lining, 3 cents; ribbon, old. "Old" in this case meant, not disfigured ribbon, but ribbon which had been used on another hat.

By using judgment in the selection of materials, the ribbon, velvet, feathers, tips and ornaments used in making one hat can be made to do service on its successor. The average cost of the hats exhibited was less than \$1. At a medium-priced millinery establishment most of the hats would have been marked at from \$4 to \$7.

Work on the hats began before the spring styles were out. From the catalogues of wholesale houses the girls got a pretty accurate notion of what the shapes would be, and when they had finished the wire foundations they had seen a sufficient advance showing of spring millinery to decide upon the kind of straw they preferred. When it came to trimming the girls made observation excursions to the millinery stores.

Special attention was paid to color contrast and harmony, and the girls were shown by example that a hat which was becoming to one girl oftentimes could not be worn by another equally attractive girl. The instructors offered advice only when it was apparent that a serious mistake was in prospect.

To improve the shiny serge or cloth lay it flat on the table and pass a piece of fine sandpaper very gently over the shiny part. The sandpaper will roughen up the nap again, but be careful not to rub too hard, as it may wear a hole in your material.

A good plan when embroidering on thin muslin or silk is to tack a piece of soft muslin underneath and embroider through it. This keeps the material from tucking up, and the muslin can easily be cut away with sharp scissors around the pattern when finished.

It is often difficult to make a buttonhole in a lace yoke that will hold. A good plan is to baste a strip of lawn under the lace before the buttonhole is cut. Then make the buttonhole and work as usual. Now cut away the lawn close to the stitches, and you will find that you have a buttonhole that is strong.

Over-fatigue is a foe to beauty. Even if there were no lasting effects from it, which there are, a wearied look in a woman's face adds nothing to her charm. Rather, it is as the appearance of a faded flower compared with that of a fresh one. The muscles and muscular tissues become gradually weak and show themselves with particular perversity in ugly rings and bags about the eyes, in a lengthening of the lines between the nose and the mouth, and a general sagging.

Fatigue, too, has a direct effect upon the stomach muscles, causing them to sag also, and become unable to work properly, and this, in turn, reflects upon the complexion, rendering it sallow and eventually blotched. So, I say, avoid fatigue.

Rest whenever you can. Whatever the routine of your day may be, it is possible for you to snatch a moment, or, at least, a second or two, here and there, of complete relaxation. Take a long rest and does not go on a tension if necessary, but it is rarely, very rarely, necessary, and there is a point to be made much of. Resist tension.

Bathe the tired face in cold water. It stimulates circulation, and brings relief, at least to one's feeling, even if its effect does not go very far beneath the surface. Hot water followed by a cold dash is also refreshing and especially is it to be recommended to the woman of nervous temperament. A few drops of camphor in ice water makes an excellent lotion for the rejuvenating of the tired face muscles, but it should be followed by the application of a good face cream. Remove the cream with a dry, soft cloth and behold, you feel like a new woman.