

FREEDOM.

Why seek to force your rules on me,
 And why should I set bounds for you?
 The joys I find you may not see
 Along the pathways I pursue—
 Let me be free to go my way,
 And you find joy as best you can,
 As long as we may truly say
 We work no wrong to any man.

Be happy, and let me be glad,
 You in your way and I in mine;
 And let the world deem us mad,
 And let the little dogs go whine!
 Let me be happy in my way,
 And you find joy as best you can;
 Be tragic, if you please, or gay,
 So that you wrong not any man.
 —S. E. Kiser.

**AN ADVENTURE
 IN
 NORTHERN INDIA.**

BY DAVID KER.

Two children—a boy about 10 years old and a girl somewhat younger—were playing hide and seek among broken pillars and heaps of fallen stones down in the dark cellars of a ruined house in the Hindu fort of Fati-Ghur, in northern India.

It was a gloomy place—black, lonesome, dreary—and just the spot where you might expect a wildcat or a poisonous snake to pop out upon you at any moment; but Harry and Nellie did not seem to mind it a bit, and went scampering and laughing through the dim archways and dark ghostly vaults as merrily as if they had been in a kindergarten.

It was certainly a very strange place to choose for a playground, and it was stranger still that they should be playing and laughing at all, with the shadow of death deepening day by day over themselves, their fathers and the whole garrison of the fort.

War was raging throughout the entire district, and all around Fati-Ghur lay encamped a great host of fierce Hindu warriors, vowing never to leave the place until the had taken the place and killed every living thing within its walls.

Three times had the besiegers made a furious attack on the fort, but each time they had been beaten off with heavy loss, and did not seem inclined to try it again.

But all day long—and sometimes at night—they kept banging away at the walls with their cannon and muskets, till no one could look over the battlements for fear of being shot dead, and the sick and wounded men of the garrison were quite worn out with this ceaseless din.

Worse, still, food was beginning to run short, and they would soon be forced to surrender or starve to death unless some one came to the rescue; and there seemed to be little hope for that, for it would have taken a large army, as well as a brave one, to cut through the forest of white turbans and colored robes and dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons that hemmed in the doom-laden fortress on every side.

"And we've helped to defend the fort, too," said Harry to Nellie as they paused to rest, after running themselves quite out of breath. "I heard Capt. Merkhain say so myself, while I was helping a woman to scrape lint for those soldiers that were wounded last night."

"And I've torn up a whole lot of rags for bandages," replied Nellie proudly; "and I'm going to tear up a lot more this afternoon. I do wish, though, they'd give over fighting. I'm so tired of those guns banging away all night long, and it's so horrid seeing the poor soldiers brought in all cut and bleeding. There's poor Sergeant Bennet, who made all those pretty toys for me, has got such a terrible hurt all along one side of his head, where a bullet hit him the other day; and it's so sore that he can't sleep a bit."

"Never mind," answered Harry, assuming quite a fatherly air, in virtue of his being six months the older of the two; "just you wait two or three days more, and then you'll see General Rose and his men come up from the other side of the river and send all these black fellows flying."

"But I heard papa say yesterday," said Nellie, with a rather grave look on her round, rosy little face, "that General Rose has only a few hundred men with him just now; and surely they can't fight a whole army at once."

"Can't they?" cried Harry, disdainfully. "Didn't Lord Clive thrash 60,000 of them at Plassey, with only 3000 men of his own? And didn't the Duke of Wellington send the rajah's whole army scampering with only two regiments? Just you wait and see, that's all. I say, let's have another game. You go and hide, and I'll hunt for you."

Away went Nellie instantly right into the gloomiest and loneliest part of the ruins, bent upon discovering some place where even Harry himself would not be able to find her.

Fearlessly she picked her way in almost total darkness through one black and dismal vault after another—for the roughest soldier in the garrison was not braver than our little golden-haired Nellie—and at length she came to a spot where two great masses of masonry had fallen in such a way as to lean against each other, forming a kind of low arch very much like the mouth of a cavern.

"Harry will never find me here, said she to herself, triumphantly, as she crept into the hole; and finding it not large enough to let her stand upright, she lay down upon the ground and remained as quiet as a mouse, shrubbing inwardly to think how near-

zled Harry would be when he came to look for her.

But scarcely had her ear touched the earth when she became aware of a strange, dull sound deep down below her, like the measured beat of oars or the noise which would be made by some one thumping hard against a padded door.

What could it be? It was certainly not Harry, and there was no one else down there except herself; but the sound could not be merely her fancy—she was quite sure that she did hear it, and what was more it seemed to be growing louder and coming nearer.

Then, for the first time, little Nellie began to feel frightened. Even in the course of her short life she had been in the East Indian jungles so many tigers and crocodiles and huge snakes and other terrible creatures that it seemed quite natural to her that some unknown and fearful monster should have its underground den beneath the fort and should now be at work to dig its way out and devour them all.

Nellie scrambled headlong out of her hiding place—never heeding how sorely her poor little arms and face were bruised by the rough stones—and darted out of the vault in such haste as almost to knock down Harry whom she encountered just at the entrance.

"Oh, Harry," she panted, "there's a monster living there under the ground, and it's trying to claw its way out and eat us!"

The boy looked puzzled, as well he might, and at first seemed more inclined to laugh than to be scared. But he became serious enough when Nellie took him back to the spot and they both heard the mysterious noise plainer than ever.

"I'll tell you what," said he, with an air of decision, "I'll just go straight to papa and tell him about this. If there's anything wrong he ought to be told at once, for he's commandant of the fort, you know."

And away they both flew to the old colonel's quarters as fast as their feet could carry them.

The commandant, who had quite enough to think of just then, for he was in the very midst of an inspection of the failing provisions and a calculation how long they could be made to last, frowned slightly at the intrusion of the children, and was going to order them out again. But the instant he heard Harry's first mention of the mysterious sound, the colonel's stern, weather-beaten face changed visibly and looked so grave that Nellie felt quite convinced that there was really an underground monster beneath the fort, which was trying to get out and eat them all up; and she was more certain of it than ever when she heard the colonel making Harry describe as exactly as possible the precise spot where the strange noise had been heard.

"Have you told any one else about this, my boy?" asked he, after hearing all that there was to be told.

"No; I thought I had better report direct to you, as commandant of the garrison," replied Harry, doing his best to speak in military fashion.

"Quite right," said his father, with a grim smile. "I'm very glad you did. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Take Nellie with you and go and help your mother to make bandages for our wounded men, and mind you, don't say a word about this to her or any one else till I give you leave."

Away went the two children, still rather puzzled, but feeling sure that "it would all come right somehow," for they both had unbounded confidence in Harry's father, whom they secretly believed to be the greatest soldier alive.

It was drawing toward evening when the colonel came back pale and weary, and with a broad bandage across his forehead, but looking very well satisfied for all that.

"You've saved us all, my little sentinels!" cried he, laying one broad, brown hand on Harry's shoulder and stroking Nellie's golden curls with the other. "These Hindu rascals were trying to dig a mine under the fort and blow us all up together, but we've stopped their little game for once, and I don't think they'll have time to try it again."

He was right, for on the very next day the enemy broke up their camp and retreated, and they had hardly disappeared on one side when the bayonets of Gen. Rose's soldiers came glittering over the crest of a low ridge on the other.—Golden Days.

Gymnastics in English Schools.

The department of gymnastics in London schools is conducted by the school board on well defined lines, that distinguish clearly between physical training and gymnastic exercises. Many of the children who enter the public schools are under-developed because of the lack of proper food and care, and the first movements are chosen, therefore, with a view to the development of the body. There is a carefully prepared syllabus, with graded exercises for feet and legs, arms, shoulders, neck and general balance, as a beginning. When proficiency and ease in these have been attained, light movable apparatus is employed, such as wands, hoops, small dumbbells, skipping ropes and light Indian clubs.

At a recent exhibition by the girl students of the gymnastic class of a technical institute the extreme of physical training for women was shown. The course includes fencing, dumbbells, bar exercises and Indian clubs, and the performance on parallel bars concluded with a "living pyramid," a feat rarely performed by girls.

The classes in the institute are held in the evening, and the young women who attend them are employed, as a rule, through the day



New York City.—The simple sailor waist, with contrasting shield and stock, is a marked favorite of the season and possesses the merit of suit-



WOMAN'S SAILOR SHIRT WAIST.

ing many styles and materials. As shown, it is of ox blood mercerized chambray, with stitched bands of a darker shade, collar and shield of white all-over tucked lawn, and is designed for wear with odd skirts; but the model is admirable for the popular shirt waist suits of chambray, linen and the like, and all shirting materials are suitable for the separate waist.

The back is smooth across the shoulders and is drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The fronts are plain at the upper portion, but full at the waist, where they blouse slightly, and the neck is finished with the sailor collar that terminates in points. The shield of white is joined to the stock, then stitched to the right front, beneath the collar, and hooked or but-

stitched for part of their length. At the neck is a high flaring collar and the sleeves are in bishop style with stylish turn-over cuffs.

To cut this coat for a woman of medium size, twelve yards of material twenty-one inches wide, six and a half yards forty-four inches wide, or five yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Flounces on Dainty Frocks.

Dainty frocks are made with circular flounces or several ruffles edged with narrow lace and with the blouses finished either with a wide collar or a fichu edged with lace. Such simple frocks are worn with sashes of taffeta made of silk of the color dominating in the gowns or with black velvet sashes, which add a contrasting note which is most effective.

A Novel Skirt.

Something novel in the way of a skirt has appeared. It is made of three shaped pieces attached one to another with an entredoux of embroidery, the whole falling free over the foundation. The upper part of the skirt is a fitted yoke, and these ruffles grow fuller toward the bottom, giving a most graceful flare.

Woman's Exercise Suit.

The ever-increasing realization of the need for physical exercise and the consequent demand for suitable clothing make a properly constructed exercise costume essential to every complete wardrobe. The admirable May Manton model illustrated was constructed with all the requirements in view and is essentially practical and comfortable as well as up-to-date. The original is made of Sicilian mohair in dark blue with trimming of black braid; but black mohair, light weight serge, silk dannel and taffeta are all appropriate.

The divided skirt is amply full and allows perfect freedom of movement. The blouse is simplicity itself, modelled on sailor lines, and is finished



AN EMPIRE COAT DESIGN.

toned into place on the left. A sailor knot of the material adds a finishing touch. The sleeves are in bishop style with straight cuffs.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size, four yards of materials twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

Woman's Empire Coat.

Long, light-weight coats that exclude all dust and protect the gown are much worn both for traveling and driving and serve a practical end at the same time that are essentially smart. Taffeta, gloria, pongee and Sicilian are all in vogue and all correct, but taffeta is regarded as most fashionable and is preferred in cadet and old blue for automobiling, in black, grays and tans for wear in railway cars and steamers. The May Manton design given in the large drawing suggests the Empire and is absolutely comfortable as well as cut after the latest mode. The original is of black taffeta with collar, revers and cuffs of cream Cluny lace and black velvet ribbon, but any of the materials mentioned can be substituted, and tucked batiste makes equally effective accessories. The back of the coat is cut into a deep curved yoke below which the skirt portion falls in inverted pleats that mean abundant fullness and graceful folds. The fronts include deep-fitted portions that are turned back to form revers, and which with the curved back give a bolero suggestion. Below them the skirt is laid in tucks, or pleats, that are

with a generous turn-over collar, while the sleeves are in bishop style with straight cuffs that slip over the hands. The lower edges of both blouse and skirt are finished with hems through which elastic is run to regulate the fullness.

To cut this suit for a woman of medium size, eight and a half yards of



EXERCISE SUIT.

materials twenty-one inches wide, seven yards twenty-seven inches wide, or four and a half yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.



The Usefulness of Robes.

The robe as an institution is certainly gaining ground, and it is now possible to buy cloth robes, the skirts much corded or tucked, and the bodice material prepared with a certain amount of cording or tucking to match. These are a boon to the woman who keeps a maid and to the amateur dressmaker, to whom the cording would be the most difficult item. Very useful little gowns can be made from such robes.

Visiting Costume.

A charming afternoon gown has the new corselet skirt made in silver gray crepe de chine cloth, trimmed with guipure lace. The underbodice is of pale mauve mousseline de sole and guipure lace. The straps over the shoulder are ornamented with large gold buttons of quaint design. With this goes a picture hat of tuscany crinoline trimmed with shaded stocks in natural tints and large tulle bow at the side, the brim lined with tulle to match.

Her Interest in Children.

The interest in children shown by the Duchess of Cornwall and York in her tour around the world is very marked. She has taken pains to visit whenever possible, the institutions devoted to little folks. At Singapore a group of Chinese children presented a beautiful bouquet to the duke and duchess upon their arrival at the pagoda. The children were dressed in costly silk, befitting their high rank with embroidery of silver and gold, and rich decorations of jewelry.

A One-cent Pie Baker.

A Pennsylvania woman has a corner in the most remarkable market in the world. She has solved the intricate problem of making and selling pies for a cent and is becoming rich at it. She does nothing but bake the penny pies, and she cannot supply the demand.

Her pie bakery is located alongside one of the public school buildings in a prominent city in the state, and every morning pupils, not only from this school, but from all other schools in the city, flock to her establishment for the pies. She is kept busy night and day.

The secret of her success, she asserts, lies in her ability to make an enormous amount of material. For instance, from one pound of raisins she can make 25 pies. No other person has been able to make more than 15 pies from one pound of raisins.—Philadelphia North American.

Two Talented Sisters.

Lady Duff Gordon is one of the handsomest as well as one of the most talented of English women. She was formerly Mrs. Wallace, and married her present husband in 1900. Clever and enterprising, she decided to join the army of women workers, and started in business as a dressmaker. Good taste, good manners and good luck assisted the plucky little lady, and her small shop soon developed into a maison with a rich ultra-smart set of customers. Lady Duff Gordon's own appearance is quite Parisian. Lady Duff Gordon's sister, Mrs. Clayton Glyn, has lately made her mark as a successful authoress, having written that much talked of novel, "The Visits of Elizabeth." Mrs. Glyn is a good amateur actress, and often appears in tableaux vivants, etc. She is a very pretty, fair woman, with really remarkable hair of a wonderful auburn color.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

All Work and No Play.

The all work and no play woman soon becomes scarcely more than a machine, a machine that too often runs without the wheels being greased—in a hard, grinding, squeaking way, requiring much more strength and time than if a little lubrication had been given in the shape of occasional pleasant moments snatched by the way.

There is one thing certain; it is better to try and be content with little, doing without some things that we may have a great desire for, than to so wear ourselves out body and spirit, in their attainment that we lose the power of enjoyment, too tired to care for anything.

So the wise woman, though, like the woman in the Bible, she rises "while it is yet night," she makes sure of a little time every day—perhaps not more than a half hour—which is her very own, and with which stranger or friend "intermeddleth not."—Philadelphia Times.

Laundered Summer Gowns.

Ginghams, when they can be had in good colorings, are excellent at the sea shore. The silk gingham and mercerized cottons are smart, and can be found in so many different colorings and at such reasonable prices as to make them good investments. It would be better, however, to have a silk skirt for any one of these gowns, or one skirt to do duty for several gowns, as silk will keep its stiffness and stability much longer than a lawn or muslin skirt. Swiss muslins so soon lose their coloring and stiffness that they are not good investments, either, for the sea shore, but again are possible if lined with silk. But this at once makes them very ex-

pensive gowns, for the dotted muslins in the new designs and of fine quality are never cheap. Mousseline de sole and batiste gowns can only be worn on dry days and the latter material should always be chosen in preference to the former.—Harper's Bazar.

Useful Fancy Work.

Clever workers who want pretty fancy work with which to beguile the wet days spent at home should buy boleros, collars or trimmings in either black or white lace, selecting a bold design, and then with small tinsel cord outline all the larger designs and fill in the centres of circles or flowers with three or four loops, like a miniature rosette. These items will be useful in the summer and are costly to buy.

Insertions for trimming gowns may be treated in the same fashion. A combination of gold cord and cream or ecru lace is charming for cream, biscuit or black gowns, or black lace treated with silver cord is effective over white satin for a black dress or on pale colors. Applique motifs of lisse or grenadine can also be made by stamping the fabric with transfers on the wrong side, placing the design over white cloth and then outlining the edges with chenille or tinsel cord and working out the design in massé jet beads and tiny rosettes of tinsel/ Washington Star.

The Care of Gloves.

In warm weather gloves grow shabby very quickly. When the hand perspires freely as it always does in summer, it is almost impossible to keep even the nicest gloves looking well for any length of time, unless the hands are dipped and rubbed into fine oatmeal just before the gloves are slipped on. The meal will absorb the perspiration that is the cause of the gloves becoming stiff and discolored, and keep the hands, at least for a time, quite dry. Instead of the oatmeal fuller's earth may be employed. When the gloves are removed, a little French chalk, fuller's earth, violet powder or oatmeal should be sprinkled into them, into the fingers, as well as the palms of the gloves; this will prevent discoloration.

Gloves should never be folded up or they will wrinkle and fit badly ever after. They ought to be laid away quite flat with all the fingers pulled out carefully.

When trying on a new glove, have plenty of time, for if it is put on carefully and correctly the first time, it will last longer and look better during its entire wearing life. The hand should neither be cold nor too damp. A hot hand will most likely be damp—if so, oatmeal or fuller's earth will correct this, and the hand just comfortably warm and perfectly dry should be carefully inserted into the glove, finger by finger, the thumb last. In removing a glove turn the wrist portion over the hand, then loosen the glove from the base of the fingers, not from the nail ends.

When white gloves are slightly soiled they may be cleansed by rubbing the soiled part with a piece of India rubber or with a handful of baked flour; pipeclay, magnesia and benzine are also excellent—the latter, however, should be used most carefully, never where there is gas or very strong light or heat.—American Queen.



A touch of black is very chic, even on muslin dresses.

Linen gowns are being trimmed with figured pique.

White silk roses with black velvet leaves make a lovely trimming on a white straw hat faced with black.

Parasols of miroir silk with inch-wide fan tucks around the edge are very chic with carved handles of ivory.

A boa of gold tissue, edged with narrow ruching of white mousseline de sole, or tiny ostrich plumes, is one of the dainty effects of the season.

Among the fads of the hour in jewelry is the floral brooch. It is most effective when the fruit or flowers of the pin match the gown in color.

Flemish laces wrought on delicate net grounds are much used to decorate India mulls, ecru lawns, grenadines and similar transparent fabrics. Medallions in imitation of old French needlework are introduced into some of the new laces; little landscape designs and Watteau shepherdesses adorn these medallions.

The linen batiste collar with lace applications is favored especially by Parisian dress designers. It is large, drooping well over the shoulder, and appears on almost all the gowns.

One of the latest novelties in tuckings is the so-called "sunburst waist." Tiny tucks are made to radiate from the bust to the sleeves, and are caught together at the centre with a jewelled or rhinestone brooch.

The outing season brings to the front the natty little white duck hats. One of these inexpensive cotton hats has a small brocaded buffalo on the front. The crown is soft, in alpine shape, while the trimming is of stiffer material and about three inches wide.

Black gowns trimmed with white lace are preferred by the French woman to the ordinary combination white gown and black lace, and son handsome French models have been designed of black mousseline de so and organdy with white lace garniture.