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WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

In Champery, Switzerland, the Sight Causes No Comment.

It will probably be news to many advocates of feminine dress reform to hear that the women of Champery, a primitive mountain district of the Canton Valais, Switzerland, have worn trousers from time immemorial. The Champery region is in the southwestern part of the Canton Valais, the village of Champery itself being at the foot of the Dent du Midi, well known to Lake Geneva tourists.

The men of Champery are noted for their lazy habits, and beyond acting as guides to mountain climbers in the summer months they lead an absolutely idle life. The women perform all the hard labor required of a mountaineering people. It is they who pasture the cattle on the steep and often dangerous Alpine slopes, cut the timber and mow the grass. It is a usual sight to see a Champery woman, her daily toil ended, returning to the village dragging her husband on one of the wooden sleighs in general use throughout Switzerland, her lord and master all the while lazily smoking his pipe.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the women of Champery should have adopted the masculine attire. Their costume is of the simplest kind—a jerkin of rough, dark blue material, with trousers to match, and a red foulard to protect the head.

While desperately practical, nothing more unprepossessing in the way of feminine dress could be imagined than this costume of the Champery dames and damsels. Moreover, these wives and mothers of Champery, who are accustomed to all the work generally supposed to be the lot of the sterner sex, not unnaturally seek what consolation they can in masculine comforts. Chief among these is the short briar pipe, which they all smoke and evidently enjoy as much if not more than their husbands and fathers.—New York Tribune.

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LILIES OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

In a recent interview with Mrs. Lily Langtry, she very wisely said:

"The fact that I believe in the superior force of mind over matter does not blind me to the truth that the foundation of every successful life is good health; that the keystone to physical beauty is perfect physical health.

"A sick woman cannot be a beautiful woman, nor can she be anything but what we English call a poor-spirited woman.

"To a great extent a woman's beauty is measured by her vitality—by her health.

"Work, Sunshine, Exercise, Water and Soap, Plain, Nourishing Food, Lots of Fresh Air, and a Happy, Contented Spirit—there, as you say, 'honest and true,' is my working rule for youth, youthful spirits and youthful looks."

One great secret of youth and beauty for the young woman or the mother is the proper understanding of her womanly system and well-being. Every woman, young or old, should *know herself* and her physical make-up. A good way to arrive at this knowledge is to get a good doctor book, such for instance as "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., which can readily be procured by sending twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps for paper-bound volume, or thirty-one cents for cloth-bound copy, and addressing Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chas. Boykin, of Acme, La., Concordia Parish, speaking of his wife's experience, says:

"I write you thanking you for the benefit of your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,' and also the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I find that your remedies have done more good than all the others that I have used. I thought my wife would die at times; now am able to say that through you and your medicine we have a fine boy two months old. Weight, 18 lbs.

It is a wonder to the people to see my wife going about with a baby. She is able to do her own housework, can walk six miles with baby without stopping and feels as though she could stand all day; so healthy, she can eat anything.

Before using your medicine my wife's weight was 122 lbs., and now she is weighing 175 lbs. She only used 12 bottles of your medicine.

My mother-in-law, also my sister, have been cured entirely of uterine trouble by your 'Favorite Prescription.'"

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THE BADGE OF SERVICE

By FRANK H. SWEET

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May Allyn stepped from the elevator with a bit of lace in her hand. She walked through the rotunda, looking to right and left among the massive pillars and drooping palms. There were few persons in sight. Most of the guests were over on the beach, for it was the bathing hour. May went nearly across the rotunda before she found the object of her search—a woman in a retired corner reading a novel.

"Here you are, mamma," she exclaimed rebukingly, "and reading that novel, as I might have expected. Don't you know the characters in it would stay exactly where you leave them if you should close the book for a few hours, and this glorious weather outside is something of the present. But see here," holding up the lace for inspection, "do you think this will do?"

"For what?"

"Oh, you know, mamma! I'm to be Betty the maid in the play we're getting up and am to have the white badge of servitude on my head and wear a white apron and carry a broom or something. I've told it all over before, only your head's in that book. Do please shut it."

The older woman obeyed, with a sigh, and took the bit of fleecy lace between her fingers.

"No, it won't do at all, May," she said instantly, a ripple of amusement breaking the dreamy quiet of her face. "It wouldn't be appropriate."

"But why?" with an air of disappointment. "It is so pretty."

"Yes, and costly. Child, child, don't you know that bit of lace is worth as much as Betty the maid could earn in five years. You must have something cheap to be in character."

"I don't believe I have anything."

"No, I suppose not. You will have to try at one of the stores. You will need"— Mrs. Allyn's gaze went inquiringly about the rotunda until it found one of the hotel maids dusting a plant. She waited until she caught the girl's eye, then raised a finger.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said as the girl approached, "but my daughter here is to be in the church

"MLLE. ALLYN, EES IT POSSARBLE!" CRIED THE COUNT RAPTUROUSLY.

benefit and will have to wear a costume something like yours. Would you mind my looking at your pretty lace cap a moment?"

The girl removed it, with a pleased look.

"This is exactly what you want, May," went on Mrs. Allyn, holding it up critically. "You"—

But May had snatched the little cap from the upraised fingers and placed it upon her own fluffy brown hair.

"Now, let me have your apron a minute, please," she cried merrily. "Thank you," as the girl complied, and she fastened the apron to her waist with deft fingers. "And now the dusting brush. There, mamma, how will this do?" with a flourish of the brush and a sweeping courtesy.

The girl laughed, and even Mrs. Allyn smiled indulgently as May danced away toward the middle of the rotunda, flirting the brush indiscriminately over jardinieres and palm leaves as she passed. Soon pillars and palms intervened and concealed her from their view.

Count l'Ortegan and a young American sculptor were just entering the rotunda. They had known each other in Paris and met again on the steamer coming over, and now they had come to Gray Harbor together, not because they had much in common, but they were acquainted, and all the people around were strangers.

May did not notice them until they stopped beside her, with exclamations of astonishment and pleasure.

"Mlle. Allyn, ees it possarble!" cried the count rapturously. "Eet is in Paris that you vanish this 'three mont', and we nevaire know to where. Some say to Ital'ee and some that you fly back to heaven where they keep ze angels. But eet is heaven that you make anywhere. Now I know why the place here seem so beautiful—eet is the angel."

May laughed and gave him her hand.

"Thank you, count," she said, "I am glad to see you also. You are sure to like it here—even without the angel. And you, too, Mr. Bethune," offering her hand to the sculptor. "Can you not make a pretty speech like the count?"

"I am afraid not," smiling down at her. "Only that I am very, very glad to find you here, Miss Allyn. Your presence will add much to—to our pleasure."

"Why, really, that does very nicely."

She twirled the brush with a pretty, unconscious movement that caused the tips of its feathers to flick across one of the palm fronds near. The motion caught the count's attention, and with wondering consternation his eyes went from it to her white apron and to the badge of servitude upon her head, and his sloping shoulders stiffened suddenly into protesting reserve.

"Pardonnez," he rebuked, "but eet is so hurry I am now. I will see. M. Bethune will tell you we have not reegister yet. I will do eet now."

May watched him hurry away with an odd look of inquiry in her eyes.

"What's the matter with the count?" she asked innocently. "Has he forgotten something?"

Bethune laughed joyously. A moment before there had been both reserve and repression in his eyes; now they were suddenly eager, glowing, determined.

"The count's an odd sort of stick," he answered, "and his visit here is confessedly in search of a rich American wife."

He raised his hand significantly toward her head, but for a moment she looked puzzled, then a quick, comprehending flush rose to her face.

"Oh, that!" she said thoughtfully. "And you?"

Bethune laughed again. He could not help it.

"Can't you see, Miss Allyn?" he demanded. "I fancied it was sticking out all over me. Over yonder I was a poor devil of an artist and you a rich heiress, and now—oh, May!"

There was the soft rustle of silk moving across the carpet. May raised her finger.

"Mamma is coming!" she warned.

"I don't care," impetuously. "I've got to speak now. I can't wait another day. Where can I see you alone?"

She hesitated, then appeared to consider.

"The maids and nurses usually walk on the beach at about 3 o'clock," she said demurely. "I expect I shall be there."

At 4 o'clock two wheel chairs swept leisurely down the bicycle avenue and on past the Breakers toward the beach. It was the hour for Mrs. Allyn's daily outing, and she preferred to take it in a wheel chair and leisurely. The occupant of the other chair was Count l'Ortegan, and from the satisfaction on his face he had evidently discovered the mistake. As they turned toward the beach path they saw two figures approaching them only a few yards away.

"There's May now!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn. "Suppose we wait a few minutes and speak with her."

The count's face grew eager, and words of an elaborate apology began to form in his mind, but as the figures drew near and he saw the expression on their faces as they looked at each other the apology died away and a Parisian oath, muttered under his breath, took its place. He merely bowed politely and then waited for Mrs. Allyn to give the signal to go on.

Hasty Observations.

Some years ago an authoress of considerable note was entering a place of public entertainment when the sound of her own name uttered by a group just in front of her attracted her attention, and she discovered that a gentleman in the company of several ladies was pointing out another lady at some distance to his companions as herself.

"Oh, dear, she's not at all pretty!" said one of the ladies, putting up her opera glass.

"Quite vulgar looking," said another, adusting hers to a better focus.

"So dreadfully masculine," added a third. "Any one might guess she was a bluestocking. I pity her husband, I declare."

"She is masculine," said the gentleman complacently, pleased to have interested his companions. "You can see that even from here. But you can't appreciate her ugliness without seeing her full face. She has a most appalling squint."

The authoress in question, who was neither masculine nor ugly nor afflicted with a squint, had sense of humor enough to enjoy the situation.

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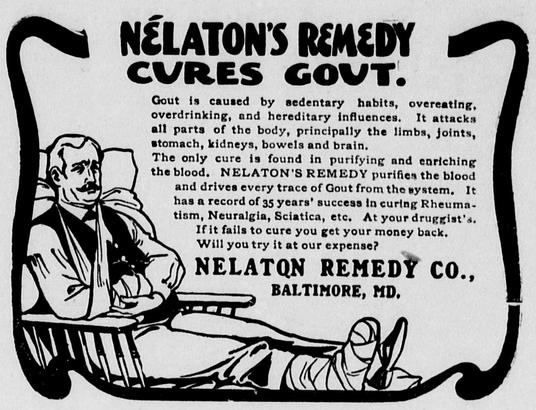

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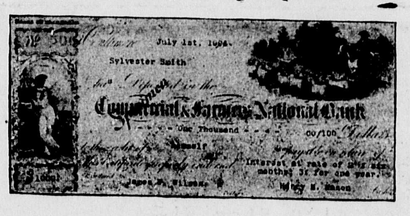

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