

aloud "Well, upon my word!" A woman near me who had been watching the girl go by said with some tartness: "She is there to be looked at; that is what she wants." "Well, I must confess I never saw anything prettier in my life." "Pretty! I can't see that! It is altogether too mannish to suit my notions." It was incomprehensible to me how any one could look into the modest face of that girl as she passed and observe the atmosphere of quiet dignity which enveloped her and then slander her by speaking in such undeserved sarcasm, so I turned away from the woman wondering if the time was ever going to come in Utah when women would think a little and not be contented to repeat the cheap thoughts of others. For they do not think, else they would know that men have not patented all the sense and wisdom in the world. If women will be womanly they can wear what best pleases themselves, and men will applaud them for it.

Physical Culture.

BREATHING.

Goodness knows what is going to come next. We have been told that no sort of work is alone sufficient for the perfect maintenance of health; we have been told that the Swedish movements are sufficient and that they are not; that Delsarte is a perfect system and that it is not; and in fact we are told so much that it requires all our skill and good sense to evolve out of this chaos of advice on physical culture that which is true and beautiful. Now, the very latest tell is the tell of a man who has been traveling in the heights of Himalaya. I wonder if the man was in search of theosophy and he had a sickly body. He found himself so oppressed by the altitude that he was likely to die, being very weak about the heart. Not weak of heart, however; for he determined to try an experiment. He did, and the result was so gratifying that the good man gives it free gratis for nothing to all who care to read it. Good thing he did not do as one famous, or infamous, doctor who makes you pay five dollars to know that which has been known for years. So this good and weak-hearted man gives in a recent magazine the experiment which proved so successful. He says that he found by simply forcing his heart to accelerate its pace by rapid breathing he reached the same result that others reach by means of heavy exercise. The gentleman tells us how he simply sits in his chair, breathes like a steam engine for a few minutes and he is as refreshed as if he had taken fifteen minutes with the dumb bells. The blood becomes oxidized, the heart is strengthened, so are the lungs, and the whole system is rejuvenated. He fails to state what the effect is upon the muscles, for that is one of the most important reasons why we use regular and systematic exercise. He fails to state whether he can acquire strength to climb a hill, or row a boat by simply sitting in his rocking chair and rapidly breathing. Well, it's a very convenient way of taking a constitutional, for lazy people. Why, we will all become as lazy as the Chinaman who hires a servant to do his dancing for him, or the Sandwich Islander who gets so fat and lazy that a servant has to feed him. But what about the suppleness and elasticity of the body, which is an indis-

pensable part of health and beauty? Ah, well, we will have to wait awhile till some one gives us further light upon the subject. Meanwhile, it will be good for you and I to learn this one lesson from this new theory: nothing in the way of exercise is so important to health as the exercise which increases the breathing capacity. No one set of exercises is so much needed as those which bring into action every cell of the lungs, and which make the heart go pit-a-pat with the increased flow of blood through that organ. That is why people in love have their eyes brightened, their lips reddened, their whole bodies full of light and life. The action of the heart causes the blood to flow with vigor and force through the whole system, and all the old tissues are easily thrown off, while new ones are healthfully formed. We cannot fall in love all the time, but we can make the eyes bright and the complexion fresh by simple diet and plenty of proper and healthful exercise.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

KESWICK, England, July 15, 1893.—My first night's experience in this ancient Cumbrian capital of the English lake district was so peculiar a one that in my pilgrimings in Britain I am often drawn back here at this pleasant season of the year for an undefinable sort of contemplation and rest. I had come over the mountains on foot from vagrant loiterings among the peasantry of Miterdale, Wasdale, Watendlath, and Borrowdale, and striking into the old coach road from Windermere had lingered a bit in the mystic vale of St. John.

Resuming my way along the coach road leading over bold Castle Rigg into Keswick, being dusty and travel-stained and doubtless regarded as a tramp by the hundreds of tourists passing in their gay coaches, traps, gigs and wagnettes, I saw American manners abroad illustrated by a millionaire American tourist, whom I recognized, tossing the remains of a lunch hamper upon my head and shoulders, at which exploit his diamond-spangled brood laughed merrily and long; English manners exemplified by several "gentleman whips" attempting to cut my shoulders or face as they dashed past; and Scotch and Irish manners shown by a delicious old Scotchman and an equally delicious young Dublin barrister—men of account in their separate places, in their vacation-time really seeing the lake country on their own legs—jogging along towards Grasmere together, contending with lamiable ferocity as to which race had priority in Britain, and both as they met me, as valiantly insisting on being the first to accost me and offer me roadside consolation from their respective flasks.

With these and like engaging diversions I trudged cheerily to the north, up Castle Rigg. Reaching its top I turned for a farewell look towards the glorious southern scenes of the lake region. On the one hand were the seemingly endless fells, odorous with the new-blooming heath, and here and there masses of blue from banks of violets, a gentle breeze stirring the sea-like expanse of color as if with riotous motion and delight. On the other, as if some misty cauldron fashioned out of a nether earth, the purple shapes and shadows

of St. John's Vale; and above it—below, within and above the clouds, monarch Helvellyn—forest-hung at its base; cleft and scarred above; still higher, striped with far-descending torrents like mighty plumes of white; and its lofty broken summit and famous "Striding Edge" showing thousands of blackened, almost vertical furrows in the eternal stone of its peaks and ridges.

If here was one of those ravishing scenes which can never be effaced from the memory, but a few steps over the mountain top furnished another of equal beauty and impressiveness. It was perhaps an hour before sunset, and the glorious vale of Keswick or Derwentwater, a thousand feet below, came full and fair in view. Keswick gray and snug was half hidden within its bosom. To the right Saddleback and Souter Fell lay in lofty billowy moors against the horizon, and the silvery threads of Greta river wound in and out of the lush meadows below. To the left and the west gleamed the upper reaches of Derwentwater with the heights of Causey Pike and Grassmoor beyond, peaks of saffron and purple in the slant rays of the sinking sun. Beyond the tower of old Crossthwaite church, where Southey lies buried, shone the blue bed of Bassenthwaite Water. And beyond the whole lovely vale, where the farms were spread in checkered splashes of color between sinuous threads of hedge and wall, lofty Skiddaw stood monarch sublime of the Cumbrian North.

On my loitering way down into the town I came to a quaint, little crooked-roof house, trim and neat and tidy as a chipper old woman at a pleasant fair. "Chesnut Hill" was the inscription upon the stone gate-post. A huge sycamore stood sentry besides the cottage. An old serving-man was cropping the hedge by the gate. I stood and looked at the place for a little time, for it seemed to me the house must have a history. The old man, observing my own observance, paused in his toil, drew his horny fingers slowly along the hedge-shears, and said with an air of proprietary superiority:

"An' ye ma' weel leuk agin an' agin, neebor."

I looked and looked again as bidden, but so inquiringly that the old man, resuming his hedge clipping and clearing his throat as if for portentous announcement, condescended to explain:

"'Twas in this verra hoos maister Shelley li'd wi't' babby wife, laing syne. Tha plead (played) an' plead, an' niver wark'd, till t' laird dreav 'n oot. T' beukish (bookish) folk oalas (always) ha' nowt but plee n' mauder'n n' yewlment (sorrow.) Tha be nowte 'at dowe!" (Fit for nothing.)

I thanked him for the bitter reminder of a great truth, which carried the sad memory with it that this was indeed the veritable cottage where Shelley brought his school-girl bride, and where they chased each other like happy children about its flower beds and little lawn, until the stern Cumbrian landlord chased them both away for lack of rent, and with this plaintive romance still in mind turned up past Greta bridge into the quiet though crowded streets of Keswick.

The old Cumbrian capital clusters closely on either side of one long street which turns abruptly at its center, and at some distance from this begins to straggle away northward, countryward, to lonely and ancient Crossthwaite church. Facing