

WOMEN MUST WALK ON THEIR KNEES

President of Dressmakers' Protective Association Explains How This Can Be Done to Make a Woman Look Smart.

LIFELIKE MODEL STARTLING.

Arminia Simpkins in Letter to Rural Friend Gives Graphic Description of Latest Fashion Novelties, but She Objects to the Grecian Bend.

"Miss Sairy Byington, Red Jackets Crossing, Wabunese County, Kan.

"Dear Sairy—According to promise, I'm settin' in my room to-day writin' the letter about the Dressmakers' Protective Association, the same which is to appear in the Weekly Spark by request. But rite here let me say as I do consider it no fittin' subject matter for the Spark's readers to get hold off, being down rite indirect.

"I came here to find out how these New York dressmakers make their fine clothes, and would believe that a woman with a beautiful blue silk dress made so that the skirt lay flat six inches all around on the floor talked about the very latest and most necessary thing for this season's correct fitter to be to walk stiff-legged.

"This same woman, who is the President of the Association, by name Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, said that all women who would dress properly must have their skirts made so as to lay on the floor at least five inches, and that she could wear hers eleven inches on the floor, but that in order to do so she must walk on her knees. Now what do you think of that?"

"I just up and asked her what she meant, and she said as how she meant that the woman who would look real smart must put the ball of her foot out on the floor, then stiffen the knee, pull the other leg, stiffen it and then kick out your skirts in front and walk. Mrs. White, I must say, looked real lovely and walks so her full blue silk skirt swept over the floor just like a flag of a woman, which she says I might be if I would wear the rite kind of corsets and safety garters, but I think such talk is silly. I guess those good old fifty-cent corsets we get to the general store have done us pretty bad service for the last ten years, and we don't want none of these new kind that you have to unlace and lace every time you take them on.

"Just like the Grecian Bend, "Then there were garters a special kind with blue bows all over them that you hook onto the corsets rite in front and that pulls your finger in, and when you add to this walkin' on yer knees you have what they call the Grecian Bend. But for the life of me I can't see no privity between that way of walkin' and standin' straight up from the time the brindle cow kicked her ass over the feedin' trough when she was milkin' her when she was ugly like.

"Well, about the association, The Masonic Temple, which is held in the 'gown' they call 'em here are mighty smart, but last year they had a party got the work on 'em I put on Jed Harper's oldest girl Amelia's wedding dress. I'll tell you about the party, but I must let you know rite off about all these new wrinkles the Dressmakers' Protective Association is springin' in the way of doin' queer things with our anatomy."

"I believe she calls it a sort of thing demonstrating, and she takes fat women, thin women, any kind of women, and really makes 'em look like they had real fine figures.

"Stiff-Knee Gown Too Strenuous. "I don't go much on this stiff-legged game, for I have the bristly over my two hours to-night, and I took the tucks all out of my brown Irish poplin, but I just fell all over myself. "I must say I don't think this stiff-knee Grecian bend will ever be much of a go in Wabunese, though I must say we are not behind times, and fall to Topsy's styles. If it hadn't been for visitin' Miranda in the Spark, I hope you will have something to ford it over that stuck-up Marie Tate, who's been tryin' to get my trade ever since she moved to the J. J. for a month.

"Oh, yes, and Sairy, do you know they wouldn't let me dress the same as they did others last year? They said it was no competition with the Spark, that last year needs bustled up the association, that the dressmakers room all over Missouri, and all them Jay States, made such a fuss when they didn't get the first prize, but I think it is too bad, for I never did take on much about them French women. I never could abide an ever since that French woman who moved into the Holler borried my flour sive and returned it all broke.

"Real Wab. Ladies. "Oh, yes, and I must tell you about the lovely figures they have them Paris gowns on. They are real wab. ladies, sure enough. All except one are standin' up as natural as you please. This one is dressed up like a doll and is settin' down. I hear the dressmakers talk to newspaper writers as how that was the only real lady that they had, and that she was the only one that could set down. He up and showed all them folks that the new rite real legs and had on lace petticoats and silk stockings.

"I don't know ain't what a real young girl from Wabunese oughter read about, for you will never see any real bad things I've said, I'm that excited. "I will close now with best regards to the Spark, which I hope you will have this letter for before they get it in print.

"Please give my love to the folks and I say to my chickens have the pip, tell them to feed them that new feed I bought from the house, and the new feed that black moccasins and red tie who came to the house last night. "ARMINIA SIMPKINS. "P. S.—To-morrow they give a train' of corns to the livin' rite. I don't like that, and to-day they tell how to draft waist and give lessons in darning. "President gave a real nice address of welcome last night and they had a fine time. "It is possible to be a real lady without walkin' stiff-legged, drivin' a Grecian wheel, wearin' corsets, and havin' the best safety garters and skirts that lay on the floor, but that one, ja

Sweet Is True Love. By "The Duchess."

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FOR a moment—for just one brief moment of agony—she thought she was going to faint, to disgrace herself forever in her own and her husband's opinion; and then she found herself moving forward and saying something commonplace to Blackwood about his being welcome, and so forth—what, exactly, she could never afterward remember. A cloud seemed gathering round her, choking, suffocating her in its cold embrace, from beyond which her husband's voice came to her, true and loving as ever.

"We are starving, my darling. Can Brander give us something if I ring the bell?" "I will go and see myself," she said, catching eagerly and gladly at the chance thus afforded her of getting away from the room, and from the one man whom, in all the world, she dreaded.

For half an hour she was absent, while time she employed in walking tidily up and down her own chamber, trying anxiously to collect her ideas and to conquer the fierce pain gnawing so persistently at her heart.

"I have saved my father," she kept repeating to herself, over and over again, until she had grown tolerably calm; then she went back again to the obnoxious boudoir, only to find that Sir Mark and her cousin had gone down to the dining-room to discuss the good things Brander had thought fit to place before them. Thither she also descended—nervous, lest either of them should notice anything unusual in her conduct—and found a chair near her husband's side, as far from Blackwood as was possible, she tried hard to say something civil and pleasant about their journey.

During his stay at the Hall Craven saw but little of Lady Warrene, and Sir Mark going shooting, or being otherwise engaged out of doors the entire day until dinner-time, after which Katherine avoided, with a headfulness that almost amounted to nervous herror anything resembling a tête-à-tête.

From the first moment when Katherine's beautiful idealized face had come before him again in the boudoir he had never ceased regretting the step that had brought him once more under her influence, and longed earnestly for the hour that should see him back in London again, or with his regiment, or anywhere, so that he might get beyond the gaze of her large, unhappy eyes.

One morning he started with Sir Mark about to go through his last day's shooting at the Hall.

Having ascertained from the keeper accompanying them the nearest way to the desired rendezvous, they walked on smartly for about a quarter of a mile, when Sir Mark suddenly discovered that he had never ceased regretting the step that had brought him once more under her influence, and longed earnestly for the hour that should see him back in London again, or with his regiment, or anywhere, so that he might get beyond the gaze of her large, unhappy eyes.

"Just step into the library, by the French window," directed Sir Mark, "and you will find some of the little which I left there last night in a little silver affair."

"Thus instructed Blackwood betook himself back once more to the Hall, where, entering the library by the French window, he came suddenly upon Lady Warrene, seated reading in a large arm-chair. It was the first time they had been alone since that last eventful day, when he had bidden her what had been intended for a final farewell, so that now, finding himself

in her presence in this totally unexpected manner, his courage and coolness deserted him to some extent. "I beg your pardon, Lady Warrene," he began, pausing a moment before entering—he had never called her "Tita" since his arrival, nor even Katherine, continuing himself to her title—"but Warrene told me I came back for some matches of his lying on the table.

Lady Warrene rose gracefully. "Are these what you are looking for?" she asked, lifting the little silver match-box and holding it out to him. "Yes, thank you," he answered coldly, coming across the room to receive them from her hand.

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"Blackwood, forgive me!" she whispered gently, laying her hand upon his arm. "If he does," she thought, her heart beating rapidly—"if he puts me now at peace with my own conscience—perhaps some day I shall be happy." Meanwhile, Craven had taken the first step toward his escape, flung the jacket, and spread them out silently on his own brown palm, but a shadow of forgiveness crossed his face.

"Look here," he said, "so long as I can assure you that this hand will never be used against you, so long as I will not forgive you."

"Meaning 'Never'?" she asked, quietly, growing calmly pale. "Meaning 'Never'?" she asked, quietly, growing calmly pale. "Meaning 'Never'?" she asked, quietly, growing calmly pale.

"You are very good on me," she said, presently, seeing that he neither could nor would not speak. "You are very good on me," she said, presently, seeing that he neither could nor would not speak.

"You have misjudged my character. I am a good hater, more of my tender feelings than I have shown you since September, and I hardly find myself sufficiently moral to appreciate the benefits to be received by kissing the proverbial 'rod.'"

"Hark!" he murmured. "I think you would be a little more merciful if you only knew how I have longed for your forgiveness, and how miserable I am without it."

"I hope in reality you are," he answered, savagely. "What! Did not your riches, after all, then, bring you the return you anticipated? A just retribution, and one hardly to be expected in this world, where the undeserving mostly come by their own! This is the last conversation, in all probability, I shall ever hold with you on earth, as I shall be starting for London to-morrow morning early, and embark for India in another month or six weeks; so I will waste no more hard words on you, but will, for once, for all, the esteem in which I hold you."

"As he finished speaking he walked toward the window by which he had entered. "Blackwood," she cried, "oh, wait for one moment more, only one! If you would but hear me—if you only knew all—you would not think me so base as you do think me now, have I not suffered also? Have you had all the pain? Ah, surely, surely you will not go away leaving me to suffer one single word to me, whom once you loved?"

"The sight of her bitter grief roused within him all the better feelings of his manhood, and his stubble, his weaker, his heart relented. Striding across the room to her side, he accepted her hand. "You have conquered," he said, hoarsely, "I leave you my full and hearty consent, take it, and be happy in your new life. But, for all that, it is indeed far easier between us two, I shall never again enter your presence, or listen to your voice, or look on your beloved face; but me good-by now, and—may Heaven bless and keep you, my one love!"

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