

A woman writes to one of the papers of that city: "Will some of your readers be kind enough to tell me what to do for a canary bird that has lost its voice?"

ETHEL OSBORNE, the unhappy London society woman self-convicted of perjury, has been sentenced to nine months imprisonment at hard labor.

The New York Court of Appeals has rendered an opinion which shows that married women in that State are still in bondage.

SCHWEINFURTH, the unspeakable leader of that refuge at Rockford impiously called "heaven," is defendant in the Circuit Court to a charge of alienating the affections of a Chicago matron.

TWO CITIZENS of Chicago have returned to this country after an enforced absence of twenty years. When they went abroad in 1872 they embarked in extensive financial transactions.

Somewhat I am very much interested in a young lady who boasts just across the way. Mrs. Jordan thinks her music teacher, for she is away nearly all the time and always carries a roll of music with her.

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON.

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetter's Love Affairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Unsuccessful in our search, we three women, agitated by a nameless fear, met at the low gate and paused there a moment in consultation.

She was off like the wind. I followed her, and at the corner of the second street saw a man approach her, bearing in his arms a little limp, dripping figure.

While I write I hear Edith's mamma in the next room talking to him in a low, chiding voice, that holds in its undertones a great fear and a great thankfulness.

Monday afternoon Joyce came, bringing with her a dress pattern of the loveliest blue silk, just the hue of her eyes.

"You would like it to accord with yourself," I responded, "but as the rose harmonizes with the leaves by which it is surrounded."

Somewhat I am very much interested in a young lady who boasts just across the way. Mrs. Jordan thinks her music teacher, for she is away nearly all the time and always carries a roll of music with her.

Edna Vincent. What a pretty name it is, and it belongs to the young lady who boards over the way.

with soft black hair that waves back from her face, and leaves a short fringe of natural curls about her low forehead.

Before she left she crossed to the window where I was sitting, drawn there by the fragrance and beauty of the roses.

It has been a long time since I have written in my journal. The work hinders so that I have been too tired at night for anything but sleep.

great many Mrs. Chilton's in the world, albeit, they come—in a lovely, silken murmur, like an angel with its wings.

Mr. Benton came in last evening with a brimming basket of Christmas gifts. "I am coming to eat my Christmas dinner with you," he said, depositing his burden upon the floor.

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I am delighted with this new manner of labor. I have more responsibility, but the charm of novelty makes the hard work seem less weary than at Mrs. Jordan's.

We are such two-fold creatures, the world never knows us but in love. We reveal to those we love best, and at rare intervals, thoughts and emotions that lie too deep for the common herd.

I have slept under this woman's roof; have sat at her table; we have been brought into hourly contact; and yet she has no faintest conception of the sweet

atmosphere of feeling in which I dwell; or the visions that constantly flit before me, exquisite in coloring as one of Titian's divine pictures.

Charley has just laid above my written words a bunch of pretty pink blossoms, with the scent of the woods still lingering upon them.

O, these wonderful June days! How the great underpulse of the dear old earth throbs with the rapture of its full, free life!

Home! What tender meanings press into that brief Anglo-Saxon word! At first it seemed a little odd for two girls to set up housekeeping all by themselves.

You were brave to do this," I said, when she had told me her story during one of our quiet talks.

"I do not know. It must be I am a natural sceptic, for I cannot understand what the personality of God can be like; nor in what sense life can be mindful of the events, glad or grand or pitiful,

"No man, not even the wisest, can understand what the personality of God is, Edith. By searching I cannot find 'Thee out,' as is true to-day as when the words were first written.

Something of this I said aloud when at last the music ceased. "You darling," she made fervent answer, "you are part of that some how I fancied was waiting for me beyond the mountains, and this much I shall never lose."

I think I understand the premonitions of coming loss, by which she is shaken. Fred Hammond is a tall finely-formed young man, with the laughing air of a prince royal, and clerk in one of the city's finest stores.

that to Miss Vincent at this time."

Mrs. Volney and Joyce called in the afternoon. They have several sewing, and therefore I am not too good to be true, for I see her in the room of late, and in September to a young ladies' school to her.

I have found out a new way to Volney's which considerably shortens the distance. In going this way I avoid one of the oldest streets of the city, and one morning, as I passed my work, I saw a white face out of the windows of an old tenement house.

It is certainly better than a boarding house or being dependent upon another for an odd penny, however willing that other may be.

It was my dream that led me, more than my spirit of bravery," she replied. "I used to watch the sun as the great hills rose up and hid it from view, and fancy that something celestial was waiting for me far off beyond the mountains.

"I do not know. It must be I am a natural sceptic, for I cannot understand what the personality of God can be like; nor in what sense life can be mindful of the events, glad or grand or pitiful,

Troy, N. Y., April 4.—The funeral of Miss Mary Benedicta Murphy, daughter of Edward Murphy, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, occurred yesterday afternoon, and the country town seemed turned out to pay the last respects to the dead.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The Press Committee has reaffirmed their former action in admitting Mr. Russell B. Harrison to the privileges of the press galleries of Congress.

LONDON, April 4.—Copies of American newspapers have reached here containing a cable item stating that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Kensington had collapsed.

JOKER'S BUDGET, AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Last Word Impossible to Keep Both Alike—No Excuse—Two Recipes, Etc., Etc.

THE LAST WORD. Little Girl—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions. Frattle—I'd like to know how you get at that conclusion.

IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP. You have a fine new watch, I saw. You have a fine new watch, I saw. You have a fine new watch, I saw.

BOTH ALIKE. I look guilty. The brooch from Attleboro sighed; it is not at all a despicable thing. The thief who pocketed it replied.

NO EXCUSE. My dear—My dear, you were very rude in explaining the principles of philosophy you constantly interrupted him with questions.

SOCIAL GRATIFICATION. Returned Tourist—What became of that fat, Saphrodite, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man—I don't remember him as having much of a food.

LOST HER CAR. Mrs. Witherby.—Mrs. Plankington doesn't dress so well as she used to, do she? Mrs. Binger.—No, since her husband signed the pledge she hasn't the hold him that she used to have.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. Young Calow.—Do you think it more trouble for a husband to manage a wife than it is for a wife to manage a husband? Benedict.—I don't know, but if a permit of that kind is tried in family there is likely to be trouble enough for both.

A MARTYR TO CANDY. Tommy.—You did not give me a whipping you said you would. Father.—Why, what a strange boy are you to want a whipping. Tommy.—Well, I thought I should the candy you always give me after [Once a Week.]