WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1892.

Miss Kate Field says that the brotherhood of man embraces woman. It does, and, what is more, it rathe

WHENEVER a man gets to making money his kin consider it their duty to work him for just as much as he will stand.

THE son of a prominent Chicago clergyman was arrested for stealing. \$22 from his father's carpenter. The young man explained that he felt an uncontrollable desire to steal money whenever he saw it and was there fore dismissed by the authorities on the ground that he was a kleptomaniae. This scientific term is a great convenience for the courts. It has saved them from making many unpleasant convictions. If the young man referred to had been an-ordinary street urchin who had stolen something to eat, he would have been sometiming to each ne would have been sent to the bridewell along with a batch of ordinary sneak thieves.
Kieptomania never afflicts ragged offeaders.

EVIDENCE in a suit involving the date of a copyright brings to light an extraordinary and indefensible condition of affairs in the Congressional Library at Washington. This noble collection of books numbers about 650,000 bound volumes and 200,000 pamphlets, and is fifth in point of size and value among the libraries of Yet the librarian, Mr. the world. Yet the librarian, Mr. Spofford, testified with apparent indifference that these treasures of literature were constantly put in jeopardy by the practice of carrying leghard where he are the arriver without chimneys, into the darker alcoves by persons in search of books. The fact that the building is described as fireport does not less to the foolhardiness of this practice. The books of insurance companies bear ample testimony to the extreme fallibility of methods of firemosfing in vogue when this ediffer was ton structed

THE American public has recently been treated to the details of two domestic scandals that have culminated abroad. It has not yet ceased to talk of those affairs, and now a third sensation is in the world's eye. Messrs. Deacon and Hetherington have set one example for wronged husbands; Coleman Drayton has set another. It is not in the province of decent and well-conducted people to express an opinion as to the moral aspects of either course of action. It is, nevertheless, evident to any one that the measures adopted by the two gentlemen first mentioned were more prompt, decisive, and probably more satisfactory to the wronged parties than the course that is being pursued by Mr. Drayton. The latter gentleman's resort to the code of honor has given rise to a long discussion and has caused disgraceful imputations to be cast upon both principals. Experts in the code have been consulted. and have decided that a man who has accepted money has no right to other satisfaction. The distinctively other satisfaction. American system, as exemplified by Mesers. Deacon and Hetherington, does not grant to the destroyer of a family the further privilege of shooting the injured husband. He does all the kil'ing himself.

THE San Francisco Examiner has hit upon a novel plan to interest the young people of the Pacific coast in the World's Fair and also in their school work. The Examiner proposes to send twenty of the brightest school-children that can be found in California to the World's Fair, and bear all the expenses of the trip to and from Chicago. The excursionists are to be selected by hallot and by examination. The contest is open-to children in the grammar grade in cities, and to those not over 15 in the country schools. The pupils in the schools are to select by ballot one pupil who shall enter the examina-tion, which will be conducted by the Superintendent of State Superintendent of Education, and the twenty are to be chosen by examination. It is a plan which does credit not only to the enterprise of the Examiner but also to its patriotism and its consideration for the schools of the State, for it will be an honor to the teacher as well as to the pupil to have one chosen from his or her school. It will also excite an interest in the fair among the school-children, and if the young people are not well informed regard America and its history, it will be because they are unable to get the books that will give them the information they seek

# Edith Wilder's Journal.

# By METTA E. S. BENSON.

Author of "Parbara Dare," "Her True iend," "Dr. Vetnor's Love Af-Lars," "The Missing Ring,"

#### CHAPTER IV.

They were the footsteps of a man-young, broad shouldered, finely-form d, with brown hair and a hand-some, smalling face.

Pardon me! but I have turned

errando me: out I have turned errand-boy this afternoon," and he laid a small package upon the table beside me. "Mother said you would understand its use. It is a bit of satin, I

believe."
"Ah! yes. Thank you," I replied, qu'etly resuming my work. But he seemed not to understand my hint of

dismissal,
"I am Leon ('ourtney," he said with

"I am Leon Courtner," he said with the utmost nonchabane, erossing over and sitting bown by the window directly opposite. "And you are Miss—" "Wilder," I internesed.

"Ah! Wilder. That has a very pretty sound. I wonder what name should precede it? I think it should be Edith," slowly, as if he was thinking out the word, but there was a merry sparkle in his eye which angered me. The emotion must have revealed itself in my face, for he said:

cross. There an idea you can be particularly entertaining when you choose, and I am in just the mood to be entertained." 'Now, Miss Wilder, please don't be

Tam not here to be entertaining,

"I am not here to be entertaining. Mr. Courtney, whatever may be my capabilities," I replied with a tash of scorn.

He gave no heed to my words save to in-unite: "Did you over read 'The Princess,' Miss Wilder?"

"Tennyson's poem? yes," growing interested in spite of myse f.

"Well, by-George! you reminded me of her just new, with that, flash in your eyes. By the way, you have lecidedly fine eye? Too fine by fir for a description, which would be been harn to a word. Miss Wilder."

own, Mice Wilder."
How foolish I was A tear ephyshed

How foolish I was A twa splushed down upon my work. Seeing it, he leaned over the low table between us. "Forgive me, Miss Wilder." There was repentance in his voice, but my prile was aroused. I rose, to my feet, "If you do not leave the room, Mr. Courtney, then I will. I am only your mother's sewing girl; but I have rights that must be respected." He bowed, asying quietly as he withdrew: "I have not usually found ladies so averse to compliments."

September 20.

This morning a real autumn rain set in with its slow, incressant drip, drip. It was accompanied by a fitful, fretting wind which complained among the trees and shook the raindrops from the late flowers. A spirit of deep unrest took possession of ine that seemed akin to this mood of nature, with its sad, sweet premonitions of coming change and decay. Fantastic visions filted through my brain. Bewildering dreams stirred every finest tibre of my being. The sewing lingered in my hands. It was later than usual when at last I put my work aside, and as I reached the outer door I found that the early darkness of an unstarred night had settled down over the city. The lamp-light revealed the figure or Leon Courtney, well prepared for the storm, and standing in a waiting attitude just without the door.

"Good evening. Miss Wilder," touching his hat and speaking in a low voice." It hought it very possible that you.

ing his hat and speaking in a low voice.
"I thought it very possible that you were not prepared for the rain, and so have taken the liberty to wait for you home?"

May I walk beside you to your home?

May I walk beside you to your home?

home?"

I experienced a moment of fleeting vexation and a half-indignant remonstrance rose to my lips. But as he offered his arm, I took it silently and we

fered his arm, I took it silently and we walked on together.

At the door of my home he paused a choment. "Will you not forgive my careless words of a week ago, Miss Wilder, and allow me to be your friend?" "The forgiveness is a very easy matter," I replied, startled and thrilled as by an electric shock, "but I must know you better before I can accept your proffered friendship."

better before I can asseption of the friendship.

"Thank you for the forgiveness. For the rest—well, I can wait, although I am not usually a very patient man."

I shudder at the strange, sweet thrills which stir my heart. I wish I had never the strange of the s

NOVEMBER 25.

There was a light fall of snow yester-lay, and towards evening wonderful patches of frostwork formed on the win-dow panes. I think I shall not be seen to the win-dow panes. I think I shall not be seen to the winlow panes. I think I shall remembe while I live just the look of everything by which I was surrounded, even to the scaffess branches of the trees outlined against the ashen gray of the western sty, I must have stood by the window at least an hour, resting my elbow on the cold sash, while I leaned my cheek on the palm of my hand. The desolate tandscape without only intensified my tense of forlornness. I saw, with inward, rision, two pathways making an angle at my feet, and stretching away in different lirections into the dim, uncertain years. while I live just the look of everything

One was broad and beautiful. My sind pictured it filled with all the en-icements of wealth—"purple, gold, and

ming pictured it filled with all the en-dicements of wealth—"purple, gold, and balm, to bribe my will."

I saw strong, tender hands waiting to thesp my own; and a heart eager for mine to rest within its loving.

A visibly sterile distance inclosed the other way—a dreary math into which I A visibly sterile distance increased the other way—a dreary path into which I and suddenly no courage to tread. I aw, with a new movement of my imagination, the shadows of desolate places through which I must pass alone; fierce single-handed conflicts to be endured. ningle-handed conflicts to be endured, and myself losing youth and strength as the years went by. Then my mind turned for a moment to dwell upon that other picture—that broad, bright, splendid

pathws. Tdna's face were a look of tender colicitude as I necessity away from the window, where yet the faint light of sunset lingered. She knew the struggle I had been passing through, and guessed by the quick turning aside that I had reached a conclusion,

"It is, yes," I responded, in a slow, even voice, and we were close in each

even voice, and we were close in cut-other's arms.

"O, Edna! have I decided wisely?"

"I have not a clairvoyant gift; but I assuredly believe your decision a wise one. A superior life is thus opening beone. A superior first since specified to go on, day after day, in the same round, forgetting almost that there are wider and wiser ways beyond your narrow limits. You will have leisure for study your nature, Edith, are things very desirable." and enjoyment,

'I have considered all of these things, "I have considered all of these things, Edna. As you say, they are very desirable, but they are not all. Into this question of marriage there enter difficulties and proprieties too saered to be passed over in silence and ignored. Leon and I are very unlike in most ways. As society judges, he is my superior, but I my strunger than he—not thysically not am stronger than he—not physically, not mentally, but in a finer, deeper sense. There are places in my inmost soul whose depths he cannot sound—dreams and emotions he cannot comprehend. Then, too, I am so utterly without accompl shuents. He may regret this deficiency after a time and weary of me. Dear Heaven, if we should gre w apart as the years go by!"

"You are not the sort of woman men tire of," Edua replied, with a tender smile. "It is true voor troubles began early in life, and for the most part your surroundings have been disagreeable: but no advantages could have given you a truer vetinement, or a more greeful hearing. As for the rest, you will have to trust the coming of events as others have before you, and will to the end." Our conversation was here interrupted. I can had come for his answer. I could see that my reply was no slight thing to him. He was pale and less self-pos sessed than usual. He remained standing for a moment, resting his hand upon the back of a chair."

"Edith, won't you end this suspense at once: Are you to become my wife?"

I was conscious while he was speaking that I was at the turning of the ways. I walked away from him, then turned back again and stood beside him, quietly and with clasped hands.

"Yes,"—I said the word more soberly perhaps than occasion demanded. But Leon did not mind, for instantly I was in his arms, and our lips met for the first time.

"Do you know, Leon," I said after a little, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all title, it is a surprise to me that from all titl am stronger than he—not physically, not mentally, but in a finer, deeper sense. There are places in my inmost soul whose

in his arms, and our lips met for the first time.

"Do you know, Leon," I said after a little, it is a surprise to me that from all the crowd of beautiful and accomplished women you have hitherto walked among, you should have got out of your accustomed way and chosen Edith Wilder—poor, plain, obscure:"

He smiled. "Hush: it is my wife you are dishonoring;" then added with a touch of real seriousness: "You are all that is most beautiful to me, Edith. I had not been a very good man before I knew you. I think I may confess, that I had small faith in the purity of woman, and far less in my own, but sife has a different meaning; now that I have you, my royal-hearted queen."

Then he nut the hetrothal ring on my

my royal-hearted queen."

Then he put the betrothal ring on my finger—a spiendid diamond ring—saving gravely as he did so: "This is the outer sign of my complete love for you, Edith.

November 28.

To day Mrs. Courtney's conchman drew rein beside our gate, and Mrs. Courtney trailed her heavy silken skirts into our little best room. I knew her errand, and for a moment I experienced ablibility right of the interest. blinding whirl of fear-intense mortal read. Then something from the depths of my soul rose up and quieted me It was my womanhood asserting its roya

rights,
Circumstances had made this woman the wife of a millionaire, while I had been cast adrift upon the world to battle with poverty; but no touch of shame had ever marred my life; I was a woman pure and true as this other one. Thus thinking. I went forward to meet her with a calm and gentle dignity that by no possibility could have surprised her more than it did myself.

She took my hand, and for a moment ood looking

without tooking straight into my eyes without other movement.

"hiss Wilder, Leon tel's me that you are his promised wife," she said at length, still retaining my hand in her clasp.

clasp.
"He asked me for my love, and I have given it to him," I replied simply and

juietly.

She stooped and touched her lips She stooped and touched her lips lightly to my forekead.

I am going to be truthful with you, Miss Wilder, I would greatly have preferred that Leon should have chosen a wrie from among the young ladies of his own circle; but he seems to have yielded to you a love that is past the power of his recalling. And atthough I cannot enter into his happiness as I might under different circumstances, yet for the sake

of my boy I am here to claim you as a daughter.
"You are very kind, Mrs. Courtney, and I am sorry for your disappointment," I replied, more hurt by something that lay back of her words than by the words themselves. "Please be seated, Mrs. Courtney."

themselves. "Please be seated, Mrs. Courtney."
She let her gaze wonder about the room in a haif-unconscious manner, and I knew by the expression of her face that she thought it destitute of beauty. It had been a paradise to Edna and me. "Is there nat some other place where you could remain until the wedding, and that would be more suitable to your position as I con's future wife?"
There is no other place, Mrs. Courtney. Beside, this is my home, carned by my own exertions." I said this a little proudly, but with no desire to vex her. For a few moments she did not answer, but I divined that her thoughts were busy. At last she said: "Suppose then you seek out some pleasant boarding place. I will see that your purse is constantly supplied."

you seek out some place. I will see that your purse is constantly supplied."

"Thinks. You are very generous. I cannot, however, accept your offer, although I know the desire on your part that I should is quite natural. Just as I am, your son has given me the highest tribute man can give to woman, and I should fail, did I try. Mrs. Courtney, to make you understand how happy I am that he has thought me worthy of the best, I regret as much as yourself this wide social gulf between us, but until I am his wife I must go on living just as at present."

until I am his wife I must go on living just as at present. It shall not importune you, " she replied, speaking with a gentle intonation that it would have pleased me far better if you could have ac epicd what seems to me a mere matter of course." I looked about the room after she had gone. Her heavy perfume lingered in the air; it seemed full of her gracious, queenly presence, but something was the trouble; its heauty had departed. "Naught is so small that it may not contain, the rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain."

of pain."

Leon called this evening and although Lean called this exenting and atthough the did not say as much, yet I am such he felt burt at my refusal of his mother's munificent offer. Already I feel the sting of the thorn are ing the trocs. I wonder is it a part of leves mission to bring pain to the human heart? or is it, that so may could be used to different keeps goods to blend their divinest her.

Not where 20.

Sitting at the feet of my little saint, I questioned her: "Hose do you think a woman and have any feer of the was she tuly loves every doubt for the insect his utter loyalty." "Why not you to I doe with this query?" smilling only a here yee here. I into noise.

into mine.

But I writed, looking straight into her eyes for the answer I knew would

me.
"Perfect love casteth out all fear," speaking in that smethered tone I have become accustomed to. "No, Edith, I do not believe a woman who truly loves do not believe a woman who truly loves a man will have any fear when she yields her happiness into his keeping. There must of necessity be perfect honor and perfect trust or there cannot be perfect love.

ve."
"Oh, Rose, your words only confirm "Oh, Rose, your words only confirm a miscrable mistake. Flattere I by I con's prefe ences, dazzied by the brilliant life he offered me, won into a liking by his handsome face and ardest wooing. I have entered into an engagement with him. I am wearing his ring upon my finger." Rose turned the gleaming thing slowly towards the light. "And yet the feeling is strong within me that through Loon Courtney will come sorrow such as I have never knewn, that in time he will be won from his loyalty to me by a fairer be won from his loyalty to me by a fairer face."

"It may be, Edith, that all women

"It may be, Edith, that all women feel thus."
"No, Rose, I cannot think so. Love, such as blends two hearts as one was not meant as a curse to life. This feeling that has taken possession of me, and which thrusts itself into my hours of joy like a death-shead at the feast, is a sort of dim and terrible forebading that Leon will fail me, that he will not measure up to my ideal.

will fail me, that he will not measure up to my ideal.

The calm face above me paled.

"Do you not demand too much, Edith? You will find it the experience of every person. I think, that the real things of them. If they did.——O. Edith, there would be no need of a keaven?"

Mrs. Lenton's I am having weeks of rest. Her baby-little Edith-is just three months old, and she is the sweetest, dearest baby in the world. Leon has driven out to see me every

Leon has driven out to see he day.

"I shall sleep the better for it," he rereplied when I chided him for Laving
braved a driving snow storm.

Our wedding day is set for the twentyfourth of May. Edna and the Doctor

""" be married about the same time.

They will go to Edna's old home for
a brief wedding tour, then back to their
chosen work again. Leon and I will

spend a year in Europe, then return to— what? O, these strange shivers of fear, which creep into my heart, troubling its happiness as the east-wind shakes the rose and robes it of its fortune.

Mrs. Courtney is to give a grand ball, and Leon tells me I am expected to be present as his adianced bride. It is an ordeal I look forward to with feelings of

ordeal I look forward to with fee legs of dread.

But the first great vering question is What am I to wear? Edna and I have held several weighty discu sions upon the subject. Three thinks I am decided upon; it shall be purchased with my circumstances, and it shall not bring a circumstances, and it shall not bring a read with my circumstances, and it shall not bring a read with my circumstances.

.....

blush of shame either to Leon or his

I am almost ashamed to to tell you little brown book, that I am taking sons in dancing. Even Edaa deer know. Leon is fond of dancing constantly growing designed. there is a constantly growing design my heart to please him in all ways. know. . there is a

my heart to hease min in all ways.

JANUARY 2:

The ball I dreaded so much is a min of the past. My dress was of India a and pink satin, with garniture of white lace

Mr. Courtney (who seems particular found of me) sent a lovely set of per in a delicate enameled casket. It Courtney, a box containing fan, has kerchief, and other accessories of a high evening tollet. The flowers were falled to the sent of the sent of the period of the process and jessamines, with delicate in sprays contrasting with the pink is pure white of the blossoms.

"You are like a poem to-nisk Edith," Leon said, "like a beauties song, in all that rose and white."

I lock back upon that night as up.

Thock back upon that night as up a scene of strange cochantment, when blended fragrance, and cohe and the sad, sweet strang

a scene of strangers, and color, blended fragrance, and color, beauty, and the sad, sweet strains music, and the delightful murmer many voices.

"I am very proud of you, Edith." Me Courtney whispered during a brief interval of repose.

Later on, Leon's father said: "Dat let them spoft you, my child.

Remember, hardy, out-door rosed thrive well in hot-house air."

O, Edith Wilder! with your interval to you dare to go on into this guide services future? Can you keep your pure, brave, earnest? pure, brave, carnest?

Leon came last evening and found a

alone.
"Where is Miss Vincent?" he is

Gone out with the Doctor for the

"Gone out with the Doctor for the evening."
"Then I am to have you all to must. How very fortunate." with one of his low, inimitable laughts, "tome," pointing pointing to 22 stoman beside him.
"What an autocrat you are, Leon, he this is cosy," laying my hands upon the face arm of his chair.

He put both his arms about me, he face came down close—so close—tails, and thrilling lips.
"Do you know, durling, that has end the weeks you will be my wife! To the care, Edith? Are you counting their as I and doing?" The I care? O I con's o much that

The Leare? O Leon' so much that

The I care? O I con's o much that do not even dare to think what is would be without you."

Lust then there eams the sould some one at the outer door. I are a sanswer to the bell-call, but pure injustant with my hand upon the knob, what feeling that some great misforture about to befall me. My tips grew siddenly dry, my heart palpitated ampiringly. I turned to look at him. In handsome head reclined against the der t loves vields handsome head reclined against the sign crimson of the chair back. He was the very picture of careless occasions. erimson of the chair back very picture of carcless ment,

### YOUNG IS INNOCENT.

The U. S. Senate Executive Clerk Ent. Suffered Injustice in Silence

Suffered Injustice in Silente.
Washington, April 18.—The trains the case of James Rankin Young has instranspired. He was dismissed, it will remembered, from his position of Lecutive Clerk of the United States Semi because he was charged with havayed trayed secrets of the Squate which executive session over the Pehras Sa

At the time the matter was being considered. Mr. Young was not in the Seast sidered, Mr. Young was not in the Stank Chamber, but came in shortly after. The disclosure was made by a member the Senate, who wrote the information on the backs of three envelopes and set it to a newpaper man.

After Mr. Young Young was accused d

After Mr. Young was accused a trach of trust this correspondent west to Mr. Young and proffered him the envelopes, saying, "I am not will that you should be under this fine to cusation. Here is the evidence to post your innocence. Use it, and I will said by it." br it."

Mr. Young declined to take the earth Mr. Young declined to take the open or to use the evidence, sayins; "While I am anxious to defend of honor, I cannot asperse the honor eighter of any Senator, and I will as tegrity of any Senator, and I will as you for your kind interest in me, but of a can readily understand the propriet of any position."

my position."
So Mr. Young has suffered injustice in

Denied by His Friends. Philadelphia, April 16.—The report that Dr. Charles B. Penrose was arrest as a member of the Wyoning gauge cattle tilleves is denied by his triess here. They assert that the doctor was to Wyoming for his neath and was induced by the cattle men to join in the crusters as a significant of the control of the crusade against the rustlers as a size geon. He is a member of a prominal family, his father being Dr. Richard L. H. Penrose and his brother State Senser Boies Penrose.

SCRANTON, PA., April 18.—William SCRANTON, PA., April 18.—William Eduland, a livery stable keeper, who we arrested Friday night for telling a policy man he looked "d.—smart," and locks up in jail for twenty hours, has begung suit against the city for false improsement, laying his damages at \$200,000. Sues the City for Palse Impriso

1

## FOR THE LADIES.

REWARE OF VASELINE.

BEWAIR OF VARELING.

Between the face, for the result of the face, for the result of the face at the face that induced the face that a persistent use of the wiscon that a persistent use of the will have been instance face. There have been instance face. is hart to grow have been instance face. There have been instance swo of hadiss inducing a heavy growth har upon the upper lip and chin by assoline to drive away pimples resons other in dicaments, wasching on new to allow of all its proportion yet known, but the fact that it will be the control of the con

#### THE CUEEN ANNE SHOR

THE CEEN ANNE SHOZ.

The Queen Ann. show with its lon tep-flap and glittering frish-diamon blue is a very fushionable model, due to be worn with tea gowns an or dressy bome to dets; but the low shows and sandals of plain black ut show and sandals of plain black ut shows and sandal or of the foot than an er style of covering. However, the that its one foot is sometimes four heroming to that of another women or is still a great rage for all the dystyle in gray. Toliets and hear rande in these tints are most elegal prised, and yet far more women platflem than the randal indicated and the still shades and chamois are more becoming the and chamois are more becoming tain soft and beautiful shades in doe-color, almond, beige, golder and chamois are more trecoming inhondes and colories brunette any of the extremely trying shade atomed gray.—[New York Post.

THE RONELESS DRESS WAIST.

THE BOXELESS DEESS WAIST.
The boncless dress waist is somethin how as to be worthy of notice her ta whalebone nor a cord in the waist yet made in such a way as to could the lack of them, and promising put peace and rest to the wearer it at one of the stylish opening the theory who have been made to the same of the stylish opening the theory who have been constituted as the theory who have long mars it at one of the stylist opera-condythose who have long purs-coaching entourage are admitte så dear little gown and cost or I also saw in the same wardrob ss of Russian blue cloth, on whi woven a border of Scotch thisti-tie cakes, and brither Scots! how c maken a border of Scotch thisti-da cakes, and brither Scots how a two grim nationalities agree in c-mach. But it was very picturesp-hawl suit of shepherd's plaid he by the their fetching silver clas-he folds of the skirt, and a belt fire silver with more hands a ground. However, the superhe horse of the section in the hands of and I hope to meet it some of the edge of the edge

### OUAINT MUFFS.

of this were made narrow a enough to thrust in both arms as the elbows. A little later the made small and of long yelow far. In 1741 they were of chemic plumes, or skins of the grobe, if ch were needed for a muff, cost rowns, and generally adorned vector ribbon. In 1770 small in led "little barrels" were in voc de of satin, filled with wadding mucd with feathers of different co with hear skin. It was a favorite pation of ladies to put on these tr ags when receiving their friends mat the theater. It may be said 't two hundred years preceding volution the muff in France was the articles of dress on which fasl such to lavish most of its attent "little barrels" med to lavish most of its attentives on who can be a complete to the reign of L. I. that etiquette permitted it to rat royal receptions. At the etement of the reign of this mont cord to attach the muff was no local to atta cord to attach the main was no losses for gontleman. Malo muffs a le small and of black satin or min d with down, and varied somewher and shape according as they mout of doors or at receptions.—nucisco Chronicle.

SHE'S A DEFT VARPENTER.
Iss Webster of Boston is a car
She is the sister of Albert Webwriter, who was to have man
the daughter of Nathaniel Irue, and whose unfortunate deat
orage of health was soon followe
t of his betrothed. Miss Web
years ago, was thrown on her
ources. She had studied pair
possossed the usual accomp
nits of a woman. None of t a woman. None of a fo dness for tools, she co nt herself as a wood ca a carpenter for money make teacher's wise advice Through her example carpent a fashionable amosement in and Miss Webster has a class of Bay ladies building chairs, to note, and one a looker for her syacht. With her teaching id's yacht. utresque bachelor quarters in v lives are her own work, and a puring to build her a lodge of th shore for a permanent-home, a shop, with a real bench and vings, and her work, although clively performed, is real wo by York Sun.

FARRION NOTES. ndressed calf will be the outing

lips and tou-caps are going o he russet shoe is back in store

fane will res