By CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Luthor of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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"I thought you might not know it,

and I desired to say that I should interpose no objection," said Lawler.

"I am not aware, Col. Lawler, that it is the judge advocate who either denies or consents. It is the court, as I understand it, that settles the question." And Lawler went away with tingling ears. Hearn's temper was being sorely tried. No less than four times that Sunday morning had he been called upon by gentlemen representing themselves as correspondents for some paper or other, each one of whom desired to interview him as to the line of defense he proposed adopting, and really seemed astonished that he should decline to give any information on the subject. And Hearn's replies to Lawler had been buzzed around the garrison with added emphasis at every repetition.

And yet when Monday afternoon came, and in the presence of a crowded array of civilians from all over the neighborhood Col. Lawler impressively inquired the name of the gentleman whom the accused desired to introduce as counsel, and even the fans ceased to flutter and all ears were intent upon the reply, and a dozen pencils were poised over the pads on the reporters' table, Mr. Hearn astonished almost all hearers by placidly, even smilingly, responding: Nobody.

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"Why, I understood from gentlemen here at the post that you intended to introduce counsel," said Lawler, much

"With all deference to the court," said Hearn, "the understanding of the judge advocate is at fault."

There was instant titter and a ripple of applause. The correspondents glanced quickly at one another and then in surprise at Hearn. For a man who refused to talk at their bidding, he was displaying unlooked for ability now. Lawler reddened to the roots of his hair and glanced angrily around.

"The audience must keep order," he "You are at liberty to witness these proceedings, but audible comment or any levity at attempted witticisms on the part of the accused will not be tol-

But Hearn's face wore a provokingly placid smile, and the president, rapping on the table with the hilt of his sword, called for silence and curtly demanded of the judge advocate that he proceed with the case.

Not ten feet from where Mr. Hearn sat by his little table, whereon were his memoranda and a few books, Georgia Marshall, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, bent and whispered to Mrs.

"One for our side." And Mrs. Wharton, catching the eye some friends across the room, very improperly tapped the back of her kid covered thumb nails together in mute applause. The press and the populace might be with the prosecution, but it lavish hearts there stanch for the de-

The court had not been authorized to sit without regard to hours. Lawler argued that in a case of such widespread interest the sessions should be held when it would be most convenient for the world at large to attend, and by adjourning at 3 p. m., the conventional hour, all good citizens would be able to get home in abundance of time, secure in the belief that nothing would transpire before they could return to their post of observation on the morrow. Nothing of great consequence was accomplished on the first day beyond the ceremony of swearing the court, which Lawler ren-dered as impressive as possible, the adered as impr ministering of the judge advocate's oath, which Col. Grace rattled through in a perfunctory style that robbed the legal gentleman of the dramatic effect he had contemplated, and the reading of the charges and specifications, which were breathlessly listened to by the throng and most oratorically delivered by the judge advocate. There was something especially fine in the air with which he turned and faced the soldierly young officer, who, in his trim fatigue uniform. stood opposite to him at the table.
"To the first specification of the first

charge, how say you, sir-guilty or not And, in the simplest way in the world,

the answer came in tones sufficiently clear to be audible beyond the open win-

"Not guilty." And so to each and every specification and to the charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, Lieut. Hearn calmly protested his entire innocence, and the cleas were duly recorded.

Then Col. Lawler announced that in view of the importance and probable length of the case he desired the services of a stenographer and requested the authority of the court to call one in. The president looked perturbed; stenographers were expensive, and the last court he was on had been rapped over the knuckles for employing one, al-though the record exceeded a hundred

and fifty pages in length.
"How long will you need one, and soon can you get him here?" asked

Well, we can get through with the case in a very short time with a stenog rapher, but it will take a week at least He did not say, however, that he had one already in the room, in the shape of a newspaper man from Chicago. Some of the court began to

"Make him write his own proceedings," whispered Col. Maitland to the

president. "By gad, he was probably the man that rapped your court for em-ploying one there at Omaha last month." Then he scribbled a line and tossed the scrap of paper over to Maj. Putnam on the other side, and passed word down to Capt, Thorp, who had been judge advocate of the court in question. It was evident the members thought that here was an admirable chance to work" the judge advocate, a thing seldom enjoyed; and at last old Grace, humming and hawing a little, said that the court could not see the necessity, in view of the remarks made by division headquarters on a recent case, and must for the present decline the request. Whereat Col. Lawler, in manifest ill humor, remarked that he could be safely expected to say what would and would not be approved by the division commander, and that, if the court would not order it, he would get the order by

"All right," said the president, "and mean time we'll proceed without one. I suppose you are ready with your first

witness, Mr. Judge Advocate? "If the court insists, yes; but I prefer to wait until I hear from the telegram

"We had better go right ahead," said Col. Grace.

which I am now writing.

And so, amid profound silence, the name of the first witness was called, and with the eyes of the entire room upon him, neatly dressed, cleanly shaved, and looking his very best, Trooper Welsh was ushered in from the outer gallery, was sworn impressively by Lawler, and was asked for his name, rank and regiment, and whether he knew the accused. The new correspondent of The Palladium described the hasty glance which Welsh cast at the lieutenant as one in which "his glowing, dark eyes kindled with the pent up sense of the wrongs and humiliations heaped upon him by the officer in question." Maj. Kenyon, sitting close by Mrs. Lane, looked at Brodie with swift whispered comment on that furtive glance. Miss Marshall never took her eyes from the witness's face.

"State how long you have been in service, and with what company you have served."

"I've been"—then there was a sudden flutter of the eyelids and a moment's been in Troop C, Eleventh cavalry,

The judge advocate was just writing atively and looked eagerly along the faces of the members of the court across the table. Capt. Thorp's eyes met his, ly sighing deeply as he folded it: and it was Thorp who suddenly spoke

question, as I understand it." "He has answered as the court understands it," said Lawler sharply, "and en-

tirely to my satisfaction." "He may have answered to the satis faction of the judge advocate, but I suggest that the court can speak for itself," was Thorp's cool reply. "The question should have elicited an answer as to the entire service, possibly in other com-

mands, on the part of the witness, and he replies only as to C troop."

"He has given the exact information I desired," said Lawler hastily, "and all was easy to see that there were loyal and my question was intended to cover. 1 protest against interference with my

> Bang! came old Grace's sword hilt on the table.

"It is 3 o'clock, Mr. Judge Advocate, and the court will adjourn." Lawler drew a long breath and

glanced triumphantly at Thorp.
But, however little the first day brought forth, the second in no wise lacked sensation. Welsh and Mr. Levi Schonberg, in terms most emphatic, had described the assault upon the principal witness; both declared that with brutal violence Welsh had been dragged forth from the barroom and then kicked and cuffed all the way to the guard house. both denied the faintest provocation or excuse; and then, amid oppressive stillness, Mr. Schonberg had described his connection with the trader's establishment six years before and his knowledge of the pecuniary dealings of the accused In positive terms he asserted that old Mr. Braine had lent the accused sums aggregating six hundred dollars at different times, and that he had frequently and vainly importuned him in letter written by Schonberg for payment, had been ignored, and that finally when he after the accused returned to the post, strove to collect the amount he, the wit ness, was met with curt refusals, denials of all indebtedness, and finally with

threats and assault. Nothing much more connected could well be imagined. Both men were positive and precise as to facts and dates when cross examined by the accused stuck stoutly and positively to their versions. Another witness Schonberg that was and Mrs. Braine that had been, and her testimony, though by no means truculent or posiwas largely in support of that her Jewish spouse. She was sure of the loans to Hearn; sure he had never repaid them; sure that Braine had directed them placed upon the books, and had frequently spoken to her of them, because she thought that he was too open handed and credulous, and had told him

When court adjourned at 3 p. m. on the second day the case had gone dead against Hearn, and Col. Grace gravely inquired if he could not procure counsel Hearn quietly shook his head. Wednesday morning was to have brought the pubtable Mr. Abrams to the scene to aid the case for the prosecution, but Col. Lawler was compelled to say that the witness was not forthcoming, and had ot even answered telegrams sent him. There was some quiet grinning at the reporters' table, and old Kenyon breathed a sigh as he bent over and whispered to

"D-n that fellow! He never meant

examination would have broken

all up. But two other civilians were produced, trader, and one of these testified that the week before his death Mr. Braine had declared that Hearn had refused to repay "hearsay" and not testimony under oath. Lawler vowed it was material and confirmatory, and the court was cleared, to the utter indignation of the correspondents thus compelled to quit the room with the common herd. Thrice again this happened during the day, and ple grew disgusted, many of them leaving; but those who remained, including the officers, could see no earthly hope for Hearn. Everything had been as conclusively proved as such witnesses could establish matters, and the only chance lay in the impeachment of their testimony.

It was nearly 3 o'clock on Wednesday when Lawler said that if the other witness, Mr. Abrams, did not put in an appearance he would rest the case for the prosecution. Col. Maitland inquired why the books of the late post trader had not been produced in court in sup-port of Schonberg's testimony, and Lawler promptly responded that they were too bulky to be appended to the record were property of the estate, and he had not considered them necessary. ever, if the court insisted— And the court did. Schonberg was directed to bring his books at 10 o'clock the next day.

That evening the party gathered on Lane's piazza was very silent and sad. Kenyon had been there a while and gone away with bowed head and thoughtful eyes. The defense, of course, had not There would be no difficulty in utterly defeating the charge of assault upon the soldier Welsh, but what worried one and all was the testimony of Schonberg and Braine's relict. If that held good with the court, then Hearn had been guilty of disgraceful conduct in stating orally and in writing that he had long since paid those debts. There ably homelike appearance. The appetite could be no sentence but dismissal. Hearn had shut himself up in his room. That day had brought a long letter from his father, and it was this he was study-tempting lunches or teas are served, and ing, sore at heart, when Kenyon entered.

'You haven't slept a wink for two established. hesitation, but only a moment's-"I've nights, lad, and I know it," said the been in Troop C, Eleventh cavalry, about eight months, stationed here at Fort Ryan. I enlisted in St. Louis a year Ingersoll in to prescribe for you." And despite Hearn's protest the orderly was sent for the post surgeon.

out the answer when Miss Marshall leaned over and whispered a word to Kenyon. The major nodded appreci-Meantime, with many emphatic nods had placed in his hand, finishing it at last, going over several pages, and final-

"It is just what I feared, my boy; it "The witness has not answered the is just what I feared. Still I'm glad he didn't look upon it as your mother thought he would. Wonder what she thought of my letter- Hello, here's Ingersoll now.

> "I was at the hospital with Brent." said the medical man in some haste, 'and had to go to Lane's first."

'No one ill at Lane's, I hope?" spoke Kenyon as Hearn's face was suddenly uplifted. "I've just come from there."
"Oh, no; but Miss Marshall and Mrs.

Lane have been going to see Brent every afternoon, and this evening he asked me to take a message over there. He wanted to see them to-night, but I had to say no; he's too feverish. They were much concerned to hear I had been called in to see you, Hearn, and I promised to come back at once and let them know how you were.'

A brief examination showed the skilled practitioner the extent of Hearn's maladv, and he insisted on his coming out. He would have added "over to Lane's piazza," but members of the court were calling there, and it would hardly be the proper thing. Returning thither, ver, he found the gentlemen gone and Col. Lawler just seating himself for a social call.

"Nothing serious," he murmured to the ladies, as he took a chair, and in low tone began chatting with the Whartons.

boot. "I would not mind so much if it had happened any other day, but I came It was Lawler's voice that broke the stillness, and Lawler, full of his profession, could talk nothing but "shop. "I could not but observe your pres-

ence in the court room, ladies, even among the host of curious spectators. And how does a military court impress you, Miss Marshall, now that you have

"I can tell you better when I have seen it all, colonel. Thus far we've had nothing but the prosecution. It will seem less one sided after the defense.'

'Ah, that, I fear, will hardly amount to anything. The young man has been very ill advised—very. Possibly you heard that I had offered him my services -that is, any in my power to renderand that he had refuse

Miss Marshall simply looked at the olonel a moment, making no reply.

[CONTINUED.]

The Placket Hole.

The placket hole is a summer feature in feminine attire that is deserving of discipline. You rarely ever see one that is quite correct, and when you do you wonder how it happened. There are the belt, the skirt waist band and the skirt band and placket hole all fighting with each other to see which can disrupt the union, if any union there be. Fashion allows a silver safety pin, designed after a modest and unsuggestive pattern, and as an expediency this is allowable to try to effect a reconciliation between even now; it might still be allowed. But these contending forces in attire, but even that sometimes fails. - New York

Professor Ramsay of London, the discoverer of argon, has a round dozen women in his chemistry class and speaks very highly of their ability.

the ancient Egyptians, but their priests regarded it as "unclean." The Old Testament mentions the bean twice, The Old and it is certain that the Hebrews knew to come and Lawler knows it. Cross of its existence at least 1,000 years B. C.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

who claimed to be old friends of the late THE LADIES' SUBURBAN CLUB OF CHI-CAGO AND ITS USES.

the money and he regarded it as good as lost. Hearn protested against this as Mother—The Old Maids Are All Right. Mother-The Old Maids Are All Right. A Lesson From the East-Mrs. McLendon's Views-The Newer Woman.

wander aimlessly, up and down the city streets waiting for a home bound train or take a refuge in the reception room of one of the large stores. The suburban woman now has a resting place of her own, within easy reach of the shopping district, and heartily does she appreciate it.

On the third story window of No. 167 Wabash avenue may be seen in gilt let-tering, "Ladies" Suburban club," and an elevator leaves you at the door of a bright, sunny room, fitted up with easy chairs, conches, tables, a piano, flowers and plants, and any amount of pretty knickknacks, which give it an indescrib



CAME IN FOR REPAIRS

of the suburban woman is well catered to, and back of the sitting room are a back of this a dressing room where a capable hairdresser and manicure are

The bill of fare in the dining room is excellent and no article on it exceeds 5 cents in price. A long showcase runs across the office, in which are offered for sale by the members of the club embroidery, etchings, paintings, home-made jellies, cakes, candy and fancy ork of every description.

Miss N. Louise Lodge is the secretary and Miss Sanderson the manager of the club, and Miss Lodge says their members come from Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

At the rooms of the club every variety of suburbanite is to be found, and a day rarely passes without some amusing in-A reporter for The Tribune drifted in there one morning and found the sitting room so cool and pleasant, the easy chairs so comfortable and the members so interesting that the greater part of the day was spent there.

A girl came in with a pretty but dolorous face. She went directly over to Miss Lodge and in a rapid undertone unfolded her tale of woe.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" said the secretary in astonishment, for the pretty girl's skirt had two yards of braid ripped off. She carried it festooned over her arm. The skirt itself was muddy, her gloves were ripped across the palm and soiled, her hair was disheveled and nuceriled and there were several "smuts" on her face.

"I have been getting off a cable car, was her response to Miss Lodge's query, and I suppose there must have been a tiny rip in my skirt binding, for it caught on the step of the car and threw me down, and in trying to save myself I split and soiled my gloves, and a wagon passing by splashed me with mud. Just look at my boots," thrusting out a well shaped foot in a very muddy boot. "I would not mind so much if it had happened any other day, but I came one might be if it could in any way be into town to meet Will's mother, and she is the very pink of neatness. says she will be sure to like me because am always so trim and tidy. Oh, dear! What shall I do? First impressions count for so much, you know.

Miss Lodge thought for a moment. "How much time have you?" she asked.

o'clock, and it is now 20 minutes past was the dismal reply. 12.

Miss Lodge's face brightened. "Then it is all right," she said cheerfully. Just put yourself into my hands and in an hour from now you will look as though you had just stepped out of a bandbox. But are you willing to spend a little money?

"I'd spend a hundred dollars if I had it to give Will's mother a good impression of me," was the fervent response.

"Then just do as I tell you. Go to the dressing room, take off your dress and have a good wash. I'll send the seamstress in to put on the binding and brush the skirt. Then while the hairdresser is eurling your hair take off your boots and I'll have them polished for you. Give me money to send out for new gloves and a fresh ruffle-see, this one as a little mud on it-and then you'll be all right."

In three-quarters of an hour a trans formed girl emerged from the dressing Her skirt was mended and brushed, a liberal application of cold water had restored her face to its usual pink and white loveliness, the fair hair was curled and arranged in shining the ruche at her neck was as white as her pretty throat, her shoes were polished, well fitting tan gloves were on her hands, and on the bosom of her dress was a bunch of pink and white sweet peas. - Chicago Tribune.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The mind of Mrs. Stowe, which is at times clouded, shines clear as ever when children and flowers are spoken of to The following letter is the first notable evidence she has given since her

ago, of an active interest in life and the the contrary, the results in a m affairs of those about her. At that time she shed tears when a party of schoolgirls presented her with 84 roses.

Pearl Dow, the 2-year-old daughter of Frederick Dow of Hartford, died at Wiantic recently from appendicitis after long and patient suffering, and the mother received the following letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe:

from Harriet Beecher Stowe:

Dear Friend-Allow me, although a stranger, to speak to you of your lovely young daughter, the beautiful child the account of whose short lilness and sudden death in The Courant so much touched and interested me. She was rightly named Pearl, for today she shime somer the brightest sewels of the Master's crown. Like a released bird her spirit has taken its flight homeward in the early dawn of her sweet young life. Yours is a sacred grief, a blessed sorrow, with no bitter dregs of anguish and regret, but heavenly compensations, blessed hopes and happy memories sanctify your sorrow.

The event recalls to my mind the death of a beautiful young girl, a friend of mine and the only child of her parents, in Naples, many years ago, and whittier's beautiful verses on her death, which seem to me equally applicable to your own lovely child:

Another hand is beckening us.

And glows once more with angel steps
The path that reaches heaven.

The light of her young life went down As sinks behind the hill The glory of a setting star— Clear, suddenly and still.

Still let her mild rebuking stand Between us and the wrong.
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.
Sincerely yours, H. B. Stows.

The Old Maids Are All Right.

A correspondent asks the esteemed Sun to invent a new term for spinster, a word which she says, rightly enough, never had any significance in this coun try. She asks for "some proper designation, some word expressing neither occupation nor contempt—simply their state of being unmarried, as widow designates a woman whose husband is

What is the matter with old maid? A more exactly descriptive term never was invented than this for the woman whom one would no longer speak of a girl, a term which the American habit extends pretty closely to 30. The reproach in the application of old maid lay in the fact, not in the name. ong as the only ambition of women was to get a husband the women who got left in the race were naturally ob jects of derision. Now that the opening of occupations has mobilized a great army of women who prefer to earn good livings for themselves and to have liberty free from responsibility rather than to share a crust with any stray man who offers it, the reproach will gradually disappear.

An old maid from her own choice stands on a very different footing from one who remains such by the choice of all the men she happens to know. The presumption that the latter is the case rapidly disappearing from the industrial army of American womanhood. The woman who is earning \$1,200 a year or upward isn't worrying very much whether people speak of her as an old maid or as a girl bachelor, or even spinster, ridiculous as the latter word

She is too busy having fun with her salary and wondering how she shall most effectively squelch the next fellow who wants her to put their two salaries together and set up the sawed off horns of a family altar in the first floor front of a boarding house.-Brooklyn Eagle.

A Lesson From the East.

A writer in Blackwood says of the women of Burma that all careers are freely open to them; that they adopt them at will and pursue them with the same measure of success as the men and perhaps with a superior degree of dili-She inherits her share of the family property and holds it as her own after marriage, her husband having no control over it nor any legal control over her, a condition not found incompatible with domestic harmony. In fact, it rather promotes it, taking most of the conceit out of the Burmese man, who is a betbrayed out of him. She is a clever shop keeper and trader, but that does not prevent her from being a good house teeper and bringing up her family in the best Burmese manner. She dresses as she likes, according to her occupation, and there are no bishops there to criticise her style, and she shares with men in all social and most industrial

There has never, so far as known, been any agitation there on behalf of woman's rights, for she has always had them all, nor much complaint of her wrongs, as they seem to have no existence in that tranquil oriental paradise They are now beginning to ride to and from their bazaars on bicycles, and in no long time all female Burma bids fair to be mounted on castors, without a word of popular or domestic dissent.

The east has yet some lessons for the west, and that which the Burmese woman with her employments and privileges sets forth is well worthy of attention in this division of the world, when her sisterhood find in their situa tion so many things amiss.—New York

M .. McLendon's Views.

One of the many brainy women of he south, a power in the suffrage cause and a leader in a number of progressive and educational movements in the south, is Mrs. McLendon, the vice president of the Atlanta Woman's Suffrage association. Mrs. McLendon is emi nently fitted to hold this position. She has all the qualities of a born leader, great executive ability, tact and energy; she works year in and year out with unabated energy, and her activity in devising ways and means is tireless. In a recent interview she said:

The argument that men do not respect women who vote will not hold. All the testimony I have collected in a number of states where women vote shows conclusively that wherever partial or complete suffrage has been granted to women there has been no eighty-fourth birthday, a few months deference men pay to women, but, on diminution of respect or chivalry in the

instances go to prove that thech sentiments of men have been b I recall especially the stateme bright little Kansas woman clared that she had never had courteous salutes or so offered her in the street cars women have obtained municipa Kansas. Similar testi offered everywhere. Personally believe that the franchise for greatly increases the respect of

posite sex. "-New York Mail

The Newer Woman.

After the new woman what? The inquiry has been sugge number of things, among th Potter Palmer's assertion that a friend of the tendency which be making women pushing and sive, while at the same time iti away their essential traits of w ness. Mrs. Palmer is not the hint at a reaction from the new There are others of her sisters foreseen it and already planned the reactionary movement.

It seems that there must be newer "new woman." And as rego to extremes there is no know what extent of coy and shrink ininity the coming lady may a will swing back, and there will be newer woman-the newest who will combine all the virtue preceding classes—an ideal of tual strength and that quality nine "weakness" which is on strongest traits of the sex.

At least this forecast seems m ble. Behold a new subject for in nable discussion !- Chicago Reco-

Post Women at Aix-la-Chapel

Upon the continent there is more openings for women seeking ployment than there are in this On most of the railways wearing uniform hats are seen now and then at little stations, a a flag to signify that all goes w to confirm the signals showing there is danger on the line. At a Chapelle, or, as the Germans there prefer to call it, Aachen, an es new departure has now been sed for Women postmen have been appointed in new departure has now been place of the men, who have becames charged. The reason of this so racourse, that women's labor is cheaper. The new "post women a black skirt, a yellow belt and glazed hat with a yellow ribbon, ad wa carry a little letter box attached. carry a little letter box attached; a s strap slung over one of the shouldte the London News.

She Deals In Mines and Real Es

Mrs. H. C. Cosgrove of Joplin, is said to be one of the most suc dealers in mines and real estate world, although she is a tiny w with the quietest and most w ways. Lately Mrs. Cosgrove have And ized a mining company compose tirely of women. name-the "Helen Mar Mining an Ab. vestment company." It is, officers an women, and its stock is held by wat w and one of the mines on its ext and valuable possession is called, New Woman." While this idea t company solely composed of wom novelty, the successful woman mich Mr an established fact in that region. ous

woman receives \$800 per week in ren, it ties from her mines, and she su tends all prospecting herself.

The Daughters of the King. or fe Arrangements are now in progressiaine the third annual convention of the B Mr. Arrangements are now in progres copal order of the Daughters of his King, to be held in St. Agnes' ch of Trinity church, New York, next tober. This convention will also a the tenth anniversary of the or which was established in 1885, and exercises attending the convention be of an interesting character to the ganization itself and to the t throughout the country. The order one of the recognized institutions of Episcopal church in America. It has present 420 chapters in 63 dioces the United States and Canada.

Miss Libbie Healy.

Miss Libbie Healy of Brookly probably known by more sailors any other woman. She has sung for sailors on board ship ever since sh a child. Whenever a naval vessel put into Brooklyn Miss Healy goe board Sundays and sings for the con-Hardly a "navvie" that does not in the Brooklyn songstress. Whenever American vessel of war encounters American vessel of wat the first questother in foreign ports, the first questother in foreign ports, the characteristic control of the characteristic contro that the sailers sing out to the is, "How is Miss Healy?"—Broat

Wax For the Workbasket. A nice way to keep wax for thew basket is to fill half shells of Eng walnuts with melted wax, fastening two half shells closely together at end. There will then be a small P at the other end, through which thread will slip when the wax is b

To bleach a piece of white embruic that has become yellow wet it in s suds not very strong and lay it of grass where the sun will shine of Wet it and turn it every day untils. ciently bleached.

The Girls' Industrial school of sissippi, which is a model of femal dustrial education, will send 400 F to the Atlanta exposition.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. of the most gifted reform advocate California, has become a resident d Hull House, Chicago.

Three persons were recently from drowning at Hythe, England the courage and the skill of Miss E a girl of 21.

Mics Anna D. Goza of Alabams dialect writer of superior promise