

An effort will be made to cultivate the sugar beet in the South.

Texas is harder on shoe leather "per capita" than any other State in the Union.

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he "can talk a million miles on a sun-beam" sounds to the Chicago Record like moonshine.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown bread is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax. The law is intended to entirely suppress speculative dealings in produce.

Says the American Agriculturist: "We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers. It would be highly interesting to have these facts, as without them it is not possible to tell to what extent agriculturists avail themselves of the savings banks.

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunates in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs. Many speakers, employing the latter method, argued very lucidly against the innovation. Only one advocated it. The majority said that the reading of the lips never gives to the deaf mute an exact idea of the thought or sentiment which it is desired to express. It is to them very much as the reading of a dead language is to those who can hear, but can only vaguely understand it. The digital language, they declared, was that which was most natural to deaf mutes. These views are a great disappointment to many who have supposed that the teaching of the labial system was one of the greatest boons ever bestowed upon those who can neither hear nor talk.

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, who has been termed the "prince of living physicists," has placed on record this confession: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students fifty years ago, in my first session as professor." Yet Lightning, a London paper, suggests that Kelvin's failures may be more fruitful than some men's successes. It likens the modern physicist's humility to that of the great Newton when he compared himself to a child playing on the beach, and adds: "The riddle of the universe is scarcely nearer being solved now than it was in 1696, and if our mathematical tools are better tempered than those then used, they have tougher metal to ent."

Spain is having her hands full with her colonies, exclaims the New York Independent. In addition to the war in Cuba there is considerable disturbance in Puerto Rico, but more serious still is the revolt in the Philippine Islands. For years there have been a source of much revenue to the home Government and very little expense. The exports of tobacco and hemp, as well as of coffee, cotton etc., have been very heavy, and the Government has been a curious mixture of Spanish despotism and local self-government. The original inhabitants have almost disappeared; and the Malays, who have to a great degree taken their place, are for the most part quiet, industrious, inoffensive people. Of late years numbers of Chinese have come in from Hongkong, and they and the Mestizos (children of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers) form the most aggressive element. A number of these, it is supposed, in connection with filibusters from Hongkong and secret societies in Japan, perhaps brought over from Formosa, have taken advantage of the small number of Spaniards and the weak garrison at Manila, have raised a revolt, and so far as can be learned from the meager dispatches, have seriously endangered the Spanish rule. Troops have been sent from Barcelona, but it will be some time before they can reach their destination. Merchants have been warned against shipping goods to the Philippines, and a British war ship remains at Manila to protect British subjects.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN,

In solemn hush of dewy morn,
What glory crowns the fields of corn!
A joy and gladness in the land,
The lithe, green ranks of beauty stand;
Broad-aced vales from hill to hill
The lifted plumes and tassels fill,
While birds sing in the cool, sweet morn
Through fields of corn.

Like palms that shade a hidden spring
The reeded columns sway and sing;
The breathing censers swing away,
The leafy cymbals clash and play,
And when the breezy voices call,
The sea-grown billows rise and fall,
And music swells and joy is born
Through fields of corn.

To fields of corn the summer brings
The rustling blades, the blackbird's wing,
The shrike-lark's loudest strident tune,
And the raven's mooring rune,
The bobolink's exulting strain,
And cuckoo prophesying rain
In low, sweet whistle in the morn
Through fields of corn.

In bannered fields of corn unfurled
God grows the mana of the world;
He waits to bring the yellow gleam,
The harvest song, the reaper's dream,
And still as through the Syrian gold
Of Galilee, in days of old,
He leads again this Sabbath morn
Through fields of corn.

—Benjamin F. Loggatt.

TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.

BY FRANCIS M. LIVINGSTON.

SYBILLA ASHLEY sat at her desk and scanned a letter she had just finished. It was written in a fine, decided hand, on pale gray paper. In roman characters, which Sibylla had read, the composition of such letters was attended with much agony and littering of the floor with torn paper. Sibylla had made one draft, which it took her five minutes to write. She read it over once and it seemed to suit her, for she folded and addressed it, and then called, in her low, musical voice, "Letty!"

A young girl appeared at the door almost instantly. She was tall as Sibylla, but had not her superb figure. One saw at a glance, however, that they were sisters.

"I want Joe, Letty," said Sibylla as she pressed the envelope on her blotting pad.

"Joe drove grandfather into town this morning," replied the younger girl.

"Call Absalom then. I want to send a letter."

"Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk."

"Sibylla made a gesture of impatience. "There is Chrissy," said Letty, tentatively.

"I won't have her; she bungles everything. It is very provoking that I can find nobody to do so simply as Chrissy."

Sibylla rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept than the lawns of most Virginia country houses. Letty stood in meek silence as though she had done her sister a personal injury.

"Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Sibylla, after a moment, in a slightly modified tone.

Letty ran down stairs to do her sister's bidding with her usual alacrity. Sibylla drew the letter from its envelope and read it a second time.

It ran thus:

"Julien: It simply cannot be, I do not love you as I ought. I have known this for a long time, and I have honestly tried to feel differently, but I cannot. You are not a man whom a woman should have to try to love. Think well of me if you can, for I have been honest with you. You would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing of the kind. You will remain my faithful and respected friend, as I shall yours.

SYBILLA ASHLEY.

The swift, straight dash under the signature was drawn with Sibylla's accustomed firmness. She sealed her letter, and, looking up, saw a little colored girl standing bashfully in the doorway. The child was barefooted and her dingy frock was in tatters. She held a disreputable old straw hat by its one string.

A frown gathered upon Sibylla's brow.

"You little beggar, have you no better clothes than those? Mercy, what a messenger!" and Sibylla burst out laughing in spite of herself.

Chrissy was in dire confusion.

"Deed I has, Miss Sibylla; shall I put 'em on?"

"Yes, do, for heaven's sake—try to make yourself decent and clean. I want you to carry a letter for me. If you succeed, Miss Letty will give you that little gray garden coat of mine. You must hurry."

"Oh, Miss Sibylla!" cried the child, and in a moment she was stumbling down the staircase.

In a short time she was back again. Her face and hands were clean and her tangled kinks had been combed into something like order. The torn, soiled garment had been replaced by a neat pink frock, and Sibylla's garden coat was clutched tightly between her fingers, where it had been placed by Letty.

"You're not to wear that coat now, Chrissy; you'll look too ridiculous. Aunt Lena will cut it down for you. Now listen to every word I say. You are to take this letter to the Exchange Hotel. It is for Captain Booth, and there is no answer. You are to come back immediately. Repeat that after me."

Chrissy did so without a mistake.

"That is a simple thing; see if you

can't remember it until you get to town."

"Deed I'll do jus' 'zackly as you say, Miss Sibylla."

After the child had gone Sibylla sat for a while with her hands clasped above her head. The sleeves falling back showed her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it absently for a few minutes.

"Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand toward where her sister sat quietly sewing at the other side of the room. She drew Letty close to her and laid her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibylla's mouth.

"I am not going to marry Julien, Letty. I have just broken the engagement."

Chrissy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town. Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Amon she skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat at home. She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus. Her heart was filled with the very joy of living, and she knew nothing of the heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink frock.

She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl in the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, but saw no butterflies. A little way ahead were two cows grazing by the roadside. Cows were not butterflies, but Chrissy must chase something, and the cows were at hand.

"Hi, yi!" she cried shrilly, and ran down the dusty road, and every few steps leaping high in the air. "Hoo, hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was great fun. The placid animals lumbered heavily along before her, but not fast enough for Chrissy. She had taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom for greater security when she began to run, and now held it in her hand.

"Woo, woo! it's wild beasts after you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, and turning out tried to climb the bank by the road. "Shoo!" cried Chrissy, in hot pursuit, waving her hands.

The desperate animal turned and made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go 'way, go 'way!" she howled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the roadside on a choice spot of moist earth, just where, a second letter, a heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the mud.

Chrissy instantly forgot her own terror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more dreading than any of her previous imitations of wild animals.

"Oh, you har'ble beast—yo' great foot on my beautiful letter! Look at it, all cov'd wi' nasty mud! I can't nevah, nevah take it like that, an' I was so happy jus' now!" She burst into a passion of tears. "What will I do—I might jes' as well run away from home. I nevah can face Miss Sibylla."

She trudged slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking a poor consolation in the thought that "p'raps Miss Sibylla'd write it over ag'in—she writes so quick 'n so beautiful."

Scarcely black clouds were gathering in the west and there was a muttering of distant thunder, but Chrissy feared only Sibylla's frown. She heard a sound of a horse's hoofs behind her, and looking around beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Captain Julien Booth was riding slowly up the road toward the Ashley house.

"Xo, Miss Sibylla! he tell him he's self," thought the child, "an' he won't need the letter. But she'll ax me fo' it," she thought the next instant. "I'd better run home an' 'fess it all; I kin get there befo' Cap'n Booth if I run fast."

Then the prospect of immediately facing Sibylla with her dread confession overpowered the girl. "Dain't no use," she muttered, as she dropped back into a walk; "I might jes' as well die."

Captain Julien Booth had risen at dawn and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to take.

"It may be the act of a brave man or of a coward," he had said to himself a score of times that day.

When in the early spring he asked Sibylla Ashley to marry him he loved her passionately, or thought he did. He loved her so no longer, or believed he did not. The charm of her wonderful beauty was as potent as ever; but the imperiousness of her manner, the directness of her speech which had so fascinated him at first, had ended by making him uneasy. She had been so accustomed to homage and obedience from every one, that he feared she would exact from him more than he could give. He had a growing fear that she was lacking in womanly tenderness. He had ended in believing that they would be miserable together, and had made up his mind to tell her so and to abide by his decision.

In the woods that morning he had gone over all that he would say. He had prepared for every consequence of his determination—for her bitter scorn, for her cool contempt, for her superb, disdainful silence and for—but no, that thought was dismissed at once. The man did not live for whom Sibylla Ashley would shed a tear.

Then he had laughed aloud at this rehearsal of a tragedy—the slaying of her happy love life. Booth rehearsing Othello is not absurd, but Othello rehearsing himself—

He would tell her that he was ready to stand by his promise; and then he tried to imagine the look in Sibylla

Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

That flash of lightning which almost blinded him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.

For a moment he thought of riding by. He wanted to postpone the interview—he needed more time for thought.

Then he threw his head up and his shoulders back as he turned his horse and rode through the gate.

"It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of a coward," he said.

After Sibylla had been left alone she sat for awhile and wondered how Julien would receive her letter. Perhaps he would come out in the evening. She hoped he would not. Sibylla wanted to hear no entreaties; she dreaded a scene. It would be so much better if Julien would write a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision. Then they could meet after that as friends.

Of course, he would be unhappy for a long time; she expected that. It made Sibylla herself feel a little sad, now that it was done. But that would soon pass.

She wondered how far Chrissy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when she arrived. She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him. She saw the rain-clouds gathering and returned to her room. She tried to read but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window and looking out her lips turned pale. Julien was riding up the drive. He must have galloped all the way from the town, she said, as she hurried from the window to her mirror.

Julien threw his bridle to Absalom, who was hopping about on one foot before the door. In the hall he met Letty, who with seared eyes told him that Sibylla was at home, and ran upstairs to warn her sister.

When Sibylla entered he was at the window. She closed the door and stood looking at him in silence. The color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla," Julien said at last in a voice unlike his own.

"Why should I not do so?" she said kindly, and advancing placed her hand in his.

"Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, for the words I have come to say to you are surely the hardest that man can speak to woman."

She drew her hand away quickly.

"Do not say them then," she said with all her old imperiousness—"I forbid you!"—then in an altered voice: "Julien, I have been a weak or a wicked woman, perhaps, but remember I am a proud woman. I know all that you have to say. Don't reproach me."

He stared hard at where she stood, looking at him with kindly, sorrowful eyes; then sank trembling upon a chair. She had read what was in his mind the instant she entered the room. What a marvelous sympathy existed between them! She was making his task easy, but oh, how doubly hard!

"How long have you known this, Sibylla?" he asked after a while.

"How long? How can I measure it by time?" she said with a touch of impatience. "It was days, weeks ago that I became conscious of that indefinable something which had come between us. I felt that we were growing farther apart, and I tried to draw myself nearer you. Yes, I tried. But even when I was most affectionate, even when you held me closest, I felt most strongly—oh, miserable shame and pretence; Julien, why do you make me speak of it?"

"Sibylla, it was not shame and pretence—it was real—while it lasted it was true."

"Think so if you can; even truth has its phases and mutations I suppose," then she added more gently, "I want you to believe the best of me."

Captain Booth bent his head and covered his eyes with his hand. He attempted to speak, but only succeeded in making a sound like a groan.

Sibylla rose and stood beside him. "Julien," she said, "I am not wont to speak slightly of myself, but I am not the woman to make you happy. All my life I have been humored and indulged. I should have demanded much from you and should not have been satisfied with less"—his very thought, "Somewhere there is another woman who will make you a better wife than I—"

"Not that—Sibylla—think any thing but that—I swear there is no other woman!"

"Not now; but there will be one day, of course."

He was silent a moment. "You do not despise me Sibylla?" he asked in a low voice.

"Despise you—despise you, Julien?" She touched his hair softly. "I honor and respect you more than any man I ever knew."

Captain Booth raised his head and gazed at her with adoring eyes. Then, as he continued to look upward into her calm, lovely face, she slid slowly from his chair and fell on his knees before her. He bent his head, and taking the hem of her robe tenderly, he raised it to his lips. Then he stood up, took a few steps backward, with head inclined, and was gone.

It was a beautiful, triumphant ending to the interview she had so dreaded, and it satisfied Sibylla Ashley. As the door closed behind Julien she suddenly realized that the rain was falling in torrents. Could she, after that magnificent exit, call after him to get an umbrella from the rack, but to be careful not to take the heavy black silk one because it was her

grandfather's, and he never lent it? How ridiculous!

Swiftly she crossed the room and opened the door. "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she said.

Captain Booth was at the front door. He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. Sibylla ran back into the parlor, threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears.

Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a patter of bare feet and became aware that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big gingham umbrella over his head.

"You're never goin' to ride out in his rain, Cap'n Booth," cried Absalom from the hayloft as Julien entered the barn door.

The young man stood for a long time staring out at the brilliant green of the dripping shrubbery, underneath which the chickens, ruffled and sullied were huddled. He looked down into Chrissy's swollen face and brimming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry for him. Then he looked up at the leaden, streaming sky and tried to imagine what his life was going to be like without Sibylla Ashley.

Of what noxious hellebore or nightshade had he drunk that he fancied her lacking in tenderness?—this glorious, beautiful woman whom he had just renounced, and whom he knew now, he loved with all his soul.

He darted out into the rain again and strode back to the house. Chrissy still ran at his side. He pushed the front-door open. The sound of his footsteps on the hall floor was drowned by the fury of the storm. He heard Letty's voice, and then Sibylla's. She was sobbing.

"I sent him away in the rain, Letty. . . . He behaved so beautifully—so nobly. . . . I did not think it could be so hard."

"Don't cry, dear," said Letty. "It is better so, since you do not love him."

"But—but—I do love him. I didn't know how much till now that I have lost him forever."

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Sibylla was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the pillows. Letty stood beside her, holding her hand. She dropped it with a start as she saw Julien, who held up a warning finger.

"Don't go away, Letty!" sobbed Sibylla, and then using almost the words of Egypt's miserable and deserted queen, "Don't talk to me—just pity me!"

She reached out gropingly to take Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty simply faded out of the room, and it was Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

"Letty, I know he will ne—never come back! He said hardly a word, but looked so mi—miserable! How tight you are holding my hand—you hurt me, Letty!"

She suddenly sat upright. Julien was kneeling beside her, his arm was around her waist. A sob was trembling on her lips. There must be an outlet; a fit of hysterical, undigested weeping if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her head, so comfortable, so restful a haven. Before she realized it, and by no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there, and his arms held her close.

"I can't give you up, my darling," he whispered.

"I cannot let you go," she said, between her sobs.

The storm was passing, and there were already glimpses of the sun behind the low-hanging clouds. The lower part of the house was very still. Murmured, fragmentary phrases of the talk of the two lovers penetrated to the hall, where a ridiculous little figure in a muddy pink frock lingered near the parlor-door.

"I guess the trouble's 'bout all over," thought Chrissy.

"It has brought us nearer together, Julien," she heard Sibylla say, "and I shall always hold this day blessed; but let us never speak of it again."

"Never again, my Sibylla," Julien's voice made answer.

"Dis letta's no good now," soliloquized Chrissy, as she drew the soiled and crumpled envelope from her pocket. "It 'ad jes' make mo' trouble if I hand it over. Maye don't want dat mattah talked about no mo', an' I ain't goin' to bring it up. I'll jes' go an' put de ole thing in de kitchen fire,"—Goodey's Magazine.

The Food of School Children.

It is a lamentable fact that too little attention is given to the hygienic surroundings of the pupils in the schools, and by far too little to the nature of the food and the manner of eating. The aim often seems to be to so prepare the food that it will require little or no mastication before it is swallowed, and when solid food is taken it is not sufficiently masticated to properly prepare it for the digestive organs. Some years ago a doctor requested many of his patients to report as to the number of bites it required to masticate different foods. He especially desired to learn how much less children chewed the food before swallowing it than their parents. He got reports from one hundred and fifty intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varies very much, that children generally were entirely too apt to bolt their food. To encourage the habit of chewing it more thoroughly, he had advised parents to give the children chewing gum, much to the disgust of many of the parents. He thought the habit of swallowing food before it was properly masticated the cause of insufficient nourishment in many cases.—New York Ledger.



VICTORIA'S DAINTY HAND.

A delicate bit of sculpture is a model of Queen Victoria's hand, which is still a very handsome one, and is said to have signed more important State papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other Queen that ever lived.

THE NEWEST THING IN LUNCHES.

The latest "fad" is to issue invitations for a meal called "brunch." This means a repast at 11 o'clock a. m., which is supposed to be the mid-day time between breakfast and lunch. Fashion may be foolish, but it is quite safe to state that if the free lunch had not been knocked out by the Raines law such an epicurean idea would never have been thought of.

THE SHORT GIRL.

The short girl has everything on her side so far as the men are concerned; a man feels immediately at ease with a short girl, and to most men that is half the battle. The tall girl may be more imposing, but she cannot coax and pout, and flounce into pretty passages with the same execution as the short girl. No man likes to feel himself dwarfed by comparison with the girl he is fond of, and here again the small woman has a decided advantage. The short woman needs a protecting arm in a crowd, and she does not take up so much room in the street cars.

THE DAINTY TYPEWRITERS.

Nearly every typewriter girl keeps a pair of curling tongs in her desk drawers, and the smartest of them a cunning little alcohol lamp. That is why they come up town looking so trim after a hard day's work in a hot office. No girl, however, likes to have the men think that her hair is not naturally curly, so late each afternoon she slips out with her paraphernalia in her hands and visits the offices of some kindly firm of women stenographers in the building. After 5 o'clock the rooms of some of these feminine firm-keepers are an afternoon tea.—New York Recorder.

WEDDING IN THE WOODS.

A beautiful and unique wedding occurred recently in the mountain town of Rockland, Sullivan County, N. Y., the details of which have just reached the outer world. The ceremony was performed in the woods at Clear Lake Cottage, near Beaverkill, by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., a brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and the Rev. A. F. Eastman, also of Elmira. The bride was Miss Theresa C. Hall, who has spent the most of her summers at this spot, and the bridegroom, Lyman V. W. Brown, a Californian, who is a great lover of nature and outdoor life.

The spot chosen for the wedding was on the wooded shores of the lake, where encircling trees and vines formed a natural and charming chamber, around which rose sloping banks of ferns and shrubs. A company of about twenty friends and relatives embarked in small boats about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and were rowed to this beautiful place.

The two ministers stood on the mossy carpet in the centre of the spot, with the friends grouped around them. The bride and groom came down a path through the woods and took their positions before the ministers, and the nuptial vows were taken.

Congratulations and good wishes were showered upon the newly married pair as they stepped down to the shore. The bride took her seat in the bow of the boat, while the husband plied the oars, and they were soon out of sight.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. It presented a picture of an ideal marriage, celebrated in an ideal way, and in keeping with the simple tastes and high ideals of the bride and groom.—New York Herald.

MENTING AS A TRADE.

One of the charitable activities of public-spirited women in London that is said to be doing much good is a "menting guild." The probabilities are that there will be one in New York soon. Mrs. L. S. Bainbridge, Superintendent of the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission, thinks well of it, and intends to organize a guild right away.

The intention is to furnish work, in the way of mending and plain sewing, for that class which is always so pitifully prominent in large cities—that of persons who have been reduced in circumstances, and yet have so much pride that they cannot take employment which would be welcomed by others who always have been accustomed to laboring for others. These reduced women are not lazy. Indeed, they are eager for work. But they do not know how to procure it, and consequently are in a state of destitution that is worse than any endured by their sisters whose wants are more often brought to the notice of the public.

In hundreds of families in New York there is a "mending basket" that is never less than full and running over. There are garments of all kinds that seem to become ragged without rhyme or reason, and that never yield to the attacks of needle and thread to any satisfactory extent. Yet the housewife is anxious to see the heap of torn clothing reduced, and is willing to pay reasonably for help. She

knows, however, that the average seamstress is not of much use in darning and patching, and that the work is not likely to be satisfactory if done by her.

Here is the chance for the reduced gentlewoman. If the guild comes into existence it will bring the housewife with the big basket of ragged clothes and the neat-handed woman anxious for work together. The proposition is that there shall be an official in connection with the guild who shall be herself a practiced needlewoman, with a proper understanding of the value of the work to be done, and the best kind of person to do it. The women who need work will give their names and addresses to the guild, and the officer whose duty it will be to arrange the work and the price to be paid for it will select the woman who considers most adapted to a particular job.

The scale of prices must necessarily be moderate, but still high enough to reimburse the worker fairly.—New York Press.

GOSSIP.

The Woman's Exchange in Philadelphia had receipts of nearly \$35,000 in the year ending February 1, 1893, and is free from debt.

Mrs. Julia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., has left by will over \$2,000,000 for a polytechnic institute to be associated with the Chicago University.

Mayor Doran, of St. Paul, Minn., has appointed Mrs. S. V. Root, prominent in society, a special police officer, possessing full power to make arrests.

Muncie (Ind.) young women have a cold feet club whose newest and most popular amusement is a "corn roast," at which the chilly members are warmed around a fire.

Miss May Abraham, the new English superintendent of factory inspectors, is a beautiful woman of the Semitic type. She began her career as Lady Dilke's private secretary.

At the last meeting of the convocation of the Law Society of Upper Canada, held in Toronto, the legal committee were directed to frame rules providing for the calling of women to the bar.

Even in India the new woman is beginning to appear. Miss Cornelia Sorabjee, B. A., barrister-at-law, of Puna, has formed a business partnership with K. P. Gadgil, barrister-at-law, of the same place.

Miss Eliza Taleotti, who has been a missionary in Japan for twenty-five years, and acted as a nurse in the Japanese army during the war with China, is visiting her old home in Rockville, Conn.

Mrs. Beck Meyer, a Scandinavian lady who represented three Scandinavian countries at the International Woman's Congress at the World's Fair, is at present a special lecturer at Stanford University, California.

The death is announced from Paris of the Comtesse de Barck, who, under the Second Empire, occupied a brilliant position at the court. Owing to a succession of financial misfortunes, she had been reduced almost to poverty.