



CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"It is soothing to an imperfect fellow as myself to find out a little weakness—a tinge of vanity in such an admirable man as you are! I don't doubt that you have fallen to your knees, but you see, he was Mrs. L'Estrange's lover in bygone ages—when they were boy and girl, and after—I know all about it. I fancy Winton when he first came home from India, was not too anxious to take Helen Landell back with him. I remember her, a sad-eyed, timid creature, under the thumb—I should say thumb-screw—of old Miss Webster. She was a soft, taking little thing then, she is a very charming woman now, and Winton is well off. It would be a comfortable settlement for her and her little girl, for they are, I think, quite dependent on you."

CHAPTER IX.

The last week of October saw nearly all the personages in this true history assembled in town. Mrs. L'Estrange was almost ashamed of the eager pleasure with which she had of her removal to London. The change of scene, the various objects of interest, the different occupations of town, contrasted with those of the country, roused and diverted her. Beatrice and her attendant fraulein were left with Winton's aunt, Mrs. Atherton, who had invited them to stay with her in Oldbridge, in order that the young lady might have music lessons from the organist of the cathedral, and be preserved from the disorganization of life in a London lodging, where she was to join her mother before Christmas. Winton, as was expected, soon made his appearance, and then Marsden, both bestowing a good deal of their spare time on the ladies of Brookdale. So the days went speedily and pleasantly, with the help of galleries and concerts by day, and theaters in the evening. Nora flattered herself that by the careful cultivation of more frank friendliness of manner toward Winton, she was killing out warmer feelings in her heart, and at any rate successfully masking the true state of affairs in that weak citadel. Mrs. Ruthven, however, put in a claim for a good deal of her trustee's time and attention. She also found it expedient to take up her abode in the capital. The police gave her little hope of recovering her lost property, but the preliminaries of her new purchases made her presence requisite. "Have you seen Miss L'Estrange?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, one morning when Shirley had been admitted before luncheon. "No, I thought of calling, but did not see what business I had to do so."

"I do not see how they can when I am in ignorance. Here Mrs. Ruthven's courier entered with a note, which she took and glanced at. "Let him come up," she said, and set a moment in silence, twisting it with her small pointed finger. "Am I in the way?" asked Shirley, with some stiffness. "No! not you can stay," said Mrs. Ruthven, carelessly, and as she spoke the detective, Waite, was shown in. "So! you are back again?" she said. "Have you anything fresh?" "Something. I—" he hesitated and glanced at Shirley. "Oh, you may speak. This gentleman, Captain Shirley," with a slight emphasis on the name, "was, you remember, at the ball when I was robbed, and knows all about it."

Waite bowed gravely. "I have just come from Brussels," he said. "A report I heard at, no matter where, induced me to visit a merchant there, who, it was said, had some fine rubies for sale. They were certainly very fine, and were, I had, bought from a respectable looking young man, of small stature and very dark complexion, who said he was a native of India. He spoke French very imperfectly. He had, he said, inherited the stones from an uncle. He stated he was a native of Pondicherry and had offered the gems in Paris, but could not get his price. This surprised the jeweler, as he asked less than their value, which the purchaser, Vanderluy, Rue de la Montagne, gave him. After much trouble, I traced this man back to Ostend, and ascertained that a passenger answering to his description embarked on board the Dover steamer about three weeks ago, and there I lost all trace."

"But you must find it again," exclaimed Mrs. Ruthven, who had listened intently. "You know the reward I offered for the jewels themselves. I will double it if you enable me to punish the robber! Do you not think I am right?" she added with sudden startling vehemence to Shirley, who hesitated an instant and then replied: "Certainly, Mrs. Ruthven, certainly. Such a miscreant deserves no mercy." "From Pondicherry, did he say? Did he give any name?" "No! I fancy the jeweler was too glad to get such a bargain, to make many inquiries." "You do not intend to give up?" cried Mrs. Ruthven, eagerly. "Certainly not, madame. These are the first tracks." He paused and gave a quick, questioning glance at Mrs. Ruthven, who slightly bent her head. "Yes," he went on, "the first tracks I have hit on, and I am determined not to give up till I have done all man can do to find the rascal and his accomplices, if he has any." "I should imagine he had," said Shirley, who had risen, and going over to the fire, stirred it into a blaze. "A man would hardly attempt so bold a stroke single-handed."

WOMAN'S HOME

MORE than ordinary interest attaches to the last census bulletin, which deals with the occupations of the people of the United States. The most noticeable fact is the continued desertion of the farms and the increase in the working classes. The most remarkable feature of this city's growth in "gainful occupations" is the enormous increase—25 per cent.—in the number of women employed as compared with the figures of 1880. According to this bulletin no less than 48 per cent. of all persons over 10 years of age are now engaged in "gainful occupations." The total of working people is 22,735,661, or which 18,820,350 are males and 3,914,711 females. This is a gain of 1,267,554 women since 1880, or a rate of increase nearly three and one-half times as great as the increase of workmen. Trade and transportation have received the largest share of these women. They have gone into offices and stores as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, cashiers, typewriters and saleswomen. Into every place where these million and a quarter of feminine employes have gone they have driven out men and have worked for smaller wages, even in proportion to the amount of labor done. Thus the employer has been the sole gainer, and the community, in so far as it has had to support idle men in consequence, has been the loser.

Industry and ambition are good traits in women as they are in men, and no one will deny the right of a woman to enter the office or the work-room if she prefers this to the kitchen, to the sewing-room, or even to the parlor. But it must be admitted that the present phase of the transition which is taking place in women's occupations is productive of no apparent good to herself or to the race. Where a dozen ambitious women force themselves into trade because they wish to, a hundred are compelled in consequence to work against their wills because of the disturbance produced in the salaries of their fathers and brothers. It is a pity the census bulletin could not tell us how many of these new women are in trade from pure choice, and how many from an unwonted necessity that has arisen in consequence of the disturbed economic conditions produced by the rush of men toward the cities and of women into commercial pursuits. The disturbance, however grievous for the time being, is not one that calls for legislation. It is one of those things that must solve itself. In the meantime it is hard to tell which deserves the most sympathy—the toiling woman or the idle man whom she has thrown out of employment and whom she is in duty bound to support.

First Woman So Honored. Upon Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of New York is conferred the honor of being the first woman chosen as a delegate to a national Republican League convention. The gathering to which she was elected took place in Cleveland June 19. Miss Boswell's political experience began in 1888, when she became associated in the work of the Republican party with Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the



MISS KATHERINE CLEMMONS.

and from the wreck of an army ambulance was surprised to hear a child's wail. The child was Katherine Clemmons. The scout cared for the little girl most tenderly and a short time later restored her to her mother. Mrs. Clemmons went to California, settled in Oakland, and after some years married J. W. Dayan, then head of the stationery department of the Southern Pacific. The girls were given all the advantages that education and the best society could furnish, and the elder married Charles B. Overacker, a prominent orchardist of Niles. The younger girl, who had been so romantically thrown upon the protection of the great frontiersman, dreamed of success on the stage. She went to London to seek instruction in the best schools there. "Buffalo Bill" was then on the top wave of London popularity. Katherine Clemmons sought him and not without avail, for he helped her socially, procured the best instructors for her, and when she felt that she was ready to attempt the achievement of historic fame, backed her with his money.

Believes in Clubs. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe thinks that one of the encouraging signs in women's advancement during the past twenty-five years is the organization of the women. "Before the war they had no organization," she says. "The war seemed somehow to bring them together. This may have been due largely to the fact that it called out some to help the wounded and sick in hospitals. At any rate, since that time the organization of women has been growing stronger. I am a great believer in women's clubs; when properly conducted they do a vast amount of good."

What Women Wear and Do. Queen Victoria's Scotch journeys cost her about \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. The newest materials for costumes are alpaca and baroges of the old kind revived. Wrappers of thin wash materials are now coming in for the attention of the fair shopper. White wings are used with flowers on hats of yellow, rough straw with medium wide, straight brims. Hugh bows of colored taffeta ribbons are often the only trimming on hats which closely resemble the sailor in shape. Patent-leather shoes with black stockings and tan shoes with stockings to match are the reigning styles of the season. Full woman suffrage in South Australia is an accomplished fact. Queen Victoria has signed the bill and it has become a law. New silk waists of Rob Roy plaid taffeta silks are made with plaited fronts, bias yoke backs, full elbow sleeves and velvet stock collars. Blouse waists of finely striped washing silks, with turn-over collars of lawn or white silk edged with lace, are the coolest things possible and dainty to look upon. Miss Mary Cary Thomas has been nominated for one of the alumni trustees of Cornell University. She is the first woman to be so honored in any of the great universities. Black silk muslin and chiffon flowered in soft colors and large patterns make lovely summer gowns for matrons. They are made up over black taffeta and require very little trimming.



MISS HELEN VARICK BOSWELL.

President of the National Republican Woman's Association. As her assistant Miss Boswell has taken an active interest in politics and has been engaged in work intended to advance the cause of the Republican party among the women of New York and in Washington, D. C. In her personal appearance Miss Boswell is prepossessing. She is small but has sufficient dignity to make her a successful presiding officer. She is tactful and witty, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. Her age is by no means uncertain, either, for Miss Boswell will not be 30 for some years to come.

Chalk a Cleansing Agent. French chalk, tooth chalk, chalk pencil—any chalk—is an agent for cleansing in an endless variety of ways. Rub it into grease spots on dresses, wall-paper, anything; it may be rubbed into food spots, say molasses, with excellent effect. It disintegrates the dirt, so that it can be scratched or rubbed out. Even on wash dresses this easy remedy is well worth applying. Not only spots, but the hand-rubbed soiled parts may sometimes be restored, or, at least, improved. Rub on the chalk and hang the garment away over night, or for days, to be brushed clean when used again.

Objects to the Bicycle. The Woman's Rescue League of Boston is out protesting against women using the bicycle. They are prompted to do this because 80 per cent. of the women reclaimed the past year were

THE ONLY WAY.

A Simple Lie Saved Him Domestic Unhappiness.

His eyes were heavy in expression and had delicate streaks of sunrise pink around the edges of the lids. He tried to write, but threw the pen down and said to a man at another desk: "Say, do I look like a man who had trouble in his home?" "Well, I don't know about that. But you look as if you had trouble." "I don't want you to think for an instant that my wife isn't a cheerful and devoted woman. But I don't manage to come along through life as smilingly as you do, and I want to get a few confidential points from you." "All right. I'll be glad to tell you anything I can." "You never have to get up at 12 or 1 o'clock at night to see whether you've fastened the parlor windows as you promised, do you?" "Never." "You don't have to get up again at 2 to see whether you left the cellar door unfastened?" "No." "You don't have to go prowling out in the front yard at 3 to see that you haven't left the new lawn mower where somebody will steal it?" "I haven't had that experience." "And you don't have to get up again at 4 to satisfy your wife that you didn't let the dog out to get lost when you got up the time before?" "Such a thing never happens." "Well, what I want you to tell me, in confidence if you wish it, is how you manage to avoid it?" "Simplest method in the world." "What is it?" "I lie."

He Was a Game Man.

"Speakin' of game men," remarked a Westerner with frowled whiskers, "there was Sam Slug, of Singville, as we called him, but it wasn't his name, that used to be City Marshal of our town. He was on the shoot in a minute, and when his gun went 'pop' something was bound to come down. "I remember one night he went into a saloon full of tough citizens to make an arrest, and the gang was onto him. He took his sixteen-shooter with him, but the crowd was so full that they didn't seem to take that into the count, and when Sam collared his man the row began. "When it was all over the saloon was cleaned out, and Sam and a number of his feller citizens occupied the floor, and we fished Sam out and took him to his boardin' house. He wasn't very badly hurt, not near so bad as the others, and the next day, as I was Mayor of the town, I went up to see Sam. "Sam, says I, purty stiff, 'you kind of overdone things that time.' "How, Mr. Mayor?' says he. "Why,' says I, 'shootin' so doggone permiskus.' "Did my man git away?' says he. "Oh, no,' says I, 'he's safe with the rest of 'em.' "How many?' says he. "Only fifteen,' says I, with a grin. "Is that all?' says he, disappointed like. "Ain't that enough?' says I; 'you ought to be sorry.' "I am,' says he, 'about one thing.' "What's that?' says I. "About that cartridge I wasted, Mr. Mayor,' says he. 'There was sixteen shots in that gun and I'd like to know which one of 'em didn't do its duty.'"

These Wee Birdies.

Whittlesey Mere, in Huntingdonshire, now drained, once produced the finest ruffs and reeves, a delicacy of which Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond, his regular allowance during the season being two a day. An amusing anecdote is told of a young curate who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was asked to dinner at Bishopthorpe by Archbishop Markham. Out of modesty, he confined himself exclusively to the dish before him till one of the resident dignitaries observed him. But it was too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird. A similar tale has been told of another delicate morsel, the wheatear, popularly designated "the English ortolan." A Scotch officer was dining with a certain Lord George Lennox, then Commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attentions to it. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish, but "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply; "these wee birdies will do verra weel."—Chambers' Journal.

Surplus of Wine in Spain.

Spain's once immensely profitable wine industry seems to be on the verge of ruin. According to a speech delivered by the great political economist and Liberal statesman, Senor Moret, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, at Carriena recently, the annual export had sunk from 11,000,000 hectolitres in 1891 to less than 4,000,000 in 1894. Thirty-eight million hectolitres more are produced every year than can be consumed in the country, and unless some new market is opened the wine-growers of Spain will become bankrupt.

Boiling Mud.

A lake of boiling mud two miles in circumference exists in the island of Java, near Solo. Masses of soft hot mud continually rise and fall, and huge mud-bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute.

Mrs. Magun—I came across one of your old letters to-day.

Mrs. Magun—I came across one of your old letters to-day. George, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself. Mr. Magun—Well, such an exposed place.—London Tid-Bits.

How tired people become of each other!

How tired people become of each other!