

Fashions in Women.

There are fashions not only in women's clothes but in women themselves. A certain style of woman becomes the vogue. Lydia Langush reads sentimental novels, dissolves in tears at a moment's notice, and finds eloquence a necessary spice for marriage.

The Ute "Uprising."

Persons familiar with real Indian uprisings have been amused at the amount of attention attracted to the recent attempted migration of 300 Utes from their reservation in Utah to more fertile land in Wyoming.

Prof. Phelps of Yale is quoted as saying that if all the undergraduates in America should be placed in one room and tested by a common examination on the supposedly familiar stories of the Old Testament, such instances as Adam, Eve and the Garden of Eden, Noah, Samson, David and Goliath, Moses and Pharaoh, the results would be a magnificent contribution to American humor.

The Michigan supreme court has decided that the evidence submitted by phonograph is admissible. The question was raised in a case where a hotel proprietor was trying to prove how the value of his property had been diminished by the proximity of a railroad and the blowing of whistles and the shunting of cars.

The wife of a Cincinnati minister has recently been voted a salary by her husband's congregation. The minister's wife as a rule earns everything she gets, and then, half of the time, she does not get it, says the Minneapolis Journal.

Having seen several of the new winter hats, we can't find it in our heart, exclaims the Topeka Capital, to criticize Hetty Green for sticking to her old one.

A vaudeville performer in New York allows an automobile to run over him. He differs from the rest of us in having some option in the matter.

A Binghamton man says that he has solved the riddle of the sphinx, but perhaps he will realize that he hasn't, after he gets sober.

Kindness to the just is never lost, says Plautus. And it isn't a bad idea to stretch it—to a large dog, for example.

Grace Brown to Chester Gillette

Woman's Simple Documents That Made a Criminal Case Famous and Virtually Sealed the Fate of a Murderer When Read to the Jury That Tried Him for His Life.

Herkimer, N. Y.—Printed below are letters which, within the past few weeks, have become known almost from one end of the country to the other as "Grace Brown's letters."

They formed the most remarkable feature of that case. The whole structure of the prosecuting attorney was built upon them. It passes understanding why the murderer of the girl should have preserved a series of documents which, it is safe to say, spelled his doom from the moment they were placed in the hands of a jury of 12 men.

Yet somehow Gillette kept them, and the American public has come into the possession of one of the most remarkable series of documents that ever appeared in a criminal case.

"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN"

"But Somehow I Have Trusted You More Than Any One Else."

South Otsele, June 21st, 1906, Wednesday Night—My Dear Chester: I am just ready for bed and am so ill I could not help writing to you.

Chester, I came home because I thought I could trust you. I don't think now I will be here after next Friday. This girl wrote me that you seemed to be having an awfully good time and she guessed that my coming home had done you good, as you had not seemed so cheerful in weeks.

Perhaps, Chester, you don't think or you can't help making me grieve, but I wish things were different. You may say you do, too, but you can't possibly wish so more than I. I have been very brave since I came home, but to-night I am very discouraged.

I miss you. Oh, dear, you don't know how much I miss you. Honestly, dear, I am coming back next week unless you can come for me right away. I am so lonesome I can't stand it.

Don't you think I am awfully brave? I am doing so much better than I thought I should. I think about you, dear, all the time and wonder what you are doing. I am so frightened, dear. Maude has invited me down for next Tuesday, but I don't think I can go.

AS AN EMERGENCY OVERCOAT.

Deep Breathing Best Substitute for Extra Clothing in a Pinch.

"No it wasn't carelessness so much as ignorance," said the physician, whose patient was explaining that he caught the cold by getting chilled because he neglected to wear his overcoat one frosty evening.

"I've tried deep breathing every morning for a year," replied the patient. "Do it regular as clockwork, along with a cold bath. Was told that they would make me impervious to colds. And here's the result, with the first cool spell of the fall."

crazy. Be a good kid and God bless you. Lovingly.

P. S.—I am crying. THE KID.

"THERE ARE SO MANY NOOKS"

"I Have Been Bidding Good-bye to Some Places To-day."

South Otsele, July 6, Thursday Night—My Dear Chester: If you take the 9:45 train from the Lehigh, there, you will get here about 11. I am sorry I could not go to Hamilton, dear, but papa and mamma did not want me to, and there are so many things I have had to work hard for in the last two weeks.

You must come in the morning, for I have had to make you don't know how many new plans since your last letter, in order to meet you Monday.

"MY LITTLE SISTER CAME"

"I Told Her I Guessed My Fortune Was Pretty Well Told Now."

South Otsele, June 23d, 1906, Sunday Night—My Dear Chester: I was glad to hear from you and surprised as well. I thought you would rather have my letters affectionate, but yours was so businesslike that I have come to the conclusion that you wish mine to be that way.

I think, pardon me, that I understand my position and that it is rather unnecessary for you to be so frightfully frank in showing it to me. I can see my position as keenly as anyone, I think. You say you were surprised, but you thought I would be discouraged.

My little sister came up just a minute ago with her hands full of daisies and asked if I didn't want my fortune told. I told her I guessed it was pretty well told now. I don't want you to mind this letter, for I am blue to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about me.

When you are across, just think I am sick and can't help all this. If you were me, you couldn't help finding fault, I know. I don't dare think how glad I will be to see you. If you wrote me a letter like this I wouldn't write in a long time, but I know you won't tease me in that way.

"CAN'T YOU COME TO ME?"

"Chester, I Need You More Than You Think I Do."

South Otsele, June 26, 1906, Monday Night—Dear Chester: I am much too tired to write a decent letter or even follow the line, but I have been uneasy all day, and I can't go to sleep because I am sorry I sent you such a

The Wayfarers.

For hearts of evil men are hard, And beauty works such sinful charms— Surely, you need have fear of harm?

Instead of sitting there and absorbing a cold, however, which I'll bet most of the people on the car did, I simply began to take long, deep breaths, as deep as I could. When I got off the car, instead of being stiff from cold, I was warm and comfortable from the extra oxygen I'd drawn into my lungs, combined with the extra physical exertion involved.



hateful letter this morning, so I am going to write and ask your forgiveness, dear. I was cross and wrote things I ought not to have written.

Papa can't take me and I am nervous about going alone. You see I would have to ride quite a distance before I could take the train and then there is a long wait, and, Chester, I am getting awfully sensitive. If I can't go up there what shall I do? Do you think it would be wise to come back there? Could you come to Derby and meet me? I have relatives there, but perhaps I could arrange it somehow.

First I said good-bye to the spring house with its great masses of green moss; then the apple tree where we had our playhouses; then the "Beehive," a cute little house in the orchard, and of course all the neighbors that had mended my dresses from a little tot up to save me a thrashing I really deserved.

"Oh, dear, you don't realize what all this means to me. I know I shall never see any of them again, and mamma, great Heaven, how I do love mamma! I don't know how I will do without her. She is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think if I tell mamma—but I can't. She is trouble enough as it is, and I couldn't break her heart like that.

My little sister came up just a minute ago with her hands full of daisies and asked if I didn't want my fortune told. I told her I guessed it was pretty well told now. I don't want you to mind this letter, for I am blue to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about me.

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make them natural. But in an emergency they're worth trying any time.

—Boston Globe.

Libel on Omar.

In a recent case of some notoriety that was tried before United States Commissioner Shields in New York a lawyer who is noted for his flowery oratory was defending the accused.

A large bronze statue of Jefferson Davis, president of the confederate states, is being completed at an establishment in Providence, R. I., and will be unveiled in Richmond, Va., on June 3, 1907, at the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans' association.

Our Washington Letter

One of the Ways Devised by Congress to Spend Uncle Sam's Money—Government Biologist Records Tones Heard in the Wildwood—Other News Notes from the Capital.



WASHINGTON—If any gentleman contemplates building himself a striking sort of a home he should not construct it after the form and style of the Washington monument. Costs too much to keep it up.

The Washington monument has an elevator running up through its middle and stairs winding around the elevator shaft and between it and the walls, or skin, of the building.

To run the thing there is a force of men consisting of one boss, down on the books as the custodian, at \$100 a month; one steam engineer, at \$80 a month; one assistant steam engineer, at \$70 a month; one foreman, at \$55 a month; one elevator conductor, at \$75 a month; one attendant on the bottom floor, at \$60 a month; one attendant on the top floor, at \$60 a month; three night and day watchmen, at \$60 a month apiece.

The watchmen, if you ask what in the world they find to do to kill time between pay days, will assure you that if they were not "Johnny on the spot" all the while, the monument would be all clipped off and carried away in a few weeks by the great American brotherhood of rubbernecks, from whom Washington receives more visits than any other city in the country.

GOVERNMENT EXPERT WRITES BIRDS' MUSIC.

Henry Oldys, assistant biologist in the department of agriculture, has 1,000 samples of bird music written in popular form so that it is possible for the human voice exactly to imitate the songsters of the field and the forest.

Mr. Oldys has been gathering bird language for 13 years and during most of that time has been devoting his expert knowledge of the subject to official reports which find their way in the government archives.

Among the more prevalent birds whose tones are like those of the human and can be reproduced and written as music are the wood thrush, the chink, the song sparrow, the field sparrow, the Baltimore oriole, the wood pewee and the Carolina wren.

OFFICIALS RESENT SPYING BY TELEPHONE.

If they are deprived of all personal use, for whatever purpose, of the telephones in their office, why should not the private conversations held on the wire between the office of the secretary of the navy and his office and residence in Baltimore be charged up to Mr. Boneparte, is a question that has arisen in the disturbed minds of a number of chiefs of bureaus in the navy department.

Developments in the navy department have disclosed to even the highest officials that it is impossible for them to hold private conversations over the department telephones. H. C. Gauss, private secretary of Secretary Boneparte, has taken the situation in hand and made private detectives of the "hello" girls in the department's telephone exchange.

While none of the officials takes the stand that the government should be charged up with private conversations, they do bitterly resent the method that has been adopted to "spy" on them, and it is likely that the matter will be called to the attention of the secretary.

PATENT OFFICIALS DEMAND LARGER QUARTERS.

The inventive breed is not dying out in America. The commissioner of patents at Washington calls loudly for larger quarters, more clerks and bigger pay for overworked examiners.

Naturally enough, motors and submarine and aerial navigating devices lead the list. Modern man insists upon flying, and the inventor who adds speed to his passing to and fro upon the earth, in the air, or in or under the water is certain of his reward.

The inventors are no believers in the early coming of peace among the nations, for improvements upon weapons and new explosives are well nigh as numerous as new motors. Yet with all this gunning for gain and racing for fame on the part of the inventors the chances are that some unconsidered trifle like the wooden ball with a rubber string or the globe catch for women's purses will win the largest rewards in the future as in the past.

WOULD ABOLISH BILLBOARD PICTURES.

Maj. Sylvester, superintendent of police, is to recommend to the district commissioners that a bill be introduced in congress eliminating pictures of every kind and description from the billboards of the district.

The recommendation will apply to all theater advertisements, posters put up by dry goods stores setting forth the merits of corsets and hosiery of various kinds, patent medicine displays and dozens of other drawings regularly seen on the boards. It will also affect the use in this section of the sheets which the United States navy adopted as a means of attracting young men to enter the service.

Maj. Sylvester's idea in recommending the enforcement of a new law regarding the regulation of billboards is to make Washington a clean city. The recommendation will request that the law be so framed that after its enactment nothing will be allowed to appear on the billboards except plain reading matter of a legitimate nature.

