

mained until six weeks ago, when she moved to the house of Gertie Collins, 720 Green street. About two weeks since another stroke of paralysis placed her on her bed, and she never rose again, expiring Monday afternoon.

Lillie Henderson was popular with her unfortunate fallen sisters, and, together with a "friend," who proved the friend in need, she was given as respectable burial as possible. An elegant cloth casket was procured, the gaudy pictures were taken from the parlor walls, the many mirrors were draped, and a popular and earnest man was asked to preach fueneral sermon, which he did, and none were the dry eyes that left the room aftward. Six of her more intimate acquaintances in the fallen sisterhood acted as pall bearers, and the remains were consigned to their last long resting place in the Eastern Cemetery. She was twenty years of age, and leaves a brother and an aunt as her only living relatives.

THE FALLEN SISTERHOOD.

The Remains of Lillie Henderson, the Noted Courtesan, Laid to Rest By Her Fellow Unfortunates in Sin.

Yesterday afternoon a procession of ten or a dozen hacks and a hearse moved slowly and solemnly through the gates of the Eastern cemetery. Arrived at a new-made grave, the funeral cortege halted, and the occupants of the carriages alighted. When the hearse backed up and the doors were opened, six young women, dressed in solemn black, on their arms a piece of white crape, the signia of a life cut off too soon, sadly and gently lifted the coffin from its rests and deposited it over the spot which was to be its resting place until eternity. The sexton, spade in hand, looked askant. He glanced through the silent group of females standing around the casket for the minister, but there was none. Then he, comprehended. Motioning to his assistants, the coffin was lowered into the ground, and the grave diggers performed their duty of filling on top of it the cold clods of earth which they had recently taken out. When the mound was completed the silent group returned to their carriages and were driven away.

This was the end of India Hogue, or Lillie Henderson as she was known in this city. Hers was the same old story that has been written and rewritten hundreds of times. Born and raised amid the comforts and luxuries of a pleasant home in Lebanon, Ind., she had everything she wanted, including her own way. When 17 years of age she went astray, and to plunge deeper into the dissipatious and excesses of the demi-monde came to this city three years ago, engaging bard at the place of Hattie Lawrence. For a time her beauty and vivacity made her the talk of the town, and she was the leader of the sporting fraternity. Her manner of life soon told on her, and about eight months ago a stroke of paralysis very near cost her life. She recovered partially, and went to board with Mertie Edwards, on West Green street, where she re-