

### MOLY

The roots is hard to loose.  
From hold of earth by mortal; but God's power  
Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flower  
As white as milk. — Chapman's Homer.

Traveler, pluck a stem of moly  
If thou touch at Circe's lair,  
Hermes' moly, growing solely  
To undo enchanter's wile!  
When she professes thee her chalice,  
Wine and spices mixed with malice,  
When she smites thee with her staff  
To transform thee—do though laugh!  
Safe thou art if thou but bear  
The least leaf of moly rare,  
Close it grows beside her portal,  
Springing from a stock immortal—  
Yes! and often has the Witch  
Sought to tear it from its niche;  
But to thwart her cruel will  
The wise God renews it still,  
Though it grows in soil perverse,  
Heaven hath been its jealous nurse,  
And a flower of snowy mark  
Springs from root and sheathing dark;  
Kingly safeguard, only herb  
That can bristly passion curb!  
Some do think its name should be  
Shield-bear, white integrity.  
Traveler, pluck a stem of moly,  
If thou touch at Circe's lair,  
Hermes' moly, growing solely  
To undo enchanter's wile!  
—Edith M. Thomas.

### STRIKE IN THE FAMILY.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jennie Mason, as she gave baby John a gentle pat, after laying him on his pillow, if it isn't after 10 o'clock and the breakfast dishes not washed yet; and my head aches, and my back aches, and there's the dinner to get. Oh, how am I ever to get through?" and something like a tear fell on baby's silken hair. Just then Jennie looked very unlike the bright, laughter-loving Jennie whom John Mason had installed mistress of his home only two years before. The youngest of four daughters, whose father, a physician in a neighboring village, was able to maintain his family in modest comfort, Jennie had grown up knowing little of the real hardships of life. So it was something of a trial to the good doctor and his wife when their "baby," as they called 18-year-old Jennie, decided that nothing would make her so happy as to marry John Mason and live on a farm. She laughed at the idea of finding farm life dull or too hard. What! dull with John for company or too hard when the labor would be for him. So with her love for John, Jennie brought a good deal of girlish enthusiasm and energy to her new home. Altogether she was determined to make a model farmer's wife, one whom John's mother, a hard-working farmer's wife herself, would be compelled to admire.

Mrs. Mason, Sr., as Jennie well knew, did not have a very high opinion of town girls, and, in fact, was rather inclined to think them more lazy and extravagant than otherwise. It pleased John fully as much as it did his mother to see how energetically his girl-wife took charge of the house work and it never entered his mind that she might be doing more than her strength would justify. He did not mean to be inconsiderate, but he had always been accustomed to seeing his mother work hard, and if he ever thought of the matter at all, it was with the idea that what his mother did, even yet in her old age, his wife could surely do. He failed to take into consideration the difference in the natural strength of the two women, and the very great difference in their training.

His mother was a strong, robust woman, used from childhood to active hard work, while his wife had never been called on to do anything heavier than to sweep and dust her room. In failing to think of all this John was not necessarily selfish. He was simply guilty of that which brings so much trouble—thoughtlessness. How prone we are to let others bear heavy burdens, until nature at last gives away and we have only a mound and a memory left us. Then, alas! when too late, we realize what our thoughtlessness has cost.

Jennie was not long in discovering that she had attempted too much in doing all the housework alone, but pride forbade any mention of it as long as John did not notice it or suggest that she have help. So, although her face grew thin and she was often too tired to smile when John came in from the field, she worked on without complaining. As for John, he was so busy trying to get rich that he never missed the smiles that used to make earth like heaven to him. He was more interested in his cattle than he was in talking over the last magazine with his wife, and in the absorbing occupation of selling cattle and buying more land he had little time for the love talks that once brought the color so quickly to the face he loved. For he did love his wife in spite of his absorption in other things. He had only fallen into the very common error that a wife does not want or expect the attention the sweetheart receives, and that because a woman works on in silence she is necessarily not overburdened or discontented. Jennie had been in her new home only a year when baby came, and the young mother reveled in the delight that only a mother, as she gazed on her first-born, can experience. She was quite certain that there had never been another such

a wonderful baby, and, although John was not so outspoken in his admiration, it was evident, that from the pride, he evinced in his son and heir, that he shared the mother's opinion. He took a little time from his fields and herds to spend in the darkened room where Jennie lay resting and adoring her little one.

The housework went on smoothly in the hands of the strong German girl John had hired, but when at the end of the month for which she had been engaged Jennie suggested that perhaps Gretchen had better stay a while longer, he asked in some surprise: "Why, what for, little woman? It will bring the roses back to your cheeks to stir about and mother says nothing, makes babies so good as to let them 'cry it out.' Master John can lie on the bed and exercise his lungs a little if he wants to while you are busy." So Gretchen went home and Jennie took up her burden again without saying anything further. Her tender heart grieved sore when she so often had to leave her baby to "cry it out," while he, in spite of his grandma's doctrine, failed to be any the better for the discipline. In fact, John Mason, Jr., was not a good baby. He protested vigorously at being left alone so much and was just as selfish as all babies are in demanding the entire time and attention of his mother. He even failed to appreciate the trouble his grandma took to ride several miles, every week to "see John's boy, because Jennie doesn't know any more about taking care of a baby than if she was a baby herself," as that worthy personage explained to a neighbor.

The morning on which my brief story opens the household autocrat had been even more exacting than usual in his demands. In vain Jennie tried to get through with her morning work. Baby's shrill cries were more than her tortured nerves could endure, and, leaving breakfast dishes in the pan unwashed, she had attempted to get him to sleep. Three times had she laid him softly on his pillow when eyes and mouth sprung open simultaneously, and the little rebel demanded a renewal of singing and rocking. When at last he was compelled to yield to the influence of the drowsy god, Jennie found that hurry as much as she might it would be out of her power to put every thing to rights and have dinner ready by twelve o'clock as John always wanted it, and the young wife had since learned that a hungry man is never a patient one. But tired and worn out as she was, there was the work to do, and no one else to do it, so she conquered the desire to sit down and have a good cry, and instead, picked up John's paper from the floor and folded it to put away so he could have it at noon if he wished. The head lines of the first column attracted her attention, and stopping for a moment, she read: "Another Strike. Hundreds of Men Leaving Work. Demanding Shorter Hours." It was evident that some new thought had been born in the few moments that Jennie gave to the reading of that column, for there was a light in her eyes and a firmness about her mouth that was not usually seen there, and she went about her work. "Why not?" she asked herself. "If men be worn out with so much labor and demand relief, why not a woman? I am sure, if I only had to work eight hours a day, I might stand it, but eighteen would come nearer expressing it, and if John won't see it of himself (here the lips quivered a little), why I will have to open his eyes for him."

It was not without considerable inward quaking that Jennie resolved to carry out her plans immediately. "I'll never have the courage if I put it off till to-morrow," she wisely concluded, "and if as John said yesterday it pays to take good care of cattle it is time he learned that it pays to take good care of a wife." When John and the hired man came in to dinner they were very much astonished to find the mistress of the house sitting very quietly by baby's side reading the paper and no sign of dinner on the table, unless some cold bread and meat left from the day before was to constitute it.

"What in the thunder is the matter, Jennie?" exclaimed John. "Where's dinner?"

"On the table," remarked Jennie, placidly, though her hands were clinched very tight on the rounds of her chair by way of keeping up her courage.

"What!" said John in amazement, "do you mean to say that all the dinner a hungry man is to get?"

"That is just what I mean, John, and if I had been as wise as I ought to have been I would have meant it long ago. I am not able to do all the work I have been doing, although you have failed to see it. It is wearing me out, body and mind. Instead of a bright, cheerful woman, such as I was two years ago, I look withered, worn and fully ten years older. If the present state of affairs continue much longer I will be in my grave and my baby left for some other woman to mistreat. The fact is, I have followed the fashion and struck. I want help. I know you can afford to hire a girl, and I must have one."

To tell the truth, Jennie was a little surprised at herself for coming out so strong, but it seemed that all the accumulated grievances of the past two years rose up and demanded voice.

"You know you were marrying a poor man and would have to work," retorted John, rather bitterly.

"Yes, and I am willing to work," said

Jennie, quickly; "but there must be some limit. And as to your being poor, John, I know you are not rich, but think if it wouldn't be better to buy less land and spend some of that money in making life easier for your wife. As it is, I never have a moment's rest. I rarely see the inside of a book or paper, and as for the accomplishments I spent so much time on when I was a girl, they are almost entirely forgotten. I don't want baby to grow up and be ashamed of his mother. I am ashamed of myself now. I don't think I am unreasonable in saying I must have help. You say it pays to take good care of your cattle. Am I less to you than your cattle?"

Without deigning to notice the tremulous tone of Jennie's appeal, John turned on his heel, and slamming the door after him went back to the field without his dinner. The hired man, however, did full justice to the cold bread and meat, wisely thinking it better than no dinner at all. John's anger was at the boiling point for several hours. Jennie's yielding disposition had fostered his selfishness and love of authority, and was ill prepared he to acknowledge that he had given his wife any cause for her complaint.

But in spite of himself her words, "You say it pays to take care of your cattle. Am I less to you than your cattle," kept ringing in his ears. Jennie was unreasonable, he was sure of that in wanting him to pay out \$10 or \$12 a month extra for hire, when she knew how he wanted to buy that tract of land to the right of his farm, and how he had almost settled the trade for it. And if he did buy it every dollar would be needed to meet the payment. Yes, Jennie was unreasonable.

But though John repeated this over and over to himself some way he could not get rid of the uneasy feeling that had succeeded his first indignation. Suppose Jennie was right. Suppose the work was too much for her and she could not stand it. Quick as lightning there flashed before him what life would be without his wife, and what little comfort land and cattle would be to him if she were taken away.

"God forgive me," he exclaimed, "I've been a selfish, thoughtless, brute, but to-day has opened my eyes. But how did the little woman summon up enough courage to open them for me." He added, half smiling, as he recalled the scene that at first had only awakened anger.

A little later Jennie heard the rattle of a wagon, and looking out saw that John was on his way toward Farmer Weise's whose daughter, Gretchen, hired out whenever she could get a place. Before the sun went down she was installed in the kitchen, and John had asked pardon for his thoughtlessness.

Jennie's roses soon came back, and John, viewing the transformation, could but wonder at his own blindness so long and rejoice that it had ended when it did. "But it never would, you know," says Jennie, with all the mischief of her girlish days, "if there hadn't been a strike in the family."

### A Terrible Chinese Torture.

A Taoist priest is undergoing a dreadful torture at Foochow. At a place close by the well-known tea-house on the road to the city (Foochow) is to be seen a man in a cage, with a cangue on his neck to keep him standing on his toes only, and in this position he will be left till relieved by death.

Upon inquiry we were told that he is a Taoist priest, and the crime he committed was that about a fortnight ago he put on a woman's dress and went into a house where no one but a newly-married young woman was left; he boldly informed the woman that he was her aunt, and had come purposely to see her, and of course, the woman believing this, nothing was left undone for the comfort of her supposed aunt during the day. At night the young woman offered her room and bed to her aunt, so they were both in the room talking, when suddenly the woman suspected that some mystery existed. Showing no excitement, she told her aunt that she must go out and get her clothing that had been left on the tarrace, and that she would come back shortly. As soon as she got out she shut the door and went into the next house and called for assistance, when at once a crowd of men rushed in and arrested the man, and they found on his person a pair of Chinese daggers. He was at once taken to the magistrate, and is now in the cage to die that horrible death.—Foochow (China) Echo.

### People Starving in Asia.

Letters have been received by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions picturing a terrible condition of affairs among the people of the Cilician plain, Asia Minor. Large number of the inhabitants are starving. The missionaries at Anata report that since August 500 families have been added to the list of those who have to be supplied with bread making 1,500 families in all that are now being fed. The board has decided to make a general appeal for funds with which to alleviate the distress. Contributions will be forwarded by Langdon S. Ward, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston, the Treasurer of the board.

Vassar Bangs and Wellesley Foreheads.  
"If women comprehended all that is contained in the domestic sphere they would ask no other," says Mr. Herbert Spencer. Instead of trying to subvert the greatest of all economic principles—the division of labor—by trying to encroach on man's special domain, woman should endeavor to educate their senses, their esthetic taste, their emotions and judgment, all with a view to improvement within the domestic sphere. In the education of women everything that tends to obliterate the mental differences between women and men should be avoided, because that destroys the greatest charm of life and deprives women of their most irresistible source of influence over men.

Mrs. Sedgewick says that the female students known to her who devoted themselves to the higher education "have shown no inclination to adopt masculine sentiments or habits in any unnecessary or unseemly degree." Yet it cannot be denied that at some of the colleges for women a majority of the students show considerable indifference to certain feminine arts of deportment and ornamentation which men will always admire. This can be shown by means of an illustration which may seem trivial, but which, nevertheless, is suggestive. A very high, broad forehead is not beautiful in a woman. As Leigh Hunt remarks, "A large, bare forehead gives a woman a masculine, defying look. The word 'offrontery' comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead as vines are trailed over a wall." Now, the composite portrait of sixty young women who graduated at Wellesley this year is characterized by remarkable "breadth and fullness of the forehead, unconcealed by any disfiguring (1) bang." The portrait of thirty-six Vassar seniors, on the other hand, shows that a majority of the girls at that college wear the "disfiguring bang." This gives them, "unfortunately," a feminine appearance, but as some men, at least in New York, continue to prefer feminine women to others, these girls have, perhaps, no reason to regret their appearance. The sentence just quoted is attributed by the Sun to "a Wellesley observer." This Wellesley observer obviously inherited her sense of beauty from the old Massachusetts Puritans.—The Epoch.

### A Queer Will.

A lawyer of my acquaintance yesterday told me about a queer will which was lately laid before him in his professional capacity. The testator, a physician of considerable wealth, after providing liberally for his family, left in trust the sum of \$10,000, the income of which was to be paid over annually to "some professional man who has failed in life," the trustees having the power to transfer the income from one person to another if they should see fit. Several of the heirs and residuary legatees, he told me, desired to contest the will on the ground that this strange bequest was too indefinite to be sustained in law. What is failure, and who can undertake to say that So-and-so has failed in life, whereas So-and-so has succeeded? This would have been their line of argument if the case had come into court; but it was finally resolved to accept the will as it stands, and the sum of \$500 or \$600 will be at the disposal of the trustees annually for the purpose indicated. According to the will the disposition of this annual sum is to remain a secret between the trustees and the beneficiary. Boston Post.

### Cross Examined.

"Do oo love me?" The mother was beside the couch of her first born, trying to put it to sleep. "Yes, darling mamma loves you dearly: now shut your eyes and go to sleep." "Ef Minty Jones' papa was my papa would oo love me zen?" "Don't talk any more,

darling, you'll never get to sleep." "Ef Minty Jones' mamma was my mamma, and my papa was Minty Jones' papa, would oo love me zen?" "Now you just stop this talk or I'll do something to you." "Ef my papa hadd't stah oo would, would?"—the little head turned to one side with closed eyes, and the mother looked at it a moment, the tears welled up, and she kissed her little one softly and lingeringly as her husband stepped in and she told him the story of their child's babble.—Davenport Democrat.

### TO THE PUBLIC

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