

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It is said that the Belgian glass-workers are now preparing to make glass into various shapes and patterns by running sheets of it at just the right

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Some women's memories are strongest on the point of other women's old clothes. Be not too brief in conversation,

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

On clay soils poultry-yards may be greatly improved by placing a tile drain two feet below the surface of the yard, and then adding a foot of sand.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Governor Foraker is a graduate of Cornell. Dr. Spencer F. Baird was the author of more than 1,300 books, pamphlets, and reports.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Apply hard-wood ashes liberally to soils that lack potash. The loss of swarms can be entirely prevented by clipping one of the

When she proffers these her charms, Wine and spices mixed with malice, When she smites the 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 preverse, Heaven hath been its jealous nurse, And a flower of snowy mark Springs from root and abiding dark; Kingly safeguard, only herb That can brutish passion curb! Some do think its name should be Shield-heart, white integrity, Traveler, pluck a stream of moly, If thou touch at Circe's isle,— Herme's John, growing solely To undo enchanter's will. —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 gazes on her first-born, can experience. She was quite certain that there had never been another such

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's 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 continues 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 knew you were marrying a poor man and would have to work," retorted John, rather bitterly.

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

I, 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 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 terrace, 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 Anada 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.

Hoskins gave a discourse on a stanza of Browning I had the honor of an invitation.

The room was well filled and was pre-empted with that subdued hum of polite conversation that is characteristic of our cultured assemblies. I found a chair well in the background and sat directly behind a couple of exceedingly pretty and very stylishly dressed young ladies. I could not help thinking how we are apt to err in our estimation of those who move in what is termed good society, for I had noticed each of these young ladies on the avenue at different times and my hasty conclusion was that they were frivolous young things who had not either of them a mind above the latest Paris fashion; yet here they were prepared to enjoy an intellectual treat for it is well known that Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins of Boston is not only an earnest student, but a deep thinker.

That I overheard the conversation of those young ladies during the evening was not my fault, because they spoke to each other with their fans to their faces, which naturally reflected the sound back to me.

"You know, Florrie, I have been just dying to have a talk with you and hear all the particulars. Of course I heard a good deal about it and it was so romantic, but as you were there, and will have so much more to tell. Was it true that you found young Hartford starving in a garret in Paris? I think that was perfectly delicious. And they said you were with her when she went to his studio, never knowing it was his. But of course she did know, didn't she? You were her bridesmaid when they were married in Paris. Do tell me all about it." At this moment there was a ripple of applause and the chairman of the society arose and said the name of Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins was sufficient introduction to any cultured audience in the world. [Applause.] He was sure that nowhere would the talented lady have a warmer welcome than in Detroit. [Renewed applause.] It was at once his pleasure and privilege to present Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins to the Browning club of Detroit. [Great applause.] "This stanza from 'Blougram,' began Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins 'is, as you are all aware—"

"Now, Florrie," whispered the girl at the left, "what I could never understand was why old Coupon would not allow Fanny to marry young Hartford here, when he failed, and yet gave his consent to the marriage when they found him starving in Paris. There isn't any sentiment about John Coupon, and a poor young man in Paris is just the same to him as a poor young man in Detroit. I don't believe he has an affection for anything on this earth except the railroad of his."

"Well said the girl on the right, 'if you tell me what you heard of the story I'll tell you whether it is correct or not.'"

"All right. Hartford was engaged to Fannie Coupon the year before. Old Coupon never seemed to like the match very well, but Hartford appeared to be getting on well on the Board of Trade, and so he consented. Then he lost everything on that wheat deal."

"Pork, I think."

"Well, anyhow old Coupon went down to his office, and they say he abused him fearfully. You know how old Coupon can talk when he gets roused up. He accused him of wanting to get Fanny's half-million that her mother left her, and all that. Hartford was broken-hearted and left for Paris. You know what a talent for drawing he had? Well, they say he swore he would become a great painter. Coupon took Fanny abroad, so that she would forget him, and when they were in Paris she went to his studio to get her portrait painted and found him starving. She made him take money, and finally got her father's consent to their marriage. Now, was that how it was?"

"Well, not exactly. When Fanny's mother died she left her half a million. Her father made her put it in the stock of that railroad he's president of. Fanny's stock with her father's stock gave him control, and he did as he pleased. The other stockholders tried often to beat him, but they couldn't, and he ran things without consulting any one else. Well, when we were in Paris, Fanny didn't seem to trouble herself much about her lover, and her father was pretty well pleased. One day we were out shopping, and when we came to the hotel we found old Coupon pacing up and down the room like a lion. He had a crumpled cablegram in his hand. He never minded my presence a bit (he never did care for any one but himself) but he turned to Fannie like a madman:

"Oh, you're here at last, are you? Say! have you sold any of your railroad stock?"

"Yes, father, I've sold it all."

"Dared?" she said, "I dared because it was my own, and because I am twenty-two years old. That's why I dared."

"Oh, you ought to have heard old Coupon swear. It was just dreadful. He brought down his fist on the table and I thought he would split it in two. 'You simpering idiot, you. That's what a fool woman knows about business! To go and sell that stock without saying a word to me. Lord!! Who do you think's got it now?'"

"I suppose Skinner, the broker. I sold it to him. He said it wasn't every one could get stock for thirty-five and sell it for sixty."

"Sixty! Sixty devils."

"No, sixty dollars."

"I thought old Coupon would have struck her. Oh, wasn't he mad. I don't believe either of them remembered I was in the room. 'Do you know,' he shouted, 'that that whelp Hartford has got that stock and that he has got his plans laid to freeze me out?' Do you know that you have ruined one of the most magnificent railroad deals of the century? Do you know that if you had held on to that stock three months longer it would have been worth 110? Do you know that it is 90 now? Do you see what a fool you are, and that you have ruined me?"

"How could Hartford have got it when you said yourself he was a beggar?"

"Beggar be—" (oh, I can't tell you the perfectly awful language he used). "Why a man who knows were to put his hand on that stock could have raised the money for it in minutes in Detroit; if he were ten times a beggar."

"Don't you think you could make terms with Hartford. You used to be very good friends."

Old Coupon sat down and groaned. He dug his hands in his hair and rested his elbows on the table.

"I'm really sorry," said Fanny; "I'll buy back the stock if you like."

Then old Coupon jumped up and began pacing up and down the room and swearing again.

"Hear the simpleton," he yelled. "She'll buy it back! Good gracious! Haven't you sense enough to know that you could as easily buy your way back to heaven? Buy back the stock! I suppose you think it's like a piece of silk that you will exchange at the store."

"Well," said Fanny with a sigh, "I am afraid you will have to make some kind of terms with Mr. Hartford. I am sorry now we didn't use him better."

Old Coupon looked at her for a moment.

"Fanny," he said, "do you think he would come over if you cabled to him?"

"Oh, I couldn't do a thing like that. Not for the world."

"But, by—you must do it," he cried bringing his fist down on the table again.

"You have got me into this muddle, and it is your duty to do anything you can to get me out."

"But, father, if he comes over here—he—that is—if he should—"

"Oh, hang it all, don't flounder about like that. I know what you mean. If he wants to marry you and won't give up the stocks unless, then you'll have to marry him, do you hear? I won't stand any nonsense. Besides, I always did dislike that rascal."

Fanny sighed and said she would do so if there was no other way out of it. And sure enough when he came over there was no other way out of it. He gave back the stock to Fanny when they were married. Old Coupon is going to make him vice president of the road.

"And do you think that Fanny gave him the—"

"Of course she gave it to him. It was all her scheme and was all arranged before they left Detroit. I tell you that girl would make her fortune on 'change. Besides they—"

At this point there was great applause and I saw Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins bow to her audience. The people crowded around her and congratulated her on the discourse. My two young ladies pushed up to the front and I heard Flossie say:

"Dear Mrs. Hoskins, what a treat you gave us. It seems as if I never understood Browning until to-night."

Mrs. Fernfield Hoskins was touched by this sincere tribute from one so young and so beautiful, and she remarked to the chairman that one of the features that make the present age so much superior to the past was the interest young and fashionable people took in the great world of literature.—[Luke Sharp, in the Detroit Free Press.

Salvation Army Women.

Nearly all the women of the Salvation Army have a heart worked in indelink upon the right shoulder. In case any one of them is taken sick or dies away from home, or in a foreign country, the sign of the heart will entitle her to care or a suitable burial at the expense of the entire organization, no matter whether she is or is not in good standing.—Albany Journal.