

**Comfort.**

"Suppose, he said, "that all the streams  
that run  
Should flow into one sea;  
Suppose that all the sunshine of the sun  
But for one hour should be  
Poured on the folded heart of that red rose  
That richly glows  
Half in the light and half within the shade  
Of its own leaves, all lightly overlaid  
To keep it till it blows.

"Well, you would see this summer world, so  
glad  
In sun and song, and bloom,  
A wandering waste of water, wind and sad,  
Held in unbroken gloom;  
And you would see, after the hour had sped,  
That rose so red  
A sightless, withered thing, lost in the sun,  
And all the land of other bloom undone,  
And dry as dust," he said.

"Suppose, then, you could have the world  
for tears,  
And win your wishes with sighs;  
Have all the hidden sweetness in the years  
And all the perfect skies;  
Oh! then you think the way would be most  
clear?  
My very dear,

Your life would lie all wan and weird in  
gloom;  
Your soul would pass as sightless as the  
bloom  
Of that lost rose, I fear."  
—Juliet C. Marsh, in *Christian Union*.

**A POOR MAN'S WIFE.**

"My choice is made, sister Belle. Give me  
your approval."  
The elder sister looked at a couple of  
open letters lying on the writing desk  
before which the speaker sat, her cold,  
gray eyes softening a little as she  
glanced.

"If you tell me which of the two  
you have chosen, I can answer you."  
"You ought to know without being  
told," Stella laughed. "Clarence, of  
course."

Belle Lawson looked serious.  
"Stella," she said, "I'm sorry. Not  
that I bear Clarence Henshaw any ill  
will, but, child, you are not suited to be  
a poor man's wife. Remember you are  
proud, and have been reared in ease  
and comfort. Follow my advice, and  
marry Henry Lakeman."

"No, Belle; I won't marry Henry  
Lakeman if he was a hundred times  
richer than he is."  
She slipped a picture into his en-  
velope, with a long glance at the view  
it imaged.

"It's a lovely place," she sighed,  
"and I would like to live there."  
The sister was watching, and stopping  
kissed the smooth, white brow, while  
she said:

"Don't be too hasty, Stella. If you  
covet this pretty home of Henry Lake-  
man's, accept it."  
"But I love Clarence Henshaw. I  
prefer a cottage with him to a mansion  
with Henry."

Miss Lawson turned to the window  
with a sorry look. Some sweet dream  
of her own childhood was in her mem-  
ory, perhaps, but she held it worse than  
folly to indulge in regrets. Love, in  
her estimation, was no balance in the  
scale of wealth.

"Stella," she continued, very gravely,  
"I have acted the part of a mother for  
many years; my wish has ever been  
that you form a wealthy marriage. You  
love luxury, you enjoy display, and I  
am not saying too much when I add  
that you worship beautiful apparel.  
Henry Lakeman can give you all of  
these. Clarence Henshaw cannot. As  
his wife you will be subject to all manner  
of privations; be content to live in a  
common way, stint and economize and  
manage the best you can. How long  
will that suit a girl of your tastes?  
Think well of it. I shall let you have  
your own choice in regard to marriage."

"My mind is made up," Stella re-  
sponded, readily.  
She took up the envelope, slipping a let-  
ter into it while she spoke.  
"If I favored his suit, I was to keep it,  
sister Belle," she continued, touching  
the edge of the wrapper to her rosy lips,  
and sending it with a heavy slap of the  
hand. "I do not, you will observe. I'll  
never be sorry I know," she murmured,  
turning the envelope to look at the  
supercription.

"Your happiness is within your own  
grasp, Stella. You'll recall my words  
some day." And with a stately gait,  
Belle Lawson left her.  
Stella ran lightly upstairs to her own  
room and touched the bell in great  
haste.

another part of the city. By this time  
her funds began to run low, and Stella  
wanted something new for her ward-  
robe. Already she had begun to show  
signs of discontent.  
"I shall find something by-and-bye,"  
the husband said, bravely.

"It was at this trying time that a little  
speck of humanity was put into Stella's  
arms, and its feeble cry told that the re-  
sponsibility of motherhood was hers.  
"I am the happiest man alive," ex-  
claimed Clarence, caressing wife and  
child. "The very happiest," he re-  
peated again, kissing the baby boy.

"Let pride go to the dogs, Stella,"  
he added, remembering that now his  
responsibility was greater than before.  
"They want workmen on the new city  
hall. I'll take my hammer—it will  
give us bread."

She ought to have been contented,  
ought to have thought with pride of the  
man who would thus brave the world's  
opinion.  
He went in early morning, and came  
home late at night, as other workmen  
did, his handsome face glowing with  
love.

Sister Belle had said that her tastes  
were luxurious, and she wanted a pretty  
home now, and fine apparel for herself  
and baby.  
The people of the world in which she  
had lived had never to count on their  
money to know if they could buy a new  
dress. She had never been taught to  
make the best of whatever circumstances  
you may be placed in, and why should  
she now?

The little privations she endured wor-  
ried and vexed her, and in a little while  
the sweet-tempered woman grew moody  
and down-hearted. She became careless  
in her dress, and instead of the cheerful  
little wife he used to see, he found a  
gloomy woman and a disorderly house.  
But he never complained.  
"Stella is homesick," he would say,  
"and the care of baby is too much for  
her. I must make some money," and  
his hammer rang with redoubled energy.

Yet every day her discontent grew  
more apparent.  
"How can you expect me to live  
among such surroundings, Clarence?"  
was her appeal when the husband  
begged her to be good cheerily on.  
"It's cruel in you," she sobbed. "I  
want to be back again in my old home,  
among my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face, and  
he drew her tenderly toward him with-  
out a word, but there was a look piteous  
to see in his handsome eyes, while his  
resolve was to work still harder.  
There came a day, later a little—"for  
some days must be dark and dreary"—  
when it did seem that matters had come  
to a crisis.

The city hall was finished long ago,  
the Odd Fellows' building completed,  
and the last stroke had been given to the  
new church. Clarence must look for  
something new. Jennie, who had  
minded Freddy for two or three months,  
had to go, and all the household cares  
fell upon Stella's hands.

They had moved from place to place  
since Freddy's birth, hoping to find a  
house with which Stella would be con-  
tent.  
"But those people are all alike," she  
said, "and I may as well be in one place  
as another," was her reply to Clarence,  
when he suggested that they move into  
a new block.

It was unwomanly in her to say this,  
she knew, the moment the words es-  
caped her lips, and she thought to run  
after her husband and beg his forgive-  
ness, but just then Freddy caught at her  
dress, causing her to spill the water she  
was pouring into the tea kettle, which  
only increased her vexation.

"You cross little troublesome things!"  
she exclaimed, impatiently. "Take  
that!" laying her hand heavily on the  
little bare shoulders. "I'm sick to  
death with having you always hanging  
to my skirts."  
With this she let fall the earthen  
pitcher she held in her hand, and drop-  
ping into the nearest chair, burst into  
hysterical weeping.

Freddy, with the prints of her fingers  
still red on his neck, toddled to her side,  
and tried to climb into her lap. But she  
pushed him away crossly, with—  
"Go play with your blocks and  
horses; I don't want you near me;" and  
her hand was raised to lay on the rosy  
cheek.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry  
for by-and-bye, Stella," Clarence said,  
coming into the room just then.  
"Something in his face stayed her  
hand just on the moment, and she rose  
to her feet, flushing with shame and  
anger.

Mrs. Wilson came, for though rough  
of manner, she was kind of heart.  
"He's in a fit," she said, the moment  
her eyes rested on the little sufferer.  
"Bring me some water, quick!" she  
called, "and help to get off his clothes."  
Stella obeyed.

"Hold him so," was her command,  
putting him into the bath. "I will run  
home and get some medicine. Such  
women as you ain't fit for mothers," she  
continued, returning with her hands  
full of bottles.

"Oh, Freddy," cried Stella, dropping  
on her knees, if you'll only get well, I  
will try so hard to bear everything.  
"And what trials have you to bear?"  
asked Mrs. Wilson. "You have a  
pretty home," looking about the room,  
"if it was put in order."  
"It isn't like the house I'm used to."  
"Young people don't expect to begin  
where the old ones left off. They must  
make their own homes."

"I never understood it so. Sister  
Belle is the only mother I ever knew,  
and her advice was never to marry a  
poor man."  
"So you keep finding fault and com-  
plaining when your husband is trying  
in every possible way to make an honest  
living. It is a wonder that you haven't  
driven him to drink long ago."  
"But my husband is a good man," re-  
plied Stella, warmly, resenting the last  
part of the speech.

"He has shown himself to be a good  
man."  
The woman said it in good faith,  
wrapping Freddy in soft flannels, and  
administering a quieting potion. She  
had been watching the movements of  
this couple ever since they came to live  
in the house.  
"My baby will get well, won't he?"  
was said, pleadingly, and the poor thing  
sobbed again as if her heart would  
break.

"Yes, indeed."  
"And you stay with me through the  
night?" forgetting she was one of "those  
people."  
"I'd stay with you a whole blessed  
week," replied true-hearted Mrs. Wil-  
son, "if I could make you a wife worthy  
of your husband."

"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do  
it faithfully and willingly, and without  
complaining."  
All through the long night hours,  
while Freddy lay between life and  
death, Mrs. Wilson worked over him  
bravely, and told to the girl-mother  
chapters of her own life-experience.  
There were passages over which Stella  
wept bitterly, and when morning  
dawned, giving back the child from  
danger, in place of the feeble, unreason-  
able woman, there was one ready to  
meet life's work with a firm purpose and  
strong heart.

She tidied up each apartment, and in-  
stead of going about in a dowdy wrap-  
per, put on a fresh dress, arranged her  
hair, becomingly, and changed the  
pucker about her mouth for her own  
rosy lips.  
"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs.  
Wilson told her, when she had fastened  
a knot of blue ribbon in her blonde  
hair. "See after baby now. I'll look  
in every now and then through the day,  
and to-night will come back to you.  
Your husband will be here to-morrow  
morning."

"Yes," replied Stella, with a bright  
look in her eyes. "He will be here by  
ten o'clock."  
After all it was a long time to wait,  
she thought. She was so impatient to  
tell him—and she would kiss him as  
many times as she wished.

"Yes, indeed," she exclaimed, joy-  
fully, bending over Freddy's crib, "we'll  
kiss papa a hundred thousand times,  
won't we, dear?"  
"I do wish Clarence would come,"  
she kept saying next morning. "What  
detains him?" she continued, when the  
clock was on the stroke of twelve.

"What if—" and her heart was like  
lead in her bosom as she recalled the  
look she last saw on his face. "What  
if he never comes back!" she murmured,  
going into her own room.  
"Mrs. Wilson," she called, "where is  
my husband?"  
In an instant the dear, good soul was  
beside her, resting a hand tenderly on  
the aching head.

"True-hearted woman! She shrank  
from saying it had been a dreadful night  
on the sound, and that a steamer had  
collided with the New York boat. Her  
husband travels by boat," had been her  
conclusion.  
Stella caught at her arm, the sound of  
her voice answering Freddy, and with a  
cry she fell.

Poor, tired, unexperienced wife and  
mother! Was the ordeal so ordered?  
With the help of a neighbor Mrs. Wil-  
son laid her on the bed.  
"Run for the doctor," she said to  
Miss Williams.  
"But you don't know—"  
"I do," she interrupted. "Mrs. Hen-  
shaw will have a run of nervous fever,  
and whether her husband is dead or  
alive, I can't say."

When Stella opened her eyes again it  
was nearly night. She knew no one  
about the bed, but talked to Clarence  
and Freddy as if they were still there.  
She was going to help her husband,  
now. She could earn money by teach-  
ing music, or painting, or "might have  
a few pupils in dancing," she added,  
"but forgive me for striking—" and  
her arms were put up as if to clasp  
something, when she died again.

"All I want is your love," clasping  
him close, "and that Freddy get well. I  
am ready to be a poor man's wife."  
**TIRELY TOPICS.**

One of the unexpected sources of  
wheat supply for Europe is the river  
Plate country in South America.  
Large shipments of new-crop wheat  
have already been made by steamers to  
Liverpool and Bordeaux. Australia,  
also, has now become a serious com-  
petitor of the United States, and during  
the past few months has shipped e or-  
mous quantities of wheat to England  
by Suez canal steamers. Countries in  
the southern hemisphere finish their  
winter wheat harvests at just the time  
when the supply from northern coun-  
tries begins to be exhausted.

The *Revue Industrielle* states that a  
German manufactory is turning out over  
a ton a day of glucose made from old  
linen rags. These rags, which are com-  
posed of hard vegetable fibers, are treated  
with sulphuric acid, which converts  
them into dextrine. The latter product  
thus obtained undergoes a washing with  
lime, and is then treated with a  
fresh supply of acid stronger than the  
former, when the mass is at once trans-  
formed and crystallizes into glucose, of  
which "rich" confections and jellies  
may be made. The process is said to be  
a very cheap one, and the glucose chemi-  
cally identical with grape sugar. A  
strong outcry, however, has arisen  
against the manufacture of grape sugar  
from rags, and the enterprise is under-  
stood to be in danger of being inter-  
dicted by the German government.

A French scientist has invented a  
number of small electric lamps which  
can be used by the surgeon in illumina-  
ting the throat, the mouth, or even the  
more internal parts of the body, while  
performing an operation. It is now sug-  
gested that it would be possible to ma-  
terially assist the physician in his diag-  
nosis, by means of a powerful electric  
light. On the assumption that the hu-  
man body is only semi-opaque, it is  
proposed to place the patient in such a  
position in connection with a dark  
screen, that it is probable a powerful  
electric light would sufficiently illumi-  
nate his interior to enable the physician  
in a dark room to see so much of the  
workings of the principal organs as  
would assist him to arrive at a correct  
conclusion as to the nature of the case.  
If such a scheme is possible it would  
undoubtedly be of much advantage to  
medicine.

A New York paper asserts that "it has  
been shown by recent testimony before  
the committee of the legislature, in one  
of the most enlightened of the New  
England States, that there are dozens  
of men in regular practice in the United  
States whose diplomas, though proceed-  
ing from incorporated colleges, repre-  
sent nothing intellectual whatever, but  
were simply bought and paid for,  
without pretense of examination, mat-  
riculation or lecture tickets, for a cer-  
tain stipulated sum, not usually exceed-  
ing \$25 or \$30. Philadelphia appears,  
according to a late number of the *Medi-  
cal Record* of this city, to be the great  
center of operations of this class, and  
to possess several duly incorporated  
medical colleges that make a regular  
business of selling authorizations to  
kill to persons not competent to kill  
with scientific accuracy."

Not long ago a Venetian artist ex-  
hibited a masterpiece of painting, a  
historical subject in the treatment of  
which he introduced a wonderful head-  
—that of an old man, venerable and  
benevolent. All Vienna fell to talking  
about the old man's face, and one day  
a mysterious stranger called upon the  
artist, and after felicitating him warmly  
on the success of his picture, asked him  
confidentially for the address of his  
studio. A few hours later the mysteri-  
ous stranger and another deity were  
collared and carried off the original of  
that venerable and benevolent portrait  
—one Venecias Gunesch, aged sixty-  
seven, a notorious and dangerous crim-  
inal who had broken jail and had  
hitherto succeeded in eluding the sharp  
pursuit of the officers. Thus Venecias  
Gunesch, by his good looks, gained a  
model's fee, the admiration of a great  
capital—and imprisonment for life.

The Moscow industrial exhibition,  
which was to have been opened on the  
first of May, as an additional celebra-  
tion of the czar's twenty-fifth anni-  
versary, is postponed till next year, chief-  
ly on account of the present disturbed state  
of public affairs. It will not be inter-  
national, as was reported, confining it-  
self strictly to Russian products. In  
fact, it appears intended for a duplicate  
of that of 1872, and will probably occu-  
py the same site, viz., the slope around  
the foot of the Kremlin wall. One of  
the leading attractions on that occasion  
was the appearance of a number of  
Central-Asian Sarts and Kirghis, whom  
a shrewd Russian had hired to hang  
around his refreshment bar, and draw  
attention by their outlandish dress and  
features. Another curious episode was  
the bewilderment of a group of Russian  
peasants at the sight of a small wooden  
building, the character of which they  
guessed to be a train, till a passer-by  
informed them that it was a model of one  
of their own cottages.

A worthy couple in Norristown, Pa.,  
have been wonderfully blessed either  
by an active Providence or an imagin-  
ative reporter. The husband is now in  
his eighty-third year, but is remarkably  
active. His sight remained good rather  
longer than is the case with most old  
men, but at length failed with all the  
phenomena usual in advancing life, and  
for sixteen years he was obliged to use  
glasses. At length he found great diffi-  
culty in obtaining spectacles to suit  
him. They seemed to hinder rather  
than help his sight, and, to his own  
surprise, he found the power of his eyes  
returning. For several years he has  
discarded glasses altogether, and is now  
able to read the finest print used in daily  
newspapers with perfect ease. His wife  
is now in her seventy-seventh year. At  
about the usual age her teeth began to  
fall and she finally lost them all. In  
the summer of 1878 she began to be  
troubled with pain in the upper jaw, and  
soon a full third set of teeth made their  
appearance. They grew to their usual size  
and have since remained firm and in good  
condition, but no new teeth appeared in  
the lower jaw.

Various devices have been invented  
for marking live stock and wearing ap-  
parel and other things, so people will  
know them when they see them, but no  
one seems to have studied out a design  
for marking time except in the old way  
by pawing up the earth with one foot.—  
*Kokus' Gate City.*

**SAD SCENES OF IRISH MISERY.**

*Wretched Details of the Dwellings of the Poor—How Relief is Distributed.*

The *New York Tribune's* special cor-  
respondent in Ireland spent a Sunday at  
Westport, county Mayo, investigating  
the results of the famine in that region.  
After the services were over,  
he writes, the Sunday-school met, and  
a brace of babies were christened. Mean-  
while I walked down the road with one  
of the men to see an Irish cabin. I  
pointed out a low cottage and asked  
him to take me into it. It was a filthy  
hovel—the foulest and dreariest human  
habitation I had ever seen. A las! only  
five days have passed since I saw it and  
already I remember it as a tolerable de-  
cent cabin! There was no floor save the  
cold earth; a call had its share of the  
room; it was a stable, a kitchen, a nur-  
sery and a sitting-room all in one. As  
in most of these Irish hovels there is a  
large niche in the wall near the fire, just  
large enough to hold a rude bed. There  
were covered with horrible rags, lay an aged  
woman, ghastly, yellow and gasping.  
There she had lain for a month or two,  
"dying of slow decline." No American  
family would have suffered such rags as  
covered this dying woman to stay even  
in their ash-barrels for a single day.  
The mother sat near the open fireplace—  
a young woman with a strong and  
comely face and the head of a Roman  
matron. Her infant, in its home-made  
wooden cradle, was beside her. There  
was a little dark room back—the room  
where the children slept. Six children  
lived here—a family of nine persons.  
The mother and children were in rags,  
but the woman wore her rags with  
dignity.

I had no wish to see any other cabins,  
so I went back to the church. Most of  
the men had gone home, but there was  
a crowd of about fifty women and a  
score of old men around the vestry-door.  
It was raining; but no one stirred. The  
tickets for Indian meal had to be dis-  
tributed as soon as the priest was at  
leisure; and for this meager help from  
the charity of the world these poor  
mothers waited with a patient anxiety.  
There were few young women, and fewer  
girls among them. They were mostly  
women of from thirty to sixty years of  
age. At least a third of them were  
baldheaded. Not one of them had a  
bonnet on her head. They covered  
their heads with the hoods of their old  
cloaks, or with little faded woolen  
shawls. Not a merry-eyed woman  
among them all! Deep wrinkles and  
sad faces everywhere—not the fine  
noble lines that the old artist Thought  
had chiseled; but the sharp gutters  
made by a torrent of calamity, the dark  
shadows cast by mean care and grovel-  
ing want. They were the sign manuals  
and signets—hunger and despair.

The priest came out, and, one by one,  
read the names on the little handful of  
orders for two stones, or twenty-eight  
pounds, of Indian meal. This was all  
the allowance that the funds of the local  
committee permitted to be given to fam-  
ilies of from five to nine persons per  
week. One by one the wretched women  
from the crowd came up and took the  
order that bore her name, and courte-  
sied and thanked the donors and God.  
They were soon distributed. A babel  
of appeals! "Sure I have five children  
and not a mouthful for them!" This  
was one of the cries; and it was the  
truth. Again and again the priest told  
them that he could do no more.

"But," he added, "I have one blank  
order. It must be given to the very  
poorest family here. Now tell me who  
is the poorest?"  
Only one man named himself, but he  
was thrown back by a dozen indignant  
voices. Not another one of the eager  
voices that spoke named their own want.  
It was a noble tribute to these poor  
Irish starvelings—every one seemed  
anxious to point out some one more  
wretched than herself. And when one  
man and his needs were stated—"Sure,  
he is the worst off!" shouted a chorus of  
women. Whatever centuries of mis-  
rule and hunger may have made these  
people, it has not quenched the holiest  
light that illuminates the soul.

We drove back to Murrisk, that we  
had passed on our way to Thornhill.  
It is a cluster of hovels built high and  
piggedly along the shore and up the  
sides of the little hill near one of the  
arms of the bay. There is a rough bar-  
rier of stone across the water, which  
was built to keep the tide from overlow-  
ing the sweet water of the lough into  
that empties into the bay. Without it  
the people could not drink the water,  
and there are no springs or wells near  
by. It was badly constructed, and has  
been partly demolished by the high  
winds and the tides. It is dangerous  
crossing when the wind is high. It re-  
quired the utmost care for us to keep  
our feet in walking over it.

A woman lay dying in one of these  
hovels. Father Lynskey entered to ad-  
minister the last sacrament. As I am  
not a Catholic, the priest advised me to  
visit the other cabins while he sought  
the dying woman. I went into one of  
them. I shall have to grow half a yard  
or so before I can truthfully call it a  
cabin, and yet I had to bend nearly  
double before I could get through the  
door. There was no fireplace.  
There was only a hole in the roof at one  
end of the room, out of which the smoke  
made its way at its leisure. A little  
peat fire was burning on the hearth,  
or rather beneath the hole in the roof.  
There was no ceiling, of course, for none  
of these cabins have a ceiling. There  
was no floor but the ground—few of  
them have even a few flat stones here or  
there. There was no window. The  
rafters and the furze sticks on which  
the thatch rests, and the walls, and  
everything in the wretched room, were  
begrimed with smok. There was no  
dresser for the plates and cups. There  
were no chairs. There was only one  
mean rickety little home-made table.  
There were only two low rude stools  
for sitting on. A pig was eating out of  
a kettle on the floor. Two or three  
hens were picking up a few grains of  
meal. Near the fire there was a rude  
bed, covered with two filthy blankets.  
There was an inner room. I entered it.  
It was the children's bedroom. Its  
furniture consisted of three little heaps  
of rags. There were six persons in this  
family. The children were ragged and  
cold. As I took notes in this Irish  
home, the neighbors thronged in until  
the place was full, and before I could  
complete my notes I had to ask them to  
stand away from the little door, for  
there was no other way of getting light.  
The woman of the house was clad in  
filthy rags. She was barefooted. She  
plaintively told me that she could not  
go to mass now, for she had not a de-  
cent dress to cover her rags.

This was not the worst hovel. There  
were others smaller and more wretched,  
both here and at a similar cluster of

hovels called Killenacoff. But it is us-  
ual to describe them one by one. Every-  
where I saw cows, calves, pigs, horses,  
asses and hens living in the same room  
with young mothers and children—in  
the same damp, dark, slippery, smoky  
hovel, half stable and half home; every-  
where I saw old men and old women  
ragged and barefooted, and hungry and  
cold and despairing.

At Killenacoff the good priest offered  
to expend a sum that had been sent for  
the twenty-four families of that hamlet  
to him, in paying them wages at the  
rate of a shilling a day to build a road  
for their own use, so that they might  
earn their scanty meals, and save their  
self-respect. They gladly accepted the  
offer. It is to the credit of these starv-  
ing people that they do not want relief,  
but work; that they are anxious to be  
employed, and only accept alms because  
their families would perish from hunger  
without it.

I shall tell of only one more visit.  
As we crossed the "barrier"—Father  
Lynskey was some distance behind at  
the time—I saw two little children, with  
bare red feet and blue lips, sitting at the  
roadside near what seemed to be the  
roof of a pigsty or little stable, for the  
roof was flush with the road. I noticed  
that they were rather more fastidiously  
clad (albeit in rags) and that they  
seemed of a finer organization than most  
of the children that I had seen. Their  
faces were clean. A slim blonde woman  
of thirty or more, whose face showed  
traces of early beauty, stood with de-  
jected countenance near them. As I  
looked a second time at the little crea-  
tures the woman spoke to me and said  
that she had not been able to get any  
relief, and that her children had not eaten  
a mouthful since yesterday. It was  
now afternoon.

"Where do you live?" I asked.  
"There!"  
She pointed to a house that I had sup-  
posed to be a little stable. It was built  
behind the barrier and the road. She  
had put it up with her own hands, she  
said. I turned to the man who was  
guiding me.  
"Is that true?" I asked him—out of  
her hearing, of course.  
"Yes," he answered, coldly.

I made my way down to where the  
door was, followed by the guide and the  
woman. I had to bend low to enter the  
hut. It was not fifteen feet by ten. There  
was no window; there was no fireplace;  
there was no hole in the roof, even for the  
smoke to escape, and only three bits of  
turf burned on the hearth. A little  
white kitten, singed and dirty and  
furnished, was crouching near the  
semblance of a fire. At one end of the  
hovel was a rude bed, and two dirty  
rags for covering. The straw of the  
roof was half-rotten; when it rained  
hard, the woman said, the rain came  
through into the cabin. There was no  
furniture save a kettle and a table and  
a stool. "Where is your husband?" I  
asked. "He is not here," said the man,  
quickly. I gave the poor wretched  
woman half a crown to buy food for her  
children.

**Punishment of Silence.**

Mr. James Greenwood has published  
a frightful account of the silent system,  
which is in operation at the Holloway  
model prison in London.  
It is an offense for a prisoner to speak  
one word, and he is never addressed ex-  
cept in whispers, so that he may be  
prison two years without hearing the  
natural sound of the human voice. The  
effect of this is so terrible on the mind  
that prisoners will speak out in desper-  
ation, at the risk of any punishment,  
rather than endure that horrible silence.

The prisoners never see one another,  
out remain in perpetual solitude. One  
poor wretch driven to desperation by  
nine months' solitude and silence, re-  
cklessly broke out, in Mr. Greenwood's  
presence, for God sake, governor, put  
me in another cell. Put me somewhere  
else. I have counted on the bricks in the  
cell I am in till my eyes ache.  
The request of the tortured wretch  
was refused.

There is a fine hole in each cell, and  
as the wardens wear shoes of india rub-  
ber soles the prisoners can never be  
sure of being alone.  
Those condemned to the treadmill  
have to ascend twelve hundred steps  
every alternate twenty minutes for six  
hours. And this is in a place so hot  
and close that prisoners often lose in  
perspiration three stones in as many  
months.

Every day the prisoners are taken to  
the chapel so arranged that they can  
see no one save the chaplain, and him  
only through an iron grating. And this  
is the order of devotion observed. Ward-  
ens are constantly on the watch, lest  
for a single instant they, through the  
whole of service, depart from the rigid  
rule of "eyes right." They must look  
steadily at the preacher; must raise and  
lower their prayer book with the elbow  
squared and all at once, like soldiers at  
drill. They may not scrape their feet  
without having afterward to explain  
the movement. They scarcely wink an  
eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or  
punishment. God help them, poor  
wretches.

**Sewing for a Circus.**

Up in the second story, in a large par-  
titioned room looking out on Ridge way,  
eight or ten women were engaged on  
as many different articles. Some  
were making saddle cloths with num-  
erous small steel buttons like eyelets  
placed there for effect. The cloth was  
of black velvet, with gilt fringe and  
with many different-colored figures  
worked upon it. Then there were coats  
for the performers, black velvet coats,  
with puffed sleeves and red silk trim-  
ming and gilt buttons. All around the  
room were huge stacks of material yet  
to be worked up. Two or three sewing  
machines were in the room, and upon  
these as many women were busily em-  
ployed. Other women were sewing by  
hand. One great wagon is set apart, when  
the circus starts out for the season, for  
the wardrobe. It is arranged with shelves,  
and in here all the different articles are  
placed. In addition to the wagons the  
circus has ten or twelve passenger cars  
and upward of sixty flat cars, by which  
they transport the circus, wagons and  
all, from one place to another, when  
they are out for the season. All the fine  
horses are kept in the stables and given  
a rest during the winter. The draft  
horses and ponies are sent out to the  
country to pasture. The animals are  
kept in huge stationary cages, in one  
part of the large brick building. In the  
center of the room an immense circular  
stove is always kept going. This heats  
the place and keeps the animals com-  
fortable. During the winter they are  
fed on beef and horse meat. The ele-  
phants are not to be found in this place,  
having a house set apart for them on  
another part of the grounds.—*Philadel-  
phia Times.*