600 Momain of WomanTALKS BY "TERESA" 6 @ 200000000000000

Solitary confinement! I wonder how many of us have any idea of what it means. To live, or rather to exist, day after day, week after week, until the weeks grow into months and the months into years, and the mind in the solitary monotony of its surroundings almost ceases to take note of time; without one single friendly face to lighten the thick gloom, without a single voice to whisper consolation and to pour upon our hearts the balm of sympathy. Impatient as many of us are with others, prone to reject their advice and their services, secontul, in many cases, of the need without a shudder the possibility of such an existence.

There was at one time in the City of

without a shudder the possibility of such an existence.

There was at one time in the City of Philadelphia—I do not know if it exists now—a prison, wherein was tried the officacy of solitary coninement as a means of reforming criminals. The prisoner, as soon as he arrived at the gate of the prison, had a large black cap drawn down over his head, so as to completely cover his face, and offectually prevent him from seeing the way by which he was taken to his cell. Once arrived at the door of the bare, whitewashed room that was to be his habitation for the term of his imprisonment, never again to emerge, until the time of his penance being completed he was once more blindfolded and taken to the prison gate to be released. Food was once more blindfolded and taken to use prison pate to be released. Food was handed in to the wretched occupant of the cell through a grating in the door, and the only persons allowed to com-municate with the prisoner were the

municate with the prisoner were star officials of the prison.

Work was provided if it was asked for—and it almost always was. Two days of idleness were as much as the most hardened among the prisoners could bear, and theneforward, overy time the jailers appeared at the door, the incessant cry was: "Work! Work! Give me something to do!"

Give me something to do!?

In a few cases books were provided—the Bible was always in each cell—and sometimes, but not often, writing materials were allowed also.

The sentences extended from two years to twenty. Fancy twenty years of a life like that. The prisoner's name was blotted out for all practical purposes. He was designated by a number on the prison register, and only the Governor and the chaplain knew his real name.

Calc and and complain shew his colors a special favor, to keep rabbits; the doctor having stated it as his opinion that if the man were not provided with some means of amusing himself with living creatures he would go mad. Most of us have heard the story of the prisoner who tamed the rate and mice in his cell and tanght them to come at call and feed out of his hand. Their was one who made friends with a spider and actually taught the insect to run point singer when he placed it upon his finger when he was condemned to solitary confinement in a cell with search are ray of light. I do not know where it was or when, probably very mann now. For nearly a week the compared with fear. For the the door and shrieked ill she was refer to the direct who have a share the first two days she beat her hands spainethauted. Then calmer moment is the saw he tuility of her effects to attract attention and cased her relate for mercy. The solitud steelf would not have affected her as soon, but coupled as it was, with a darkness, or semi-darkness, if she could not do something to keep her mind occupied with her dress, she found that part of it was disarranged, and in scarching for plus where with to fasten it, she dropped date the latter on the floor. She as upon her knees, and falt about on the floor for the pin she had dropped. Gradually she bocame interested in the search; she lost for a moment the knewledge of her position as she esgerly proped about. She had other pins but he had to be coment the knewledge of her position as she esgerly proped about. She had other pins but he had been the floor of them to fall she part it he near of present in the recovery of the one she had other. At last she found it, and with it, found the means of preserving her reason duri

during the six months she spent in her terrible cell.

Tyon how slight a thread does reason hang! A few pins, a ray of light, a tiny mouse will keep the lawny of immortal soul burning. In Saintine's story," Picciola, or The Prison Flower, we read of a political prisoner, whose long years of imprisonument were brightened by the growth of a tiny weed, whose leaves pushed themselves up through a crevice in taw stones of the yard where he was allowed to take daily exercise. Convintly he leaned the little plant, until at last, as if in gratitude for his care of it, it put forth a beautiful little flower. He would conve and six most as the contract of the property of the solitary corquant of his "garden." He calls the flower "Picciola," (little

The little plant not only solaces his hours of imprisonment, but also leads his thoughts to God, of Whose existence he formerly doubted.

At lask, "Picciola" begins to drop and wither, and searching for the cause, he finds that it has not enough room, two of the flagstones must be raised. Ho potitions the Governor who sends his potition claswhere, and—but the story is worth reading, it would spoil the donouement of the story if I say any more about it.

any more about it.

* * * * * *

The statement that England is drawing more than two millions of pounds any more than two millions of pounds and the pounds of the pounds

mies in a crate on his back, helped by his wife and children.

After an anxious time the "farm" is ready; a crop of "pratees" is sown and carefully tended. But while the "pratees" are growing the family must live. There is nothing the father can do within a hundred miles, so he bids good-bye to his dear ones and crosses the "sea" to England to pick up what he can at reaping, haymaking, hop-picking and what not.

reaping, haymaking, hop-picking and what not.

In the meantime his lordship's agent has been on the watch. Here is another "settler" on his lordship's "land." Fine land, forsooth! half rook and half hog, about which his lordship never troubles his whole head, until somebody or other comes along and tries to improve it, and then it suddenly occurs to him that it is his by right of nothing on earth save the rapacity of his noble ancesters who grabbed it for the sake of grabbing something and who didn't know what to do with it when they had got it.

"Hore Paddy Murphy got quite a nice little farm," says the agent, "and his lordship not a penny the worse. That will be another four pound a year on the rent roll and so much commission in my pocket if I can squeeze it out of 'em good corp of potatoes there."

Poor Murphy comes back; down comes

on the rent roll and so must continuous in my pocket if I can squeeze it out of 'em good crop of potatoes sheres.' Foor Murphy comes back; down comes the agent. Four pounds a year for the weekly skileing and the bit of bog I Ay, but the bit of the point of the says the agent.

Sure, and wasn't it himself and Oona and the children that drained it and dug and planted it, and what for should they pay rent for it?

Because it belongs to his lordahip who nover put a penny let alone sweat and toil into it, and therefore, because it is his, you must pay for the privilege of improving it, and the more you improve it the more you will have to pay for it. Isn't that reason and logic and justice enough for you? Will have to pay for it. Isn't that reason I tyou cannot pay out of this trands to reason you can't get your living out of his lordahip any harm, but it stands to reason you can't get your living out of his lordahip and without paying him for what it yields. You have paid in toil and wearhess and heartache, but that is more neasonly, you must pay in

for what it yields. You have paid in toil and weariness and heartache, but that is not enough, you must pay in money too.

Its no use going across the bog, because the other side belongs to Sir J. Grubbins, also an absontee. No, there is not two feet of earth that a poor man can settle on in that oppressed country, without having to pay somebody or other for the privilege.

What wonder that the Irish are being rapidly driven out of their native country, to seek in other lands the modest sustenance denied them in their own.

Ol och hone, och hone for the land that's lying bare. And for our country's bosom that is

Which, but for the tyrant, would have and to spare, For all her weary children who must fly To the lands of the strauger lying far

To the lands of the strauger lying tar across the sea.

To friend's woo are kinder than our own:

For they take us, and they make us of their land of plenty free,
And they give us bread to eat and not a stone.

And may they be blessed with the faith that never dies.

That lights our darkened country like a star.

Nought have we to give but prayer, and unceasing doth arise unceasing doth arise.

The prayer of the poor exile from star.

Tarks.

Tarks.

PIRESIDE FUN.

"Yesterday," said James, "I refused a poor woman a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time." "Your softness of heart does you credit; who was the woman?" "My wife."

woman?' My wife."

"Jane," said the old gentleman re-proachfuly, "if I am not mistaken, you gave that young man a kiss." "I did no such a thing," returned the young woman with emphasis. "We exchanged."

exchanged." Not the Word for it.—" Henry, Not the Word for it.—" Henry, Sin't this pumpkin pie I made you a poem?" "Poem? Josephine, I tell you solemnly, the editor who would throw that in the waste basket ought to be hanced."

" Is your baby intelligent?" "In-telligent! Why, if sh wasn't she'd never be able to understand the fan-guage my wife talks to her." tellig

guege my wife talks to her."
Senence confounded.—"I know a tree," said the farmer to the carnest professor, "what never had a ceaf or bud, and yet they's nuts on it," as Sounding, sit, astounding! No such remarkable tree has ever been found by the botanist. What is it? "An axle-tree."

A her being at the second of the seco

axte-tree."

A boy being asked to describe a kitten said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there." It must have been the same boy who thus defined seaudal: "It is when nobody air's done nothing, and somebody goes and telle."

It must have been the same boy who thus defined searcial: "It is whon nobody ain't done nothing, and somebody goes and tells."

"Yes," said the man, "I realize that cycling is a great thing. I used to be sluggish before the cycle craze, but now I'm spry and energetic." "I didn't know you rode." "I don't. I dodge."

Mother to her boy sliding down the balusters: "Willie, what are you doing there?" Willie: "Making trousers for orphan boys."

Dramatic Author dictating play: "Mary, my light, my wife. I love you; will you be mine? Lady Typist whose name is Mary: "Are you still dictating?"

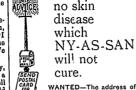
"Vlast is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school teacher of a boy. "Their searcity," he replued, and was immediately rewarded with a price.

"Jack and Julia are surely en-

and was immediately revariated with prize.
"Joke and Julia are surely engaged." "What makes you think so?"
"He brings her chrysauthenums now instead of roses; a chrysauthenum, you know, will last a whole week."

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"There are things in this world more valuable than money, my son." "I know it. That's the reason I want money to buy them with."

want money to buy thom with."

Old Jady: You said the train that I should take leaves at 10.30, didn't you? Booking clerk: Yes, madame; and I thunk I've told you that about ten times already. Old Lady: Yes, I know you have; but my little nephew srys he likes to hear you talk.

my little nephew srys he likes to hear you talk.

School girl to inusic-seller: Please, sir, have you got that song called "The Starving Martyr?" M. S.: No; don't keep it. B. S. G. perplexed: "The Starting Motor," then? M. S.: No; but I have the "Stabat Mater," if that's what you want. B. S. G. dubiously: I'll take it, and see if it will do. I guess my singing-master would know if it's right.

Father: So that young man wants to marry you? Mabel: Yee, father. Do you know how much his salary is? Mabel: No; but it's an awully strage coincidence. Father: What do you mean? Mabel: Edward askod me the very same question about you."

same question about you

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