

GRANDPA'S BARN.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the roosting doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay;

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
And the hens are busily looking around,
And the chickens flicker now here, now there,
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day
With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

O, for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout
Of merry children, who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of "school let out."

Such soaring of doves from their cozy nests,
Such hunting for eggs in the lofts so high,
Till the frightened hens, with a cackle shrill,
From their hidden treasures are fain to fly.

Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide!
Its doors will open again ere long
To the summer sunshine, the new-mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For grandpa's barn is the jolliest place
For frolic and fun on a summer's day,
And 's'en old Time, as the years slip by,
Its memory can never steal away.

—Harper's Young People.

THE JINERS.

She was forty-five years old, well dressed had black hair rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not to be easily balked. She walked into Major Huse's office in Patten's block, and requested a private interview, and having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the key-hole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Major.

"I suppose that's what everybody thinks, but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones, I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him though, what he might depend on, and now the time has come, I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones; I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the lawyer.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general; and he's never knocked none of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him in jail and know where he was at night," retorted the woman.

"Then, what is your complaint against him?"

"Wall, if you must know, he's one of those plaguery jinners."

"A what?"

"A jinner; one of them pesky fools that's all ways jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark, and sly, and hidden but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he'd have to pay to get in he'd go all the sooner. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothings. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearin' in before supper, and grab a fistful of nutcases and go off knowing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till mornin'. And every other night in the week he'd roll and tumble in his sleep, and holler, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington; and rainy days he'd go out in the corn barn and jab at a picture of the Pope with an old bayonet that was there; I ought to have put my foot down then; but he fooled me with so many hints about the Pope's cooking to make all the Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that wasn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on and encouraged him in it,

Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what they be, but I don't 'cept they're the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple, and took care of his concubines, and all of that darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters, and squares and compasses and such like, that we had in the house for the next six months you never see the beat. And he's never outgrown it nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress himself up in a white apron, about big enough for a monkey's bid, and go marching up and down making motions and talking the foolishhest lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket, and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loony-tick? Well that's my Sam, an' I stood it as long I'm going to.

"The next lunge the fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he had jined them; but he kinder pacified me by saying they had sort of a side show that took in women, and he'd get me in when he found out how to do it. Well, one night he came home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had blackballed me. Did it himself, of course. Didn't want me round knowing to his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so.

"Then he jined the Sons of Malta. Didn't say anything to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretending he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out only he came home looking like a man that had been through a threshing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wuss, and from wuss to wusser, jinn this that and 'tother, till he's a Worshipful Minister of the Masons, and Goddess of Hope for the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finngins, and Virgin Cereus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two-Edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Black Men, and Tale Bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper of the Guild of Catherine Columbus, and Big Wizard of the Arabian Knights, Pledge passer of the Reform Club, Chief Bagler of the Irish Machinists, and Purse-Keeper of the Canadian Conscience, and Double-Barreled Dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circle, and Standard-Bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Port of Onion League, and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Pissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig-Stickers, and the Lord only knows what else. I've borne it, and borne it, hoping he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'tain't no use, and when he come home last night and told me he'd got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd git, and I will."

Here the Major interrupted saying:

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that good cause for a divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable cien and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called Lodges are relief associations, and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you, and would not see you or him suffer if you were sick."

"So me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead; and if I can't, I can get another. There's plenty of 'em. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business; especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryings-on. And you needn't try and make me believe it's all right to do so. I know what it is to live with a man who jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home, and signs his name, "Yours truly, Sam Smith, M. M., I. O. O. F., K. O. B., K. of P., P. of H., R. A. H., I. P., K. of X., N. C., L. E. T., H., E., R. I. P., X. Y. Z., etc."

"Oh, that's a harmless amusement," remarked Mr. Huse.

She looked at him square in the eye and said:

"I believe you're a jinner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent.

And she rose and said, I wouldn't have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school and Superintendent of the Republicans! It's enough to make a woman take pizen. I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer who belongs to nobody or nothin'." And she bolted out of the office, and inquired where Capt. Patten kept.

CHINESE STEEL.—A considerable steel-making industry exists in the present day in China, on the Upper Yangtze, whence the steel is sent to Tient-sin for shipment and distribution. It fetches much higher prices than the Swedish steel imported into the country. The Chinese metallurgists recognize three kinds of steel—namely, that which is produced by adding unwrought to wrought iron while the mass is subject to the action of fire; pure iron many times subjected to fire; and native steel, which is produced in the southwest. The different names for steel are twan kang, or ball steel, from its rounded form; kwan kang, or sprinkled steel; wei tee, or false steel. The Chinese, apparently have known how to manufacture steel from the very earliest ages, and in the time of the Hau dynasty ironmasters were appointed in several districts of the old Leangchou to superintend the ironworks.

DISEASE FROM WOOL.—The *Lancet* call attention to a recent death from what is known as "Wool Sorter's Disease," which is still an obscure affection. It has been made known for some time that workers in alpaca, mohair camel's hair, and wools generally are subject to sudden and often fatal attacks. In the case lately reported the man had complained for several days of the noxious character of the wool, and was finally taken with what was thought to be a severe cold; evidences of congestion of the lungs followed, and in four days he died. Dr. Bell, of Bradford, England, who has had considerable experience in the disease, believes it due to living organisms from the fleeces of animals, and that myriads of bacteria (*Bacillus anthracis*) may be found in a drop of blood after death. The disease can be prevented by sufficiently heating or steaming the wool so as to destroy the living organisms which infest it.

EFFECT OF USE UPON THE QUALITY OF IRON. In the summer of 1878 Prof. Bauschinger superintended some repairs upon a chain bridge which had been built in 1829. He examined several of the links by various tests, and found that there was no evidence of any diminution in the strength of the iron, nor of any change in its structure or its elasticity during the use of nearly half a century to which it had been subjected. In 1852 von Pauli tested several bars for another bridge, which was repaired in 1878, when Bauschinger subjected some of the same bars to new tests. He found that the mean strength was still the same, after 25 years' use, and that no change of structure appeared to have occurred since the time of von Pauli's original tests.—*Dugler's Journal*.

DIMPLES TO ORDER.—A New York paper heralds a manufacturer of dimples, who comes from Paris, of course, and whose *modus operandi* is described as follows: "I make a puncture in the skin at the point where the dimple is required that cannot be noticed when it has healed, and with a very delicate instrument I remove a slight portion of the muscle. Then I excite a slight inflammation, which attaches the skin to the subcutaneous hollow I have formed. In a few days the wound—if wound it can be called—has healed, and a charming dimple is the result."

THE MOTHER'S LOVE is a true and absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of existence; it enlarges the imagined range for self to move in. But in after-years it can continue to be joy only on the same terms as other long-lived love—that is, by much suppression of self and power of living in the experience of another.