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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PLACE YOUR HAND IN MINE, WIFE.

'Tis five-and-twenty years to-day
Since we were man and wife—
And that's a tidy slice I say,
From anybody's life.

And if you want, in looking back,
To feel how time has flown,
There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
With whiskers of his own.

It's not been all smooth sailing, wife—
Not always laughing May;
Sometimes it's been a weary strife
To keep the wolf away.
We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
We've often grieved and sighed;
One lad has cost us many a tear,
Our little baby died.

But, wife, your love along the road
Has cheered the roughest spell,
You've borne your half of every load,
And often mine as well.
I've rued full many a foolish thing
Ere well the step was ta'en;
But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring
And wed you o'er again.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand,
That's working all along,
In ways we cannot understand,
Still bringing right from wrong.
You've kept me brave and kept me true,
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.

Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

—Frederick Langbridge.

SECOND WIVES AND STEPMOTHERS.

There is a popular saying to the effect that a man's second wife always fares better than his first. Presumably the husband, having learned the worth and value of a wife by her loss, is inclined to make smooth domestic paths; and in the first flush of his devotion is perhaps coaxed into what some sober-minded neighbors may consider follies, such as putting a pump into the cistern or buying a new parlor carpet. Other household deficiencies that played their part in making him a widower are remedied; for the removal by "visitation of Providence—we have a way of making Providence responsible for our own oversights—of a woman who has patiently endured the inconveniences to which the years have accustomed her, and the bringing in a stranger to whom these inconveniences assume the position of hardships not to be endured since they may be so easily removed, sometimes opens a man's eyes to conditions which are a shame to him, because a little time and money might have bettered them. And when Love is new, he earth is none too good for its divinity;

when the glow fades and only grey ashes remain, the chimney may smoke and the roof leak and the motto is "Get along as well as you can."

I am not so sure that the second wife always has what is slangily termed "a snap." It depends. At least No. 1 never had to hear "My first wife she—" The selfish, inconsiderate man is not purged of his selfishness, nor the stingy one made generous, nor the hot-tempered one made gentle, by vows to another woman. There may be spasmodic reforms, lasting a little time, then the "old Adam" re-asserts itself and he falls back to the old level. If there is a permanent change, mark my words, it is in the woman's managing, not the man's regeneration. The angel of the Lord does not condescend to instantaneously convert, Saul of Tarsus-fashion, a common, every-day sort of Nineteenth Century widower. When the second wife must also be stepmother to young or half-grown children, her position is no sinecure. Like the minister's wife, a great deal is expected of her. She cannot in the very nature of things feel for them that love, half divine, half instinctive, which the mother gives the children she herself has brought into the world—a love as boundless and immeasurable as space. Affection must be with her, as with them, a matter of growth; and it is kindness and good feeling which awaken and strengthen that growth. Why should she love strange children unless they show a willingness to be loved? How often do you hear of step-children receiving the new mother with warmth, prepared to love and honor her? Does she not usually find her reception approximates a white frost, and her best efforts to win affection received with coldness or open scorn? There is one bond to unite them—a love for the father and the husband, the nucleus about which must grow a reciprocal love for each other. If that fails, we see the step-mother pulling one way and the children the other, and the miserable man taking sides now with one, then the other, and painfully conscious of his inability to serve two masters.

As regards the management of the children of a former marriage by the new wife, it seems to me that a man should not ask a woman to marry him unless he has taken into consideration her fitness to control and care for his motherless children. It is a double duty he asks of her. His love for her is certainly important and essential; but unless he feels sufficient confidence in her ability, judgment, and faithfulness to believe she will conscientiously endeavor to fill the difficult place to which he invites her, he had better stay a widower. For if the fa-

ther refuses or neglects to assist his wife by his sympathy, or sustain her authority, it will need frequent reading of the riot act to preserve peace in that family. It seems to me that prudence dictates, on the part of the new mother, a careful, patient justice, at the outset, and an avoidance of an open issue necessitating an appeal to the father's authority. She should avoid compelling her husband to seem to be in any degree alienated from his children; but if a conflict does come, the wife, in the mother's place, and as mistress and first in the household, should be sustained.

Do the best she may, the stepmother seldom gets the credit of her good intentions. Sometimes tardy justice is done her, years after, when experience has taught its lessons to those she tried to teach and train. At best, a geological period is only a span to the patience required to break down prejudices and convince reluctant minds of the nobility and purity of her intentions. Even her husband may misunderstand her, mistaking a wholesome restraint for tyranny, or influenced to unwise indulgence through the insinuations of neighbors and relatives.

Without doubt nine-tenths of the trouble with stepchildren is made by outsiders, who take it upon themselves to criticise the match and pity "those poor children," tell them what hard times they will have, and rouse a spirit of antagonism which neutralizes the most conscientious efforts of the new mother, who is thus judged before her offence is committed and condemned without a hearing. They are the most mischievous of all mischief-makers; there are no words strong enough to express the contempt they justify. The heart of any true woman is tender toward motherless children. If she loves her husband, how can she help resolving to be in very truth a mother to his little ones? And any woman with a womanly soul within her, or any sense of justice or honor, should wait until she has had a fair chance before condemning her, or worse than all else, prejudicing the minds of those with whom she must deal. One's own children do not always reflect credit upon their parents, but a stepchild's waywardness is always laid at the door of the step-parent.

Under the sting of a family disagreement, I once saw a young mother turn to her six year old daughter, saying sharply: "Hazel, if I die and your papa marries again you run away; don't you stay at home to be abused by a stepmother!" The little girl's eyes widened, but she made no reply. She is an unusually thoughtful, mature child, and those words, spoken as they

were, will be often revolved in that little brain. Marriages and stepmothers she knows nothing about now, but she will understand some day. And a stepmother, from her childhood up, will have been something to run away from!

A good stepmother is a blessing in many homes. There would be more such blessings if they had a fair show. Is it better for motherless children, girls especially, to grow up with no womanly tutelage, under the care of a hired housekeeper or the attention a man can give them; or, since they have lost their own mother and natural guardian, be placed under the care of one who, as their father's wife, has every incentive of love and pride to make her do the best she can for them? Take the question home to your own hearts, you mothers, and answer it honestly; would you not rather, if you must die and leave little children behind you, that some good woman should take your place and bring them up as well as she can, than have them grow to maturity, knowing nothing of even pseudo-maternal care?

And you men, who feel you compliment a woman when you ask her to help bear your burdens, if in addition to looking after *you* she must accept the far greater task of looking after your children, remember that by offering the situation you implied your belief in her capability to fill the place; and that you owe a duty to wife and children not to be discharged by simply giving her charge of your kitchen. The husband and father has opportunity for the exercise of tact and patience and self control; he needs a firm hand and a strong sense of justice; confidence and faith in his wife, and unbounded love for both wife and children.

BEATRIX.

ANOTHER WEEK.

As anything in the shape of a diary interests me very much I will try my hand at keeping a record of this week's doings. If the Editor thinks it worthy of publication, it will be found no fancy picture, but composed of stubborn facts.

Monday morning I really could not see any chance for washing, so concluded to let it go until after dinner, so skimmed milk, fed chickens, washed dishes, made beds, scaled fish, baked five loaves of bread, made a cream pie for dinner (the crust was baked on Saturday). As the hen houses had just been cleaned, I took this opportunity to smoke them with sulphur and resin, then I put the clothes to soak. After the dinner work was done up and I had enjoyed a little vacation reading, did the washing and had everything out of the way just as the clock struck five. A neighbor tells me she has commenced to wash more than once this winter after the supper work was done up, and finished the job, with the clothes on the line, at two o'clock. As she had a house full of men she found it a necessity to do the washing in the night. I picked some asparagus, and by setting the clock back ten minutes had supper at six, then went the round of feeding the chickens, washing the dishes and taking care of the milk. As we expect sheep shearers to-morrow, I set the table for six. It is cold to-night but cloudy, else there would be danger of a frost.

Just as we were going to bed a man came after a calf. I lay awake until after eleven, then fell asleep and dreamed of climbing innumerable fences to get away from Old Jake.

Tuesday, too cold for any kind of comfort. I pity the poor sheep to be robbed of their winter clothes such a day as this; however one of the shearers washed 33 sheep before he came, was on hand before six and appeared comfortable and happy. The first thing after each meal I attend to the wants of my chickens. This morning I took off a hen with twelve little chicks, which makes 103 all told; and all white but one. The hawks helped themselves too freely until they had carried off about 20; a neighbor told me to put out a scare crow. I did so, and have not missed a chicken since. To-day I opened a can of mince meat and made three pies, fried a panful of cakes and baked a large johnny cake for chicken food, as I prefer this to uncooked meal. I baked three kinds of cake on Saturday, a pork cake, plain stirred cake, a gingerbread, I think this will be sufficient to last this week. This is the way I made the pork cake, and I think it good. Pour one pint of boiling water on three-fourths pound salt pork chopped fine; when cool add two cups sugar, one cup molasses, five cups flour, one teaspoonful soda, one of cream of tartar, spices to suit the taste, and fruit to suit the pocketbook. I cooked pork and beans for dinner; potatoes, two kinds of pickles, pie, fried cakes, bread, butter and tea made up the bill, with seven men to partake. I think it a great help to keep the table set, when the dishes are washed replace on the table ready for the next meal.

Wednesday morning arose at five, found it had been raining through the night, prepared breakfast; nam and eggs, potatoes, graham gems, bread and butter, pickles, tea; coffee and gingerbread. After breakfast went the rounds; owing to a slight misunderstanding among my hens the clock pointed to half past seven when I got in the house again. There stood the table and everything just as I left it. This is the only objection I have to raising poultry. Bridget never does anything when I am out looking after the chickens, but let that pass.

As fifteen sheep were under shelter these were sheared, and the others were found too wet to shear until afternoon; seven men to dinner; a neighbor came in about noon and spent the afternoon. I baked five loaves of salt rising bread, churned, mopped the kitchen and did some mending; also made several journeys to the leach, as I want to make soap this week. Mrs. O. helped me with the dishes. We had our knives and forks nickel-plated last winter, that saves all scouring.

The FARMER came Tuesday; HOUSEHOLD read of course. I would like to ask Evangeline what was the matter with Philander that he did not go to town meeting the first day of April. I think she must be an expert at driving away the mumps; when they visited us they staid a week. This morning while picking up the papers scattered on the table I caught sight of an article headed, "A Child can Run It," I at once sat down and read it through; it expresses my sentiments so completely I hope every HOUSE-

HOLDER will read it. I think eternal vigilance is the price of success in whatever we may undertake. It is cold enough for a frost to-night.

Thursday I arose at quarter to five. The first thing I saw on looking out of the window was a rainbow, high up in the west. I did not see any frost, but the men said it was plain to be seen on the marsh road; however it probably did little harm, as it rained a little this morning. I did the ironing, baked beans and rice pudding for dinner; then as I had some help I took the opportunity to go to town after a dress that has been in the hands of the dressmaker at least six weeks. I thought I would tell the HOUSEHOLD how it was made, but alas for human hopes! that dress is not done yet. I made the mistake of telling them I was in no hurry. If I had it by the last of May to wear to the commencement exercises that would do, but it looks now as though that will not bring it. When I reached home it was raining and the men were just filing out from supper. Mrs. — went home with her husband, and I proceeded to do up the supper work.

Friday morning I arose at five, went through the usual routine, got my soap-making well started, made four pies, churned; had eight men to dinner. Bill of fare, meat with milk gravy and potatoes, bread and butter, johnny cake, cucumber pickles, tomato chowder, tea, pieplant pie, gingerbread. After dinner rested awhile, then as to-morrow is the first annual meeting of the L. L. A. I had quite a little summing up to do. Ten minutes to six the men came in to supper, eight of them, having sheared the last sheep. For supper bread and butter, cold meat and beans, eggs, canned cherries, fried potatoes, pickles, custard pie, fruit cake, gingerbread and tea. One of the shearers remarked at dinner that if we had got down to johnny cake it was lucky they were most through. I find we are one week earlier this year than last, but strange to say the apple trees were in bloom last year at shearing time, as I remember we had a lively discussion in regard to the petals of the apple blossom at the time, and now there are apples larger than hazel nuts on the trees. We have 1,750 pounds of wool stored, waiting for higher prices.

Yesterday when driving to town, in passing a house, I saw a poor cripple just hitching a team of horses at the gate; he then started for the house by walking, if you could call it such, with one hand on the ground, the other hold of one foot, lifting it along at each step. His lower limbs appeared much deformed and quite helpless; no doubt paralyzed when a child, yet he got over the ground at a brisk pace.

Saturday I arose with the sun; no trouble to see frost this morning, the grass in places was frozen stiff. I saw a man in long black overcoat and gloves standing quietly on the banks of the brook, presumably angling for trout. Truly the patience and perseverance of some men are past understanding. I finished my soap (good soap and plenty of it) all but emptying it, swept and dusted and set things to rights generally, mended the mop stick, mopped the kitchen, worked over butter and got dinner. After dinner and its work wer

over I fed the chickens all around, and walked to the school house to the annual meeting of our Library Association. The time was found too short for the business on hand, hence we meet again in two weeks. Reached home at half past six, after the chores were done and the supper work out of the way. I feel as though I had been to the end of the road.

I have some mats made of white table oil cloth cut the size wanted, the edges pinked, then worked a little way from the edge, with colored zephyr, in some fancy stitch. Perhaps this would be of service to some one.

As this brings us down to Saturday evening, May 26th, I will bid you good night.
PLAINWELL. BESS.

A CLOUDY WEEK.

Now that Evangeline has finished her week, I wonder if our friends would not like to hear something about another one that was not so full of success and sunshine. Our folks tried to discourage me about trying to tell anything because I don't understand flowery language, but when a woman has done all her own house-work; raised from sixty to a hundred fowls; from six to ten calves; tended garden and bees every season; and added a baby to the list pretty often, for twenty years, she ought to know something as useful to the public as flowery language. When I said something like this to Simon at dinner he tried to get off a piece of wit about the daub of *flour* on my nose, (I never have time to look in a glass) and I knew I'd said something remarkable or he'd never have looked at me close enough to see it, for, though Simon is a good provider and worker, and better natured than men will average, he isn't one of the everlasting lovers. He was pretty sickish and soft before we were married and a while after, but there was a big mortgage on the farm, and somehow we soon got to working right along together, more like a pair of horses than anything else, I often think. We think enough of each other but don't often say much about it. Well, his wit to-day didn't raise much of a laugh, for the dinner was not very good. When we corned down the beef last winter we got too much salt in it and it has to be freshened, and that makes it about as good as chips. I think most all recipes for curing meat have more salt than necessary, and shall try to remember it, especially when putting down beef to be eaten before warm weather. Then the bread was poor (and if I do say it *my* husband don't have to eat that very often). The dough soured and I worked some soda into a loaf; let it stand awhile, and baked just before dinner. It is "middlin' good" when it is warm, makes up passable into milk-toast, and is better to feed to the chickens than if it is baked sour. It was salt-rising, and I guess it got too cold while I was out in the garden, for I really got so mad that I forgot all about it. The currant-worm was just stripping the gooseberry and currant bushes; the cut-worm was taking off the tomato and cabbage plants; there were two or three sorts of worms on my rose bushes; and something, I couldn't see what, was eating the pansy blossoms. I dosed them all with Paris green, and then there was about a spoonful left; I put that

into some milk and fed it to the two cats I have been fretting at Simon to kill. I felt awful wicked as I watched them eat it, and kept the children's pet back, and was anxious all day for fear they'd go under the barn to die, or go into fits; and if there is anything I am really afraid of it is cyclones and a cat in a fit. I don't know much about a cyclone except as I read about it, but a cat in a fit! You never can guess where it is going to make a dash next, and I always climb up on a table, hold my skirts tight around my feet, and holler for somebody. Well, my trouble about the cats, like the heft of all trouble, never came; for they weren't sick at all and were just as provoking at supper as ever. I went to bed awful discouraged and lay awake a long time thinking over what I ought to do, and wondering when I was ever going to get time for any sewing. If I did that as I ought it would take all the time; the house work the same; and if I trained the children as our writers say they should be, it wouldn't leave room for anything else; so I know that in trying to do all three things at once I don't half do any of them; and as the prayer-book says, "There is no health in us." Simon snored and snored as if there was nothing else in the world to do; and I felt as if no one cared for me and no one thought I had any burdens (for I won't whine), and I cried a little and then had to get up to find a handkerchief, for nobody but the heroine of a novel can cry without getting eyes, and nose, too, in a terrible muss. But after awhile I fell asleep and dreamed I was going to the inaugural ball, and couldn't get both feet dressed at a time.

To be Continued.

A BATTLE WITH MOTHS.

"Oh mamma, it's just snowing flowers!" and involuntarily I reply, "Yes, God hath remembered the world," to my little girl's exclamation. Everything is so beautiful with its wealth of bloom this spring morning. We have faded flowers on the carpet; fresh flowers are stuck in every hat and bonnet, not forgetting the baby's sunbonnet; the kitchen window sill is covered with old bottles filled with flowers, and I notice that the ugly dandelion looks beautiful when placed next to a cluster of lovely myrtle blossoms. Truly children whose homes are in the country ought to be happy. Let those who will enjoy Robert Elsmere; I prefer these glorious evidences of immortality.

We have just finished house-cleaning, and I find myself wishing that I lived in a log house, not of the æsthetic sort like Mr. Palmer's, but the genuine, old-fashioned article, where I might sit by the window, piece quilts and take in the whole institution at a glance. But were I the possessor of this Acadian simplicity, no doubt I should be rising before the birds and going to bed after everybody else that I might build a house with a parlor, wherein the moths might hold high carnival and the children never come, while the mother should have leisure to paint and otherwise decorate table-scarfs with impossible blackbirds hovering over impossible reeds and waterlilies—all for what? All for that parlor. And then what?

Why, shut the door and close the blinds lest

the sun enter or the moths be disturbed while they eat up the carpet. My experience is that they like rich, dark colors as well as light ones. But I am now able to say that I have gained a victory over the moths; they used to be masters of the house, eating even the rag carpets wherever they touched the base boards, and when that was taken away they ate the wall paper. This spring we have taken up ten carpets, without seeing a single moth. My plan has been to make all paste for wall paper strong with alum; and while I used to clean a room first and then the floor, I now do the floor first by taking a pail of boiling water, to which has been added half a teacupful of turpentine; this I dash around the room with a large mop. Of course I never put my hands in such a preparation, but I never delegate that part of the work to any one else, as I want to know that every seam is filled with the water and that it runs under the base-boards.

Like Beatrix, I dislike to put my clothing away in strong smelling stuffs; but I do not like my fur boxes pasted because they are unsightly during the winter months. I keep boxes and all in cotton bags made for the purpose, and have never lost the value of a cent in furs or clothing, even when the house was alive with moths. I think the great secret about keeping winter clothing is to see that no moths are put away with it. I get enough ready to fill a sack at a time; shake and beat everything thoroughly, pack and tie the bag very tight, and never open again until cold weather calls for the garments. The bag itself needs washing before using every spring—at least I do it. I often think that woodsheds are good moth-breeding establishments, judging by the old garments that I see hanging around many of them, which are too poor to be of any possible use.

With regard to liquid stove blacking, ask my better half. He returned from a journey with the announcement that hereafter he would relieve me of all care in that direction by doing that job himself, and producing a can with a brush attached, he informed me that this had merely to be painted on and the job was done. "And why," he asked, "can women never invent anything themselves to save labor, for of course this was invented by a man?" I quickly cooled the sitting-room stove and invited him to proceed. Going into the room to see his triumph, I took in the situation at a glance and rushed for the rag barrel to get something to wipe the stuff off. Suffice it to say we have never by our united efforts got a good polish on that stove since. And when we built the fire we had to open every door and window to let the smoke out; in fact one man thought best to stop and see whether we needed assistance in putting out a fire.

As to liquid shoe polish, will some one recommend a brand that will not crack the leather.
MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

TO CLEAN A GRATER.—I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers how to clean a grater after grating lemons. I used to think that the worst part of pie-making until I learned to take it as soon as I am through using and brush with a whisk broom from both sides. Every bit of lemon rind will brush out so it will not be necessary to wash it unless it is preferred.

DILL A. TORY.

WHICH?

"There are gains for all our losses,
There is balm for all our pain;
But when youth—the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

"Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
And we seek it everywhere
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

"We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign,
But we know that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again."

Ever since the creation has that little winged god Cupid roamed the earth with bow and arrows. And when he aims at a target, he never falls short of the mark. So love is natural; the heart will cling to something, and it must be that it is nearest to. Marriage is a divine ordinance. The poet paints the beauties and blushes of the bride. The bark of matrimony, freighted with love that has never known a test, wreathed with flowers, showered with kind wishes, advice and rejoicing, is launched on the sea of Experiment. The happy couple think that there are no high waves, tempestuous storms, no dead calms, but always a placid surface, with smiles for ripples. But life is terribly real, and when life's realities do come there also comes the discovery of traits of character in each other that are perfectly astonishing.

There is more or less dissimulation in courtship. Each appears at his or her best. If we are striving to make a good impression we use every art in our power. One yields to the other gracefully, it scarcely seems like self-denial, as lovers one caters to the other's tastes. How easy it is to yield a point! The supposition is that as long as life lasts it will be just that easy. But after marriage, when the wedding tour is over, after the calls are returned, business resumed, how is it? The honeymoon never over, life a long unbroken dream?

Married people do not always find out the mistake that has been made on the start; that comes with the years. There is nearly always the usual happiness in getting the home, the mutual comfort in gathering things about the home to make it attractive, the mutual love of the little ones, if any are given, the little bow knots that should rivet the marriage vow stronger than ever. The love that has heretofore existed between the two seems to centre about the child. The love that has been so freely lavished upon each other now finds another channel; there is a new object of interest.

Allowing me to give my opinion, there is a wide difference between the love that a wife gives her husband and the love the mother gives her child. To some it is denied ever to know mother love, to feel the little clinging hands, the blessed presence of a babe. When I said "There is no love like mother love," I believed it; I do today. For months before the birth of the child there is suffering, there is self-denial, a constant giving for its life and growth. There is a terrible anxiety, as the mother goes down to the very grave for her child; there is no suffering so terrible as that; and out of that anxiety, that suffering, that agony, is born that love that endures forever, that nothing will ever efface or change;

a love that makes us bear with our children's faults to overlook, to forgive.

We cannot measure another's strength or weakness. The woman who through life has had the love of a husband lavished upon her, as she sees the life go out, the form still and dead, can truly say "He was all I had, there was never love like ours." I believe her. But with just as much propriety can the young mother say, as her beautiful darling lies in the casket, as she realizes that never again can she clasp him to her bosom, draw draughts of love from the depths of his innocent eyes, feel the pressure of the soft baby hands, listen to the cooing voice, "I can never bear it. It is cruel; I loved him so." We cannot measure another's sorrow. We read of Roman mothers buckling on the armor, sending their young sons forth to battle, to death. The love of country was as great as love of child.

I was reading not long since about a wife who went to the Joliet State prison to see her husband who was in for a long term of years. In a fit of drunkenness he had destroyed her eyesight for life, she must always live in total darkness. He was sick in the hospital ward and she went to see him, being led there by a friend. Again and again she expressed her love for him, saying that he was not himself at the time, and expressing her determination to live with him again when his term should have expired. This was the love of a noble woman, a love that saw only the best part of his nature; that will live through time and eternity. We read of the faithful mother, who bearing for years disgrace and trouble through an only son, finally succeeded in bringing him home, in reforming him, closing his eyes in Death's peaceful sleep.

Every one has a cross to bear, world, sin and sorrow laden; and quite frequently from those we cherish most comes the heaviest burden. I attended the funeral once of an aged woman; her husband had died several years before; no children had ever been born to them. Their lives had been passed in the accumulation of property, and no doubt they had taken comfort in their way. Not a tear was shed, there were no near friends to mourn for her, and as the coffin was carried out of the front door, down the front yard, out through the gate, away from the home which she had entered a happy bride, I could not help voicing the thought that when I came to die I hoped my children would be around me, that a sincere tear would fall when I was carried to my long resting place.

But I should never advise any one to lie awake nights, trying to make out which she could best spare, husband or child, for you will never know which grief is the greater until you are called to mourn. We are so constituted that no matter how large the family, there is a place in the mother's heart for each one, and no one can take the other's place; and I am sure if the Heavenly Father sent his Death Angel into my household, with the message "Choose which shall be taken, husband or child, for one must die?" I should say "They are all precious in my sight, I cannot choose between my loved ones." When woman truly loves she yields a good deal; the purest and best of her nature is given. With the years

the rose leaves the cheek, the roundness and symmetry of youth are lost. To the husband who looks through lover's eyes these signs of age are not observed. But I don't know but that I would as soon run my chances with children remaining constant and faithful as a husband, for the papers are full of old people finding out that the yhad made a mistake—incompatibility, etc., and who want a divorce. And the cases are many where the man skips for Canada with the money from the bank and a good looking woman, leaving his wife with the children.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

FARMERS' OUTINGS.

If farmers and their families can have outings at all, what should they be? Some of our neighbors spent a week at Houghton Lake fishing this spring; came home with a barrel of fish, faces sunburned till they were blistered, and tired to death. I have spent a week at a time living in a tent on the shores of Higgins Lake, and as the preparation of the meals depended on me I did the same work as at home, only minus home conveniences. As I folded up our blankets preparatory to leaving, and shook a long and particularly lively green snake out of the special blanket that had covered me the night before, I resolved against that kind of dissipation any more. But I wish you could all have seen Higgins Lake, as I did, before any of the pine was cut from its shores. It was a beautiful place.

Sometimes we have combined business and pleasure and made a trip to Traverse City, overland route, going one day and coming back the next. Would start early in the morning, stopping at noon to take our lunch and feed our horses in a lonely, pleasant spot on the banks of Boardman River, arriving at Traverse City at three o'clock. Going straight to my room at the hotel I would exchange the long ulster and sunbonnet, that were just right for a long, dusty ride, for a fresh street costume that I had brought with me, and my best hat and gloves, and go forth to do my shopping. Dressed right in style? Certainly, or if I wasn't, didn't know it and so was just as happy. But the long ride prevented these from being exactly gala days.

A break in the monotony of their lives is just as needful to farmers' families as to other people, though I don't think they long very much for a few days' nearer communion with nature; anyway, I think just now that to board a week or two at a large hotel in a large city with the sharer of my joys and sorrows, and go the theatre every evening, is the kind of a summer rest I am yearning for.

I enjoyed reading Evangeline's "week," for the telling of all the little things of everyday life made it seem like a genuine home record. That is an example to be followed in writing home letters; it is telling the trifling things that give to those who read a clear idea of our surroundings. But, Evangeline, how do you suppose Philander first happened to get dyspepsia?

I hoped that some one who could better than I would say a word of counsel or cheer to A. B. C. I have only this, which sounds old and commonplace, but yet is true: Forgetting ourselves in working for the comfort and happiness of others will surely bring peace, and there is little of good impossible to unselfish love.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER