

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Wants of Man.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is dally bread,
And canvas-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
With four choice cooks from France,
beside,
To dress my dinner well,
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost
And silk for summer's fire,
And cashmere shawls and brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all the joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refined.

And as time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of humankind;
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.
—John Quincy Adams.

Lessons and Learning.

When the next issue of *The Commoner* finds its way to the thousands of homes to which it makes its visits each week there will be something missing. The dancing feet and outstretched hand that met the carrier at the door will not be there. All over the land the schools, colleges and institutions of learning will be opening, and our bright-faced lads and

lassies will be beginning the business of life in these halls. In the school room, many a new face will be seen, many an old one missed. Among the teachers, too, will be changes, and new classes will be formed, new books opened, new studies taken up, while few friendships will be begun, and old ones renewed. It is the way of the world—change is written over all.

Yet the same bright, active brains, awakening ambitions and warm hearts will be there—the spirit of progress will rule as of old—only the forms will be changed.

How I wish I might bend down and whisper two words into each pink ear! To the boys I would say, "Be gentlemen;" to the girls, "Be gentle women." And when I said it, I would not think of fine clothes or conventional manners; even the most boorish among you may boast of these outward signs, for they are often but disguises which coarse natures assume. Many a brave, manly boy's heart beats beneath a tattered garment, and many a time is conventional rule broken by its noble wearer.

But I would have you be kind and courteous, each to each, with the kindness and courtesy born of a gentle and unselfish nature. The good Book tells us that the second greatest commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and I would that you should ask your own hearts, "Who is my neighbor?" Search diligently for the answer to this.

You are learning more lessons now than your books will show. Along with the mental you are developing the moral powers, and every day you are growing either toward, or away from, your ideals. You may never stand still; forward or backward, the pendulum swings, and you must swing with it. Let your aims be high; let your ideals be pure. In exercising your moral faculties, as with the mental, you strengthen them. A gentle, kindly act today will make the one tomorrow easier to do, until, by and by, it will seem but "second nature," to do well in all things.

If you are wiser, stronger mentally or morally than your companions, do not forget that you will wield an influence over these weaker ones for good or for evil. Your life will be a light unto their feet; they will follow in your footsteps. No one can stand alone—"no man liveth unto himself." Always you are pulling others up, or pushing them down, by your daily acts; you either encourage, or discourage vice by all you do. Virtue will beam or blacken under your breath.

You should aim high, not alone in the world of letters, but in the moral world. Try to, in all things, retain your own self-respect. Cultivate moral courage as well as physical. A moral coward is a pitiable creature, though he may be, physically, of the bravest. Sometimes it requires the very highest order of courage to dare to do right—to refuse to do wrong. The exercise of moral courage, may, in some instances, bring upon you the censure of

all your companions, for a time; yet God will know, and if you have a sense of conscious rectitude, you can bear all their abuse.

Resolve now, while your minds are growing and your power developing, that you will take high rank among the benefactors of the world. It may be that you must forever walk the paths of the lowly; that to your hands must always be allotted the common tasks of the world; that your companions must always be below you in the scale of social, moral and mental life. You may always feel that to you, life has been a failure, because some cherished ambitions have failed; but be sure of this: the path in which your feet are placed is the one path you could have trodden with safety; the work your hands must do is the work that God requires of you, and let it be your constant aim to do it well. "Faithful in little things" will fit you to rule over the greater in God's promised Hereafter.

Gathering Up the Fragments.

"You just hate to do that, don't you?" said the lassie, as she watched me putting the grape pulp through the colander. "Why, my dear!" I said, "do I work as though I did?" "No, but you do not like to do such work," she replied.

"When I tell you to do any task, do you 'hate' to do it?" I asked; and the smiling response is, "No, ma'am."

"When God tells me to do anything, should I not obey him as cheerfully as you obey me?"

"But God did not tell you to make grape butter!" is the wondering answer.

"Yes," I say. "Do you not remember when Christ fed the hungry multitude, he gave them all they could eat, and more; and when all had eaten their fill, he told his disciples to 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost;' and the obedient disciples gathered what remained into baskets for future use. Well, God has given us a plenteous harvest, grains and grasses and fruits and vegetables, and all the summer long we and our animals have eaten all we wanted, but there is still a great abundance left, and this must all be cared for, else we shall go hungry when the winter comes. For the animals, the grain and hay and roots are stored in barns and stack yards and granaries, and for ourselves, we put some of the 'fragments' of the summer abundance into cans; some we preserve in various ways; some we pickle, some we dry, some of the vegetables go to seed, and these must be cared for, the seeds, such as beans, peas, etc., we pack in bags, and others, such as grain, we store in boxes and bins. In all this, we are simply doing as God has told us to do—we are 'gathering up the fragments.'"

The brown eyes grew grave with thought. The little soul was lost in the sea of speculation.

And oftentimes, to us, who are but older children, this view of the subject comes as a comfort. We are only too apt to rebel when some disagreeable task claims our unwilling hands. We touch, reluctantly, the coarser, commoner duties of life, seeing only

the dull, prosaic side, but once we recognize this call as one of obedience to the will of Him "Who so loved the world," we remember that the Sinless One did, also, the "will of the father," and counted no service as drudgery, whereby he might bless the lives of the "brethren" who shared his pilgrimage while here upon earth.

Property Rights.

In answer to our correspondent who wishes to know how a woman may learn what her property rights are, and how to protect them, we will say that it is not necessary for her to go through a course of law study in order to know these matters. Every family should have a copy of the statutes of the state in which they live, or own property, and in this volume will be found all the laws pertaining to woman as a property owner, etc.

If upon looking them over one finds a difficulty in understanding their meaning, she should go to the ablest lawyer she knows and ask him to explain them to her—which I am quite sure he will take pleasure in doing. As to protecting those rights, if assailed, she should place her case in the hands of the best attorney she may be able to employ. Any lawyer can tell her where she may procure the statutes of the state in which she lives, and, having procured them, she should study them diligently. A woman should sign, or be satisfied with no paper until she is reasonably sure she understands it, and that it is correctly drawn with regard to her own protection.

Floral Notes.

A tea made from Quassia chips, applied hot as the hand will bear, is sure death to many insect foes that infect house plants—among them mealy bug and aphid, and, if often applied, will also destroy red spider. A free use of a good brass syringe, with water either hot or cold will mostly make the application of insecticides unnecessary.

Shield your potted plants from the hot sun at midday, and palms, ferns, oleanders and the like should have their pots shielded from the sunshine to preserve even moisture in the soil.

This is the month in which to get callas, freesias, and oxalis bulbs, potted, in order to have them in bloom by Christmas. Order your out-door bulbs early, as by this means you will get choice of the florist's stock. Have your bulb bed well prepared, and make it just as large as your purse will allow. There is nothing more satisfactory than the well stocked, well cared for out-door bulb bed.

A good time to start hardy shrubs is during August or September. Plants for bedding can be had very cheaply now of many florists. Many of the plants set now will bloom next spring. It is better to set them now, as, if one waits until next spring, a whole season's bloom will be lost.

Nothing gives such an air of cheerfulness to the living room in winter as a few pots of blooming plants. If you can care for but one or two, try