



The Second Place.

Unto my loved ones have I given all—
The tireless service of my willing hands,

The strength of swift feet running to their call;

Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands

The busy brain unto their use; each grace,

Each gift—the flower and fruit of life. To me

They give with gracious hearts, and tenderly,

The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense,

They spend to make some brighter life more blest;

The grief that comes despite my frail defense

They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.

Love veils his deepest glory from my face;

I dimly see how fair the light may be

Beyond the shadow where I, loving, hold

The second place.

And yet, 'tis sweet to know that though I make

No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie

Ruined and desolated, for my sake;

Nor any heart be broken when I die.

And it is sweet to see my little space

Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully

I thank the tender fate that granteth me

The second place.

Content to know that, as life's race is run,

My eager hands may pluck some thorn away,

E'en though my hands shall thus be bleeding—torn;

That I may brighten more their day.

I do not grieve: I have a mother's joy;

I watch them grow in beauty and in grace,

And pray: "God help me faithfully to fill

The second place."

—Susan M. Spaulding.

Home Chats.

I think I have said once or twice before that a woman owes something more than mere service to her family. She also owes something to herself, and it is well, always, to pay one's debts as honestly and as fully as possible. The average woman does not usually develop and improve after marriage as she should. A man in his daily contact with other minds, in his travels, his reading and constant rubbing against the world, soon grows away from the woman he once found so fascinating, unless she is keen-witted enough to determine that he shall not. An observing woman sees the distance begin to widen, and says to herself: "This must not be. I must take time from the pots and pans, sewing and darning, and read at least the news of the day, and whenever I can pinch out a moment, I will keep in touch with intellectual minds by reading the standard books of the day." So, if she is wise, she

does not allow herself to narrow down to the work which soon becomes detested drudgery by neglect of the intellectual part of life.

O O

The care-worn, stoop-shouldered, discouraged-looking wives of bright men are often spoken of as being narrow-minded, dull, and inferior to their husbands, and more often than not, the husband becomes an object of pity because "tied down" to such an uncongenial mate; and in too many instances, the husband, seeing the difference, though not seeking the cause, turns to other women for the companionship he does not find at home. Whatever the cause, the woman has ceased to grow mentally, and, while he has continued to grow and develop, her improvement ceased when she became his wife. It has so long been preached to women that their chief aim in life should be to marry and make a home for some man, and any further seeking to advance mentally after marriage so often discouraged, that this neglect has become a sort of second nature to many of them, and they have rather prided themselves on simply being some "John's wife."

O O

"John," meanwhile, congratulates himself on having a very good housekeeper without hire, but he goes to the other woman for companionship, and, in time, grows to wonder how he ever came to fancy that Mary was anything but ordinary. He may be a true husband, faithful to his marriage vows and considerate of his wife's needs, but he is not proud of her. Sometimes there is a little lurking sense of shame at thought of her simplicity.

O O

Mary is to blame for this. From a once bright girl she has allowed herself to degenerate into a mere machine, neglecting, and finally losing all taste for the improvement of her mind or adornment of her person, and with this aimless life, she soon loses health as well; she grows accustomed to the treadmill, and feels awkward if out of it, and finally it becomes a burden for her to get off the revolving track, and she soon refuses to even try to do so. While her husband employs help about his work, she plods on, and though her family care increases—perhaps because of it—she thinks she must worry through somehow, as help is so expensive. So she does the most extravagant thing she can do—she sacrifices herself, instead of the dollar the help would cost. One by one her charms of mind and person disappear; she grows accustomed to neglect, both from herself and others, and soon becomes a fretful, irritable, half-hearted nobody, even to her own family, ill-dressed mentally and physically; she chooses to stay in the background, and her family graciously permits her to occupy her chosen field.

O O

Now, don't you know, that won't do. We owe a duty to ourselves, as well as to our family. If we are to be the mothers of the coming men and women, we should fit ourselves for motherhood, as well as wifehood; we should improve the soul as well as the body, mind and manners; learn to live the simple life—to have fewer rooms, and fewer nerve-wrecking cares in regard to them. A disordered house, however, is better than a disordered home, and it is often cheaper

to buy the new garment than to mend the old one. The body is more than the raiment, while the soul stands head and shoulders above even the body. "Let your light shine," and make it your business to see that there is plenty of oil, of goodly quality, to keep the flame bright and steady.

Fern Song.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,

And spread out your palms again,

And say, "Though the sun

Hath my vesture spun

He hath labored, alas, in vain

But for the shade

That the cloud hath made

And the gift of the day and the

rain."

Then laugh and upturn

All your fronds, little Fern,

And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

Butter milk and Baking Powder Biscuit.

In answer to Sister Hattie, will give the following directions for making the bread she asks about: For breakfast, you can mix your flour, salt and powder over night. Take one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and four scant teaspoonfuls of some good baking powder; sift these once or twice, then add one large tablespoonful of lard; take two cupfuls of good buttermilk and stir into it one small, level teaspoonful of soda; put this at once into the prepared flour and mix quickly; roll, and cut into thin cakes and bake quickly. Much will depend on the condition of the butter-milk—it must not be too sour. In making baking powder biscuit it is always best to mix with sweet milk instead of water. Avoid cheap baking powder, as it is usually largely adulterated with alum, which is ruinous to the stomach.

The Dish Closet.

One of our girls who expects to go to housekeeping pretty soon wishes to know something about the dishes she will need. It is always a safe plan to start in with a full set of good dishes—of as good quality as one can afford. And by good quality is not meant the most expensive china. Good dishes are not necessarily expensive, but they always cost more than poor ones. The iron stone china of our mothers' day was good and strong, but the standard porcelain is better so far as looks are concerned, and one is always more careful in handling pretty things. Women always love dainty dishes. Plain white, or those with some neat, inconspicuous decoration, is easier matched when broken, and a very serviceable set of one hundred pieces may be bought for nine to fifteen dollars, and from that price upward, very nice ones are to be had. The set usually consists of twelve each of the following plates: dinner, breakfast, and tea plates; twelve each of cups and saucers; twelve sauce plates; twelve individual butter plates; two different sized platters; two covered and one uncovered vegetable dishes (cover and dish counting as two pieces); one bowl; sugar bowl and cover; cream pitcher; pickle dish; sauce boat; one covered butter dish (three pieces); and with some sets, a tea pot; with these also come the twelve soup-plates or bowls. Extra dishes for dessert, salads, etc., come in the list of colored dishes of fancy shapes generally, with bread plates,

salt and pepper shakers; and many others, either colored, or in really pretty imitation cut-glass, may be added at pleasure.

There is no end to the pretty table furnishings to be had at comparatively small cost, and it takes a level-headed woman to pull herself away from the china department with any money at all in her purse.

Query Box.

Pansy.—The plants need partial shade and moisture.

Lean Sister.—The acquiring of flesh depends as much on the mental condition as upon the food eaten. A physician will aid you.

Distressed.—Oxalic acid will burn a hole in the material if not washed out immediately. I cannot aid you.

Laura.—Lime and linseed oil is the best domestic dressing for a burn. Any druggist will prepare it for you.

Sunshine.—The continued use of ammonia will bleach the hair and render it quite brittle. Do not use it unless you wish to ruin your hair.

Anxious Reader.—The benefit of the exercise will depend on the cause of the obesity. Undue fleshiness is often caused by disease. Housework and walking are excellent exercises.

Harriet.—The poem will be found in Joaquin Miller's Songs of the Sierras, and is too lengthy for publication in this department. Any library can supply you with the book.

Honora.—A competent house-decorator tells me that you cannot make the kalsomine satisfactorily, as it must be mixed by machinery. It can be bought of any one dealing in such goods.

Summer Girl.—Almond oil is used as a toilet article; it is very softening to the skin. Cocoa butter will not make the skin yellow. A lotion recommended for the enlarged pores is one dram of boric acid in four ounces of witch hazel, applied with a soft linen twice a day.

Mrs. B.—Do not talk about your troubles with every one. Try to forget them, and learn to realize that there are thousands who are worse off than yourself. Do not compare your lot with that of another—you may not see the burden the other one is carrying.

Ugly Girl.—Plenty of sleep and a hot bath will lift years from a woman's shoulders. Don't work or eat when you are worn out—it is bad for the work, but worse for the woman. You can't sleep yourself into beauty; but don't imagine that every hour spent in sleep is wasted. The seven nurses are fresh air, sunshine, warmth, sleep, good food, and whatever stirs the blood, whether exercise or enthusiasm, with plenty of rest.

Maid Marie.—Glycerine will take tea and coffee stains from the fabric. Soak the stain in cold water, then spread with glycerine and leave overnight; wash in the usual way, and the stain will disappear. To take out the stain of vaseline, have handy a bowl or cup; pour on the stain a few drops of ether or chloroform and immediately invert the bowl or cup over it to prevent the fumes from escaping, leaving it thus for some time.

Orange Blossom.—The gentleman walks on the side next to possible danger, as a protection. In the city, it is the side next to the street; in the country, it is the side, whichever that may be where his protection may be required. The simplest and most respectful way is the proper one. If it were a girl of my own, I should think she was not old enough, at fifteen years, to "keep company with a gentleman." What does your mother say?

Experimenter.—If you are not very handy with tools, I should advise you to let the home-making of furniture alone; but for persons remote from a furnishing store, or those of limited means, or who do not desire to pit much money in furniture, the dry

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.
Mrs. WINGLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best.