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THE LIFE OF THE HOME.

The Happiness of the Husband Depends Wholly Upon the Wife.

Homes must be attractive to be happy homes. This does not necessarily imply expenditure of money. It is a cause for sincere gratitude that the hut of the peasant can be made bright and cheery as well as the home of the king. There is such a thing, where there is an abundance of wealth, as overdoing ornamentation and making it heavy and uninviting. We have been in parlors that were ruined by a too lavish display of wealth. That is not the way to make a home bright.

The first step in that direction is for the husband and wife to be bright and light-hearted themselves. It has been said more than a million times that if the wife desires to keep her husband, she must always be cheerful, good-humored, and smiling, and that her home must be in good order, never forgetting to have his supper well cooked and hot. In other words, every time this is said, the statement seems to be intended to be made, that the happiness of the husband depends wholly upon the wife. She must amuse the husband, and between amusing him and the children the poor woman will often have her hands full, for if she has a husband that expects to be thus entertained, she will likely find him the most perulant child in the circle, and will often wish that she had strength and authority enough to spank and put him to bed. It is the duty of the wife to do her part toward making the home pleasant and cheerful, and it is the duty of the husband to do just as much as the wife does. He has no excuse for not doing it. No plea of weariness is sufficient. The wife is weary, too; perhaps more so than he is. It is his duty to meet her smiles with smiles, and her efforts to make the home one of contentment and cheer with equal efforts. His home is no place for him to play the drone. His particular business, when he enters his home is to show that he is a member of the family and not a mere boarder. Let him relieve the wife of all the responsibility he can, play with the children, romp with them like a schoolboy, put them to bed, and rock the cradle, if such an unwise thing as rocking the cradle is done in the home. If both husband and wife will vie with each other in making the fireside happy, they will do justice to each other and take a very long step toward making a model home.



RESOLVED, We will try to make 1910 the best year of our lives.

THE SHY LITTLE MAIDEN.

I sing not of battles nor of conquerors laden
With trophies their valor has won in their strife;
My song is the love of a shy little maiden
Who smiled upon me in the morning of life,
I whispered my passion. Though clumsily spoken,
With tear-shining lashes she heeded my prayer;
With the ring of betrothal I pledged, for a token,
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.
Though now it is faded
I picture it braided
The way it shimmered that night on the stair;
And often I kiss it,
And think how I'd miss it—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.
The years have flown by and her locks have grown whiter;
I smile when she speaks of the gray in the gold;
I whisper to her that her glances are brighter,
Her smiles more winking than ever of old,
Our love life has witnessed more laughing than weeping;
We chase with fond kisses the footprints of care;
But my own little wife never dreams I am keeping
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.
Though faded and crinkled
And rumpled and wrinkled,
The bonnie bright looping that glistened so fair
Far down in my pocket
It lies deep in a locker—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

DREAMS OF LONG AGO.

I thank the love that gives me life that this one thing I know—
The love that lives forever in the dreams of long ago,
The valley, and the low, green hills,
The meadows and the silver rills;
The wildwood, with its bloom of spring,
Where birds of old illusions sing,
I thank the light that leads me on, through these and all I see
The vision of the sweetheart lips the old vision dreams bring to me!
They tell us life is fleeting and at best is pain and care,
But in the dreams of long ago love lives and whispers there.
The soft, sweet springtime and the bloom,
The warm midsummer's murmuring loom,
The twilight and the moon and star
In silver arcs on hills afar.
I thank the arm that holds and helps that these and all they mean
Are mine when in the dreams of old my heart regains its green!
I thank the fates that most men hate for this o'er all the rest.
The lyric of the long ago that dreams upon love's breast.
The music of the dream of May,
The music bloomy, sweetheart way,
The childhood of the heart that grows
On lips of child as on the rose;
The clean, sweet love that lives and smiles, that fairy-like and fine,
Goes down upon the dancing feet of dreams as old as mine!
I thank the love that lifts and lights and leads me to the door,
Where twilight lips lean out to meet the dark that cries: "No more!"
No more, no more, to love no more,
Ah, love dreams back the gone before,
And in her dream of life it lies
As morning swags as springtime skies!
And this cries out: "Be bold, be bold! Brave be the hearts that know
The love that lives forevermore in dreams of long ago!"

REFLECTIONS.

Birds never quarrel over differences of a pinion.
It is so strange that a baker will sell what he kneads.
A dumb wife is surely and unquestionably an unspeakable blessing.
Judging by the way some people try to occupy two seats in a car, they must be besides themselves.
The florist says that he doesn't consider the palmist the best judge of a palm.
It is a poor detective that cannot shrowd a man without standing in his own light.

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER.

That Little Newsboy Has Left a Lesson to the World.

The following is a sketch full of touching interest, of a little ragged newsboy, who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory.
His mother and he had kept house together, and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard, and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too expensive for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard, and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it.
The next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned:
"Here it is," said the man in charge, and sure enough, there was our monument, at the head of one of the newer graves. I knew it at once. Just as it was when I left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes, so I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it.
MY MOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEEK
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD.
SHEE SED SHEAD Bee WAITING FOR and here, boys, the lettering stopped. After awhile I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.
"Not much," he said, not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from the church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just above the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, 'I didn't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me' and, boys, he died with those words on his lips."
When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy, the next day they clubbed together, got a stone, inscribed upon it the name of the newsboy which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday school which the little fellow attended, and underneath it the touching, expressive words: "He loved his mother."
When the stone was put up, the little lad's Sunday school mates, as well as others were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the boy had loved Jesus and tried to please Him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: "Scholars," said he, "I would rather be that brave, loving, little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than to be a king of the world, and not love and respect my mother." That newsboy has left a lesson to the world.

HE WAS A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

They Objected to His Playing for Fear He Would Be Hurt.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, who evidently found much difficulty in walking even with such assistance.
The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how his infirmity would be in his own way and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.
His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.
"Why, Jimmy," said one of them at last, "you can't run, you know."
"G, hush!" said another, the tallest in the party; "never mind; I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boy, "you wouldn't want to be told about it all the time."
As I passed on I thought to myself: "That boy is a true gentleman."—Exchange.
AND THIS WAS LOVE.
A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.
"I shall never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."
"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live!" They parted.
Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly, between the dances the recognition takes place.
"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"
"Really, I don't know," he says; "probably my father."
NO ROOM FOR MORE.
The Rev. Daniel Isaacs once alighted at an inn to stay over night. On asking for a bed he was told he could not have one as there was to be a ball that evening, and all the beds were engaged.
"At what time does the ball break up?" asked Mr. Isaacs.
"About three in the morning, sir."
"Well, then can I have a bed until that time?"
"Yes, certainly; but if the bed is asked for you will have to remove."
"Very well," replied Mr. Isaacs, and away he went to get between the sheets.
About three o'clock in the morning he was awakened by loud knocking at his chamber door.
"What do you want?" he asked.
"How many are there of you in there?" inquired a voice.
"There's me and Daniel and Mr. Isaacs and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply.
"Then there's plenty of you."
And the speaker passed on, leaving Mr. Isaacs to enjoy his bed.—Pittsburg Chronicle.
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