

# The Giving-up Of Mother.

"Now, mother, there is no use in talking about it; you are too old to go on living here alone in this way. Sister Hannah and I have talked it all over, and we think that the thing for you to do is to come and live with us. We've both got a nice comfortable room and you can stay part of the time with me and part of the time with Hannah; can't she, Hannah?"

"Yes, you can, mother; and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better, for, as Sister Martha says, we're not willing that you should go on living here alone now that father's gone." Little old Mrs. Raynor looked helplessly and appealingly into the faces of the two large and determined looking women before her. If they noticed the half-repressed quivering of her lips or the appealing look in her dim eyes they gave no sign of relenting on that account.

Hannah and Martha had "made up their minds," and when they had once done this they were not to be moved by quivering lips nor hearts. They really felt that they were doing the wisest and best thing for their mother by insisting upon a compliance with their wishes. The old lady had been a widow for two years and had lived alone in her comfortable little house ever since the death of her husband. Her daughters had for some time been telling her that she ought to "give up" and live with them. But the old lady did not take at all kindly to this suggestion.

"I've kept house ever since the day I was married," she said, in gentle opposition to her daughters' plans for her. "I've always had a home of my own, and it don't seem as if I could give up now and go and live any place where I wouldn't be free to do as I've a mind to. I know that I shouldn't be happy outside my own home."

But Hannah and Martha had said that this was "all nonsense," and they had now decided that their mother should sell her comfortable little house and spend the rest of her days with them. She knew that she would be treated as a child in the home of either of her daughters, and their ways were not her ways. She knew that she would not have the free use of her own small income, but that Hannah and Martha would insist on directing her expenditures.

Her daughters were married to prosperous men, and they had large and showy homes in which their mother had never felt comfortable even when visiting them. They kept servants and lived in what they proudly felt to be "style," and their mother had always lived in the simplest way, and had never been happier than when busy in her own cozy and comfortable little kitchen. And Hannah had said, "A woman of your years ought to keep out of the kitchen and be dressed up nice and tidy all the time with a dainty little cap and a pretty white apron."

"I don't know what in the land I'd do if I couldn't get up of a Monday and do out my own little wash, and my own ironing on Tuesday. And I can't tell the time when I ain't baked on Wednesday and gone to the sewing circle and ladies' prayer meeting at the church in the afternoon and had someone in to tea with me as often as once a week. Then I don't know what I should do if I couldn't make up a lot of jelly when currants got ripe, and can and preserve all summer. I ain't half as lonesome livin' alone here as I'd be in either Hannah's or Martha's house. Oh, I can't go there to live! I can't give up my own home and my own ways, I can't, I can't!"

And yet Hannah had said when she and Martha were about to depart, "Now, mother, you can just make up your mind that you are going to give up and come and live with Martha and me the first of the year. We will come over then to help you to break up."

She was still sitting in the kitchen with her gray head bent to the arm lying on the kitchen table, when there came a knock at the rear entry door. Rising hastily she went to the kitchen sink and quickly bathed her eyes in cold water before opening the door.

"Why, Jared!" she said when she had opened the door and found a short, stout, kindly looking man with eyes as blue as the sky and twinkling with cheery good humor, standing on the little back porch. "I'd an idea it was Philena Moss. She said that mebbe she would come over to-day and get my copper kettle to do some preservin' in. Come in."

"It ain't hardly wuth while, for I've got so little time to stay. I thought I'd just come over and see if you didn't want me to come over some day this week and gather that tree o' Baldwins for you. They ought to be got in soon, and you can't do it. Or, anyhow, you ain't going to do it while I'm around. Gittin' up in the top of a tree and pickin' apples ain't no fit work for a woman."

"No, it isn't, and I was thinkin' that I'd have to get someone to pick my apples for me on shares. It's very good of you, Jared, to offer to do it, and I'll pay you—" "Stop right where you are, Huldah!" exclaimed her caller with a fine show of indignation.

"When the time comes that Jared Hawkins wants pay for gathering a tree or a dozen trees of apples for the widow of his best and truest friend, he'll let you know. If you want to see my dander rise and hear me use language unbecomin' to a Methodist in good an' reg'lar standin', you go on offerin' to pay me for pickin' them apples. Can't a man who has known you from the time you was knee-high to a duck an' who used to drag you to school on his sled when you was in your a babs, an' who beaueu you home from singin' school later on, an' who stood up with you an' Hiram Raynor at your weddin', offer to—why, Huldah, you been cryin', and you look as if you were goin' to go at that sort o' foolishness ag'in."

"Yes, I have been crying," admitted the old lady, frankly, feeling sure of the sympathy of this friend of her youth, who had also been the lifelong friend of her husband. "I bet I can guess what you have been crying about," said Jared. "I saw Hannah and Martha driving down the road as I come along. It was the old story, wasn't it? They want you to give up an' come an' live with them, hey?"

"O, Jared, they not only want me to do it, but they say that I've got to do it by the first of the year. And, oh, I can't, I can't!" "Then don't," said Jared, promptly. "Then he added, more seriously, 'Don't you give up your home as I have given up mine to live with my children, don't you do it. My son and his wife an' my daughter an' her husband, they mean to be kind, I reckon, an' mebbe it is my own fault, but I know more real comfort an' happiness in one day in my own home than I have known in all the three years I have lived with them, an' you would have the same experience if you gave up an' went to makin' your home with your children. Don't you do it. If I was back in my own little house that I was fool enough to sell an' go an' live with my children, I tell you, I'd stay there if I had to do my own cookin' an' washin', an' sew carpet rags an' braid rugs for a livin', I would, Huldah."

"But what can I do? You know how immovable the girls are, an' I don't feel that I have the strength to hold out ag'in them any longer. They've been at me so persistently ever since their father died, an' now they say I've got to go." "Don't you do it. You'll sip sorrow if you do. You'll be dictated to ev'ry day o' your life, an' if you so much as offer a suggestion to them or to their children, you'll be 'interferin', an' they'll tell you so mighty quick. There ain't the respect for old folks nowadays that there used to be, an' society is so constituted that it's never very safe for old folks an' young folks to mix up together in the same house. Old folks' ways an' young folks' ways, ain't alike, an' they'd better dwell apart. It is because I have proved it in my own experience that I want to keep you from makin' the same mistake. An' I'll tell you in solemn confidence, Huldah, that I have made up my mind to go back to havin' a home o' my own, yes, I have."

"Why, Jared!" "Yes, I have." "What will your children say?" "I can't help what they say. An' neither the Lord nor the law has said that a man in full health an' in possession of all o' his faculties shall be obedient to his children. I have made up my mind about the matter, an' I don't feel under any obligation to say anything to my children about it. If I can get the person I want for my housekeeper, I plan to have a home o' my own mighty soon."

"I declare I would if I were you, Jared. When folks get ole like you and me there is nothing they 'preciate more than a home of their own, and they ought to have it. What you say makes me feel like trying to stand out more and more ag'in my daughters. But who do you reckon you can get to keep house for you?"

Jared looked at her for a moment with his kindly face all aglow and his blue eyes twinkling merrily. Then he said, "There's just one person I want, an' I'll throw up the whole scheme if I can't get her." "Oh, I do hope that you'll get her, then, Jared; for I can understand just how you must want a home of your own."

"If you had any influence with her would you be willing to use it in my favor and say a good word for me to her?" "Indeed I would, Jared."

"Would, eh? Much 'bliged, I'm sure. I—I—the fact o' the matter is, Huldah, it's you that I want not only for my housekeeper, but for my wife. Don't look so scared an' shocked, Huldah. I reckon it does kind o' daze you if you ain't never thought o' such a thing. It dazed me some at first; but the more I've thought of it the more set I've been on bringin' it about, an' what you been tellin' me 'bout Hannah an' Marthy wantin' you to give up an' live with them has brought things to a focus, an' I want you to give up an' live with me as my wife. We ain't neither of us real old folks yet, Huldah, an' we might have many happy an' peaceful years together yet. I can see that you're too dazed to give my answer now, an' I'll go away an' come over an' see you this evening, when you'll make me one o' the happiest old boys in the world by saying 'yes,' an' we'll have a home of our own in spite of our bossy children, eh, Huldah?"

Huldah's answer must have made Jared a "happy old boy," for, three days later, Hannah and Martha were on their way to see their mother when they met her returning from the town in a buggy with Jared by her side. Jared had on his "Sunday best" and he wore a big white aster in his buttonhole, while Mrs. Raynor, to the surprise and disapproval of her daughters, had put aside her mourning and wore her gray silk and a new gray bonnet with white flowers in it. Jared drew rein when they met the sisters, and Hannah said sharply:

"Well, mother, I must say that this looks a little strange. You know very well what a neighborhood this is for gossip, and some people might make very unpleasant remarks if it

they saw you and Mr. Hawkins riding out in this way. Martha and I want that you should pack up right away and go home with us, and we will come over next week and pack up the furniture. We think that there is no use in your waiting until the first of the year to give up and live with us."

It was Jared who made triumphant reply. He threw one arm around the half-frightened old lady by his side and said boldly, "You're a little too late, Hannah. Your mother can't give up an' go an' live with you for the reason that she has already given up an' is going to live with me or rather I'm goin' to live with her, since she prefers to stay in her own house, Lemme interdoose you to Mrs. Jared Hawkins!"

Martha lifted up both hands in speechless amazement, but Hannah said gaspingly, "Mother! is this true?" The bride of an hour held up her head bravely and made unflinching reply, "Yes, Hannah; it is true." Hannah broke forth in a violent outburst of wrath, but Jared gathered up the reins and drove on, calling back through a cloud of dust, "You nor no one else can sass my wife!"

He was right when he said soothingly to his wife, "Don't you worry, my dear; they'll come 'round all right, an' so will my children. An' if they don't—" he drew her to him and kissed her smiling and happy face, "why, we have each other—dearest."

## SPRING SMILES.

Mrs. Bunt—The new tenants next door are not a bit neighborly. Mr. Bunt—No; I notice they keep their confounded piano going almost constantly.

Dorothy—Papa, we girls have a new name for those men who call on us but never take us out anywhere. Papa—What is it, daughter? We call them fireside companions.

Milliner—This hat will last you several seasons, Miss Flyhigh. Miss Flyhigh—Oh, I don't want that kind of a hat; show me one that won't be fit to be seen in about four weeks.

Hix—What would you think of a man who divulged a secret entrusted to him? Dix—Well I should think he was on an equal footing with the man who intrusted it to him.

Mother, sternly—He kissed you twice to my knowledge, and I don't know how often after that. Daughter—Neither do I, ma. I never was much good at mental arithmetic.

Merchant—I think I'll have to fire your friend Polk. He's frightful lazy. Friend—Slow in everything, eh? Merchant—Well, no, not everything. He gets tired quick enough.

Ryan—An' did yes foin' th' Frinch th' poloist pape in th' wurld? Shea, after his trip abroad—Oi did that. Why, ivery toime Oi'd call down wan av th' frog-eaters, he'd hand me his car-rd!

Mr. Gimp—Did you tell Judge Dwigg that I was waiting to see him? Office boy—Yes, sir. Mr. Gimp—Did he seem pleased? Office boy—Oh, yes, sir. He said: The dickens he is!

What am I to get for it? asked the ward politician. Oh, you'll be taken care of, answered the boss. Not any, returned the politician. I'll have to see the cash. I'm no faith healer.

Sharp Father—I believe that handsome stranger has fallen in love with you, my dear. Extravagant Daughter—Do you? Why? Sharp Father—I saw him gazing sadly at that expensive dress you have on.

Fay—I accepted Mr. Roxley last night. May—Good gracious! Weren't you nervous about it? Fay—No, Why? May—Oh, I would have been. I should think the suspense would be awful while you were waiting for his answer.

I haven't heard anything from Slankins for a long time. He went out west and got to be a county treasurer or something of that kind. How was he getting along at last accounts? His last accounts, I am informed, didn't balance.

My wife says that nothing could ever induce her to bet on the races. I have the same trouble, said the man with the limp collar and the dented hat. I can't get my wife to go. She stays at home and picks the horses with the prettiest names to win and then makes fun of me because her judgment is better than mine.

Youthful Diplomacy—Mother, with conviction—Johnny, you took those preserves, from the pantry, Johnny, shrewdly—Why, ma, you never saw me do anything of the kind. Mother—Perhaps I didn't see you, but you did it, and I want you to tell me the truth. After a long pause. Come! Why don't you answer? Johnny—Ma, children should be seen an' not heard. months' rent!

## RUN BY WOMEN.

The State Besjukovschtschina, in Russia, is probably the only place in the world that is run entirely by women. This state is made up of seven villages, each presided over by a Mayoress, the whole under the superintendence of a lady named Saschka, who acts as President. There are women Magistrates, women preachers, women policemen—in fact, every capacity in the state is filled by women. The roads are made by women, and women sell milk and deliver letters. If you want to bring an action against your neighbor in this state you go to a woman lawyer; and if there is anything in your house to be stolen, then a burglar of the weaker sex steals it. If a man of any importance is filled by

## HOUSES AND HOMES.

### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM IS VERY GREAT.

Evils of Social Life—Boarding Houses Not a Home for a Family—The Real Home Can't Be Bought.

Houses may be bought. Homes are grown. Houses are raiment. They are a larger kind of clothes, rags or satins one degree removed. They are sold ready-made. Homes are the well-fitted suit, adapted to the body. There is the same difference between a house and a home as between new-bought, stiff, uncomfortable shoes and a pair of old slippers fit for evening wear. A man exists in houses but lives in homes. A home is the result of a copartnership. Neither sex may build it alone. Either it will be a thing purely feminine, with laces and gilt wall paper and dusting brushes, or, under man's domination, a collection of cigarette pictures, newspapers and grime.

The twin evils social life are intemperance and boarding houses. Of the twins the second-born is the more destructive of the real domesticity upon which happiness of families and perpetuity of republics depend. The third party—which may be necessary or unnecessary in political affairs—is a dangerous event in any home. In boarding houses there are dozens of third parties. The hotel, is a necessary evil. It is properly only a tarrying place. The size or shape of the house is of small importance. The one-room cabin, with dirt floor may be as full of devotion and domestic happiness as the brown-stone mansion of 100 rooms, with rugs and hardwood floors. The pioneers, who builded broad and deep the foundations of present-day civilization, had homes in the wilderness with wolves and wild beasts outside the close-barred door. It is left for a later, looser, luxurious generation to unbar the door and admit the wild beasts to dwell within. The home gives place to the modern boarding house, the rough exterior with the sweet kernel at its core, to the polished veneering with dust and dryness at its center.

The fireplace is coming to its own again. The black hole in the floor and the gilded abomination in the corner threatened for a time to give it utter banishment. The fireplace, we were told, was too primitive. So the fireplace went out with the talowpud and the spinning-wheel. In its place was erected first a stove, and then a furnace fearfully and wonderfully made. This provided for the heating. As for the ventilation, there were as many devices as the colors on Joseph's coat. Slowly the fireplace came back. Some old-fashioned homes had kept it undisturbed if often unused. The grate, sturpchild to the fireplace, was added in the fashionable home, and by degrees andirons and gas logs and prettily tiled hearths ushered in the old-time favorite of the home-lover and the artist. Beauty was found in the useful, and, as in all fine art, the fireplace lent grace as well as utility to the home. The poet no longer must sing of the joys of sitting at one's register instead of one's fireplace. The parent no longer is compelled to bring up his children around a radiator.

The home is not simply a place to eat and sleep. That is a wrong notion. It has been developed and fostered by the intensity of the complex civilization of the present. Too many regard the home as simply a convenience. Too many women look upon it as merely a starting point. The right idea of living makes the home the center. It draws upon the outside world for all that will strengthen, sanctify the home. Business is engaged in simply as a support for the home. It merely provides money, the least necessary thing for the real home. The home is not a stable where one may get groomed and fed in order to show one's paces on the street and bear the burdens of the mart and work bench. It is rather a granary in which is stored grain from fields outside, a flower garden in which has been transplanted all the best and brightest flowers from elsewhere.

A man's home is himself. An invitation to it is the highest form of compliment. It imposes the largest obligation upon him who accepts it. A request to sit at a man's fireside, to greet his wife and children, to come even though briefly within the sacred circle of his household, merits our chiefest appreciation. One may dine with another at hotel or cafe, and have simply a courteous social obligation attendant thereupon. But to dwell awhile within another's home, to come into his castle where he sits with visor raised, with weapons of warfare laid aside, is another matter, with more serious obligation. It is the difference between lunch and life.

The Garden of Eden was the first home. The Lord built that. The devil afterwards invented boarding houses. Man has had homes of skins and stones, of boards and bricks, of ice and bamboo, of leaves and bowlders. The Indian wigwam, the stone age cave, the thatched roof of the tropics, the frame cottage of the rural regions, the rock house of the city place—these and a thousand other forms of habitation have been invented by humanity to serve its varying wants. The inside, not the outside, is index to a home. Diogenes lived in a tub with sunshine, and Socrates in a Greek mansion with Zantippe. There may

be lilies in the tenements. There are oftenupas trees in palaces. The varying character of houses is not decided so much by the needs of the dwellers therein as by the prevailing custom of the place and time. We build our houses, not to fit ourselves, but to fit our neighbor's eyes. We put chimneys and doors and windows all in the same place. We adjust our lives, trimming, paring, developing, to fit the already builded houses, instead of constructing the house to correspond with the needs of our own household existence. It is as though we sought to shape our bodies to fit clothing constructed for some one else. The result would be in both cases a mutilation or a misfit. There is no more curious spectacle than a row of houses all alike to the minutest particular—windows, doors, walls, bed rooms, everything exactly alike. In these houses dwell people of different natures, dispositions, occupations, needs. Each must readjust, to some extent at least, all his life to fit the outside walls. The ideal house would be built for the use of the individual family which was to occupy it. It would have breathing-space and work room and rest chambers. It would fit closely all who made their homes therein.

The marked contrast which once existed between the city and the country home is no longer so distinct and observable. The comforts and conveniences once denied all who lived outside the towns are no longer absent. The furnace and the bath room, water works and telephones, gas or electricity, are found in many homes of the more well-to-do far from the city streets. The railroad has come to break up the loneliness of the country town, and to bring together the entire state into close relationship. The progression in houses marks the nation's growth. The influx from country to city has been marked, but the city has given much to the country in return. The farmer pays more attention to architecture than years ago. He reads works on sanitation. He puts floors in his barns and ventilation in his bed room. In place of the spare room, with its icy cleanliness and a parlor opened only on Sunday afternoons, there are in many farmers' houses libraries and reception halls and guest chambers. The smaller towns have caught the infection. There has been a growth of interest in the interior towns within the last ten years which would surprise the unthoughtful. It means much. Household goods have been set up, and fitting surroundings are being provided therefor.

The real home is not a thing to be bought ready made, to be established in a day, to be constructed of brick and glass and iron and mortar. Into its warp and woof must go hearts and souls and loving deeds. The only accurate definition ever given for heaven was home. The only genuine homes beneath the skies are those which mirror in their depths the spirit of the skies. The tired, weary, troubled world does not need houses. It needs homes. It does not require food and raiment so much as love and devotion and sympathy. The one is for the body, the other for the heart. The world likes to be petted, to be patted on the head, to feel the pressure of a loving hand, the benediction of a smile. These are not found in the workaday world when everybody is in a hurry, where each is an Ishmaelite. Homes are to supply these. Homes are to be the storehouses of happiness, the creators of content. The old homestead is ever looked back to lovingly. "All houses in which men have lived are haunted houses." Trooping through their open portals are figures clad in the garb of gayety, the robe of sorrow. Through the door of imagination, the most precious passway which the soul hath for its possession, man enters in the homes of long ago and makes them all his own. He brings from the past pictures and makes them real again. He transfigures commonest things with love supernatural. He puts a halo upon drudgery and veils spots and specks with the venter which charity bestows. He enters into humblest room, bare of all furniture, and peoples it with beauty which naught but the arch-conjurer, Love, can bring to life. For, after all, Love is the architect of the home. Men and money may build houses, and do. Skilled craftsmen may construct towering domes. Artists may hang the walls with pictures, and decorators may make every room a very dream. But only Love can change roof and wall and room into a home. Without its magic touch these are only houses, huts and mansions, in city or in country town.

### VALUE OF DIAMONDS.

An idea of the great increase in the cost of diamonds imparted by the labor of polishing and mounting, as well as by the profits of traders, may be obtained by comparing their price at the mines in South Africa with the prices in the jewelry shops. A diamond weighing one carat, mounted in a ring, may cost the buyer \$100 or more, but at Kimberley the average value of diamonds is only \$6.33 per carat. The value, of course, varies of necessity with the size and purity of the stones, but the total value of the 22,843 carats of diamonds found in the Transvaal in 1898 was only \$212,812, an average of \$9.32 per carat.

### DOMESTICS IN CHINA.

The question of domestic service in China is by far an easier proposition than in most other countries. In China a rich man gets as many servants as he wants, and yet he pays them no wages, while the common people have to pay them well. Even then they are hard to get, for the reason that the employe of the rich man can make more than triple the ordinary wages in perquisites.