



How happy home might generally be made but for foolish quarrels, or misunderstandings, as they are well named? It is our own fault if we are quarrelous or ill-humored; nor need we, though this be less easy, allow ourselves to be made unhappy by the quarrelousness or ill-humor of others.—Sir John Lubbock.

Woodland Freedom

O goodly damp smell of the ground!
O rough sweet bark of the trees!
O clear sharp crackling of sound!
O life that's a-thrill and a-bound

With the vigor of boyhood and morning, and the noontide's rapture of ease!

Was there ever a weary heart in the world?

A lag in the body's urge or a flag of the spirit's wings?
Did a man's heart ever break
For a lost hope's sake?

For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the quiver of things,
Ay, this old oak, gray-grown and knurled,

Solemn and sturdy and big,
Is as young of heart, as alert and elite in his rest,

As the nutbush there that clings to the tip of the twig
And scolds at the wind that buffets too rudely its nest.

The Fun of Picnicking

The season has again come round when the youths and maidens, with the older people and the children, on pleasure bent, pack up a goodly supply of hard-boiled eggs, cucumber pickles and sandwiches, and start for the woods. The very thought of these cool and shady retreats is refreshing, on a bright summer morning, after a night too hot for sleep, and even the exertion of preparing and packing food enough to last two days at home is not sufficient to check the enthusiasm.

The ride to the chosen spot, whether by rail, boat or hay cart, is usually delightful because it is taken

early in the morning, when simply being out of doors is both a pleasure and a benefit; and one of the advantages of these excursions is that they take away from hot cook stoves and hot offices, people who would consider it a dreadful waste of time to spend the same number of hours out of doors with no other end in view than simple enjoyment.

But when the halting place is reached there is danger that trouble

Perhaps the best part of a picnic, after all, is the going home, if one is not too tired to enjoy it. A cool room, free from insect inhabitants, never looks so inviting as any other time. The memory of the pieces of broken meat, egg shells, etc., does not trouble the picnicker. He leaves that part of the fun to the inhabitants of the land he has left behind him, if any there be. When the camping ground is far from houses,



This is the fun of picnicking.

will begin. There are usually children in the party, small boys who keep their mothers in suspense, by climbing after crows' nests, or teasing to go in swimming, and girls dressed too fine to get much benefit out of their holiday. The woman who never wants to do anything that meets the popular approval may not be present, or the youth that feels too large for boyish good manners, and whose skill in many behavior is not apparent to anyone but himself; but the black fly and the mosquito were never known to have a previous engagement, and the spider, the ant and daddy long-legs, are always ready to sample the gingerbread and add a new ingredient to the lemonade.

It is delightful, in theory, to sit down under a large oak, listen to the birds and the bees, and do nothing else; and so it would be in real life, if all the winged creatures about did not show too friendly a disposition, and an eagerness for more intimacy with their 'cousins' than is agreeable. The place chosen for a seat, too, is likely to be clothed with some unseen strawberries or bunch-berries, or at least a plentiful scattering of burdock lust, beggar lice, or—worse than all—poison ivy. It is dangerous for most people to make too many bouquets at such times, unless they are well acquainted with botany, for a handsome clister of beautiful leaves is poor compensation for the aching hand or face which some of these plants inflict upon the gatherer.

It may do no harm to leave such bric-a-brac behind one for the birds and the beetles, but some of the favorite resorts are in near proximity to summer houses, where people are picnicking on a larger scale, and stay long enough to blend the charms of home with the charms of gyping.

There are many people who get a good deal of enjoyment out of even a day's outing; and these are people who go with a determination to make the best of everything, a pocket full of salt to rub on to mosquito bites, and in clothes that will bear rough usage. At the least, such a day makes a change in life's routine, and a change is sometimes just the thing needed to make common-place life seem more agreeable and less wearing.

Spider a Hearty Eater

The spider, still and intent, watched the fly that struggled vainly in its web.

"Spiders are voracious eaters," said the naturalist. "If you had, according to your size, an appetite equal to a spider's, do you know what you would eat daily?"

"No. What?"
"For breakfast you would eat an ox. For luncheon you would eat four barrels of fresh fish. For dinner two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs would no more than fill you. For supper, in order to sleep well, you would need an ox and seven calves."



In search of water.