

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.

ONE SIDE OF THE STORY.

First, got a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind, conciliatory word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these reviving influences; and her health fails, her spirit loses their elasticity. But O, bear with her! She has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not receive all her good offices as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not scar and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would to the last day of your existence throb with constant and sincere affection for you. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. Her preferences may be as strong as yours. Regard it as an indulgence to yourself to yield sometimes. Think you it is not as difficult for her to give up always? Is there not danger she will deem you selfish? With such an opinion she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself a manly man, that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and can confide in your judgment. — *Ex.*

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

THE OTHER SIDE, OR RATHER, BOTH SIDES.

In the morning after beds are made, the sweeping and dusting done and everything put in order for the day, I raise the window shades and let the sunshine flood the rooms, flowers and canaries. I open the piano and draw my husband's favourite chair to a cosy place near the fire, so when he comes home at noon, tired perhaps, he can have a few moments rest. Then I brush my hair, change my morning wrapper for something fresh and clean, put on a linen collar and am ready to sit down to sewing or mending. When he returns to

dinner I alway greet him with a smile and a kind word. If I see his brow is clouded and business is on his mind, I inquire into matters, because what interests one should interest both, and a wife should be a helping hand, not a burden. We exchange opinions. One never enters into anything, no matter of how trivial a nature, without the sanction of the other. Our motto is "Bear and forbear." His purse is mine. When I need money I am not compelled to ask for it. If I spend a few dimes, I am not questioned and made to give an account of every cent, as so many poor untired wives are compelled to do. When evening comes I brighten the hearth with a cheerful fire, light the lamps, place my husband's chair neath the rays of the hanging lamp, his slippers on the hearth rug and unfold his daily paper, all in readiness for his coming. Ere long I hear his footsteps, and when the door opens and he comes in, he greets with a smile the cheerfulness awaiting him.

My husband never spends his evening away from home. Every day I see husband's going home to cheerless hearths, and dowdy, scolding wives. No wonder there are so many men who spend their evenings in the bar-rooms and at the gaming tables. Wives, make yourselves attractive and your homes worthy the name of home, with a cheerful fire-side a haven of rest for your dear ones after the toils and cares of the day are done, and you will keep them by your side. — *A Happy Wife, Kansas, O.*

HOW PROHIBITION WORKS.

Before Des Moines had prohibition it had seventy saloons; now it has none, and yet, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, it expended in 1887 for public and private improvements over four millions and a half of dollars, transacted a wholesale, manufacturing and miscellaneous business of over fifty-six millions of dollars, and raised its population from about forty-six thousand to over fifty-one thousand; it has not received one dollar of blood-money from saloons, and is by far the most prosperous city in Iowa. "If that is the way prohibition kills towns," then every town cursed with saloons may well pray for a similar death. — *Rev. H. L. Stetson, in the Independent.*

As long as the Church is living so much like the world, we cannot expect the children to be brought into the fold. — *Moody.*