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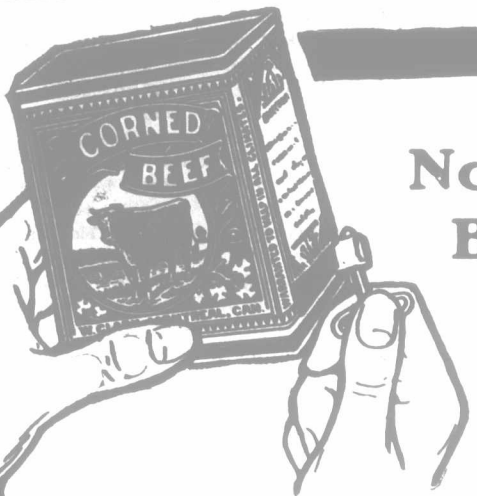
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### The Second Mrs. Jim.

(Continued.)

IV.

Under the heading, "Managin' Jim," we get some half-comical, half-philosophical utterances, which may or may not serve as helpful hints to puzzled wives elsewhere. The keynote of her management was her apparent falling into line with notions and propositions which did not commend themselves to her, but which Mrs. Jim was wise enough to know would crystallize into action if they met with direct opposition. "Tain't just the things that a man tells a woman, that she knows. If it was, we'd all be the biggest know-nothings' you ever see." In another place she remarks, "Henpeckin' him? Not much! An' besides, if a man is henpecked right, he don't know it, an' thinks it's fun . . . I tell you it pays to start right when you're gettin' married. That's one trouble with gettin' married young, 'specially for girls. They don't know what they want, nor how to get it if they do. But you take a middle-aged woman an' let her get married, an' she's a mighty poor stick if she don't know what she wants, an' gets it. . . . I'll admit there's one advantage in gettin' married young. If you're going to be happy, you'll be happy lots longer, but then, if you ain't going to be happy, you've got that much more time to be miserable in."

It may not be given to every woman to have as well balanced a brain and as clearly defined a purpose, combined with goodness of heart and high principle, as were the distinguishing characteristics of the second Mrs. Jim, but it is possible that the story of some of her doings and sayings may have a significance, if not a positive helpfulness, for some of our readers in the farm homes where our "Farmer's Advocate" is a welcome guest, and in which, let us hope, there may be found many such true helpmeets to one another as were Jim and his second wife. Reading between the lines, it is easy to understand that a fair share of the credit of the successful outcome of that "home rule" was due to Jim himself, who was sensible enough to appreciate the excellent qualifications of the woman for whose consent to marry him and to mother his children, he had waited so long. "Jim and I understood just how things was going to be run before I even set the day," remarked Mrs. Jim. "I told him that when I said what he should plant on the 'hill forty,' or the 'corner eighty,' he could tell me how to run things in the house, an' not before. And I made up my mind that I wasn't going to depend on the egg an' butter money. That was goin' into the common fund, and the household expenses was comin' out of that same fund. Oh, it was new to Jim, but you know there's two times to get a man to agree to things, an' of course, after he's agreed to 'em, it's a poor stick of a woman that can't make him hold to 'em. One of the two times is when he's just married. That does for young married men. The other time's when he's courtin'. That's the time to get things out of widowers. . . . There's another trouble with gettin' married young. The poor girls knew how hard up they be, an' that both of 'em have to skimp; an' save all they can, an' so the fool wife does the housework, an' makes the butter, an' tends the garden, an' maybe feeds the pigs, an' always gathers the eggs, an' takes care of the chickens and turkeys, an' picks the fruit, an' cans it, an' maybe helps to milk, an' cut an' husks the corn—all so's to save money; and how much does her husband skimp himself. He has a hired man to help him, and for him, too, the wife has to do the cooking and washing. The husband has money to spend when he goes to town; but his wife—how much has she? Just what comes from the butter and eggs. And when the children come, there's her clo's and her own, an'

dozens of other things—all to come out of that egg and butter money, whilst her man just gets into the habit of thinkin' that that's all she needs."

Amongst her tactful efforts to promote the welfare of her boys, was that of gettin' into touch with the school teacher. "I wanted to know," she said, "what kind of a man he was. It makes a lot of difference how the boys has to be treated at home, if you know how they're treated at school, and it pays for folks to know the teachers they get for their youngsters. . . . I'd rather have a common ord'nary man that's real wide awake and up to all the young one's meanness, than any of your good, meek, half-asleep kind, that don't know how to handle the boys, an' thinks they're all as good as he is. Boys will get more real meanness from trying to get ahead of this kind than they'll catch from one of the other kind." Acting upon these opinions, Jim's wife made the teacher welcome from time to time, and without showing her hand, brought about a helpful relationship between master and pupils, which extended to several other lads who shared in the companionship. "Our Sunday field days was just fine," records the step-mother. "I learned a lot about weeds in winter, an' birds in winter, an' mice, an' all such things, an' of boys all the time; just trampin' round with our Club, etc."

We need not be surprised to learn in the closing chapters that Jim was brought to give way in the matter of lettin' the lad, Frankie, follow his bent and becoming what he longed to be—a doctor. The boy, according to the home verdict, "Never did seem to do anything right in the field, but you let him doctor a sick chicken or a calf, an' he's perfectly happy;" whilst Jimmie, who was to have the farm, was, most skilfully and unknowingly to him elf, piloted out of a love affair which would have certainly ended disastrously, and landed safely and happily into the matrimonial harbor. "I tell you," says Mrs. Jim, "the best way to cure love-sick young folks is just to plant 'em side by side, an' let 'em see each other, in fair weather, an' foul weather, sun an' rain, an' if they can stand that for a few days, they can stand it for a lifetime." With which final quotation I will close my little series, only assuring you that my extracts have not half exhausted the record of the wit or wisdom of the second Mrs. Jim.

H. A. BOOMER.

### Humorous.

#### THREE KINDS OF PIE.

"I was eating my supper the other evening in a little rural hotel, when a neatly-dressed country girl, who was waiting on the table, came up and asked if I would have dessert. I inquired what kind of dessert she had, and she replied:

"We have pie."  
"You may bring me a piece of pie," I said, and she inquired:  
"What kind do you want?"

"What kinds have you?"  
"We have three kinds—open-top, cross-barred and kivered—but they are all apple," she said, apparently very proud of having so wide a variety for me to select from."

A fond mother and her babe were in a railway carriage, and baby was exercising its lungs (full orchestra).

Irate Passenger—Why don't you stop that kid howling? Give it a spanking. It's a nuisance, and you ought to stop it!

Fond Mother—I can't. It's hungry, and I don't believe in thrashing a child on an empty stomach.

Irate Passenger—Well, turn it over, then!

Zealous young housekeepers sometimes make the mistake of cleaning paint with sand soap. Don't! It only scratches the paint. The other soap will do the work.

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