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The Editor at Leisure.

GOING HOME.

LAST month we had a small talk about various ways of taking a summer holiday, and this month experience has reminded me of another way, which though not so bright or interesting or perhaps healthful as those we considered still has a beauty and a charm peculiarly its own.

One doesn't have to provide deck chairs and steamer trunks, nor very smart and numerous changes of clothing nor guide books for the well-worn and well-known ways, nor new languages for the ceaseless chatter and intercourse of this quiet time, no one but feels that old gowns and rakish hats go better with the country roads and spreading apple boughs, and easy tennis shoes, and cast off gloves for the rows on the winding river, and the rides on the scented hay. How lucky is the city dame, how blessed her little ones, who can write the hurried note to dear mother and grand-mother, announcing their midsummer sojourn in the dear old home! They know so well the sweetness and the shade and the roominess of that spreading story and a half

house, and they smile and sigh in retrospective anticipative delight, as they look back and forward over good times of last summer, sure to be repeated and augmented in the coming days this year. And without a regret, they toss school books and slates into limbo, and hilariously bid adieu to city friends and streets and squares, and laugh as they hear mother's low toned and satisfied voice, thus answering Mrs. De Touristes enquiry "Where shall you summer?" with "I am going home this year!" And by and by when the train brings them bag and baggage to the small quiet station, and a shirt sleeved "hired man" stows them all away in a dusty light waggon, and a wheezy cab, and remarks that "the old lady is just expecting you Miss Mary," and the small boys and girls stare to hear their dignified Mamma addressed by her unforgotten girlhood's title, and the very smallest gravely corrects "Mamma is Mrs. Simkins, you know!" and the hired man smiles and says quaintly "Is that so?" And then, far down the tree shaded road, "Mrs. Simkins you know," catches the first glimpse of the ancient pines and the well-known cedars, and in the low gateway, with a handkerchief thrown over her silver hair is "Mother dear," and further down the garden path, in his unfashionable old garden coat and brown straw hat is a tall old man, who comes forward with a comical air of indifference and a betraying quiver on his thin under lip, and is hailed riotously to the verandah seats by four pair of sturdy little arms, whose owners greet him with shouts as "Our Gran'pa." And while he is dragged too willingly away, Miss Mary and mother dear come sedately down the path arm in arm marshalling the boxes and the cabby; and the hired man and the baker exchange the satisfied remark that "Miss Mary ain't a day older," which is slightly off the narrow path of strict truthfulness, and at the low broad step mother dear suddenly throws her arm about her stately daughter and whispers fervently, "Welcome Home!" Perhaps the thing which amuses "Miss Mary" most of all, is the dealings of grandpa and grandma with the little ones. They allow them to do unheard of things, with the smiling complaisance which betrays complicity, but for any of which Miss Mary's unfailing memory reminds her she would have infallibly been spanked or sent to bed, they stuff them with ripe fruit, and plead for extra half hours up, after bed time, and actually encourage them to chatter (a quite unnecessary proceeding) and never once unload that mortifying remark that "little folks should be seen and not heard," which hovers in the air of Miss Mary's reminiscences. And when they are finally shipped off and Miss Mary strolls about the scented paths with mother dear, or sits at grandpa's feet on the verandah floor with her gown hem resting on a bed of mignonette and her shoulders wreathed in clematis she feels that it must be a dream, her ten years of wifehood and those four flushed little sleepers upstairs only the children of her imagination, so strong are the backward associations brought to life by the summer home-coming.

DOCTORS are fighting the long, street-sweeping dresses. Said one of them to the mother of three young lady daughters: "Let me advise you to have the dresses cleaned in the open air immediately after coming in from the street. You may not believe me, but in the filth, dust, and dirt collected on the hosiery, shoes, and underwear by the trailing, flopping skirt, there is enough germ life to sicken your whole family. I have nothing to say against the fashion, but if you were in my family and addicted to it, I should compel you to play turk and leave your shoes, stockings, and trailing robes outside the door."