

put it in a cool place where it will keep a few days, and you will not be obliged to throw half of it away.

You may hear some woman here saying, "Husband, can you not go to the store and get me some ribbon? I want a bonnet and a pair of new shoes. Can you not get me some lining for a bonnet? I wish you would get me a new dress, I have not had one for a whole month, and I want to go a visiting; I cannot bear to wear these old dresses so often. I want a few aprons and a few pairs of stockings." The man then has to buy the bonnets, the linings, the dress patterns, &c., and also to hire them made; and he has to buy aprons, shoes, and stockings, and even the garters that are worn on the stockings. There is not judgment, economy, and force enough in some women, to knit their own garters.

Let me tell you one thing, husbands; determine this year that you will stop buying these things, and say to your wife, "Here is some wool; knit your own stockings, or you will not have any: you will have to prepare the cloth for yourselves and children: I will provide the wool, the wheels, &c.; and if you will not make the cloth, you may go without." Also raise flax, and prepare it for the women to manufacture into summer clothing.

I remember going into a friend's house, one afternoon, when I was quite young: I think I was about fifteen; and pretty soon a couple of neighboring women came in to visit. They had not been in the house more than twenty minutes before the woman of the house went and brought out a pillow, and began to rail against her husband, saying, "He is a dirty, nasty man; he is the filthiest man in the world; that is the pillow he sleeps on." I thought, you miserable fool, Why do you not wash that slip? Those women see that the blame rests on

you, and not on your husband. And she continued telling them how nasty, filthy, and lazy he was. I knew enough about a family, at that early age, to know where the fault lay. At the same time there was plenty of wool and flax lying in her chamber, for I saw them; and a wheel and the other implements were on hand, all of which the husband had toiled for. He had also provided the cows, flour, and meat in abundance; but because he did not do everything, he was a "nasty, lazy man." He must feed the hogs, spin the wool, wash the pillowcases and sheets, and do everything else, or be bemeaned by his wife. I said to myself, I expect I shall be married when I am old enough, and if I get such an animal as you are, I will put hooks in her nose to lead her in a way you have not thought of.

I have seen a great many persons live in the neglect of all the comforts of life, because they would not take hold and make themselves comfortable. Others do not know what to do with the comforts of life, when they have them. I have been in places where people had an abundance, and yet they lived, figuratively speaking, at death's door, with regard to food.

I recollect once walking up to a house in Illinois, where a young woman was sitting just within the door dressed up, I may say, within an inch of her life, in calico that cost ten or twelve cents a yard in my country; and she was, according to her ideas, titivated out to the ninety-nines. Fourteen milk cows, with calves by their sides, were feeding on the prairie. I first asked her, "Can I buy some butter here?" "No, sir." "Can I buy a little milk?" "No, sir." I then asked her whether her father owned those cows; "Yes, sir." "Do you milk them?" "No, sir; only a little in the morning to put in the coffee." I wanted to laugh in her face, but politeness forbade me. There stood fourteen new milk cows,