# The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1896.

HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO.


## STRENGTH.

That man is strong who puts beneath his feet
The mean and vile,
And in whose heart where all kind feelings meet
There is no guile.

Who is not moved when passion's gusty winds
White-cap the seas,
But high upon the mount of reason finds
A throne of peace.

Who bides his time when shafts of malice fall
Around him fast
And knows that he shall rise above them all
Victor at last.

And though success upon him seems to frown,
His cause forlorn,
Yet sees by faith afar a shining crown
His brows adorn.

Who swerves not from the narrow path of right,
True to the pole
Whose star through all the gloomy shades of night
Illumes his soul.

Who strives each day some higher point to gain
In higher life,
Each day beholds some subtle tempter slain
Amid the strife.

This man is strong, and each day stronger grows
In moral strength,
Just as the river widens as it flows
To greater length.

—*G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

## A ROMANCE SPOILED.

### The Dire Imposition Upon Rev. Septimus Haslingdean.

Rev. Septimus Haslingdean, having been escorted to a most comfortable seat by an attentive guard, having arranged his various belongings and finally unfolded his afternoon paper, reclined against the cushioned back of the compartment for a moment, sighed gently as a relief consequent on the fatigue and bother of his drive, the trouble of buying a ticket, and seeing that he was properly taken care of. Then he leaned his head out of the window to survey contemplatively the busy crowd hurrying and bustling about. A crowd is always more or less amusing to a spectator of its movements, and the reverend gentleman, being of a gregarious disposition, rather liked looking on at other people working or playing, especially well-conducted, respectable kind of people, who did not render themselves disagreeable. Rev. Septimus hoped he might be fortunate enough to have his compartment completely to himself, and had intimated his desire to the friendly guard. The carriages were rapidly filling, and the train would start in another five minutes, so he blandly surveyed the figures flitting and flying to and fro, gazing on their busy actions with languid complacency. He seldom traveled beyond the outskirts of his own Arcadia, and objected strongly to encountering any discomfort on his journeys. At his age—he was nearly sixty, but his dressing-glass, in common with his numerous friends and few enemies, told him that he appeared certainly twelve or fifteen years less—when nigh six decades have begun to whisper unpleasantly of aches and pains, bothers and worries, it is most needful to be gently punctilious as to personal comfort. Fate had been bounteous to the Rev. Septimus; she had given him all the welcome offerings she could scatter at his feet—good looks, ample fortune, a host of admirers, if not adorers and worshipers, a sunlighed path to tread on through life. He had married a well-dowered wife, who had been moderately kind to him, but after ten or twelve years of calm domestic partnership had departed, leaving him not utterly destitute, inconsolable or a prey to despair. His only daughter had married well in her teens; his only son had received an enviable appointment in India.

Nearly everybody was seated: the final slamming of doors rattled like musketry fire all along the line of carriages. Rev. Septimus gently shook his newspaper, the odor of the printing ink being slightly offensive to him. At home, in the rectory, the daily journal was always solicitously aired before being touched by the dimpled white hands of the perhaps too fastidious rector. With a reluctance he had not yet overcome even when alone, he took his spectacles from their case, wiped the glasses with a handkerchief fine and soft as snow, such as a duchess might use, perched the gold frame across his handsome nose, and meditatively resigned himself to scan the latest news. Fate had, in one of her teasing moods, inflicted upon her favorite the mortification of wearing spectacles, in malicious sport, as frolicsome girls will sometimes scratch their lovers with the thorn of a rose. Oft-times did the rector think it was too bad, when he happened to see some wretched old farm-laborer about seventy or eighty years old reading without "glasses" and with manifest ease.

A soft, melodious voice said, so suddenly as to startle him:

"May I come in here?"

He looked up, whipped his spectacles under the paper and stared at the speaker; not only answering quickly, "Certainly," but rising and actually opening the door himself, to admit a most beautiful girl, who sprang lightly in and seated herself opposite to him. The rector liked beautiful, fashionably-attired girls, though he seldom enjoyed the good fortune of meeting them. He ranked them among the agreeable, solacing things of this dull life—like roses, peaches, pineapples, Rimmel's choicest perfumes, and so on. In a mild, paternal way, he disapproved of young female persons trying to be clever, or intellectual, or straying outside the calm, sheltering precincts of domestic duties, as he deemed it necessary to rebuke them for yielding to the temptations and frivolity on the other hand. This young lady was perhaps eighteen or twenty years old, with a charming, frank, girlish face, bewitchingly pretty, and no doubt was as amiable as her looks declared her to be. Her attire, a masterpiece of richness in material combined with chaste simplicity of design, set off her beauty to the highest advantage.

"O, thank you so very much," she said, with an upward glance from the shadow of her long dark eyelashes—the glance of a trustful child, with a dangerous gleam of an admiring young woman. The reverend gentleman was accustomed to be regarded with glances implying admiration; but even the gods never tire of sipping nectar, and a critical little bird might have betrayed the secret that he now prized these glances more highly as the remorseless years sneaked by.

"I am so unaccustomed to traveling," she continued, smiling. "Of course I am never allowed to travel by myself—papa would be horrified. And mamma says there are so many rude, disagreeable people about."

"Then how—" began Rev. Septimus, pleasantly amused and gratified by the delightful confidence thus displayed.

"Oh, pardon me—just one moment," said the young lady; an eminently respectable elderly woman appeared at the door. "You are very tiresome," the young lady continued, poutingly, to this individual.

"Yes, Miss Ada, but I can change my ticket at the next station."

"My maid was so stupid, or the man was so stupid, or she did not understand, or he did not understand—I don't know," explained Miss Ada innocently. "She ought to have come in the same carriage, you know; mamma would be so dreadfully cross if she knew, and papa would be horrified, but somehow Bellamy took a second-class ticket for herself, and you see——"

"Exceedingly stupid," blandly assented the rector, not altogether ill-pleased, however. "Servants are so apt to be negligent and thoughtless."

"I am afraid so. But I must not find fault with poor Bellamy—she is so good, so fond of me."

Rev. Septimus smiled; who could help being good to so delightful, so charmingly frank a creature! She laughingly continued: "Papa was to have met me at the station, but he had a telegram, and was obliged to go by an earlier train, but he will meet me at the next station. You can change the ticket at the next station, Bellamy, or papa will see to it. Don't look so glum." The maid went away, and Miss Ada went on to Rev. Septimus: "Do you know, I think you are a friend of papa's; I think I have seen your photograph in one of mamma's albums."

"Indeed! How very interesting. May I ask——"

"Papa, you know, is General—" she hesitated, as if conscious of the imprudence of being so communicative with a perfect stranger, but then, as if inspired by trust, she added "General Marine."

"Ah. Then I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with him personally. Yet I think I know his name. Is he not a member of Parliament?"

"Yes, you are—O, I am *sure* I have seen you somewhere, or else your photograph."

"I am—" The rector drew his dressing-case from beneath one of his numerous wraps, opened it, took out his card case, from which he extracted a card and handed to his lovely fellow-passenger. She accepted it with a smile, glancing with feminine curiosity at the dressing-case with its choice and costly contents.

"I am going to London for a friend's wedding. "Ah, you are laughing. You gentlemen always say we girls never think of anything but weddings and getting married, and all that kind of thing," continued Miss Ada, in her lively, chatty way.

"Well, it is a matter to be looked at in a serious light," said Rev. Septimus, a mixture of rebuke and sympathy in his tones. The reverend gentleman was pleasantly aware that his voice was remarkably melodious, and he did not at all dislike to hear himself talk, especially to ladies, who appreciate these nice points.

"I am in a fright," Miss Ada went on, "because I have papa's wedding present here—it is so lovely. I almost wish I was going to get married myself, to have such a splendid present. It is a necklace. I must show it to you, because you are so kind, and although you are not really a friend of papa's I hope you will let him thank you for having taken care of me when we get to the station. How long shall we be?"

"About twenty minutes now," said the rector, consulting his gold watch—a gift from his parishioners.

"Thanks—so much. See;" and the charming young lady, in that frank, trustful way evidently natural to her, unfastened a small morocco-leather bag which the rector had not noticed, and produced from it an oblong red-leather case. This she opened, displaying a superb diamond necklace. "Isn't it sweet—isn't it lovely?" she cried, with the joyous delight of a child handling a new plaything, her eyes sparkling as bright as the precious stones would scintillate under gleaming lamps.

The rector, to please her, took the case, and looked at the necklace. He was no judge of such toys, but seemingly it was of rare value.

"You must be careful, my dear madam," he said, returning it to her. "There are so many thieves about, many of them crafty and practiced in their evil trade, and that small bag does not look very safe."

"O, nobody will imagine I have it with me," answered Miss Ada, laughing, carelessly replacing the case in her handbag. "And papa will be sure to meet me at Crofton—the next station, you know. I do so wish you knew papa. I am sure you would like one another so much. And I am quite sure you would be delighted with mamma."

The rector laughed. It was pleasant to have found favor in the eyes of so pretty a creature, even if she were slyly making fun of him.

"I feel very highly gratified," he said with a benign smile. The lively prattle helped to lighten the tedium of the journey, even if it led to nothing. And sometimes agreeable acquaintances are accidentally met with in the most unexpected way. Nobody can ever truly prophesy what may happen. This is an odd jumbled world of change and surprises, even to those who step softly over its smoothest places. The amiable rector was not an imaginative man, but many thoughts and fancies capered sportively through his brain at this moment, airy and nimble, perhaps, as butterflies flickering through summer sunshine or elfin sprites dancing idly in the moonlight.

"You think me silly for chattering away like this," cried Miss Ada. "But I really can't help thinking I must have heard of you, or seen some portrait of you somewhere; you seem so like a friend—you know what I mean—it is so hard to explain. But no matter. They all laugh at me for being so childish and so babyish. As I am the only child, don't you see, I have always been spoiled."

"I can easily imagine that," replied the Rev. Septimus, with an air of delicate gallantry.

"Ah, you are laughing at me like all the rest," half pouted Miss Ada.

"Laughing! Dear, dear, dear," protested the reverend gentleman."

"Yes, absolutely. But would you mind telling me the exact time, *please?* I forgot to put on my watch, coming away in a hurry," said the charming young lady. "I *am* so impatient to see my friend, my dear Marie. We have so much to talk about."

"No doubt." The mental picture conjured upon the mind's camera of two beautiful girls eagerly chatting, cooing, exchanging confidences about their lovers, their dresses, their toys and amusements, was to a certain extent a fascinating vision. However, he drew out his watch and named the precise time.

"I am rude enough to admire your watch," exclaimed Miss Ada in her baby fashion. The rector feared she was just a little addicted to flirting, but it is a pardonable sin if not carried too far. He smiled.

"Yes," he responded. "A gift from my parishioners."

"That shows how they appreciate you," said Miss Ada with an upward glance through her long eyelashes. "A valuable gift I am sure."

"It is. I believe it is worth from sixty to eighty guineas," said the rector with pardonable pride in his air and tone.

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly." He detached it from the chain and laid it on her little open palm.

"It is very pretty," said Miss Ada, admiringly yet critically. "It is so like one Uncle Charles has—Sir Charles Crampton. Do you know him?"

"I am sorry to say I do not," replied the rector. "We shall be at the station now in seven or eight minutes."

"What a pity—I mean I am so glad," said the young lady in a little confusion, the prettiest blush conceivable dyeing her cheeks for a moment as she handed the watch back to the reverend gentleman. "Now, mind you, don't lose that," she added, shaking her finger at him with the warning air of some mob-capped granny just stepped out from a nursery rhyme.

"Ah, I am very careful."

"Gentlemen always think that. They always fancy they are so clever, and so well prepared against all snares and danger. Is that the station?" she suddenly asked, excitedly.

"Yes." The rector felt mildly regretful: the pleasant minutes had flown past like a flash.

Miss Ada clasped her hands gleefully. She seemed a very sprite, a Puck, an Ariel, a being not to be easily matched for grace, beauty, good humor, enchantingly frank ways—a charming creature, even if given to flirting. But all pretty girls flirt when a chance offers, and ugly or even plain girls amuse themselves, too, with that pleasing pastime. The rector sighed. Should he ever again meet this guileless, amiable young woman? May be not. And if not, what matter!

The train rapidly swept into the station. Miss Ada eagerly, anxiously gazed at the platform, where another bustling, jostling crowd was scattered.

"I see papa! and Uncle Charles is with him—what a surprise!" she cried gaily. "I don't see my maid. O, Bellamy, Bellamy, how tiresome you are! But I am stupid myself; of course she mustn't get out till the train stops. Could I get out for a minute, and just run to see where she is? I am going to play a prank on papa. He loves a joke; he is full of fun. I will pretend not to be myself at all. It will be *such* fun." She quickly threw a thick brown gossamer veil over her bonnet, pulling it close over her face, then she whisked a light gray wrap completely round her figure.

"I think it would be wisest to stay where you are. Your father is sure to see you if you show yourself. Besides, he will doubtless go to all the carriages, and—and your maid will signal to him," urged the rector.

"O, but I must tease him," cried Miss Ada, who was evidently used to doing exactly as she pleased, and objected to being thwarted in any wayward caprice. "I won't risk minding this—to take care of it for me—only just a minute, you know;" pushing the morocco case containing the diamond necklace into his reluctant hands. "There is papa—that tall man in an ulster. Don't let him see me; let me out, quick. It is only for fun. I will ask him to come in here if you don't mind."

The train stopped, and the lively young lady, without waiting for advice or assistance, whisked open the door, sprang to the platform, carefully keeping her face concealed, and darted away, light as a swallow, to hide for a moment, like some gay, frolicsome, thoughtless child, unused to control.

The tall gentleman whom she had indicated as her father, together with his companion, were obviously seeking for the lovely, teasing girl. They looked about scanning every one quietly but sharply, and then began walking along the line of carriages. The elderly respectable maid apparently retained her seat. She was nowhere to be seen; but the rector, watching the little incident with some amusement, was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he had scarcely glanced at her, and should decidedly not be able to recollect even the general aspect of her prosaic figure. There was an expression of anxiety on the face of the taller man, General Marine, as the rector presumed him to be, which was natural under the circumstances.

The two gentlemen paused at the door of the compartment in which the smiling rector remained seated. The leaders canned the clerical traveler attentively, and glanced swiftly over the seats, the floor, the racks, then again at the sole occupant of the carriage.

"Pardon me," he began courteously.

"Certainly. I think practical joking is a foolish amusement," responded Rev. Septimus, with bland politeness, commingled with cordiality. "I may at once relieve your natural anxiety by informing you that your daughter has only this moment run away, out of girlish gayety, to play at hide-and-seek with you."

"I don't understand you," coldly answered the tall stranger. "Your looks are more respectable than your ways, sir. Allow me—;" and, leaning in at the window, he attempted to lay his hand on the red morocco case lying conspicuously on the reverend gentleman's knee.

"Most decidedly not," exclaimed the rector, whipping the costly toy into one of the outer pockets of his traveling coat. A rapid surmise led him to guess that this highly distinguished-looking stranger was either as fond of practical joking as his beautiful daughter, or else a daring railway thief. He feared the latter—yet how eminently sedate and sober his aspect, while his expression was open, albeit somewhat stern.

"Appearances are against you, my good sir," said the stranger, speaking in a subdued tone. "We have no time to lose. If you will not permit me to inspect that case, containing, I understand, a valuable diamond necklace, I shall be obliged to request you to accompany me and my friend here to the station-master's office."

"I shall do neither the one nor the other. Unless there is some grievous mistake, your conduct is positively impertinent. I decline to relinquish this case, whatever it contains, to any one but the person who has intrusted it to me. And I shall most decidedly not accompany you anywhere," said the rector, haughtily, assuming his most severe clerical air.

"We shall see. That necklace belongs to the Countess of Airly; you can see her initials and coronet on the outside, and——"

"Ah," half-pitying thought darted through the rector's mind. The true fact of the matter was, evidently, that the beautiful girl was a young Countess; she was fleeing from home, and this was not her father, but perchance a tyrannical husband. Her young life, her bright future, her tender heart had all been sacrificed on the altar of ambition; what a pitiful story! Perchance she was guilty—she loved another. But before he could reply the other continued roughly—"And it has been stolen."

"Not by me," cried Rev. Septimus, utterly shocked.

"That remains to be proved. Lord Airly has telegraphed that his wife's dressing-case was opened at the station this train has just quitted."

The Rev. Septimus turned visibly pale. "But—surely——"

"I regret that we should be under the necessity of insisting on your coming with us," urged the stranger.

"Are you not, then, General Marine?"

"I am not. My name is Doughty, and I am a member of the detective force. Here is my card, if you wish to see it."

"There must be, surely, some terrible mistake," stammered the reverend gentleman, looking about with a scared gaze for the vanished beauty who had flown so mysteriously. He could not believe that she had totally disappeared, leaving him in so painfully an embarassing a situation. "I will explain——"

"It happens very awkwardly that the stolen property is found in your possession," said Detective Doughty, touched by his dismay. "I have no doubt you will be able to explain matters. Did you say a young person handed it to you? Tall, showy-looking, dressed up to the nines, talkative and plausible?"

"Something of that kind," answered the rector, searching hurriedly for his dressing-case in order to produce one of his cards.

"Time presses. The train leaves in ten minutes. You probably do not wish to have a scene or a scuffle," said the detective, gently but firmly.

The rector mechanically put his hand to his waistcoat pocket to take out his watch; with a little cry of alarm, he glanced down—his watch was gone, and the chain hung uselessly. He turned again, cold with fear, to seek for his dressing-case; that, too, had gone. It had contained, among its various stores, some £40 or £50 in gold.

"Sally Lightfingers, as we call her—she says her name is Quickly, but she invents new names every time she wants an alias—Miss Sally was at the station, and is suspected of stealing the necklace," said Mr. Doughty, watching the movements of the unhappy traveler attentively, and with some professional interest. If a young woman such as I described has been with you, and gave you the necklace, it was Sally, in all likelihood, and she saw me plain enough, though I couldn't spot her anywhere, and she was afraid of falling into my clutches, especially as I want her about another similar affair."

O, horrible, most horrible! It was but too clear; the Rev. Septimus Haslingdean was now convinced that he had been most cruelly duped, played upon by a base, designing, artful wretch.

"It must be so," he meekly assented. "Is there—is there any chance of my being able to recover my things?"

"I can't say. We must dispose of this other little business first. I quite believe you have had nothing to do with the affair beyond what you say, but it is decedly unlucky for you. Who are you, may I ask?"

The unfortunate victim mentioned his name and place of abode, gathered his remaining properties together, and rose, as a martyr might prepare to go to the stake. Mr. Doughty made a sign to one of the porters to assist, and a melancholy, almost funeral procession was formed.

He felt assured he could easily exculpate himself, and throw off the frightful imputation of being a common thief, but the sense of his own mortifying loss, the feeling that he had been duped like the simplest Moses Primrose, was too much to bear with calmness. A gentleman was with the station master—the Earl of Airly. He had come by the train which had conveyed the rector and his too bewitching fellow passenger. In a few brief words Mr. Doughty explained the state of affairs. The Earl lifted his hat with kindly courtesy to the hero of the unlucky adventure, who drew forth the case containing the necklace.

"I have not the slightest doubt all is as you say," observed the station-master gravely; "but I must not act on my own responsibility, sir. I have only your own word—you do not seem to have any credentials proving that you are really Rev. Mr. Haslingdean, and we get so imposed upon."

"I have letters in my pocket directed to me," pleaded the Rev. Septimus.

"Well. That is something. But this is a serious matter. I should probably get myself into trouble if I let you go without being absolutely sure you are what you profess to be," remonstrated the station-master.

"See. I have only one more station to reach; if you require positive proof, will you let one of these gentlemen come with me! My trap will be in waiting—I have only about half a mile to drive; if he can come with me, he can drive with me to my house," said the rector.

"Yes. I think that would do. I feel sure it is all as you say, but you know, sir——" apologized the station-master.

"I should prefer to have the matter properly cleared up," said Rev. Septimus, with some dignity. "And I have to request advice with regard to recovering my own property, which has been stolen."

"As for that, sir, I fancy you have but a poor chance," observed Mr. Doughty. "If it is Madam Sally who has played you this trick I give you next to no hope of hearing of the watch or anything else; she is one of the most artful minxes ever heard of. We will do our best, but——" He shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Staumore, here, will go with you, and he can take down all the necessary particulars."

"I regret exceedingly this unfortunate affair, my dear sir," remarked Lord Airly, "Although I am thankful to regain possession of my wife's necklace, not only for its own value, but because it was a gift from her father, who is dead. Good day, Mr. Haslingdean. I for one do not doubt for a moment all has happened as you say. I trust you may be able to trace the real culprit and recover your own property."

"Thank you," said the rector, in a more or less hollow voice. Then he went out again, the station-master walking beside him, the two detectives following at a short distance, the porter carrying the rector's wraps and other belongings bringing up the rear. But as they passed down the platform a big, burly individual, recognized by the station-master as one of the chief directors, met the group. He chanced by good fortune to be an intimate friend of the rector's; he had been an old college chum.

"Hello, my dear Haslingdean," he cried, seizing him by the hand. "Well met. I am delighted to see you. Where are you coming from? Been indulging in one of your rare holidays, eh! You don't often afford yourself that indulgence."

"I have been staying with some friends for a short time, and am now returning home," said Rev. Septimus. "I have just met with an unpleasant adventure, however, and I hail you as a kind of deliverer." In a few hasty words he explained the dilemma in which he found himself. His friend, while sympathizing with his griefs, could not help bursting into a hearty fit of laughter.

"You are not the first fellow who has been made a fool of by a pretty woman, and I suppose you won't be the last; but it is a deuce of a bother for you, especially about the watch," said his friend, still laughing. "It's all right," he added to the station-master, who touched his cap lightly and retired. "I am going on to London; I will go with you as far as your station if you like."

The rector gave the necessary instructions to Mr. Stanmore, and re-entered the train with his friend. He finished his journey in safety, perhaps not a wiser but indubitably a sadder man than when he had started. Gladly would he have locked the fact of his losses within the safe keeping of his own breast, but it was hopeless to conceal it from his housekeeper and the servants. Day by day he waited for a gleam of hope, but in vain; his treasured watch and his dressing-case had gone from his gaze like the last traces of some beautiful dream. Perhaps, when his adoring parishioners discover his sad loss, they will present him with another watch, or some similar token of admiration and affection.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

## FOODS FOR SUMMER.

### How and What We Should Eat During the Hot Months of the Year.

The falling off of appetite as the warm weather comes is an indication of a change in the necessities of the body. We take off our winter flannels and put on gauze, we pack our furs away and don cheviots, linens, lawns. In like manner we change our bills of fare and clothe ourselves inwardly with dishes suited to the season. With the mercury at ninety degrees in the shade we want slight help from food to keep the blood at its normal temperature of ninety-eight degrees, but the wastes of nerve and muscular tissue may still require large supplies for reinforcement. Lean meats rather than fat attract us; rich gravies are not called for; vegetables in variety allure and stay the appetite; salads of different sorts tempt the palate; pies and puddings give place to creams and sherbert.

Carbon in one form or another is the basis of all heat-producing food and nitrogen is the basis of all muscle-producing food. In well-proportioned food carbon stands to nitrogen in the ratio of five to one; that is we swallow five ounces for warmth to one for strength. In cold weather the demand for carbon is much greater than in warm, and so fat and starchy foods are more in demand in winter than in summer. In winter we can eat and assimilate foods that in summer spoil our digestion but we should freeze in winter on foods that perfectly satisfy us when the sun is at the June solstice.

The wise housekeeper knows how to feed her family with food convenient for them. Are they muscle workers? She will not set dainties before them, for these would not feed them. She rather gives them lean meats, well done, cabbage, onions, peas, beans, potatoes, butter-milk and bread and butter. In beef, for every hundred grains eaten, fifteen are of nitrogen, which goes to repair muscular waste; in cabbage, in every hundred parts five are of nitrogen; in onions, in every hundred parts five are of nitrogen; in beans and peas about the same, and in potatoes are both nitrogen and potash, though in smaller proportions. The butter-milk, beside affording a cooling acid, is a refreshing beverage, since every constituent of milk but the fatty part is present in it. But such a meal would not soothe a sedentary or a brain worker; it is too hearty and makes larger demands on the digestive organs than would be agreeable to him. He should have food at once lighter and more concentrated—a cupful of nutritious soup, a piece of juicy meat, a baked potato, eggs, bread and butter, fruit and some light dessert without pastry. This would permit him soon to resume his work without heaviness.

The prudent housekeeper makes her morning fire do a large part of the cooking for the day. While breakfast is getting, dinner and supper are anticipated and prepared for. There are so many dishes that are in summer time better cold than hot, it is easy to prepare in advance the latter part of a meal. With stock on hand, hot soup can be made on short notice; with old boiled or baked meats, freshly cooked vegetables can be served; salads are always cold, and a hearty meal can be soon set out without one's boiling for hours over the stove. The demands of an intense American life can only be met by hearty food. We can not live on flavors and simulated dishes. The large worker is the large feeder. Food we must have, food that on analysis gives fibrin and gluten and albumen and puts such restlessness into our muscles and our brains that we can not choose but work and think.

When we go off on a picnic we expect in the majority of cases to eat a cold meal and there are very few who find that it doesn't agree with them. A cup of hot tea or coffee may be procured without very much trouble, but for the rest we trust to "condiments" and take our heat in the shape of mustard, hot pickles and various "vegetable flames." We take it also in free, unhoused air, and give ourselves time to eat, so that our food has a chance to get warm in our mouths before being bolted into our stomachs. We can't picnic at home all the time, to be sure, but so far as we can establish the picnic conditions, especially as to open air, leisurely eating and cheerfulness, we shall be great gainers. Some houses are so furnished with piazzas that it is quite possible for those living in them to eat every day in the open air. Once accustomed to this it becomes a hardship to be driven indoors by rainy days or cold weather.

During the fruit season we can depend largely on fruit for desserts. So far as they are palatable without sugar they should be served without it. Sugar is carbon in a saccharine garb and carbon is heat. When neither under-ripe nor over-ripe nothing is more wholesome that fruit. But there are no articles of food more deranging to the system than unripe fruit, or that verging on decay, in which the fermentations of decomposition have begun.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Conference Committee of Harvard recommends expulsion from college as the penalty for cheating at examination.

—The aggregate circulation of the publications of the American Baptist Publication Society was 28,830,000 for the current year.

—The Baptists of the North in the United States, after a stirring discussion, have resolved not to abandon their mission on the Congo river.

—The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued a "penny" New Testament in the Welsh language, and an amended version of St. Luke's Gospel in Irish.

—The Woodstock Iron Company has erected at Anniston, Ala., a beautiful church of Anniston stone, the interior being all of cedar. It cost $40,000, and has been presented to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

—A good many people will be surprised to know that the Latter Day Saints have a considerable representation in Massachusetts. At their Conference at Fall river, Mass., recently ten churches were represented, and there were two hundred delegates.—*Boston Journal.*

—Among the many schools in Boston is one for instruction in carpentry, conducted by a young lady. She has had twenty-five pupils throughout the past winter, composed of boys belonging to some of the leading families, and she goes out of town twice a week to instruct a class of seven.—*Boston Herald.*

—It is said that the cost to the Pope in creating and confirming an American cardinal, including the expenses of the ablegates and of the cardinal's hat, to be bestowed by his own hand in Rome, will approach $25,000. The cardinal's robe consumes fifteen yards of material.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Getting ready for the home examination: Maud—"Well, commencement is over, thank goodness, and the seminary is closed for the summer. When do you start for home?" Nellie—"In the express tomorrow morning." "Have you any thing to read on the journey?" "Yes; I am going to look over my school books; papa may be inquisitive."—*Chicago Journal.*

—At the meeting of the corporation of Yale College it was voted to confer the degree of LL. B. on Miss Alice R. Jordan, who entered the law school under the clause in the catalogue admitting attorneys-at-law of any State to the senior class. The corporation, however, decided that a note be inserted in the next catalogue that the course of instruction shall be open to the male sex only.

—John Ruskin, being asked the other day for aid in payment of a church debt, replied by letter thus: "I am sorrowfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is: 'Don't get into debt. Starve, and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can' you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a sandpit, or in a coal-hole first?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A bicycle tourist may be a modest and unassuming fellow at home, but he travels a great deal on his cheek.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A story entitled "The Penniless Maiden" has just been issued. It will have very little interest for the modern youth—*Boston Courier.*

—"Most lies are hyperbole; hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can not lie; ergo, a lie is not a lie."—*The Bee.*

—It is in better form now to say to a man who is boring you, "O, bring me a chair," than to remark bluntly, "You make me tired."—*Christian at Work.*

—A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied married life would be all sunshine, but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

—"We want a circus, and we want it bad," sighs a Western paper. We would suggest that the editor call the owner of the opposition sheet a horse-thief.—*Palmer Journal.*

—The man most anxious about his social position is the man who never had any such position, though he has tried to buy it with money.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Cereal coffee" is advertised in a Massachusetts paper. That's what inmates of boarding houses are yearning for—to cereal coffee, in place of the imitation stuff.—*St. Albans' Messenger.*

—Lightning has not got good sense. It destroyed a valuable mule in a Texas town the other day, and never touched the building in which seven lawyers have their offices.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Wife—"Say, hubby, have you read that novel called 'One Word Only?'" Husband—"Yes, I guess so." Wife—"Do you know who is the author?" Husband—"No; but I'm sure it was not written by a woman.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Not what he meant.—Hostess—"I am really ashamed of this dinner! But our grocer had no fresh vegetables and so we had to use cold ones." Guest—"Really, don't apologize. Indeed, I don't think the dinner is worth an apology."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind letting you off a day, now and then, to attend your grandmother's funeral; but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Weeping widow—"Yes, poor John met with a terrible fate. He fell from the fourth-story window and was instantly killed." Sympathizing friend—"Dear, dear! And was it so bad as that, Mrs. Larkins? I understood that he fell only from the third-story window."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Claudius asks: "Would you advise me to write poetry for fame, or simply to make a living?" You will find it much easier to write for fame than simply to make a living, Claudius; but if you succeed in the latter don't worry about the former. The man who succeeds in making a living writing poetry will find fame swooping down upon him terrifically.—*Tidbits*

—"No," snappishly said the summer boarding-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, of Boston, who was inquiring as to the healthfulness of the locality; "no, we ain't got no typhoid germs, and there hain't been no call for 'em, either. Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of what's good to eat."—*N. Y. Mail.*

## FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### "SHUT-EYE-TOWN."

Ho! ho! there—all aboard for "Shut-Eye-Town!"
The brakes are all up, the signals pulled down;
How silvery and soft the conductor's last note,
As over the car the sweet syllables float:
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! a wonderful city is "Shut-Eye-Town!"
Then haste in your dainty white traveling gown;
No baskets of luncheon or wraps will you need,
For this train's going through with lightning-like speed.
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Fairies and brownies are waiting us there,
Jewel sand rainbows, and blossoms so rare,
Soft summer breezes, and bright-singing birds,
Friends with caresses and sweet, loving words;
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! never was city so sunny as this;
Be quick, or its pleasures you surely will miss,
And never, I know, was conductor so fair
As the one who is waiting to usher us there.
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

—*Clara J. Denton, in Our Little Ones.*

## PERCHING BIRDS.

### Peculiar Habits of Some of the Feathered Tribes at Home and Abroad.

Some of the most attractive birds belong among the "perchers." Here are placed the sparrows, thrushes, robins, wrens, humming-birds and other favorites of our fields and gardens. Birds of this class live in pairs, and mostly build their nests in trees, displaying great skill in their construction. Their slender, flexible toes, with long claws, are well suited to these delicate labors, and their legs are so weak that these dainty, graceful birds have a habit of hopping instead of walking.

The pretty little song-sparrows are among the commonest of our summer visitors. There cheery, melodious note is repeated over and over through the long spring days from early in the morning until nearly dark. Their snug little nests are generally hidden away in a grassy bank, or placed on some low vine or bush, the male carrying the materials for building it, while the female weaves the nest. He is attentive to his mate, and when their home is completed, and she sits contentedly upon her eggs, he brings her food, and lingers near by to cheer her with his song.

The snow-bird is also one of the sparrows. Coming with the first cold weather, and staying with us through the winter, when most other birds have left us, it is a general favorite. Snow-birds mostly go to Canada and other Northern countries in summer to raise their young ones. Their nests are made on the ground, near the root of a sheltering tree.

Our pretty yellow-birds, or gold-finches, also stay with us through the cold weather, but their appearance at this season is so altered by their plain winter garb that they are scarcely recognized as the same bird, and we might easily fancy that the yellow-birds had all left us. With the early spring flowers they again assume their gay coats of yellow and black, cheering the landscape with their bright color and delighting us with their sweet songs. These birds are fond of thistle seeds, and they quickly tear to pieces the downy turfts to obtain them. The peculiar, crooked beak of the cross-bill was formerly looked upon as a deformity, but an acquaintance with the habits of the bird shows that its bill is well suited to tear to pieces pine cones in order to reach the seeds which form its food. Clinging to a twig of the pine-tree with one foot, it grasps a cone with the other, then inserting its bill underneath the scales, it pries them apart by a sideways motion of the mandibles, and scoops out the seeds with its tongue. Cross-bills are bright, happy birds. They fly in small flocks, often visiting our gardens and flitting among the evergreens, but their movements are very quick, and they will dart off as unexpectedly as they came.

The nest-building habits of the two-horned hornbill are exceeding odd. Having selected a hollow tree, the female takes her place within the hole, and makes a nest of her own feathers, while the male from the outside plasters up the hole with mud, leaving a small opening for the beak of the imprisoned female. Through this hole she is fed by her mate until her young family is fully fledged, and she requires so much food that it is no slight task to keep her supplied.

Birds-of-paradise live only in New Guinea and neighboring islands, and there twenty different species are found. The ordinary birds-of-Paradise most familiar to us are largely destroyed for the plumes of downy golden feathers beneath their wings. The natives who capture them usually cut off their legs; hence the mistaken notion was formerly held that these birds had no legs, that they suspended themselves by their long feathers, and that they never touched the earth while alive.

Another interesting bird of the eastern hemisphere is the bower-bird in Australia. Its chief peculiarity consists in the curious bowers which it builds of branches and twigs closely interwoven. The bowers are entirely separate from their nests, and are used only as play-grounds, where these birds meet apparently to display their charms to the birds whose affections they wish to win. The entrance is brushed perfectly clean, and decorated with bright pebbles, shells, feathers, little bleached skeletons, and other ornamental articles, which must often have been carried for a long distance.

Our Baltimore oriole is a gay bird, with rich orange and black colors. The female bird has the same markings as the male, in duller tints, and a pair of these birds forms a handsome ornament to a lawn. The males arrive first from the South, and are not joined by the females until a week later. The males are then full of song, and devote themselves to wooing and trying to secure a mate.

The nest of the Baltimore oriole, like the robin's nest, is placed near the house, and is suspended from two or more twigs by strings and threads. Through these threads is woven a sort of coarse cloth into the form of a pouch, and inside is placed the true nest of fine grass or hair.—*Harper's Young People.*

## WEEZY.

### Why She Wouldn't Go Riding on Her Birthday and Why She Did.

The day Weezy was four years old Jenny Hight invited her to tea. Jenny was five.

"I'm a year older than I was yesterday, mamma," said Weezy, while her mother tied her bonnet. "Pretty soon I'll be just as old as Jenny."

Then she frisked down the gravel path, dragging behind her a dust-pan tied to a string. In the dust-pan were three dollies and a clay pipe. The pipe was to blow bubbles with. As to the dust-pan, that, of course, was Weezy's carriage. To-day she had not far to draw it, for Jenny lived just across the street. There was Jenny now, swinging on the gate. She had something nice to tell. Weezy and she were going to ride in the new buggy with brother Ned. Weezy screamed with delight, and scampered off to the stable with Jenny, to see Ned harness the horse.

"Mamma says, when we get to an orchard, Ned, you must buy some apples," said Jenny.

"I rather think I'd better steal them," answered her tall brother, with a sly wink. He was buckling the reins. When he looked up again, his little sister had climbed into the buggy, and Weezy was not to be seen.

Where could she be? Jenny did not know. Mrs. Hight did not know. The child was not in the stable, and she was not in the house.

Ned found her at last at home in the hammock, as solemn as a little owl. Her mother had locked the door and gone out to make calls. But he could not coax Weezy to go back with him. She said she did not want to ride.

The whole family left uncomfortable, and poor little Jenny cried. After Mrs. Haynes came home Ned went over to tell her what had happened. He heard Weezy sobbing in the sitting-room, and this was what she was saying:

"S'pose I'd ride with folks that steal, mamma? Course not! But, O mamma, the buggy was so nice and shiny! Oh, dear!"

"You precious little goosie! Did you think I really meant to steal the apples?" cried Ned, rushing in, laughing. "Why, Weezy, dear, I was only in fun. I wouldn't steal a shaving!"

He picked her up, tears and all, and carried her off on his shoulder, and her face was covered with smiles when they met Jenny. Then they had a lovely ride and plenty of apples