

TO KEEP HEALTHY THIS SUMMER.

BY DR. ANDREW GRAYDON.

A pleasant and healthy summer is within the power of each and every one of us. There is nothing which so successfully counteracts heat as common sense. We complain too much of the sun's rays, and as we complain we worry. Let me give you a few hints for a healthy, pleasant summer.

Do not fret and fume about the heat; it is unavoidable. You must meet it, and the more you worry the more will you suffer from it. In every sense of the word, take things coolly. A calm mind and demeanor will aid you greatly to bear summer heat. Excitement of any kind brings increased heat of the body, even that of the tongue. Do not walk rapidly on a hot day; do not rush along at your winter's speed. Divide your usual amount of walking into several days. Your physical powers are more relaxed in warm weather, and they will not endure strains that are as nothing in cooler weather.

Dress for the season. Of course you put on your light colors, but see also that the texture is of the thinnest. Dress for comfort rather than appearance. Always wear delicate, thin underwear; it will save you from sudden chilling. Change it frequently, daily, and always at night. Did it ever strike you that the corset was a very warm article of dress, and, withal, not a very clean one, after a few days wear in summer time? Starched goods are very warm for dresses, etc., stiffened, and with the interstices closed up they are anything but cool and pleasant. Soft, thin goods are more healthful.

Do not eat too much. A little meat will go a great way in hot weather. In the extreme heat you are decidedly better off with a very modest quantity. Nature is prodigal with her fruit and vegetables, and they are not grown for adornment, or even for canning, but they are peculiarly adapted to the season in which they grow. Eat them and plentifully. See, however, that they are fresh and fully ripe. Too much of our early fruit is not fit for eating; it is a rushed quality, and the demand that brings it is an artificial one. Let such few meats as you eat be prepared in a nutritious manner. Let the fancy alone; also, highly-seasoned dishes; leave these for cold weather if you must eat them. It makes a great difference in your comfort and health what you eat, and if you want to do something toward keeping yourselves cool, just remember not to pile on too much combustible matter for your physical powers to evolve in heat. Eat simply, plainly and slowly—do everything slowly in hot weather.

Rest through long hours of sleep. There is a loss of snap and energy in your bodies that calls for more rest. Rise early and do your tasks while the day is cool, but during the middle of it take off the pressure.

A word about summer resorts. They are for resting—or ought to be—and are not placed simply to transfer the seat of war-society's. Seek out those that are quiet. If you are thinking of spending your summer months at some fashionable place in ceaseless whirl day and night, you had better by far remain at home and lounge about. Whatever of exertion you are called upon to perform—excursions, tramps and the like—do it in the cool hours; enjoy the cool and quiet of the evening in rest.

As to drinking water. Only a few words: You need a certain amount daily to replace the waste of the system, but do not gulp it down in quantities. The sense of thirst is not located in the stomach, and large amounts of water are not needed to quench it. This desire is in the throat, and water sipped slowly will reach and satisfy it.

As you are moving about through various sections of the country and world, much distress and trouble will be avoided if you make it your rule to drink a mineral water of some sort. Fruit juices are refreshing—lemonade, etc.—but not at night.

Bathe judiciously and every morning—either a full bath or sponge. Be fastidious about this, if ever in your life, in hot weather. Your health depends upon it far more than you imagine. Bathing does not mean the exhibition of a lovely suit which a drop of water would ruin; nor is it a prolonged battle with the surf followed by exhaustion; nor will the two weeks bathing at the shore be enough to carry you through the season away from the sea. If the bath, however applied, does not leave a healthful reaction, it is not doing you good service, and needs modifying somehow. In excessive weather, the use of your bath twice daily will not hurt you, if there be no peculiar contraindication. There are times when women should not think of bathing.

See to it that the functions of your body are kept regular. Generally fresh fruit and vegetables will be all that is required, supplemented, if necessary, by a glass of laxative mineral water before breakfast.

The Girl Who is Bashful.

This is what one of my girls has written to me: "I wish and pray you could tell me how to cure bashfulness. People say not to think of yourself, but of others. I have tried that, but I cannot succeed. I cannot take my mind off myself. I am always asking myself if my hair is out of curl, if my clothes look pretty, and a thousand other such questions. I cannot help it. I have tried and tried, but I am continually thinking whether I am acting right, speaking right or looking right." First, to this girl must be said, that when one is eighteen years old one should not say "I cannot" do anything. She can if she will. Suppose she thinks this. She says she is considered pretty. What is mere prettiness? She is not beautiful; for a beautiful woman, an absolutely beautiful woman, is seldom vain. Very few people care whether a girl's bangs are out of curl or not, if her manners are pleasing and she shows a desire to make others enjoy themselves. Very few people care if a girl's clothes are pretty or not, if the girl is self-conscious and stupid. I like a girl to want to look pretty; that is part of her duty in life. But I want her just to remember this; that beauty is the easiest thing lost in the world; vanity will make it offensive; illness will cause it to vanish, and it goes with old age, unless the mind and the heart have been cultivated that the woman herself is a joy forever. When this is so the good God lets her keep her beauty.

Try, my inquiring little girl, and obliterate self. When you are among people look out for the one who is shy and bashful like yourself: go to her, talk to her, and after a few times you will find that it will become very easy. Stop thinking that people are looking at you. There are millions of beautiful things in the world, and it is not in the least likely that you are the one selected by everybody to be stared at and admired. Just learn to think a little less of your own appearance. The women who have been famous in the world have not always been beautiful women. A woman, who to-day is very popular among a large circle, is never spoken of as a beauty; but whenever anything is gotten up, whenever any pleasure is to the fore, whenever anybody is in sorrow, whenever anybody wants a confidante, it is Kate who is called for. I had sufficient curiosity to ask a man why this was, and he thought a minute and then he said: "It is because she always has a pleasant word for everybody; it is because she always is courteous and considerate; it is because she always looks ladylike and refined, as she is a lady; and, really, I think it is because she is what a woman would call a thoroughly nice girl."

You know how in the fairy book the prince always comes and finds the princess. Well, just after I had written this, a letter, was handed me in which I read that Kate "the really nice girl"—had married one of the richest men in this country, a man who it was supposed would choose a great beauty, but who, instead, selected his wife as one does a coat—to wear well. There's a moral and a real one. It is given as an encouragement to the bashful girl who says she cannot, but who I am sure can; and to whom I say "be of good cheer."

Sleeping Well in Summer.

Comfortable sleep in summer is made more probable if the last meal of the day be of light, easily digested food. It is a great mistake to go to bed hungry. A glass of milk, or koumiss, with thin bread and butter, or delicate crackers or even something more substantial when it can be borne, will prevent wakefulness. The digestion should not be taxed to dispose of rich made dishes.

Before going to bed take a sponge bath in tepid water. Sponge lightly and quickly, and dry the skin without unnecessary friction. If this is impossible, at least bathe the feet. Avoid standing in a draught.

If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by ringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the wet cotton it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick-room; the cloths can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned low during the process of undressing, and sleep without a light unless it is a tiny night lamp.

The ideal bed is, of course, a woven wire mattress, with a thin hair mattress on it. Folded blankets make a good substitute for the latter. If the sleeper is restless, the

corners of the under sheet can be turned under and firmly pinned to the lower side of the mattress to prevent it from maliciously wrinkling itself into creases as the occupant tosses about. In a midsummer night no covering is needed but a sheet, and even that sometimes seems too oppressive. A blanket, however, should always be at hand in case a cool breeze springs up before morning, as it does in many localities. Fold it evenly, tuck one end under the mattress and turn the feet over the foot board not to interfere with the feet.

In summer, as in winter, a quiet mind is essential to repose. Leave the cares and worries of the day to be taken up on the morrow. They will not look as large or as black as if they had been carried all night.

The Story of a Back Window.

BY ANNA P. PAYNE.

In a city where many of the homes of the rich touch the abiding places of the poor, lives a sweet and beautiful woman whose home is all that the word implies. Here is elegance, comfort, and a degree of luxury together with cheerfulness, love and true kindness. The furnishings in this home are rich, the flowers are rare and the library is composed of the choicest selections.

On a morning when trees were bare and snow was piled about the fences, the husband of the mistress—who had never ceased to be her lover—ordered sent home a quantity of beautiful flowers. Coming in later, he looked in the front windows expecting to see them, but was disappointed; and finding his wife said, "The flowers I ordered haven't come, I see." She smiled most charmingly, and leading him to a back window, pointed to the beauties. In a tone of vexation this husband-lover said, "But why here?"

Silently taking his hand, and as silently wiping from her eyes the tears, she led him nearer to the window and pointed to another and smaller window in the poor house back of their own. There sat a bent old woman, holding the hand of a gray-bearded old man, and both were looking eagerly, like children, at the bright blossoms. The mistress of the beautiful home smiled through her tears and waved her hand to the old people, and they both arose and bowed, the gray-haired man in a stately manner, while the little old woman threw numberless kisses.

The husband was touched by the thoughtfulness of his wife, and said, "As ever, you have done well. While I looked for my flowers where they would make the greatest display, you have put them where they will cheer two lonely, poor old people. Now tell your thoughtless husband what prompted you to do this."

The charming mistress colored very much at this delicate compliment, for she was extremely modest; but she sat by his side and told how one day she had seen the little old woman weeping and the stately old man sitting with bowed head, and how, until evening, they had seemed very miserable. The next morning the mistress had brought from the conservatory and put in the window an azalea in full bloom. Not long after she saw the aged couple standing in their window and looking at the plant. They were smiling, and seemed to have forgotten their sorrow of the previous day; but the mistress of the beautiful home was not satisfied to do this little, cheering deed. She went to them in all her kindness of heart, and asked them what she could do to lighten their sorrow.

Then it was that she learned their story, and then they told her that the only brightness that came to them in their miserable lodgings was through her back windows. They also told how the crippled boy in the next room and the feeble mother in the room above, were moved each day so that they might see whatever brightness the beautiful home and its mistress had for them.

It is needless to say that from that time the lives of the two old people were made pleasanter by frequent visits from the husband of the dear mistress, neither of whom were satisfied to confine themselves to window kindness. So, in our every-day lives, our best opportunities do not always lie near our front windows. The hurried passer-by may not appreciate the richness and brightness so freely shown, but many weary lives may be cheered by the flowers placed in our back windows.

The Children at Play.

If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is equally true that his character may be judged by the kind of recreations he enjoys. The games of the nursery are as much a part of the child's education as are the daily tasks he learns in the school-room. It is not accidental that Master Rupert chooses to harness up the

chairs to drive with a grand flourish his "four-in-hand" about the room, or mounts a broomstick or cane to gallop away over an imaginary race course; while his little sister Bess sits quietly in the corner and busies herself with needle and scissors, fashioning costumes for her dear doll.

Mark with what energy the lad lashes his fiery steeds, and with what tension he grips bridle or reins; then note how tenderly his sister trundles her doll carriage over the rough places lest her pet should suffer harm. They are both at play; meanwhile, the lad trains his muscles to become the strong, stalwart man that is going to be "just like my papa"; while his sister is developing by her loving ministrations in behalf of her doll, those gentle, womanly qualities that will enrich the home that she is going to keep "as nice as mamma's."

The lessons go on through childhood and youth. We call it play; but, if the play is of the right kind, it is one of the most vital forces in the educative work that is carrying the boy and girl forward to a successful manhood and womanhood. Men and women are but children of larger growth. The wisest and best, because they have grown older in the right way, still remain the sweetness and simplicity of their child nature and love to play.

No one but a hypocrite or a churlish prig pretends that he never relaxes his dignity. Plato once said, while indulging in a frolic with some of his friends: "Let us be wise, I see a fool coming." Agesilaus used to amuse his children by riding a stick witch fashion. Socrates would sing and dance with the merriest. Even the studious Plutarch indulged in "feasts, jests and toys, as we do save for our meats." Facetious Lucian, and sober, serious Scaliger used to engage in games and musical diversions as a respite from over-much study. Virgil and Horace delighted in sports and games, and Shakespeare whiled away many an hour playing upon the bass viol. The great Scipio was often found rollicking in the sand on the beach, where he was wont to search for curious shells; and the witty Swift frequently amused himself playing "tag" with his two friends, the Sheridan, running and shouting through the deanery.

The wisest, the most cultured, the noblest among men, live very close to the heart of nature, and their recreations are always marked by simplicity and childlikeness. Young people who find themselves more and more inclined to seek after exciting and unhealthy amusements, may be quite sure that there is something wrong in their character—a something that ought to be righted at once.

In the home-life of to-day, the mother is most successful who devises new and interesting ways of entertaining her children in their home, then joins them in their games and sports; and the father, be he student, judge, clergyman, president, or even king, can ill afford, both for the enrichment of his home, to miss the play hours with his children, which will bind, with bands more precious than gold, their young lives to him and to their home.

There is little danger that children will wander in forbidden paths so long as home offers to them the pleasantest kinds of entertainment.

A Mother's Privileges.

If you allow your duties to run you like a machine you will soon break down in body and mind, with no chance to recuperate. It is the constant succession that wears your patience and strength, especially if you have a large family.

If you are pressed for funds, the closest economy is necessary and right; if not, a jacket or a shoe is of little value compared to your health and happiness. Every woman has tastes, wishes and preferences. She should require them to be respected. If you choose to omit a small duty for a pleasure that is more valuable to you, take the liberty to do so. You owe your family a bright face and well informed mind, as well as buttons and patches. Just as you accustom them in this respect will their demands be. So many mothers are draining their lives away in little steps and stitches.

If you have a distaste for any special work, there is some way out of it without neglecting or hurting anybody. Teach a servant to do it, or exchange with a friend who likes it. For several years one of my friends did my plain sewing, while I did fancy work for her. Each set a price on her work and kept an account of it, but no money was paid; we only balanced accounts occasionally. If you claim your privileges they will be granted you, and vice versa.

Every man has his price, but brides are given away