

What the Chimney Held.

Mattie and Celia had gone to their uncle's big farm house in the country to spend a few weeks of their summer vacation. The doctor had said that Celia needed the outdoor life of the country, and her sister Mattie had been sent with her for company.

Their Aunt Harriet and Uncle Joseph, who lived on the farm, had no children, and were looked upon by Mattie and Celia as rather stern and exacting. But this fact was not sufficient to spoil their delight in the wonders which the country life presented, and when Aunt Harriet took them up to the big spare room on the first night after their arrival, they felt quite important, and determined to prove themselves worthy of honor.

They undressed very quietly, and when they jumped into the depths of the great feather bed they found it easy to smother their laughter, over the funny sensation, in its friendly depths. They had left the light burning low. Not because they were afraid, of course, but everything was so strange yet that a little light made it seem more home-like.

After lying still a moment, Mattie, who was always brimful of mischief, whispered:

"Let's get out and jump in again."

"All right," Celia responded promptly, and two pairs of bare feet were on the floor in a twinkling.

At the end of fifteen minutes you should have seen that feather bed! Mattie and Celia looked at it in dismay.

"Well," Mattie exclaimed at length, "we'll have to make it up before we can sleep in it," and so they went to work.

After pulling awhile, they found that, though the outer part covered the bed, the feathers were all at the foot. Then they tried again. This time they began punching them down with their fists, and soon the bed looked like the high seas in a storm. They began to feel discouraged.

"Did you ever see anything so unmanageable?" Celia exclaimed.

"I've heard of live geese feathers before," answered Mattie, "but I never knew it meant the feathers were alive."

"Well, these surely are," Mattie assented. "Let's jump in anyway."

So they tucked the quilts over the billowy mass and curled down among the waves to sleep.

Early in the morning they were awakened by a curious noise which seemed to be right in the room.

"What's that?" said Celia, starting up.

Mattie listened.

"It's in the chimney, whatever it is," she answered, and both jumped from the bed.

The round chimney hole which opened into the room was filled with paper which had been crowded in to stop the draft, as the chimney was not often used.

"I'm going to pull the paper out and see what's in there," Mattie announced. But Celia screamed at the idea.

"Oh, it might be mice, or rats," she exclaimed. "Don't."

"Pooh," said Mattie, "it's more likely bats, and I'd really like to see a bat."

"Ugh, the horrid things! I don't want to see one," Celia answered, and jumped into bed preparatory to pulling the clothes over her head should a bat appear.

"Maybe it's an owl," returned Mattie with a new inspiration, as she stepped up on to a chair within reach of the paper.

"Mattie, Mattie, I believe it's snakes," Celia shouted, with a last effort to stop her venturesome sister, but Mattie was not to be stopped, and in another instant the paper had been pulled from the opening, and out into the room partly flew and partly tumbled—a lot of birds.

"They're chimney swallows," cried Celia with sudden wisdom.

"Oh, oh," both the girls exclaimed at once.

But the birds were frightened at being thus unexpectedly disturbed, and flew widely about, bumping their heads against the window panes and uttering distressed cries.

"Oh, goodness," said Mattie. "Suppose aunt Harriet should come up now."

"We have got to catch them," said Celia with unusual determination, and she jumped from the bed.

In another moment two white-robed figures were flying about the room, jumping upon chairs, skipping across the bed, and even mounting upon the bureau; while the birds flew distractedly about, threatening to dash their brains out in their effort to elude their pursuers.

At this moment the door opened, and aunt Harriet stepped into the room. For a moment she was too amazed to speak. Never in all her methodical experience

as a housekeeper had her spare room presented such an appearance as it did at this moment.

"My sakes!" she at last exclaimed.

In the commotion the girls had not known her presence till they heard her speak, but at the sound of her voice, they turned in dismay.

As they stood there, visions of being sent home in disgrace arose before the minds. What would aunt Harriet say?

For a moment aunt Harriet herself did not know what to say; but a look in the faces of the girls decided her, and very soberly she asked:

"You know, I am not used to children; is this the way girls generally behave?"

Dear me, how ashamed Mattie and Celia did feel then.

Aunt Harriet very sensibly opened the windows, and the birds flew out, and the girls at once set to work to put the room in order. What is more, they kept it in order during the rest of their visit. Only one thing they could not conquer. During the six weeks of their stay at the farm-house they never succeeded in making up the feather bed as aunt Harriet did.—Observer.

A Word To Young Travelers.

BY ELIZABETH FIELD.

It happened a good many years ago now, for I was a girl only sixteen when my father went to the train with me late one bright winter's morning. I was going alone from Boston to New York for the first time—one of my girl friends journeying as far as Springfield, leaving me to take the rest of the trip entirely by myself. Many had been the careful warnings given me by my mother, which I duly scorned with the superiority of youth, as I felt quite competent to take a trip to Europe alone, and, in fact, I highly enjoyed the situation.

It was a beautiful morning I remember, and as the train rolled out of the station I settled back in my chair with a thrill of pride, and the delightful consciousness of at last being considered old enough to take care of myself. Such a good time as we had, my little friend and I, and many were the looks of amused interest cast at us from time to time by our fellow-travelers at the sound of our happy school-girl talk and laughter. Springfield came only too soon, and I was beginning to feel just a little lonely and forlorn, and to wish the distance between Springfield and New York not quite so great, when, to my amazement, a gentleman came slowly down the car aisle and stood before me.

"Pardon me, is not your name Miss F——?" he asked, courteously, and at my cool bow (for I remembered my warnings) he proceeded: "I knew your mother very well when she was a girl; you look much like her."

I began to get interested, but he did not wait for a reply. "She was Nan Reed of Lynn. Many a time I used to pull her curls in school; it doesn't seem possible that she has a daughter your age."

I was delighted, and thought how pleased my little mother would be to hear again from her old friend.

"Did you move away from Lynn?" I ventured to ask, whereupon the gentleman inquired if he might occupy my friend's chair for a few minutes and find out about his old acquaintances.

All that my mother had said floated vaguely through my mind, but of course she couldn't know I was going to meet such an old, old friend of hers—such a dear, fatherly sort of man.

When he had comfortably settled himself he told me all about his school-days in Lynn, of my pretty little mother, and many of her old friends whom I knew quite well. After he was married and moved away, he said, he had lost all track of his schoolmates, but he was so glad to revive the old friendship again in so pleasant a way. Then he told me about his own life, which seemed to have been filled with sorrow, and when he went back to his former seat to get a picture of his little motherless girl, I was justly indignant when the conductor came up and asked me if I had known the man before.

The afternoon sped by on wings. He had brought me, with the picture, a box of candy, asking if I had inherited my mother's love for sweets, and we talked and laughed over the bonbons like a couple of children. Just before we reached New York he pulled out his card-case and wrote on a blank card: "I am so glad to have met your charming daughter, and to hear your life has been so full of sunshine. Your old friend, B. J. Phillips." I have that card now.

When I began to gather up my things he asked if any one would meet me, and if they didn't might he get me a carriage. "It would be very kind of him," I said, and almost hoped my uncle wouldn't appear.

We were steaming into the station when the conductor came up again and took my satchel. "O, but the gentle-

man is going to get me a carriage," I said, smiling at his stupidity.

"My dear young lady," the conductor said gravely, "your father put you into my care—and I have a daughter of my own. I shall either see you under your uncle's protection or put you into a carriage myself."

Can't you imagine my surprise and injured dignity? I turned round to make a protest to my new friend, but he had gone—vanished completely.

My anger and discomfiture seems laughable now, as I followed my self-appointed guardian to the platform, where every rebellious feeling disappeared in the happiness of seeing my uncle and favorite cousin again.

My mother had never heard of the man—the name on the card was of course fictitious. He must have heard enough of our girlish talk before my friend left me to concoct his plausible story, with the aid of a good memory, as he must have known something of the Lynn young people in the days long since gone by.

The conductor told my father afterward that he felt the man was an impostor, and was truly frightened when he saw my implicit belief in him.

I shudder now when I look back on that journey, and only hope my portrayal of it may hinder some other self-confident young girl in her travels from undergoing a similar experience.—Congregationalist.

The Rest Season.

The season of heat and midsummer is almost here, and the housekeeper should be warned that it is a season when all living creatures rest somewhat from their work. Even the birds in the fields cease their song during the heated period and all animals seem to relax their efforts—even in their search for daily food. Wanderers in woodland ways near sunset will catch many delightful glimpses of their friends in fur and feathers at this time which they would never see during a midday walk. It is at this hour the pretty racoon ventures out with her furry babies or the clownishly awkward woodchuck goes forth with no fear of prowling dogs. The hermit-thrush, the sweetest songster of our groves, sings at sunrise and sunset, but ceases his songs altogether in midsummer. The thrush is the mavis of old English ballads. Gil Monice's song was—

Like the mavis on the bush,
And gart the valleys ring.

Even our domestic animals rest during the heat of the day and exercise themselves in pursuit of food in the cool of the morning and evening.

These dumb animals set us an excellent example. No women, however strong in health, can afford to work continuously through the heat of the day. Every woman should always take a systematic midday rest. Even the strong laborer in the fields finds his noonday nap as essential as his noonday meal. This meal is frequently quite a light one, compared with the "hearty supper" which he enjoys when his work is over. "The woman who riseth while it is yet night" should take a rest in the heat of the day, which will compensate for her loss of sleep. She cannot afford to burn the midnight oil in summer as she can in winter, when all living creatures can work more vigorously. This is because the system is kept at a higher tone in winter than in summer. The practical experiment of sending energetic people to hot lands has been too frequently tried to admit of any doubt of the result. Vigorous and energetic men sent from a Northern land to the tropics in a few months seem to change their nature and become languorous lovers of ease. The legend of the lotus-eaters was not entirely a fable. The whole land of the tropics seems filled with a subtle poison that weakens the energies and against which probably it would be unsafe to contend. The same state of energies weakened by heat makes it a mistake for women to attempt by sheer force of will to work in summer as they do in winter. Fortunately haying is usually over before July, our hottest month, and the principal other harvests are gathered later in the year, so even farmers' wives, who are among our hardest summer workers, have a chance to take a vacation at the hottest season of the year. The canning and various preserving, which keeps them from this necessary relaxation, had better be dispensed with. No worker needs a summer's rest more than the farmer and the farmer's wife. There are now many delightful places on the Chautauqua plan for such a rest. Here a few weeks' outing may be combined with an attractive lecture course on various topics which furnish plenty of food for thought during the long winter evenings to come. A vacation in winter is not half as valuable to any worker as one in summer.

News from the shows that "sun of Christian En

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To the Members of E

Dear Bros. and Sisters, we meet this year with N. B., on Friday July your executive to bu meeting yet held by can only be done by concerned. Will th of our constituency, mediately to the asso (MESSENGER AND V have one Union in t Secretary their repor to report give your o fact of your not bei during the last year perform better servic at the present time th ganized, we would ur to organize immediat our Secretary or if to See to it that your U churches where no so the B. Y. P. U. Assoc the desire of the exec Associational Union a it unless we have yo God will greatly bless

Program of B. Y. P. U.

2:30-3 p. m. Enroll ing Exercises, Addr Society.) Reply by Pr Union, Reading and Reports, Discussion of Business.

7:30-8 p. m. Song S Music, Address, Collec