

The Local Reporter.
With fingers inked and moist,
And eyelids ready to "greet,"
Our "local" sits in lazy despair,
And growls at the terrible heat.
Hot! Hot! Hot!
In office, hall, and in street,
But hot as it is he still beats his blood,
Thus "blessing" the terrible heat.
Sweat! Sweat! Sweat!
Till collar goes down to a string,
And sweat—sweat—sweat,
Till your shirt is ready to wring.
The oh! to be a frog,
Deep in some dark abyss,
Rather than cater to popular taste
For "locals" in weather like this.
News! News! News!
And copy for printers to set!
Yes, news—news—news,
Why, there's nothing moving but sweat.
The oh! to be a slave,
Compelled to make bricks without straw,
As well as just now make local hash
To cram the popular maw.

THE HONEYSUCKLE'S STORY.

In Grant's Lover, Who Wood but Proved False.

HER mother planted me when she first married John Grant, the gamekeeper, and came home to live. As you see, the lodge is very pretty, but gray stone always looks cold and drear if there are no clinging vines to enliven the picture. This is why I am here—to enliven and beautify—and I flatter myself that I more than fulfil my duty.

Yes, as I was saying, her mother planted me, and at twilight, when John had finished work, they would come together, and she would say:

"How that honeysuckle grows! Why, John, I do believe it will blossom before next summer!"

"I shouldn't wonder, dear," he would answer. "The lodge will look nearly as fine as the Great House with the honeysuckles covering it all over."

How proud we were—we three—on the day when my first tendrils twined round the doorknob!

Thus I grew and flourished in the sunlight, and gradually the whole front of the lodge was gay with nodding blossoms. But although I was happy, still at times a lonely feeling overcame me that I could not account for. John had his work to do, and even the little wife had no time to waste on the porch. But one morning my silent wish was gratified, for they brought her out to the doorway—a tiny bundle of flannels—a baby—and I knew my playfellow had arrived.

Then came a Sunday morning when a little trine procession filed down the path with their best robes. In about an hour they returned, with several additions to the party, and sat down to cakes and wines in the porch. Presently John rose and proposed a toast—"Miss Louise Grant." Then I knew they had been to the christening. Now you see there were two of us to grow—Baby Lou and I—and the days passed like dreams. She would play by the hour, digging in the soft earth about my roots, stopping occasionally to pick a bunch of my sweetest blossoms and thrust them through the big gate to the passers-by.

One morning she came out with a school bag on her arm and my lonely days began once more.

Thus the years passed and Lou grew to be a woman with a sweet, gentle face—not exactly beautiful, but so loving and true that every one called her "pretty"; and it seemed to me that "Master Fred"—as John called the heir to the great house—came to the lodge oftener than before. At first an errand for his lady mother would be the excuse; then he would develop a suspicious anxiety for John's opinion of the advisability of inviting a party down for the shooting; but finally all disguise was abandoned and Louise would watch for him, leaning her brown head against the pillar of the piazza, where I could caress her to my heart's content. But not long was this pleasure afforded me, for when his firm tread was heard upon the gravel her lithe figure would straighten and grow tense with impatience and her blue eyes strain to catch a glimpse of the beloved form through the gathering shadows.

She loved him truly and he knew it; but Master Fred grew tired and the time came when she would watch for him in vain night after night. Finally, if he did appear, it was to "stay only a few minutes," as he had come "just to see how they all were," to carelessly pat her cheek, tell her she looked as if her head ached, kiss her lightly and go. Still she believed in him.

Finally his anxiety for the family welfare seemed to die out entirely, and one morning Tim, the gardener, stopped at the lodge on his way to the greenhouses.

"Hey, John! John Grant!" he called lustily.

"Hello, Tim! How goes it?" asked John, coming around the house. "How are the wife and little one?"

"All rose, John, thanks be to God! But have you heard the news from the great house? Master Frederic will be soon taking to himself a wife. Miss Humphrey, of the place—you remember, the tall one with the black hair, that was at the house last summer. She!"

"Hush!" whispered John, suddenly, for Lou stood in the doorway.

Had she heard? Surely not, for she came down the steps smiling.

"Good morning, Tim. All well at home? How is May's crop?" And presently, as Tim picked up his watering pot preparatory to leaving: "Well, remember me to your wife, and tell her I will send that recipe for lemon pie this very afternoon, sure!" with a nod and a smile as the two men walked off together.

But when they were out of sight—ah! I knew she had heard! She grasped my trunk for support, and sinking her head on her arms, cried passionately, but with a tinge of despair.

"Oh, I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I don't! He could not! He would not! Why, didn't he say only yesterday that he—"

She smiled at the recollection and whispered contritely:

"Oh, my dearest, forgive me! It was cruel of me to doubt you for one instant. There is a mistake somewhere. He will make everything all right."

Lifting her head with renewed hope and trust she went in, and presently I saw her stealing off in the direction of the woods, probably to "think it out."

That afternoon a party of young men

came to the lodge, bringing her with them. "We were shooting in the woods," one explained, "and the young lady has caught a stray shot in her arm. It is very unfortunate, but I assure you it was an accident, and the wound is very slight, a mere scratch in the flesh, nothing more." And with profuse apologies from the whole party they left her to her mother.

True, it was only a scratch, but Lou seemed to have lost her old light-hearted smile, and went around the house looking like the ghost of the girl who used to wait for her lover under the shadow of my blossoms.

This went on for a week or two until one night Lou came out in the moonlight alone, and, after digging a little hole by my roots, dropped into it a package of notes and a cluster of withered honeysuckle blossoms. Her mother, stepping out on the porch, was alarmed at finding her standing there in the chill night air. She called to her softly:

"Lou, dear!"

At that the girl's heart overflowed, and in a low, subdued voice that I could scarcely hear, she told the sad little story of the afternoon in the woods.

She had wandered on for about an hour, she thought, when a rustling in the thicket startled her, and turning she saw a familiar figure emerge into the path. The first thought that came to her was of the doubts of the morning, and that now he would explain everything satisfactorily. She had cried "Fred!" and ran towards him when she heard a report and felt a sharp twinge in her arm.

She felt stunned, more from fright than anything else, and lay there with closed eyes for a moment, trying to collect her scattered senses. There was a confused murmur in her ears, and what was evidently the remainder of a shooting party hurried up. Presently one voice said distinctly:

"Why, Fred, do you know her? She called your name. One of your flames? Awfully sorry I shot her. Fine girl!"

Then another, with a laugh:

"Been at our old tricks, I see. What will the divine Miss Humphrey say to her 'Don Juan'?"

And he had answered indifferently:

"Oh, nothing serious, I assure you. My dearest, do give me credit for better taste than that! Good enough girl; her father's the lodge-keeper on the place here; honest people, you understand. She's a nice little thing for one of her class. Rather pretty, too, eh?"

He joined in the laughter. Then she had faintly:

"He shall never know I heard," she finished softly. "It might worry him." And, covering up the little grave of her treasures, she went in.

That was many years ago. Now she comes, a sweet, peaceful woman, with gray threads in her hair, and sits down in the shade of my waving branches; and the lilies planted around my roots are always whispering the story of the secret they hide; and I whisper it back again to them and to her. We are great friends, she and I and the lilies.—Exchange.

How to Cook Fish.

Judge of the freshness of fish by the brightness of the eyes, redness of the gills, stiffness of the fins and firmness of the flesh.

Have on hand a fish-turner. It is one of the most useful kitchen utensils, as it is exceedingly difficult to turn a fish without mutilating it.

Use olive oil, cottolene, lard or pork scraps for fried fish. Some cooks use a dredging of flour, others beaten eggs or crackers or bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and fry a delicate brown.

In boiling a large fish wrap in a cloth which has been well floured to prevent sticking, tie with string and cover with three inches of cold water well salted. Boil five to ten minutes per pound. When done drain on a sieve.

If broiled, cleanse and dry; split the fish open so that the backbone will be flat in the middle; when seasoned, butter gridiron and brown fish with the inside towards the coals. Baste liberally and serve on hot platter. Garnish with parsley.

The fish to be baked must be thoroughly washed and wiped dry; when stuffed season with salt and pepper and sufficient water to baste with. Many housekeepers fill in the spaces about the sides of the pan with raw potatoes. One hour is sufficient for a large fish.

The Next Total Solar Eclipse.

Though the next total solar eclipse does not take place till April 15, 1893, astronomers are already astir making plans for observing it. Nature says it will probably be "very widely observed, not only because the shadow of the moon passes over such a great stretch of land, but because the phenomenon occurs at the period when a sun spot maximum is approaching, at which time, of course, the disturbed part of the atmosphere of the sun is on the increase." The center of the shadow traverses Chili, passes to the north of the Argentine Republic, skirts the provinces of Bolivia and Paraguay and cuts through the heart of Brazil, finally crossing the Atlantic Ocean and entering the African coast between Cape Verde and Bathurst. It is not too early for American and European astronomers to make preparations for observing the phenomenon. The opportunity should be improved to the utmost by representatives of all nations.

Did You Ever Try

A mixture of alum, glycerine, vinegar and water for mosquito bites?

Salt or ashes for removing discolorations from coffee cups or other dishes?

Cleaning the lint from a clothes wringer with a cloth saturated in kerosene?

Alcohol to remove grass stains from the children's white aprons, skirts, etc.?

Pulverized chalk and ammonia for removing stains from marble basins and closet bowls?

To clean a gilt picture frame by using a sponge wet with hot spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, then leaving it to dry!—Good Housekeeping.

All in the Family.

Jeanette—Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?

Gladys (sweetly)—From her father. He's in the drug business.

Vinegar bottles may be cleaned with crushed egg shell in a little water.

PREBYTERIAN MISSION AT TRINIDAD

Liberal Views Expressed by a Roman Catholic Mayor.

The July number of the *Presbyterian Record* publishes an address recently delivered by Mr. J. R. Llang, Mayor of Arona, Trinidad, the most prosperous and active of the Islands of the British West Indies. The occasion was the celebration of the jubilee of the Presbyterian Church in Arona. Nearly all the missionaries, Rev. E. A. McCurdy and others, were present. The mayor—a Roman Catholic—presided, and a scene seldom witnessed, and words not often heard, were enjoyed by a goodly gathering. The Mayor's address, showing at once the impression which the mission in Trinidad is making on those outside, and the broad and liberal spirit of the gentleman who made it, was as follows:

"I greatly feel the honor done to me in asking me to take the chair on this occasion, the jubilee of the Arona Presbyterian Church. It must not be expected that, on this occasion, I will attempt to go deeply into the history of Presbyterianism. Suffice it for me to say that I know the good that it has done to humanity in general. In every clime the self-sacrificing Presbyterian missionary is to be seen disinterestedly laboring for the alleviation of suffering and unhappy humanity. In the wilds of Australia and in the deserts of Africa he fears no danger, but, submissively to the will of his Maker, he fulfills the duties of his noble and divine calling. As good men, true to themselves and to humanity, I respect them, and among them I am proud and happy to reckon some personal acquaintances. Withal, however, touching on any points of difference of doctrine, or saying anything as to the merits of the Presbyterian Church, in its comparison with other churches, there is one topic which offers fair ground for speaking—a topic in which the members of every church are interested, and which, therefore, may engage our common attention on the present happy occasion. It means the well-being of the human race. Now I can confidently say that no Church in this Island of Trinidad has achieved greater results on this head in proportion to the number of its clergy than has the Presbyterian Church. I leave out of sight just now its work among the Creole part of the population—although that, indeed, is considerable, as the very satisfactory condition of the congregation attending the church of the pastor in whose district we have met to-night proves. But I will just point to the excellent work that has been done among the Indian part of our population. This is a field that has been but slightly touched by the other denominations. Who that is acquainted with the conditions of the East Indian when he lands, a heathen from heathen lands in this island, can be too loud in the praise of a Church that has given itself heart and soul to the amelioration, moral and religious, of this section of our population? Contrast the coolie when he arrives on our shores, a votary of his degrading superstition, with the coolie brought under the blessing and humanizing influences of Christianity, and then I ask, how shall we overestimate the good that is being done by this Missionary Church in our midst? The coolie comes here dressed in a state of half nudity, treating his woman and children as mere chattels and articles of merchandise—valuing human life cheaply, inasmuch that it takes but little to make him commit atrocious crimes. But when he yields himself to the teaching of his missionary, we may now say of him that he is 'clothed and in his right mind.' He now sees that his wife, whom before he looked upon as a mere chattel, as only born to minister to man's selfish needs—while no rights of her own were to be considered—is a child of the same Almighty Father with himself, having the blessed and immortal soul, possessing equal privileges with himself as a citizen of that city, whose foundations both he and she look for, and towards whose gates both he and she are wending their way in their daily pilgrimage. The girls of his family he now sees were born for other things than merely to be nurtured as common animals and sold as wares—namely, to be reared to take their places on equal terms with their husbands as responsible heads of households. In short, he now sees that true happiness consists as much in a due consideration for the comforts of others as of himself, and that it is only by being withdrawn from the deluding influence of self-love that a man can really consult his highest and best interest."

Orange Ice.

A very nice orange ice is made in this way: Put a quart of water and three-fourths of a pound of sugar in a porcelain-lined saucepan over a moderate fire.

When it has boiled ten minutes remove it from the fire and let it stand until it is perfectly cool. Squeeze the juice from a dozen oranges and four lemons.

Rasp the rind of an orange with a lump of sugar, and after the juice of the lemons and oranges has been strained add it, together with the lump of sugar, to the boiled sugar and water, and, stirring all thoroughly together, freeze the same as ice cream.

Not Used to Gas.

Uncle Treepot—I've got an achin' old snag, I've been waitin' six weeks wet git it jerked out.

Dr. Browneyes—Will you take gas?

Uncle Treepot—I hain't much need ter gas. Can't ye use kerosene?

A Business Basis.

She—Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it?

He—Yes. When I was there I called at a friend's house, but the footman declined to take in my card until I was identified.

Concentrated Wisdom.

"Who is it that possesses all knowledge?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"My brother James," replied a diminutive pupil. "He's just home from college."

Positive Proof.

Merritt—Did Johnnie have a good time on the Fourth?

Brown—He must have had. The doctor says he won't be able to leave his bed for a week.

Since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has spent \$2,200,000,000 on her army and navy.

During a thunderstorm at London on Monday afternoon Mrs. Gunn, of Elmwood avenue, was struck by lightning, sustaining severe injuries.

WORLD'S FAIR MUSIC.

It Will be the Finest Which Talent, Good Judgment and Money Combined can Supply.

The fact that Theodore Thomas is musical director of the World's Columbian Exposition, and that associated with him are William L. Tomlins and George H. Wilson, is assurance sufficient that music of the highest order and an excellent programme will be provided. The best musical talent of the world will be drawn upon; fine halls will be provided; and something like half a million dollars will be expended to make the musical features of the Exposition a success. Two of the halls or auditories will cost each \$100,000, and \$175,000 has been set apart for an orchestra of 120 skilled musicians, who will be drilled by Theodore Thomas. This orchestra will be the nucleus about which will be formed the grand choruses.

The appointed commissioner to Europe who was sent to tender the invitation of the Exposition to the most distinguished composers has returned with an encouraging report which assures a series of international concerts unprecedented in point of scope and character.

The musical director assumes that thousands of singers and music lovers will visit the exposition in any case, and that they will prefer to appear as contributors, thus conferring an importance upon their societies and their homes not possible under any other circumstances. These forces being directed and guided, as they must be, in combined effort, the necessary preparation for their appearance at the Exposition will afford intelligent direction to efforts that in some parts of the country are now being wasted for want of a commanding object of work.

The entire range of the performance proposed may be seen from the following tentative classification:

First—Semi-weekly high grade orchestral concerts in Music Hall.

Second—Semi-monthly high grade choral concerts in Music Hall.

Third—Six series of international concerts, choral and orchestral, each consisting of four to six in Festival Hall and in Music Hall.

Fourth—Three series of three concerts each of oratorical festivals by United American choral societies in Festival Hall.

Fifth—Concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of German singing societies.

Sixth—Concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of Swedish singing societies.

Seventh—Six series of popular miscellaneous festival concerts by American singers.

Eighth—Twelve children's concerts by Sunday school, public school and especially organized children's choruses.

Ninth—Chamber music concerts and organ recitals.

Tenth—Popular concerts of orchestral music, to be given daily in Choral Hall during the six months of the Exposition.

To successfully carry on such a series of performances as are outlined above, some of whom will be engaged for the entire period of the Exposition; others for single and series performances.

The Cures for Rheumatism.

He came into the car on crutches, and soon a sympathizing crowd gathered about him. "Been in an accident?" asked one man.

"Nope; nothin' but rheumatiz," answered the traveller. "I see you wear one of them metal rings," remarked another.

"Yep. Paid \$2 for it, an' ain't had it off my finger yet. Helps some, I s'pose." "I've heard tell of them rings," said a Missouri man, in a drawing tone, "but I tell ye what, stranger, there ain't enythin' kin compare with a common ornary p'tater carried in the pocket. I've tried it, and cured myself of rheumatiz, ez you kin see." "Here it is," said the man with the crutches, bringing out a shrunk substance from his pocket, "an' I'm free to say I had faith in it—fur a spell." Then a little man with a squeaky voice spoke up—"If you had carried a horse chestnut in your pocket, mister, 'stead of a 'tater, you'd been cured afore this." "Here's your chestnut," said the sufferer, as he dug into his other pocket. "I haven't left any stone unturned, and he produced the product in question. "Well, sir," interrupted a quiet-looking man who had not spoken before, "if you had only tried angle-worm oil, you wouldn't be going on crutches now. My wife's mother—" "I've a supply in my satchel, and I've used a dozen bottles, and haven't done me a mite of good." "If you had my doctor," suggested a commercial traveller, when the sufferer struck in.

"Don't talk to me about doctors. They can't even tell you whether the rheumatism is a blood disease or a nerve malady. I'll stake any old woman against the doctors in rheumatism—ouch!" and he proceeded to rub a complaining limb. "Gentleman," said the conductor, as he punched their tickets, "you're all wrong. The way to cure rheumatism is to take hot baths at the Blank Springs. It's a sure cure every time."

"I've just come from the springs," groaned the sufferer, "and if I live to get home, and my old woman can get a chance to clap on a home-made mustard plaster, and give me some of her opodeldoc bitters, I reckon I may be of some use in the world yet. But I'll brain the next man that offers me a cure for rheumatism. Yes, sir, I will, by hokey!"

Used To

Victim (reprovingly)—Look out; you have your finger in my mouth.

Professor Schmeartz—Oh, I don't mind that. I have mein finger in more as a hundred mouths to-day already.

A Symptom.

Hicks—I'm going to get some quinine for the baby; he's got the malaria.

Mrs. Hicks—What makes you think so?

Hicks—When I try to talk to him all he says is "a goo."

Papa Willing.

He—I want to marry you.

She—Mamma was right after all; but papa will be perfectly willing to pay the be.

Better Than Nothing.

"Am I the man of your choice?" he whispered.

"Well, no," was her hesitating reply, "not exactly but I guess you'll do."

The Roumanian crown is made of metal from cannon captured in war.

HOW TO KISS GIRLS.

Just Kiss 'Em—Don't Stop to Argue the Point.

They were out at the gate, flirting, chatting and laughing in the moonlight. He thought her eyes were very lovely, and her red, soft lips curled just too tantalizingly as she mocked some of his words and mildly chafed him. He thought he'd like to kiss her, so he "tried it on."

Now, when it comes to kissing a girl, there are men and men. Some men—these are the bunglers—ask a girl for a kiss, and then try to persuade her into giving it. The other men—these are the artists—take the kiss and do the persuading afterward. A girl may try to get mad with one of these men, but she feels an awfully strong inclination to laugh when it's all over, and he may be afraid she'll scold, but he's got the kiss all the same. "Come what may, he has been blessed."

This fellow was one of the former kind—the bunglers. He asked her to give him a kiss, and of course she said she wouldn't do it. Moreover, she was filled with indignation, amazement, shocked feelings and things. Then he started in to persuade her. He is a lawyer, and his logic on this occasion was not half bad, so the girl says. He made an eloquent plea, and it took him some twenty minutes arguing to convince her according to his satisfaction that the kiss was a perfectly excusable piece of naughtiness. He worked hard, but at last he thought he had satisfied his scruples with sophistry, so he said: "Well, now that I've argued the matter with you I'm going to kiss you." She gave him a look of greatest naivete and said, in a suppressed, impatient tone: "Well, you didn't expect me to kiss you first, did you?" He was flabbergasted. She was the first of that species known as "the summer girl that he had met, and this staggered him.—Chicago News.

WHY TOMMIE LEFT SCHOOL.

A Bright Little Sketch by Fidele D. Holland.

"The subject for composition," said Miss Ketchum, the teacher of the high school at Weighback, "will be 'The Domestic Cat,'" and she wrote the title in large letters on the black-board. Tommie Higgins, the bad boy of the school, hugged himself, and, nudging his nearest neighbor, whispered:

"I kin yarn 'bout that, you bet."

"Silence!" thundered Miss Ketchum, in her big contralto voice. "Thomas Higgins, stand out on the floor!"

After some slight hesitation, due probably to native diffidence, Tommie did as he was told.

The following Monday the compositions were read aloud by their respective authors. All went well until it came to Tommie Higgins' turn to air his literary efforts. With a glance of defiance, mingled with triumph, he read as follows:

"The Domestic Cat.—There is cats as is nice, and there is cats as is not nice. I know an old cat and her name is Mariah; she is about 40 years old. She has not never had no kittings of her own, but she sets up to boss other fokesses kittings and teach them no end of stuff. Our old cat to home sits on the fence and mows to Miss Black's cat. No cat won't mow to that old cat Mariah, shees so cross and old and homely."

The whole school was demoralized by the tone Tommie's composition was concluded. Miss Ketchum, whose name was Maria, and whose maiden years exactly corresponded with those of the feline subject of the essay, was speechless with indignation.

Tommie has eaten his meals off the mantel-piece for some time. Strange to say, he cannot hear to even look at the family cat, but kicks her remorselessly every time she ventures near him.

ABOUT SUMMER DIET.

Persons Should Adapt Their Food to the Season.

Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting taken at another, says Dr. York Davis, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. We hear of people feeling weak in the spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity or debility. Now this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season.

No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer. If he did he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person will eat in the summer to repletion foods the particular action of which is to supply heat here than to explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar and fat; and these that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumens and salts; and a perusal of or reference to a prepared table will show what these are and also the amounts of the different constituents they contain. At a glance the reader will see that the largest proportion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish and fruits.

Trade Briek.

"I love you. Shall we consider ourselves engaged?"

"Yes. From 3 this afternoon until 9 next Saturday. That's the only time I have open now."

Laplanners often skate a distance of 150 miles a day.

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

He said to himself as he looked down the tube, I know that this gun isn't loaded. To prove my assertion the trigger I'll pull.

He pulled—and the gun then exploded. Now he has gone where all the good people go. We knew just as much as what he did.

There are between 40,000 and 50,000 ragpickers in Paris.

Fifty-eight thousand women belong to the trade unions of England.

A gentleman lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family, however, he gave the man a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and during that time he has got more out of me than any man I ever employed."