

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee, And had played for her ladyship's whim, Till the poor little head was heavy, And the poor little brain would swim.

BEHIND THE HILL.

O masters, say, where shall I find A healing for each ill— Nephenthe for the burdened mind— "Just, just behind the hill!"

THE SICKNESS OF HANNAH.

"It don't jest seem as if I ought to go 'way an' leave you here all alone, Hannah." Harriet paused in the fine seam she was sewing and looked up into her sister's face.

"I don't want you should think a thing 'bout that now. I reckon I can get along all right. I've managed to take care of the two of us all these years, an' I ruther guess I can take care of myself after you're gone."

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Mrs. Sawyer had been a frail, delicate woman. She had died when Harriet was a baby. Harriet had inherited her mother's gentle, clinging nature and something of her ill-health.

Their life, narrow and uneventful, had gone on in the old home, much as it had always done; Hannah stern and set as her own encircling hills; Harriet meekly trusting and obeying.

Some of the neighbors came in occasionally, but they never stayed long. There was a good deal of harmless talk and gossip in the village.

People passing by the old place on summer afternoons and happening to glance up between the rows of white phlox, had often seen a figure in pale blue sprigged muslin, with long fair curls drooping about a delicately pointed face, sitting in the shade of the lastig porch, porching, bending over a dainty bit of needlework, and a little beyond in the garden, another figure in dark calico, with an old straw hat and stiff, unyielding back, pulling up the weeds.

On the night in question Hannah, in her best black dress, sat through the evening and watched Harriet's delicate face blossom forth like a flower, as she listened to the conversation of a young man who had been quick to notice her when she came in, and who had kept at her side throughout the entire evening.

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she dress. Harriet, Hannah's voice brought her back to herself, "an' you with your arms over your head? Do put 'em down where they b'long." And Harriet obeyed.

She was married late in the afternoon, but it was dark when she went away. She walked down the front path between the rows of white phlox, leaning on her husband's arm.

Hannah followed slowly, holding up her black skirt carefully with both hands to keep it free from dust. William's horse and buggy were tied to a tree just outside the gate.

"An' you ain't left nothin', hev' you?" Harriet with a sudden movement stooped and kissed the thin lips. She almost shrieked at their coldness.

It was the first time in her life she remembered ever to have kissed her sister. Hannah had been a protecting, shielding love, but with none of love's tenderness nor caresses.

As Harriet raised her head she thought she saw something cross the older woman's face; the same faint shadow she had seen once before the night of the churchy, and she had forgotten it the next moment as William helped her into the buggy and took the seat beside her.

Then he leaned over the wheel and shook hands with Hannah. As they drove off Harriet looked back and waved to the old figure standing at the gate.

Then the long dusty road, beginning to grow gray with night's shadows hid them from sight.

For a long time Hannah stood there. The night came slowly down. Over in the west the hills were darkly outlined against the sky.

The frogs were croaking in the meadow pond back of the house. Now and then came the call, sharply tremulous, of some lonely night-bird.

And over all the reflection of Harriet's pale, delicate features in their frame of fair curls.

The flickering flame of the candle showed her own face drawn and old, and tired. Once long ago, she, too, had had a lover, and there had been nights when the fire in the best room had been lighted and her own voice had been heard in gently rising inflections.

And then had come the silence of all these years, with not so much as a faded flower or a lock of hair.

Love had come and had gone, just as everything else in her life. Surprised now and almost startled at these ghosts of half-forgotten memories she had called forth from the graves of the years, she gave one last look about her; then she blew out the candle on the dresser and went out, closing the door behind her.

It was a year in September since Harriet went away. She had not once been back to the old home. Every week David went to the village and brought back a letter directed to Hannah in a delicate, pointed handwriting.

Hannah always turned it over and looked at it several times before she broke the seal. It was as though she hated to end in so short a time the articles she had read.

Then she and Harriet went to the table and writing laboriously in her cramped hand.

The winter had been a long one; one of those snow-bound, ice-fettered winters that only New England knows.

Hannah worked on silently. She seemed to shrink more and more into herself. Through the short days of a week and August she sat down, braiding rugs and looking out across white, stainless fields of snow.

In the long evenings, after their early supper was over, she sat with David beside the kitchen fire, knitting with a ceaseless click of the needles, and oftentimes long after David had taken his candle and gone to bed.

With the spring days came the work in the fields and in the garden. Hannah toiled steadily on through the long, hot, silent days of July and August.

Then he sat down in Hannah's rocking-chair to wait. Gradually as the gray dawn receded things took their familiar form and substance.

He began presently. Hannah nodded her head. She did not speak. David stood perfectly still looking at her. She had closed her eyes again. Then he turned and went back downstairs.

In the kitchen he got his hat down off its peg, opened the outside door, and went out across the yard into the road.

There was but one thought in his mind, and that suggested more from habit than anything else.—Harriet. He went on down the road to the village. He had no trouble getting some one to write the message.

"An' I know Hannah Sawyer to be sick in these years," remarked a customer at the store. David did not linger, but went back again over the half-mile home.

It was several days before Harriet could get there. Hannah lay quietly in bed. Doctors had never formed a part of her creed, and David attended to her simple wants.

Once or twice some of the neighbors came in, but she would see no one. She did not seem to be suffering any. She said very little, but she kept her eyes fixed on the door.

Late one afternoon Harriet came. She was alone. William could not get away. She came into Hannah's room and, crossing over to the bed, stooped and kissed her lips.

The touch, the sweet, warm face sending over her, seemed to send a quiver through Hannah's whole body.

"Where is it you feel bad, Hannah?" Harriet's voice had in it a gentle pity. Hannah shrunk back among the pillows.

"I—I don't know 's I can tell," she began, and her voice was strange.

Harriet straightened up and pushed back her curls. She looked younger than she did when she was married.

The color in her cheeks had deepened to a healthier glow, her eyes were almost luminous. All the rest of that day she sat by Hannah's side holding her hand and talking to her in her low, pleasant voice of all the pretty routine of the past year.

She was glad to be at home again. She told Hannah so over and over again. And Hannah listened in a dazed manner—she clung to her sister's face with a look in them that was new to Harriet.

She seemed perfectly content, perfectly satisfied to lie there with no thought, apparently, but of the present moment.

Harriet stepped back into her accustomed place in the household. It seemed strange to her not to have Hannah about her, but she did not think of it.

She finished with rows of stitching in colored silk to match, or with a piping of washing ribbon, the belt being mounted onto a slide or buckle which may have done duty in its time on a discarded ribbon or elastic belt, or it may be boned and supplemented with a stitched buckle made either of the material or of patterned ribbon, stiffened with whalebone.

Belts of plain white linen embroidered in French dots at irregular intervals over the surface in lustre thread and bordered then with a row of white washing braid worked over in a wavy design with Russian braid or a smart effect may be gained by means of a straight narrow band of black patent leather.

The lingerie neck fixings that make so large a part of dress accessories this season want a goodly share of trunk room to themselves.

When she came back she found her sister up and sitting in a chair by the window. She had thrown a little old shawl about her shoulders, and she was sitting bending forward, her hands on her knees.

"Why, Harriet, what's the matter, but the other side of the street, Harriet, and she answered, and Harriet went on out of the room.

When she came back she found her sister up and sitting in a chair by the window. She had thrown a little old shawl about her shoulders, and she was sitting bending forward, her hands on her knees.

"I don't know what you'll say to me, Harriet. It come over me all on a sudden, one night to do it. It was just a year to the day you was married. You had'n't ever been home. I thought 's how if you know 's I was sick, I bethe you'd think you'd come. It all come to me, jest as clear as could be. I never stopped once to think. It come so sudden it 'most took my breath away. I hadn't ever done such a thing before in my whole life. I ain't never told a lie, Harriet, 's long 's I've lived. I couldn't think 's nothin' else but jest seein' you. I went right back into the room. I was 'most afraid to go to bed. I kept tryin' to make myself think I'd ben sent down to the gate a purpose. I never slept a nite, an' the next mornin' I didn't git up. I knew David 'd git word to you some way. I lay right here in bed an' seem'd though I couldn't wait 'til you come. I kep' a sayin' over an' over to myself: 'I don't care—I don't care.' I wasn't goin' to let on I thought there was anythin' wrong in it. And then one day after you'd ben here a while it come over me I'd got to tell. It most seem'd 's though I couldn't bear to know what you'd think 'o me. But I did it, Harriet, I did it a purpose. I ain't ever done such a thing afore, an' I ain't ever goin' to do it again. You can go right back to William now. I don't 'pose the Lord 'll ever forgive me, Harriet, an' even if He does I can't never say I'm sorry. I can't seem never to want to take it back. I ain't sorry, Harriet, I've hed you mos' three weeks, an' I ain't sorry."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

But gentle words are always gain.—Tennyson.

She arrives looking well after an all day journey because she wears:— A small hat, short in the back, light in weight, evenly balanced.

This she keeps on a well groomed head covered by a hair net.

Her frock is a foulard, blouse and skirt. She devotes five extra minutes to anchoring the blouse and skirt firmly together under a belt of the material.

At her neck is a linen collar with a small bow of taffeta that matches the tone of the gown.

Her sleeves are long, her gloves are dark. She carries a rolled umbrella in its case, a top coat, and a traveling bag.

In the latter, beside the necessities for the night, she has an extra collar, an extra pair of gloves, and a chiffon veil. Also a tube of cold cream and a bottle of toilet water.

Before arriving she cleanses her face with the cream, changes her collar, puts on a fresh pair of gloves, fastens her veil neatly at the back of her neck and the top of her hat and looks as trim and trig as though she was starting instead of ending a long trip on a hot day.

The platers had loosely arranged hair, the elaborate skirt waits.

The white shirtwaist. An elaborate frock, white gloves and jewelry.

Never has the belt assumed such importance before in the annals of dress as it does this year, when by means of color contrasts, band embroidery and many other devices, the coveted goal of individuality may be reached with a little originality and ingenuity.

Some of the most effective belts to supplement linen costumes or skirts and blouses for tennis or morning wear are those which are simply fashioned of ordinary upholsterer's cretonne, a simple old-world pattern of rose buds, rose sprigs, violets, carnations or other small designs being best for the purpose.

A piece of cretonne about eight or ten inches in width should either be simply hemmed or be finished with rows of stitching in colored silk to match, or with a piping of washing ribbon, the belt being mounted onto a slide or buckle which may have done duty in its time on a discarded ribbon or elastic belt, or it may be boned and supplemented with a stitched buckle made either of the material or of patterned ribbon, stiffened with whalebone.

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Her voice was high and shrill. Her little lean body stopped forward. Her eyes were fixed piteously on her sister's face.

The room was very still. Over in the west the short September day was slowly fading. There were birds from the tree to the room and knelt down by the side of the chair. She put her strong young arms about the shrinking figure and laid the tired head down on her young, warm, throbbing breast.—By Lucretia D. Clapp, in Collier's Magazine.

"I should fancy the laundry business was about as easy as any to start."

"What makes you think so?"

"All you have to do is to lay in a supply of starch."

"Yes."

"Well, that'll starch you all right."

Three days after there was a burial.

When a man likes to be different from other people, the other people are generally quite satisfied to have him so.

Many a statesman loves his country with the disinterested affection felt by a foreign nobleman for an American heiress.

FARM NOTES.

—Currycomb the cabbage patch with a rake.

—Ten hens in a house 10x10 feet is about right.

—It seldom pays to feed old animals for profit.

—When a bad egg is placed among good ones it doesn't take it long to spoil them.

—To watch the growth of plants, trees and animals is one of the simplest and best farm pleasures.

—Pure breeds not only look better, but also give more eggs and better meat than fowls of all kinds and colors.

—Feed is more important than breed, and sometimes the way the feed is fed is more important than the feed.

—The sex of geese may be distinguished by the voice. The female has a loud, coarse voice, while that of the gander is fine and squeaky.

—Ten days or two weeks is the length of time usually required after a male bird is put with a flock of hens until the eggs will do for hatching.

—The advice "get out of the rut" only applies to farmers who can see for themselves. A blind horse is better off in the well-worn track.

—If a pumpkin is cut in two and placed in the poultry house, in a short time nothing but the rind will be left. The same is true of mangel wurtzels.

—The comb of a hen or pullet, if it shows up good and red, indicates that the bird is in good condition and laying, or that the laying time is near at hand.

—Early hatched pullets are the ones that make the winter layers, and this should be borne in mind both in getting out the hatches and in picking out the females to keep over winter.

—Pure bred poultry, first, last and all the time, is the motto of many breeders, but a well cared for flock of common chickens will do better than a neglected flock of the best bred on earth.

—If you provide several inches of chaff or litter on the floor of your coop, the chickens will not be troubled with bumble-foot—bruises caused by heavy fowls jumping from the perches on to barn floors.

—The markets for farm products are as changeable as any others, and the demands and preferences of the customers must at all times be considered. Certain kinds of produce sell better during some periods than at others, and better prices may be obtained by watching the markets.

—No animal should be guarded more carefully than the cow. She daily provides milk as an article of food, and should she be attacked by disease, or suffer ailments of any kind, the consumer of milk may incur danger. It is more important to look after the health of the cow than the health of the horse.

—Time is required before an orchard will begin to give a profit. One cannot expect returns from an orchard in a year, as with some animals, hence the sooner the trees begin to bear the less the loss of time, land and capital. It is important, therefore, that the best of care be given young trees from the start.

—A wheel hoe is an excellent implement for garden use, as it saves labor and does the work well. Some of them are usually accompanied with knives, markers, rakes and cultivators, each detachable, thereby enabling hand labor to be applied with the assistance of contrivances far superior to many of the old methods.

—A barn or stable should be kept at from 50 to 60 degrees temperature, if possible, in order to derive the best results. In some cases this cannot be conveniently done, especially in summer, but as the animal heat varies in the neighborhood of 90 degrees, the temperature of the stable will have more or less influence on the condition of the live stock.

—There is a difference in the keeping qualities of root crops. Carrots and beets seem to lose their sweetness after being frozen, but parsnips and salsify can be left in the rows all winter. The parsnip is a more valuable crop than some others. Freezing does not injure its quality, and it is excellent for stock and on the table. It can be cooked in various ways.

—All the stock on a farm must be carefully observed. Each individual should be kept under careful watch, so as to guard against diseases or a reduction of flesh or product. The loss of appetite by one animal may be due to some cause that can affect the whole, and by attending to the matter in time there may be a great saving in preventing ailments among the other members of the flocks and herds.

—In the foreign markets lean pork is preferred, and there is a growing demand for more lean pork at home. Lean pork can be produced at less cost than may be supposed, and the hogs will grow faster, and give heavier weight, than when the pork is produced solely from corn. It is done by feeding, in addition to corn, skim milk, bran, shorts, roasted meal, beans, peas, clover and other nutritious foods, which not only promote growth, but also increase the weight.

—Corn and oats, ground together, make an excellent ration for fattening steers. At first give an equal number of bushels ground together, which will give most of the bulk in oats; then, as the animal gains, increase a portion of corn and add oatmeal. One pound of the mixture for every 100 pounds weight of the animal is estimated as about sufficient, and it should be given in two feeds. The increase toward the last will consist in stronger feed than greater bulk.

—Those who purchase fruit trees and vines should read their contracts with the salesmen very carefully. It is well known that some contracts are so worded as to permit of the substitution of other varieties "just as good," if the kind wanted cannot be supplied, the consequence being that it is sometimes difficult to get the preferred varieties, especially of peaches, the trees not producing fruit according to the names of the varieties tagged on them when received. Of course, some seedmen are very careful, but the buyer should never agree in writing to substitution.

—Horses are not injured by labor any more than men, and it is only by exposure, overexertion or neglect that they become jaded out at a time when they should be in the best condition for usefulness. When men learn to be humane for the blessings that come from it, which is always a paying incentive in both the satisfaction it affords and the money profit, there will be less "scrub" horses in our country. A horse should not be old until he is 20, and there are many instances where they have kept their vigor far beyond these years in the hands of careful managers.