

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

The world loves eternally—
His honey, not the bee,
Its fruit and not the tree,
The blossom, not the ground,
The truth, not him who found,
The light, and not the bringer,
The song and not the singer.

We are but instruments,
The strings attuned and terse,
Whereon the hand of Time
Strikes some few notes sublime
And so the music prove
A thing for men to love,
What matter whence it came
Or what the singer's name.
—Chicago News.

HOPE.

BY JENNY WRON.

If there is a time trying to house-keepers, it is the period called house-cleaning.
Farmer Gray's wife was no exception—good, motherly soul that she was. She was up with the lark day after day, and gave little rest to those working under her supervision. But as paint which never showed signs of soil shone with new gloss, and even the possibility of dust was removed from where no trace of dust could be found, her eyes brightened, and a happy thought would go flitting through her brain.
"It will be all over, and everything ready, before Reuben comes home."
Reuben was her pride—the boy who, nterly regardless of the clean, sand-dusted floors, would walk boldly in where no other foot dared tread, leaving his imprint in mud to mark his course—the boy for whose future she had woven such wonderful air castles.
He must be a lawyer, a great man, one whose name she should some day see in the public prints. This seemed to her the very height of ambition.
Reuben was coming home—a college graduate—to spend with them his vacation, and then back to the busy town to earn fame. Was it any wonder the floors, the walls, the ceilings, must give evidence of their mute delight?
Trudging along at a slow jog-trot, occasionally speaking a word of encouragement to the tired mare, Farmer Gray was nearing home. But a troubled look rested on his face, very different from the bright cheeriness generally found there, and ever and anon his eyes wandered stealthily to a little figure perched on a high seat at his side.
One could see only the face—a pinched, worn little face, from which two great brown eyes peered out, and seemed to take in every blade of grass by the roadside, every leaf upon the trees, as some wonderful heaven-sent vision accorded her.
"You mustn't mind, my dear, if Mrs. Gray seems a little put out like when she first sees you. It's house cleaning time, and she don't much like strangers botherin' her; but she'll soon find out you won't be in the way, and when she sees the roses comin' back to your cheeks she'll be happy enough. Only don't worry her if at first she's a wee bit flustered."
"Oh, I'm so sorry you brought me, if she won't like it," answered the child—for child she seemed, sitting there, though seventeen summers had passed over her head.
"There, there, now! She will like it, I tell you; and when she sees you, you'll find how kind and good she is," said the farmer, striving, with the remembrance of duty done, to reassure his sinking heart, as he came in sight of his own pasture land.
He had gone, bright and early, that morning, into the doctor's office, to tell his old friend of the honors his boy had won, and that soon Reuben was coming back to them; and after giving him a few words and a warm hand shake of congratulations, the doctor had added:
"I was thinking of you, wishing for you, as you entered. There is a little girl here who is dying for the want of pure country air and a little nursing in the way of food. She needs plenty of milk and liberty to roam all day in the fields. Take her back with you; it will be the making of her. And tell Mrs. Gray I sent her, and am coming down soon to see how she is getting along."
"It's house cleanin'," answered the farmer, and a world of meaning was in his short sentence.
Both men looked grave; but the doctor spoke again:
"We can't let the girl die if it is, I tell you, Gray, she is starving for country air, for green fields, and the music of the birds. Let her go. Mrs. Gray won't turn her out."
So it was decided; but Farmer Gray's "Whoa!" rang out a little less loud than usual, as he reined up the old horse at his own door; but the quick housewife's ears caught it, and it brought her speedily to the door, to bid him welcome, and see if his boots were fit to tread her spotless floors. The tracking them with mud must be left for Reuben. Poor Mrs. Gray! She was hot and tired, though she would not have acknowledged it. Her feet were weary, for all day they had borne her weight.
"What have you got there, Seth Gray?" questioned she, in tones shrill and sharp. "Company, I declare, and it's house cleaning!"
Then, as the farmer tenderly lifted down the girl in his strong arms, she continued:
"A child, I declare! Well, all I can say, Seth Gray—you must stay at home and take care of her!"
She turned away, forgetting, in her indignation, even her floors.
"Never you mind," said the farmer, as he noticed two great tears swimming in the large brown eyes, and trembling, ready to fall, on the jetty lashes, while the delicate mouth quiv-

ered. "It's just her way. She don't mean it. Come now, dear."
"You'd better show her to the spare room," interrupted the shrill tones again, as they entered.
Then, as her husband returned alone from his errand, his wife's wrath broke its bounds.
"Are you mad, Seth Gray, to put any more care on my shoulders at this time? You can take another ride to town to-morrow and take the child back where she came from. My hands are full enough."
"The doctor said, we could save her life, mother. I thought we wouldn't let her die for the want of trying."
Mrs. Gray said no more, but that evening, when she was washing her favorite china with her own hands, and a little figure, stealing up beside her, whispered, "Let me help you," though she answered, "Such as you cannot help," all remonstrance ended there, and soon the little fingers were deftly wiping the smoking dishes, and, with careful haste, putting each in its appointed place.
Somehow, as the days wore on, Mrs. Gray found she had more time to sit and rest—that instead of added care, it seemed lessened; while a little fairy-like figure flitted here and there and everywhere, like a burst of sunshine.
House cleaning was over now; her voice had lost its harshness, her brow its frown; and as Hope, who had rushed to her own room at the sound of wheels, watched her from a window open her motherly arms to welcome her boy, saw her happy tear-dimmed eyes, the girl wondered how she could first have regarded the woman with such dread.
Hope's own eyes did not seem so big now; a faint peach bloom had stolen into her cheeks; her figure had lost its angular lines in rounded curves, and all day a thanksgiving seemed to come bubbling to her lips in song.
"Why, who's that, mother?" questioned the tall, handsome young man, as he turned his laughing blue eyes out through the open window and saw the little figure among the flowers.
"She's a child father brought me home in house cleaning. I wasn't overglad to see her, but I think I'll miss her when she goes."
An amused smile overspread the listener's face. He could appreciate that welcome at so inopportune a season as house cleaning time.
Reuben wondered, as his days lengthened into weeks, why his home-coming had never been so pleasant before.
He, too, began to think he would miss Hope when she went away. Somehow the parlor had lost its look of stiffness, and even had an air of habitation, with its fresh flowers in every available receptacle.
"Well, I guess we have done all we can for Hope," said the farmer, one day. "Poor child! she's an orphan, and will have to win her daily bread. But she's got back some of her strength, and the color has found its way back to her face again; and you must be tired of havin' the care of her"—this with a quizzical expression, while he narrowly watched his wife's face.
"You'll do no such thing, Seth Gray! Just like a man—when the girl's beginning to pick up, to whisk her off to the hot town again! She's learned my ways now, and she's not much in the way. Besides, she's company for Reuben."
So it seemed, as out to the queer-roofed arbor they sat side by side, she listening, with downcast eyes, and a happy, tearful smile, while he told her how different his home had seemed since she had entered it, and how, in solving the enigma, he had discovered his love for her.
"But what will mother say?" asked the sweet voice—for, since Reuben came, she had learned to say "mother," too. "She has such great and wonderful dreams for your future, and thinks that somewhere some princess, clad in shining robes, is waiting for you."
"I have found my princess, Hope!" he answered, placing his arm about her. "She is here, and her soul is clothed in such beauty—such glory shines through its windows (your eyes)—that she needs no outward embellishment! Only say you love me, darling; and I have no fear but that the mother who has ever smiled upon my boyish folly will not frown upon the first wisdom of my manhood."
So hand in hand, as the sun was sinking in magnificence, they entered the house together, and he led the shrinking girl to his mother's side.
"We have come to ask your blessing, mother," said Reuben, in his honest, manly tone. "Hope has made me very happy by promising to be my wife."
In mute bewilderment Mrs. Gray looked at them both, a sense of her own folly smiting her as with a sharp sword, and bringing with a crash all her castles to the ground.
But she looked from the calm, resolute face of her son to the sweet, fair girl whose hand lay in his, and drawing Hope down, she kissed the young red lips, and uttered no word of her disappointment.
Farmer Gray heard the news with a shake of the head and a twinkle of the eyes, as much as to say he had predicted it from the first.
But when the good doctor came later to tell them that they had not, as they had supposed, given their son a dowryless bride, but that he, her guardian, represented a snug little fortune for her—though, in his proud love and young ambition, Reuben would almost have wished it otherwise—as the farmer whispered to his wife, "Blessings in disguise sometimes come even in house cleaning, my dear," the last frown left her still comely face, and there was no one in the world so dear to her as Hope, her son's wife, and the little children whose feet bring dust or dirt, without reproach, upon the still spotless floor.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMINE TOPICS.

The Finest Piece of Lace—Red Riding Hood Cape—Novelties in Parasols—The Newest Fashions, etc., etc.

The Finest Piece of Lace.
Queen Marguerite of Italy has among her most cherished treasures a lace handkerchief which is declared by experts to be the most precious piece of lace in all the world. It is valued at \$40,000, and three artists worked at it for twenty years. It is so light that it is scarcely felt when placed in the hands, and is kept in a tiny gold case no larger than the little finger.

Red Riding Hood Cape.
An adaptation of the golf cape for little girls is much in vogue at present, and in heavier goods will be worn until after Christmas. It is known as the Red Riding Hood pattern, though this garment is of satin-faced periwinkle blue cloth, lined throughout with blue and white striped silk. The pretty pointed hood shows a bit of the fancy facing, and through long silk worked buttonholes a wide ribbon of blue and white satin is threaded and tied in a big bow under the chin.

Novelties in Parasols.
Sunshades made in imitation of peeples and roses are displayed in Paris. The colors chosen are red, pink and mauve. The petals are of soft painted silk, lined with chiffon. Other parasols are in delicate tones of silk, decorated with sprays of flowers done in ribbon work. A pale lemon faille was embroidered with wall flowers, carried out in all the details of foliage and blossoms. Diminutive sunshades with a folding handle, much affected by our grandmothers, have come in again. They are usually seen in dark colors or black. Often they are made of corded silk and trimmed with rows of fine lace, the effect when held in the hand being an exquisite fluff of lace. These dainty novelties have never disappeared from use in California, where the bright sun, even in the coolest weather, necessitates protection for the eyes.

First Patent Taken Out by a Woman.
Mary Keys was the first American woman to take out a patent, in 1808. It was for weaving straw with silk or thread. At this time girls received hardly any education. During the next quarter of a century only fifteen patents were taken out by women. These included a globe for teaching geography, a baby-jumper, a fountain pen, a deep-sea telescope and the first cook stove.

By 1834 women had a few more educational privileges, but not many, and in the next twenty-five years women took out patents for thirty-five inventions. By 1850 high schools were opened to women, and the war was coming. The high schools taught them to use their minds, and the war forced them into many new avenues of work. During the quarter of a century from 1850 to 1884 the number of inventions patented by women rose to 1,503. Women who took their husbands' places on the farms invented many improved agricultural implements, especially at the West; women went into the shoe shops, and at once began to take out patents on machinery; women nursed in the hospitals, and invented improved bandages, canteens, camp beds, etc. Colleges, Sloyd and manual training are now developing the latent inventiveness of women, and during the twelve years from 1884 to 1895, the latest date to which the Patent Office reports have been published, women have taken out 3,905 patents.

Women Can Pick Peaches.
Women and girls play an active part during the peach picking season in the vast orchards of Middle New Jersey. Some come to these orchards from New York and Philadelphia, but the larger number are from nearby towns. They are often young women who are working to get an education, and the sun netted for the season is a material assistance in paying tuition or buying clothing for the winter. The work has to be done at high pressure, but it is in the open air, and is entirely wholesome. At one time men from neighboring villages used to come and do the picking. They wanted a few weeks in the country, and could not afford the outing otherwise. They got 50 cents a day and board. Even now a considerable number of tramps are attracted there, and old peach raisers say that really good work can be got out of many of them if they are treated properly. Just at "sun up" the workers have breakfast, after which the pickers take their ladders, that are short and light, and baskets, and go to the orchards. Most of the women and children go to the "culling place." The pickers place the ladder against the tree and pick the peaches into the baskets. These are placed in carts and carted to where the women and girls are waiting for them. The culling is done by machinery, which gets rid of the leaves and twigs and also separates the different sizes as they are passed through. The small ones come out first, the medium next and the medium last. A girl can operate the machine, and a strong woman can cull 1,000 baskets a day. Then the baskets are covered and are ready for shipping. Some of the smaller farmers send out 1,000, others 5,000, and the larger farmers 20,000 baskets a week each.

"I could tell many a pathetic story," said one peach grower, "of confirmed tramps who have struggled back to manhood from peach plucking. It would be well for some of the would-be philanthropists of the great city to come here and learn a lesson in tramp season. You will notice that when brought in contact with the farm hands the tramps will show the second day in their appearance how they have tried to 'wash up' and look better. After they have worked a little side by side with the women they become gentler in manner and more manly in bearing, and seem to enjoy the fun that everybody gets out of the work." When the peach industry develops the plan is much the same. The women and girls seem to enjoy the work, and usually go back with bright eyes and a healthy coat of tan on their faces.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SIX LITTLE KITTENS.
Six little kittens sat down to eat—
Six little kittens quite fond of meat.
Six little kittens had minced mince pie,
Six little kittens when finished did sigh,
Six little kittens had gobbled too much,
Six little kittens mince pie won't touch.

NOT AFRAID.
The little daughter of a distinguished French scientist had never seen a monkey. So, when an organ-grinder accompanied by Jocko in cap and jacket, appeared before the house, her father took her out on the sidewalk to view the creature's antics, expecting that she would be much amused; but, after a single glance, the little maid hid her eyes against her father's coat-skirts, and refused to look again, seeming much frightened and distressed.
He soothed and coaxed her, wishing to overcome her fears, but for some time in vain. She would not for a moment think of feeding the monkey with a biscuit, as she was urged to do. Indeed, she would not even lift her face.
"But you are really very silly," the father said at last, turning to take her indoors. "He is such a harmless little animal!"
"Animal!" cried the little girl, stopping short. "Oh, let me feed it, papa; that will be fun! I don't mind animals, but I thought it was such a dreadful little boy!"

THE WIDOW'S WIFE.
The man who had no pity for the fatherless and widows fortunately finds little sympathy in this land. The life of Henry A. Wise records the discomfiture of such an oppressor. There was an auction sale in the little house, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman, anxious to save its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put it.
Just as she returned the auctioneer cried, "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that was much to her, but the man was obdurate, and murmurs of indignation arose from the crowd. Angry at this demonstration, the man turned, and his eye rested on Mr. Wise.
"Mr. Wise," said he, "you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give back the sugar. If you say I am, I am entitled to it, and I'll keep it."
"My friend," replied Wise, in his gentlest tone, "you put a delicate and unpleasant responsibility on me. Hadn't you better decide the matter for yourself?"
"No," replied the fellow, curtly. "I know what your opinion is going to be, and I want you to give it so that this whole crowd can hear it."
"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you. She has no redress."
"Aha!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"
"Stop!" thundered Wise, whose manner at once changed. "I've advised you at your persistent request, and I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that I charge you \$5 for my advice, and I demand immediate payment. If you trifle with me in the matter of payment, you will most certainly regret it."

BRINGING IN THE CROP.
A Graphic Description of Work in the Great Wheat Fields.
"With the first touch of gold on the beard a feverish activity begins. The farmer gets his binder, and repair ready and arranges with his neighbor to trade off work. Daily the thrasher creeps nearer, now east, now west, but always further north," writes John Northern Hilliard, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "At length the men of the family ride away in a wagon to help a neighbor, returning at night with the news that 'the machine' may be here any time now." The women are thrown into a flutter of excitement, and the next day, while the men are gone, the oven is filled with loaves, then with pies and cakes. The great kettle is hung on the crane in the yard and hams are boiled. All the butter-milk is saved to be sent to the men in the field, and root beer is brewed. The chickens are dressed and vegetable gathered in anticipation of the harvest supper.
"At last the thrasher, drawn by four horses, pulls to the field, and other wagons follow, loaded with singing, shouting men and boys, most of them neighbors, only a few traveling with the machine. The last wagon will contain women and girl neighbors, who have come to help get supper and wait on the men. They come on to the house, bringing with them many dishes, knives and forks and table linen to help out the ordinary family outfit. Such shouting and laughing and joking and exchange of good news and bad news!
"In the windless September air the booming of the separator's cylinder rises above the steam voice of the traction engine. Six teams are in the field hauling the wheat to the machine, and the feeder, with easy, majestic movement, gathers the sheaves under his arms and feeds them into the insatiable maw. All the afternoon the golden straw climbs and falls over in the smoky air; the chaff flies in a blinding cloud, and the grain flows like a stream of sun-flecked water into the two-bushel measures, which are tipped in to a wagon."

A MUSICAL FAILURE.
Tom stretched lazily, rose from the soft eider-down comfortable, and looked about the great room. It all seemed so cozy, and Tom's pale yellow eyes blinked sleepily as he hunched his back and prepared his toilet by licking his already snow shirt front. He was very systematic and regular in his way of living, and the days varied but slightly in their duties and pleasures. Every evening he awoke from his long, refreshing sleep, either in the luxurious, deep tufts of the comfortable or in his mistress' hat-box among the velvet loops and soft plumes of her hat. It was only on rare occasions that Tom indulged in the hat-bed, as the box was usually covered, but there was always the feeling that he was doing something naughty which seemed to add to the enjoyment, even though he was in constant danger of getting his ears slapped when discovered. Having licked his white bosom until each hair stood stiff and glistening, and washed his paws in his satisfaction, he jumped off the bed and walked solemnly from the room. Finding a hall window slightly open, he sprang to the window sill and let himself down by clinging to the wooden pillars of the porch, a much more thrilling and enjoyable descent than by way of the stairs. Reaching the ground, he hastily made his way to the alley, where he found awaiting him the entire cat-chorus of the neighborhood.
There was much ado over Tom's arrival, plainly showing that he was their favorite and leader. Looking along the fence to see that they were all there, Tom tapped his long tail as a signal to begin. Up went each pussy's head and from each pussy's

mouth came the wildest, loudest discord that ever were heard. Never had they sung with more enthusiasm and the louder their cracked voices sounded in the night the more Tom's pale, fiery eyes glistened. At the second tap of the leader's tail, they stopped.
Then the harsh tenor voice of Tom White rang out in the solo part. He never was in more grating voice or better spirits. Soon, however, his quick temper was roused by the baritone coming in too soon for the duet. Young White had just about reached the final "meow" in the climax, which, of course, was to have been given with greatest possible effect, when the contralto's hoarse croak spoiled it all. It was a disappointment. And then the spitting and growling and raising of angry backs began, and the chorus was thrown into the most violent confusion. The conductor's tail rapped the rough fence until it ached, but of no avail. Recess came, and still good humor was not restored. They promaded the fence and adjoining barn-rooms in sulky silence; the whole chorus seemingly affected by the quarrel.
At length Tom Gray, who always seemed to be on the watch, scampered down the fence-post and madly tore in the direction of the nearest barn. He had not been gone more than three minutes when he returned with the largest, fattest rat they ever saw, clenched between his sharp teeth. He was the hero of the hour, and everything was forgotten in the fun that followed.
Such mewling and purring and smacking of lips! The hours flew, and before they had scarcely finished the feast, the crowing of cocks warned them that the meeting had better adjourn till next night. The conductor spoke kindly to the baritone about his mistake, saying to be more careful next time, and departed, leaving them to seek their different alleys and ash-barrels.
The morning found Tom snugly curled up in the hat-box, half buried in the feathers. He had had a hard busy night and did not deserve the scolding for being "a worthless, lazy, good-for-nothing cat," nor the slap over the ears which he meekly received as he was unfeelingly dragged from his snug bed that noon when his mistress put on her things to go out. He had a rehearsal to attend again that night, over Perkins' woodshed, so he did not waste much time brooding over his bad treatment, but stretched and jumped up on the bed, cuddling in a soft gray ball among the tufts of the comfortable, where he slept soundly until time to resume his professional duties.

How Children Pick Up Words.
About as funny a thing as human experience affords is the habit of children to pick up new words and the odd use they make of them before they really find out their meaning. A good little girl went with her mother and her aunt to a matinee performance. A man crowded ahead of the line to the ticket office, and made them stand there till he had bought a seat for himself and a companion. The mother said—and the child heard it: "Ignoramus!"
The next day the little girl called her brother an ignoramus when he clumsily tumbled against her in the "hop scotch" field. The "a" in the third syllable of the word had been pronounced as in "that," and the brother learned that his sister had the idea that any one who pushed or rammed against another, whether rudely or by accident, was an ignoramus.—Chicago Post.