

JUST A LITTLE SONG.

Just a little song, dear,
When the heart is gay;
Just a lilting measure
In the lonesome day;
Just a thread of melody
On the weary way.

Just a little song, dear,
When the burden binds;
Just a snatch of music
When the toiler finds
Life a little wearing,
And the day's work grinds.
—Collier's Week'y.

**THE BEGINNING
OF
A LOVE STORY.**

*Queer Mistake Which Brought About
Happy Results.*

It was just 4 o'clock in the morning when Miss Clarissa Steel crept quietly down stairs and out at the side door. She stood for a moment on the broad stone step and took a long, free breath, then she went down the gravel walk into the street. She turned away from the village, and, as if with a definite object in view, walked swiftly toward the fields and hills to the north.

It was only since April that Elmville had taken a lively interest in birds. It had known vaguely that there were birds within its borders—English sparrows, an oriole or two, and out in the country crows, perhaps a few jays. This limited ornithological knowledge had satisfied Elmville, and when it heard that in Boston it was the thing to rise early, take one's opera glasses and go "birding" it had smiled indulgently. That, however, was two years ago and Elmville was 200 miles from Boston. A hundred miles a year was quite fast enough for a fad to travel toward Elmville, but when it finally arrived it was received with enthusiasm.

The little village suddenly awoke to the fact that there were birds in its trees of which it had never dreamed, and birds in its fields and pastures whose very names it had never heard. It began to talk wisely of vireos and warblers, red-starts and flickers. Quiet folk who had known of birds all their lives suddenly found themselves in great demand. This popularity might have turned their heads had it lasted long enough, but when it was discovered that there were questions which they could not answer they were promptly made to know their proper place and to feel like impostors who have been found out.

The newly aroused interest in birds took different forms. There were some who made up parties and took long walks in the woods, where they talked and laughed so loudly that all the birds fled before them. This class enjoyed the bird walks greatly and went every week. Then there was young Mrs. Goodnow, who had seen more birds than any one else in town, but who could not tell the song of a rose-breasted grosbeak from that of a cuckoo, declaring naively that she did not care anything about the noises the birds made. Others wondered how she could know so many birds when she did not have her ears to help her, but she had a very fine pair of field glasses and unlimited time. There were the two elder Misses Steele, who contented themselves with looking from windows into the tops of the elm and maple trees which grew about their home, and there was their sister Clarissa, who on this beautiful June morning, was out in the country at a little after 4.

It was 7 when she walked up the path to the side door. She was tired and very hungry, but she was also happy and had a quantity of bird news to tell her sisters. Breakfast was ready and a delicious odor of hot coffee came out to her through the screen door, and she went in eagerly. She hung her hat in the entry, then passed on to the dining room.

Usually she greeted her sisters with a cheery good morning, but this time she had hardly crossed the threshold before she was aware that something was wrong. A quick glance at Elinor and Caroline showed her that it must be something very wrong indeed. Her heart began to beat faster and all the happiness seemed suddenly to have gone out of the morning. She looked timidly at her sisters and they stared at her in stony silence.

"What is the matter?" she asked, tremulously.

"I should not think you would need to ask that question, Clarissa Maria," Elinor said in a hollow voice.

"No, I should not think so," echoed Caroline.

Now it was only about once in three years that she did anything bad enough for them to call her Clarissa Maria, and at that moment she felt that life was too full of bitterness to be borne. She sank weakly down in a chair and waited.

"To think," began Caroline, in a tone of sadness and reproach, "to think that you should disgrace us, and not only us, but the good name of our family, by making your pretended interest in birds an excuse for going out mornings and carrying on a flirtation!"

"A scandalous flirtation," interrupted Elinor.

"Yes, a scandalous flirtation with Deacon Upton."

Clarissa started to her feet with a little cry. "I—I never did," she gasped, while the color rose in her face.

"You saw him this morning. You don't deny that, I suppose, though I don't know," and Caroline shrugged.

"Yes," said Clarissa, eagerly. "I did see him. It was down in Mr. Ames'

meadow, but he was on one side of the river and I on the other, and we just stopped to speak about birds for a minute."

Elinor smiled sardonically. "And then," she said, "he kissed her hand to you—not once, but several times, and you—"

"Yes, kissed your hand to him," finished Caroline, as Elinor paused and seemed unable to go on. "Yes, Clarissa Maria, you kissed your hand to him. We knew it because Sally Porter was on the hill and heard your voice and saw you do it."

"Oh!" cried Clarissa, her face lighting up, "he did not kiss his hand to me. How could you think he would be so silly? He was just showing me how to call the birds around. You just put your fingers to your lips and make a smacking sound, so," and she illustrated, "and somehow it makes the birds come."

The elder sisters looked skeptical. "That is a very ingenious excuse," said Caroline, coldly. "And how do you explain your conduct?"

There were tears in Clarissa's eyes now. "I just tried to see if I could do it," she said, with a little sob.

"Well," said Elinor, "I don't know how many people will believe you. You know what Sally Porter is like. You'd better eat your breakfast and start right out and see and explain to all the people she has told the story to. Come sit down, things will be stone-cold."

"I—don't want any breakfast; I'm not hungry," and Clarissa went out of the room with her handkerchief held to her eyes.

An hour later Elinor tried Clarissa's door and found it locked. "You'd better come down and eat something," she said, but there was no answer and she went away.

An hour after that she came again. This time she shook the door vigorously. "Clarissa," she called in a subdued tone, "come down stairs at once. Deacon Upton is here and wants to see you."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Clarissa, in a frightened voice.

"You must," said Elinor, emphatically. "He says he will wait any length of time, but he will see you."

When Clarissa entered the parlor Deacon Upton rose to meet her.

"Good morning, Miss Steele," he said. Then they both remembered that they had met before that morning and there was an awkward pause. She looked down at the carpet and he looked at her.

"I think, Miss Clarissa," he said, desperately, when the silence had become unendurable, "I think that you have heard the same thing that I have." He felt that he had expressed himself vaguely, but she understood and nodded her head without looking up. She tried to keep her lips steady, but she could not prevent the tears from coming. When the deacon saw them they seemed to give him the courage of desperation.

"I cannot express to you my regret that I was the cause—the innocent cause—of giving you pain. I would do anything in my power for the privilege of living over this morning and omitting that scene. But only on your account, remember," he went on, impetuously, "only on your account. For myself, I would not care who knew or saw. I would not be content with merely kissing my hand to you, either, and I would be willing to—do it on the green in front of the postoffice in sight of everybody."

Clarissa was looking at him now, and the deacon moved his chair nearer. Her eyes made him think of drowning violets, and he had a strong desire to save them.

"Clarissa," he said, "did you ever want something very, very much, but, knowing that it was far beyond your reach, after a time almost forgot that you wanted it, and deceived yourself into thinking that you were happy without it? Did you, Clarissa?"

She nodded.

"Well," he went on, "that has been my experience, and this morning something happened that brought it all back to me, and—oh, Clarissa! I don't see how I can live without you any longer."

She was silent for a moment, then she said, softly, "I don't think you will have to."—Susan Brown Robbins, in the Chicago Record.

A Friday Superstition.

A row of paupers' houses, very neatly designed, has just been erected at Aharacle, Mr. Rudd of Ardnamurchan having advanced a considerable sum for building purposes to the parish council on easy terms. Accommodation is provided for 10 persons. A few days ago Mr. H. McPherson, inspector of the poor, visited Aharacle in order to superintend the removal of the 10 selected female paupers to the new cottages. They all occupied houses which were in a wretched state of disrepair, yet each of them resolutely and peremptorily refused to "fit." In vain did the inspector dilate on the increased comfort and conveniences to be enjoyed in the new dwellings. The aged dames were in vincible proof against all argument—nor did threats of compulsion and sheriff's warrants have any terror for them. At length it was elicited that the disinclination to remove was based simply on superstition. The day of the week happened to be Friday, and it appears that to change quarters on that particular day constitutes a gross and wanton violation of all the canons governing highland "fitting." On discovering that the pervasively manifested by the old women was mainly attributable to "conscientious scruples," the inspector at once agreed to humor them, and the removals were postponed until the following day, when they were accomplished without any opposition or demur.—The Scotsman.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The long coat that sets with pearls, while from this bar a baroque pearl (the dented sort that gets slightly dented in the hinge part of the oyster) is pendant.

This charming novelty has been brought out by exclusive firms to meet the demands of the feminine dinner-giver and dinner-out, who, perforce, is ungloried during most of the entertainment.

Though suggestive of the marquise ring at first look, one at length perceives that there are triangular extensions down each side, also set with gems. This addition naturally makes it a desirable ring for the little finger.

Fairly suggestive of Cleopatra is a scarabeus of diamonds. This beetle, which seems to dominate Egyptian design, has its broad, gem-set wings outspread. A ruby is set in its body, while a pearl takes the place of his head.

But he is not the only insect on the tray. There are great, magnified flies; one sparkling fellow has a magnificent pearl by way of a body.—Philadelphia Record.



CHILD'S LONG COAT.

sign illustrated is admirable for the tot who has just been promoted to short clothes, as well as for children of four and six years of age. As shown the material is Russian blue broadcloth, with trimming of soft gray chinchilla; but younger children wear white bengaline peau de sole, drap de ete and velvet. Corduroy or velveteen can be substituted for the cloth when the child has reached the mature age of four years. Fur is much used as trimming, but narrow frills of ribbon and stitched bands are entirely correct.

The skirt portion is laid in box pleats, two at the front and two at the back, and is attached to a short fitted body. The double capes fall over the shoulders, the upper one being cut in points at the front, which gives an exceptionally smart effect. At the neck is a turn-over collar. The sleeves are full, in bishop style, and are finished with straight bands or cuffs at the wrist. The coat closes at the centre front, where it is supplied with ornamental buttons and buttonholes.

To cut this coat for a child of four years of age five yards of material

and is one of the latest developments of the season's styles. The May Manton design illustrated is essentially smart and is simple at the same time. The groups of tucks, three each, are arranged at the front and side seams with pointed straps between producing a panel effect. As shown the skirt is made of mode colored Venetian cloth, with the straps in a darker shade, but velvet, silk or braid can be used in contrast with a cloth foundation, and the color can be the same or a harmonizing one, as preferred.

The skirt is cut in five gores. The tucks are allowed at the edge of the front and back gores, those at the front turning backward, those at the back turning forward, and are stitched to the point indicated, below which they fall free to intensify the flare. The straps are arranged as indicated and stitched into place. The skirt fits snugly at the upper portion and includes short hip darts in the side portions. The fulness at the back is laid in an inverted pleat.

Those who are wise in such matters have discovered that gun-metal ornaments can be worn with mourning. Dull or bright jet, pearls and oxidized silver or black onyx have hitherto been the resort of women in mourning, but to have something else available which shall be both fashionable and desirable sleeve links, lace pins, hat pins and chains of gun metal are used. The latest exhibit of it is in the link purse and chataleine bag, which are new this season.

Little tassels of gold bullion swing from the pendant ends of a dark blue silk cravat. This is worn in front over a lace front which lightens up a costume of dark blue lady's cloth. The sparing use of gold is rather more effective than the profuse exhibitions of gold braiding, tags, buckles, ferrets and spikes we see on some gorgeous costumes. Gold tassels swing from the ends of a narrow black satin cravat.

Woman's Five Gored Tucked Skirt. The skirt tucked in perpendicular lines is becoming to almost all figures

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A POPULAR TUCKED BLOUSE.

twenty-one inches wide, four and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and five-eighths yards forty-four or two yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Woman's Tucked Blouse.

The simple blouse of finely tucked material is a prime favorite of the season, and is charming for wear with odd skirts as well as for costumes of soft, clinging stuffs. As illustrated in the large engraving it is designed by May Manton for the former use and is of satin Aiglon in pastel blue with cuffs of panne in a deeper shade and is worn with tie and belt that match the velvet; but both silk and wool crepe are admirable, soft-finished tafeta and satin regence are much liked, as are all the softer silks, while mouseline and Liberty are always lovely.

The foundation for the waist is a lining fitted with single darts, underarm, back and shoulder seams. The waist proper is laid in fine, evenly spaced tucks, and is arranged over the lining with slight, easy fulness at neck and shoulders in front, closing at the centre front, where the tucks conceal the fact. The sleeves are modeled after the latest style, and are arranged over a smooth fitted lining. The outer portions are tucked to a few inches above the wrists, where they fall free and form puffs that are tucked to the lining which ensures a perfect adjustment. At the wrists are bands finished with pointed ends that lap over and hook into place.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size four and seven-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-eight inches wide, will be required.

High-Class Jewelry.

A gem in art nouveau line is a smallish brooch, consisting of a pink enamel lily, in shades ranging from pastel old rose to a purplish tint; this lily rests on a curved bar of rose gold

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To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size six and three-eighths yards of material forty-four inches wide, or four and seven-eighths yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

TUNING A PIPE ORGAN.

It Takes Two or Three Days and Is a Nerve Trying Job.

"The misuse which many pipe organs suffer is a wonder to me," said a veteran organ tuner and builder. "Church organs cost from \$1000 to \$10,000. They are very sensitive to changes of temperature and yet many are heated and chilled once a week all winter and allowed to get damp soaked in summer. The same people who neglect an organ will take good care of a piano costing a tenth of twentieth as much.

"An organ is a good deal like a human being when it comes to changes of temperature. Sudden drops put a man out of tune and it's the same with the instrument. It needs an even, moderate temperature during the winter instead of a roasting on Sunday and a freezing the rest of the week. In summer a stone or brick church gets damp. A slight fire once a week will keep the organ dry.

"A pipe organ requires tuning at least once a year and the best instruments are looked over two or three times in that period. It is a two or three days' job and needs two men. Besides the tuner up in the organ an assistant must be at the keyboard to hold down the keys. Temperature has to be considered even in tuning. All the pipes must be brought to pitch at about the same degree and this degree, should be that which the organ usually has when in use.

"I believe that pipe organ tuning is the most nervous work one can tackle. In fact, after long experience I have come to believe that I tune with my nerves. No, I don't refer to the nerves of hearing. I get my impressions that way, but I tune with my nervous system. My assistant strikes a chord. If it is not true I feel a nervous stress and strain. As soon as the chord is true my nerves become harmonious too. It sounds funny, but it's so.

"Two or three days may seem like a long time to take to tune an organ, but when you stop to think of the 1700 pipes in a large modern instrument it isn't so long. A large organ will have a compass of five octaves or 61 keys. These instruments have 28 registers and a pipe to each key and register brings the number to 1708. Not every key and register has a pipe, but as some have two it amounts to that. The pipes are of all sorts and sizes, most of them wood but many of metal. A small number of the large and long wooden pipes never get out of tune. They are too long. For many years the fancy pipes at the front of an organ were only ornamental, but nowadays these sound as well.

"I find that pipe tuning is a mystery to most people. They can understand how the piano strings are tightened and loosened. But changes in the pitch of pipes queer them. It isn't strange either, for the average organ has five kinds of tuning. Of course, the pitch depends on the length of the pipe. The pitch may be raised by shortening the pipe or by stopping the open end. A number of wooden pipes are stopped by wooden slides. Handles are attached and the pipe is tuned by moving the slide up or down. Other woods have set in the top a piece of metal which is rolled or bent over partially to stop to pipe.

"Ribbon strips are cut in the sides of the tall metal pipes and rolled down. These break the column of air and act the same as cutting off the top of the pipe. Another kind of pipes, the reeds, are on a different principal. The length of the reed controls the pitch. A wire presses tightly against the reed and is moved to lengthen or shorten the vibrating length."

The Psychology of Pity.

A recent study of the emotion of pity has been made by Professor G. Stanley Hall and F. H. Saunders by means of a set of questions distributed among a number of school children and adults. It was found that hunger in some form seemed to be that which excited the deepest pity in most of those questioned, and in the case of the poorer children this proved to be almost invariably the case. "The children of the poor who know what hunger is in their own experience have far quicker and more effective sympathies in the direction of pity for the starving than children who have never felt the pangs of appetite themselves. Most people in civilized life know almost nothing of the very poignant suffering due to lack of food, and adults have little conception of the pain and distress which children feel from hunger. With the young it is very definite, sharp and localized distress that may rise to the intensity of agony and anguish. At its strongest it may call out all the forces of the struggle for survival and prompt the best children or adults to theft, petty of great, to forcible robbery and to mutual slaughter and cannibalism. When we reflect that the great majority of animals find their grave in the maw of other animals, and that the struggle for survival has been largely for food, we can understand that it speaks well for the race that pity in this field, even for those of an alien race and at a great distance, who suffer from famine, is so effective. To feed the hungry is one of the primal works of charity, and a virtue without its own benison.

The Satisfaction in It.

"I wonder why Kaleacore put all his savings under his pillow every night?" "Reckon he wants people to know that he has enough money to retire on."—Philadelphia Record.

The stoutest of European monarchs is the King of Portugal, who is only five feet six inches tall and weighs 366 pounds.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Advice for the Needlewoman.

A professional embroiderer advises the use of a thread of green with all white embroidery silk that is used on any piece of work which will require much washing or cleansing. She says that in the hands of a clever needlewoman the green will not show, and yet it will surely keep the white silk from turning yellow, as it is so apt to do after being laundered a few times.

The Furnishing of a House.

You must have certain things as a basis—things that you cannot do without; they must be purchased at once and set in place; but they are the necessities which are found in every house, and which are absolutely indispensable. That is the bread-and-butter part, and you may eat it as quickly as you please, but the part that can be done by degrees is the ornamenting of the rooms—the addition of a picture, a bit of bronze or marble, a few coveted books or an article of furniture which does not come directly under the head of "merely useful." There is an excitement in the very necessity of making a choice when there is only a stipulated sum of money to invest, and there are so many ways in which you want to spend it.—Sallie Joy White, in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Terrors of Wash Day.

Is it the coming of "wash day," as it is known in domestic parlance, or is it the reaction from Sunday holiday which causes the phenomenon observed in many households as "Monday crossness?"

The laundry work enlists the attention of the entire domestic force in many homes, and consequently there is more or less additional duty imposed upon the mistress of a small establishment before she can get her house settled for the day. The children, who return unwillingly to the confinement of school, perhaps add to her perturbation by losing their school books and clamoring for missing mittens, lunch box or umbrellas. The Monday breakfast seems to be "flavored with soapuds" somehow, and the little folks in the nursery are apt to be chidden for minor sins of omission or commission which would pass unnoticed on other occasions.

The baby is taken out for an airing by the mother instead of by the nurse, who is otherwise occupied with the tubs. The mother seems impatient with the delays and meanderings of the little folks who march by the side of the baby coach. It is not their fault that today is Monday, but they are the victims of tart replies and impatient behavior from their usually indulgent parent. Perhaps she is tired or overworked, but all the same the denizens of the nursery are the real, though innocent, sufferers from the "Monday crossness of mothers."—Philadelphia Record.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Browned Sweet Potatoes—Boil the potatoes in salted water until nearly done, then drain, take off the skins and dip in melted butter. Place them in a dripping pan, sprinkle with pepper, salt and sugar and bake until nicely browned, basting frequently with melted butter.

Pudding Sauce—Beat until light one cupful of sugar, one level tablespoonful of butter, the yolk of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Pour over this mixture one pint of boiling water, stir until well mixed, then cook for three minutes and add the beaten white of the egg.

Swiss Eggs—Spread the bottom of a shallow dish with two tablespoonfuls of butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Break eight whole eggs over the cheese and season with salt and a little cayenne. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream, sprinkle again with cheese and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes.

Beef Stew with Tomatoes—Put two tablespoonfuls of lard into a hot kettle; when melted add two pounds of round steak cut into small pieces, one sliced onion and dredge with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Let all brown nicely, then cover with boiling water, season to taste and stew for about two hours. Ten minutes before taking up, add one pint of stewed tomatoes. Pour over toast and serve.

French Rice Cream—Put three tablespoonfuls of rice and one pint of milk in a double boiler and cook until tender. Dissolve one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine in a little water, strain and add to the hot rice. Whip one pint of cream, sweeten and flavor to taste, mix with the rice, put into a mould and set in ice until perfectly cold. When ready to serve, turn the rice out into a dish and pour around it a sauce prepared in the following manner: Put one tumblerful of currant jelly in a granite saucepan, add one-fourth of a cupful of water and let simmer until dissolved, then sweeten to taste.

The Wish of Hercules.

"What is the matter, Hercules?" Jove asked, as the former paused in his arduous work of cleaning the Augean stables. "I was merely longing for the horseless age," replied Hercules.—Lodge.