

FROM SUFFERING.

The most beautiful songs that ever were sung.
The noblest words that ever were spoken.
Have been from sorrow and suffering wrung.
From human lives heart-broken.
The harp is meaningless and dumb
Till the strings are strained; then the pure notes come.
—Home Magazine.

Sir Jasper's Generosity.

The band was playing "A Summer Night in Munich." Out on the terrace colored lights hung like globes of fire, and seats, cunningly placed in secluded corners, invited repose to the dancers. There, in the quivering moonlight, stood Rosemary Maitland. Her companion looked at the sweet face half turned away from him. Presently he spoke.

"It may be a long, long time," he said, softly. And the music died away into a distant echo—it seemed of pain. "Will you spare a thought for me sometimes?"

"I shall often think of you," she answered simply.

"Will you give me a flower?" he said, and turned to the flower-border, filled with quaint, old-fashioned plants—lavender, "boy's love," "balm" and a host of others.

"What would you like?" she asked. And then with a sudden impulse she plucked off a piece of an old-fashioned plant, and offered it to him.

"There's rosemary, for remembrance," she said, a little unsteadily. And as Jim Duncan took the little pungent-smelling sprig he kept the hand in his. Surely the hour was come!

"Rosemary," he said; "Rosemary, will you remember me? I love you. Darling, won't you speak to me?"

"What do you want me to say?" she whispered, and the light in her sweet blue eyes was quite enough for Jim Duncan, for he took her in his strong arms, and murmured all those sweet things which come with all the force of first love.

"It may be only a year," he said, "or it may be longer. Can you wait so long, Rosemary?"

Her answer, spoken softly enough, was distinctly "Yes."

I shall keep this, he said, putting the little green sprig carefully away in his pocket. "And when I am far away, darling, that will tell me of 'Rosemary' for remembrance."

"Rosemary! Rosemary! Where are you, child?"

A tall, dark-eyed woman stood beside them, her sheeny satin train sweeping over the grass, diamonds glittering in her hair.

"We are going now, dear," she said, looking keenly at Rosemary.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Duncan? So you are really going abroad?"

"Yes, for a year; I hope no more. I shall hope to come and see you before we sail, Mrs. Maitland."

"We should have been delighted to see you," she said, "but I am afraid we leave town tomorrow for the country. Come, Rosemary."

She swept away, followed by her daughter; and as they stood in the brilliantly lighted hall, Jim found time to whisper a last good-bye in Rosemary's ear.

"Good-bye, darling!" he whispered, as he put her soft, furry cloak over her shoulders. "I shall write to the colonel and you, too. Tell me that you love me, dearest."

"You know I do, Jim."

Mrs. Maitland glanced curiously at her daughter as she sat still and silent in the corner of the brougham.

"Silly child!" she reflected. "Thank heaven, I was in time to nip the thing in the bud."

She said nothing, however, to Rosemary on the subject and they parted in silence.

It was a week later.

Rosemary still watched feverishly for the postman, happily unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Maitland had had also a deep interest in the post-box and its contents, for one morning she had, on carefully examining the post-box, selected two letters, one addressed to Col. Maitland and the other to Rosemary. These she put in her pocket for further examination, after while they found a last resting place in the fire.

"Hm! Troops sailed yesterday for the Cape," observed the colonel one morning at breakfast. "Hallo! Young Duncan went out, I see. Did you know he was going, Grace?"

Mrs. Maitland opened the Morning Post indifferently.

"Young Duncan? Yes, I knew he was off very soon. Rosemary you are pouring the tea into the basin."

surd! Why, the boy has scarcely enough to keep himself. Besides you know, Sir Jasper Carew is only waiting for a little encouragement to come to the point."

Time passed—time which waits for no man—and as each day slipped by, and not a word came from across the sea, Rosemary grew more and more hopeless. She was forgotten. And the sprig of rosemary was doubtless lying unheeded in the fire, or had floated away in the rolling waves.

The June sun beat down fiercely on the green meadows of Padstow court as Rosemary walked slowly down the avenue to meet the postman. He gave her one letter—a thin, foreign letter, with a blurred-looking postmark. Had it come at last? With trembling fingers she tore it open. There lay, and discolored, a sprig of rosemary. A mute reproach.

"Dear Miss Maitland," the letter ran—"My dear old chum Jim Duncan asks me to write these few lines, which he cannot write himself. His hours are numbered, and, stricken with fever, he has not long to live. He begs to enclose the sprig of rosemary, and to remind you—though without reproach—that it was given for remembrance. He has never forgotten you. I am, yours sincerely, Rupert Moore."

A little gasping sob escaped her lips. He was ill—dying—dead!

What did he mean by reminding her of the rosemary for remembrance?

He had not remembered—and now? With vacant, aching eyes she looked again at the little withered sprig and took her way homeward.

In the hall Mrs. Maitland met her, and in horror at the sight of the white, agonized face, she exclaimed:

"Rosemary! What is it?"

The girl held out the letter with shaking fingers.

"Don't speak to me!" she said, hoarsely. "I can't bear it yet. Mother—with a wild cry—"mother, my heart is broken."

It was a year later.

Time, the great healer, had laid a gentle hand on Rosemary's wild sorrow, hushing it to rest, soothing the dull agony. Still, there lay in a little drawer of her bureau that envelop, with its sprig of faded rosemary, and the faint odor never failed to bring back the old, sad memories.

Sir Jasper Carew was very tender in his honest devotion. One day he told her of his love; very gently, very tenderly, all the devotion, silent and strong, of years' growth he laid at her feet.

"I have always loved you, dear," he said. "Is there no hope for me at all?"

Rosemary looked away into the sunshiny garden regretfully.

"Listen to me first, before I answer your question," she said, softly: "I know I can trust you, and I should like to tell you all. There was—some one else—and he went away. I never heard anything of him till last year, when—one day—I heard from a friend of his—that he was dying—dead. I thought he had forgotten me—but—he had not. I loved him—and I can never love in the same way again. But—"

She paused, and Jasper took her hands in his.

"Rosemary," he said, and his voice trembled, "Rosemary, I can be content with a very little love, if you will only let me take care of you. Will you be my wife?"

Rosemary looked at him steadily. "If you can be content," she said softly, "I will do my best to make you happy."

It was a strange, an almost pathetic, wooing, but Jasper Carew felt amply rewarded for his years of faithful devotion and patient waiting.

It was September when they were all at Padstow Court again. The wedding was to take place in December, and Mrs. Maitland, quite in her element, was very busy arranging all those hundred and one details which must attend the marriage of an only daughter.

Jasper felt that his cup of happiness was full to the brim as he and Rosemary sauntered slowly homeward one glorious evening.

Passing along a green lane they heard footsteps behind them, and a voice at their side said, courteously:

"Could you kindly tell me the nearest way to Padstow Court?"

They turned and faced the speaker.

At the sight of him Rosemary staggered back, pale to the very lips, while he started forward with a cry:

"Rosemary!"

"Jim!"

With all the deadly rapidity of a flash of lightning Jasper Carew realized what had happened, and he saw at once that all his dreams of future happiness were at an end. He turned away for a moment, for at first the sight of his (alas! his no longer) Rosemary lying sobbing in Jim's arms was too much for him to witness, till at last Rosemary remembered all, and she turned pleadingly to Jasper.

"Jasper," she pleaded, "Jasper, forgive me—forgive me!"

"Dear," he said hoarsely. "I see it. And now"—he turned to Jim and put his hand—"welcome home," he said. "You see, I know you are. Rosemary, you can do for me: make him happy."

"Yes, you!" said Jim, as he held her hand. "I can never repay

you for this act of more than generosity."

"Take her in," said Jasper, abruptly, glancing at Rosemary. "We shall meet again presently."

He left them abruptly, and the lovers, left alone, found time for mutual explanations. Jim had almost miraculously recovered. And, having been sent up country, had been detained abroad for some time longer.

"Rosemary," he said, "you never answered my letters."

"Letters?" she echoed. "I got none, and I thought you had forgotten me."

Matters thus arranged, by Sir Jasper's special wish the marriage was not delayed, and the only alteration was that he took the place of the "best man" at his own request. Mrs. Maitland was sorely annoyed at this change, but at the special intervention of Providence, as the colonel called it, she could say nothing, though Jim guessed that she had had a hand in the disappearance or non-delivery of those letters.—Woman's Life.

CANDID MEN.

They Speak Their Minds in an Embarrassing Way Occasionally.

"Men are dreadfully brusque sometimes," sighed Belinda. "The other night my brother and I went to the house of a friend to a reception. It was a hot night and the house was crowded and there wasn't anything to do but to stand around and talk to the people one could reach, while the people one really wanted to talk with could only be seen at a distance and over a sea of intervening heads. In addition the croquettes were cold and the ice cream warm, so when we finally got away both my brother and I said, 'Thank Heaven' quite reverently, and went to a hotel and had supper."

"The next day all of my friends whom I met asked 'Didn't you have a lovely time at the Blanks last night?' and I invariably replied 'Delightful.' Then we went on our separate ways. When they asked my brother the same question he answered with a frankness that appalled and embarrassed me. 'No, I did not. I had the stupidest time of my life; and, say, they'd better get another chef the next time they entertain, for the supper was awful.'"

"Here," said Belinda. "I trace a strong point of difference between men and women. The average girl has too much pride to let it be known that she has gone to an entertainment and has still failed to be entertained. I saw one pretty guideless looking creature sit alone one night at a dance for nine straight dances, then I had compassion on her and sent my escort and a couple of other men to ask her for the remaining two steps and waiters. She danced four times in all, yet the next time she saw me she said she'd had a real delirious time at that ball, a delightful, never-to-be-forgotten time, and, she added modestly, that she had been quite a belle. A man under the same circumstances, though they had been of his own making, asked if he had enjoyed himself, would have replied emphatically and vulgarly, 'No, I didn't. I had a fierce time.'"

"Why, I know of one lord of creation who told some friends that his honeymoon had been very tiresome, and of another who in bidding his host good-bye after a yachting trip remarked that he had a pleasant time all things considered, but that all water journeys were more or less of bores. Imagine a woman doing anything so tactless. Why, if it had been a girl instead of a man in the latter case, though she had been seasick for the entire two weeks, though the salt water and air had ruined her prettiest gowns, taken the curl out of her hair and the rose from her complexion, she would have staggered off the yacht declaring faintly that she'd had the time of her life, and that she'd like to go again tomorrow. That's the feminine idea of true politeness."

No Unkindness Intended.

Judge Rice of Novena, is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in the state. When made superintendent of the Sunday school he at once set about reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. It was impossible to resist the judge's benign persistence, and the list of tardies and absences, read out by him impressively every Sunday, has steadily decreased.

A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow-workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent—little Maggie Wynn. Let us all hope that she is sick."—M. A. B., in the Drawer, Harper's.

When France Saved England.

The worst banking crisis of the last century was in 1835, when the Bank of England was saved from failure by the Bank of France.

The annual produce of currants in Greece is about 200,000 tons, but last year, owing to the downy mildew, it fell to 45,000 tons.

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Bartow Man Discusses Old Times and Shows a Jealous Streak.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER

Auld Lang Syne Customs Are Only Praised and Upheld By Those Advanced in Years.

How naturally mankind adapts themselves to those of their kind, their age, sex and mental condition. Birds of the same feather will flock together, and so these little grandchildren will run away from me to frolic with other little tots, and it makes me jealous. Just so the next set from 10 to 12 years clan together. Then comes the blushing school girls from 12 to 15, who have lengthened out their dresses and ceased to pull up their garters every few minutes as they walk about. It is the same with the boys, and when they get to be baseball experts with a college attachment they talk of their exploits in a language that is heathen Chinese to everybody except themselves and claim to be the elect. And so it goes on and on until we have passed our maturity, and then we veterans take our comfort in communion with veterans and pay our tribute to the good old times that will never return. We are the elect.

I believe it is true that nobody but the old men and women give praise to the old times and the customs of their fathers, and so if every generation of old people believes that the age of their youth was the best, then the times must have degenerated awfully since the days of the prophets. Have they or have they not gotten better instead of worse? The answer is, they are better in some respects and worse in others. Public morals were very loose a hundred years ago. Andrew Jackson was a gambler, horse racer and duelist seventy-five years ago. Such a man could not be elected president now. Foreign missions and Sabbath schools were almost unknown. The slave trade with Africa was in full blast in New England, and New England rum was the purchase money. Imprisonment for debt was the law generally, and so was flogging in the navy. Whisky were generally honest and religious. There were no trusts, no strikes, no millionaires, no suicides, no robberies, and a murder was a rare event and done in the heat of passion. No doubt, but that there are a hundred of these crimes committed now to one then according to population. Well, then, why arraign the old people for lamenting that the good old times have gone? Not long ago I heard a gifted and cultured minister of the olden time preach a most charming and impressive sermon from the text in Jeremiah which reads, "Stand in the way and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." One of the best tests of the strength of a sermon is your remembrance of the text. When a gifted and scholarly minister is done with it and with holy hands says, "Let us pray," what a solemnity fills the place, and the text lingers with you for years to come. It does not seem like the same scripture. "The old paths," "Walk ye in the old paths" has been ringing in my ears ever since.

I know that Lord Bacon was growing old when he wrote, "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read." And Goldsmith said, "I love everything that is old." King James used to call for his old shoes when he was tired."

There is something almost sacred about the old songs, such as "Auld Lang Syne," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Arm Chair," and even "Old Grimes is Dead, that Good Old Man." My friend Tom Sawyer, of Florida, writes that he still clings to his old clothes; that he has worn his pants for years and years and had them half-soiled in the seat and reinforced at the knees and rehemmed at the bottom; that he bought a home made pair of socks twenty-seven years ago and is wearing them still, though he has had new feet knit to them three times and new tops twice. He says that Governor Bloxham dearly loves the old things—old hat-looms, etc., and boasts that he has an old barrel that has been in the family ever since Columbus discovered America—for he brought it over with him full of brandy, and it has had good liquor of some sort in it ever since; that his great great

grandfather put new staves in it, and his great grandfather put new heads on it, and his father put new hoops on it, and the same old bung-hole still remains, and when the fluid is drawn the same old sound goes goodle-goodle-goodle. Tom says he is going to take the bung-hole and the goodle to the Atlanta exposition and exhibit them as the only relics of Christopher Columbus.

But about old friends. Every veteran has them and it gives pleasure to see them honored. The very prospect of seeing Henry G. Turner in the governor's chair gives me pleasure, for I know him well and love him. Maybe I would love Colonel Estill or Pope Brown just as well if I knew them as well. I have great respect for them and am proud of their records. I believe that either would dignify the gubernatorial chair, but as Judge Underwood said to me in the long ago, "Major, let me tell you why I would like to be governor of Georgia. You will admit that knowledge is a little better than faith. There are many good men whom I believe would make a good governor, but I don't know it. Now I do know that I would; and there is a difference between faith and knowledge. Don't you perceive?" Just so I believe that Colonel Estill or Pope Brown would make a good governor, but I know that Henry G. Turner would, and knowledge is better than faith. "Don't you perceive?" If he is not an incorruptible, unselfish, brainy statesman, we have none. Let his name be presented and I believe the verdict will be as the king said of Mordecai: "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the people delight to honor."—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

MEN OF THE RIVERS.

They Are Able to Judge the Water's Depth by Ripples.

"River men have but little trouble in telling how deep the water is if they know the stream and its habits," said an old steamboat captain, "and if conditions are normal they can tell it by the surface disturbance, by the ripple of the waves. Streams, of course, have their erratic moods, just as men do, and when they are in this condition the river men would be at a disadvantage in estimating the depth of the water at a given point. The course of the currents may for some reason be violently diverted, or the wind may be up, or some other condition may prevail that would tend to throw a fellow off. But under ordinary circumstances it is an easy matter for the river man to tell just how deep the water is, and he does it by watching the play on the surface. The waves do the measuring for him. The shallow-water wave flattens somewhat, but is more violent, more erratic in its movements than the wave you find playing on the deep-water surface. The deep-water wave is heavier and more sluggish for the plain reason that the force which causes the wave to scatter more rapidly, passing on to a further depth. This fact means a great deal to the pilot who finds himself in a stream that is new to him. If there is a good stiff current it is an easy matter, of course, to keep in the channel. But the boat passing up stream does not move so rapidly if put against the current. A dead water becomes desirable. Dead water may be shallow, or it may be deep or at least deep enough for the purpose, and in this event the man who is steering the boat will seek to throw the vessel out of the current and give her smoother sailing. Here is where the value of close observation of waves will come in. If the pilot can judge with sufficient accuracy the depth of the dead water by surface indication from his watch tower he will enjoy a disadvantage. Hence the waves frequently stand him in good stead by serving as a sort of yard stick with which he may measure the depth of the water, and thus save much time, and much fuel, and still plough around the bars and the shallow places in perfect safety.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Knew How to Salute.

A second lieutenant recently graduated from Sandhurst, who had just joined a regiment in South Africa, was standing in the market place of an up-country town when a grizzled and unshaven soldier, wearing khaki breeches and a campaign hat, stepped up and stood near him. The young lieutenant turned on him sharply: "Here, you did any one ever teach you how to salute?" "Yes, sir," drawled the trooper, as he glanced at the young officer, and the trooper turned to attention with the precision of an old soldier. "Now salute," he said, and the trooper's gauntlet came to the rim of his hat and stayed there until the young lieutenant answered it, at the same time cautioning him not to let it happen again, and demanding his name and regiment. Without relaxing his position from attention the old trooper again respectfully saluted and remarked dryly: "My name is —" and I'm brigadier general of the cavalry brigade."—Westminster Gazette.

King Edward is so embarrassed by the multiplicity of his titles that he thinks of having his visiting cards printed on posters.