

## FROM SUFFERING.

The most beautiful songs that ever were sung,  
The noblest words that ever were spoken,  
Have been from sorrow and suffering wrong,  
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 picked 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 not 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.

"H'm! 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 cream into the sugar basin."

Rosemary murmured something vaguely about the heat and escaped into the garden, while Mrs. Maitland proceeded to enlighten her worthy husband on the subject, wisely omitting, however, the episode of the burnt letters.

"Well, my dear, Jim Duncan is a very nice young fellow," he ventured to say, "and if the child likes him—"

"Really, George, you are quite absurd! 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, dry 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 sunny 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 stealthily. "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 all. And now"—he turned to Jim and held out his hand—"welcome home, Duncan," he said. "You see, I know who you are. Rosemary, you can do one thing for me: make him happy."

"God bless you!" said Jim, as he wrung his 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.



### Ribbon Velvet and Braids.

Wide, plain crinoline braids, edged with narrowest black ribbon, sewn on lisse of the same color, make up well into large toques. In a model of this sort the lisse used to drape the brim has two rows of braid running horizontally, and is mounted in a voluminous bouillonne caught on either side of the front and twice again at the back so as to form a sort of large, square bow. The crown is covered loosely with plain lisse, as well as the under side of the brim. Pale lavender gray is the color chosen for the lisse and braids, the latter being bordered with black velvet. For trimming, there are two large pale pink roses resting on the bouillonne; a third is fixed under the brim.

### Hairdressing and Hats.

Now that "foreheads are in," to quote the famous phrase of the hairdresser, the forward tilt of the hat is imperative. Placed straight or on the back of the head, it gives a bare, bleak aspect to the brow which is by no means becoming. Of course, all fashionable women have discarded a fringe, except such slight tendrils of hair as serve to soften the outlines of the temples. The fringe, indeed, which has become commonplace and which was often to be seen touzled, ill-combed and worse brushed, an unbecoming mat indeed; had sunk very low and was doomed to extinction, but it must be remembered that a different style of hairdressing demands a different shape and poise of hat.

### Ring for a Bride.

A ring of unique design has just been made to order by a leading jeweler, and will form one of many gifts to be received by a popular bride. It is very beautiful and the fortunate recipient will have the satisfaction of knowing that no one else possesses its counterpart. A single, enameled heartcase forms the centre, and rimming the petals is a raised band of plain gold, designed to protect the enamel from being scratched. Outside the gold again is a border of diamonds composed of 20 stones of irregular shape, fitted into the angles of the petals so as to form a solid band, and making the centre design a perfect oval. The heartcase itself was first wrought into gold, the enamel being burnt upon this. The jewellers say they have never made or seen a design at all like this one.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Colony of Pet Goats.

The fondness of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for animal pets is well known, but it is seldom that a woman chooses, as the baroness has done, to make the goat the object of her special favor. West Hill farm, one of the country houses of the baroness, has been for 26 years the home of these pets, and a most interesting herd is now established there. Everything has been done to provide for the comfort and happiness of the favored creatures. There are well warmed sheds, with separate dwellings for unruly Billies, and luxurious quarters for the mothers with their kids. The row of buildings stands in a large yard, which opens into an extensive meadow. Here are large piles of logs, over which the goats delight to climb in play, and to add to the general liveliness of the place, a few fowls are allowed to run about freely, and a pretty dove-cote, filled with pigeons, is built over the entrance to the yard. The meadow is bordered with flowers and banks of laurel and ivy.

The baroness has chosen for her pets such picturesque names as Clematis, Wild Thyme, Wistaria and Meadow Sweet. Much of the milk of the goats is given away by the baroness to delicate people and to those who have little ones.

### Homely Mrs. Wagner.

Mrs. Richard Wagner is a remarkable woman for her years, still tall, straight and slender, kind, gentle and sympathetic. She instructs her singers early in all Wagnerian roles, rising early in all kinds of weather, and exerting all day her wonderful executive ability. She plays the piano well, and is a splendid musician.

Mrs. Wagner, now 68, is a head taller than was her husband. Quaint and odd in dress, spare and gaunt in figure, the startling effect is heightened by a long and scrawny neck. She is as all as her venerable father, now dead. Deep, but phenomenally bright, piercing eyes gleam out from under heavy brows. Her nose is long and hawked. There never lived another so homely and fascinating a man as her father, and he was her prototype.

She is said to be what Wagner insisted on calling her—the most intellectual woman in Germany. Her intellectuality is only surpassed by her matchless devotion.

Her shining faith in her dead master's deification, and in her own final reunion with him, would transform the whole world to Wagnerian disciples, could it be brought within her influence. This one woman was as necessary as life itself to complete the development of Wagner's purpose to create for the world an absolutely new standard in lyric music.—Success.

### Tulle Veil to the Brim.

Fashion authorities agree that a tulle veil must extend to the hem of the train of a wedding gown. If of

tulle the veil is never hemmed. A lace wedding veil has its own woven border. The veil is arranged on the coiffure in deep plaits, leaving small ends upright on the crown of the head. To this piece is firmly pinned the coronet of orange blossoms, the single bride rose or the sunburst of brilliants, as the mode of dressing the bride's head is arranged. What is called the face covering is a small separate piece of tulle or lace. This covers the bride's face as she goes up the aisle, and is removed by the maid of honor after the ceremony, before the bride turns to come down the aisle on the arm of the new-made bride. To all outward view the veil is in one piece, draped over the bride's head, but as a matter of fact the separate piece is resorted to, so as not to damage the coiffure or pull the coronet over one ear when the bride, as is supposed, throws back the veil from off her face. The face covering is attached with a couple of hairpins. The maid of honor always whisks it out of sight; it matters not how or where it is disposed of if invisible to the eyes of the congregation. The face covering reaches to the waist. By using it the bride avoids resembling a fountain of tulle, as may happen when the filmy cataract is disposed to entirely cover her face and person.—Montreal Star.

### The Ubiquitous Shirtwaist.

Whether the poor, sweltering men will ever be allowed the luxury of shirtwaists or not, it is certain that women, having once experienced their many advantages, will never give them up. This summer they are more than ever to the fore, and are permissible at every function, so much so, that many fashionable women wear practically nothing else than a shirt and skirt in the way of a daytime costume all summer. Of course, these may vary in material and cost. Some silk and lace affairs from smart shirtmakers cost as much as \$50 for a shirt, while \$15 is not considered extravagant; but whatever may be the material and cut, the pattern is substantially the same, whether it is the simple home-made cotton shirt or a satin and lace confection from one of the best places. This summer many of the shirts and skirts are made of the same material, and in plain tints of mauve, corn color, light blue and pale pink are exceedingly pretty, so that the white pique or duck skirt will not be so universally worn, although it will still be popular with colored shirts. But the smartest effect of all is pure white, and this year the name of pretty materials which will serve equally well for shirts and skirts is legion. A newly arrived American, who has been living abroad for several years, remarked the other day that she was greatly struck by the difference between the women's dress in the streets of New York and London, and that the comparison was greatly in favor of the former. Even in summer the New York women wear either dark or neutral tans and grays in the street, whereas in London white pique skirts, fussy muslin waists, and even sashes are seen worn by women who consider themselves smart. It is very noticeable," added our countrywoman, "that American women seem to possess the Gallie sense of fitness which is so apparent in French women, and which many English women seem totally to lack"—New York Tribune.



Watermelon pink is a fashionable color.

Stockings of the finest white silk or lisse thread are worn with white gowns.

Hair receivers made of linen and fashioned in cornucopia shape, with the aid of buttons, are among the novelties.

Quills are seen on nearly all the hats especially designed to wear with tailor-made suits, and the quills are utilized in novel ways.

Chantilly lace, very fine and gossamer like, veils the floral sprays and clusters on some of the daintiest creations of the milliner.

On some of the batiste, muslin and zephyr linen gowns for morning wear, tiny chaplets take the place of the popular ruffle over the shoulder.

Dimity is the prettiest of materials for underwear as well as gowns, but look out for the laundress. It will wear well if it is given tender treatment, but not otherwise.

Bands of red, white or dark blue add amazingly to the style of the gray linen skirts. These linen skirts, by the way, are far more serviceable than the pique, since they do not require such frequent washing.

It has not been possible to get away from the plain backs on gowns. They went out apparently for a time, but they sprang up again, without making a fuss about it, and most of the prettiest and most stylish gowns have the plain backs.

The elastic ground belt, quite wide and shaped to the figure with a bone or two is the most approved style for general wear. The belt is woven with the lower edge coming just below the waist line, and the elastic is decorated with many devices.

For the woman who likes her short under petticoats of some thin clinging material, made of something pretty as well, she can find them made of wash silks in all shades, sizes and colors. They are fitted with darts, and many have lace ruffles set on above the edge, giving a pretty effect with the silk, if it is in color, showing through

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A writer in the Engineer points out that coal exposed to the air and weather deteriorates measurably. A slow combustion takes place in the oxidation of the coal by the air, and where the heat is confined it may rise to such a degree as to ignite the coal.

In 1899 the area of reserved government forests in the different British provinces of India aggregated 84,148 square miles, or 54,000,000 acres, more than the total area of England and Ireland together. The state forests of the German Empire only aggregate 16,400 square miles.

A Zurich photographer claims to have perfected an apparatus by which he has taken photographs of small objects at a great distance. Some of his pictures were taken at a distance of 120 miles. The improved art is called telephotography, "photographing at a distance," as telegraphing is "writing at a distance."

The theory upon which the Japanese work to produce their famous artificially dwarfed trees is to limit the root system and to reduce the number of leaves so that practically only sufficient food is assimilated to maintain the plant in health, without there being any surplus to provide material for added growth. This counter-checking of the natural growth is done so to such a nicety that a tree more than 300 years old may not attain a height of more than two or three feet.

It is pointed out by physicians that transmission of contagious diseases is easily possible through the common toilet pin, and persons who make a practice of putting pins in the mouth are warned of the danger incurred. Pins are used by patients suffering from tuberculosis have been found to bear the germs of the disease. Even pins fresh from paper or box are not safe, as these are often collected from the streets by children and sold to pin manufacturers, this latter practice being especially common in Europe.

Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, where so many ships have been wrecked, is gradually washing away, and, strange to say, the Canadian Government is doing its best to find a way to save it. It might be thought, at first blush, that its washing away would be the best thing that could happen, but the trouble is that it will wash down just below the surface of the water, and then lie there concealed, an infinitely greater danger to navigation than ever. So an effort is to be made to keep it above water, and this is to be done by planting on it certain trees whose roots have peculiar binding qualities. The roots branch out widely and interlace, clinging to the sand in such a way that it becomes a strong wall. The French Government has used the trees effectively for this purpose, and they have also been used along the sandy banks of the Suez Canal.

### A Small Watch.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who is credited with possessing the only crystal watch in existence having transparent works, made for the most part of rock crystal, had the works removed from a miniature watch and placed inside a magnificent diamond having a diameter not exceeding the depth of four lines of ordinary type. Small as this timepiece was, it is surpassed in minuteness by what was justly described as the "smallest watch in the world," which was exhibited at the watch exhibition in Berlin recently. Made of fine gold, this microscopic watch had the dimensions of a pea; that is to say, its diameter of 6 1/2 millimeters, which is practically a quarter of an inch, would equal in depth three lines of type; 480 of these watches would weigh about one pound avoirdupois, if there existed any one possessing a heart sufficiently adamant to permit so brutal a weight as avoirdupois to be applied to so delicate a mechanism. Made of gold and valued at £400, this dainty watch boasts a minute hand as long as an ordinary-sized letter "I" and a half, an hour hand less than an "n" and a half in length, and a second hand one-sixteenth of an inch long that would demand an incursion into the nonpareil font to supply a suitable illustration.—Good Words.

### Concrete Street Surfaces.

Canal street, New Orleans, is about 135 feet wide between the sidewalks. On each side of the pavement there is a roadway 37 feet wide, on which is all the traffic. In the centre of the street, there is a section 60 feet wide, which has been known as neutral ground, on which the local street railways have laid their tracks. Recently an effort has been made to improve the condition of the street and after considerable study it was determined to pave this central section with concrete. Accordingly a regular concrete pavement, such as that used in sidewalks was laid down, the bottom of which extends to the bottom of the ties upon which the rails are laid. Instead of being a solid mass, it is laid down in blocks with sand joints. Eight inch sand joints are provided between the paving and the rails to prevent spreading of fractures which may develop after a time. This also permits of the ready repairing of the rails, or renewing of bonding without great expense. The experiment of using a concrete surface way in streets will be watched with much interest by municipal engineers.

## How a Tall Telegram Railroad

There is a telegraph in Kansas City so tall that it calls him "Shorty." Some have brought a new typewriter, and thereby hangs a tale.

The common everyday machine wasn't quite up-to-date enough for him, so he had one made to order. The keyboard is along different lines from the ordinary machine and even the type has a peculiarity unto itself. He realized that he needed a word-counting attachment, but the counters on the market were ordinary affairs, so he bought a bicycle cyclometer, and for three months has been putting in all of his spare time in an effort to convert it into a word counter.

Another of "Shorty's" up-to-date improvements is a "secret sounder." A "secret sounder" is an instrument which fits over the head and brings close to the ear the delicate instrument used in receiving messages from the wire. There is no sound audible to any one excepting the operator who is wearing the device, hence the name—secret sounder. The sounder is connected by a flexible cord, long enough to allow the operator to have a little freedom. A stranger dropped into the newspaper office where "Shorty" was employed one evening and, seeing the man on the end of a rope, asked why they "didn't take that feller outside if they had to keep him tethered up that way."

"Shorty" was at a newspaper office a few nights ago and had occasion to use his typewriter on a long story. To say that the copy he turned out was artistic would be putting it mildly—it was a work of art. It pleased him so much that after exulting over it for 15 or 20 minutes and showing it to "the gang," he laid it down on the table, took his typewriter in and placed it on the telegraph editor's desk. Then he returned to the telegraph room well satisfied with himself and every one else.

The typewriter took up too much room on the editor's desk, and he finally came out and asked "Shorty" what he should do with it. It was then discovered that he had delivered his machine to the telegraph editor instead of the story.

In the excitement that followed there was a wild mix-up of operators, telegraph editors and beer bottles, and the office devil who came in to see what the row was about got so tangled up in the wires of the secret sounder that they both had to be laid up for repairs.—Kansas City Journal.

### Americans in Europe.

The Americans are invading Europe this summer in immense numbers. Some of our countrymen are going there for business, and some of them for pleasure. Europe has been acquainted with the latter these many years, and while the innkeepers, shopkeepers, hack-drivers, and other useful citizens of the monarchies, empires and republics of the Old World were always glad to see us, it cannot be said that they respected us. They were amiable, and were paid for their amiability. What they chiefly liked about the Americans was his easy good-nature in the presence of a large bill. An American would pay a charge that would have landed the innkeeper in jail if it had been presented to the chamberlain of a king. Perhaps this relation between the foreigner and the American will remain. There is a cafe in Paris which charges an American \$9 for a \$2 dinner, for which a Frenchman is charged five francs. It will be difficult for this restaurant keeper to break such an agreeable habit. Most Americans are rich, and those who are care little for the small items of a bill of fare. Americans who are poor, and who know the language, are not liked so much in Paris as the rich Americans, because they decline to pay more for a dinner or a drive than is charged for the same essentials of life to a Russian prince or a branchisseuse.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Old-Fashioned Boy.

At a little dinner of a few old-timers the other night one of the speakers said:

"What has become of the old-fashioned boy? The one who looked like his father when his father carried the sort of pomposity which was like the divinity that hedged a king in the time when kingship was in its break 'o' day. The boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears. The boy whose trousers were made over from his father's by his mother, or aunt, or grandmother. The boy whose hair had a cowlick in it, before, and was sheared off the same length behind. The boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers and who expected between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together. The boy who never wore knickerbockers or a round-about coat. The boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue. The boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world, and that he could have been president if he had wanted to be. The boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home."—New York Sun.

### She Learned Quickly.

Bridget was just over, and didn't understand the uses of the call bell, so her mistress explained that she was to come to her when she rang it. The next day Bridget missed her bell. She called Bridget to inquire about it, and Bridget replied:

"Sure, mum, I have it, and when I want you I'll ring it."—New York Times.