

# "Which Is For Memory."

By MARION TRAVERS.

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A man and a maid stood on the porch of a little New England farmhouse. The man had barely passed his majority, and the years of the girl numbered less than his by three. The man was going hundreds of miles to the westward, there to find a competence.

When he had succeeded the girl was to come to him for the rest of the happy years. In his hands were two sprigs of rosemary, one of which he gave to the maid.

"It's for remembrance, Betty. Not that we will either of us need it, dear, but I shall carry it with me wherever I go."

"You know you'll always be in my thoughts, Tom. I'll put it under my pillow at night that I may dream of you and wear it next my heart in walking hours that every beat may be for you. Goodbye, Tom, and God bless you and send you back to me." And the maid turned her lips upward for her lover's kiss.

"Goodbye, Betty! It won't be for long, and then we will be together for the rest of our lives." And he gave her one last embrace before he turned and started down the gravelled path bound on the outfall.

Betty had been motherless since her sixth year, and at the close of a winter's day the seal of her father left its gaudy frame, and she was alone.

Tom wrote a letter full of tender consolation, and it was on the absent sweetheart she leaned during the days and nights of her affliction.

Betty's father had been frugal and shrewd, and there was enough to provide for the remainder of her days.

She had no relatives in the home of her father, and when local matters were finally adjusted she left for a big western city to live with an aunt who she was waiting for Tom. It was then the first long fall.

No letter came from her sweetheart in the far west. At first she did not worry, for he had written that he was



FADED OLD LETTERS WERE BROUGHT OUT AND READ.

going on a long prospecting trip and might be weeks, even months, from civilization.

But when spring came and in turn gave way to summer, and summer fled before the chilling blasts of autumn, and the weeks dragged drearily by until a year had passed, Betty abandoned hope.

She wrote to the authorities of the frontier town where he usually outfitted, but they could tell her nothing. Tom had left in April. He had not returned. They knew nothing of his fate.

In the passing of the years her grief was softened, but the agony of her loss was there, locked with her love in the innermost recesses of her heart. Suitors came, but were sent away, not hurt, but firmly, gently denied. Her cousins married, little ones came to bless them, and to all she was Aunt Betty.

There was another Betty now, a pretty, graceful maid of seventeen, joying in her first glimpses of social life and rapturously happy because she was just living. They were great cronies, these two Bettrys, and it was often remarked that their resemblance extended away and beyond the name.

"Aunt Betty, why didn't you marry?" asked the little Betty one afternoon when the two were having a long, confidential chat.

"Then faded old letters were brought out and read, the dimmed tintype of a country boy with a fine featured face was cried over and the withered sprig of rosemary lifted gently from the jewel case, where it had reposed so many years in state.

"And the rosemary, auntie?" queried little Betty.

"Rosemary is for remembrance, dearie. We each had a sprig and were to keep it always, so that whenever we saw it the other's face would appear in our dreams," said auntie.

"And do you dream of him yet?" pursued the younger.

"Bless you, Betty, I'll always dream of him, and I pray now that after death here I may see him."

"And so that's the reason you didn't

let Dr. Thomson and the others marry you when they asked?"

"Betty, how did you know?"

"Oh, I heard mamma talking about it. But I won't tell, auntie," she promised penitently. "But it's lovely, Aunt Betty. It's perfectly splendid to love so long and so hard when you know he's dead. Would he care, do you think, if you married some one else?"

"He knew I never would," and the older Betty sighed.

After that the little Betty had to go away to school. She was sent to a distant city to be taught all manner of

things embraced in that word "finished."

To her romantic soul came many experiences, many temptations to surrender to what she thought was love, but always she measured the depths of her emotions by Aunt Betty's loyalty of a score of years.

"Would I love him like that?" she would ask of herself, and always the answer fell in the test.

One afternoon she went to a matinee at a downtown theater. As she was leaving the playhouse she was confronted by a stalwart man, whose agitation was greater than her own.

"Betty Randall!" he all but shouted in his excitement.

"Auntie!" gasped Betty.

"Are you Betty Randall?" queried the stranger. "Of course not. You're just a child, and Betty would have been more than twice your age if she were alive," and he apologized for his rudeness as he turned to go.

It flashed over Betty in an instant. Could it be true? She decided to risk it.

"Tom!" she called softly.

The man wheeled at the word and stood staring at the girl.

"Are you Tom Wilson?" she asked.

"And did you leave over twenty years ago to go out west, and—?" she continued.

"Yes, yes! Why—how—who are you?" he demanded.

"Betty Randall is my aunt," said Betty, "and she has your sprig of rosemary."

"Here's mine!" he cried, and he plunged into his pocket and brought forth a worn wallet.

That night Mr. Wilson had a long talk with Betty at the school. She arranged to go home the next morning, and Tom was to follow the day after.

He explained how he had been sick for a year from exposure while he was in the mountains, how he wrote to the old address, but got no reply.

He had gone back to the New Hampshire town, but no one could give him Betty's address. So, with fortune beyond his boyhood dreams, he had rampled up and down the world, hoping hunting and miserably.

"Aunt Betty," said little Betty two days later, "suppose Tom is alive. Suppose he didn't die, but couldn't find out where you were. Wouldn't that be fine?" And her eyes danced with the idea that she would be glad to see the older took to be girlish enthusiasm for a romance so near to her.

There was a knock at the door, and a maid entered with a card tray.

"There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, Miss Randall. He wouldn't give me his card, but said you'd understand by this." And she held out the tray so that there was disclosed thereon a sprig of rosemary.

"Betty, it's true! He's alive! It's Tom!" And the speed with which she descended played havoc with orthodox ideas of dignity. She fell rather than ran into the sitting room, there to be clasped in two arms, while a man's voice came softly to her:

"At last! Thank God, at last!"

His Opportunity.

A lineup of jurymen appeared before a certain judge one day, and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the tall end of the line. This man was a hunter, and he had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"Have you no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't you got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I ain't married."

"What about your crop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Haven't got a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

The judge sat awhile and meditated. Reaching over, he whispered to the clerk who shook his head in perplexity. Then the judge's curiosity got the better of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a jurymen," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," said the little man promptly. "I heard you was going to try Jake Billings this term. He shot a dog o' mine once."

Still in the Business.

Lord Kames, a once famous Scottish judge, on his way southward to Perth from the northern circuit had to spend the night at Dunkeld. Next morning he made for the ferry across the Tay but, missing the road, asked a passer by to show him the way.

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "I see your lordship does not know me. My name's John Gow. Don't you remember me? I had the honor to be tried before your lordship for sheep stealing."

"Now I recollect you, John," replied the judge. "And how is your wife? She, too, had the honor to appear before me for receiving the sheep, knowing them to have been stolen?"

"Ah, we were very lucky to get off for want of evidence, but I am still in the butchering business."

"Then," quoth Lord Kames as he came in sight of the ferry, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

Keeping in Practice.

"You have broken my heart," sobbed the young wife after their first quarrel.

"I always was a heart breaker," jauntily replied the young husband.

"But you have broken mine for the last time."

"What's going to deprive yourself of so much pleasure?"

Pitiable.

"They are very respectable, though."

"Dear me?"

"What?"

"I did not think that they were that poor."

Witness My Hand.

In the early days only a few scholars knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, accompanied by the words, "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark and was used with the words above quoted, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression as used in modern documents.

# THE MANDARIN'S FAN

A Gift That Had in Itself a Subtle Meaning.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Mrs. Hoffman was sewing in the deep, cool veranda of the bungalow. Jeremy, her husband, was coming up the path.

"What have you got today, Jeremy?" she asked laughingly as he laid an oblong package on the wicker table.

"Another umsha (gift), sweetheart," he smiled, clapping his hands at the drowsy punkah boy on the mat.

The great fan swung again into motion as the boy awoke to energy, and a servant brought the inevitable tea tray and tall glasses of iced lemonade.

Jeremy Hoffman leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. "It has been beastly hot down in the city, Nell. I've been closeted with Sheldon all the afternoon over that tiresome

business, and when I returned to my office I found an envoy from Lung Wei, bearing many friendly messages and this gift for you."

Mrs. Hoffman held out her hand for the package. "There, Jeremy! I told you the mandarin entertained the kindest sentiment toward you. He was perfectly charming and warm in his praise of you."

"I could not help feeling that he suspected my mission. He's a sharp old beggar, and Sheldon has always been very lenient with him. Still, one can't refuse a gift in China."

"Not one like this," said his wife breathlessly. "Look, Jeremy! Is it not beautiful?"

As she spoke she held to view a fan, the sticks were of richly carved ivory covered with lustrous green silk, gay with embroidered flowers in various colors. The fan was connected by a chain of ivory links with a bracelet of the carved ivory.

"How exquisite!" sighed Mrs. Hoffman, slipping the bracelet on her wrist and fanning herself gently with the toy.

Late in the evening she was chatting with that polished Chinese center, who, ample of figure, with serene countenance and watchful eyes, was one of several of his countrymen whose gorgeous apparel made splendid dashes of barbaric color among the simpler clad Europeans and Americans at the brilliant public reception.

"I am sure this fan has a history," suggested Nell Hoffman, after she had thanked the dignitary for his gift.

"Lung Wei smiled inscrutably and shook his sleek head. "Madam must contrive her own history for the fan," he said. "Perhaps the mission of madam's husband might form the basis for a romance."

Mrs. Hoffman paled and turned away. A wave of repulsion swept over her, and for a brief instant she was prompted to return the fan to the mandarin, quite reckless of the breach of politeness. The cold, deadly glitter of the little black eyes threatened harm to something—some one she loved, and Jeremy's mission was a delicate one and dangerous, indeed. Her husband's work might become the theme for a tragedy, never a romance.

At that moment Jeremy Hoffman appeared and carried her away, with parting apologies to the great mandarin.

"You are looking ghastly, Nell. What is the matter? Do you feel ill, dear?"

As he asked the question Jeremy's arm was outstretched to catch his wife's swaying form, and in another instant she was lying unconscious in his embrace.

"How much dancing—playing too hard—nerves unstrung—verge of prostration," snapped the wiry little English doctor as he left the Hoffman bungalow in the pale dawn.

Jeremy went back into the sick-room and looked down at the white face on the pillow. He bitterly reproached himself for letting his fragile wife dance her way so merrily into an illness. But they had been married only a brief three months, and his important mission had started them directly to Shanghai. He thought outside of business had been to make her happy and keep her amused, and now if anything happened, if Nell should die he would leave the cursed country forever, career or no career.

He recollected with a sudden misgiving that his predecessor had thrown over the task because his wife had died—Elwin had returned to America and chucked the service forever.

Several days afterward Nell had recovered sufficiently to be brought out into the cool, matted sitting room. Her illness had taken the form of a strange inertia. Hour after hour she would lie with dark lashes fringed against her white cheeks, her bosom scarcely stirring with each feeble breath.

The little English doctor was plain:

puzzled. He fetched a clever French physician, and together the two men consulted over the case. The French man went away without offering an opinion, but in a secret way he came back and ordered Jeremy to take his wife away.

"It is poison—so insidious—so subtle—to linger here is to die. Take her away."

"Where can I take her?" demanded Jeremy, wild with fear and anxiety.

"Anywhere—down to Hongkong if you like. It will be a change."

So Jeremy gave up the bungalow and discharged all the servants, even the faithful old nurse, whom Nell had learned to love. After them he tossed the medicine bottles and pills and powders. If a secret enemy lurked in his household, one whose object was to destroy his beautiful bride, the general clearing out would include him.

The sea voyage and the arrival at the picturesque island, with its delightful points of interest and its charming English population, did Nell Hoffman a world of good. Gradually the apathy left her and her bright spirits returned. The French doctor made a special trip down the coast to see her and pronounced her on the road to recovery.

"Be careful of her," he urged Jeremy. "She is not strong. I cannot determine what drug or how it has been administered, but surely some slow poison has been given to your wife. Watch, and take care if you have an enemy."

That very evening they attended a dinner party. Nell, lovely in pale green with the mandarin's fan swinging from her wrist. An hour after her arrival Jeremy accompanied her home again, sitting beside her in the carriage, holding her unconscious form in his arms.

"This time her illness was of longer duration, and in his distress Jeremy vowed he would return to America immediately upon her recovery. But the recovery was slow, even under the skillful ministrations of the French doctor.

"I told you to take care—to watch!" he hissed impatiently at Hoffman.

"I did, Dr. Davense," groaned Jeremy, flinging himself into a chair and dropping his head into his hands. "God knows I have protected her. If she recovers sufficiently I will take her home."

There Ralph Elwin found him. "Sheldon cabled me to come out—said you were in trouble and that I might help you out on the business," said the former as he shook hands with Hoffman.

"The business can go hang!" said Jeremy passionately. "All I care about is to take my wife away from this cursed country. Forgive my temper, Elwin, but you can understand."

Elwin nodded gravely. "I can understand. I waited too long and lost my wife. What is the matter with Mrs. Hoffman? I thought her looking unusually well when you called."

Jeremy explained, and Elwin listened with his face in shadow. As he finished, Jeremy picked up the mandarin's fan from the table where he had flung it the night of their return from the dinner party.

"She was looking quite well and fanning herself with this thing, when all at once she just crumpled into a heap," he said.

"Let me see it," said Elwin in a strange voice. He examined the fan with keen intensity, lifting it once to his nose and then hastily withdrawing it.

"Where did she get it?" he asked sharply.

"A gift from Lung Wei. You know, I'm on friendly terms with the old scoundrel, although—"

"Enough! So was I. Lung Wei was lavish in his gifts to us. He gave my wife a fan like this one, and—oh, my God, if I had only known in time!" Elwin's voice rang harshly as he leaped to his feet. "It is impregnated with some cursed poison, Jeremy. Ask Dr. Davense! Let him examine the fan. If he recognizes the poison he can supply the antidote and cure your wife. As for Lung Wei—"

"But why—why should he attack Nell? Why not me—why?" stammered Jeremy excitedly.

"Lung Wei does not fight in the open, old man. He killed my wife, and it sent me home. He thought to do the same for you and would have done so in the end. Mary was taken ill in the same way, only, being of a weaker constitution, she succumbed to the poison at once. My advice to you, Jeremy, is to take Mrs. Hoffman home as soon as she is sufficiently recovered. Let your career go. You can find plenty to do at home. I will settle with Lung Wei. I will carry this mission through without one concession in his behalf."

"I will stand by you, Elwin, and together we will fight it out," declared Jeremy, clasping the other's hand.

"Nay," said Elwin; "love is greater than fame or revenge or the carriage of justice. Love is greater than all. Guard it carefully, Jeremy, and some day I will return to San Francisco and tell you how the romance of the mandarin's fan turned out to be a tragedy after all."

Turner's Little Afterthought.

An English critic's reference to Turner's picture "The Wreck Buoy" reminds a faithful newspaper reader of a curious anecdote in connection with it. When Turner first sent this picture to the Royal academy it was hung among several brilliantly colored pictures. On vanishing day Turner found the effect of his dull gray rendering of a stormy sea altogether spoiled by its bright surroundings.

Without a moment's hesitation he painted in the lighted buoy in the foreground, and was dab of crimson light as soon as she is sufficiently recovered. Let your career go. You can find plenty to do at home. I will settle with Lung Wei. I will carry this mission through without one concession in his behalf."

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# Violets and Science.

By LUCY M. DELAINE.

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When Mabel Baskerfield married Herbert Ward, scholar, learned professor, twenty years older than herself and apparently as serious minded as Mabel was frivolous, all their mutual friends and acquaintances held up shocked hands, figuratively speaking, at the seemingly ill assorted match.

"How had it ever come about?" one of the many dear friends asked, and "How long will they live together?" asked the more frankly cynical.

One month passed by. "Oh, well, of course, the honeymoon!" doubters laughed, and then another and yet another month passed apparently serenely, and another and yet another, until six months had come and gone without any "drifting apart," as Herbert's literary colleagues had predicted, or any indication on Mabel's part that she had wearied of her staid, scholarly husband.

The marriage had taken place in the fall—in the first week in November—and now had come April, with its days

of sunshine and shadow, its first blooming crocuses and bluebells, its quick coming rains and as quickly dis peling sunshine.

Then gossips began to say that matters were taking out just as was to be have been expected. Herbert Ward had passed most of his time in his class room or study, and Mabel seemed absorbed in dinner parties, bridges, and all kinds of amusements, making polite excuses for her husband's absence from functions she attended saying, "Mr. Ward is so busy he could not accompany me."

She always seemed quite cheerful and contented—just the same merry pleasure loving creature she had all ways been—but on one delicious spring day in April Mabel left early a lunch one she had been attending, pleading another engagement.

One of her friends attempted to rally her on leaving the party so early, saying, "Now that you are married, Mabel, we shall soon find you giving us up entirely, and you will be taking up some abstruse study or will become so domestic that we shall lose you completely."

"Am I married?" Mabel retorted, with half laughing question, and then added hastily, "Well, so I am, but it does not seem to make so very much difference after all. Do you think it does?"

Not waiting to hear the replies this query provoked, Mabel, hastily picking up her gloves and the light feather boa she wore with her dainty spring costume, started off briskly.

Out of sight of her friend's house her footsteps lagged, and a serious look came into her large soft brown eyes. As she walked slowly, pensively along her face would have betrayed to any one who might have chanced to see her that some serious matters engrossed her thoughts.

A river flowed through winding, tree lined banks about the little city, and Mabel crossed the bridge and soon found herself wading handfully of early violets. A group of white birch trees that grew closely together attracted her gaze, and toward them she made her way.

As she approached the spot she saw lying stretched out upon the grass a man's figure, his arms beneath his head and his face apparently lifted toward the blue of the tender sky.

Some sound of her approach must have reached the ears of the man, who had evidently, like herself, sought a quiet spot for meditation. Turning his gaze toward her, he rose and exclaimed:

"Why, Mabel, did you want me?"

And before she had time to reply Herbert Ward, for it was he whom Mabel had roused from his reverie, said, half wistfully, half smilingly: "No; I see you were not looking for me; you were just taking a walk this lovely spring day, and the violets on this river bank attracted you."

But Mabel gazed steadily at her husband. Seeing him so unexpectedly, she had looked at him at first as a

stranger might have done, and in her first surprised gaze she had noticed how tired he was looking—so weary or despondent or disappointed, she thought to herself.

Without answering his query Mabel lifted to his face her serious eyes, and looking at him questioningly, she said:

"Herbert, you are not well. Is anything the matter?"

"Not well! Nonsense!" he replied hastily. "I am perfectly well. What put that idea in your head?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but seeing you just now so unexpectedly and lying down on the ground, as if

you were resting, made me think perhaps you were not well."

"No, Mabel," he answered, looking at his wife as she stood before him with her hands filled with the flowers she had gathered. "No, Mabel; I am just growing old, I suppose. That must be what you feel, what you notice about me. Poor child, it is 'May and December.' I fear, with you, Mabel, I am too old for you. I should never have allowed you to become my wife."

"I have noticed for some little time how quiet and changed you are from the happy, light hearted girl I married. It is natural and all my fault, for I was old enough to know better," he ended.

"