

TRUE SYMPATHY.

If you have a friend worth loving
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words never be said
Of a friend, till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it—do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it—do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of two or three in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling,
Falling from a brother's eyes,
Share them—and thus by the sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?
—New York Tribune.

OUT OF THE ASHES

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

ONE afternoon she heard movers in the hall, and knew that the fourth-floor studio had been taken. The next morning unfamiliar sounds fell from above—a man's voice, deep and musical, leaping up and down the scale, a cheerful, companionable torrent of melody that brought a responsive smile to her face. After that she heard it frequently. Sometimes it began early in the morning, while she was yet busy over the tiny gas stove; sometimes it broke off in the middle, and left her hearkening almost breathlessly for the next note; sometimes a day or two passed without a sound from the fourth floor, and she was dimly conscious of a sort of loneliness quite new to her who had experienced so many sorts.

At first she had thought him a teacher of music. Later she knew the bursts of melody were but outpourings of triumph, that he burst into song when life and work were going well, just as she, when she had finished a bowl or tray or bit of barbaric jewelry that satisfied her soul, perked her little brown head like a sparrow, puckered her red lips, and whistled a tune with ludicrous effect.

On the door of her room was a modest placard announcing to the world that

ELIZABETH DAY.

Designer and Worker in Metals, lived within. It had taken a deal of courage to print that "Elizabeth," for all her life—twenty-five years, to be exact—she had been simply "Beth," an abbreviation far more suited to her diminutive stature and gentle ways than the more pretentious entirety. Nature had intended her, with her soft and dainty femininity, for a life of independency in some still, untroubled corner of the world; Fate had forced her, at twenty into the swirling current of New York. As yet her work—bowls, trays and vases of silver, copper and brass, decorated with enamel, bracelets, chains and buckles set with unpolished stones—beautiful and distinctive as it was, sold slowly. But she possessed a wealth of courage and perseverance all unsuspected ere the death of her parents had sent her from the little New Hampshire village to seek her fortune. She had been in the old house on Washington Square almost two years when the fourth-floor studio found a tenant.

One day she had learned his name. Seeking letters from the pile in the lower hall, she found a colorman's catalogue addressed to "John Timson, Esq." She had smiled at the name; Timson was so unusual and quaint and—funny! John she liked; her father's name had been John. All the morning, as she worked at the dull copper, she strove to picture a personality befitting the name of John Timson.

A week later she saw him. They met on the stairs, and he drew aside for her; she passed, with a little inclination of her head. All the way up to the top she felt his gaze upon her; but recalling the grave eyes and respectful manner, she felt no annoyance, only wondered about the placket of her skirt. After that they bowed, and then spoke. Meetings became frequent. Once he had found her under the striped awning of an Eighth street grocery waiting for a shower to pass. He had no umbrella to offer, so she shared her imprisonment, and afterward, when the sun came out and she shone resplendently on the wet roofs and pool-dotted sidewalks, they went home together, and discussed quite in the manner of long acquaintances the relative merits of fresh and condensed milk.

That day she had examined him to her heart's content. He was tall; her head came just to his shoulder when she tried hard. He was wide of chest and shoulder, and his hands, as though from long exposure to sun and wind, were large and capable. His mustache and short beard were brown, as were the grave and earnest and deepest eyes. The nose was straight and large, and the forehead high. He was undeniably handsome in a strong, grim fashion. His habitual expression was sober, but the smiles when they came were worth waiting for. In age he was thirty-four. His voice was what attracted Beth most. It was in the lower register, a deep, soft and mellow voice that won respect and suited his quiet, deferential manner.

Aside from the little weakened dealer in old ivories and curiosities on the first floor, they were the only occupants of the house who made it their home. That served as a bond of sympathy; and they soon discovered others. They were both orphans and both without near relatives; they were both struggling for recognition—he as a painter of landscapes in oils, she as a worker in metals. And then there were minor sympathies born of similar tastes and views which came to light in that first year of their friendship.

It became his custom to drop into her room for a moment on his way up

and down stairs, and then in the evenings for long, enjoyable talks, while he sat in her one easy chair and smoked and she worked away at an order or did her mending. Once a week he descended ceremoniously, immaculately clean, but diffusing a strong odor of paint, and took luncheon with her, gravely marveling at the display and pretending alarm at her recklessness. Indeed, those luncheons for two were invariably followed the next day by a repast for one of Spartan simplicity. Once he had returned her hospitality—he had sold a small canvas—and they had dined sumptuously at one end of his paint-stained table on lobster cutlets and French peas and asparagus, sent in chilled, but appetizing, from the cafe across the Square. And he had had marvelous coffee in an old copper kettle, and had produced a bottle of olives, which, he solemnly declared, had been two years awaiting the occasion.

Usually he called for her at the Institute in Brooklyn—she still attended an evening class three times a week—and brought her home. Once they had walked back across the bridge on a brisk winter night, the white stars above them, the purple lamps advancing and meeting them along their path, and the lemon and red and green lanterns twinkling up from boats and pier heads. That night she had heard his story. He had told her of a boyhood spent in a little town in western Missouri, of his first dim dissatisfaction with his lot and his growing hatred for toil in his father's squalid general store; how, at his father's death—his mother he had never known—he had gone to St. Louis, where he had clerked by day and studied art by night, until, with \$2000 saved, he had come to New York and entered the League. He had spent three years there, and then had buried himself in the Jersey woods, living like a hermit in a hut of his own building, and painting from dawn to dusk, fair days and foul.

"And now," he had ended, "they're beginning to know me. I've sold a few canvases, mostly through Ruyter. Ruyter believes in me. The thing I'm working on now is for the Academy. It's going to take a year; but it's good, it's the best I have in me—and it's going to be hung."

"Oh, I do hope so!" she had said, earnestly.

"I've never doubted it," he had answered, simply. "It's a big stake, but—I'm going to win!"

And so that first year had passed, and the second of their friendship was three months old. Beth had not been so happy for years; the former haunting sensation of being alone, no longer troubled her. She had found a friend and a comrade. The friendship had grown on the part of each into an affection; each would have denied the existence of anything stronger.

One afternoon—the morrow was the last day for receiving canvases at the Academy—he entered her room and sank silently into his accustomed chair. She looked up questioningly from the silver buckle on which she was working.

"Finished," he said, gloomily.

"Does it go to-day?"

"To-morrow! It isn't quite dry yet. I suppose I ought to be glad, but"—he smiled forlornly—"I only feel rather lonesome." He filled and lighted his pipe. "Do you care to see it again?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, eagerly.

Upstairs he drew aside the yellowing cloth, and laid bare the canvas on which he had toiled for almost a year. It was large, six by four, and undoubtedly an ambitious effort for what might be called a first picture, yet the result was so splendid that the artist's faith in its success seemed justified. He had called it "August"—a wide, far-reaching expanse of salt marsh ribboned with blue, breeze ruffled water; along the horizon a dim purple haze, a suggestion but no more of the city; against the clear sky great white thunder clouds rolled high upon each other in majestic grandeur; over all the hot golden sunlight of midsummer. Beth could almost feel the heat and see the sedges in the foreground bend and rustle in the sea breeze. The picture always made her hold her breath for a space, and to-day the effect was stronger than ever.

"It's glorious!" she whispered finally.

"You like it?" he asked almost eagerly.

"I love it! But"—she sighed—"how it makes one hate the city, doesn't it?"

His eyes lighted. "Yes; and we're going away from the city," he said, with a ring in his voice. "We're going—there! Get your things on."

"But I can't," she faltered, and obeyed.

Outside, he locked the door and handed her the key. "I can't trust myself," he explained. "I might give

you the slip and come back and work on it."

That was a day of days. Winter reigned kindly. They crossed the river, and spent the afternoon in the woods and along the edge of the marshes, returning long after the city was aglow. They had dinner at a cafe, for when one has finished a picture that is to bring fame and wealth, economy is a sinful thing. Back in her studio they talked until late, and life was very kind and sweet.

The windows were gray with the cold dawn when he awoke suddenly and stared about him. In a moment he was out of bed and had thrown open the hall door. Smoke, thick and stifling drifted in. At the bottom of the staircase well orange light danced and glowed. Throwing his clothes on, he lifted the picture from the easel and staggered with it down the first flight. The smoke made him choke and gasp. The next flight was miles long. At the bottom he dropped the picture, and as it toppled against the baluster he leaped to Beth's door and knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" came the question at once.

"It's Mr. Timson. The house is on fire. There's no danger, of course, but you must come quickly."

"Yes," she answered faintly.

He buried his face in his elbow, leaning against the wall. Once he started impetuously toward the picture, only to turn back. The crackling of the flames drowned even the noise at the door. Then Beth stood before him, white faced, anxious eyed, but unafraid.

"Down the stairs, quick!" he cried.

"I'll follow you."

"You mustn't stay!" she cried, fearfully.

"The picture," he answered. "Go, please." He seized his burden again, and staggered down the hall, gasping and lurching. There he found her crouching on the top step. He put the picture aside, and caught her in his arms.

"Hide your face," he said.

She struggled, sobbing. "No, no! Let me go! You mustn't leave it!"

"I'll come back for it," he answered, quietly. "Courage, little girl; it's just for a minute."

Then he plunged down the stairs, past writhing tongues of flame. Setting Beth upon her feet he led her across the street. On the stoop he turned. "I must go back," he said, gently. "I won't be long."

She waited and watched, fearful and wretched for his sake. Presently he returned empty handed.

"It was no use," he exclaimed. "The halls are in flames."

"Oh," she moaned. "I wish you had never seen me! It's gone—all your work—and hope!" She glanced up miserably, to find his grave eyes smiling.

"Hush, hush," he whispered, tenderly. "I've saved what I wanted most, dear."

The color flared into her white face, and she swayed dizzily until his arm went out and drew her to him.

"Beth," he whispered.

She raised her eyes slowly to his. They looked, he thought, like pale dew-wet violets. He bent his face, her lids fluttered down, and their lips met.

"Little girl," he said, presently, "we're pretty well cleaned out, aren't we?"

"Yes," she answered, softly.

They looked at each other, and smiled as though it were the most delicious humor.

"It wouldn't matter if only you could have saved the picture," she said, dolefully.

"Never mind the picture," he replied, steadily. "I'll do it again, and better." Then he whispered, "Look."

Above the sleeping city, toward the east, a faint rose flush was dispelling the dawn's gray gloom.

"A new day out of the embers of the night," she said, softly.

He bent again and kissed her. "And for us, dear, a new life out of the ashes of the old."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Finest of Manuscripts.

One of the finest of manuscripts ever recorded is a little Bible in a walnut shell the size of a small hen's egg, an account of which has been preserved among the Harleian manuscripts by Peter Bales, an Englishman and a clerk in the Chancery. It contained as many leaves as a large Bible and as much reading matter on each page. With a powerful glass it could be read easily. The author of this tinest book on record lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in 1575 presented Her Majesty with the Lord's prayer, the Creed, Ten Commandments, two short Latin prayers, his own name and motto, and the date, all written on a bit of paper the size of a finger nail, and set in a ring of gold covered with a crystal. In this case also a magnifying glass made the writing quite legible.—Boston Transcript.

How Taste Diger.

There was a sound of revelry by afternoon in the barrack room, and it was quite evident that something had grievously offended the gallant sons of Mars.

Presently the door was flung open and an officer entered.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful noise?" he snapped.

In reply the orderly handed him a bowl.

"Would you mind tasting that, sir?" he said.

The officer did so.

"Why, you ungrateful lot of rascals," he cried; "it strikes me you want something to grow about."

"It is very good soup, indeed; and I think it's good enough for me—"

"Yes, sir; that's just it," interrupted the orderly. "They want to persuade us it's tea, sir!"



New York City.—Young girls are always charming when wearing full waists made of soft material. This one is peculiarly attractive and in-

nate rows of lace footing and tucked French nainsook.

Parasols Are Plain.

Plain styles are noticeable among the parasols carried by fashionable women. Tucked effects have been very good this season.

Washable Petticoats.

The petticoats of the coming season, since the rage of cleanliness is on the increase, are preferably of wash materials. Tinted chambrays, tucked and lace trimmed, are used for those destined for the hardest wear, but the petticoat for dressy use is invariably of white.

Square Yoke Waist.

Square yokes are exceedingly fashionable and suit some figures and faces better than any other sort. This very pretty waist includes one that extends over the shoulders, after the prevailing style, and can be made slightly low, as illustrated, or high, with a regulation stock. The model is made of sheer white batiste, with the yoke and cuffs of repress net banded with lace insertion, the lining beneath the yoke being cut away to give a transparent effect, but the design is suited to all seasonable materials thin enough to be made full and various combinations can be made. All-over lace, of many sorts, fine tucking and



cludes an oddly shaped yoke which is eminently becoming and which gives the drooping shoulder line. As shown the material is embroidered batiste, with yoke and cuffs of Valenciennes lace finished with little ruffles of plain muslin, and is unlined, but there are innumerable fabrics which are equally appropriate. Many simple silks of

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



the season are quite sufficiently youthful and such light weight wools as challis and veiling will be worn the season through in addition to the large number of cotton and linen fabrics offered.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, front and backs with the yoke and is closed invisibly at the back. When lined the yoke can be left free at the lower edge if preferred, but when the lining is omitted it is attached permanently at its lower edge on indicated lines. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season and at the waist is worn a soft crushed belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is four and one-eighth yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of all-over lace and three-eighth yards of silk for belt.

Belts Made of Cowhide.

A distinct feature of the up-to-date masculine costume for the summer of 1904 is to be the cowhide belt. It is narrow, not more than one and a half inches wide, and is made of cowhide with the hair on. The irregular brown and white colorings are odd and striking. Also a fad of the season is the handkerchief in colored effects to match the shirt worn, whatever that may be. These come both in linen and silk. The self-color shades included are light blue, heliotrope, pale green, very deep pink and champagne. Equally expensive, though perhaps in better taste, are fine white handkerchiefs, hemstitched and having a border of fine cords forming plaids.

A Lingerie Novelty.

One of the daintiest lingerie petticoats has a deep flounce made up of row upon row of narrow Valenciennes lace stitched together. A deep flounce on another skirt is composed of alter-

the many combinations of handings with fine stitches all are admirable for yoke and cuffs, while the trimming can be one of many things.

The lace is made with full front and backs which are arranged over a lining that is smooth at the upper portion but gathered at the waist line to blouse with the waist. The yoke is separate, arranged over the waist on indicated lines, and the sleeves are full puffs finished with fitted cuffs and can be either arranged over the foundation or left unlined as liked.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or two, and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide.



with one yard eighteen or half-yard forty inches wide for yoke and cuffs and four and a half yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

THE "SLEEPY" WOODCHUCK.

The Little Ground Hog That is Far More Alert Than He Looks.

If there is any one of our native animals that looks slow, clumsy, "lazy," and generally unfit to survive in the struggle for existence, it is the woodchuck, says Country Life in America. After he has built, or rather excavated, his home—which, to tell the truth, he does in a rapid and businesslike way—he does nothing but eat and sleep. Yet any one who sizes him up as an incompetent, is likely to get fooled, for he is a source of continual surprises.

When your garden is not far from the woods, you may be awakened in the middle of the night by a series of most alarming yells and howls, occasioned by some hungry woodchuck that has come for a nocturnal visit to the cabbage patch and met with a warm reception from our two dogs. The woodchuck usually gets away apparently unharmed, while the dogs are left to nurse their scratched noses and forepaws. The woodchuck, in fact, has plenty of courage, and will always fight in preference to running away.

Throughout the summer, this little "woodpile" spends most of his time in the vicinity of his burrow, coming out early in the morning to take his breakfast, returning to his nest for a morning nap, appearing again at noon and late in the afternoon for his dinner and supper, only to return again for another snooze. Occasionally, he makes a visit to some neighboring orchard or garden. By October first, when he is fat, he retires into his subterranean home for a long sleep, until we are led to believe, the proverbial "groundhog" day.

WISE WORDS.

Wisdom is common sense in an uncommon degree.—Coleridge.

Your grip or success depends largely on the other things you are willing to let go.

We shall gain nothing by our applaudings and praises of Christ, without a renewed nature.

We cannot always succeed; but if we fail, we can always fall in good spirits.—R. L. Stevenson.

Be brave, persevere in the fight, struggle on, do not let go, think magnanimously of man and life, for man is good and life is affluent and fruitful.—Mortley.

Polltiness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we may chose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

When thou wishest to make thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindliness of a third.—Marcus Aurelius.

Behold, if all should be spoken against thee could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee if thou siddst it to pass away entirely, and madest no more reckoning of it than of a note? Could it pluck as much as one hair from thy head?—Thomas a Kempis.

Do not be discouraged by your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them, as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardent of mind which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Speak, move and act as if you were in prayer. In truth, this is prayer.—Fenelon.

"Appendixless Club."

Hamlet A. Rye, of Sioux City, who is organizing an "appendixless club," said the other day:

"Only those who have gone through the operation for appendixitis will be eligible for membership in my club. The loss of the appendix forms a strong bond of sympathy. Appendixitis victims like to get together and talk about their past sufferings."

"Such talk will be encouraged in my club. The spirit of this organization will not be like the spirit of a Sioux City woman I heard about the other day. This woman's little daughter had just begun the study of physiology, and on the day of her third lesson the child brought the teacher a note from her mother that said:

"Please don't tell May any more about her inside. She doesn't like it, and, besides, it's rude."

Hard on Lawyers.

Jacob H. Schiff, who was instrumental in bringing a part of the Japanese war loan to America, was talking to a reporter in New York about his recent European tour.

"London's courts of law have always interested me," he said, "and I revisited them last month for about the tenth time. A Q. C., whom I happened to meet there, told me how Peter the Great had once gone through the law courts. He said that Peter, at the end of his inspection, said:

"These men are all lawyers? What can be the use of so many? I have only two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I return."

Editor Shepard's News.

When the late Elliott P. Shepard published a newspaper he printed at the head of the editorial column each afternoon a Scriptural text. The editor of one of the sensational newspapers instructed a reporter to interview Mr. Shepard and outline the questions the young man was to ask. All went well until the interviewer asked:

"Why do you publish Bible extracts? The one to-day dealt with the Crucifixion. Do you consider that news?"

"I do," emphatically responded Mr. Shepard. "It is news to a great many people—especially so, I believe, to the gentleman who sent you to question me."

The interview ended there.



HEAD THE TREES LOW.

Peach trees especially should be headed low, and all branches that grow out long and slim should be cut back to a proper length.

STARVING TREES.

Feeble growing and unhealthy trees are, as a rule, the result of starvation, bad soil or unfavorable conditions of the atmosphere, climatic or otherwise. When a tree dies from old age, the signs are plain enough and very little can be done to help it except taking care of the scant foliage that puts forth every year, and encouraging young growth as a means to sustain the flickering vitality.

DON'T SET TREES TOO DEEP.

Experiments in planting trees of different depths have been tested at a German experiment station with characteristic thoroughness. A number of trees were set at the usual depth, and others at various depths, all lower than the normal, to see what effect this would have upon the root of the tree. In every case the tree, both in top and roots, grew more slowly, with every increase in depth in planting beyond the usual depth.

AGED DWARF TREES.

Surprising results have been produced in the line of dwarf trees by Japanese growers. It is said there are pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, which are still not too large to be carried in one hand. The gardeners nip off the tree's roots, pinch back the branches and starve the tree in poor soil, keeping it barely alive, and checking the growth almost entirely. As time goes on the tree gains the appearance of extreme old age, but is no larger than a seedling a few months old.

CULTIVATING STRAWBERRIES.

We cultivate our strawberry rows in a shallow manner, so as not to disturb the roots up to the time of blossoming, and sometimes a little later. The rule is to stop cultivating when the strawberries blossom. Much depends upon the soil. If the leaves last year showed signs of fungus it will be well to spray with Bordeaux mixture soon after the new foliage has appeared. Possibly one spraying may be enough, but if the fungus attacks the leaves again spray once more. Do not spray after blossoming. I would not apply lime. Ashes between the rows is always helpful, but will not help the foliage. Try cultivating across the rows in old plantations. This will leave the plants in squares like hills.—Green's Fruit Grower.

MANURING ORCHARDS.

While most orchardists will agree that a crop of crimson clover would be the best possible thing to grow in a young orchard for the purpose of enriching the soil, it is not always possible to get a stand of the clover without considerable preparation, hence, the better and least costly plan would be to use the crops which would be plowed under, and leave time for the sowing of a clover crop. On any soil sufficiently good for an orchard, the following plan would work to advantage:

Plow the orchard as early in the spring as possible, and cultivate it weekly until the first or middle of June, then sow early cowpeas in rows thirty inches apart and cultivate these three or four times, until the first of October, when they can be plowed under and rye sown at the rate of two bushels per acre, to serve as a cover crop during the winter. At the time the cowpeas are sown use 250 or 300 pounds of acid phosphate to the acre.

The following spring plow under the rye and the soil will then probably take clover; at least it will grow red clover. This treatment will greatly benefit the trees, supplying just the plant food they need.—Indianapolis News.

FRUIT AND BERRY NOTES.

It is suggested that all fruit growers take much pains to secure trustworthy pickers. Careless, slovenly gathering of the fruit may rob it of half its value. It often is necessary for those who live remote from villages to provide quarters for their pickers. Usually, the better the quarters, the better the class of pickers.

On the average, apples do not cost more than fifty cents a barrel to produce, but they ought. If a little more time and care were given the returns would be better. Suppose the sales averaged \$1.50, then the returns are excellent, and there is money at raising apples in Maine at \$1 a barrel. But when the price is \$2 or rising, as at present, then there is certainly an excellent profit in apples, much greater than can be obtained from oranges.

No definite rule can be laid down as to the kind or the amount of commercial fertilizers which can be used profitably on an apple orchard. It has been suggested that trial be made on a few trees each, with acid phosphate alone at the rate of six hundred pounds per acre, sulphate of potash alone at the rate of four hundred pounds per acre, and of these two combined. This will give some indication as to whether these fertilizers may be used successfully. If growth is not vigorous under proper cultivation, then try nitrate of soda at about 150 pounds per acre, when the leaves open, and again in about three weeks, and then use nitrogen gathering cover crops.—Massachusetts Ploughman.