

Rosemary—that's for Remembrance

A Christmas Story By S. R. Crockett

THE Morris-Moore had just had their first—no, not quarrel—tiff. Harry was now in his study pulling down books he did not want and piling them up on his table. He selected a row of notebooks bearing titles, "The Grisons and the Italian Valleys." He got out extensive white-bordered Swiss survey maps, and files of the little "ladin" paper printed at Samaden. He had got all this up thoroughly on his last journey, and now was the time to dip deep into the pile of printed and annotated "stuff." It would help him to forget anything so absolutely stily as a little wife upstairs in her room, the tears of temper still wet on her cheeks, and employing her small white teeth in reducing to tattered "waste" a soaked lace pocket handkerchief.



CLARA WAS LOOKING SIDEWAYS AT THE PATTERN OF THE CARPET



A GIRL STANDING ON THE STEPS PUTTING UP GOLD AND GREEN STUFF

quite remember what. But, at any rate, it was over. She could never forgive him—for saying that—yes, about dear Aunt Laetitia. Oh, yes, she remembered, "that he could never get her a single night to himself without some stalling old she-patriarch with a reticule coming in to spoil everything."

world, not even Harry, had ever been allowed to peep within. Indeed, since she was married she had not often done so herself. But now—now that the happiness of her life had foundered beneath her, she would go back—it might be all the pleasure (sob) that was left her—thus to live over a happy past. (A time.)

Clara, in her bolted bedroom, was getting but her blotting book and pad to write to her poor wronged aunt. She was going to ask a refuge for the few remaining days of a blasted life. Yes, that was the adjective she was using, and (strange coincidence!) the villain below stairs was also using it, though perhaps in a more colloquial sense. He had just knocked over a whole pile of the neat notebooks in which she stored away his literary material, and was passing off his own clumsiness in invective against inanimate things. This was his man's way of biting his handkerchief.

Watkins, the Moore's new maid, experienced some surprise (and not unnaturally) when, in the exercise of her vocation, she was carrying a copper jug of hot water to Mrs. Moore's dressing room before sounding the first gong, she observed her master and mistress approach each other from opposite ends of the corridor, both intently reading, like people on a stage—he in a small black book, she in one large, fat and red.

But this particular stumpy volume happened to be his diary of two years ago, and he stood there with one hand mechanically pushing the notebooks into their places, while his eyes, entangled by what he read, transported him to the ragged carpet, the proverbially furnished lodgings, the solitary walks, hands deep in pockets, overcoat collar up, cap pulled low—of the days when first—But stay, what was Clara doing?

And then sez as what they has only been married ten months!" she meditated. "Well—we'll see what's to come of this!"

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed with bulls so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a break on his part.

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "but then I can't understand a word you say."

herself swept off the piano stool and installed where, on the rounded arm of a big easy chair, she had little more liberty of movement than that of swinging her feet naughtily and rebelliously, while her husband questioned her.

"What book were you reading so intently this afternoon when I came upon you in the corridor? Let me see it!"

"Eh! what?" "Oh, you coward! Because you are strong! I shall go to—"

"Where? To whom?" said Harry, easily.

"To my—Aunt Laetitia."

"She wouldn't have you, child," laughed her husband, "and besides, she would charge you board—which I should have to pay!"

"Well, I would pay it out of my own money—there!"

"What own money?"

"My house money!"

"You forget, Mrs. Morris-Moore," said her husband, gravely, "if you run away you wouldn't have any house money!"

Then in a burst, as she shook her, "Oh you great baby," he cried, "make up. Bring the book! It was a volume of your diary. I knew by the lock, I'll show you mine. Fair exchange! Off with you!"

"Well, come with me, then," said Clara, holding out her hand, "but don't think I'm giving in. It's only yielding to brute force. My spirit is unconquered."

"Never mind your spirit," said her lord, "fetch the book!"

And in these books, the greater and the lesser, they read late into the night.

And this was what they found.

"Christmas eve!" said Clara, "begin there!"

And she paused, waiting with her finger in its place.

"Oh," said her husband, "I don't think there is much!"

"And you call yourself a writer!"

"Well, shall I begin?" Clara was all on pins and needles now. She could hardly keep still. The quarrel was forgotten.

"Christmas eve" (she read). 'A dull day—Paid calls in the lane—Went to Margaret's. Baby is adorable and Tom begins to love me and calls me Auntie-dear. Came home by Grant's and brought back fruit for dinner. There is a man coming, a friend of father's. It is a horrid nuisance.'

Here Clara Moore broke off suddenly.

"Oh, I wrote everything fresh, you see. I wanted to remember. You've no idea how bad my memory used to be in those days. Being married helps. One has to remember one's husband's infidelities."

"Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote," murmured Harry.

His wife stopped and looked severely at him.

"Well," she said, "I did write a lot, I know, and yours is no fair exchange. I did it partly as an exercise, you see, for I was considered very good at composition at school, whatever you may think. Besides, I don't believe you have anything in that book at all."

"Oh, yes—I have!" and she flourished a closely written page of memoranda before her eyes.

"Well," she said, with a sigh (and her eyes were dim and distant), "I will read—though I never thought to let anyone see—not even you. But since you have been so horrid to me, I will."

It seemed an odd reason, but Harry wisely nodded. Clara fluttered some leaves thoughtfully. "Where shall I go on?" she asked, kneeling her brows.

"You did begin from the beginning," he smiled as he spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost as she spoke, "why not continue?"

She glanced up with sudden shyness, almost like a surprised Eve.

"You were saying that it was a horrid nuisance, having me come to dinner," said Harry Moore, "did you change your mind?"

"Here it is," said his wife, running her eye down the columns of close-knit writing. "11:00 p. m. He is gone. It was not so horrid after all. But I think he likes Edith best. He is big and badly dressed. Why can't writers and artist people dress humanely? He had on the funniest I ever saw, and a beard, and he came in a big gray cloak like one of Millie's shepherds. But he talked—yes, it was worth

while hearing him talk. Not much to me, though, but he looked at me a lot, and somehow seemed to be conscious of everything I was doing. Dr. Stenor came in after, and wanted me to look out music for him. We went into the corner together and got out the folios, and though he was talking to father, I knew very well he was watching us. That's all," Clara concluded. She had been reading very rapidly, as if anxious to get to the end. "Now for yours!"

Mine! Oh, mine's no great thing," said Harry, opening his little black pocketbook, "jottings merely."

"Go on, please," cried Clara, stamping her foot, "and mind, don't alter a word or put in more."

"Christmas eve" (began Harry) "worked at Guardian article, took it round, saw proof of yesterday's. Chief wants me to go to Armenia about the atrocities. Shan't! To club in afternoon—Clifton, McCosh, Moxon and several of the fellows there, who wanted me to stop. Told them I couldn't. Had to go out to old Linklater's to the the—girls, music, bore—but I should look in later."

"Oh!" interjected Clara, with her head suddenly haughty, "a bore—was it?"

"You said a horrid nuisance!" remarked her husband, and continued his reading without troubling to defend himself further.

"I got there early—long way out of town—several false trails. At last found the place—a big house under trees. From the doorway I could see in the hall a girl standing on steps, putting up bolly and green stuff. Presently old Linklater came and introduced me. 'This is Clara!' I became conscious of two great, dark, steady, grayish-hazel eyes. The dinner went all right after that. Pretty—well, I don't know: a fascinating and glamorous person certainly. There was also a sister."

"Nonsense!" said Clara. "You are making up as you go along. I know you."

Her husband silently handed her the book. Decidedly it was so written.

Clara did not apologize for her disbelief. She only remarked, "Oh, but you are dear."

And, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve, she purred.

"Go on!" she said.

"Dinner quite informal," Harry continued. "Talked too much, but got led on somehow. Everything went well. Doctor fellow there, who put on a lot of friend-of-the-family side-sat in a corner and talked to the girl with the eyes."

"Ah, ha! You see—you were jealous already!" cried Clara, clapping her hands joyously.

"Nonsense!" said Harry Moore. "Of little Stenor? I think I see myself!"

"Read the next day—go on—go on! No, that day you came to Elton again!"

"Went to make my 'digestion' call. Took some flowers up to Elton, and talked to the old lady. Think I made a conquest. But the Lady of the Eyes did not show up. Waited an hour and a half, but don't think I wasted my time entirely. Dear old lady!"

"Harry, you are a cold-blooded wretch!"

"Very much the contrary, Mrs. Moore!"

"Now shall I read?" And without giving him time to answer, Clara opened the solid basil boards and continued, "Dec. 28th: Went out all the afternoon with Miss Grlerson. Down the lane—soup kitchen, girls' club, and went home with her to tea. When I got home I saw mother had a secret. You always knew by the satisfied way she has of looking mysterious. She would be disappointed if you didn't ask her at once. So I teased her to tell.

"Do you know whom I've been entertaining all afternoon?" she said, her shoulders shivering with repressed laughter. I understood well enough.

"Oh, the curate," I said, as carelessly as I could. "I saw him going down the lane like a pair of compasses let loose."

"Do you think the curate would bring me those?" said mother, triumphantly. And she showed me a lovely bunch of roses, a wagonload nearly, which she had set well back in the dusk of the piano, so that I should not see them before mother had her little triumph. My! they must have cost heaps of money this time of year. They are all mine, said mother, 'but if you are good you can have just one bud for yourself. You see what one gets by staying quietly at home!'

"She was teasing me, of course, this dear old sweet-hearted mother."

"You see what one gets for doing works of charity and mercy!" I said. 'He would have given them to me if I'd been here. I'll never do a good action again!'

"New turn on 'Four Seas Cottage' and read about that," cried Clara. Her eyes were not gray now, nor yet hazel. The dark pupils had swallowed up all the rest, overfrowning everything with the soft blackness of a misty night of few stars.

"Let's see. Easter, wasn't it?" said her husband. "But why skip? Much water had flowed under bridges during these months of spring."

"Oh, I want to get to the end—the end!" Clara whispered, excitedly. "Quick, quick—I can't wait!"

"Well, here it is: 'April 8th. We went a walk along the beach, she and I. We talked. I told her that unless something was going to come of this, I must go away."

"What," she said, "for altogether?" And I said "Yes." Then she walked a good while silent, and when I looked, I could see—"

"No, you didn't," said Clara. "I could never have been so silly!"

"Tear after big tear rolling slowly down her cheek," Harry continued, imperturbably. "I needed no more than that—who would?"

"You don't want me to go?" I cried.

"She shook her head, still weeping, and not caring now whether I saw or not.

"So I stayed."

They sat long silent that night in their own home, near each other, and happy Harry's heart was softened. He was in the mood for concessions.

"Dear," he said, "if you would like Aunt Laetitia to come and stay with us a month—"

"Oh, bother Aunt Laetitia!" exclaimed Mrs. Henry Moore. "I only want you!"

And this did Clara Murray-Linklater deny her father's house and cleave to her husband.

Denies the Allegations.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, president of the National W. C. T. U., at the annual convention in Washington, denied that it is true that drunkenness among women is increasing. She said she had never seen a woman in this country with a cigarette in her mouth and does not believe that either the whisky or cigarette habit is on the increase among women.

Dying Out.

Pigs—Pigs are born, not made. Fog—Yes, and there seems to be grave danger of race suicide.

Wants If He Dies.

"So you are going to be operated on for appendicitis? You are taking big chances."

"No bigger than the doctor is taking. It is a no cure no pay proposition."

Stung.

"I had a lovely dream last night!"

"Have all the dreams you want to, dear, they don't cost a cent."

"This one will, it was a dream of a bonnet."

Paper Hints

To straighten out paper that has been rolled, open it with the inner curve away from you and run it over the sharp—not the curved or beveled—edge of a table.

The sharp edge is good, too, for tearingpaper; better than a paper cutter, in fact. Draw the paper to be cut straight and quickly across the edge, and there will be a clean tear, produced equally well in tissue or wrapping paper.

It is not generally known that bread crumbs are the finest of cleansers for white paper. Rub an old crust of stale bread over the paper and every sort of stain, fingermarks, dust, water stains, will disappear like magic. It is safer to use on fine books and pictures than the softest of rubbers. Blow, do not rub, the crumbs off afterward.

SOME RULES FOR HUSBANDS.

Another Presumptuous Man Attempts to Pick Flaws in Logic of French Woman.

Some presumptuous man published a list of commandments for wives, one of which ran: "Now and then acknowledge gracefully that thy husband knows more about some things than thou. After all, thou art not infallible." A second and still more daring rule for wives was, "Never be aggressive in thy arguments with thy husband, but always consider him as superior to thee." This was too much for French feminists and no wonder. One lady answered the presumptuous man indignantly: "The weaker sex has not merely duties; it has also rights. Feminism is advancing, and nothing will stop it. The weaker sex is the equal of the sterner. Equality forever! Here are the commandments which women oppose to those of men."

The lady then gives the rules for husbands with more spirit than logic: "Woman has a right to have whims; it is a privilege of her sex. Never put her out. She might have hysterics, which would impair her health and cost thee money in doctors' bills."

Another commandment runs: "Remember, good man, that thy wife is thy superior by her grace, her beauty and refinement. Therefore always worship at her feet." Where then, good lady, does "equality forever" come in, if woman not only has privileges because she is a woman, but is decidedly superior to man? Surely the strong-minded suffragist would spurn privileges of sex.

In another rule the lady seems to show some sly knowledge of her sister. "If, good man, thou dost desert mountain air, ask thy wife to come to the seaside; she will immediately propose a holiday in Switzerland." But this is a very mild gift at her own sex compared with her final thrust at the other in her last rule for husbands: "Man was created before woman as a preliminary sketch for the masterpiece. Remember, then, O husband, that thou art but a rough draft." This ought to shut any husband up finally.—London Telegraph.

Where He Got His Inspiration.

Former District Attorney John J. Sullivan was the principal speaker at a reunion of old soldiers a few days ago. He had all of his wonderful command of pathos and eloquence in full working order that day, and as he concluded his oration tears glistened in the eyes of many of the veterans. One of the old boys in blue came up to Mr. Sullivan, pressed his hand and said:

"Your description of the scenes on the field of carnage during a fight was beautiful. You must have been in the thick of a battle some time. Where did you have your most thrilling experience?"

"At Warren," replied Colonel Sullivan.

"At Warren? Why, I never knew there was any fighting there."

"Probably not," replied Colonel Sullivan, "but if you had been behind the bat for Warren the day we beat Youngtown, 1 to 0, you would have known you were in a fight and a mighty warm one, too," and the colonel extended his gnarled and twisted fingers to prove his assertion. —Cleveland Leader.

Whims.

The city man who was summering in the country was lounging at a little station on an interurban line.

Along came a seedy pilgrim walking up the track.

"My friend," said the city man, "do you expect to hoof it to the next station?"

"Sure."

"How far is it?"

"Bout six miles."

"What's the fare from here there?"

"Fifteen cents, I reckon."

"Car coming pretty soon?"

"Yes."

"Well, just to gratify a whim, suppose you let me lend you money enough to pay your fare to that station."

"That's all right, boss."

"I haven't the change. Here's a quarter."

"Thanks. Now, boss," said the seedy wayfarer, "jes' to gratify a whim, I'm goin' to keep on hoofin' it. Goodbye."

Four Hundred Years Before Peary.

The north pole is the place of greatest dignity in the world; and the people who dwell near it "have a wonderful excellency, and an exceeding prerogative above all nations of the earth." How blessed we may think this nation to be; for they are in perpetual light, and never know what darkness meanness, by the benefit of twilight and full moons, as the learned in astronomy do very well know, which people, if they have the notice of their eternity by the comfortable light of the Gospel, then are they blessed and of all nations most blessed. Why then do we neglect the search of this excellent discovery, against which there can be nothing said to hinder the same?—From Hakluyt's Voyages (Sixteenth Century).

A Woman's Living Wage.

The New York board of education's salary commission has been making an investigation and says that \$600 a year is not enough for a woman to live independently of others. She must make at least \$15 a week, the report says. With \$600 a year only, she must get for luncheon and no more than 25 cents for dinner. Her room rent must not exceed four dollars a week. Then during illness or summer vacation she must live on her relatives.

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THRESHING RETURNS FROM WESTERN CANADA.

They Reveal Larger Averages of Wheat and Oats Than Anticipated.

The returns from the grain fields of Western Canada as revealed by the work of the threshers, show much larger yields than were expected as the crop was ripening. It is a little early yet to give an estimate of the crop as a whole, but individual yields selected from various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show that the farmers there as a rule have had reason to be thankful over the results. Excellent yields are reported from many portions of Manitoba and a large district of Saskatchewan has turned out well, while the central portion of Alberta is splendid. There will be shown at the land exposition at St. Louis a sample of the Marquis wheat—a new variety and one that appears to be well adapted to the soil and climate of Western Canada—that yielded 53 bushels to the acre. The exhibit and statement will be supported by affidavits from the growers. This wheat weighs well, and being a hard variety will find a ready market at the highest prices obtainable for a first-class article. It is interesting to point out that a field of one hundred acres of this wheat would give its producers 5,300 bushels. Sold at 85 cents a bushel would give him \$45 an acre. Counting all the cost of interest on land at \$20 an acre, getting the land ready for crop, seed sowing, harvesting and marketing, the entire cost of production would not exceed \$8 an acre, leaving the handsome net profit of \$37 an acre. Is there any crop that would yield a better return than this, with the same labor and initial expense? Cotton fields will not do it, apple orchards with their great expense of cultivation and the risk to run from the various enemies of the fruit cannot begin to do it. While what is considered an exceptional case just now is presented, there is no doubt that this man's experience may be duplicated by others who care to follow his example. As has been said the growing of this wheat is but in its infancy, and wheat growing is still largely confined to other older varieties that do not yield as abundantly. Even with these we have records before us of farmers who have grown 40 bushels to the acre, others 35, some 30, and others again 25 bushels. Taking even 20 bushels, and some farmers report that amount, it is found that the returns from such a yield would be \$17 an acre. This wheat will cost to get to market, including all expenses, about \$8 an acre, and the farmers will still have a net profit of about \$9 an acre. Certainly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are progressing settlements is increasing and there is general contentment all over the country. The social conditions are splendid, the climate is excellent, and there is every condition to make the settler satisfied. At the farming congress, held at Spokane in October, wheat shown by the Alberta Government, took the silver cup, awarded by the Governor of the State. It completely outclassed all other specimens on exhibition, and it was but an ordinary selection, hundreds of fields in Alberta and Saskatchewan being able to duplicate it. There are still available thousands of homesteads, as well as large areas of first-class land—that is being offered for sale at low prices. The agent of the Canadian Government from whom the above facts have been learned expects that the rush to Canada will next year largely exceed the numbers who have gone this year.

Tribute to Painter's Skill.

One of the still life paintings by Jan van Huysen in the museum at The Hague was recently injured, but it is believed the perpetrator was neither vandal nor thief.

The picture represents a basket of fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On a pale yellow apple, which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, so says the officials of the gallery, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoot" it and brought his cane or hand too close to the canvas. "A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which he worked had to suffer."

What World Lost?

"It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual, unbrowned young woman. "I had written a water and candy novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartan.

Sense of Taste.

From a series of experiments recently made at the University of Kansas it is evident that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 52,000 parts of water. Salt was detected in water when one part to 610 of the liquid was used. Sugar could be tasted in 22 parts of water and common soda in 48. In nearly all cases women could detect a smaller quantity than men.

Asking Too Much.

"The count has promised that he will never beat or kick me if I will marry him," said the beautiful bores.

"But has he promised to work for you?" her father asked.

"Oh, papa, don't be unreasonable."

Which is the Star?

"We are thinking of putting an electric sign over the church."

"It might be a good idea."

"But there are factions. We can't decide whether to feature the minister or the soprano of the choir."

Experience is a safer and more useful guide than any principle, however accurate and scientific it may be.—Buckle.

Sounded Best When Silent

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed with bulls so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a break on his part.

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