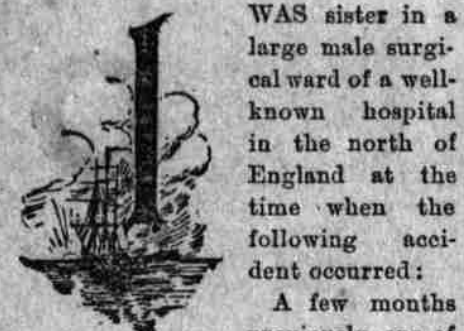




SONG OF LOVE.

I do believe her heart
Is something still to me
She is the one that had no art
Save love, that is to be.
She is the one who was so dear
And caught me with her golden hair!
My sweet remembrance makes
A melody of her!
No thrush that sings in all the brakes
Would I—could I, prefer!
For when she spoke, in Love's sweet way
All the dear birds sang night and day!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DR. FRESTON'S BROTHER.



WAS sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the north of England at the time when the following accident occurred:
A few months previously one of those disastrous colliery explosions, only too common in our neighborhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward. We all had a heavy time of it, and our house surgeon—never very strong—had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he, too, came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months. No man ever deserved a rest more than he.

By his constant and unwearied labors of love, he had earned the name pronounced in Abou Ben Adhem as "One who loved his fellow-men." We all greatly missed his cheery presence in the wards, and felt small interest in the doctor who came as his "locom," feeling sure that no one could take his place.

Dr. Freston, the temporary house surgeon, however, made a favorable impression on his arrival and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work. He had a quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man. One evening, on going his rounds, I reported a new case, just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against a curbstone and had received a scalp wound. That he was a stranger in the town was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull a few days previously.

"I have not made out his history yet," I said; "he seems to be very poor and apparently has no friends."
"No friends!" repeated Dr. Freston, with an expression I had not seen on his face before. "Very few of us realize what those words mean, sister. It means more than mere friendlessness. It means a man's life without any influence for good upon it—no restraint to keep him from sinking to the lowest depths; no anchor to hold him back from suffering shipwreck on the rocks which surround us all; some seen and some hidden ones more dangerous than all."

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there now may be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before night."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to any one before, and that it was a great relief to him to do so now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face and went on more quietly:

"I had a younger brother. There were only the two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and character we were totally unlike. He had been spoiled by my father, who always let him have his own way, cholly, I fancy, on account

of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital when my father died.

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought.

"You'll look after him, Tom," he said. "Promise me you'll look after him. If you promise, I know you won't go back. A promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you."

"I did promise, again and again, and God knows I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy with my promise still sounding in his ears and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee?"

"I went back to Oxford, and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits and I grew more cold and reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury. 'You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself,' and he was gone. Even then, sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him, but I was angry with him, and glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be now to hear that once again on this earth I might hope to see his face. I live for that, and one day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work or"—I began, rather hopelessly.

"No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of him—that's four—no, five years ago. Five years—and night and day I think of those words, 'You will look after Jack, Tom?'"

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless condition had led to our conversation. He took down the head card to fill up the details.

"Name, sister?"

"George Thomas."

"Age?"

"I do not know; he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten."

The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in hand.

"Occupation—do you know?"

"Sailor."

"No other particulars, sister?"

He laid the card on the table and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book much the worse for wear. One crumpled piece of paper had the words, "15 Black Wells Court, Hull," written upon it, probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold another piece, and found an old, plain gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, and on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, "J. F."

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands.

Dr. Freston had seized it, and, carrying it quickly across the ward, turned the gas full on, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

"Look, sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it toward me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. I could swear to this anywhere, and I see quite clearly how it came here, Jack met this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up—but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to any one else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this, but here it is, and here's the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, sister," and his face was bright with hope. "Jack may be still there; I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night?"

He was already near the door. "No, not to-night; the others are all very comfortable; but do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket, and I will ask him."

He handed it to me without appearing to follow what I had said.

The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such a hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

"I found this among your things," I said to the patient after Dr. Freston had gone. "Is it your own, or did some one sell it to you?"

He looked up quickly and suspiciously.

"What do you want to know for?" he muttered.

"I only want to know whether the man who owned this first was with you at his address in Hull."

He looked at me sharply, and did not answer for a minute.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was," and he turned round, as if unwilling to say more.

I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Freston.

"Thank you very much," he said, simply, "Good night, sister; I may not see you for a few days." He was already on the landing.

"Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was halfway downstairs.

Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the ward routine went on as usual.

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was twenty-eight. He looked at least ten years older. He was knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight, and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in.

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learned at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he—then, checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr.

Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."
"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face—the first time for five years, rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before. Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he had looked around as if wishing to escape; but if he would he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterances in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough?

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgotten—in the ward, at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no word or act recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston, Jack, his brother, and myself, Tom Freston's wife.

Prickly Lettuce.

During the last three years the farmers of the Mississippi Valley, especially in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, have had to contend with the new European weed, the so-called prickly lettuce (*Lactuca Scariola*), writes L. H. Pamanel, of the Iowa Agricultural College. Ten years ago this weed was hardly heard of in the Mississippi Valley, though long known to Massachusetts, but now it may be seen coming up in streets, villages, lots, fields and gardens.

Professor Morrow, of the University of Illinois, has recently issued a circular calling attention to the pernicious character of this weed. A few years ago this weed was scarcely noticed in the streets in the village of Ames, but there is now hardly a lot or street in which this weed cannot be found. Prickly lettuce closely resembles the common cultivated lettuce. The stem is slightly prickly below—bristly; the mid-rib on the lower face of the leaf is also prickly. It produces small yellow flowers in heads; the latter contain from six to twelve flowers. The seeds are flat, with a long beak, and at the end of this beak occurs the papus which allows the seed to be disseminated. The great difficulty in dealing with this weed is the fact that a few plants maturing seeds in a vacant place are sufficient to seed the whole neighborhood, and as this weed is a biennial it should not be difficult to remove them. But, as in most cases, many people neglect pulling out these weeds when young, and they become scattered far and near.

A True Fishing Story.

Here is a snake story from a Betchuanaland paper which we do not remember having seen before:

A Barberton man, who goes to church regularly, was one day walking along the banks of Concession Creek eating a sandwich, and on account of the usual disparity between meat and bread he threw the redundant piece into the water. Immediately a swarm of yellow fish bubbled around it, fighting for the mouthful. The man searched his pockets for fishing tackle, but all in vain, and he was just beginning to die of despair when his eye lighted on a blacksnake. At that moment he remembered how his father used to tell him that blacksnakes were very expert in catching fish. He therefore grabbed the reptile by the tail, carried it to the river and held it over the struggling fish. The snake proved itself a born angler, and in the course of an hour the man had captured forty fine fish. A few days later he was walking in the same place, he felt something rub against his leg, and looking down he saw his friend, the blacksnake, eager for more sport.—Bangoon (Burmah) Times.

LADIES' COLUMN

THE WHITE PIQUE PELISSE.

Now is the period when the white pique pelisse flourishes once again, and, by the way, we have borrowed this fashion from our babies. Pique is obtaining among us, but, be it understood, it is generally pique glorified with black satin ribbons and chiffon vests. Candidly, I confess it is a material that please me but little; it is too stiff, yet I think it may be used most successfully to form facings to drill gowns, and it may be relied upon to make very smart little coats to be worn over serge skirts for yachting; these looking their best, perhaps, when adorned with gold buttons. With serge skirts, too, coats of colored linen have an excellent effect. A corndowner-blue serge skirt and a holland coat, although it perhaps suggests the undress costume of a page, may be very successfully worn with a black skirt and a black tie, and crowned by a Panama hat trimmed with black taffeta ribbon.—New York Journal.

A WOMAN CARPENTER.

The progressive women of the times are striving not only for political power, but for admission into the medical, legal and clerical professions. Very few of them, however, are desirous of earning a livelihood as ordinary mechanics. It is interesting, therefore, to learn from the Philadelphia Carpenter that a lively young Danish woman, Miss Sophie Christensen, is anxious to get work in Chicago as a carpenter and joiner. In the city of Copenhagen she learned her trade, to which she was bound as an apprentice. When her apprenticeship was completed, a short time ago, she was admitted to full membership in the union. She displayed great aptitude and skill as a worker at the trade, and she is ready to display specimens of her handicraft. Among other things she has made a "self-closing book-case" which is serviceable, artistic, and beautiful, and which is admired by everybody who sees it. She is but twenty-six years old, and she expects to get a good job in Chicago as soon as the trade brightens up.—New York Sun.

WOMEN AND OLD AGE.

With all the twaddle about the inferiority of women, statistics show that they live longer than men. Their freedom from the tobacco and liquor habits probably has much to do with this, as the constitutions of many men are more or less enfeebled in their earlier years by their indulgence in these habits. There are several well-authenticated cases where women have lived in comparative health long past their one hundredth year. One woman lived to be one hundred and forty years old, another one hundred and forty-five; and this one died not from natural causes but accident. A French woman lived to be one hundred and fifty years old, and although she became little more than a living skeleton, she had her mental faculties to the last. It may be questioned whether nature has not given woman far greater powers of reaction and endurance than have been bestowed upon men. Not endurance as far as brute force goes, but that quality that enables them to withstand the wear and tear of daily life and rise superior to the lesser ills of existence.—New York Ledger.

FASHION NOTES.

The summer dust cloaks are made of striped taffeta, mohair, shot silk and serge.

The seams in the skirt of cloth or serge gowns are stitched once or twice on each side, making two or four rows of stitching, or if ladies' cloth is used a band of cloth, an inch wide, is stitched over the seams. On black moire skirts overlapping jet sequins are used in place of stitching.

The girl who prides herself upon style seldom wears any but dark or subdued colors in the street. If she has a bit of brightness on her hat it is apt to be tucked away under the brim. But for house wear even the stylish young woman may revel in bright hues and thereby make herself a pleasing object to those about her.

Gay girls and tailor made women have the shirt craze. The last straw is a colored English peruse in rose, pink, blue, oyster or lilac with white

dots, rings or disks, link hole cuffs and collar bands; with them a standing or turned down collar of white linen is worn. The shirts are made by a regular shirtmaker and so are the collars.

Both modistes and milliners have combined in great earnest for ribbon trimmings for the decoration of their own gowns and millinery for the spring season. They make use of watered and plain satin ribbons, Persian effects on grounds of black, dark green, phlox red and amber, of velvet ribbons with satin or linen back or others.

Chatelaine bags, belts, shoes and sailor hats of white canvas are being displayed. The bags are mounted with gold or oxidized silver, and the belts have clasps to correspond. The shoes have white kid trimmings and silk lacings, and the jaunty, cool-looking sailors are finished with kid, leather or tarpanlin, and trimmed with a band of canvas or white gros grain ribbon. These accessories are beautiful with dark blue outing suits.

Large neck scarfs for summer wear are made of plain silk chambray net in white, black and cream shades, and in delicate tints and deep tones of yellow, blue, cardinal, pink, green, etc. Chiffon, gauze, silk muslin, etc., plain or accordion plaited, are also called into service for these dainty bits of neckwear. The trimming takes the form of edgings of black, white, cream, beige or beige lace.

A Sky Scrapper for Physicians.

The physicians of New York City are to erect a palatial eleven-story office building devoted entirely to the profession. Over the portals is to be carved the name, "The New York Medical Building." The building has been designated with special reference to the needs of tenants who are to be exclusively members of the medical profession or engaged in occupations directly associated with medical practice, and no office will be rented to any tenant whose standing in the profession is not entirely satisfactory. It will probably be located near the Academy of Medicine, on Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

It will have every convenience and practical facility for the accommodation of tenants, such as an agency for trained nurses, mail chutes, pneumatic tubes, steam heat, electric light, electric motor power, etc. Wheeled chairs will make it practicable for an invalid to be conveyed from a carriage to the elevator and thence to an office in any part of the building. The ground floor will be occupied by stores, which, it is believed, will be very desirable for apothecaries, instrument makers and opticians.

There will be about 100 suites in the building. The material to be used will be white granite. The entrance will be one story high and will be about fifty feet deep, the main structure rising eleven stories on three sides of this foyer. The entrance will be very artistically done in carved granite, with massive wrought iron gates. There will be considerable carving about the first five stories, and everything about the exterior of the building will be of light colors.—Chicago Herald.

A Partridge Tamed at Last.

"About two years ago a partridge (male) came into the village of Weedsport, N. Y., and went to the home of a German family," writes "J. H. L." in Forest and Stream. "The door was open and it walked in as if it owned the place, and never offered to fly away. It strolled around for some time, when it was caught and put in a good-sized cage. It seemed happy and would eat wheat out of any one's hand. It has been taken out of the cage several times and will stand on the owner's forefinger, but never offers to leave. Last spring three young chickens were placed in the cage and it is raising them the same as young partridges."

She Betrayed the Modocs.

An old Indian woman, who warned General Canby against meeting the Indians under a flag of truce in the lava beds during the Modoc war, the disregarding which cost him his life, is still living in Klamath County, and receives a pension from the Government for services rendered during the war.—San Francisco Chronicle.