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A Sprig of Rosemary

Which Is For Remembrance

By MARION TRAVERS

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 said. "Not that we will either of us need it, for I shall marry 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 waking hours—that every beat may be for you. Good-by, Tom, and God bless you and send you back to me." And the maid turned her lips upward for her lover's kiss.

"Good-by, 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 caress before he turned and started down the gravel path bound on the outtrail.

Betty had been motherless since her sixth year, and at the close of a winter's day the soul 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 son's heart she leaned during the days and nights of her affliction.

But her father had been frugal and shrewd, and there was enough to provide for the necessities of her days.

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

No letter came from her sweet heart in the far west. At first she did not worry, for he had written that he was 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 blast 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 resided, 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 life 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 so civil life, and capriciously happy because she was just living. They were great crimes, these two Betty's, 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 tint 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, dear. We each had a sprig and ever we saw it always, so that when ever 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 don't let Dr. Thornton and the others marry you when they ask?"

"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?'"

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 failed 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."

"Her'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 lost 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 rambled up and down the world, hoping, hunting and miserable.

"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 what the older Betty 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!"

Boys and Business.

"We are a business race, we Americans," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. "Nine tenths of our boys are destined for business, and the other tenth, who enter professions, need a knowledge of how business is transacted even more."

Parents who covet a clean cut, successful business career for their boy can do him a tremendous service by laying the foundation of that career while they have him still in their own hands. It was Cardinal Newman who said, "Give me a child until he is seven years old, and I will bet who has him afterward."

And psychologists are proving to us more conclusively every day that the years we once considered wasted, from an educational viewpoint, are the years in which most of our habits, including business habits, have their root.

Four Kinds of Liars.

The late Sir Frederick Bramwell was famous both as a witness and arbitrator in engineering disputes. It is recalled that his brother, the late Lord Justice Bramwell, on giving advice to a young barrister told him to be careful of four kinds of witnesses—first, of the liar; second, of the liar who could only be adequately described by the aid of a powerful objective; third, of the expert witness; and, finally, of my brother Fred.

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