

THE FLOWER OF BORROW.

Summer comes and summer goes,
But all months of all years
There if falling of tears;

AUNT TABBY'S UMBRELLA.



WO of the three Fostick girls aspired to wealth and social position.

Among the country relatives was Aunt Tabitha Simonds. She began life with a little amount of property, and had been known to have been very economical for many years.

The shrewd old lady intuitively gauged these courtesies and knew just where to draw the line, where true deference should manifest itself.

The Fosticks were a family of six, father, mother, son and three daughters. Celinda, Clara and Marie were the daughters, but were unlike in character and personal appearance.

Just now all were busily discussing a letter just received. It was Celinda who spoke first.

"Of all things! That Aunt Tabby should thrust herself upon us this summer! And we might just as well have had some guest from the city who would have returned the hospitality for me next winter.

"Celinda, I'm ashamed of you. Why need you be so mercenary?" exclaimed her father, reprovingly. Celinda scowled.

"I'm sure Aunt Tabby is mercenary," she said, in a complaining tone. "If she would ever do anything for us or make us presents it would be different, but she just scripps all the time and allows us to scrimp, too."

"And I'm sure she has no regard for the poetry of life," simpered Clara.

"Maybe Aunt Tabby doesn't care for the poetry in books, but she cares for another word that begins with p and has a 'practical'; she takes right hold to help with the housekeeping."

"Yes, indeed! I don't know what we would have done that hard summer without her," said Marie, with a grateful remembrance of Aunt Tabby's willing and ready hands.

"We ought to have souls above such drudgery," exclaimed Clara, rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

"Well, Clara, I can tell you one thing," interposed Mr. Fostick. "Books are all right enough in their places. Folks ought to have plenty of 'em and know what is in 'em, too—which is more than half of 'em can say who have a big library. All the same, I guess if it wasn't for this same drudgery as you call it, you wouldn't be quite as comfortable as you are."

There was a little silence while Mr. Fostick drank his tea and then continued:

"You like pie and cake well enough, but you don't want to go into the kitchen to help make 'em. Seems to me you might help mother and Marie a little more."

"Ma says I bother her," replied Clara, in an apologetic tone.

"That's because you ain't teachable, like Marie. She had to learn."

"It's no use of fussing, girls," said Mrs. Fostick. "Even if Aunt Tabby is old and sometimes queer and cross, I think we can manage."

"She needn't be so queer," said Celinda.

"She is just as she was made, if she is my sister, and we've got to make the best of it," said Mrs. Fostick, rising wearily from the table.

Abner Mason, sitting in the kitchen, had heard all this conversation. He compared the fretful, complaining voice of Celinda to Clara's drawing tones, and again with the cheerful, practical words of the pleasant Marie.

Abner was something more than a farmer's hand. He possessed a fine physique and fair education, broadened by a course of good reading. He wanted to know how to run a farm. He had views of a time when he might own a farm of his own and he wanted to learn how to utilize every acre.

He had also had his day dreams of the time when his home might be presided over by a fair, good woman, and somewhere in the depths of his soul had been registered a purpose to make Marie his wife.

But of this Marie was blissfully ignorant. She worked about house all day and served Abner at table as gracefully as if he were a titled guest. Marie had no nonsense about her and respected the young man who so faithfully lightened her father's toil.

On this particular afternoon she watched her father as he stood in the back porch, pausing for a few mo-

ments' rest before setting out for the hayfield for the afternoon's work. She noticed he passed his hands wearily over his pale, tired-looking face, and turning suddenly to him, said:

"Pa, can't you sit down and rest a little while? You look more tired than usual."

"No, child. There's that lot to be raked up this afternoon, and a good job it is. I must be going."

Abner came near and said: "I'm willing to work extra hard on it if you rest for a little while. I think myself you don't look quite well. If you will trust me I will look after that this afternoon."

Mr. Fostick had learned to rely on Abner—much more than on his own son, Henry, who, if truth must be told, was inclined to shirk. Henry disliked the farm. In fact, he disliked labor or application of any sort.

"Then I guess you may go on, Abner, and I will rest a spell. To tell the truth I don't feel very scrumptious," and he seated himself in the old-fashioned rocker out in the shady side of the porch. He soon fell asleep.

Two hours passed, and Marie began to feel anxious, as her father seemed still sleeping. She passed her hand anxiously over his brow. He awoke, but seemed dazed. He failed to recognize her, as he failed to recognize all the other members of the family.

Dr. Rome was hastily summoned, who said he was suffering from sunstroke, and gently intimated that his working days were over. Abner came home much later than usual, having stayed to finish the lot. He found the family in distress over Mr. Fostick's condition. Somehow the blow seemed to have crushed Mrs. Fostick.

She sat in a state of apathy, from which they could not arouse her. Everything fell upon Marie. "Marie" must do this. "Marie" must direct that.

Henry, instead of bracing himself to help meet the needs of the place, grew lazier than ever, and absolutely refused to be dictated to.

"There's just one thing about it, Abner," said Marie emphatically one morning, "we have got to make our plans exactly as if Henry were not here. He can't be depended upon. You had to do his work yesterday as well as your own. He is determined to go to the city. Let him go. I shall oppose him no longer. Then we shall know just what we have got to depend upon."

The next day Henry started for the city, leaving his share of the burden to fall upon Marie and Abner.

"I'll do the best I can, Miss Marie," said Abner. "I want you to feel free to call upon me early and late and I will serve you faithfully."

"I don't doubt you will, Abner, but oh! if only mother had not fallen into such a strange condition! She doesn't seem to care about anything, and I don't know much. I shall have to depend upon you entirely about the farm, and if I fail to show judgment you'll know it is because I don't know, not because I don't care, and then we will talk things over and get as straight as we can."

Marie was not a crying girl usually, but just now such large tears stood in her pretty eyes, and she looked up into Abner's face with such an appealing, dependent look that he felt his heart jump straight into Marie's hands.

"It's not much that I know, but you may trust me, Miss Marie."

Somehow Marie felt extremely comforted from that moment, although she could not sing about the house in her old-time way, yet she worked and directed with a feeling of greater security than before.

And in the midst of it all Aunt Tabby came. Even Marie, hospitable as she was, felt a bit more weary after she had welcomed her and helped her place her few garments in the neat "spare chamber."

"Now, look a' here, Marie. I made up my mind to come, even if your pa an' ma air sick. I can do a little to help, an' I will, too, if you an' I can agree on a few things."

"But you are getting old, and you are not strong, auntie. You must not do much; you'll get sick."

"If I ain't capable there's folks in the world as is an' we can get 'em."

"No, we can't, for we've no money to do it with," said Marie, decidedly.

"Well, I have, an' I'll do it, provided a good smart gal can come here an' help you, but if you say you'll allow her to wait on them lazy girls an' work over their flounces an' furbelows instead of helpin' you, why 'tiant of much use."

Marie caught eagerly at this hope of help.

"Well, auntie, I promise you faithfully that Celinda and Clara shall wait upon themselves and iron their own flounces. We will have good work done in an orderly manner, and I am tired, Aunt Tabby."

"Well, there's one a-comin' by next stage. I counted on how it would be an' took the liberty to have her promise to come. She's a stout, likely gal."

Marie knew her aunt's compliments would not be undeservedly given. She ran down with a lighter heart. Abner came in with his pails of milk and wondered at the unusual brightness of Marie's tired face.

"You can't always tell what folks will do," he said, after Marie had explained. "I felt as if she had a streak of good in her which emergencies would bring out."

And so the summer waned, and the aged father and mother were still invalids. It was with a sad heart and sometimes tear-dimmed eyes that Marie saw Abner's favorite books gathering a suspicion of dust upon their covers. He had no time for study or reading.

And then Aunt Tabby suddenly fell ill.

"It's of no use doctorin'," she said. "My time has come. I feel it, an' to-morrow I want things fixed pretty much as I want 'em, an' I'll get you an' Abner to help me tend to it."

So a time was set apart for the duty—to Marie a sad duty, for she really loved the old lady, who had been so kind to her.

With the renewed strength and clear voice which is sometimes given a dying person, she gave a few explicit directions.

"Jest hand me that tin box out o' the upper drawer o' my bureau, Marie." She did as she was bidden. "An' now I want that umberel o' mine out o' the closet."

A faint smile touched Marie's lips as she brought an old brown umbrella that had been the derision of her sisters. Aunt Tabby took it in her trembling hands and deposited it carefully on the bed beside her. Then she opened the box.

"Now, here in this old black wallet is a hundred dollars. I calculate it will pay my funeral expenses. An' here in this brown wallet is \$200 more, which I give into your charge, Marie, to help pay some of the house expense. An' here is my will. You take care o' that, Marie, an' see that everything goes straight as I have got it. Lawyer Sibley drew it up an' you can get him to read it when I'm gone. An', Abner, I give to you this umberel o' mine. Take good care on't, an' maybe it will help be a protection to your old age. I guess that's all—only, Marie—you may give my old clothes to Mammy Giddons. Don't bury me in my best dress. Give it to her; second best will do!" And with these strange words she turned her head on the pillow and expired.

A few hours later Marie, standing in the porch, with the sunset rays falling about her, said to Abner:

"I hope you won't feel insulted by Aunt Tabby's giving you that dreadful umberel. It was a singular thing for her to do, but you know she was partly crazy. I know she thought a great deal of you, Abner. I wish she had done something for you."

"Never mind, Marie. I shall not hold it against her, you may be sure, and as for the umberel, if I were at all a believer in luck—which I am not—I should say the poor old weather-beaten thing will certainly bring it to me. I shall certainly take care of it, as she said."

Celinda and Clara were in haste to learn the contents of the will.

"Not until after the funeral," said Marie, decidedly.

And so, after those last rites were performed, Lawyer Sibley was called to read the will. It bequeathed \$1000 to Mr. and Mrs. Fostick, \$100 to Celinda and Clara and \$2000 to Marie.

"How strange that she did not mention her farm in Vermont! She has not spoken of disposing of it; but perhaps she has done so and this money is the price. Still, I should thought she would have mentioned it," said Marie to Abner.

The next morning it was raining as Marie stepped into the darkened porch.

"There's a chance for your new umberella, Abner," said Marie, smiling a little. He answered with a look which showed no signs of offense.

"Now, Abner, we must make arrangements for you to have more help. We can do it now. You have worked too hard. I shall never forget your faithfulness and you shall be paid as well as money is concerned. Most young men would have gone away and left us in such straits."

"I don't know who could leave you, Marie," he said, with an earnestness which made her cheeks flush. Just then Celinda called from the dining-room:

"I want to go out, Marie. My umberella is broken, and so is pa's. Can I take yours?"

"Yes, came the reply, and they watched Celinda and Clara as they waded persistently through the little puddles between the door and gate.

"I think I'll take my new one," said Abner, and he soon reappeared with it. As he opened it a large paper fell to the floor from the inner folds and a folded note also fell out. Abner read the note first:

"To Abner Mason: I hain't watched you all summer for nothin', an' I've made up my mind that what is yours will be pretty likely to be Marie's, too. So I hereby give you the deed of my farm in Vermont. I know you will make good use of it. Keep the old number in remembrance of me."

"TABITHA SIMONDS."

It was several moments before the young people could speak, and then Abner said:

"Is it true, Marie? Will you let what is mine be yours?"

Marie's answer was tearfully but happily given.

"But we will not leave father and mother at present."

"Surely not—but by and by we can make our plans."

When the winter snows came they fell upon the graves of the aged couple to whom sickness could come no more, and in the early spring Abner and Marie went to their new home. The old brown umberella was carefully preserved as a most precious relic—Chicago News.

A Marvelous Tale.

Mr. Coonrod Stiwinter, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, caught a snapping turtle, carried it home, cut off its head and threw the head over into the back yard and ate the turtle. A day or two afterward some chickens came near the turtle's head, and one was caught by the jaws of the head and the head held its grip until it thundered.—Cave Spring (Ga.) Herald.

The Silk Hat Still on Top.

The silk hat continues to hold its ground in London, but in the provinces it has lately been almost entirely displaced by the hard felt Derby. There is a brisk and increasing demand for resuscitated chimney pots in South Africa and Australia, whether by the natives or the whites is not apparent.—Chicago Herald.

A Handsome Spring Dress.



This handsome dress is of petunia mauve-embroidered crepon; marabout of frayed mousseline de soie of the shade, with a bordering of fluffy black feathers round the edge of the skirt. It has bertha flounces to sleeves, with vest and ruching of the mousseline de soie. There are small black feather agrettes fastened at the left side. The sash is of satin ribbon.

Greek Soldiers.

In a letter from Athens, Greece, to the Chicago Herald the writer says: Yesterday Queen Olga, with the members of the royal family, except the King, went to church in state to the Metropolis, the great central church of the national worship in Greece.

King George was absent because he is Lutheran, and performs his devotions at a little chapel in the palace. A magnificent and showy event was Her Majesty's church-going. First came a large body of cavalry riding full gallop down the hill leading from the palace.

Then several carriages containing members of the royal family, high officers of the Government, etc., and next Her Majesty's state coach, drawn by four spirited horses, at full speed. To anybody who has never seen a Queen's state coach, this one at least would be a curious looking vehicle.

In architecture it somewhat resembles the famous carryall of George Washington, of blessed memory, although it is much longer. High on the front seat sat a coachman and footman in

feminine pocket that can be honestly said to be safe for carrying money. Lady Isabella Margesson has, however, come to the rescue of her sex, and has invented one of the most convenient bags which we have yet seen. It is intended to hang at the side, and is divided in half, one portion being devoted to the watch and a small bag for gold, the other to the purse; while the pocket for cards and pencils is at the back. But by a clever contrivance the purse cannot be reached from the outside. By means of a spring, the mouth of the bag opens wide, and on unclasping the upper pocket first the purse is available. The bag is of a very moderate size, made in different kinds of leather, being ornamental as well as useful.—London Queen.

Funny Ducks' Nests.

The water-fringed village of Grouw, in Friesland, North Holland, is remarkable for two things—cheeses and ducks. The lakes which fringe the village on three sides are thick with bulrushes and water-grass, and afford

excellent cover for wild ducks and other aquatic fowl. To promote the comfort of the former and at the same time make the collection of their eggs easier, the villagers construct nests of the form shown in the illustration. The nests are made of plaited rushes, and are hung on poles driven into the soil, or perched between the forks of trees. Above each group the owner of the nests fixes pieces of colored cloth which enable him to readily tell his nests from those of his neighbors. These bits of bunting are useful also to the birds, who keep to their own nests. The owner goes each morning in his boat to the nesting ground, thrusts his arm into the bottle-shaped nests and collects their contents for the market.

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Flattery always has a string to it.—Galveston News.

Natural Enough.

First Fowl—"I'm surprised to see that you're afraid of a dog that's chained."

Second Fowl—"Well, I can't help being chicken-hearted."—Truth.

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First Female Lawyer.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, wife of Judge James B. Bradwell, and the founder and managing editor of the Chicago Legal News, died recently in Chicago. She was born in Manchester, Vt., in 1811. When twelve years of age she came West with her parents. She was educated at Kenosha, Wis., and in



MYRA BRADWELL.

1852 married James B. Bradwell, a rising young lawyer. Becoming interested in his profession she commenced the study of law under his supervision. She passed a most creditable examination, but because she was a married woman was denied admission to the bar. She did not despair, but bent all her energies in removing this legal defect.

Her application was refused by the Supreme Court of Illinois, and she sued out a writ of error against the State of Illinois in the Supreme Court of the United States. Her case was argued in 1871 by Matt Carpenter, United States Senator from Wisconsin. The Court, upon consideration, notified Mrs. Bradwell that her marriage was a legal disability, which only legislation could remove.

Another effort was made to have the Supreme Court consider the matter favorably, but an adverse decision was rendered at the time. Twenty years later the Court apparently reconsidered its ruling and ordered a certificate issued.

Mrs. Bradwell was the first woman in the United States to apply for admission to the bar, the first woman who became a member of the Illinois Press Association and the first woman to become a member of the Illinois State Bar Association. Over twenty-five years ago Mrs. Bradwell established the Chicago Legal News, the first weekly legal paper ever published in the Western States, and was its editor and its business manager until her death. The Legislature gave her a special charter for her paper and passed several acts making it evidence in courts and a valid medium for the publication of legal notices.

Hunting With Projectiles.

It has often been repeated that man is the only creature sufficiently intelligent to utilize as weapons exterior objects like a stone or a stick; in a much greater degree, therefore, it was said, was he the only creature capable of striking from afar with a projectile.

Nevertheless, creatures so inferior as fish exhibit extreme skill in the art of reaching their prey at a distance. Several act in this way. There is first the Toxotes jaculator, which lives in the rivers of India. His principal food is formed by the insects who wander over the leaves of aquatic plants. To wait until they fell into the water would naturally result in but meager fare. To leap at them with one bound is difficult, not to mention that the noise would cause them to flee. The Toxotes knows a better trick than that. He draws in some drops of water, and, contracting his mouth, projects them with so much force and certainty that they rarely fail to reach the chosen aim, and to bring into the water all the insects he desires.

Other animals also squirt various liquids, sometimes in attack, but more especially in defense. The cephalopods, for example, omit their ink, which darkens the water and allows them to flee. Certain insects exude bitter or fetid liquids; but in all these cases, and in others that are similar, the animal finds in his own organism a secretion which happens to be more or less useful to his conservation. The method of the Toxotes is different. It is a foreign body which it takes up, and it is an intended victim at which it takes aim and which he strikes; his movements are admirably co-ordinated to a precise effect.—Popular Science Monthly.

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