

LUCRETIA FARLEY.



LUCRETIA FARLEY was always unselfish. She was a baby whose good nature was a marvel to the wise women. In time she grew to be a little girl who never tore her pinafores and who "practiced" faithfully, although other children lurked beneath her window "daring" her to come out and play kangaroo. Her brothers and sisters asked her to do their tasks and secretly regarded her as "soft" for her pains.

During their short married life she fenced and carried for her husband as would a spaniel and took his rough words with the same doglike submissiveness. When Mark Farley died—frank people said none too soon—her youngest sister, Maud, came to live with her. Maud was big and raven-haired, with ashy blonde hair and a temper which would have tried the neck St. Francis. At first Lucretia's friends hoped that she would be emancipated by her sister's marriage, but as Maud slipped from 29 to 30 mowed the hope died.

Meanwhile Lucretia continued to do her duty. She visited hypochondriacs and cross old people, who poured into her patient ears all their symptoms and complaints. She really felt guilty when she made a call at a pleasant home where the family asked after her health and how her flowers were blooming.

When her neighbors were ill Lucretia sat up with them every third night, and if they died she put the house in order for the funeral and lent her crape bonnet to the chief mourner. In fact, it grew so shabby she had to have it made over before she let Mrs. Ransom take it to Kansas for her son-in-law's obsequies.

She was president of the Dorcas society and many a time she wore shabby shoes and cotton gloves that she might give a child a cloak. She made a special effort to go to prayer-meeting during very wet or very hot times, when less conscientious people thought up an excuse for staying home.

There came a spring when she felt strangely weak and listless. Her feet lagged as if she were dragging a ball and chain and her hands were so thin that her rings dropped from her fingers. She stopped at Dr. Spurgeon's office one day on her way home from a church meeting.

He pushed his glasses up on his forehead and looked at her attentively; he took her pulse and asked her many questions which seemed to have no bearing on her case.

But she had mortified the flesh by wearing broad toes and common-sense heels.

She had also read literature of an uplifting tendency, not so much because she enjoyed it as because she thought she ought. Now she read the silliest novels on which she could lay hands, and even subscribed to a paper given up to jokes and gibes.

She spent long afternoons playing casino with Jimmy of the Fifts. Poor Jimmy was not an accomplished player and she sukled when he was beaten, so here Lucretia had a chance to be unselfish while pursuing pleasure, and she always let the boy win.

As time passed even Maud could see that her sister was very ill, but even after she was obliged to lie all day on her sofa Lucretia continued to enjoy herself. Gradually the practice of selfishness grew easier and she found she was as anxious to have her own way as she had formerly been to give it up.

One day when Mrs. Wilkins called she felt that she could help herself.

Mrs. Wilkins was not a pleasant person; she had cultivated the virtues to the neglect of the graces. Everybody said they respected her, but they were very apt to slip out the back door when they saw her opening the gate.

"I came in to read to you," she announced, loosening her bonnet strings and rolling her gloves into a wad.

"What did you bring?" Lucretia asked without much enthusiasm.

"The Scientific Journal, there is an interesting article on recent discoveries in electricity," she replied.

"Thank you, but I believe I don't care to hear it," Lucretia said.

GUNPOWDER—FIRST USED.

Canon Employed by the Mohammedans in the Fifteenth Century.

From St. Nicholas. People outside of military life who have no connection with the making of gunpowder know it only as a coarse, black powder like sand, which will flash off with a loud report if shut up in a case of any kind and set on fire.

It is a very queer mixture, made up of three simple and well-known substances, no one of which will explode, although two will burn. No one knows when or how it was discovered, for as far back into the dark ages as records or tradition will carry us we find that gunpowder, though not used for guns, was known. It was, no doubt, looked upon with awe and fear by the ancients on account of its flame, its noise and its rending force, but their mechanical skill could suggest very little use for it.

Possibly it was used in warfare long before the beginning of history, but the first man in historical times to form an idea of the terrible destruction which this awful, bursting, fiery substance might produce was an English monk named Roger Bacon. Monks in his day were the chemists, scholars and writers of the world, and this Roger Bacon traveled and studied much and made continual experiments in his laboratory to prove for himself and to develop what he learned from others. He probably saw gunpowder among the Moors in Spain and tried for himself its explosive effect. Then he wrote of his writing in the year 1267, and in his writing suggested that it could be used in engines of war to deal death and destruction to armies of men.

Soon after Roger Bacon's time his suggestions were taken up and guns were constructed first by binding iron bars together with hoops to form a tube, then by casting a tube out of brass, with one end closed. Stones of suitable size were selected as shot and the powder had to be carried around in chests or barrels and shoveled into the muzzles of the guns. In spite of these drawbacks very large guns were built, for there was one used by Mohammed II. against the Greeks at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 which threw a stone weighing 600 pounds a distance of one mile.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

There is a Pot of Money for the Discovery of a Cure That Cures. An incentive were needed in the search for a cure for consumption, it would be found in the bequest of a recently deceased French woman, Mme. Audifred, who has left the sum of \$160,000 in trust, the interest to be paid annually for the rest of his life, to the physician of any nationality who discovers such a cure. If any person still exists who does not believe that this dreadful disease is contagious he must be convinced upon reading the facts in relation to it brought out in the study of its prevalence in convents. A statistical inquiry among the Catholic nursing orders of Germany shows that the deaths from tuberculosis form nearly two-thirds of the total deaths, and in half the returns this proportion reached three-fourths. A case was cited where a nun died from the disease, and, although the cell was, as supposed, thoroughly purified, two other nuns, both healthy women, who tenanted the cell, one after the other, speedily succumbed to the fatal malady. A minute investigation after the death of the third showed that the cord near the bed, which was attached to the dropping bolt of the door, had not been removed at any cleansing. This was taken away, purification again resorted to, and a fourth nun took the cell, and after five years has shown no signs of consumption.

Tommie Was Posted.

And now, scholars, what is it we come to Sunday school to learn about? Annie may answer.

"Please, ma'am, it's the way to salvation."

"Annie is right. Now, does salvation cost anything? What, doesn't anybody know? Why, what is it that makes us very happy because it was always planned to be free? Ah, does little Tommie know?"

"Please, ma'am, it's silver."

English-Speaking Americans.

Within the limits of the United States in 1891 there were 5,250,000 English-speaking people; now there are 79,000,000.

Portuguese Widely Spoken.

At the beginning of this century the Portuguese language was in use by 1,480,000; in 1890 it was spoken by 13,900,000.

THE WHEEL.

Bicycles all look alike—until at you have bought a cheap one, says the Somerville Journal.

'AUNTY' WRITES ONE.

THE REAL LABOR FALLS UPON HER MISTRESS.

Amancunsa Tries to Be Truthful—But the Clock and the Messages to the Granddaughter Are Confusing—Ends with a Sigh.



AUNTY crossed the floor with her heavy, plantation tread and set the clock down on the mantel, says a writer in the Chicago Daily News.

It had, in its day, kept company with old creole mahogany and carried itself in lordly fashion among its peers, but now for many years, on account of some obscure derangement, it had been retired to humble society.

The clock doctor, he says she all right, now, an' jest as magnifous as she ever were; only you'll jest have ter wind her up, please, ma'am," said Aunty.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged over it the whole weight of the unwilling years and there was a strange graining and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework. But it began to tick and the hands began to move.

Aunty surveyed it with awe and delight.

"She goes tributatin' along as peart as ever she did. How nachel it does sound!"

HIGHER THAN EIFFEL.

From an eyrie altitude of 1,150 feet Chicago proposes to look down on the rest of the world.

A tower which surpasses in height the Eiffel structure of Paris is projected by the citizens of the Windy City, and already land on which to build has been secured and actual work begun.

This cloud disturbing structure is the outcome of a patriotic desire by Chicagoans to fly the American flag higher than any other banner in the world.

The structure is to be known as the City Tower, and as an attraction it will outrival anything ever before undertaken, except the World's Fair.

The base of the tower is to be 326 feet square, and it will occupy an entire city block.

At the base, from the four corner supports, each of which is 50 feet square, will rise arches 200 feet across and the same in height.

These arches will support the first landing, which will have 30,000 square feet of flooring, where 22,000 persons can be accommodated at one time.

There is a distance of 225 feet from the ground to this first landing. After passing the first landing there is no other landing until one is another 225 feet up in the air.

There, at a height of 450 feet, there is to be a platform 150 feet square. This second platform is about as high as the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt, or the Washington monument.

leans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get along—

"Who, Aunty? Your granddaughter and her mother?"

"Bless yer heart, no! I means her father an' mother, an' they separated an' he's got another wife an' she's got another husband."

"Oh, well, I have written 'My dear granddaughter.' Now, what next?"

"I was mighty glad ter hear from you all an' that you was well an' doin' well."

"She give one when she order give twelve an' she give twelve when she order give one," said Aunty, interrupting her drooping recitative.

"The scribe looked up in bewilderment. Aunty's eyes were fixed listlessly on the clock.

"Didn't you hear her strike?"

"No. Never mind the clock now, Aunty."

"He said she were all right," murmured Aunty, sadly.

"We will consult him again if she is not, but now we must write the letter if you want it to go in the next mail."

"I does want it ter go powerful bad."

"Well, then, what next?"

"I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this winter. He a good girl an' don't forget your pore ole gran'mother. If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there."

The scribe caught her breath and drew her pen through a line and a half.

"What you do that fer?" complained Aunty.

"Never mind. Go on."

"You worries me so, scratchin' out the writin', I done forgot. Oh! Won't you please let my gran'daughter come

Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.

The Original of Mr. Casaubon.

Many years ago Frederick W. Myers, in an article on George Eliot, told us how once, when he called upon that great woman and George Lewes, he found the couple vastly amused over the fancied discovery by a friend that the portrait of the pedantic, capricious and jealous Mr. Casaubon had been drawn from Lewes.

"But whom did you draw it from?" asked Mr. Myers.

Mrs. Lewes pointed solemnly to her own breast and said: "From myself."

This old story is brought to mind by a paragraph in Mrs. Annie Field's "Days with Mrs. Stowe," in the current Atlantic Monthly, from which it appears that Mrs. Stowe was the friend who identified Lewes with Casaubon.

In the summer of 1869 Mrs. Field called upon George Eliot at her home in St. John's Wood, in London. The novelist expressed the great love and admiration which she felt for her American contemporary.

"Many letters had passed between Mrs. Stowe and herself and she confided to us her amusement at a fancy Mrs. Stowe had taken that Casaubon in 'Middlemarch' Lewes. Mrs. Stowe took it so entirely awes. Mrs. Stowe took it so entirely for granted in her letters that it was impossible to dispossess her mind of the illusion. Evidently it was the source of much harmless amusement at St. John's Wood."

NEWSY TRIFLES.

The fruit season for Georgia growers has been one of the most successful ever known.

Sixteen out of the eighteen assembly districts of San Francisco have woman suffrage clubs.

The cost of a London four-wheeled cab is from \$350 to \$400, that of a hansom about \$250.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

A flowering plant during its life is said to abstract from the soil 200 times its own weight in water.

It is proposed to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Natal by an exhibition next year.

English radicals are asking for the appointment of public defenders to oppose the public prosecutors.

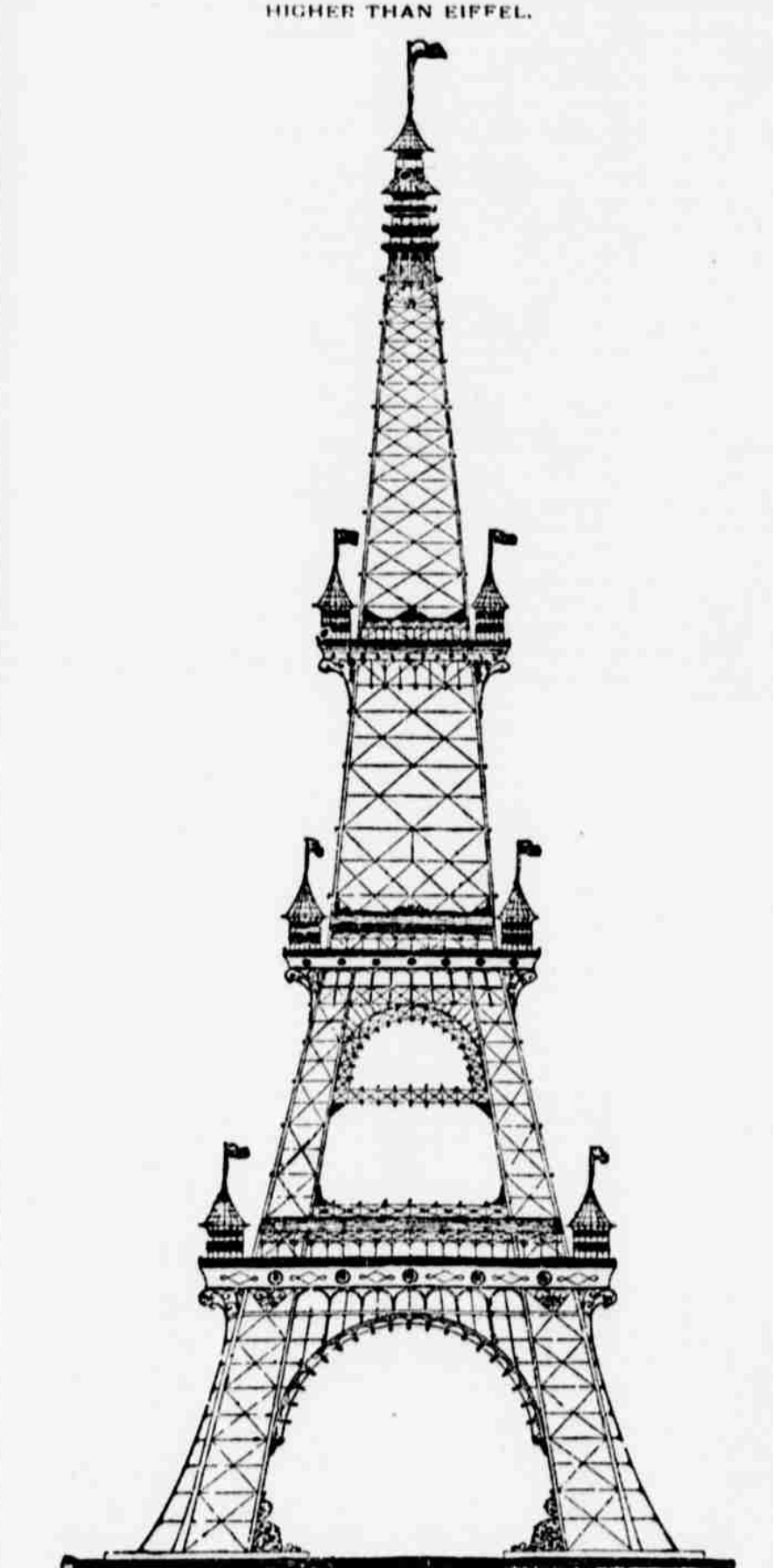
A forty-four-year-old chancery case has just been decided in England, and there was a little money left for the contestants.

The piles of old London bridge, driven 800 years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge was erected.

The city attorney of Helena, Mont., warns the council that the indebtedness is over the limit and future contracts will be illegal.

A New Orleans man who rides home on a street car is met every evening by a pet cat, which waits for him at his usual place of alighting.

In Albania the men wear petticoats and the women trousers. The women do all the work and the husbands attend to nothing in particular.



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