

### A MISFIT INDEPENDENCE.

Pop said that independence was the greatest thing he knew, and when my daddy says a thing it's generally true. It helps a man to triumph for the right and send his foes up where the great Salt river is, up where the woodbine grows. But woe is me that it should be; it didn't work that way with me. And this is how it was, you see:

On July Fourth when I got up I'd settled in my mind that I'd be just the freest of the independent kind; I'd have my way all through the day, no matter what should hap. And that is why face down I lie across my daddy's lap. And that is why I cry, "Oh, my!" as he lays on the strap. He told me just at breakfast time to help him feed the cows. And when I said I wouldn't we'd be prettier of rows. But I was firm, for I was free. Just as he said I ought to be. And then I skipped. Ah, woe is me!

I stayed away the livelong day. And then there was the deuce to pay. For when I got back home that night my daddy's wrath was out of sight. He wouldn't hear a word from me about the glories of the free. But simply put me on his knee and gave it to me—one, two, three—From which I judge that while it's clear that independence has no peer For nations fond of liberties, It doesn't do for families. Else pop has gone and changed his mind Or mine was not the proper kind. —Harper's Bazar.

### A DILEMMA OF THE FOURTH

By Mary Caroline Hyde

Six boys, aged about 14 and 15, had formed a club called The President's Own. Originally, the club room had been the upper story of a brick stable, and the boys had secured the use of it free of rent.

For several weeks the club had been saving money for a glorious Fourth of July celebration. Sky rockets, Roman candles and even flower baskets were to be bought with the ten dollars and thirty-two cents they had collected for this purpose and were to be set off from a huge rock above the village, where all could see the display.

James Porter, the keeper of the largest grocery in the village, went to New York for the fireworks which the President's Own had ordered; the weekly paper announced the pyrotechnic treat in store for Dogberry, and all was in trim for the most patriotic Fourth the little town had ever known.

The Fourth was due on Saturday and all Friday the President's Own figured through their lessons, and 4 o'clock had no more than sounded than they ran pell mell to the club room, where they had agreed to meet, six strong.

"I saw Jim Porter this afternoon," announced Maxwell Fenn, a leader of the club, "and he said he had our fireworks all right. Suppose we go right away and get them."

"That's the idea," said Alfred Warren, leading the way. "Come on. There's no time to spare."

The boys started whistling and doing a double shuffle down the path, when Clarence Richmond called out: "Who's got the money for the 'technics'?"

"That's so!" answered the rest, stopping short. "Guess we'd better go back and get it, if you've forgotten it."

Upon this the President's Own wheeled and returned to the club room, moving in a body on the closet, where the money was hoarded in an old leather wallet. The closet was well lighted by the window opposite, and the boys searched every nook and corner without finding the wallet.

"Where did you keep it, anyway?" was demanded of Maxwell Fenn.

"I didn't keep it anywhere; I gave it to Clarence," growled Maxwell.

"I know where I kept it well enough," retorted Clarence. "I kept it right up here on this shelf under the baseball caps, but it ain't there now; that's sure enough."

The President's Own groaned. Again and again they fumbled among the caps on the shelf, and among the bats, golf clubs and tennis rackets on the floor of the closet. The money was not to be found and they turned away looking into one another's faces for explanation, but finding none.

"What's to be done now?" asked Clarence.

"You ought to know."

"Well, I don't."

"Say! How'd it do to say nothing about it to-night and to-morrow we can look again," suggested Alfred.

"Agreed!" cried the others, so they fled out of the club room, locking it with the greatest care, and disbanding, to go home with very sober faces and gloomy hearts.

The much-anticipated Fourth was a sunny, delightful day, and the President's Own convened early at the club room, as they had agreed. A second search, however, was as disappointing as the first had been, and a heavy-hearted six stood about the club table, tapping abstractedly upon it.

"It's hard on old Porter, too," observed one of them.

"Oh, his fireworks'll keep till next year, when we'll be able to buy them," said another.

Locking the door, the boys walked slowly down the main street, looking at other boys' fireworks. Thus they whiled away the day as best they could till 4 o'clock. Wandering dejectedly along a side street, they came face to face with Gen. Bradbury, the summer cottager of whom all Dogberry was so proud.

"Halloo, boys!" he cried. "A glorious day for your celebration. Hear you are to give us something fine to-night."

Glancing hastily from one to another, the boys blurted out, "That's all up now; the mon's lost somehow!"

"What! How?" the general demanded, sympathetically, much surprised.

"We don't know," answered Clarence. "The men about the stable might have stolen it," and then he stopped, flushing at the realization that he had unintentionally expressed the boys' suspicions.

"See here, my lads, don't be so quick to blame someone till you're sure! Suppose you come up to my house this evening, and if there are any fireworks to be found in the town we'll send them off."

"We will," said the President's Own heartily, then added hesitatingly, "Jim Porter's got some fireworks, sir. We were going to take them, but—"

"Oh, yes! I understand," laughed the general, and he turned on to the main street and hurried to the pyrotechnic supplying Porter.

Half past 7 o'clock that evening found the President's Own assembled upon the terrace of the general, helping him to adjust the most elaborate fireworks display that the little village had ever dreamed of.

The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the piazza and, joining the President's Own on the terrace, invited them to the dining room to complete their celebration there. This invitation produced a lively whispering among the boys of the club, and they followed their host and hostess to the dining room. Before partaking of the tempting refreshments, Maxwell Fenn rose to make a little speech.

"It has been unanimously decided, Gen. Bradbury," he said, "that you shall be asked to become a member of the President's Own. The club has now existed two years, and this is the first occasion upon which we have extended the right hand of fellowship to a fellow not our own age. We shall be glad to have you belong."

With cheeks very red, he sat down and dug deep into his mound of ice cream.

"Thank you, my boys," answered the

boy's—that is, the boys of The President's Own," and she smiled archly at them.

The club did not argue the point. It whistled, stamped, cheered, apologized for the racket, and immediately voted the charming girl the one and only feminine member of The President's Own.—Detroit Free Press.

### NOTHIN' DOIN' ON THE FOURTH.

July 2 Was the Date on Which Independence Was Declared.

The government has published a book showing that the Fourth of July ought to come on the 2d of the month. The book is entitled "The Story of the Declaration of Independence," and the author is Col. Wm. H. Michael, who has charge of that historic document and the priceless archives which go with it. The brief account given in the preface of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence shows that Congress passed the resolution on July 2. That is really the date on which a majority of the people's representatives formally and legally expressed their intent.

According to the journal of that Congress, the original of which is on file, nothing actually happened on the Fourth of July. On the 9th of July the vote, by States, was made unanimous by the addition of New York, which had not before been authorized to take this course. So this date might be celebrated if it were desired to commemorate the date of the complete adoption of the resolution. If it were desired to commemorate the day when the declaration was signed, Aug. 2 might be selected, as on that day the members of Congress began to attach their signatures to the formally drafted document.

By an error in the journal a note was made on the 19th of July to this effect: "Ordered that the declaration (passed on the fourth) be fairly engrossed on parch-

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

### CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"But for the color of the hair, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a girl who was at the same school with me," she said, musingly.

"Her name?" cried Stafford, trembling with excitement.

"Ellen Jenkins," was the reply.

"The very woman I suspected!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, but her hair was black."

"That verifies another conjecture; I know where this woman is to be found; I have the whole mystery in the palm of my hand."

"But the color of the hair?" objected Constance.

"Psha! what difficulty is there about that in these days? How many among your dark-haired female friends suddenly appear with golden locks? The clue you have given me will enable me to clear your reputation from all suspicion."

"Do that," she exclaimed, catching his enthusiasm, "and though I sacrifice every farthing of my fortune, I will be your wife. Such a consummation to me is worth a hundred fortunes; for it will remove the blight that has poisoned my whole life from girlhood."

"I fear Arthur Penrhwydlyn has fallen into this Ellen Jenkins' snare," he said, as he walked up the lane with her.

"Do not say that!" she cried.

"Indeed, I fear so," he answered sorrowfully; "and I shall apply your information to rescue him from her hands."

"Do not lose a moment," cried Constance, entreatingly; "you cannot conceive the arts which that woman has at her command."

By ten o'clock the next morning he received a letter, a bulky one. He went into his bedroom, locked the door, broke the seal and read with trembling eagerness.

Instead of copying the contents of Constance's letter, the reader shall be presented with a more succinct and complete narrative than her knowledge of events could have supplied.

When about 12 years of age, Miss Grierson had been sent to a school of high reputation, some twenty miles from London, kept by one Mrs. Williamson. There had arrived, some time after, a young girl of her own age, a relative of the principal's, who, while receiving certain instruction, was to assist as tutor to the younger pupils. Ellen Jenkins was a strange girl, and it was not long before Miss Williamson began to repent of having undertaken such a charge. Ellen had from the first attached herself to Constance Grierson. Constance, a good-hearted, generous girl, who loved all who loved, or pretended to love, her, speedily succumbed to her arts, and became Ellen's firm friend.

By and by it began to be observed that, in features there was an extraordinary likeness between these two girls. Constance's beauty was of a melancholy cast. Ellen's was of a coquettish, foreign style, and with a mobility to which the other could not pretend. But when the two countenances were in repose, and Ellen was in a graver humor, the resemblance was marvellous.

The dark beauty very soon contrived to obtain a complete mastery over the mind of her friend. Constance's was a plastic mind, only too ready, at this time, to receive impressions from immediate associations.

At church and during their walks they frequently encountered a tall, handsome, aristocratic looking man, who made a point of staring at Constance, and, whenever the principal or the elder teachers were not looking, of raising his hat to her. In a little time the young ladies began to giggle and joke her about the handsome gentleman, and to be very envious of her distinction.

One day, when they were alone together, Ellen slipped a note into her friend's hand, saying that the handsome stranger had met her that morning in the street and begged her, in the most pathetic terms, to deliver it to the young lady with the golden hair. At first Constance was very much shocked, and refused to take the note; but her companion soon laughed and coaxed her out of such scruples. The letter was full of such extravagances of language as would delight a school girl's fancy.

After that, the man dogged the school more pertinaciously than ever, and the young lady became so confused, and blushed so much every time she encountered his looks, that more than once Miss Williamson was very nearly detecting her confusion. At last, after much coaxing and some scolding on Ellen's part, the foolish child consented to give him an interview at the bottom of the garden. The gentleman was soon kneeling at his innamorata's feet. Constance, however, was almost too frightened to speak. When he seized her hand and poured forth his rapturous vows of love, all she could answer was to beg him to let her go and never see her any more.

At length she got back to her own room, almost dead with fright, and protested that if Ellen ever so much as mentioned his name to her again she would forfeit her friendship for ever. But Ellen had too deep an interest in the affair to let it drop. If Mr. Parsons succeeded in carrying off the heiress, she was to have a hundred pounds down, besides indefinite sums in the future. Nor was this her only motive for joining in the plot; in her heart she despised her victim as a poor,

meek, spiritless creature; and she hated her because she was rich.

After a few days she again broached the subject of the lover; but Constance again peremptorily forbade it. On the third, about mid-day, a brougham drove up to the school, and the coachman presented a note, purporting to be from Mrs. Grierson to her daughter. Its purport was that Constance must return home immediately; her father was dangerously ill. Constance, looking very pale and agitated, had got into the carriage and was driven away.

After pursuing the London road for a mile or two, the carriage suddenly took an opposite direction. The sequel may be guessed; the note was a desperate ruse, suggested and, as far as the writing of the note was concerned, carried out by Ellen, to place the heiress in the hands of her employer, Parsons. The young lady was conveyed to a solitary house, the abode of a friend of the abductor, where the first person who greeted her was her treacherous friend. Every effort was made to coax and then to force her into a marriage, but she resisted with a power of will that no one would have given her credit for. Instead of the hundred pounds he had promised her upon the day the heiress was placed in his power, Parsons gave Ellen but twenty, and, when she remonstrated, coolly informed her that it was all he intended to give, and that if she did not take it quietly he would inform against her as the forger of the letter summoning Constance home.

Ellen took the twenty pounds, and then sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Grierson, informing him of his daughter's disappearance from the school and of her whereabouts. Having thus revenged herself, she made her way to London. In a few hours after the receipt of the news, Mr. Grierson was upon the spot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Parsons and the owner of the house succeeded in making their escape. In her letter Ellen had insinuated that it was a voluntary elopement; and as such Mrs. Grierson, to her dying hour, believed it to be. It entirely turned her heart against her daughter; and, being worked upon by her cousin Wylie, was the immediate cause of that strange, harsh will, which was framed to guard against the young girl forming any hasty or unworthy alliance.

"This is my secret," wrote Constance, in the concluding paragraph of her letter. "It has given me many a bitter hour, many a tearful, sleepless night."

Little did Mrs. Grierson suspect that her cousin Wylie was the concocter of the whole plot; that he it was who first proposed to Parsons to try and make a runaway match with the heiress, and who afterwards supplied him with the means of carrying her off. Knowing the stern disposition of the mother, Wylie well knew that if his plan succeeded, she would most surely disinheret the daughter, and that in such a case a portion of the large fortune must accrue to him.

Of Ellen Jenkins, Constance neither saw nor heard any more. Weary of the restrictions and the monotony of her life, and longing to plunge into the great world, Ellen had been a most willing instrument in the hands of a desperate adventurer like Parsons. To return to the school was impossible; and so, at 15, she resolved to seek her fortune in a world of which she knew nothing, save from books.

Wandering and wondering for the first time through the streets of the great metropolis, her eye presently fell upon a large placard in a fashionable hairdresser's window, which told of the wonderful effect of "The Auricolic Fluid," which was warranted to change the darkest hair to a beautiful golden color.

Here was the opportunity; and she seized it. When the dyeing process was complete and her hair arranged in little careless curls about her face, she was herself quite thrilled by the marvellous resemblance she bore to her quondam friend. At first, she endeavored to think of some means by which she might turn this accident to account; but, upon further reflection, it struck her that having already committed forgery, she had better leave well alone. It was upon her transmigration that she met Jerome. Upon the first opportunity she, having come to the end of her cash, appropriated as much of his property, including the picture she had sat for, as she could conveniently carry away with her, and bade him a silent adieu.

She next appears upon the scene as a ballet girl at the opera. Here she encountered Parsons. They became friends again. He introduced her to Mr. Wylie, who already knew her, from the report of the former gentleman, as a clever plotter. By and by came her marriage with Castleton. In the meantime she allowed her hair to resume its proper color, having gained too much confidence in the power of her natural charms to desire any such aids from art.

From Jenkins' own lips Stafford had heard the story of his step-daughter up to her disappearance from Mrs. Williamson's school. The reader will probably remember that having been a listener to the dying fisherman's confession, the postmaster had next morning repaired to the Castle and was for some time closeted with Sir Launce. He told how strangely the shipwrecked child had been preserved; how he had reared and educated her, and how ungratefully she had behaved; but how, spite of all, he still cherished in his heart an interest in her fate. And he asked whether he, Sir Launce, or the London gentleman, could give him any suggestions as to any way in which he might trace her.

When Stafford was introduced to Mrs. Castleton in the Strand, her face struck him as one that he had seen before. Upon looking at the sketches which he had brought from the Castle, he at once perceived her great resemblance to Ellenore de Boissons, as well as to the picture of Circé. This set him thinking; and by a complex chain of ideas, he began to weave a fancy in which Ellen Jenkins, Mrs.

Castleton and the mysterious Circé came one personage.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Before he had finished the perusal of the letter, Stafford had made up his mind to his course of action. He would proceed to London at once, seek out Arthur Penrhwydlyn, tell him of the discovery he had made respecting Mrs. Castleton, procure from him that lady's address, and at once, with Ellen Jenkins, and the Circé of Jerome's picture.

By 2 o'clock that same day he was knocking at the door of Arthur's lodgings in Arundel street, Strand. Mrs. Penrhwydlyn was not within, the servant replied to his inquiries; did she know when he would be; he had left word that all letters should be forwarded to an address at Brompton.

Stafford's heart sank at those words; he remembered that Mrs. Castleton lived at Brompton. Agitated and anxious, he hurried away. Just as he was turning into the Strand, he ran full against the very man he was seeking—Arthur his self.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you," he cried, eagerly grasping both hands; "I have just come from your lodgings. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate to you—something concerning that lady to whom you introduced me the other day—Mrs. Castleton."

Full of only the one thought, Stafford was plunging ahead when Arthur stopped him.

"Mrs. Castleton no longer," he said hastily, "but Mrs. Arthur Penrhwydlyn my wife."

"Heavens! Your wife!" ejaculated Stafford, staggering as though he had received a heavy blow.

"Yes; until a certain crisis in our affairs is over, I wish the marriage to be kept secret from my father. But what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Stafford's scared and pallid face, which was attracting the attention of every passer by, might well evoke such a question. "Yes, a sudden sickness," he muttered, trying to rally; "a little faintness—I am subject to it; but I can't be talking now, I have some important business. I will drop you a line. Good morning."

And he hurried away, leaving Arthur standing amazed upon the pavement. Much as he tried to shake off such an impression, the manner in which Stafford had received the news of his marriage made him sick at heart.

In the meantime the artist jumped into a cab and bade the driver proceed to Brompton. Arthur's words had struck him. What was to be done now he could not in any way foresee, beyond that determined to take advantage of Arthur's absence and at once to clear up all doubts one way or the other.

Mrs. Castleton was at home and would see him, the servant brought word, so he was shown into a little boudoir. He sat down, and with a beating heart awaited her coming.

At length she entered, looking very radiant and charming, as became so young a bride. But her face was no longer her mind; the sight of Stafford had filled her with evil bodements; she had conceived a dislike to him at first sight, and felt convinced that his sudden visit meant mischief.

"I am delighted to see so great a friend of Arthur's," she said, advancing; "I did not expect to receive your congratulations so soon."

"The object of my visit here is not offer congratulations," he answered, coolly. "My business is to make inquiries concerning Ellen Jenkins and Katie Linnan. And I perceive I have the honor of addressing both those personages you, madam."

"What do you mean, sir? How do you know—"

But she could proceed no further; she felt that she was conquered at the first blow—that she was at the mercy of a pitiless man, and she sank into a pale and trembling.

(To be continued.)

### "Before You Could Say Jack Robinson."

The origin of the popular phrase "Before you could say Jack Robinson" has sometimes been attributed to a Hudson, an old professional wit and a song writer of London. In the peculiar orthography of that early period, the lines ran:

"A warke it ys as easie to be done  
As tye to saye Jacke robyn on."

But a more creditable story is told by Lord Eldon in his miscellaneous anecdote book. "During the debate on the India bill," he wrote, "at which Lord John Robinson was Secretary of the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.'"

"Upon this there was a great outburst by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!'—'Sir,' said Sheridan to Mr. Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and irrelevant thing to do so, and therefore I shall not do so, and therefore I shall not do so.' But don't suppose, sir, that I am naming him; I could do that, sir, soon as you could say Jack Robinson."

### Practical Advice.

"Can you, as an old and experienced public man, give me some good advice as to how a young man starting an office can preserve a high standard of integrity before the public?"

"Sure, Mike! Always demand checks, and don't be fool enough ever to take checks."—Baltimore American.

### A Problem.

Mrs. Gushley—Oh, George, if I should die, would you love me still?"

Mr. Gushley—Yes, darling; that's the only thing that could make me love you more than I do now.

Mrs. G. is still pondering over the reply.—Toledo Blade.

Age does not make us children, some say; it finds us true children.—Goethe.



JOHN HANCOCK.  
THOS. JEFFERSON.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.  
JOHN ADAMS.

general, waving his glass of lemonade. "I am highly honored and shall be very pleased to become what might be termed a sleeping partner of the President's Own."

The cheers that followed this pithy acceptance were only quieted when Miss Bradbury held up her dainty hand and asked for a moment's attention.

"My father," she said, "has told me of the club's pecuniary loss, and I have thought that if they would be so good as to allow me to visit their club room, that well—"

and she stopped and looked up at her father as if he were to complete her meaning.

"Do come! We shall be glad to show you our room," the boys cried in one voice.

So that is how it happened that the next Monday afternoon, after school hours, Miss Bradbury was escorted by her father to the club room of the President's Own, and she seemed much interested in all she saw.

"See what a nice, big closet the club has," said the general, pointing to a door which was ajar, disclosing the paraphernalia of athletic boys.

"May I look inside just once?" she asked, exchanging a glance with her father.

"Oh, do!" they answered.

And it was then that, reaching up to the shelf on which the baseball caps were tossed, the girl felt under them and drew out the lost wallet, its contents undisturbed.

The President's Own stared at Miss Bradbury as if she were a magician, but she only smiled and told them that she had mistrusted that it was there ever since her father had told her about its loss.

"A woman's fingers," she added, "are much better for finding things than a

ment, with the title and style of "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America." It is evident that the journal should have read "passed on the 2d," for that was the day when Richard Henry Lee's resolution commanded a majority of the votes. On that day the resolution received the votes of all of New England, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. The Delaware vote was evenly divided; the New York delegates were unopposed, and refrained from voting. The next day, July 3, Caesar Rodney of Delaware came eighty miles on horseback, as hard as the beast could go, to add his vote for independence, and thus Delaware was swung into line. It was several days later that Pennsylvania and New York came wabbling along.

The first celebration of independence day was at Philadelphia, on July 8, when the sheriff of that city read a copy of the original declaration, passed on the 2d. The man who drafted the resolution passed on the 2d of July, which consisted of a short paragraph sufficient to voice the sentiment of each State for or against the proposed war for independence, was Richard Henry Lee. The man who supported the resolution on the floor, and led in the debate which preceded the vote, was John Adams. The man who afterwards drafted the formal declaration to the outside world, embodying the sentiment of the Lee resolution, was Thos. Jefferson. The man who presided over the convention where the resolution was adopted was John Hancock.

**The Unexpected.**

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rail, to be used as poor Tabby's expense. The cat ran away with the fur off her tail, while Willie flew over the fence.

—Judge.

### FOURTH OF JULY ENTHUSIASTS.

