

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

TEN LITTLE FINGERS.

Ten little fingers toying with a mine—
Bang! went the powder, and then there were nine.

Nine little fingers fixing rockets straight—
Zip! a kick backward, and then there were eight.

Eight little fingers pointing up to heavens—
Koman candle "busted," and then there were seven.

Seven little fingers, punk and powder mix—
Punk was ignited, and then there were six.

Six little fingers for a "sizzler" arrive—
One went off with it, and then there were five.

Five little fingers loading for a roar—
Boom! went the cannon, and then there were four.

Four little fingers with a pack made free—
Crash! went a cracker, and then there were three.

Three little fingers found the fuse burned blue—
Bombshell too previous, and then there were two.

Two little fingers having lots of fun—
Pistol exploded, and then there was one.

One little finger, fooling with a gun—
Didn't know 'twas loaded, and then there was none.

WHEN CUBA IS FREE.



"ON'T touch it, Tom!"

"It would make a thundering report!"

"Never mind that—loading that gun was one of the last things father did before he left home."

"I know that," nodded Tom Wilson, looking pretty sober and solemn, "but it would make a thundering report!"

"You've said that twice."

"And I'd love to hear the old musket just once!"

"Maybe you will."

"To-morrow—the Fourth?"

"Who knows? Says father, when he rammed the last wind home in the old revolutionary relic, 'We'll fire that off when Cuba is free!'"

"She's just as good as that, isn't she?" challenged Tom.

"Never you mind—we're going to mind father."

Ned Wilson's word went, for he was the oldest, and there was no further demur.

Besides that, duty engrossed the two boys the rest of that day.

Other fellows had nothing more arduous to do than prepare for "the biggest Fourth since the Centennial."

The Wilson lads, however, were "helping mother," and mere novices at labor, they had not learned the ropes yet.

Things had gone from bad to worse with honest John Wilson for several years back.

He had a glorious civil war record behind him—was one of the gallant Cumberland's crew, that fated ship that went down in a blaze of patriotic glory that set fire to a nation's hopes and ardor.

A long spell of illness had caused his getting behind in his payments on the neat cottage home.

"Tell you what, Nance," he had said to his wife along in the early days of May, "I've an idea."

"Tell it, John," encouraged his wife.

"I'm going to see my step-brother, Tracy."

"Down East?"

"Down East."

"Why not write?"

"I've done that and it did no good. No, I'll risk the powers of persuasion. He has thousands. But for a slip of the pen he would have been compelled to share them with me, and he knows it. I'll try and get him to take up the mortgage here, and ease us along till we can get the boys on their feet, earning and helping."

"And if he refuses, John?" suggested Mrs. Wilson anxiously.

"Why, then I suppose I'm sort of stranded."

"All your money gone, and away from home?"

"Well, maybe work is readier there than here. Never fear, Nance, I'll find a place somewhere."

Mrs. Wilson gave her husband a quick look.

There had come into his eye a certain stern, yet proud, sparkle she used to see, when, fresh from the war, he was wont to tell how he turned the tide of a naval battle off the Carolinas by "pulling the gun string just at the right minute."

She said nothing, however. She heard nothing more from him after his departure until about the first of June.

Then he sent the merest line: "I am looking for work in New York City."

Mrs. Wilson was uneasy. Wars and rumors of wars had set John restless for months before his departure.

His last word had been "Cuba." The solicitous wife trembled, pressed, waited. Meantime, like deserving scions of a man with a heart of oak, her two sons, Ned and Tom, "pitched in."

They found the ladder growing slim, and set at work to repair it.

They ran errands, sold garden truck, peddled papers, and this latter was no mean field of commercial venture during the prevailing war excitement in the village.

"Better have a quiet Fourth of July, boys," suggested their mother gently, the day before.

"All right," nodded thoughtful Ned cheerfully. "With father away, I suppose it's best."

"Yes'm," assented Tom vaguely, "but



what a thundering report that old musket would make!"

Ned attended to the morning papers that arrived from the city.

Tom took in the "extras" that came in through the day.

The former was eating supper with his mother, the latter absorbed in reflections of the absent, almost the missing one, now.

Suddenly there was a terrific hullabaloo, comprised of shouts, firecrackers, burrahings.

Ned ran to the window.

"For mercy's sake!" he ejaculated.

"What is it, Ned?" rather startled, and



A FAMILIAR NAME IN THE GLARING HEADLINES.

tremulously inquired Mrs. Wilson, arising more slowly.

"It's Tom!"

"He isn't hurt, or—"

"Acts as if he was crazy!"

Tom did. In full view, he was coming down the dusty road.

Trooping after him were a dozen or more vociferous youngsters with whom he had ever been a favorite.

They were making the welkin ring, and many a lad was burning his fingers in his ardor to help swell the commotion, and was using up the prized ammunition of the morrow.

Tom burst into the room, drenched with perspiration, panting for breath, but with eyes aflame with emotion and vitality.

"See here!" challenged Ned.

"No—look there!"

Tom flung his bundle of extras upon the table.

His mother nearly fainted. Even a casual glance showed at the top of the glaring headlines a name familiar.

"John Wilson,"—"hero"—"daring deed."—oh, it was news from the absent one but was it news of glory, but also of death?

"Father!" she choked.

"Is all right!" piped Tom. "Read here Ned—read here! Father was 'looking for work'—say, mother! he found it!"

"Where? Where?" faltered the suspense-rocked wife and mother.

"Battleship—you know what a boes gunner he is! Met the enemy, pulled another 'gun string in another nick of time' and—"

Coherent consideration of the news the paper gave proved that Tom had not exaggerated.

Skill and opportunity had combined to give John Wilson a chance to "knock out" a Spanish ironclad "at the right minute."

He had concededly turned the tide of favor leading up to the capture of a richly freighted consort.

"Prize money"—why, he can pay off the mortgage!" cried the exuberant Ned.

"Promotion—it will glorify his later days!" murmured Mrs. Wilson thankfully.

"Where's the gun?" demanded irrepressible Tom.

"Hold on! What gun?" interferred Ned.

"Father's old musket."

"Why—"

"We're going to celebrate!"

"No—he left orders—fire it off when Cuba is free!"

"Free!" fairly yelled the sanguine and excited Tom. "With such men as him peppering the foe, she's practically free already!"

"Well, I suppose—" began Ned, in faint demur.

Above all other reports that boomed in the morning of July Fourth, 1898, that fired by proud, patriotic Tom Wilson seemed to him the loudest ever was,

"Wonder if they heard that in Cuba?" he gloated.

"They're hearing some other reports from its owner, I reckon," smiled Ned.

"Say!" declared the ardent Tom, "didn't it make a thundering report?"

Two Kinds of Crackers.

It is no great wonder that people, old and young, make mistakes when the same word stands for so many different things.

It was the Fourth of July. A little miss was told to take her afternoon nap, and then she should get up and watch the boys put off their firecrackers.

Pretty soon a heavy thunder shower came on, and Aunt Mary went up to see if Miss Rachel was frightened. Evidently she was, for she called out at once:

"Aunt Mary, I don't want to hear any more water-crackers."—Babyland.

The Grand Old Fashioned Way.

Get ready, boys, to make a noise
On Independence day,
For we're about to have it out
In grand old fashioned way.

At dawn we'll raise our flag ablaze
And watch it proudly fly,
Its blue and stars and crimson bars
Reflected on the sky.

Then while bells clang and anvils bang
And cannon thunders roar
We'll give the cheer that slaves may hear
Upon the old world's shore.

We'll yell and screech and make a speech
About our glorious nation
And brag that we on land or sea
Can wallop all creation.

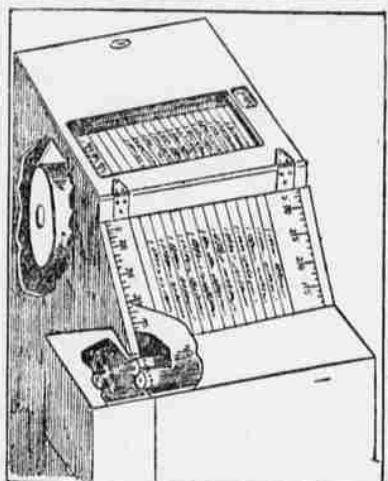
UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY INCUBUS.



NEW TIME RECORDER.

Said to Be a Great Improvement Over Previous Devices.

This time recorder recently patented by Frederick W. Cook, of San Antonio, Tex., from previous devices of this character, says the Scientific American. The operative mechanism in Mr. Cook's contrivance consists of clock-driven rollers which act directly upon a roll of paper mounted in the casing. The paper is lined longitudinally and is graduated along its edges to represent hours and minutes. The clock-rollers draw the paper over a table at a wide opening in the casing, so as to enable employees to write their names upon the longitudinal lines. A slot in the lid on the left-hand side of the opening partially exposes the graduated edge of the paper and enables the employee to see at what time he writes his name. A transfer strip is secured to the under side of the lid and extends transversely into the opening and in a line with the slot. When an employee writes his name, he makes a mark upon the strip which transfers the impression in different colored indelible substance to the paper beneath and indicates the exact time when the name was written. Instead of exposing a single space to accommodate one name written



COOK'S TIME RECORDER.

transversely, as in the ordinary time recorders, the apparatus, it will be seen, provides for a number of lines upon which several names may be written longitudinally at approximately the same time.

REMARKABLE COLORED WOMAN

Traveling Evangelist Has Conducted More Meetings than Moody.

Amanda Smith is a traveling evangelist who has conducted more revival meetings than Moody and covered more territory in a given space of time than most itinerant preachers. Moreover, she is a full-blooded African negro, although born and raised in this country. She is one of the most progressive and successful women of her



AMANDA SMITH, EVANGELIST.

race. She has by her own exertion recently bought and paid for an orphan's home in Chicago, at a cost to her of \$10,000. After traveling through Africa and England from which she has but recently returned, her evangelistic work was resumed in this country. In 1890 Mrs. Smith wrote and published an autobiography, "The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Amanda Smith," together with an introduction by Bishop Thoburn of India.

Drinking a Yard of Ale.

At Eton any one who is so minded may at "Tap" essay the feat of drinking a yard of ale. This is only a pint in liquid, but a yard in linear measure, being contained in a long, horn-shaped glass, so constructed that unless the drinker drinks with care most of the contents are spilled over him. A book is kept of the time in which the yard can be drunk, and for years until lately the "record" was ten seconds. This is an iconoclastic age, however, and some one lately disposed of his three feet of ale in nine seconds.—Tit-Bits.

Wind on the Gramplan Hills.

The violence of the wind on the Gramplan hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains traveling from Perth to the north.

When a woman exaggerates the wealth and social position of her "family," it is a mean husband who will call her down.

PRETTY SHOW OF PATRIOTISM

Any Girl with Dextrous Fingers Can Carry Out This Idea.

Put a small, circular table in the center of the room, and, after draping it with silken American colors, place an "Uncle Sam" hat out of pedestal and fill it with flowers that represent



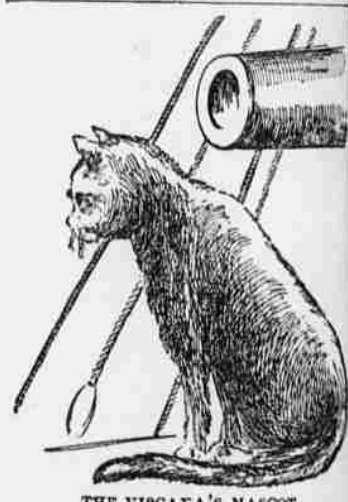
MADE BY DEFT FINGERS.

our country's colors. The band around the hat should be of blue, and the stars on it should contain miniatures of our latter-day heroes. This sketch shows the result obtained by following the above instructions. Any girl with dextrous fingers can carry out the idea.

CAT MASCOTS THE VIZCAYA.

Spaniards Have Pets on Warships Same as Do Americans.

The Spaniards have animal mascots aboard their warships the same as do American man-o'-war-men. The pet of the Vizcaya, it seems, is a mammoth cat, with an unpronounceable



THE VISCAYA'S MASCOT.

name and very bad manners. This Spanish feline has a disconcerting habit of sleeping inside the big gun of the Vizcaya, and more than once she has been literally dragged from death at the cannon's mouth.

Emile Zola as He Is.

This is how Zola is described by Stuart Henry in "Hours with Famous Parisians." A business-man, no emotion, no ideals, no imagination, no poetry, in his personal intercourse. He does not try to win or entertain you. He takes no personal interest in you, and does not expect you to take any personal interest in him. He talks frankly and freely about everything, but in a secular way. He makes life seem to you merely a commercial career. Fiction for him is editions of 100,000 francs a year. His magisterial and magnificent panoramas of descriptions, unequaled for their kind, are all measured off in his mind as so many rods of printed matter at so much a rod. No personal magnetism, no sentiment, no perfume, no rose colors. Life has been for him a blunt, rude, brutal thing. He has conquered merely because he has worked harder than any one else. With him naturalistic literature succeeds only by the sweat of the brow. What loins of strength, nevertheless! What Titanic capacities to achieve! He towers over all his Parisian contemporaries, as Victor Hugo towered over his epoch.—New York Tribune.

Biting the Nails.

A simple and very effective way to cure children of the bad habit of biting their nails is to wet the fingers with quassia tea and allow them to dry. When tasted it will be a bitter reminder to cease the practice. If there are no sore places on the finger tips, a very little colocynth powder, which is intensely bitter, may be dusted over them. When, however, dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be incased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

Heaviest Baby Ever Born.

The heaviest baby known is reported from a village near Brussels, where a farmer's wife has just given birth to a child weighing over twenty-one pounds, which is declared by experts to be the heaviest known.

The relations of a man's wife always expect more of him than he expects of himself.