

GRANDFATHER'S FOURTH.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any
noise.
He would say, with a thump of his hickory
stick,
That it made an American right down sick
To see his sons on the Nat on's day
Sit round in a sort of listless way,
With no oration and no train-band,
No fire-work show and no root-beer stand,
While his grandsons, before they were out
of bils,
Were ashamed—great Scott!—to fire off
squibs.

And so each Independence morn
Grandfather Watts took his powder-horn,
And the flint-lock shotgun his father had,
When he fought under Schuyler, a country
lad.
And Grandfather Watts would start and
tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and
scowl—
That a decent chipmunk or woodchuck or
owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his
brow,
And march for the woods, sou'east by sou'.

But once—ah! long, long years ago:
For grandfather's gone where g od men go—
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short-cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began,
To the deep black woods at the foot of the
Hump,
And there was a clearing and a stump—

A stump in the heart of a great wide wood;
And there on that stump our grandfather
stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flint-lock gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his Fourth of July out there—
The Fourth of July he used to know
Back in eighteen-and-twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to the left and
right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song,
And scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And I tell you, the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for
word;
But he sang out strong to the bright blue
sky,
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track;
While words more clear than the flint-lock
shots
Rang in our ears.

And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore,
And marched off home, nor west by nor',
—Harper's Young People.

What Happened.

THIS is what happened to a boy one
Fourth of July. I was not the boy,
because I chanced to be a girl; but
I know him very well, and he told me
about it yesterday.

He was called Dick, though it was not
his real name. He and his friend, Bob
Shannon, had been having a glorious time
all day, on this particular Fourth.

They began at 5 o'clock in the morning,
with fish horns and torpedoes, then at 6
o'clock came the "Antiques and Horri-
bles," and the two boys followed them all
over town, miles and miles, till their feet
were sore, and their voices hoarse with
shouting. Such a sight as the "Antiques
and Horribles" used to be! I remember
that myself, if I was "only a girl."

They were dressed in rags and tatters,
with their masked faces grinning horribly
under ridiculous old hats. They blew huge
tin horns, hooted and yelled, and were
surrounded by a crowd of shrieking boys,
who tried to out-hoot and out-yell them.
What a delightful moment was that,
when, after my little heart had stood still
with fright at the near approach of an
awful monster, with a negro's face and
billy goat's horns, the face was suddenly
removed, and I saw the smiling, ruddy
face of Sam Judkins, the grocer's boy,
greeting me with the customary "Hello,
Sissy!"

As a rule, it was an insult to be called
Sissy, and I could not abide it; but at that
moment it was music in my ears.

Well, Bob Shannon and Dick followed
the "Horribles" to the end, and then they
went home and had breakfast. After that
they fired off crackers in the back yard,
with occasional concerts on the fish horn
till noon; and then they went and took a
swim. Refreshed by the cool water, they
felt equal to anything, and gladly joined
the party that was going to fire off the old
brass cannon in the vacant lot behind the
school house. This was a truly martial
joy.

Dick, who was a boy of lively imagina-
tion, felt like Napoleon (before Waterloo),
and Wellington and Grant before Rich-
mond, all rolled into one, and forgot that
Alexander and Leonidas, his favorite her-
oes of antiquity, knew nothing about the
joys of gunpowder, and had never heard
the "crack!" "bang!" the sharp spurt of
the powder which make boys' hearts leap to-
day.

By-and-by the old cannon broke, as ev-
eryone supposed it would, and strange to
say, no one was hurt.

"It's all nonsense," said Dick, "about
boys getting hurt so much on the Fourth
of July. That is, of course boys do get
hurt, but it's only the stupid fellows who
don't know beans. A fellow who knows
what he's about has no need to get hurt."
"Come along, Bob, and let's fire off this
powder that's left."

Of course, that would be great fun, and
make a fitting link of delight between the
day and the crowning joy of the evening
fireworks. Where should they go to fire
the powder? Why, the flat gravel roof on
the ell of Dick's house would be the very
place—of course it would!

"Come along!"

It was nice and hot on the roof in the
afternoon sun; the boys liked it hot. Care-
fully they poured the remaining powder
out of the horn, making a pleasant little
heap beside the stout chimney, which was
to be their bulwark and place of defense.
Then they laid the trail, very scientific-

Our Nation's Birthday.



JULY 4th is our nation's birthday.
It is the anniversary of the be-
ginning of the existence of the
United States as an independent
government. It brings to us all the
delight which springs from a glad
remembrance of past times when
the foundations of the happy present
were laid. It is commemorative and
therefore festive. Everybody is
familiar with the anniversary idea.

No other country makes so much as we do of anni-
versaries. We love to celebrate the birth of things, of
events, of institutions, of discoveries, of achievements
and of individuals. So the anniversary of our country's
birth appeals to every noblest and most natural instinct
in our American human nature. We feel the Fourth of
July more to be auspicious. We would fain congrat-
ulate our friends and neighbors on its renewed dan-
cing. It is for us "a high day." It is the greatest
birthday we know. It commemorates the nativity of a
child that was destined to be one a giant, and is one
ahead, in whose strength we all are strong.

The Fourth of July is Independence day. We cele-
brate not only the independence which our forefathers
won from a foreign tyrant, but the civil liberty that
made so precious and essential a part of the signal de-
clarance. Independence day stands for internal as well
as external freedom, for liberty of speech, liberty of
press, liberty of religion. As the oak is contained in the
acorn, so every equal right which the citizens of this
happy land enjoy was wrapped up, as to its germ, its
promise and potency, within the folds of that now faded
and time-worn paper on which the Declaration of
Independence was written.

Therefore the more enthusiasm on the Fourth of
July the better. The more we can have of wholesale,
hearty, unstinted celebration the better. The senti-
ment of loyalty and love for the flag needs constant
deepening. The spirit of independence, of robust
Americanism, can be strengthened to advantage. Love
of one's country is the very essence of good citizenship
—nay, of manly manhood.

ally, round the chimney, and then they
stood and looked at it a little while, tasting
the pure joy of anticipation, and quite
sure that there were no boys so happy or
so fortunate as they were in the world of
Boston.

"Shall we touch it off now? Oh, wait
just a minute! think what fun it will be,
wasn't it lucky we got this old horn? It
holds such a jolly lot. Hi! won't the folks
in the street jump? Come on, Dick, let's
set her off now."

"All right! Get behind the chimney,
and I'll touch her off. Oh, I say, isn't
this fun!"

Bob hid himself behind the chimney;
Dick, slow match in hand, got well out of
the way, as he thought, and with a shout
of triumph touched off the fuse.

A blinding flash, a hiss, as of fifty wild-
cats tied by their tails and turned into the
standing corn of the Philistines, and then
a loud cry, as if the Philistines, or some-
body, were having an exceedingly hard
time of it.

Dick crouched down, with his hands
pressed to his blackened face, and Bob
bent over him in genuine concern.

"I say, Dick, old man, are you much
hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know! It's my eyes I care
about, that's all. I can't see anything."

"Come along down to the doctor, old
man. Shall I take your hand?"

"Take your grandmother! Don't I know
the way in the dark? I say, Bob."

"Yes, Dick."

"We know what a Fourth of July fool
is now, don't we?"

"I reckon we do, and it's worse than an

April fool a good deal. Come along!"
Fortunately the injury to Dick's eyes
was slight, and he escaped with a week in
a dark room, and a fine array of blisters,
the traces of which adorned his face for
many a day; but he has learned how not
to burn powder on the Fourth of July.—
The Household.

The Village Fourth.

Within the shaded doorway
The eager children stand,
For the strains of stirring music
Announce the coming band.

The roar of distant cannon
Mingles with the chime of bells,
While nearer still and nearer
The joyous tumult swells.

Dear grandma leaves her knitting,
And with baby on her knee
Comes and sits among the children,
Who are shouting now with glee.

For adown the street comes marching
A long and varied train
Keeping step to "Yankee Doodle,"
The merry old refrain.

Now the last of the procession,
With its flags and streamers gay,
Whisks around a distant corner
In a cloud of dust away.

When He Was a Boy.

"What's the matter with Boggles' hand?
I notice that he has it bandaged."

"He was showing his small boy how
they shot firecrackers when he was a
boy."

"Did he show him?"

"Yes, exactly. But it wasn't till after
he had done it that he remembered that
it was so."—Chicago Tribune.

WAS A GREAT ARTIST.

Rosa Bonheur Was the World's Mas-
ter Animal Painter.

In the death of Rosa Bonheur, which
occurred at Fontainebleau, France, one
of the master animal painters of her
time passed away.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux
in 1822 and was the eldest of four chil-
dren, all of whom were artists of no
mean note. When she was 18 years of
age her mother died and Rosa, as the
eldest child, lent a hand to assist the
family. In the same year—1840—she
exhibited her first painting, Two Rab-
bits, which was well received, and
soon the picture merchants began to
find their way to her studio in Paris,
for the family had long before this
moved to the capital. One of the de-
lights of Rosa's early years in Paris
was to visit the slaughter houses,



ROSA BONHEUR.

where she made a study of animals.
Young girls, even if art students, were
not as free to go where they chose
then as now, and the consequence was
that Rosa dressed in male attire, and
since then she invariably followed the
custom.

The first great success of Mlle. Bon-
heur was the Horse Fair, justly re-
garded as a masterpiece of its kind.
Another famous painting is called Le
Labourage Nivernais, which she exe-
cuted in 1849. Her principal paintings
number over fifty, and besides these
there are numerous small paintings
that are scattered over the civilized
earth. Most of her animal pictures
have been made from animals in her
own collection. At her chateau at By
she kept a complete menagerie, and
often she dropped her brush to go and
talk to its inmates. "To have wild an-
imals love one," she once said, "one
must love them," and indeed her fond-
ness for animals was a passion. She
had no hesitancy whatever in passing
her strong hand through the mane of a
lion the first time she saw one; and
often, after she owned one for a little
time, it would come to the bars of its
cage and seem to beg for a caress.

Once while Mlle. Bonheur was paint-
ing a stampede of horses on the Ameri-
can plains Buffalo Bill sent her two
wild mustangs as models. In return
she invited him to sit for her, and her
picture of Col. Cody on horseback is
said to be one of her best pictures.

Mlle. Bonheur was the recipient of
many honors. The Empress Eugenie
conferred upon her the cross of the
Legion of Honor. From King Leopold
of Belgium she received the decoration
of the Leopold Cross of Honor, the
first woman who was ever so honored,
and she also had conferred on her
many other decorations.

OVER 500 YEARS OLD

Famous Inn in England that Has Been
Continuously Run Since 1356.

What is probably the oldest licensed
inn in the world, the Seven Stars at
Manchester, is in danger of destruction.
In 1356, the year that the third Edward
won the battle of Poitiers, this inn
was licensed. The earth was flat in
those days, and 136 years were to
elapse before Columbus proved it
round. It was ten years before the
foundations of Kremlin were laid, and
thirty years before Timur the Tartar
began his invasion of Persia. Nearly



THE SEVEN STARS.

three hundred years were to elapse be-
fore the Manchu dynasty sat on the
throne of China, and a hundred before
Constantinople fell before the Turkish
arms. Charles IV. of Burgundy sat on
the throne of that weak shadow of
mighty Rome, the German Empire,
and the Counts of Hohenzollern had
not yet been invested even with the
province of Brandenburg. Spain was
composed of separate kingdoms and
the Moors held the southern part of
Iberia. France was overrun by the
English and the French king a prison-
er in London. In what is now the Uni-

ted States "the rank thistle nodded in
the wind and the wild fox dug his hole
unscared," while in Mexico and South
America the remnants of that great
pre-historic empire which once
spread out its power from the buried
cities of Honduras and Yucatan were
preparing for extinction in the form of
the empires of the Montezumas and
the Incas.

In that inn used to gather the Flem-
ish weavers from Bruges, fleeing from
the wrath of Alva and bringing to En-
gland the knowledge of the textile arts,
which subsequently was carried to
this country. In a room over which is
the inscription: "Ye Guy Faux Cham-
ber," lodged for a time the conspirator
who tried to blow up King and Parlia-
ment in the "gunpowder plot." Once
in the Cromwellian wars a "great and
furious skirmish" took place between
the Roundheads and the Cavaliers
around the inn, and when Fairfax,
whose descendant is a doctor in Mary-
land, held the city for the Parliament,
his soldiers filled the Seven Stars with
the clanking of their corselets, the jing-
ling of their spurs and their solemn
carousals. When Charles Edward
marched into England to fight for the
throne of his ancestors the Seven Stars
furnished accommodation for many of
his soldiers, and was the headquarters
of the Manchester regiment in the
Prince's service.

It is now announced that the site of
the ancient inn is wanted for a factory,
so unless a public movement is started
to purchase the inn and preserve it the
old landmark is doomed. With all its
years and all its memories it does seem
as if this old inn was entitled to a con-
tinuance of its existence.

A PRESIDENT IN THE MIRE.

Van Buren Was Convinced that Fetter-
Roads Were Need d.

Dumping a man in a mud puddle is
rather a drastic way of changing his
convictions, yet such was the means
by which President Van Buren became
a convert to a good-roads movement
started in Indiana away back in the
'30s. There had been considerable protest
against the condition of the West-
ern highways, but Van Buren was op-
posed to what he looked upon as a



WHERE VAN BUREN WAS UPSET.

needless expenditure of money in times
of financial stress. Finally he decided
to make an investigation for himself,
and planned a trip from Washington
to St. Louis. The stage coach run be-
tween Indianapolis and Terre Haute
was under the charge of a Whig named
Hale, who determined to give the Presi-
dent a practical demonstration of the
necessity of additional improvements
over his part of the road, at least. He
entered into a contract with his driver,
Mason Wright, the latter agreeing, in
consideration of a \$5 hat and relief
from all damage that might accrue, to
dump the President in one of the deep-
est mud holes along the line.

The plot was carried out in all its de-
tails, and the Presidential party upset
under an elm tree near Plainfield, Ind.
The President landed on all fours—if
such a description is possible—and, as
a dutiful lieutenant, the Secretary of
State followed his lead and wallowed
in the mud and water. Wright caught
the stage and did not get very deep in
the mud. President Van Buren and
his secretary floundered around until
they found a root of the old elm, and,
standing in the mud almost up to their
waists, they waited until the crowd
pulled them out.

The historic old elm tree stands as
stately and as full of life now as on the
day when its roots gave the President
of the nation a plunge. But the road
that passes along beside it is no longer
a mire of mud. The highway passed
under the State and private tollgate
regime and was improved into passable
shape.

The Right Kind of Gloves.

A good story comes from an up-
country mission station at the Cape.
The occasion was a native wedding,
and, as usual, the bride was attired in
white hat, white dress and white
shoes, but great surprise was occasioned
by the fact that she wore black
gloves. The native women on such
occasions try to be quite a la mode,
and there was a good deal of inquiry
about the girl's departure from the
usual custom of dressing entirely in
white. The mystery was explained
when she told the clergyman's wife
that she had studied an English fash-
ion paper, and had there read that the
custom now was to wear flesh-colored
gloves.—London Tit-Bits.



—San Francisco Examiner.