

CARRAWAY'S GRAND GEYSER CASCADE

A Fourth of July Story

"UNCLE MAJOR," said Jack as he and Mollie looked at the major to remove his hat and coat. "You think there's much danger in little boys having firecrackers and rockets and pinwheels?"

"Or in little girls having torpedoes?" put in Mollie.

"Well, I don't know," the major answered warily. "What does your papa say about it?"

"He thinks we ought to wait until we are older, but we don't," said Jack. "Torpedoes never set nothing a-fire," said Mollie.

"That's true," said the major kindly. "But after all, your father is right. Why do you know what happened to me when I was a boy?"

"Haven't an idea," said Jack. "You burnt your thumb," said Mollie, ready to make a guess at it.

"Well, you got me a cigar, and I'll tell you what happened to me when I was a boy just because my father let me have all the fireworks I wanted, and then perhaps you will see how wise your father is not doing as you wish him to."

Jack readily found the desired cigar, while Mollie brought the major a match, after which he settled down comfortably in the hammock and, swinging softly to and fro, told his story.

"My dear old father," said he, "was the most indulgent man that ever lived. He'd give me anything in the world that I wanted whether he could get it or not, only he had an original system of giving which kept him from being ruined by indulgence of his children. He gave me a Hudson river steambout once without costing him a cent. I saw it, wanted it, was beginning to cry for it, when he patted me on the head and told me I could have it, adding, however, that I must personally take it away from the river or try to run it myself. That satisfied me."

"All I wanted was the happiness of feeling that it was mine, and my dear old daddy gave me permission to feel that way."



THEIR MAMA A MEMORIAL BOOK.

That way. The same thing happened with reference to the moon. He gave it to me freely and unconditionally. He had received it from his father, he said, and he thought he had owned it long enough. Only, he added, as he had about the steambout, I must leave it where it was and let other people look at it whenever they wanted to and not interfere if I found any other little boys or girls playing with its beams, which I promised and have faithfully observed to this day.

"Of course from such a parent, as this, you may very easily see, everything was to be expected on such a day as the Fourth of July. He used to let me have my own way at all times, and it is a wonder I wasn't spoiled. I really can't understand how it is that I have become the man I am considering I am I was indulged when I was small."

"However, like all boys, I was very fond of celebrating the Fourth, and being a more or less impulsive boy, I naturally prepared my own fireworks and many things happened which I did not otherwise have come to pass if I had been properly looked after, as you say."

"The first thing that happened on the Fourth of July that would a great deal better not have happened when I was a boy—how old are you, Jack?"

"Eight," said Jack, "going on nine."

"That was exactly the age, I was at the time," continued the major blandly. "Just nine to a day."

"Eight, I said," said Jack.

"Yes," nodded the major, "just eight, but going on toward nine. My father had given me \$10 to spend on noisies; but, unlike most boys, I did not care so much for noisies as I did for novel toys. It didn't give me any particular pleasure to hear a giant cracker go off with a bang. What I wanted to do most of all was to get my own hand on an exhibition that would please the people and that could be seen in day time instead of at night, when everybody is tired and sleepy. So instead of spending my money on fireworks and torpedoes and rockets I spent \$5 of it on powder and \$1 on putty blowers."

"What I wanted to do was to make one grand effort and provide passively with a free exhibition of what I was going to call 'Carraway's Grand Geyser'."

"Why touch-me-not, the columbine, geranium and larkspur are named after birds—the dove, the crane and the lark. The meaning of geranium is 'crane's bill,' and if you notice the seed pods of a geranium you will see that they do look like the long bill of a crane. The touch-me-not gets its name from a peculiarity of the seed pod, too, but not a peculiarity of appearance. It is the pod you must not touch, for if you do it will burst and out will fly the seeds.—St. Nicholas.

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"To do this properly I set my eye upon a fish pond not far from the town hall. It was a very deep pond and about a mile in circumference. Putty blowers were then set at five for a cent, and powder was cheap as sand, owing to the fact that the powder mill, expecting a war, had made a hundred times as much as was needed, and as the war didn't come they were willing to take almost anything they could get for it. The consequence was that the powder I got was sufficient in quantity to fill a rubber bag as large as five sofa cushions.

"This I sank in the middle of the pond, without telling anybody what I intended to do, and through the putty blowers, sealed tightly together, end to end, I conducted a fuse, which I made myself, from the powder bag to the shore. My idea was that I could touch the thing off, you know, and that about sixty square feet of the pond would fly up in the air and then fall gracefully back again. If it had worked as I expected, everything would have been all right, but it didn't. I had too much powder. For a second after I had lit the fuse there came a muffled roar, and the whole pond in a solid mass, fish and all, went flying up in the air and disappeared. Everybody was astonished; not a few more very much frightened. I was scared to death, but I never let on to any one that I was the person who had blown the pond off. How high the pond went I don't know, but I do know that for a week there wasn't any sign of it, and then, most unexpectedly, out of what appeared to be a clear sky there came the most extraordinary rainstorm you ever saw. It literally poured down for two full days, and what I alone could understand, with it came from and sunshine and rainbows, still most singular to all but myself, and soon that was recognized as the property of the owner of the pond suddenly appeared in the sky falling toward the earth at a fearful rate of speed. When I saw the scow coming I was more frightened than ever, because I was afraid it might fall upon and kill some of our neighbors. Fortunately, however, this possible disaster was averted, for it came down directly over the steeple of the town hall and over the tower of our public library and stuck there like a piece of paper on a pin."

"The rain washed away several acres of cultivated farms, but the loss of crops and fences and so forth was largely reduced by the fish which came with the storm. One farmer took a rate and caught 300 pounds of trout, forty pounds of smelt, eight turtles and a muskrat in his potato patch in five minutes; others were equally fortunate, but the damage was still shortly big to teach me that parents cannot be too careful about what they let their children do on Independence day."

"And weren't you ever punished?" asked Jack.

"No, indeed," said the major. "No body ever knew that I did it, because I never told them. In fact, you are the only two persons who have ever heard about it, and you mustn't tell, because I am still a number of farmers about that region who would sue me for damages in case they knew that I was responsible for the accident."—Philadelphia Press.

White serge coats made three-quarters length, loose fitting, have collars and cuffs of velvet. Blue is the most popular color for these coats and suits, with shades of blue being used, with the favorite an indescribable one, neither bluish nor gray blue, but just between the two.

Most of the best shirtings for simple blouses neglect to drop even at the elbow. They are very full, but do not bag, which is to say they are cut the exact length of the arm.

The tucked skirt is used for some of the most delightful frocks in swiss, turkish, etc. The tucks running round and being graduated from deep to shallow or set in groups from hem to scuff above the knees.

The model shown here is very smart in reseda blue mohair or in deep blue or clear brown, when darker tones are preferred.

The skirt waist is extremely novel, and the rest of cream white mohair is preferred.

The volume was prepared primarily as a guide to those in charge of the exhibit of the department of state at expositions in explaining that part of the exhibit relating to the Declaration of Independence. The series of portraits of the signers is complete, and there is an interesting facsimile of the broadside copy of the Declaration signed by John Hancock, president of the congress, for and on behalf of the members of congress, attested by Charles Thomson, secretary. Especially interesting is the correspondence relating to the Declaration which is given. Because of the historic value of the work of Colonel Michael, congress ordered the book printed as a government publication.

The Republic's Success. I may do declare, in the face of all the intelligence of the age, that, for the period which has elapsed from the day that Washington laid the foundation of this capital to the present time, there has been no country upon earth in which life, liberty and property have been more amply and steadily secured or more freely enjoyed than in these United States of America.

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Paper Mache Fireworks. Fireworks in paper mache and in bonbons are better than ever and wonderfully true to life. Pull the fuse of a giant firecracker and off comes a big descending rocket bonbon. A box which perfectly reproduces the package in which torpedoes are sold opens to disclose sweetmeats done up in triangular tissue paper, just as the giant torpedoes are wrapped. These are especially suited to children's parties.

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Happy Schoolboys. "The Parson—Well, my boy, you seem in a great hurry to get to your school today. Yes, sir, Bill Jones is going to get a bird of a kicking this morning for playing hockey, and I don't want to miss it. Puck.

Generous. Nephew—Do you know, uncle, I dreamed last night you had lent me \$10! Uncle (generously)—Is that so? Ah, well, you may keep it, Otto.—Piquet.

Smart Girl. "Do you know," said Miss Bunting, "Mildred Gildersleeve almost coaxed Mr. Ellmore to propose to her. That's how she became engaged."

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WOMAN AND FASHION

A Smart Summer Wrap. One of the season's smartest features is its separate coats. Taffetas, pongee and linen develop many of these and will be much worn during the next few months. The model shown is developed in white tulle, with trimming bands of eyelid embroidery. The making of



SEPARATE COAT.

The coat is an easy matter, the style depending almost entirely upon the cut and material. The back is circular and without seam. A double box plait at each side of the front extends from the shoulder and gives lengthening lines to the wearer. The underarm seam may be left open for a short distance up if desired and there, like the other edges, may be trimmed with embroidery.

The sleeves may be in single or double puff and finished with a deep gaiter cuff at the wrist. Taffetas, burning hair, linen or pongee would be nice for wear during the summer, and the beautiful wood fiber lace might be used for adornment.

The Long Seams. In home dressmaking the long seams are often difficult to get quite right. As an aid in sewing places for the skirts of dresses, cloaks, etc., adopt the following plan: Place one piece of the material on a smooth flat table and the other above it. Smooth lightly into place and at one end of the seam pin a tape measure to the stuff and draw this down to the other end of the seam and again knock in a pin. Then with long thread tack by the seam and use these staples as guiding lines.

Serge Coats. White serge coats made three-quarters length, loose fitting, have collars and cuffs of velvet. Blue is the most popular color for these coats and suits, with shades of blue being used, with the favorite an indescribable one, neither bluish nor gray blue, but just between the two.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Judging by Appearance. "I should think you might have told just by looking at him that he intended to beat his board bill," said the manager of the hotel to the cashier. "He seemed all right to me," protested the cashier. "It was very affable and courteous."

"Too affable and courteous," replied the manager. "You want to look out for these fellows who are too friendly. When I was a boy I lived on a ranch. It was a great place for dogs. Every fellow had a dog which he thought was just a little better than any other dog in the county. So they used to try them out now and then. Well, there was a fellow from Tennessee who was working a piece of ground on shares, and he knew where he could get a dog that would eat up every dog in the state. He sent all the way to Tennessee for the animal. The dog finally arrived one Sunday. I saw the owner the next day."

"How about that bulldog?" I asked him.

"No good, absolutely no good," he said. "He's made friends with every body in the house already."

"It just goes to show you," said the cashier.

Couldn't See the Necessity. "Mary," said Mr. Mizzlesworth, "was simply got to cut down. We're living away beyond our means. Why, my income isn't half as much as our expenditures."

"Dear me," replied his wife, "that's funny, isn't it? But as long as we can spend twice as much as you get and not have to borrow what's the use changing?"—Chicago Record Herald.

A Dislike in Common. "If there is anything I dislike," said the blunt person, "it is a man who borrows."

"So do I," said the impetuous person cheerily.

"But you sometimes borrow your self."

"I do. And I feel that there is getting to be too much competition."—Washington Star.

Their First Coed. The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes."

"But stay right where you are, Jack," she added hastily. "If you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat."

"How do you know?" he hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion at ready taking possession of him.—Chicago Tribune.

The Pot and the Kettle. When a boy helps his mother with the dishes, how do the other boys find it out?

There is no greater fallacy in the world than that sense comes with age or experience.

When you think yourself over in the middle of the night you give mighty poor satisfaction.

It is going to make a mighty poor jam for your crust in poverty to eat it remembering what you spent on fool business in youth.—Athenian Globe.

The Salt in the Sea. The Pythagoreans held that the sea was salt by reason of the tears shed by Kronos, father of Zeus. According to the old Hebrew tradition, the ocean was originally a great body of fresh water, but which was made salt by the abundant tears of the fallen angels. One sect of Buddhists believe that Lot's wife—that is to say, the "pillar of salt" which was once the wife of the humble gentleman named above—lies at the bottom of the ocean in a certain narrow strait and that once each year the waters of all oceans flow through that narrow channel. The Talmudic writers say that it was never salt until Moses went repentance after breaking the tables of stone.

A Bit of Translation. The difficulty of avoiding "howlers" when one is translating from English into such a language as that of the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia must be very great, says the London News. We hear from the Bible society of a curious case. In the first edition of St. Matthew in Micmac the translator found when he came to revise it that in chapter xxiv, 7, instead of "Nation shall rise against nation," he had written, "A pair of snowshoes shall rise up against a pair of snowshoes." And yet there was only one letter misprinted—naoaktukunkijkijik (a nation, having been displaced by naoaktukunkijkijik a snowshoe).

Spare Moments. Chancellor T'Agnesson, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he presented only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high repute.

Reasonable Request. Judge—If you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you? Bank Wrecker—Yes, Don't the rules allow you to take out time from my sentence equal to the length of that miserable speech my lawyer made?—Cleveland Leader.

Simple. She—Miss Stuffy had always vowed she would never marry. How did she happen to change her mind? He—Why, some one proposed.—Detroit Free Press.

Those Boston Purists. Stranger—I would like to have a tooth pulled.

Dentist—A man who would like to have a tooth pulled must be a fanatic. Guess you'd better go to the nearest asylum. Boston Transcript.

Doff and Don. Those English verbs "doff" and "don" are merely contractions of "do off" and "do on." Similarly to "dup," which means to "open" a door in Shakespeare, is to "do up"—to lift the latch.

Malay Provs. The Way These Peculiar Boats Are Built and Fitted Out.

Great fleets of Malay vessels go into the sea south of Borneo each year to fish for trepan, or sea slugs, which are esteemed a great delicacy in China and other Asiatic countries. A British government official writes: "The praus are peculiar looking creatures and present a most curious appearance. The hull is of wood, and the top, sides, deck, roof and yards are made of bamboo, the sails of matting and many of the ropes and hawsers of plaited cane. They are steered by two rudders, one on either side of the stern. Others of them carry iron anchors, some wooden ones, with heavy stones fixed to them. Often when the anchor is let to a man is sent down to see that it is properly fixed in good holding ground. The mast is a peculiar affair, being formed of wood or bamboo, having two stays, so that in appearance it resembles a lengthy trident, the spaces between the masts and stays being fitted with wooden steps, on which the sailors stand to hoist and roll up the sail, which unrolls again by a simple contrivance of pulley and windmill.

"When you go on board a prau you go over the bow, that being close to the water's edge, the stern being away up in the air. You then climb a beam and step across an opening to the deck in front of the captain's cabin, which is situated on one side of the boat, a similar one being on the opposite side for the second in command. The deck is of split bamboo, worked together with wire or fiber, and can be rolled up at pleasure. The entrance to the cabins is about 2 feet by 2 feet 6 inches. Of course to enter or leave you must go on your hands and knees. Inside there is room for a man to sit or lie down in. The stern, which is high up, has several small rooms, or holes, like a great pigeon house, and in these and on top of the cargo the crew lives, the galley being a large iron pan with a quantity of sand in it to fight the fire on."

"Praus have a sort of bowsprit rigged out and sometimes carry two or three head-sails. On top of the masts they carry plenty of spare bamboo and rattans, which they get at the island of Kissa, near Timor, on the way down."

Pointed Paragraphs. The poorest thing you can offer a friend is an excuse.

Two things a man puts off—buying a lot in a cemetery and making a will.

It is not enough to admit that you are a fool. You must try to get over it.

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The Pythagoreans held that the sea was salt by reason of the tears shed by Kronos, father of Zeus. According to the old Hebrew tradition, the ocean was originally a great body of fresh water, but which was made salt by the abundant tears of the fallen angels. One sect of Buddhists believe that Lot's wife—that is to say, the "pillar of salt" which was once the wife of the humble gentleman named above—lies at the bottom of the ocean in a certain narrow strait and that once each year the waters of all oceans flow through that narrow channel. The Talmudic writers say that it was never salt until Moses went repentance after breaking the tables of stone.

A Bit of Translation. The difficulty of avoiding "howlers" when one is translating from English into such a language as that of the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia must be very great, says the London News. We hear from the Bible society of a curious case. In the first edition of St. Matthew in Micmac the translator found when he came to revise it that in chapter xxiv, 7, instead of "Nation shall rise against nation," he had written, "A pair of snowshoes shall rise up against a pair of snowshoes." And yet there was only one letter misprinted—naoaktukunkijkijik (a nation, having been displaced by naoaktukunkijkijik a snowshoe).

Spare Moments. Chancellor T'Agnesson, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he presented only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions and was held in high