

field easel, and libeled the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and then and drawing back his head to survey it with an air of charmed appreciation. arms tool, with his back against a broad tree trunk. The old man knelt on the grass and looked at the sleeping boy. His straw hat had failen off and lay beside It with an air of charmed appreciation. straw hat had failen off and lay beside Near him, on the gnarled trunk of a tree and in the shadow of a moss grown rock. disordered, his long dark lashes were still sat a lady some ten or a dozen years younger, leisurely torturing thread into lace with a hooked needle. "Eh ! La, la, la ?" said the old fellow.

blue-eyed, golden-haired little fellow of child, five, the picture of health, and he was ing." risking his limbs and chattering to all animate and inanimate nature—a delightful boy, and all alive from his golden head camp stool, entered the wood. As he did a restless feet and tips of his brown to his restless feet and tips in antched him ears, and he stopped to listen. It was re-little fingers. The mother snatched him peated once or twice, faintly and more Suddenly she looked up, flushed, half piteous, with a flash of tears in her eyes.

Will it last?" so happy?

affairs run in averages, but then the averages are not individual. We have had the Cheval Blanc, and when the little almost trouble enough in our time to have hostel was reached the bearer's back and almost trouble enough in our time to have paid for a little joy. Let us take it grate arms were aching rarely. The landlady

metimes," she said, "a shadow seems to fall upon it all-the shadow of a fear." The shadow of the past-experience.

The burned child dreads the fire. We are found burned children, both of us. Five years' illness and poverty out of seven years of married life is a large allowance. And, after all, our present happiness isn't phenomenal, my dear, though it looks so, We have health, and we value it because we have each missed it in turn. We have a little money, and we think it a great deal because we have been so deadly poor. And then," he laughed and half blushed. we have a little fame, and that is all the pleasanter because we were so long neglected. Sweet is pleasure after pain," is dressed. There is nothing you might 'I am dangerously happy," she answer-

"Come, let us unpack the luncheon bas ket. Cold chicken. Salad. Bread. Cheese. Milk. There we are. Fall to. Sit down by your mother, Cupid. Take a pull at the milk, old man, and then you'll have an appetite. What a sudden shadow !

A cloud had floated between themselve and the sun, and a strange quiet had fallen with the shadow on the woods.

Austin," the wife whispered, "there is that dreadful man again. It seems as if he had brought the darkness with him."

A brown sloping path, covered still with the fir needles shed in the foregoing autumn, broke the wall of green which bounded the dell, and down this footway, between the silver steps of the birches and the reddish stems of the firs, walked a gray-bearded man, with his head drooped rward and his hands clasped behind him He looked neither to left nor right, but went by as if unconscious of their presence, and in a little while was lost be hind the thicker growth of trees. As he went out of sight the sun broke through the cloud, the leafage was inundated with life again and the birds renewed their

CHAPTER I. A little dell in the heart of a wood was deliciously dappled with leafy shadows. A loosely clad man, bearded and specta-cled, and a little on the right side of forty, sat on a camp stool before a small field easel, and libeled the landscape at his ease, pausing at his work now and

younger, leisurely torturing tarted lace with a hooked needle. A little way down the dell a boy was clambering among the rocks, shrieking every how and then with ecstatic news of a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, but a beetle or a butterfly. He was a sturdy, but a beetle or a butterfly in the fellow of the bar is night time. To the child, rescue, and to the old man teach-

Then he took the child softly in his so, a faint and distant cry reached his faintly, and then died away. He started s, with a flash of tears in her eyes. "Austin, I feel afraid. Have I a right and the lad was unusually solid and well to be so happy? Has any one a right to grown for his years, so that the burden soon told on him, and brought him to a "Who knows?" he answered. "Human walk again. It was a full mile, from the airs run in averages, but then the av-

met him in the passage with a cry. "Oh, the little Anglais! You have Major Butler, I am charmed to see you

found him, monsieur? Jeanne, run to the woods and tell them that the child is "You know him?" asked Dobroak!

I wrote you I was really ill. I am all right now. But I've been a good deal Who is he? Where does he live?" "He is the child of the English at the hotel des Postes," answered the woman, standing on tiptoe to kiss the boy. "He has been lost this five hours." De broski turned into the street, and the woman followed him talking all the way. "He is the only child of his parents, and their cherished, "Imagine, then, the de spair of the mother, the inquetude of his

is dressed. There is nothing you might not ask for."

The old man smiled at this, but said nothing. He surrendered his charge at the hotel, where the boy was received with such noisy demonstrations of pleas ure that he awoke. Being awake, and recognizing his surroundings, he adapted himself to them with an immediate philsophy, and demanded something to eat. second messenger was dispatched to wood to bring back the party who had

gone in search of him. His mother kissed him frantically and cried over him, but his father set out for the Cheval Blanc to thank his resuer. He found Dobroski seated in a little room with a sanded floor, and began utilated French.

"It was a piece of good fortune to find said Dobroski, speaking English, to the other's great relief. "I am de-lighted that the pleasure was mine." "I don't know how to thank you,"

said the Englishman, a little awkwardly, lugging a purse from his trousers pocket. For a moment Dobroski fancied the stranger meant to offer him money. but he merely produced a card, "That's my name," said the Englishman, blun-

# "I've knocked about Paris a good deal."

aid Fraser. "I speak Jorman with the same facility, though it's probably me Scotch extraction that gives me that." Midwa ybetween Namur and Luxem-bourg the two travelers changed trains bourg the two travelers changed trains for Janeme. The engine steamed lazily through a most lovely country, and the young American, looking continually out Up where the great Salt river is of window, seemed absorbed in contem-plation of the landscape. But it could scarcely have been the landscape which half a dozen times called a dreamy smile. And this is how it was, you see:

to his soft eyes, and once a blush to the sallow pallor of his cheek. When the train drew up in front of the little red brick station, a building plauned like a child's toy house and not much bigger, the blush came to his cheek again, and his hand trembled slightly as it careased

his black mustache. "Well, it's good-by for a time, old fellow," he said, shaking hands with Fra-ser. "But I will see you again to mor-row or next day, most likely, if you can

Ind time to turn from affairs of state." "Are those your friends?" asked Fraser,

"Are those your friends? the deal right prettiest of rows. looking through the window as the train crawled slowly slong the platform. "An uncommonly pretty gyur!? The ould boy And then I skipped. Ah, woe is me? ooks like an army man. He's waving his hand at ye.

"Yes," said Maskelyne, with his soft drawl a little exaggerated. "That is my man. Good-day, Fraser. Tell O'Rourke I'm down here and that I'll run over and have a look at him."

A minute later he was shaking hands with the young lady who had excited Mr. Fraser's admiration. "Welcome to the Ardennes, Mr. Maske-

lyne." said Angela, with frank good hu-"How are all our friends in New York ?" "Thank you, Miss Butler," he answre-

ed, looking into her gray eyes with a smile which was all the brighter and the sweeter because of the usual melancholy of his countenance; "I cannot undertake to tell you how all your friends in New York may be, but the few scores of whom have heard in one way or another since came to Europe are very well indeed.

looking so robust. I had not hoped to see you looking so well." "Dyspepsia," said the major. "When

worried, and when I'm worried I get dyspepsia, and dyspepsia means despair. That your baggage? Got the ticket for

erfect sang froid, raised his hat to the girl and accosted Maskelyne.

"I say, ould man, tell me what's the free of rent. best place to put up at here?" For severa

"Delighted to meet you !" said the maor, but he did not look as if this state- see the display.

could be accepted. (To be continued.)

There Are Rewards for Charitable

Work Along Quiet Lines. Miss Darrow paused in her work and town had ever known. looked for a moment out of the school

floating banners and flaring posters on through their lessons, and 4 o'clock had the exhibition hall announced the open- no more than sounded than they ran pell o stammer his gratitude in broken and floating banners and flaring posters on

ing of the largest bazaar of the sea- agreed to meet, six strong. son. She sighed as she watched the handsomely dressed women alighting announced Maxwell Fenn, a lender of the from their carriages and making their club, "and he said he had our fireworks way through the curious crowd about all right. Suppose we go right away

"This little chap came pretty near

"Well, when I dragged him away

the doors into the building. The work she and the other members dull affair in contrast to the gayety d

## A MISFIT INDEPENDENCE.

Pop said that independence was the he knew greatest thing he knew, Aud when my daddy says a thing it'

On July Fourth when I got up I'd set-

tled in my mind That I'd be just the freest

pendent kind; I'd have my way all through the day, matter what should hap. And that is why face down I lie

my daddy's lap. And that is why I cry. "Ob. my!" a

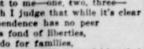
lays on the strap. He told me just at breakfast

help him feed the cows, And when I said I wouldn't we'd the

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 clean 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 m

Six boys, aged about 14 and 15, had At this point Fraser came up with Own. Originally, the club room had been the upper story of a brick stable, and the boys had secured the use of it

For several weeks the club had been "Hotel des Postes," said the major. "Let me introduce you," said Maske-lyne. "Major Butler, this is Mr. Fraser, be bought with the ten dollars and thirtya member of your British House of Com- two cents they had collected for this purpose and were to be set off from a huge

rock above the village, where all could James Porter, the keeper of the largest

grocery in the village, went to New York for the fireworks which the Presi-WITHOUT FLOURISH OF TRUMPET dent'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 The Fourth was due on Saturday and

basement window. Across the street all Friday the President's Own fidgeted mell to the club room, where they

"I saw Jim Porter this afterne and get them."

"That's the idea," said Alfred Warof the School Children's Aid Society were doing seemed rather a prosaic and The hore started which and the set of the set The boys started whistling and doing a

#### general, and he turned on to the main | NOTAIN' DOIN' ON THE FOURTH. and hurried to the pyrotechnic sup

plying 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 dis-play that the little village had ever

reamed of. The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the plazza and, joining the President's Own on the terrace, invited them to the din-ing 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 occa-sion upon which we have extended the right hand of fellowship to a fellow not our own age. We shall be glad to have you below?" you belong."

With cheeks very red, he sat down and dug deep into his mound of ice cream. "Thank you, my boys," answered the general, waving his glass of lemonade. "I am highly honored and shall be very pleased to become what might be termed sleeping partner of the President's Own.

The cheers that followed this pithy ac ceptance 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.



THOS. JEFFERSON.

July 2 Was the Date on Which In-dependence Was Declared.

The government has published a book showing that the Fourth of July ought

showing that the Fourth of July ought to come on the 2d of the month. The book is entitled "The Story of the Dec-laration of Independence," and the author is Col. Wm. H. Michael, who has charge of that historic document and the price-less archives which go with it. The brief account given in the preface of the adop-tion of the Declaration of Independence tion of the Declaration of Independence shows that Congress passed the resolu-tion on July 2. That is really the date on which a majority of the people's rep-resentatives formally and legally express-ed their intent. And speech and deeds were truthful; Before a love of sordid gold Became man's ruling passion. And before each dame and maid became Slave to the tyrant Fashion!

According to the journal of that Con-gress, 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 ad-dition of New York, which had not be-fore here authorized to take this course fore 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. They were rich in spirit and common sense. And piety all supportin'; They could bake and brew, and had tautht achool too.

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

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-ment, with the title and style of "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America." It is evi-It is evident that the journal should have read "passed on the 2d." for that was the day There is no love like the good old lovewhen Richard Henry Lee's resolution ommanded a majority of the votes. On that day the resolution received the votes

of all of New England, New Jersey,

013 Fauorites Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days, The days when we were youthful ! When humankind were pure of mind, And speech and deeds were truthful ; Before a love of sordid gold

There are no girls like the good old girle

Against the world I'd stake 'em ! As butom and smart and clean of heart As the Lord knew how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common

taught school, too, And they made such likely courtin'

There are no boys like the good old boys-

When we were boys together ! When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet

That dimpled the laughing beather ; When the pewee sang to the summ

dawn Of the bee in the billowy clover, Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed its night song over.

The love that mother gave us!

We are old, old men, yet we pine again For that precious grace-God save us ! So we dream and dream of the good old

times And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams

When I Survey the Wondrons

Cross."

On which the Prince of Glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

I sacrifice them to His blood.

Save in the death of Christ, my God;

All the vain things that charm me most,

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down : Did e'er such love and sorrow meet.

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,

That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all, —Isaac Watts.

FAIRY TALE OF FINANCE.

Investment of Forty-four Cents

None of the five organizers of the

Wireless Telegraph Company of Amer-

ica was rich, and so they set about to

find a man with capital. Firth found

the man. This man was Abraham

White, a young man who had come to

New York from Texas a few years be-

fore, and had risen to fame over night

by clearing up \$100,000 on an invest-

ent of 44 cents. From the day he

first set foot in New York, White's one

ambition was to make a fortune. He

had the money-making instinct. In his

first years in New York he speculated

Brought a Fortune.

When I survey the wondrous cross

Of heaven away off yonder.

-Eugene Field.

SODE. "Look," she whispered; "the shadow follows him."

"What an odd mood this is to-day !" said her husband, smiling at her. "And why is the poor old gentleman so dreadful?

"But, Austin, do you know? You can't have heard. He is known to have hatch-ed plots against the Caar."

"Well, yes. It is known also that he has been wifeless and childless this twen-His wife and his two sons died in Siberia. They went there without trial, and people who know him say that the loss of them in that horrible way answered, himself a little shy at the oth you and little Austin? Suppose he drove rou on foot through hundreds of miles of and snow? Suppose that he made you herd with the human off-scourings of the world, and that you died after three or four long-drawn, hideous years? It might he wicked, but surely it would not be quite without provocation if I blew that man sky-high. I don't say that regicide is a thing to be commended. I don't defend the poor old gentleman's political opinions. But I do say that human na-ture is human nature."

Luncheon over, he returned to his painting, to find the lights all changed. He worked away, however, with great contentment for an hour or two, while the wife and the boy wandered beyond the limits of the dell. When they came back found that he had packed up his traps and was lying at length on the moss, with his face turned to the sky.

"I do this better than I paint," he said, cocking an idle eye at his wife from beneath the soft white felt which rested on his nose. "Shall we get back now?"

"I sant to carry something, papa," said the boy, possessing himself of the camp stool. They sauntered on together tranquilly through the twinkling lights which dazzled from between the leaves, and their steps were noiseless on the dense carret of fir needles. The boy laid down his burden to chase a sulphur-colored butterfly. They had gone a hundred yards before they missed him, and when they turned to look for him he was seen at the far end of a wooded vista, seated on the camp stool.

"Look at the little figure, Locy," said the father. "Isn't there something lonely and almost pathetic in it? He looks as were waiting for somebody who would never come-a figure of deserted childish patience." He hailed the child and turned away again. "He knows the road?" he asked. "There is no danger of his losing himself?"

"He knows the way," she answered. "We have been here twice a day for a month past."

So they marched on, well pleased, talking of indifferent matters, and the little fellow sat on the camp stool behind them

and held animated talk with Nature. The gray-bearded man wandered through the wood with his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was tall and gaunt and swar-thy, and looked as if he had a considera-ble strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an engle's beak and ascetically ble strain of the Jew in him. His nose was like an engle's beak and ascetically fine. His temples were hollowed like those of a death's-head, and his eyes, which were large and brown and mourn-ful to the verge of pathos, were the eyes of a born dreamer and a fanatic by na-ture. It was already dush when the old Ni-hillist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had

word, I really don't know how to thank

"My good, good sir," returned Dobro ski, "what would you have had? What was I to do? He was sure to be found, of a fashionable social event than a ping short. labor of charity. and it was my good fortune to have found "Oh! oh!" she cried.

"You must let his mother come and was tying bundles near her. thank you, sir," said the Englishman. "Upon my word I really don't know what to say to tell you how grateful and obliged I am. His mother has been in the greatest anxiety. You must let her come and thank you."

"Well, well, Mr. Farley," the elder man again to count out the comfortable liter's concealed emotion. "If you will think tle dresses and suits with which the so mere an accident worth thanks to anybody ---- But pray let us say no more. society clothed the poor children of the

CHAPTER II.

There was a great crowd of people the railway station at Namur, and the Luxembourg train had no sooner steamed into the station than it was besieged by some one say : the mob, and all the carriages were taken by storm. One tourist, who had furnished himself with a first class ticket, and dent." had shouldered himself through the crowd to the buffet, was exceedingly wroth on his return to find that the carriage he ward him had occupied was filled by third-class excursionists. He spoke French with a being run down by an auto just now,' fluency, and an inaccuracy in combination with it, which fairly took off his mental he began. feet the official to whom he appealed, and in a very passion and torrent of his ora-tory rippled audibly the accent of Dubthe boy in her pleasant smile. lin. He talked all over, arms and hands, finger tips, head, shoulders, and body. He and took a good look at him, I saw he talked with all his features and with wanted a little more covering for this

his muscles and with all his might, and at last the official seized his meaning, and proceeded with inexorable politeness to turn out all the third-class passengers. The triumphant tourist stood by, sudden-ly smiling and unruffled. He had a round, smooth face, with a touch of apple colof on his checks, a nose inclining some what upward, and an expression of self satisfaction so complete that it aroused the irony of one of the ejected.

"He is well introduced to himself, that fellow," said he, but the tourist did not hear, or did not care if he heard. stood tranquilly by, holding the handle of the door, until the carriage was cleared, and was just about to ascend when slow, quiet voice spoke behind.

"Got that through, old man, ch?" The tourist turned suddenly, and stretched out a hand to the speaker. "What? Maskelyne, me boy.

ed. Where are you going?" "I am going to Janenne by rail." the other, accepting the proffered hand with a hearty shake, once up and once down. "From there I go on to a little place called Houfoy, to see bome old

friends of mine." "I'm going to Janenne meself," said the Irishman. "Cap't we ride together?" "I suppose we can," returned his friend. "Baggage is registered." He was just as calm as the Celt had a min-ute or two before been eager, and his voice was distinctly American. He was

the right track.

and glitter of the bazaar, where fancy costumes, elaborate decorations and gay music made the scene appear more "That's so!" answered the rest, stop-

"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 "What is it?" asked a friend who a body on the closet, where the money was hoarded in an old leather wallet. Th "I thought for an instant that a litcloset was well lighted by the window tle boy was going to be run over by an opposite, and the boys searched every automobile, but a policeman snatched nook and corner without finding the wal

him away just in time. It gave me a let. "Where did you keep it, anyway? was demanded of Maxwell Fenn. dreadful fright," said Miss Darrow, tuning from the window and beginning "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

great city who otherwise would not here on this shelf under the baseball caps, have been able to attend school. that's sur but it ain't there now; Thoroughly engrossed, she did not enough."

notice the entrance of a policeman and The President's Own groaned. Again a small ragged boy until she heard and again they fumbled among the caps on the shelf, and among the bats, golf "Ask Miss Darrow; she is our presiclubs and tennis racquets on the floor of

the closet. The money was not to be found and they turned away looking into The officer touched his beimet re one another's faces for explanation, but spectfully as Miss Darrow stepped to- finding none.

"What's to be done now?" asked Clan

"You ought to know." "Well, I don't."

"Say! How'd it do to say nothing "Yes, I saw you rescue him," she said, including both the policeman and bout it to-night and to-morrow we can look again," suggested Alfred.

"Agreed !" cried the others, so th filed out of the club room, locking it with the greatest care, and disbanding. to go home with very sober faces and kind of chilly weather, and I've brought gloomy hearts.

him here to see what you can do. He The much-anticipated Fourth was hasn't any folks to buy him clothes, sunny, delightful day, and the President's and he's pretty young yet to make much Own convened early at the club room, as selling papers, although he manages to they had agreed. A second search, how-pay his board at the newsboys' home. ever, was as disappointing as the first pay his board at the newsboys' home. had been, and a heavy-hearted six stood "I said to that woman who came sc about the club table, tapping abstracted near fixing him by her careless running ly upon it.

of her auto that he wouldn't ever need "It's hard on old Porter, too,"

found in the town we'll send them off." "We will," said the President's Own

We

eartily, then added hesitatingly.

clothes again, that I was going to le erved one of them. "Oh, his fireworks'll keep till next you ladies have a chance to fit him out She told me that she was working for year, when we'll be able to buy them.' charity in the bazaar, and she seemed said another.

to think she was doing somebody a Locking the door, the boys walked slowly down the main street, looking at great favor by selling gewgaws one day in the year.

other boys' fireworks. Thus they whiled away the day as best they could till 4 "I asked her to come in here with m clock. Wandering dejectedly along a and see where good people worked hard and see where good people worked hard side street, they came face to face with one day in every week without any Gen. Bradbury, the summer cottager of

dancing or flowers or brass bands. But she wouldn't come. I guess she didn't care to know what real charity is She ous day for your celebration. Hear you are to give us something fine to-night. likes the noisy kind better." Glancing hastily from one to another,

"We must each help in our own the boys blurted out, "That's all up now ; the mon's lost somehow !" ray," said Miss Darrow, sweetly.

"Yes, maybe so," was the pollceman' "What ! How ?" the general d reply, "but I like your steady, quiet "We don't know," answered Clarence way best myself. Here, bub, thank the "The men about the stable might have stolen it," and then he stopped, flushing at the realization that he had unintenladies for all these nice clothes." As he and the beaming child depart ed Miss Darrow looked at her fellow tionally expressed the boys' suspicions. "See here, my lads, don't be so quick to blame someone till you're sure! Sup-pose you come up to my house this even-ing, and if there are any freworks to be workers with shining eyes, and said,

"How great are the rewards for our service !"-Youth's Companion.

Franklin-Why did you look towards the opposite side of the street when you passed that saloon? Penn-I was trying to keep my train of thought on Porter's got some fireworks, sir.

were going to take them, but-"" "Oh, yes! I understand," laughed t

"Do come! We shall be glad to show Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and When the Cleveland popular bond is-ou our room," the boys cried in one Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsyl- sue was made, in 1896, to replenish the you our room," the boys cried in one

So that is how it happened that th next Monday afternoon, after school hours. Miss Bradbury was escorted by her father to the club room of the Presi dent'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 parapher-"May I look inside just once?" along.

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

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

"A woman's fingers," she added, "are much better for finding things than a oy's-that is, the boys of The President's Own," and she smiled archly at them The club did not argue the point. 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.



in real estate When the Cleveland popular bond is vania voted against it. The Delaware Treasury gold reserve, White, who had vote was evenly divided; the New York lost in the panic years of 1893 and Galsgates were uninstructed, and refrain-ed from voting. The next day, July 3, Cæsar Rodney of Delaware came eighty miles on horseback, as hard as the beast could go, to add his vote for independence, bonds, on the chance that they would and thus Delaware was swung into line, sell at a premium as soon as the awarda It was several days later that Pennsyl- were made. The Government's call for vania and New York came wabbling bids did not ask for any money with the bids. White made several bids. The first celebration of independence amounting in all to \$7,000,000, and sent

turned over to White \$100,000 profit. Ever since then White has thought in To produce colored fire, metal filings big stakes.-Frank Fayant, in Success millions, and has been a gambler for

Greater than the Nation

There is a certain Congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own house color, with gunpowder, and a pink with hold. Indeed, it has been unkindly innitre in excess, and it is used for making timated that his wife is "the whole golden showers. Verdigris imparts a pale timated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had seen to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been in-Teacher-Why do we celebrato the trusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

> "Where's my umbrella?" she de manded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it. my dear," meekly answered the Congress man. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of a woman's umbrella !"-Success Magatine.

Curloalty.

An Irishman saw an anchor lying on the ground in a ship yard. He bung about the place all day, and when night came a watchman at the yard asked him what he was there for. "Begorry. I'm waitin' to see the man what can use that pick," answered Pat.

Our Opportunities In every avenue of life great oppor

nities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will ill the positions? It is the prepared men, those who are equal to the places, who generally get them.—Success Mag-



JOHN ADAMS.

day was at Philadelphia, on July S, when the sheriff of that city read a copy of the original declaration, passed on the 2d. The man who drafted the resolution pass-ed on the 2d of July, which consisted of 500,000 bonds were set down to Abrashort paragraph sufficient to voice the ham White, New York. The bonds sentiment of each State for or against were immediately quoted at a premium sentiment of each State for or against the proposed war for independence, was Richard Henry Lee. The man who sup-ported the resolution on the floor, and led in the debate which preceded the vote, was John Adams. The man who after ward drafted the formal declaration to the outside world, embodying the senti-ment of the Lee resolution, was Thos, Jefferson. The man who apreside over Jefferson. The man who presided over Sage paid the Government for the the convention where the resolution was bonds, resold them in the market and adopted was John Hancock.

Making Colored Fire.

are added to the gunpowder composition ; Magazine. steel filings for brilliant fire or cast iron filings for Chinese fire. Copper filings give a greenish tint to flame; zinc filings give a fine blue color, powdered magne-sium a dazzling white light; amber, colophony or common salt affords a yellow fire. Lampblack produces a very red green ; sal ammoniac, a palm tree green ;

barium salts, a grass green, potassium picrate, a whistling sound; camphor, a very white flame and aromatic fumes.

> Juvenile Logie. Fourth of July?

Small Boy-To show our gratitude to the Chinese. Teacher-Gratitude to the Chinese?

Small Boy-Yes, ma'am. Gratitude for inventing fireworks.

The Unexpected.

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rail, To be used at poor Tabby's expense. The cat ran away with the fur off her tail, While Wille few over the fence.

FOURTH OF JULY ENTHUSIASTS.

"MAY I LOOK INSIDE JUST ONCE?" tossed, the girl felt under them and dres out the lost wallet, its contents undis turbed.

her father had told her about its OSS.