A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "Roy Russell's Rule," "Glenroy," "The Fashionable Mother," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I am very glad to hear it," exclaimed Earle, kindly, "it seems like a pleasant spot, and I think this pure, fresh air will benefit your health and spirits. I also have settled here, having brought a practice."

"Shall we go to Sir Reginald now?" returned she, at the end of their animated conversation. "I presume he is awake by this time."

"Yes! at once, and I hope I shall find him more easy than he was this morning."

Dr. Elfenstein made quite a long call, as he had much to do to make the baronet comfortable for the night, and as Ethel saw him handle the injured man so gently, and soothe him with kind, encouraging words, she felt that he must possess a heart of almost womanly feeling, and her interest and admiration deepened.

After Earle Elfenstein withdrew, a late dinner was announced, and in the dining room Lady Constance presented to Ethel her nephew, Robert Glendenning, and niece, Belle, his sister, the former greeting her with rather an insolent look of admiration, the latter with a bow expressive of haughty contempt.

From that moment Ethel saw that neither of these young people would promote her happiness while she remained under this roof.

Mr. Glendenning did converse with her, but it was with such an evident air of condescension that her replies were brief and cold, while his sister remained silent during the whole meal, with the exception of answering one or two questions asked by Lady Constance, which answers were given in a cold, mechanical way, that told of a mind preoccupied and absent.

The truth was, this young lady was surprised, and not at all pleased, with the introduction of such a rarely beautiful girl into the home over which she held sway.

She was intensely proud and selfish, and felt that here might be an influence exerted upon her few admirers that might interfere with her prospects.

The prospects particularly in view at present were the winning of the heart and hand of the new physician lately settled in the place.

She had been introduced to him at the house of a friend, and had admired his elegant bearing, handsome face and quiet manners, and instantly had resolved to lay siege to his heart.

After leaving the table, the ladies repaired to the piazza, followed by Mr. Glendenning. As Belle paused to pluck from one of the vines a few flowers for her neck, Lady Constance turned to Ethel and remarked:

"I suppose you have no friends in this vicinity, having but just arrived."

Ethel hesitated, while a faint blush suffused brow and cheek as she replied:

"I have found one here very unexpectedly, Dr. Elfenstein. We crossed the Atlantic on the same vessel, and as my aunt was taken very ill during the voyage he attended her, and consequently, became well acquainted."

Instantly Belle's attention was riveted by these remarks, and with a sneer she exclaimed:

"I presume, then, you waylaid him this afternoon in order to renew the acquaintance."

"Pardon me!" replied Ethel, with dignity. "I waylaid no one! We met casually on this piazza as he was about entering to see Sir Reginald, and conversed for a few moments."

"It seems to me for the future, when my uncle's physician visits him, it would be well for you to remember that you now occupy the position of a subordinate, and therefore should not put on the airs of an equal to attract his attention!" was the rude and unladylike reply.

"Belle," interposed Lady Constance, who, with all her faults, was naturally kind-hearted and just, "you forget that Miss Nevergall in coming to us does not cease to be a gentlewoman."

"Or, a gentlewoman's poor relation!" was the cutting answer.

"A remarkably beautiful one, however," said the brother. "Say, Belle," he added, teasingly, "you must take care or she will carry off some of your beaux!"

The indignant girl gave him a glance of withering scorn, but merely said, with an angry toss of her head:

"Let her beware how she interferes with me in any way! A word to the wise is sufficient."

Ethel could scarcely control her indignant feelings, as she listened to these insulting remarks issuing from the lovely lips of the girlish speaker, but after an effort she did control them, and without a word turned away and again sought the side of the invalid.

But she found him irritable, and hard to please, and the moments passed in his room became intolerably long, and she sighed for the time to come when she could retire to her own apartment, even though she knew a strange and annoying duty would follow her there.

Finally the baronet told her if she was weary to go, adding harshly: "I am tired already of gazing at your pale face," then more kindly, as he saw she was startled by his rough way of speaking: "I hope I shall feel better in the morning; if so, I shall like to have you read to me, or, as you understand music, will listen to a song."

CHAPTER X.

As an elegant clock, with old cathedral chimes, struck the hour of ten, Ethel, with a pale face and trembling hand, lighted a candle, possessed herself of the strange looking knife, then opening the wardrobe, and drawing back the bolt, stepped into the passage and from thence through the small door in the opposite wall.

She found herself in a long, straight, dark corridor, that led directly to what Sir Reginald assured her was the Haunted Tower. At the end where she stood, however, on the left hand side, was a door, fastened with an old-fashioned iron hook. This led to the ruin, and with a beating heart she opened it.

Close by the door she found a small covered basket that she knew must contain what she sought. Grasping it quickly, she again fastened the door, as Sir Reginald had instructed her to do, and passed down the corridor.

There she found the entrance to the tower, and resolving to take some bright sunshiny day to visit this spot, she turned, as she had been directed, to count out the number of panels on the left hand wall, and immediately discovered the faint crack, that she knew must be what she sought. Inserting the point of the knife, she turned three times, when the panels parted and there lay the shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found food in small pieces, consisting of broken biscuits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and quite a quantity of meat, cut in mouthfuls. This she placed on the shelves upon the wooden plate on which it was heaped. Then gently shoving the shelves, they slowly whirled around, and when the same side returned to her, the plate stood upon it empty, ready to be placed again in the basket.

"That ape must have been trained," she thought, "to empty the plate and return it?"

She listened for a moment, but all was still. Shoving to the panels, she found that they relocked themselves, so taking up candlestick, knife and basket, she placed the latter again outside the door, fastened it securely, and reached her own room in safety.

The task required of her had been a singularly unpleasant one. She was a brave young girl, and had endured but few feelings of fear, but she had trembled, because the thing required so much secrecy. She disliked mysteries of all kinds, and her honest, open nature revolted from the whole work.

One thing she decided to do, she should take some morning hour to explore the ruins, and that Haunted Tower, so that she might become accustomed to all the dangers and peculiarities of the place before other offices were required at her hands.

With this resolution still in her mind, she sought the luxurious bed that awaited her, and there fell at once into a pleasant sleep, from which she never aroused until the bright rays of another morning sun stole into her room.

Springing up, she dressed as soon as possible, and opening her door, found by questioning a maid, that the family did not rise until late, as their breakfast hour was from ten to eleven.

All being quiet in the room of the invalid, she returned to her own apartment, and fastening the door securely, resolved at once to start upon her exploring expedition, as she felt that she would be for at least an hour and a half unobserved, and mistress of her own time and motions.

With a little of the trembling nervousness of the night before, the brave girl opened the intervening doors and stepped into the corridor. All was folded in the same solemn stillness that made the place oppressive on the previous night.

She resolved to explore the ruined parts before she sought the tower, therefore unhooked the door, and stepped out. As she did so, she noticed that the covered basket was still there.

The door opened directly into a small rickety hall that led into several large rooms, all dusty, mouldy and more or less dilapidated. Broken windows, torn wall papers, bare rafters, seen through immense places where ceilings had fallen, were everywhere visible. Some rooms were filled with broken furniture, pieces of old china and fragments of time-worn, castoff clothing.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated objects, and found herself wondering why Sir Reginald had not had the whole pulled down and removed? Its destruction certainly would heighten the value of the property, while its presence only spoke of neglect and untidiness.

One thing she observed in her ramble there was an easy mode of egress and in gress to this part into the hall, and marks of recent footsteps on the floor told that this formed the entrance place to the person who prepared and brought the food she was nightly to place on the iron shelves.

Another thing struck her; in all the premises there was not the slightest appearance of the concealed room. Only a bare, blank wall appeared upon the side where she knew it must be.

Retracing her steps after all had been examined, she refastened the door, and then sought the Haunted Tower. The door leading to this was closed, but not bolted, so she opened it, and crossing quite a large square place, she began ascending a long flight of stairs. The steps were steep, and not at all easy, and she became very tired before she reached the top, but pressing on, she did reach it, but not before she paused to rest upon a broad flat landing; paused, too, with horror, at an unexpected sight that there presented itself.

It was the stuffed image of a man, fixed upon wires, that worked upon the same principle as the jumping jacks often bought to amuse children.

This, however, was nearly as large as life; its head was hollow, with red glass in place where the eyes would be, so that a lighted glass lamp, placed within, would give a flaming appearance to those eyes.

From each side horns projected, and she could easily imagine what the whole terrific effect must be to an outside beholder. This figure she saw could be elevated and put in motion by winding up a crank to which it was attached. Arrangements for different colored lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the machinery, until she perfectly understood its workings and the whole wicked plan to give supernatural appearance to the tower, Ethel passed upward until she could gaze without hindrance from the tall windows of this lofty place.

Then exclamations of delight escaped her, for there she could catch an unobstructed view of the grand panorama that stretched for miles and miles away on every side. But she did not linger, fearing she would be seen by some of the villagers, and her presence reported to Sir Reginald.

This visit she knew would be displeasing to him, if he wished it to be a place that should fill every heart with fear, in order to keep from it visitors by day as well as by night.

CHAPTER XI.

Day after day passed, during which Ethel became quite accustomed to her routine of work, and quietly persevered in her duties. Nothing difficult to accomplish was required at her hands; nothing beyond spending a couple of hours each morning in her own room writing letters, of which an abstract was taken from Sir Reginald's own lips; then an hour or two reading the daily papers for his amusement. Very often would he find a chance to whisper the question:

"Do you perform your evening tasks regularly and well? Does all go on as safely as I could wish?"

Then when the answer came, "All goes well," he would seem so satisfied and relieved that she felt almost happy in giving the information.

About a month after her arrival at Glendenning Hall she had been reading one afternoon a work in which he was particularly interested, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Elfenstein.

As the baronet motioned to her to remain where she was during the interview, the regular nurse being absent, and as the doctor might need some things from her hand, she became interested in the conversation that ensued.

Dr. Elfenstein was rather a small talker, and this natural reserve tended to make his professional interviews at the hall brief, and usually confined closely to his medical work.

But this morning he seemed to linger, and conversed quite freely upon many of the topics of the day. Finally he commenced giving an account of the severe storm that had swept over the country the night before the baronet's accident, and ended by relating his own adventures, and what he had seen in the tower.

"Sir Reginald, I thought I would tell you this, and ask if you can explain the meaning of the spectacle then manifested?"

"I cannot," was the reply Ethel watched for with anxiety. "I am told by people far and near of strange appearances in that tower, but I have never seen a thing of the kind there myself, therefore, put no faith in the story."

"But you may believe me, sir, when I assure you such things are really to be seen there. Now, in order to satisfy my mind, and perhaps enable me to explain the mystery to the frightened inhabitants, I crave your kind permission to visit the premises. Have I that permission?"

"It is impossible for me to grant it. When these things were first whispered about twenty-five years ago, we, as a family, were exceedingly annoyed by constant visitors to the spot, and the thing became so much of a nuisance that it was closed forever from all inspection. No, you must not ask this, doctor, as I cannot consent to the place being entered, after being so long sealed. As it is, take my word for it, and be satisfied. It is merely a vagary of the brain, an optical delusion, something better to be forgotten."

Dr. Elfenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to pay a surreptitious visit there, if not a permitted one, as this mystery he determined should be unravelled.

As he rose to leave, he happened to glance towards the young girl opposite to him, and saw her head bent low over the book she held, while a sad and pained expression had floated over her speaking face.

After the reading had concluded, the baronet said he would excuse her further attendance upon him, therefore she started out for a ramble over the grounds.

She had not gone far, before she regretted having done so, as she was joined a short distance from the house by Robert Glendenning, a person she instinctively disliked.

This young man was a great admirer of a pretty face, and from the first look into Ethel's speaking eyes, and upon her rare beauty, he had acknowledged that he had never seen a person that so exactly met the standard of the beautiful he had raised in his soul. But her proud bearing in his presence, her shrinking from his approach gave such evidence of her dislike that he felt irritated, and consequently determined to annoy her in every way possible during her stay at the hall.

(To be continued.)

FEAR TO EAT SHELLFISH.

Story That They Are Scavengers of the Sea Scares Britons.

Fishmongers assert that the evil reputation lately acquired by oysters as propagators of typhoid has extended, more or less, to all sorts of shellfish, from the lordly lobster to the humble whelk. The whole are supposed to earn their living as scavengers of the sea, says the London Globe, and with equal readiness it is assumed that they prefer to reside amid noxious abominations, for the convenience of re-supplying their larders. Even the immobile limpet and mussel are credited with a faculty of detaching themselves from rocks to go in eager pursuit of bacilli, while it is roundly denied that salt water produces any disinfecting effect on disease germs, no matter how great its depth or purity.

And so the lover of shellfish sternly refuses to gratify his palate, while their vendors sadly anticipate early bankruptcy should the scare last much longer. It would be a very good thing, therefore, for the trade to have all doubts set at rest, one way or another, as to the alleged instrumentality of shellfish in destroying human life. Some of them, it is true, diet themselves largely on impure food whenever it falls in their way. But it remains to be proved that by the time it reaches them it has not been freed from all living organisms by its long immersion in salt water. It may be, too, that the digestive apparatus of lobsters, crabs, clams and their congeners kills disease germs. Moreover, it is by no means certain that all crustaceans deserve the imputation of being foul feeders; some are said to be quite immaculate in the matter of high living.

Lessening the Risk.

A certain woman, says the New York Times, had been using the mails for fraudulent purposes. After the case had been rendered, the Postmaster-General issued an order barring her letters from the mails. Then she sent him a pathetic letter, asking for a private hearing, that she might lay her case before him.

"I feel sure," she wrote, "that if I could get a chance to look straight into your beautiful brown eyes, you would hear my story."

The Postmaster-General, after thinking the letter over for a few moments, indorsed it: "Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War for advice," and sent it to the War Department.

In due course of time it came back with this indorsement:

"Risk one eye.—Elihu Root."

Auto-Cracked.

Alderman Timothy P. Sullivan was standing with a party of friends at the entrance of the aldermanic chamber last Wednesday discussing the political situation and other kindred subjects, when some one remarked:

"I tell you that the American citizen is an autocrat."

"Well," replied the alderman, "he may be born an autocrat, but from all present signs he is liable to die an auto-cracked."—New York Times.

Capitalists in Paris.

Not more than 2,500 persons in Paris have a capital of as much as $200,000, and nearly one-third of those are foreigners.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

One Hundred Years Ago.

Vaccination for the cowpox was introduced with great success in Persia.

The Bank of Cape Fear, with branches, incorporated the mother bank at Wilmington, N. C.

The first session of the Court of Common Pleas was held at St. Louis, Mo., the Supreme Court was organized, and a postmaster appointed.

The Harmonists, a religious sect, settled in Pennsylvania.

John Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., built a steamboat with twin screw propellers and engine supplied with flue boiler.

Aaron Burr was proposed as the Federalist candidate for Governor of New York.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

The steam frigate Fulton was blown up and twenty-six persons killed.

Fort Pierre was established in South Dakota.

The woman's college at Andover, Mass., was established.

The board of internal improvements was organized in Mississippi.

A branch of the United States mint was established at St. Louis.

The United States Telegraph became the organ of General Jackson's administration.

Fifty Years Ago.

Riots occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., between the advocates of street preaching and the Catholics, when many persons were killed and wounded, quiet only being restored by the militia.

The city of Omaha, Neb., was laid out.

Gold was discovered at Plainfield, N. H., in the Connecticut valley.

Albumen paper was introduced for use in photography.

A reciprocity treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain respecting Newfoundland fisheries, international trade, etc.

Four British steamers attacked and destroyed the ships, dockyard and stores at Ulcaborg.

Forty Years Ago.

Major General John C. Fremont, having accepted the Presidential nomination at the hands of the anti-Lincoln Cleveland convention, resigned his army commission.

General Fisk at St. Louis, Mo., issued an order forbidding the prosecution in the State courts for harboring fugitive slaves.

Provost Marshal General Fry recommended to Secretary of War Stanton that the $300 financial exemption clause of the draft act be repealed.

Secretary of the Treasury Chase advertised for sale $75,000,000 6 per cent bonds of the United States, to meet the war's demands.

The national union convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President and Andy Johnson for Vice President of the United States at the second day's session convened at Baltimore, Md.

The Atlantic and Great Western and the Michigan Southern Railroads arranged to carry passengers from Chicago to New York with only one change of cars.

Thirty Years Ago.

Congress defeated the Eads $11,000,000 scheme for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi River by jetties, and passed the Fort St. Phillips Canal bill, providing for a ship canal connecting the river and Gulf of Mexico.

Electrical, wind and rain storms, occurring simultaneously in Illinois, New York and Michigan, did much property damage and cost a score of lives.

Rochefort, Paine and Benedict, French communists, who had toured the United States, sailed from New York.

A committee of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Board of Education, after taking testimony of principals and teachers on a report of Superintendent Fields opposing "mixed classes," recommended the abolition of coeducation in the public schools.

President Grant, in an unofficial communication to Congress, declared in favor of the resumption of specie payments and the repeal of the legal tender act, an attitude opposed to his party in the House.

Twenty Years Ago.

An attempt of William H. Vanderbilt to dominate the Rock Island management was answered at the annual meeting, when his candidate for director was defeated.

The Republican national convention in Chicago nominated James G. Blaine for President and John A. Logan for Vice President of the United States.

Five States of Mexico declared war on President Gonzales because of an objectionable revenue stamp tax.

The Emperor of Germany gave a state banquet at Berlin in honor of the Czarina. While en route to the function Prince Bismarck was surrounded by a mob of workingmen and hooted.

THE DAY OF DAYS THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

THE DAY AFTER.

O, for a crackerless Fourth of July,
For a moment of shoutlessness,
When millions of boys
Would shut off the noise
And silence would follow to bless
A nation which in other ways
Is not at all defected;
In fact, is doing quite as well
As could have been expected.

O, for some soundless powder to burn,
And for voiceless boys to cheer;
To show to the world
That our flag is unfurled
And our country still is here,
And just as good as it ever was,
And just as patriotic,
Although its expression may not be
So bangle and bombic and shotic!

O, for a bangboomfizzlessness
That would bring a glad release
To muscle and lung
And nerves unstrung,
And cover the day with peace;
When everybody in the land
Might pause in contemplation
Of that which, on the quiet, is
The world's supremest nation!

O, for a noneplosive Fourth,
Just one for a change of diet,
When millions of boys,
Instead of noise,
Would raise a tremendous quiet,
A Fourth like that would show the world,
Beyond all dubitation,
The really truly greatness of
This country as a nation.

Afterword.

But you can't make the spirit of the glorious Fourth
Celebrate the nation's day
In a style like that, to save your life,
Because it ain't built that way.
—New York Sun.

"Liberty" Bell.

BY A. M. HOPKINS.

IT was the morning of Independence Day may years ago—so many, indeed, that an old man can just remember what happened when he was a boy.

This is the story of a celebration that happened in a little Ohio village that was small then, and is still just a speck on the map.

On the edge of the town there was an old house hidden behind great trees, as if trying to avoid the public eye. It was, and is, the oldest house in town, and in it lived George Bell, or "Liberty" Bell, as some of the villagers called him, alone with his dog and Memory.

He was very old. Everything about the place betokened age. There was moss on the roof of his home, and the burden of years fairly made his bones creak. He bothered no one, and he had a cheerful "good morning" for everybody. He was a good citizen, but "queer," according to those who didn't understand him.

This Independence Day he came out of his house with an old musket on his shoulder.

The sun shone on his scanty white locks and face seamed with age. His hands trembled as he fumbled with his powder horn, loaded, rested the weapon on the fence and pulled the trigger. There was a mighty report. The robins took wing, and a flock of blackbirds swept out of the great poplar tree by the gate and gave voice to their surprise at the tumult near their home.

Thirteen times that old gun boomed, and then a quavering voice sounded, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" and a boy who was peering with saucer eyes through the fence—puzzled, charmed, half frightened—asked, "Why do you do that, Mr. Bell, if you please?"

"Come in, Billy, lad," said the old man. "Come in and help an old fellow celebrate. I won't hurt you. Just lay your little bunch of fireworks on the chopping block, and I'll tell you a true story about times way back before your daddy was born."

Children read hearts quickly, and a moment later the beginning and the end of a century were together—yellow locks against white mane, a boy on an old man's knee; the one earnest, the other eager.

"Why do I do it, my boy? Why do I celebrate? You want to know all about it.

"It is because I love my country, and I want everybody for miles around to remember that this is the day dedicated to liberty.

"Years ago there was a young man who had more money than was good for him, Billy. He was plum worthless. He didn't care for a soul on earth except himself. He was selfish. He wore good clothes and strutted about like a turkey gobbler. He was puffed up. He put in all his time having fun.

"There was a war on in his country. The people were fighting a bad King who wanted to take away their liberty, and there were some terrible battles. Men went without food. They walked without shoes till their feet bled. They froze because they did not have clothes enough to keep them warm. But they wouldn't give up. They said that all men should be free and equal, Billy; that God meant that it should be so, and they were willing to die rather than go back to the old way of doing the things a selfish King wanted done.

"The idle young man didn't go to the war. He thought men were fools for fighting. He said he had all the liberty he wanted. Perhaps, Billy, if he had had a mother he wouldn't have been such a fool.

"His brothers, three of them, lad, went to the war, and two were killed. Jacob was shot down in sight of General Washington, God bless him, and Robert came home with both legs gone.

"What do you suppose he told the 'stay-at-home,' who cared most for the ruffles in his shirt and the coins that jingled in his pockets? The crippled brother said he wished he could fight for his country on his stumps of legs, because he loved it.

"And then, one day, they carried the father into the old home. It would have made you cry, boy, to have seen him. He was ragged, scarred, and in his breast there was a great wound that made those who saw it shudder, and just before he died he called his worthless son to him and whispered, 'Don't be a coward! No man can ever pay the debt he owes to his country. It should be more to him than father or mother. Hoist your colors, my boy! Don't shed a tear for me. Take my old musket and fight for the cause.

"Billy, that young man promised. He got down on his knees and buried his face in the bedclothes, and as he cried the life went out of a brave, gentle man, and there was a smile on a dead face, and a cold hand rested on the head of one who had been a coward and was trying to be a man.

"He fought, Billy, and he learned to love the flag. He got a bullet in the hip at Monmouth and a bayonet wound at Guildford Courthouse. He found out what hunger meant. He spent his little fortune to help better men, and in his heart grew a great love for his flag, and he wondered how any man could ever forget his duty.

"One day it was all over.

"The enemy marched away, and the sun shone on a broken but happy people, and the young man praised God because he had found himself and been allowed to live to know the glory of freedom.

"Every year after that he celebrated Independence Day. He took that old musket given to him by his father and fired a salute to the 13 original States and cheered the President of the United States.

"And when this man moved away to a far place, and kept on celebrating, the people called him 'Liberty' Bell.

"Why, that is you, Mr. Bell," said the boy.

"Yes, Billy, that is me. Now get your firecrackers off the horse block; I'll load the old musket, and we'll fire an extra salute to let the world know that the cause is as great to-day as it was in the beginning."

And they did. And they cheered the President of the United States and the flag, in the cracked voice of an old man and the piping treble of the yellow-haired boy.

And it was all on Independence Day.—Cincinnati Post.

THE FOURTH ON THE FARM.

Arrangements Should Be Made for the Holiday's Observance.

Once each year the question comes to all of us how we are to spend the Fourth of July. The farmer and family are unlike the business man who can lock the door of his office or store and hie away on some excursion to the mountains or some other place. Instead, a holiday brings more work. The hired man must be excused from one or two milkings, or there is a declaration of war. To the wife comes the question of caring for the poultry for chickens must eat and drink July 4 the same as other days.

There are too many who feel that they cannot get away. These include the men who become so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth that they often forget the object of their pursuit and become mere machines, grinding away at the duties of life, so absorbed in the work of the day that they forget the blessings and privileges we claim as peculiar to our nation. Not alone upon the farm is this to be seen, but instead of making our nation's birthday a time of glorious memories, noble thoughts and joyous demonstration, our city brother hires a speaker to think and speak the words of patriotism and he spends the day in dealing out his wares to his fellows at exorbitant prices.

In the morning the average business man is too busy to think of patriotism and at night he is too tired. He looks upon this day as the opportunity to get back two, three or four times the amount donated to the celebration committee. The clink of dimes and the thump of silver dollars wear out what little patriotism he had at the rising sun and by ten o'clock he is so absorbed in the business of the hour that it is hard for him to live that one day and not adulterate his lemonade or cheat in making change as it is for the camel to pass through the needle's eye. Sometimes we also find farmers so engrossed by the prosperous crops and the desire for gold that they forget the importance of the day and only remember it at all by the request of the boys or hired man for a day off.

How much more pleasing is it to have a picnic in some shady grove, spread a long table and all dine together? Most any community can find material for a good program, being sure to mix in plenty of music, the material for which can be found in the neighborhood and we can celebrate the Fourth with as much enjoyment as if we had imported speakers and music. Of course we will want the Declaration of Independence read by the best reader in the locality. The minister can be orator of the day. Go in together and buy fireworks and crackers, for they will be essential to the small boys and we can have a first class celebration in the country. It is taken for granted that Old Glory will be in evidence, while bunting can decorate the stand, horses and buggies.—American Cultivator.

Fourth of July.

One hundred and twenty-eight years bring many changes in the life of a nation. The world is not the same to the American citizen to-day as it was to the people of the thirteen struggling colonies on the Fourth of July, 1776. The bitterness which was then felt toward England has disappeared. That we fought to obtain our freedom is remembered as a historical fact and as a measure of the value which we put on liberty; moreover, the Englishmen of to-day deem the policy of George III. toward us unjust, as our ancestors deemed it at the time. At present England and the United States act as friendly kinsfolk, each in a genial way considering itself as better than the other.

Because of this change the Fourth of July has come to be a day on which little is said of the triumph of arms a century and a quarter ago. We still recall the heroes of that time, and keep in grateful remembrance the Frenchmen, Germans and Poles who assisted us; but we look about us at the broad and widening national domain; we think of the national wealth, the national commerce, the national educational system, and the flag with forty-five stars, instead of thirteen, flying over hundreds of thousands of school houses, and rejoice that we have been able to make so much of our opportunities. The infant republic has become a giant, commanding the respect of the other nations of the world.

Although it is a long time since national independence was won, we cannot afford to lose sight of the meaning of the Fourth of July with its immortal Declaration. In these latter days fireworks have taken the place of oratory on the anniversary, and sometimes it seems as if people thought that they must make a big noise to express their feelings. Possibly their view is correct, and the booming of cannon, the snap-snap of firecrackers and the siss of rockets are really a great national "Hurrah!" The thing of consequence is that the day is not forgotten and that the meaning of it is kept in mind.—Youth's Companion.

Morning of the Fourth.

Uncle Rastus comes to town early to be on hand for the celebration.

The celebration begins.

The family of a dead Japanese soldier gets as a pension about one-third of a pay of his rank. This would give the widow of a private $1.25 a month; of a first lieutenant, $6.25; of a captain, $8.53, and to the widow of a colonel, $20 a month.

The earth's population doubles every two hundred and sixty years.