A MISFIT INDEPENDENCE.

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

generally true. It helps a man to triumph for the right

and send his fors Up where the great Salt river is, up where the woodbine grows.

But were is me that it should be; It didn't work that way with me, And this is how it was, you see:

On July Fourth when I got up I'd settled in my mind That I'd be just the freest of the inde-

pendent kind; I'd have my way all through the day, us

matter what should hap. And that is why face down 1 lie across my daddy's lap. Ans that is why I cry. "Oh, my?" as he

lays on the strap. He told me just at breakfast time to help him feed the cows,

And when I said I wouldn't we'd the

prettiest of rows. But I was firm, for I was free, Just as he said I ought to be. And then I skipped. Ah, woe is me!

I 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 clear 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.

m **A DILEMMA OF** THE FOURTH By Mary Caroline Hyde

mann

Six boys, aged about 14 and 15, had formed a club called The President's Own. Originally, the club room had been the upper story of a brick stable, and the boys had secured the use of it free of rent.

For several weeks the club had been saving money for a glorious Fourth of July celebration. Sky rockets, Roman candles and even flower baskets were to be bought with the ten dollars and thirtytwo cents they had collected for this purpose and were to be set off from a huge rock above the village, where all could see the display.

James Porter, the keeper of the largest grocery in the village, went to New York for the fireworks which the President'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 town had ever known.

The Fourth was due on Saturday and all Friday the President's Own fidgeted through their lessons, and 4 o'clock had no more than sounded than they ran pell mell to the club room, where they had agreed to meet, six strong. "I saw Jim Porter this afterno

announced Maxwell Fenn, a leader of the club, "and he said he had our fireworks all right. Suppose we go right away and get them."

"That's the idea," said Alfred War-ren, leading the way. "Come on. There's time to spare."

The boys started whistling and doing a double shuffle down the path, when Clarence Richmond called out, "Who's got the money for the 'technics?"

the rest. **ABAWered**

slowly down the main street, looking at other boys' fireworks. Thus they whiled away the day as best they could till 4 Wandering dejectedly along a side street, they came face to face with Gen. Bradbury, the summer cottager of

whom all Dogberry was so proud. "Halloo, boys!" he cried. "A glorious day for your celebration. Hear you are to give us something fine to night." Glancing hastily from one to another the boys blurted out, "That's all up now the mon's lost somehow !"

"What! How ?" the general demanded, sympathetically, much surprised. 'We don't know," answered Clarence.

"The men about the stable might have stolen it," and then he stopped, flushing at the realization that he had unintentionally 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 fireworks to be found in the town we'll send them off.

"We will," said the President's Own heartily, then added hesitatingly, "Jim Porter's got some fireworks, sir, w were going to take them, but-"" "Oh, yes! I understand," laughed the

general, and he turned on to the main street and burried 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 dreamed of.

The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the fore been authorized to take this course.

Locking the door, the boys walked | Bradbury as if she were a magician, but she only smiled and told them that she had mistrusted that it was there ever since her father had told her about its TONS.

woman's fingers," she added, "are much better for finding things than a boy's-that is, the boys of The President's Own," and she smilled 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 .-- De troit Free Press.

NOTHIN' DOIN' ON THE FOURTH.

July 2 Was the Date on Which Independence Was Declared.

The government has published a book showing that the Fourth of July ought to come on the 2d of the month. The book is entitled "The Stbry 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 adoption 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 representatives formally and legally express ed their intent.

According to the journal of that Congress, 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 addition of New York, which had not be



plazza and, joining the President's Own | So this date might be celebrated If it on the terrace, invited them to the dining room to complete their celebration there. This invitation produced a lively whispering among the boys of the club, and they followed their host and hostens to the dining room. Before partaking of the tempting refresh senta M arwell Fenn



formation, you render me powerless to this terrible mystery. Can clear away you think of no person who bears a striking resemblance to you?"

"Ab, yes, I have it," she cried, bright-ing up. "You say this girl was wonderening up. fully like me?" "You shall judge for yourself," he said,

producing his copy of Circe, which he had brought with him.

She eagerly examined it, while he wait ed breathlessly for her next words. "But for the color of the hair, I should

unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a girl who was at the same school with me." she said, musingly.

"Her name?" cried Stafford, trembling with excitement. "Ellen Jenkins," was the reply.

"The very woman I suspected !" he ejac ulated. "Yes, but her hair was black."

"That --rifles another conjecture; I know where this woman is to be found

I have the whole mystery in the palm of my hand." "But the color of the hair?" objected

Constance, "Psha! what difficulty is there about "Psha! what difficulty is there many among that in these days? How many among your dark-haired female friends anddenly appear with golden locks? The clue you have given me will enable me to clear your reputation from all suspicion." "Do that," she exclaimed, extching his

enthusiasm, "and though I sacrifice every farthing of my fortune, I will be your Such a consummation to me is wife. worth a hundred fortunes; for it will remove the blight that has poisoned my whole life from girlhood.

"I fear Arthur Penrhyddyn has fallen into this Ellen Jenkins' tolls," he said. as he walked up the lane with her.

"Do not say that !" she cried. "Indeed, I fear so," he answered sorrowfully : "and I shall apply your infor-"Do not lose a moment," cried Con-

stance, entreatingly ; "you cannot conceive the arts which that woman has at her command."

By ten o'clock the next morning he received a letter, a bulky one. He went into his bedroom, locked the door, broke the seal and read with trembling eager-DOM:

Instead of copying the contents of Constance's letter, the reader shall be presented with a more succinct and complete narrative than her knowledge of events could have supplied.

When about 12 years of age, Miss Grierson had been sent to a school of high reputation, some twenty miles from London, kept by one Mrs. Williamson. There had arrived, some time after, a young girl of her own age, a relative of the principal's, who, while receiving certain instruction, was to assist as futor to the younger pupils. Ellen Jenkins was a strange girl, and it was not long before Miss Williamson began to repeat of having undertaken such a charge. Ellen had from the first attached herself to Con-

were desired to commemorate the date of stance Grierson, Constance, a good the complete adoption of the resolution, hearted, generous girl, who loved all who If it were desired to commemorate the loved, or pretended to love, her, speedily day when the declaration was signed, succumbed to her arts, and became Ellen's Aug. 2 might be selected, as on that day firm friend.

the members of Congress began to attach their signatures to the formally drafted in features there was an extraordinary

swer was to beg him to let her go and never see her any more. At length she got back to her own almost dead with fright, and protested that if Ellen over so much as men tioned his name to her again she would forfeit her friendship for ever. But Ellen had too deep an interest in the affair to let it drop. If Mr. Parsons succeeded in carrying off the helress, she was to have a hundred pounds down, besides indefinite sums in the future. Nor was this her mly motive for joining in the plot ; in her heart she despised her victim as a poor, meek, spiritless creature; and she hated

her because she was rich. After a few days she again broached the subject of the lover; but Constance again peremptorily forbade it. On the third, about mid-day, a brougham drove up to the school, and the coachman preented a note, purporting to be from Mrs. Grierson to her daughter. Its purport was that Constance must return home immediately; her father was dangerously

ill. Constance, looking very pale and agitated, had got into the carriage and was driven away. After pursuing the London road for s mile or two, the carriage suddenly took an opposite direction. The sequel may be guessed; the note was a desperate ruse, suggested and, as far as the writing of the note was concerned, carried out by Ellen, to place the helreas in the hands of her employer, Parsons. The young lady was conveyed to a solitary house, the abode of a friend of the abductor, where the first person who greeted her was her treacher ous friend. Every effort was made to coas and then to force her into a marriage, but ahe resisted with a power of will that no one would have given her credit for. Instead of the hundred pounds he had promised her upon the day the heiress was placed in his power, Parsons gave Ellen but twenty, and, when she remonstrated, coolly informed her that it was all he intended to give, and that if she did not take it quietly he would inform against her as the forger of the letter summoning Constance home. Ellen took the twenty pounds, and then

sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Grier son, informing him of his daughter's disappearance from the school and of her whereabouts. Having thus revenged her self, she made her way to London. In a few hours after the receipt of the news, Mr. Grierson was upon the spot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Parsons and the owner of the house succeeded in making their escape. In her letter Ellen had insinuated that it was a voluntary elopement; and as such Mrs. Grierson, to her dying hour, believed it to be. It entirely turned her heart against her daughter; and, being worked upon by her cousin Wylie, was the immediate cause of that strange, harsh will, which was framed to guard against the young

girl forming any hasty or unworthy alliance "This is my secret," wrote Constance, in the concluding paragraph of her letter "It has given me many a bitter hour, many a tearful, sleepless night."

Little did Mrs. Grierson suspect that her cousin Wylle was the concocter of the whole plot; that he it was who first proposed to Parsons to try and make a run away match with the heiress, and who af terwards supplied him with the means of carrying her off. Knowing the stern disposition of the mother, Wylie well knew hat if his plan succeeded, she would most

From Jonkins' own Hus Stafford had heard the story of his step-daughter up to her disappearance from Mrs. Williamson's achool. The reader will probably remember that having been a listener to the dying fisherman's confession, the postmaster had next morning repaired to the Castle and was for some time closet-d with Sir Launce. He told how strangely the shipwrecked child had been preserved how he had reared and educated her, and how ungratefully she had behaved; but how, spite of all, he still cherished in his heart an interest in her fate. And he asked whether he, Bir Launce, or the London gentleman, could give him any suggestions as to any way in which he night trace her.

When Stafford was introduced to Mrs. Castleton, in the Strand, her face struck him as one that he had seen before. Upon looking at the sketches which he had brought from the Castle, he at once perceived her great resemblance to Eleonore de Solssons, as well as to the picture of Circe. This set him thinking ; and by a complex chain of ideas, he began to weave a fancy in which Eilen Jenkins, Mrs. Castleton and the mysterious Circe heame one personage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before he had finished the perusal of the letter, Stafford had made up his mind to his course of action. He would prosed to London at once, seek out Arthur, tell him of the discovery he had made respecting Mrs. Castleton, procure from him that lady's address, and at once, without any hesitation, accuss her of being Ellen Jenkins, and the Circe of Jerome's pleture.

By 2 o'clock that same day he was knocking at the door of Arthur's old odgings in Arondel street, Strand. Mr. Arthur Penrhyddyn was not within, the servant replied to his inquiries; did not know when he would be; he had left word that all letters should be forwarded to an address at Brompton.

Stafford's heart sank at those words; he remembered that Mrs. Centieton lived at Brompton. Agitated and auxious, he hurried away. Just as he was turning into the Strand, he ran full against the very man he was seeking-Arthur him-

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see ou," he cried, engerly grasping both his hands; "I have just come from your lodgings. I have something of the ntmost importance to communicate to you some thing concerning that lady to introduced me the other day-Mrs. Cas tleton.

Full of only the one thought, Stafford was plunging shead when Arthur stopped him.

"Mrs. Castleton no longer," he said, hastily, "but Mrs. Arthur Peurhyddyn, my wife."

'Heavens! Your wife !" elaculated Stafford, staggering an though he had received a heavy blow.

'Yea; until a certain crisis in our affairs is over, I wish the marriage to be kept secret from my father. But what is the matter? Are you 112"

Stafford's scared and pallid face, which was attracting the attention of every passer by, might well evoke such a ques-"Yes, a sudden sickness," he muttion. tered, trying to rally; "a little faintness -I am subject to it; but I ran't stop talking now, I have some important bush DOM: I will drop you a line. Good morning.

And he hurried away, leaving Arthur standing amazedly upon the pavement. Much as he tried to shake off such an impression, the manner in which Stafford had received the news of his marriage him sick at heart.

In the meautime the artist jumped into a cab and hade the driver process; to Brompton. Arthur's words had stunned Brompton. What was to be done now he could him. not in any way foresee, beyond that he determined to take advantage of Arthor's abasence and at once to clear up all doubts

one way or the other. Mrs. Castleton was at home and weald



along.

th

That's so ping short. "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 a body on the closet, where the money was hoarded in an old leather wallet. Th closet was well lighted by the window opposite, and the boys searched every nook and corner without finding the wal

"Where did you keep it, anyway?" was demanded of Maxwell Fenn

"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 here on this shelf under the baseball caps, but it ain't there now; that's sure enough.

The President's Own groaned. Again again they fumbled among the cape on the shelf, and among the bats, gol clubs and tennis racquets on the floor the closet. The money was not to be found and they turned away looking into one another's faces for explanation, but

"What's to be done now?" asked Clar-

"You ought to know."

"Well, I don't." "Say! How'd it do to say nothing bout it to-night and to morrow we can look again," suggested Alfred. "Agreed !" cried the others, so they

filed out of the club room, locking it with the greatest care, and disbanding. to go home with very sober faces and my hearts.

much-anticipated Fourth was The sunny, delightful day, and the President's convened early at the club room, as they had agreed. A second search, b ever, was as disappointing as the first had been, and a heavy-hearted six stood about the club table, tapping abstractedly upon

"It's hard on old Porter, too," ob

werved one of them. "Ob, his fireworks'll keep till next year, when we'll be able to buy them," said another.

rose to make a little speech. "It has been unanimously decided. Gen. Bradbury," he said, "that you shall he asked to become a member of the President's Own. The club has now ex isted 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 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 term a 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

"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 com

plets her meaning. "Do come! We shall be glad to show you our room." the boys cried in one voice

So that is how it happened that the next Monday afternoon, after school hours, Miss Bradbury was escorted by her father to the club room of the Pres 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 sjar, disclosing the paraphernalis of athletic boys. "May I look inside jus' once?" she

asked, exchanging a glance with her

"Oh, do !" they answered.

And it was then that, reaching up the shelf on which the baseball caps were tonsed, the girl felt under them and drew out the lost wallet, its contents undis turbed.

The President's Own stared at Mi

likeness between these two girls.

By an error in the journal a note was stance's heauty was of a melancholy cast. made on the 19th of July to this effect : Ellen's was of a coquettish, foreign style. Ordered that the declaration (passed on and with a mobility to which the the fourth) be fairly engrossed on parch-ment, with the title and style of "The countenances were in repose, and Ellen Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen was in a graver humor, the resemblance United States of America." It is evi-dent that the journal should have read The dark beauty very soon contrived to

passed on the 2d," for that was the day obtain a complete mastery over the mind when Richard Henry Lee's resolution of her friend. Constance's was a plastic commanded a majority of the votes. On mind, only too ready, at this time, to reresolution received the votes celve impressions from immediate asso that day the of all of New England, New Jerney, clations.

Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and At church and during their walks they Georgia. South Carollas and Pennsyl-requently encountered a tall, handsome, vania voted against it. The Delaware aristocratic looking man, who made a tote was evenly divided; the New York point of staring at Constance, and, when delegates were unlastructed, and refrainever the principal or the elder teachers were not 'ooking, of raising his hat to her. ed from voting. The next day, July 3. Casar Rodney of Delaware came eighty In a little time the young ladies began miles on horseback, as hard as the beast could go, to add his vote for independence, to giggle and joke her about the handsome gentleman, and to be very envious and thus Delaware was swung into lin of her distinction.

One day, when they were alone togeth It was several days later that Pennsylvania and New York came wabbling er. Elen slipped a note into her friend's hand, saying that the handsome stranger

After that, the man dogged the school

more pertinuciously than ever, and the young lady became so confused, and blushed so much every time she encounter-

ed his looks, that more than once Miss

Williamson was very nearly detecting her confusion. At last, after much coaxing

and some scolding on Ellen's part, the foolish child consented to give him an

Interview at the bottom of the garden.

The gentleman was soon kneeling at his inamorata's feet. Constance, however, was almost too frightened to speak. When he seized her hand and poured forth his rapturous vows of leve, all she could an-

The first celebration of independence had met her that morning in the street day was at Philadelphia, on July 8, when and begged her, in the most pathetic sheriff of that city read a copy terms, to deliver it to the young lady with the golden hair. At first Constance was the original declaration, passed on the 2d. very much shocked, and refused to take The man who drafted the resolution passthe note; but her companion soon laugh on the 2d of July, which consisted of a short paragraph sufficient to voice the ed and coaxed her out of such scruples. sentiment of each State for or against The letter was full of such extravagances the proposed war for independence, was of language Richard Henry Lee. The man who sup- girl's fancy. of language as would delight a school

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 presided over the convention where the resolution was adopted was John Hancock.

The Unexpected.

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rall, To be used at poor Tabby's expense. The cat ran away with the fur off her tall, While Willie flew over the feuce. -Judge.

surely disinherit the daughter, and that in such a case a portion of the large fortune must accrue to him.

Of Ellen Jenkins, Constance neither saw nor heard any more. Weary of the restric. One and the monotony of her life, and longing to plunge into the great world, Ellen had ben a most willing in strument in the hands of a desperate adventurer like Parsons. To return to the school was impossible; and so, at 15, she resolved to seek her fortune in a world of which she knew nothing, save from books

Wandering and wondering for the first time through the streets of the great metropolis, her eye presently fell upon a large placard in a fashionable bairdress er's window, which told of the wonderful effect of "The Auricous Fluid," which was warranted to change the darkest hair a beautiful golden color.

Here was the opportunity; and she When the dyeing process was acized it. omplete and her hair arranged in little careless curls about her face, she was quite thrilled by the marvellous herself resemblance she bore to her quoudam friend. At first, she endeavored to think of some means by which she might turn this accident to account; but, upon fur-ther reflection, it struck her that having already committed forgery, she had better leave well alone. It was soon after her transmogrification that she met Je-Upon the first opportunity she, having come to the end of her cash, appro priated as much of his property, including the picture she had sat for, as she could conveniently carry away with her, and bade him a silent adieu.

She next appears upon the scene as a ballet girl at the opera. Here she en countered Parsons. They became friends again. He introduced her to Mr. Wylie, who already knew her, from the report of the former gentleman, as a clever plotter. By and by came her marriage with Castleton. In the meantime she allowed her hair to resume its proper color, hav-ing gained too much confidence in the power of her natural charms to desire any such aids from art. see him, the servant brought word, and he was shown into a little boudoir. sat down, and with a beating heart awaited her coming

At length she entered, looking very radiant and charming, as became so young a bride. But her face was no index to her mind; the sight of Stafford had filled her with evil bodements; she had conceived a dislike to him at first sight, and felt convinced that his sudden visit meant mischlef.

"I am delighted to see so great a friend of Arthur's," she said, advancine. 'I did not expect to receive your congratulations so soon."

"The object of my visit here is not to offer congratulations," he answered, coldly. "My business is to make inquiries concerning Ellen Jenkins and Katis Do-

And I perceive I have the honor of addressing both those personages in you, madam.

"What do you mean, sir? How dare

But she could proceed no further; she felt that she was conquered at the first blow-that she was at the mercy of a pitiless man, and she sank into a seat, pale and trembling.

(To be continued.)

Practical Advice.

"Can you, as an old and experienced public man, give me some good advice as to how a young man starting in office can preserve a high standard of integrity before the public?"

"Sure, Mike! Always domand cash and don't be fool enough ever to take checks."-Baltimore American.

A Problem.

Mrs. Gushley-Oh, George, If I should die, would you love me still? Mr. Gushley-Yes, darling ; that's the only thing that could make me love you more than I do now.

Mrs. G. is still pondering over that reply .-- Teledo Blade.