

A MISFIT INDEPENDENCE.

Pop said that independence was the greatest thing he knew.

On July Fourth when I got up I'd settled in my mind That I'd be just the freest of the independent kind.

I stayed away the living 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.

A DILEMMA OF THE FOURTH

By Mary Caroline Hyde

Six boys, aged about 14 and 15, had formed a club called The President's Own.

For several weeks the club had been saving money for a glorious Fourth of July celebration.

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 Fourth was due on Saturday and all Friday the President's Own scolded through their lessons.

"I saw Jim Porter this afternoon," announced Maxwell Fenn, a leader of the club.

"That's the idea," said Alfred Warren, leading the way.

The boys started whistling and doing a double shuffle down the path.

"That's so!" answered the rest, stopping short.

Upon this The President's Own wheeled and returned to the club room.

"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.

The President's Own groaned. Again and again they fumbled among the caps on the shelf.

"My father," she said, "has told me of the club's pecuniary loss.

"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.

The much-anticipated Fourth was a sunny, delightful day.

"It's hard on old Porter, too," observed one of them.

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

Locking the door, the boys walked slowly down the main street.

"Halloo, boys!" he cried. "A glorious day for your celebration.

"What! How?" the general demanded, sympathetically, much surprised.

"We don't know," answered Clarence.

"See here, my lads, don't be so quick to blame someone till you're sure!

"We will," said the President's Own heartily, then added hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes! I understand," laughed the general.

Half-past 7 o'clock that evening found the President's Own assembled upon the terrace of the general.

The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the

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 loss.

"A woman's fingers," she added, "are much better for finding things than a boy's—that is, the boys of The President's Own."

The club did not argue the point. It whistled, stamped, cheered, apologized for the racket.

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Half-past 7 o'clock that evening found the President's Own assembled upon the terrace of the general.

The general's pretty daughter and housekeeper now left her seat on the

plaza and, joining the President's Own on the terrace, invited them to the dining room to complete their celebration there.

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 parchment, with the title and style of 'The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America.'"

"passed on the 2d," for that was the day when Richard Henry Lee's resolution commanded a majority of the votes.

At church and during their walks they frequently encountered a tall, handsome, aristocratic looking man.

The dark beauty very soon contrived to obtain a complete mastery over the mind of her friend.

One day, when they were alone together, Ellen slipped a note into her friend's hand.

After that, the man dogged the school more pertinaciously than ever.

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rail, to be used as poor Tabby's expense.

He bought a huge cracker as big as a rail, to be used as poor Tabby's expense.

The cat ran away with the fur off her tail, while Willie flew over the fence.

The President's Own stared at Miss Adams.

DOOMED. By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"But, my darling," he cried, despairingly, "by withholding from me such information, you render me powerless to clear away this terrible mystery."

"Ah, yes, I have it," she cried, brightening up.

"You shall judge for yourself," he said, producing his copy of Circé.

"But for the color of the hair, I should unhesitatingly pronounce it to be a girl who was at the same school with me."

"Her name?" cried Stafford, trembling with excitement.

"Ellen Jenkins," was the reply.

"The very woman I suspected!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, but her hair was black."

"That—refuses another conjecture; I know where this woman is to be found; I have the whole mystery in the palm of my hand."

"Psha! what difficulty is there about that in these days? How many among your dark-haired female friends suddenly appear with golden locks?

"Do not say that!" she cried.

"Indeed, I fear so," he answered sorrowfully.

"Do not lose a moment," cried Constance, entreatingly.

By ten o'clock the next morning he received a letter, a bulky one.

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.

There had arrived, some time after, a young girl of her own age.

By and by it began to be observed that, in features there was an extraordinary likeness between these two girls.

Constance's beauty was of a melancholy cast. Ellen's was of a coquettish, foreign style.

At church and during their walks they frequently encountered a tall, handsome, aristocratic looking man.

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answer was to beg him to let her go and never see her any more.

At length she got back to her own room, almost dead with fright.

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From Jenkins' own lips Stafford had heard the story of his step-daughter up to her disappearance from Mrs. Williamson's school.

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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 demand cash and don't be fool enough ever to take checks."

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.—Toledo Blade.