

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER X.

In due time, to Joshua's great delight, the lottery ticket reached him. It was several days in coming, and he had almost given it up, but the sight of it raised his spirits to the highest pitch. It seemed to him the first step to a fortune. He began at once to indulge in dazzling visions of what he would do when the prize came to hand; how the "old man" would be astonished and treat him with increased respect; how he would go to the city and have a good time seeing the lions, and from henceforth throw off the galling yoke of dependence which his father's parsimony had made it so hard to bear.

Whenever he was by himself, he used to pull out the ticket and gaze at it with the greatest satisfaction, as the key that was to unlock the portals of fortune, independence and happiness.

But at length the long-expected letter arrived. Joshua did not like to open it in the postoffice, lest it should attract the attention of the postmaster. He therefore withdrew to a place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and with trembling fingers opened the letter. Something dropped out.

"I wonder if it is a check?" thought Joshua, stooping over and picking it up. But no, it was an announcement of the drawing. Joshua's numbers—for each lottery ticket contains three numbers—were 9, 15, 50. But of the thirteen lucky numbers drawn out of sixty-five, neither of them was one.

Slowly it dawned upon Joshua that he had drawn nothing, that his five dollars had been absolutely thrown away. But there was a letter. Perhaps this would explain it. Joshua read as follows:

"Dear Sir—We regret to say that we are unable to send you a prize this time. We hope, however, you will not be discouraged. Some of our patrons who have been most fortunate have commenced by being unlucky. Indeed, singularly enough, this is a general rule.

"Hoping to hear from you again, and to send you in return better news, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully,
"GRABB & CO."

The effect of Joshua's ill success was to make him very despondent. He thought of all he had intended to do, and now his castles had crumbled, and all in consequence of this letter. He had been so sanguine of success. Now he must write to Sam that his visit to New York was indefinitely postponed—that is, unless he could induce his father to provide him with money enough to go. The prospect was not very encouraging, but he felt desperate, and he determined to make the attempt. Accordingly, just after supper, he detained his father, just as he was returning to the store, and said:

"Father, I wish you'd let me go to New York on a visit."

"What for?" asked Mr. Drummond, elevating his brows.

"Because I'm eighteen years old, and I've never been there yet."

"Then, if you've gone eighteen years without seeing the city, I think you can go a while longer," said his father, under the impression that he had made a witty remark. But Joshua did not appreciate the humor of it.

"I've lived in Stapleton ever since I was born," grumbled Joshua, "and have got tired of it. I want to see something of life."

"Do you? Well, I'm sure I've no objection."

"May I go, then?"

"Yes; but, of course, you will pay your own expenses."

"How can I?" exclaimed Joshua, in angry disappointment. "I have no money."

"Then you can save up your allowance till you have enough."

"Save up on twenty-five cents a week? I couldn't go till I was an old man!"

"I know of no other way," said Mr. Drummond, with provoking indifference, "unless you earn the money in some way."

"You treat me like a little boy!" said Joshua, angrily.

"You are better off than I am. I have to work for all I get. You get your board, clothes and pocket money for nothing."

"Other boys go to New York when they are much younger."

"I have told you you can go when you like, but you mustn't expect me to supply the money."

Mr. Drummond put on his hat and crossed the street to the store, leaving Joshua in a very unflattering frame of mind.

CHAPTER XI.

Two days later two women entered Mr. Drummond's store. One was Joshua's customer and she wore the same shawl which she had purchased of him. It appeared that Walter was out, but Mr. Drummond and Nichols were both behind the counter.

"Have you got any more shawls like this?" asked the first lady, whom we will call Mrs. Blake. "Mrs. Spicer, who is a neighbor of mine, liked it so well she wants to get another just like it."

"Did you buy this shawl of us?" asked Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, sir. I bought it about a fortnight ago, and paid five dollars for it."

"Five dollars? There must be some mistake. We never sell such a shawl as that for less than ten dollars."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Blake, positively. "I bought it here, and paid five dollars for it."

"Why, those shawls cost me seven dollars and a half at wholesale. It is not

likely I would sell them for five. Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "did you see this lady the shawl she is wearing for five dollars?"

"No, sir; I have not sold a shawl like that for two months. I know the price well enough, and I wouldn't sell it for less than ten dollars."

"I didn't buy it of him. I bought it of a boy," said Mrs. Blake.

"It must have been that stupid Conrad," exclaimed Mr. Drummond, angrily. "Walt till he comes in, and I'll haul him over the coals."

"Then you won't let my friend have another like it for five dollars?"

"No," said Mr. Drummond, provoked. "I don't do business that way. I've lost nearly three dollars by that shawl of yours. You ought to make up the wholesale price to me."

"I shan't do it," said Mrs. Blake. "If you've made a mistake, it's your lookout. I wasn't willing to pay more than five dollars."

The two ladies were about to leave the store when Mr. Drummond said: "The boy will be back directly. I wish you would wait a few minutes, so that if he denies it you can prove it upon him."

"I've got a call to make," said Mrs. Blake, "but I'll come in again in about an hour."

They left the store, and Mr. Drummond began to berate the absent Walter. He was provoked to find that he had lost two dollars and a half, and if Walter had been in receipt of any wages, would have stopped the amount out of his salary. But, unfortunately for this plan of reprisal, our hero received his board only, and that could not very well be levied upon. However, he might have some money in his possession, and Mr. Drummond decided to require him to make up the loss.

"When did she say she bought the shawl, Mr. Nichols?" asked his employer.

"About a fortnight ago."

"Will you look on the books, and see if you find the sale recorded? I am surprised that it escaped my attention."

Nichols looked over the book of sales, and announced that no such entry could be found. Mr. Drummond was surprised. Though not inclined to judge others any too charitably, he had never suspected Walter of dishonesty.

"Are you sure you looked back far enough?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nichols; "to make sure, I looked back four weeks. The woman said only a fortnight, you know."

"I know. Then it seems Conrad has concealed the sale and kept the money."

"Perhaps," suggested Nichols, who rather liked Walter, "he forgot to put it down."

"If he did, he forgot to put the money in the drawer, for the cash and the sales have always balanced. He's an ungrateful young rascal," continued Mr. Drummond, harshly. "After I took him into my house and treated him as a son"—this was not saying much, if Joshua be believed—"he has robbed me in the most cold-blooded manner."

Nichols was astonished by the evidence against our hero. He did not like to think him guilty, but it certainly seemed as if he must be.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Drummond?" he asked.

"I suppose I ought to have him arrested. He deserves it."

"I hope you won't do that. He may be able to explain it."

"If I do not proceed to extremities, it will be on account of his relationship, which I wish to acknowledge."

The time had been, and that not long since, when Mr. Drummond felt proud of his relationship to the rich Squire Conrad, of Willoughby; but that was before his loss of property. Circumstances alter cases. Quite unconscious of the storm that was gathering, Walter at this moment entered the store.

"So you've got back?" said Mr. Drummond, harshly. "You haven't been in any particular hurry. However, that was not what I wished to speak to you about. We have made a discovery since you went out, and not a very agreeable one."

"I am sorry for that," said Walter, not knowing what else was expected of him.

"No doubt you are sorry," sneered Mr. Drummond. "I should think he would be, eh, Mr. Nichols?"

"I am sorry also," said Nichols, who, though rather weak-minded, was a good-hearted young man.

"So am I sorry," said Mr. Drummond. "It strikes me I have most reason to be sorry, considering that the loss has fallen on me. I have discovered how you have repaid me for my kindness. You didn't think I would find out, but your inquiry has providentially come to light."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, impatiently. "I wish you would stop talking in riddles."

"Did you ever witness such brazen effrontery, Mr. Nichols?" demanded Mr. Drummond, turning to his head salesman; "even when he is found out he brazen it out."

"Wouldn't it be as well to tell him what is the matter, Mr. Drummond?" asked Nichols, who was in hopes our hero would be able to prove his innocence.

"To come to the point, did you, or did you not, a fortnight since, sell one of those shawls, such as you see on the counter, for five dollars?"

"I did not," said Walter, promptly.

"It might not have been exactly a fort-

night. Have you sold such a shawl within four weeks?"

"I have not sold such a shawl since I have been in your employ, Mr. Drummond."

"You hear what he says, Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond. "You see how he adds falsehood to dishonesty. But that is not uncommon. It is only what I expected. Do you mean to say, Walter Conrad, that you didn't sell such a shawl for five dollars—only half price—and, instead of entering the sale, put the money into your own pocket?"

"I do deny it most emphatically, Mr. Drummond," said Walter, impetuously, "and I challenge you to prove it."

"I shall soon be able to prove it," said Mr. Drummond. "The lady who bought the shawl came into the store half an hour since, and asked for another. When I told her that it would cost ten dollars, she said she only paid five for the one she had on. She then told us that she bought it of you a fortnight since."

"There is some mistake about this, Mr. Drummond. She has made a mistake. She must have bought it somewhere else."

"She would not be likely to make such a mistake as this. Besides, the shawl is like others I have. How do you account for that?" queried Mr. Drummond, triumphantly.

"I don't pretend to account for it, and don't feel called upon to do so. All I have got to say is that I did not sell the shawl, nor pocket the money."

"Mr. Drummond, the ladies have returned," said Nichols.

"Aha!" said his employer, with exultation. "Now we will be able to prove your guilt, you young rascal! Here is the lady who bought the shawl of you."

Mrs. Blake and her friend, Mrs. Spicer, here entered the store. Mr. Drummond went forward to meet them. His face flushed, but he tried to look composed.

"I am glad to see you back, ladies," he said. "You told me that you bought your shawl of a boy?" turning to Mrs. Blake.

"Yes, sir."

"Come forward, Conrad," said Mr. Drummond, a malignant smile overspreading his face. "Perhaps you will deny now, to this lady's face, that you sold her the shawl she has on?"

"I certainly do," said Walter. "I never, to my knowledge, saw the lady before, and I know that I did not sell her the shawl."

"What do you think of that, Mr. Nichols?" said Mr. Drummond. "Did you ever witness such unblushing falsehood?"

But here a shawl was thrown into Mr. Drummond's camp by Mrs. Blake herself.

"The boy is perfectly right," she said. "I did not buy the shawl of him."

"Didn't you say you bought the shawl of the boy?" asked Mr. Drummond, with a sickly hue of disappointment overspreading his face.

"Yes; but it was not that boy. Come to think of it, I believe it was your son," said Mrs. Blake. "Isn't he a little older than this boy?"

"My son—Joshua!" exclaimed Mr. Drummond.

"Yes, I think it must be he. He's got rather an old-looking face, with freckles and reddish hair; isn't so good-looking as this boy."

"Joshua?" repeated Mr. Drummond, bewildered. "He doesn't tend in the store."

"It was about dinner time," said Mrs. Blake. "He was the only one here."

"Do you know anything about this, Mr. Nichols?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to his head clerk.

Light dawned upon Nichols. He remembered now Joshua's offer to take his place, and he felt sure in his own mind who was the guilty party.

"Yes, Mr. Drummond," he answered; "about a fortnight ago, as Walter was rather late in getting back, Joshua offered to stay in the store for a while. He must have sold the shawl, but he must have guessed at the price."

"A mistake has been made," said Mr. Drummond, hurriedly, to the ladies, "a mistake that you have profited by. I shall not be able to sell you another shawl for less than ten dollars."

The ladies went out, and Mr. Drummond and his two clerks were left alone.

"Mr. Drummond," said Walter, quietly, "after what has happened, you will not be surprised if I decline to remain in your employ. I shall take the afternoon train to Willoughby."

He walked out of the store, and crossed the street to Mr. Drummond's house.

(To be continued.)

Never Missed.

Two Frenchmen who had quarreled agreed that their wrongs could be settled only by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just outside Paris.

"A return ticket to F," said the first at the booking office.

"Single for me," said the second man, quietly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you? As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the other. "I always take the return half from my victim's pocket."

Practiced What He Preached.
"You know, my dear, I have often said that, like the rest of mankind, I am only a poor, weak sinner," said Wedderly, who was trying to excuse one of his misdeeds.

"Yes, I know you have," rejoined the better half of the matrimonial combine, "and I never in my life saw anybody as anxious to prove the truth of his statements as you seem to be."

Not Noticeable.

He (after the quarrel)—I was a fool when I married you.

She—Yes, but I thought you would improve.

CELEBRATING THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Why Every Man, Woman and Child Should Rejoice and Be Glad.

PATRIOTISM AND FIREWORKS.

Anniversary of the Date When Liberty Shook Off Her Shackles.



THE Fourth of July is the day of patriotism and the firecracker. Every one—old citizen or new arrival—celebrates. One can't all know there is just cause for the celebration, but few realize the great and glorious facts. They are facts that make every one who really can say he is a citizen of the United States feel as proud as it is possible for a human being to feel the stimulus of pride.

When on that never-to-be-forgotten date the old bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, rang out, to the uninitiated it pealed its sonorous notes for some unknown purpose. To those who, breathless, were waiting for the sound, it told the news that liberty had shaken off her shackles in the new world, that she had taken her rightful place and that hereafter the people would acknowledge the power of no ruler except such as might be chosen by themselves. It was a curious scene in the staid old Quaker town, the last place in the colonies where one would have suspected a spark would be given birth to light freedom's torch throughout the Western Hemisphere. It was on the 7th day of June, 1776, that the delegates from the colonies sitting in Congress in Philadelphia, considered the following resolution, introduced by Virginia's statesman, Richard Henry Lee:

"Resolved, That the United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States and their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved."

There had been murmurings and threats and calm expressions of determination. But here was united action. The people, by their representatives duly chosen, formally absolved themselves from allegiance with the mother country, and said to the world that they had cast off their swaddling clothes; they were now wholly able to walk alone. On June 11, that famous committee was appointed to frame the Declaration of Independence. Note the names, and if you are a student of the history of the United States, conceive if

you can of a better quintette to have represented the American people: Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston.

The first was the man whose fame is ticked into our ears every time we hear a telegraph instrument, whose genius is placed in broad light whenever we enjoy the illumination of electricity. The second rose to be President of the nation he helped to form. The third is the father of what the world knows as the Jeffersonian Democracy. The fourth, Puritan, patriot, leader, gave more in moral force and determination, in knowledge of the law and its common sense principles, than almost any man who assisted at the birth of the nation. The fifth was the man of whom the majority of people know comparatively little, and yet there was none who better deserve a place of honor in the public mind. Eminent as a financier, a shrewd judge of human nature, his touch on the helm of state was exactly what was needed to keep the young craft on her course. Jefferson had spoken but little in Congress and he had no part in the acrimonies which then prevailed. In a plain brick house, at the corner of Seventh and Market streets, he drafted the Declara-

tion of Independence. The work was almost wholly Jefferson's, only a few verbal alterations being suggested by Adams and Franklin. It then was approved by the committee. A few passages were struck out by Congress. Caesar Rodney, one of Delaware's delegates, in order to have his vote recorded, rode in the saddle from a point eighty miles from Philadelphia all night, and reached the floor just in time on July 4 to cast Delaware's vote in favor of independence. On that day, ever memorable in American annals, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by the unanimous vote of thirteen colonies.

The enthusiasm of the patriots at hearing the intelligence was unbounded. While Congress had been discussing the subject crowds assembled outside the hall and in the streets, anxiously awaiting the result. When it was announced at noon the State House bell on which was inscribed "Proclaim liberty throughout all the lands unto all the inhabitants thereof," clanged deep and melodiously and the throng gave vent to long and loud shouts of exultation.

The old bell-ringer had been at his post since early morning. He had placed his boy below to announce when the Declaration was adopted, so that not an instant might be lost in transferring the glad tidings by means of the bell to the awaiting multitude. As the wearisome hours passed and no sign came to him the aged bell-ringer finally exclaimed, "They will never do it! They will never do it!" Just then he heard his boy clapping his hands and vociferating at the top of his juvenile

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Born amid the throes of battle, time has glorified its stars. Torn amid the musket's rattle, it has triumphed in our wars; Mirrored in each luminous river, all its stars reflected shine; And the Nation crowns it ever with a laurel that is divine.

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Most Notable Day.
The Fourth of July, ever since that memorable date in '76, has been an important day in the history of this country. The adoption of the Declaration of Independence makes it, perhaps, the most notable day in American history.

Other important events which have occurred on July 4 are the capture of Fort Mifflin, the continuation of the horrible Wyoming Valley massacre in 1778; the signing by President Washington of the first revenue bill, thereby making it a law, in 1789; the death of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, in 1826, the 50th anniversary of the adoption of that document, and the death of John Adams on the same day; the abolition of slavery in New York State, and the freeing of 10,000 slaves, in 1827; the laying of the corner stone of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, in 1828; the death of James Monroe in 1831, the anti-abolition mob riots in New York in 1834; the ratification of the Texas Annexation bill in 1845; the Five Points riot, in which eleven were killed, in 1857; the capture of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant in 1863; the great Portland (Maine) fire caused by a firecracker, with losses aggregating \$15,000,000, in 1866; and the destructive tornado which swept Indiana, Wisconsin, Ohio and Missouri, with heavy loss of life and property, in 1873. In fact, the Fourth of July seems destined to always be a day when there is "something doing."—Four-Track News.

Served Him Right.
"I told Willie if he put so much powder in the cannon he'd break it!"—New York Evening Journal.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.



lions, "Ring! Ring!" The old hands swung the sonorous bell with delirious vigor. Its reverberation was echoed by every steeple in the city.

That was a gala day in Philadelphia, what with rejoicings and bonfires and illuminations. The cannon boomed and messengers rode away hotly to all quarters to announce the news. Washington then was in New York with the army. By his orders it was read to the soldiers, who acclaimed it enthusiastically. The townsfolk on that night tore the statue of George III. from its pedestal in Bowling Green, and it was melted into forty-two thousand bullets for the patriot troops.

Boys and girls for generations have been taught these facts in history; that is, the boys and girls who have studied the history of the United States. There are thousands resident here now who have never had this opportunity. To them the Fourth of July is a holiday, a day to celebrate, a day of enjoyment. To the American boy and girl, who knows what happened on that memorable Fourth, it is so much more than that; it is an exhortation to say they enjoy the celebration with twice the keenness that those who are ignorant of the country's history could possibly experience.

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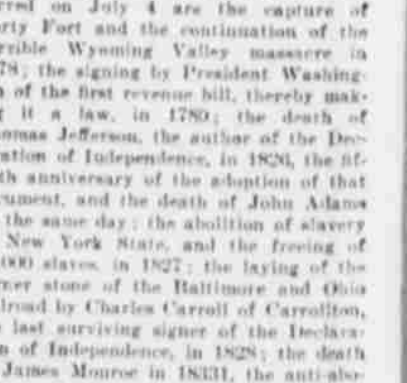
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