HOITT'S SCHOOL,

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—*S. F. Chronicle.* Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Wisconsin produces annually an average of 10,000,000 pounds of cheese.

"You May Bend the Sapling But Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Allowances.

Mrs. Cadger—They tell me, Henrietta, that your husband is unkind to you.

Mrs. Howes—Yes, John is not very gentle in his manners, I must admit, but there is one thing I will say for him—he never kicks up a rug or creases a tidy.—Boston Transcript.

Very True.

Mistress—It isn't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary!

Cook—Perhaps not, mum; but it's the clothes that makes the policeman'—Puck.

In a rock quarry in Virginia where dynamite was used three more lives have been blasted.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Glass door knobs are handsome and more easily kept in condition than those of bronze or brass.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Frog's skin, though one of the thinnest, is also one of the toughest leathers tanned.

That Dull, Awful Pain!

It's a sick headache. Cure it? Avoid it! Cascarets Candy Cathartic give quick relief and prevent headaches if taken in time. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In the last three years the United States has sold abroad $1,300,000 more than it has bought.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who boldly went off to the war;
The "beef" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Canada sells us farm products valued at $5,326,000, but buys of us other goods worth $78,000,000.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The tax on coffee amounts in France to about 14 cents a pound, while in England it is only 3 cents a pound.

Pure Tea

in packages
at grocers'

Schilling's Best

Washington Soldiers' Monument Association has been incorporated.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

California fruit canners have combined. They will close up half the plants and advance prices.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Newton, N. C., hosiery mill is running night and day on hosiery.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

His Typewritten Proposal.

TAP, tap, tap! went the typewriter, as under the nimble fingers of the operator the typerods flashed up and down with lightning-like rapidity.

It's a warm day, too—very warm, and no doubt that ill-fated instrument felt it, but yet each and all of those tall-collared, clean-shaven clerks, who kept throwing languishing eyes in the direction of the fair operator, would have willingly changed places with that reeking, squeaking, perspiring machine.

But Amy Northcote did not seem in very good form on this particular morning, for gradually the rattle of the machine got slower and slower, and at last stopped altogether.

As a matter of fact, little Miss Northcote was in a very peculiar frame of mind. She was extremely romantic, and spent one-half of her time in reading novelettes, and the other half in thinking about them.

Tales of love and devotion, of heroism and martyrdom, King Arthur and his table round, Lancelot and Guinevere, errant knights and ladies fair—every legend she had ever read, and dozens of others she had made for herself, crowded in upon each other in wonderful confusion.

The long train of courtly knights and serenading gallants floated leisurely before her, and more came, and still more, and yet all of them, though so different in apparel, had the same face.

And what a handsome face it was, too! What a tall, commanding figure! How graceful it looked in the robes of Romeo, and how glorious in the armor of Lancelot!

Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a quiet voice that descended from some distance above her.

"Good-morning, Miss Northcote!"

She looked up with a start, and there stood her Lancelot before her. He seemed to have discarded his armor and donned an ordinary black morning suit and a very white collar, "whereof," as the office boy once remarked, "the height and stiffness were marvelous great."

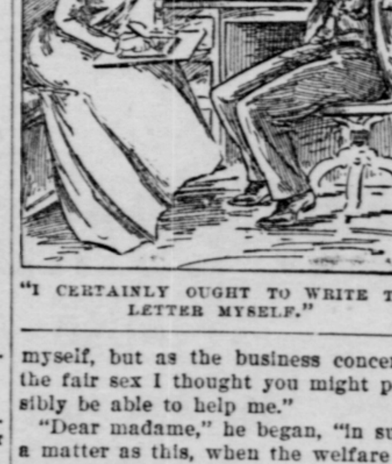
"Good-morning, sir," she said, in a half-frightened voice, and then, as the junior partner disappeared into his room, she bent over her work with a very red and very hot face.

Then the typewriter clicked again, but not so merrily as before, and frequent errors occurred. Presently a bell in the office rang twice. This was the signal for Miss Northcote to go into Mr. Norman's room and take the morning letters, for this young lady was also shorthand writer to the firm.

The door closed and she was alone with the handsome young partner. Jack Robertson returned to the office, and, as he climbed sadly on to his lofty stool, a universal groan went around the room. Eight stiff white collars cracked simultaneously as eight heads dropped sorrowfully over their respective invoices and bills of lading.

The morning letters were soon finished and the young lady rose to go.

"One minute, Miss Northcote, please. I have a private letter I wish you to write. It is a rather delicate matter, and I certainly ought to write the letter



"I CERTAINLY OUGHT TO WRITE THE LETTER MYSELF."

myself, but as the business concerns the fair sex I thought you might possibly be able to help me."

"Dear madame," he began, "in such a matter as this, when the welfare of two people is at stake, perhaps a personal interview would have been preferable to a letter. But we city men, whose lives are spent almost entirely in business occupations, and whose thoughts are seldom allowed to stray beyond the conventionalities of this life, would, I am afraid, make but poor wooers.

"To this letter, therefore, I leave the task of revealing to you what I fear to tell you in person. Whether the length of my acquaintance with you, or the circumstances under which we have known each other, will permit of my making this proposal, I leave you to judge. In my own favor, all I can say is that I—er—that I—— Well, I suppose I had better say love. Do you think that is the most suitable word, Miss Northcote?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, yes, I think so, too. Now, then—that I love you most ardently. Perhaps the nature of our intercourse has kept me from disclosing my regard for you, but I sincerely trust you will not allow this to influence your decision. Our formal acquaintance prevents me from expressing my deeper thoughts and feelings. Let your gentle heart plead for me rather than this cold letter, which I am painfully conscious is more like a business letter than I intended it to be. At least, let me implore you to give it a fair consideration, and if you will consent to be my wife my whole life shall testify my gratitude and constancy. I leave my future happiness in your hands. Until I know your decision I shall have none. Meanwhile, I remain, yours forever, ——"

That afternoon seemed a very long one to the little typewriter. She copied the letter perfectly, and delivered it to Mr. Norman, who posted it himself. She then went on with the ordinary letters.

At last the long day came to an end, and Miss Northcote prepared to go home. The office boy brought her hat and cloak, and Jack Robertson helped her on with them. He would have liked to escort her home, but dared not ask, so he wandered slowly to the Lyric Theater, and wept copiously enough through the whole performance.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts walked pensively down the busy Strand, still dreaming of her noble Lancelot. But, somehow, this time it was not Lancelot and Guinevere, but Lancelot and Elaine.

She stopped in front of Whitehall and gazed in admiration and awe at the gigantic figures of the two lifeguards on their passive horses How grand they looked! How strong and handsome! Just as Lancelot must have appeared to Elaine. Then one of those noble warriors winked at her in a very unromantic manner, and she hurried on, feeling very much disappointed, and vaguely wondered whether Lancelot winked at his Guinevere like that.

She let herself quietly in, and went upstairs to her own room, in order to have a good cry, which she had been promising herself all the day.

On the stairs her little sister handed her a letter, which she took into her room with her.

She laid the letter on her table, with the intention of having her cry first; but catching sight of the address as she was putting it down, she snatched it up again. The envelope was in Mr. Norman's handwriting.

In a tremendous hurry she proceeded

"THE ENVELOPE WAS IN MR. NORMAN'S WRITING."

to open it, and of course took about three times as long as usual.

The first few words were enough.

"Dear Madame—In such a matter as this——"

She knew every word of it—every tap. It was the very letter she had written herself; and with a little cry of half-frightened joy she flung herself on her bed, and had even a longer and more passionate cry than she had promised herself.

In these degenerate times the imperious Lady Norman flaunts and flourishes in her baronial halls, loved by her tenants and adored by her husband.

But it is whispered among the servants that her ladyship will often retire to a little private room, where she has sometimes been seen shedding tears of happiness over the bones of a poor, rusty, rheumatic old typewriter.—London Evening News.

Spanish Women.

Spanish women have very little outdoor amusement. The bicycle is just beginning to be admitted, but under protest. The young women love their queen next to pretty frocks and glittering fans and ribbons. They flock to the cruel shows in the bull-rings and laugh and cheer at the horrible spectacles. The favorite resort for the grande senoras is San Sebastian, and the lives the careless Spanish women of fashion lead there during the summer is said to be a scandal over all Europe. There is scarcely a pretense at propriety or even ordinary conventionality. As in France, a majority of the young girls in the best families are educated in the convents. Their greatest accomplishment is embroidery, and they sit and sit at their knitting until some man from an ancient and bankrupt house or a bull-raising plantation comes along and marries them. Club life is unknown. Marriages are celebrated very early in life, and but few people who get weary of these early alliances ever go to the trouble and formality of getting a divorce. The unhappy couples simply divide up the household things and live the balance of their lives the best they can.

The Other Side.

Optimists are pleasant people to meet, but those who have business dealings with them sometimes regret the easy cheerfulness of their views.

Somebody once asked a distinguished English barrister whom he met at a railway station, where each was waiting for a train, how he managed when he was called in two ways at the same time.

"Of course, I can't be in two places at once," said the barrister, easily, "so I have to make a choice. For instance: to-day two cases in which I am concerned were called in different courts. One was in the interests of a clergyman and the other of a railway company.

"On the whole, it seemed wise for me to stick tot herailway company and leave the clergyman to providence. And I won my case."

"Will you allow me to add," said a mild-looking individual, who had stood close at hand during this conversation, "may I be permitted to say, sir, that we lost ours?"—Youth's Companion.

Uses of Salt.

For stains on the hands nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots, and then washed off in clear water.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

If a chimney or flue catch fire, close all the windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude the air, throw coarse salt down the flue.

For weeds in pavements or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water; but the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass.

Cause of the Kettle's Song.

People often wonder what makes the high note of a simering tea kettle, but the explanation is simple. As the water heats little bubbles of steam are formed at the bottom of the kettle. These rush upward and, being attracted to the sides of the kettle, they make a commotion which sets the metal in vibration and the kettle "sings."

Every time we meet a school teacher we find that we have always been pronouncing another word incorrectly.

A man with an elastic imagination is apt to mistake it for his conscience.

"FIGHTING QUAKERS."

Certain Members of the Peaceful Sect that Took Up Arms.

At the first celebration in Philadelphia of our national holiday, July 4, 1777, the mob at night smashed the windows of the Quakers. "The town illuminated, and a great number of windows broken on ye Anniversary of Independence and Freedom," writes a Quakeress of that day in her diary.

The Quakers had with difficulty, during the rumblings and heavings of the approaching revolution, stood by their peace principles, and the mob had resented their attitude. But there were Friends who revolted against maintaining a passive part, and insisted that it was the duty of every man to defend his country against oppression.

These were called "Apostates" by their non-resisting brethren, but they named themselves "Free Quakers," and the "world's people" called them "Fighting Quakers." Lydia Darragh, who brought to Washington's camp news of the English army's intended attack, and Elizabeth Ross, who made the first flag carried by the American army, were both Free Quakers. Agnes Repplier, in her "Philadelphia," tells a story illustrative of the feelings caused by the division of sentiment.

A wealthy Friend, meeting one of the Apostates girt with a sword, said to him, "Why, what is this with which thou hast bedecked thyself? Surely, not a rapier!"

"Yes," was the stanch reply, "for 'Liberty or Death!' is now the watchword of every one who means to defend himself and his property."

"Ah!" exclaimed the serene Friend. "I had not expected such high feelings in thee. Thy mind has become as fierce as thy sword. As to property, I thought thee had none, and as to thy liberty, I thought thee already enjoyed it through the kindness of thy creditors."

The Friend alluded to the man's inability to pay his debts, for which he was liable to be cast into jail.

Nearly a century afterward the old combative instinct again brought the Fighting Quakers to the front. Hundreds of Free Quakers marched against the foes who strove to break up the Union. One of them, a descendant of a Fighting Quaker of the revolution, being too old for active service, equipped a company of soldiers at his own expense and presented them to the State.

On a tablet inserted in the wall of the new meeting house built by the Free Quakers, to which Washington and Franklin gave liberal aid, are cut these four lines:

By General Subscription
For the Free Quakers,
Erected A. D. 1783,
Of the Empire 8.

The word "Empire" has puzzled good republicans. A member of the first congregation, being asked why it was used, said, "I tell thee, Friend, it is because our country is destined to be the great empire over all the world." Present events recall attention to that cut word "Empire" and to the Quaker's sentiment.

LIONESS "QUEEN" DEAD.

She Was the Mother of Half the Lions in Captivity.

"Queen," the lioness, known for many years and admired by thousands of circus-goers in this and other cities, is dead. "Queen" died in Madison Square garden of consumption, a disease that animal keepers take more pains to guard against than any other ills that beset their charges. The remarkable characteristic of "Queen" was that she was known as the "mother of half the lions in captivity." This is why she was considered so valuable by her late owners, Forepaugh & Sells, and one reason why she used to attract so many children and grown people about her cage wherever she was shown.

"Queen's" age is an unsolved problem. She was acquired by her last owner many years ago, and even then her age was a matter of conjecture. Her keeper, "Jack," says she was a young lioness then, and a thing of beauty.

"She was the 'star' in them days," Jack explained yesterday, "and the handsomest critter on the road."

"Jack" says that her offspring are to be found in many menageries traveling in America, and in zoological gardens here and abroad. Her last pups "Sampson," "Dewey" and "Schley," born last year, are with the circus, and, according to her old attendant, the "huskiest youngsters" in the show.

"But then," said Jack, "she was a jealous mother, and it's more than one cub she's killed. If too many people looked at 'em she'd kill 'em sure. And now the old lady's dead. Her sickness took on her a year ago, and lately she just kind o' fell away. She just laid in her cage, and the last time I spoke to her she only opened her eyes a little and wagged her tail, weak and pitiful like."

"Queen's" skin will be stuffed and, in all likelihood, placed in the Smithsonian Institution.—New York Tribune.

A Good Idea.

Paris may pull down her ancient buildings, but from this time forth no more of them will perish without leaving behind a trace of their former condition. A scheme has been proposed and accepted by the minister of fine arts that will, if carried out, leave a lasting record of all interesting buildings.

In future all ancient houses of note, and all architecturally interesting structures in Paris, before being pulled down, will be carefully drawn and ground plans taken, together with photographs of the interior and exterior.

Monsieur Barbotin, the famous etcher, has been invited to make drawings on a large scale of these buildings, which drawings will be sent to the Musee Carnavalet, which collects all relics connected with the history of Paris.

The next best thing to keeping historical buildings standing is to preserve the memory of them, so that future generations may at least know just what they were like, and may in a measure enjoy the city that was, as well as the city that is.

Rag Time.

Many who talk glibly about rag time do not know what it really is. It takes its initiative steps, says Boston Home Journal, from Spanish music, and is really consecutive music, either in treble or bass, followed by regular time in one hand. Rag time singing, as exhibited in vaudeville houses, generally means prefixing or affixing some indefinite sound to each word or syllable of the song, and in this particular, rag time shows its close consanguinity to the hog Latin of childhood—and perhaps proves that the Southern darkies who invented this kind of "coon" music were only children of a larger growth.

New York's Police.

New York's police department employs 7,400 persons.

When you consider how important honesty is it is surprising how many people are dishonest. Dishonesty is always a loser, but so many people believe they can make it win.

GRANDFATHER'S FOURTH.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.
He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick,
That it made an American right down sick
To see his sons on the Nation's day
Sit round in a sort of listless way,
With no oration and no train-band,
No fire-work show and no root-beer stand,
While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,
Were ashamed—great Scott!—to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn
Grandfather Watts took his powder-horn,
And the flint-lock shotgun his father had
When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad.
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl—
That a decent chipmunk or woodchuck or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march for the woods, sou'east by sou'.

But once—ah! long, long years ago;
For grandfather's gone where good men go—
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short-cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began,
To the deep black woods at the foot of the Hump,
And there was a clearing and a stump—

A stump in the heart of a great wide wood;
And there on that stump our grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flint-lock gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his Fourth of July out there—
The Fourth of July he used to know
Back in eighteen-and-twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to the left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song,
And scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail, Columbia!" to the breeze.

And I tell you, the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong to the bright blue sky,
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July,
He heard them as echoes from days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track;
While words more clear than the flint-lock shots
Rang in our ears.
And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore,
And marched off home, nor'west by nor'.
—Harper's Young People.

What Happened.

THIS is what happened to a boy one Fourth of July. I was not the boy, because I chanced to be a girl; but I know him very well, and he told me about it yesterday.

He was called Dick, though it was not his real name. He and his friend, Bob Shannon, had been having a glorious time all day, on this particular Fourth.

They began at 5 o'clock in the morning, with fish horns and torpedoes, then at 6 o'clock came the "Antiques and Horribles," and the two boys followed them all over town, miles and miles, till their feet were sore, and their voices hoarse with shouting. Such a sight as the "Antiques and Horribles" used to be! I remember that myself, if I was "only a girl."

They were dressed in rags and tatters, with their masked faces grinning horribly under ridiculous old hats. They blew huge tin horns, hooted and yelled, and were surrounded by a crowd of shrieking boys, who tried to out-hoot and out-yell them. What a delightful moment was that, when, after my little heart had stood still with fright at the near approach of an awful monster, with a negro's face and billy goat's horns, the face was suddenly removed, and I saw the smiling, ruddy face of Sam Judkins, the grocer's boy, greeting me with the customary "Hello, Sissy!"

As a rule, it was an insult to be called Sissy, and I could not abide it; but at that moment it was music in my ears.

Well, Bob Shannon and Dick followed the "Horribles" to the end, and then they went home and had breakfast. After that they fired off crackers in the back yard, with occasional concerts on the fish horn till noon; and then they went and took a swim. Refreshed by the cool water, they felt equal to anything, and gladly joined the party that was going to fire off the old brass cannon in the vacant lot behind the school house. This was a truly martial joy.

Dick, who was a boy of lively imagination, felt like Napoleon (before Waterloo), and Wellington and Grant before Richmond, all rolled into one, and forgot that Alexander and Leonidas, his favorite heroes of antiquity, knew nothing about the joys of gunpowder, and had never heard the "crack!" "bang!" the sharp spurt of the match and the soft "f-z-z-z!" of the powder which make boys' hearts leap today.

By-and-by the old cannon broke, as everyone supposed it would, and strange to say, no one was hurt.

"It's all nonsense," said Dick, "about boys getting hurt so much on the Fourth of July. That is, of course boys do get hurt, but it's only the stupid fellows who don't know beans. A fellow who knows what he's about has no need to get hurt.

"Come along, Bob, and let's fire off this powder that's left."

Of course, that would be great fun, and make a fitting link of delight between the day and the crowning joy of the evening fireworks. Where should they go to fire the powder? Why, the flat gravel roof on the ell of Dick's house would be the very place—of course it would!

"Come along!"

It was nice and hot on the roof in the afternoon sun; the boys liked it hot. Carefully they poured the remaining powder out of the horn, making a pleasant little heap beside the stout chimney, which was to be their bulwark and place of defense.

Then they laid the trail, very scientifically, round the chimney, and then they stood and looked at it a little while, tasting the pure joy of anticipation, and quite sure that there were no boys so happy or so fortunate as they were in the world of Boston.

"Shall we touch it off now? Oh, wait just a minute! think what fun it will be, wasn't it lucky we got this old horn? It holds such a jolly lot. Hi! won't the folks in the street jump? Come on, Dick, let's set her off now."

"All right! Get behind the chimney, and I'll touch her off. Oh, I say, isn't this fun!"

Bob hid himself behind the chimney; Dick, slow match in hand, got well out of the way, as he thought, and with a shout of triumph touched off the fuse.

A blinding flash, a hiss, as of fifty wildcats tied by their tails and turned into the standing corn of the Philistines, and then a loud cry, as if the Philistines, or somebody, were having an exceedingly hard time of it.

Dick crouched down, with his hands pressed to his blackened face, and Bob bent over him in genuine concern.

"I say, Dick, old man, are you much hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know! It's my eyes I care about, that's all. I can't see anything."

"Come along down to the doctor, old man. Shall I take your hand?"

"Take your grandmother! Don't I know the way in the dark? I say, Bob."

"Yes, Dick."

"We know what a Fourth of July fool is now, don't we?"

"I reckon we do, and it's worse than an April fool a good deal. Come along!"

Fortunately the injury to Dick's eyes was slight, and he escaped with a week in a dark room, and a fine array of blisters, the traces of which adorned his face for many a day; but he has learned how not to burn powder on the Fourth of July.—The Household.

Inculcating Lessons of Patriotism.

Slowly and impressively the prominent citizen who had been selected to read the immortal Declaration of Independence began:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political——"

(Boom! Bang!)

Unheeding this interruption, which was caused by the patriotic small boys on the outskirts of the crowd, the prominent citizen kept right on. He was there to read the immortal Declaration.

"——With another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which——"

(Bang! Boom! Snap! Crackle! Sputter!)

——"Declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident:——"

(Fizz! Sputter! Bang! Snap! Crackle! Boom! Whish-sh-sh-sh!)

——"He has refused his assent——"

(Crack! Snap! Boom! Bang! Boom! Boom! Bang! Bang!)

——"Formidable to tyrants only——"

(Boom! Crack! Snap! Fizz! Sputter! Woosh! Crackle! Boom!)

——"invasions on the rights of the people——"

(Bang! Bang! Fizz! Snap! Boom! Boom! Boom! Floosh!)

——"Without the consent of our legislatures——"

(Sputter! Bang! Boom! Fizz! Fizz! Fizz! Crack!)

——"Imposing taxes on us without our consent——"

(Snap! Crack! Fizz! Bang! Boom! Boom! Bang! Whish-sh-sh-sh!)

——"Domestic insurrection against us——"

(Boom! Boom! Bang! Crack! Snap! Sputter! Fizz!)

——"Nor have we been wanting——"

(Snap! Bang! Bang! Boom! Boom! Crack! Snap!)

——"For the rectitude of our intentions——"

(Sputter! Snap! Boom! Bang! Bang! Bang!)

——"Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor!"

(Loud applause.)

Somebody called out: "Three cheers for the grand old Declaration of Independence! Hip! Hip!——"

(Boom! Snap! Bang! Crack! Boom!)

WHY WE CELEBRATE.

July Fourth Commemorates Washington's Victory Over Old George III.

THE American people have been celebrating the Fourth of July, drinking red lemonade and firing red crackers ever since that time back in 1776 when grandpa crawled up in that ivy-mantled tower at Philadelphia and rang the big cracked bell.

You see, it was this way: An old rooster over in England named George Threetimes thought he owned us. He had a dead cinch on his own country and he imagined he had the same on this one. He taxed our tea, he did, and used the money to sport around with the boys. When we began to cave around about it he sent a job-lot of his soldiers over here to hold us down. This caused more indignation and one day the matter was brought to a focus when a lot of our boys got together and held a square men's meeting. Among those present were Patrick Henry and George Washington. Pat made a ringing speech and told them that the people ought to rise up out of their lethargy and make this a free country. A declaration of independence was written out and signed and the bell was rung, as we have said. When old George Threetimes heard of this he sent over more soldiers and tried to wipe out the little band parading under George Washington.

But Mr. Threetimes' gingerbread soldiers couldn't foot our George—nit! Our George let them chase him around New Jersey and Pennsylvania and when they finally did catch him they at once tried to let him go But George didn't go—not much! That night our George crossed the Delaware river and made old George Threetimes' army look like boiled lobsters. Our George found the most of them at a 50-cent dance, but he sailed right in, nevertheless, and history tells as that he broke up the ball. Because he won the war we made our George President and we have been having Presidents and Fourth of Julys ever since.—Exchange.

Our Nation's Birthday.

JULY 4th is our nation's birthday. It is the anniversary of the beginning of the existence of the United States as an independent government. It brings to us all the delight which springs from a glad remembrance of past times when the foundations of the happy present were laid. It is commemorative and therefore festive. Everybody is familiar with the anniversary idea. No other country makes so much as we do of anniversaries. We love to celebrate the birth of things, of events, of institutions, of discoveries, of achievements and of individuals. So the anniversary of our country's birth appeals to every noblest and most natural instinct in our American human nature. We feel the Fourth of July morn to be auspicious. We would fain congratulate our friends and neighbors on its renewed dawning. It is for us "a high day." It is the greatest birthday we know. It commemorates the nativity of a child that was destined to become a giant, and is one already, in whose strength we all are strong.

The Fourth of July is Independence day. We celebrate not only the independence which our forefathers won from a foreign tyrant, but the civil liberty that made so precious and essential a part of the signal deliverance. Independence day stands for internal as well as external freedom, for liberty of speech, liberty of press, liberty of religion. As the oak is contained in the acorn, so every equal right which the citizens of this happy land enjoy was wrapped up, as to its germ, its promise and potency, within the folds of that now faded and time-worn paper on which the Declaration of Independence was written.

Therefore the more enthusiasm on the Fourth of July the better. The more we can have of wholesale, hearty, unstinted celebration the better. The sentiment of loyalty and love for the flag needs constant deepening. The spirit of independence, of robust Americanism, can be strengthened to advantage. Love of one's country is the very essence of good citizenship—nay, of manly manhood.

One Little Firecracker.

One little firecracker eager for a lark;
Two little shavings ready for a spark;
Three little papers in a pretty little blaze;
Four little flames going all sorts of ways;
Five little dry sticks just in trim to burn;
Six old timbers waiting for their turn;
Seven great stories full of fire and fright;
Eight burning buildings—such a sorry sight!
Nine big blocks—up in flames they leap!
Ten million dollars in a blackened heap!

With a Bang.

Mrs. See (buying fireworks)—Rockets are dearer than they were a year ago.

Clerk—Yes'm. They go up every year—Up-to-Date.

The Village Fourth.

Within the shaded doorway
The eager children stand,
For the strains of stirring music
Announce the coming band.

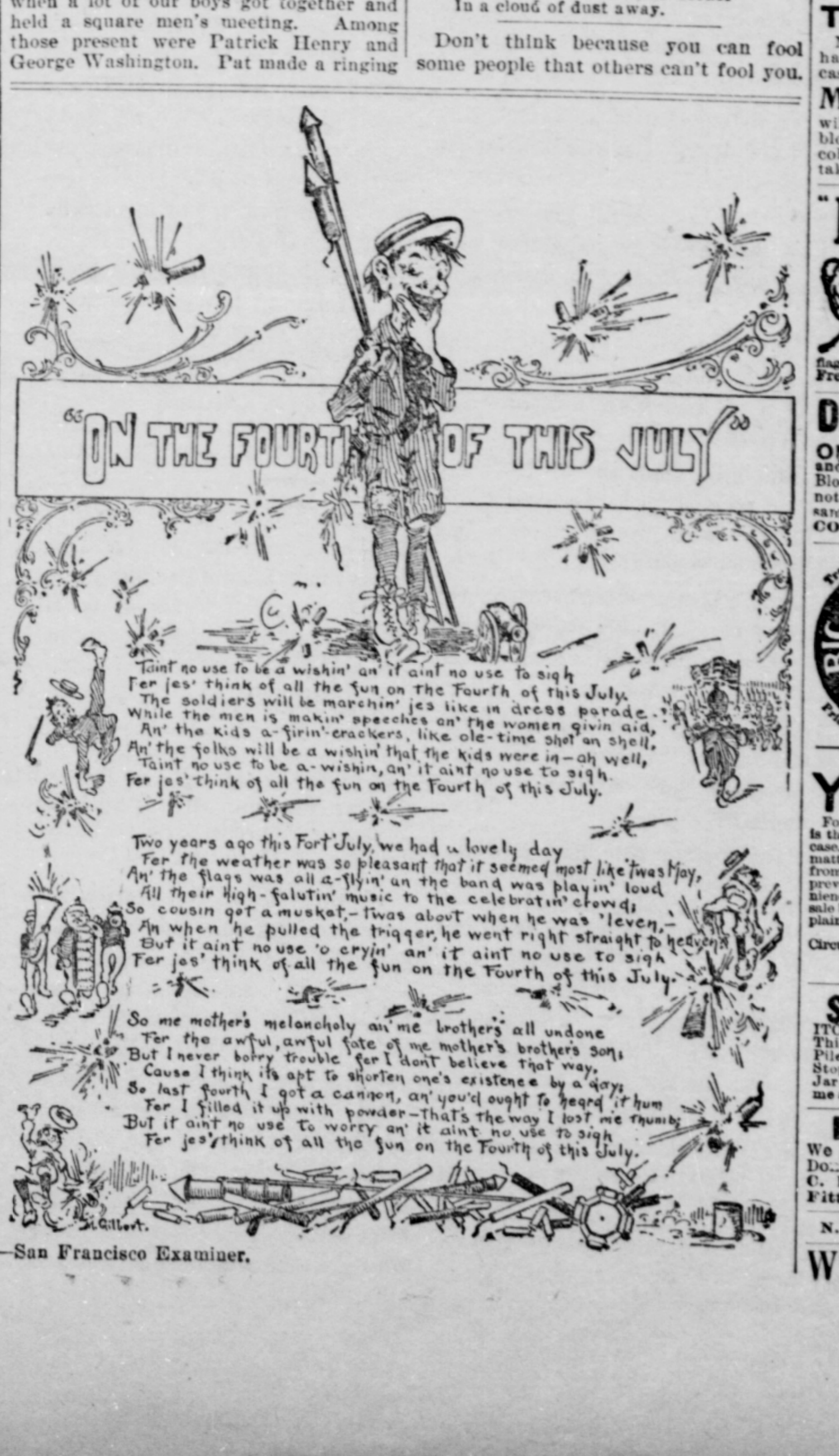
The roar of distant cannon
Mingles with the chime of bells,
While nearer still and nearer
The joyous tumult swells.

Dear grandma leaves her knitting,
And with baby on her knee
Comes and sits among the children,
Who are shouting now with glee.

For adown the street comes marching
A long and varied train
Keeping step to "Yankee Doodle,"
The merry old refrain.

Now the last of the procession,
With its flags and streamers gay,
Whisks around a distant corner
In a cloud of dust away.

Don't think because you can fool some people that others can't fool you.



—San Francisco Examiner.

Those Absurd Names.

"What ridiculous names they have over there in the Philippines," said the man who had just walked up to the counter and been assured by the clerk that he could have the best room in the hotel. "There's Calumpit, for instance. That name would make a horse laugh. Who ever heard of anything so absurd as to give a town such a postmark as that?"

Then he took the pen that the clerk had been holding out toward him and wrote upon the register:

"J. Crawford, Woonsocket, R. I."—Chicago Evening News.

A Philanthropist.

Lady of the House—I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging.

Sloppy Sim—I would if it wasn't fer one ting.

"What's that?"

"I ain't got no family meself, and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap wot has little ones to support."—Chicago Evening News.

The value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain every year is estimated at $50,000,000.

Confession of a Millionaire.

A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He put in the best part of his life gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half spending dollars to get it back. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

Talent always knows what to do, but it is tact that knows what not to do.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time. but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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