

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY LONG AGO.

Hessian Band Furnished the Music for the First Official Jollification—Noise in the Early Days Was Given Secondary Place on Programme.



IN ye olden time they celebrated "Independence day" and not the "Fourth of July." The change of name came with the change in the manner of celebrating the anniversary of the signing of the declaration of independence.

One of the signers on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, declared on his deathbed that he would like to sleep a century, then wake up to find out how future generations were celebrating Independence day.

When some staid New Englander finds fault with the present method of celebrating the nation's birthday the noise-making small boy may with good grace tell him that New England's patron saint, John Adams, recommended that the day be recognized by just such a din as young America is making.

Hessian Band Played.

On this first official celebration of Fourth of July by Congress that body secured music for the day and at the same time afforded the people a great chance for amusement and laughter by forcing the Hessian band, which was captured by Washington at Trenton the December previous, to play in the public square all day long.

READY TO CELEBRATE HIS BIRTHDAY.



out any fear that a cannon cracker was to be exploded under him before he had finished his first course. Pandemonium had not as yet come into general use as a synonym for the features of the Fourth of July.

In the staid land of steady habits, Connecticut, in the town of Hartford was the custom for years to have a great dinner "in the field." A newspaper of 100 years or so ago gives an account of one of these dinners and a list of twenty toasts.

TRUMPET CALLS.

RAM'S Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

YOU can usually tell a man's prospects by his aspect.

The greatest cowards kick the dead lion most heartily.

A saloon may change hands but it never changes heart.

The rattle of the wheels of life is call for the oil of prayer.

True courtesy is of the heart. Purity is not negative, but positive. Salutes are not made by polishing sinners.

An honor bought dishonestly is a dishonor.

A lost opportunity never finds its way back.

The hero is he who does what others dare not do.

A thing is not necessarily true because it is new.

The hands of Christ were the pulses of the heart of God.

Readiness in criticism often marks ignorance of the task.

The men who deny the existence of sin still go on locking their doors and taking receipts.

Before some preachers will throw a stone at a sinner they want to know who is hiding under it.

It is not so much what would Jesus do in my place as what shall I do with Him in my heart.

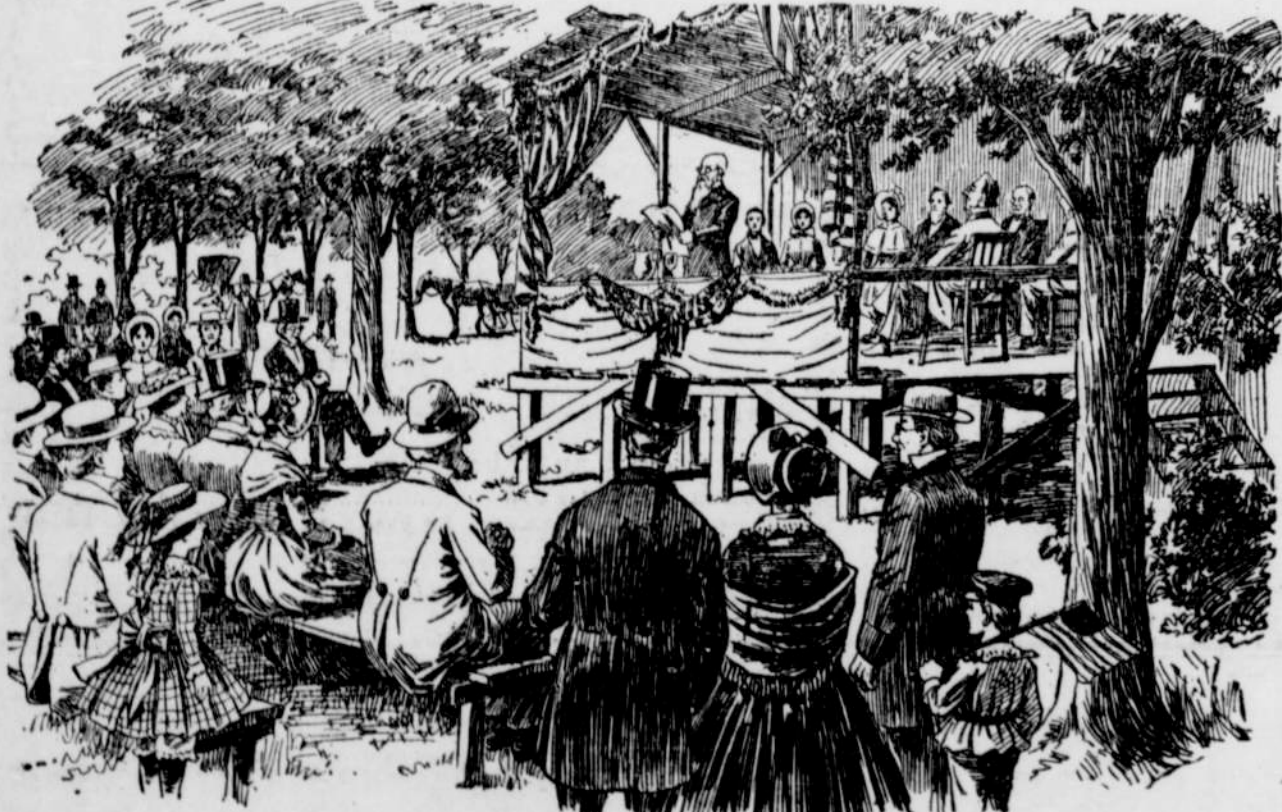
Do not fool yourself. If the first man was made with eyes and ears, his Maker can both see and hear.

WOLSELEY AND THE TROOPERS.

The Great English Commander's Way of Making Friends.

An incident happened some years ago in the cafe of a restaurant of rather good class in the city of Dublin, which is an apt illustration of how a gentleman can place himself on a footing of equality with an inferior in station without sacrificing his dignity.

On the occasion referred to two finely set-up men of a dragoon regiment, both wearing long-service stripes and the chevrons of troop sergeant, entered his place, and, approaching the bar, asked for drinks.



AN OLD-TIME INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

Alexandria, Va., "with a large company of civil and military people of Fairfax County."

Things were not particularly bright for the colonial armies on the first anniversary of the declaration of independence. The soldiers at Morristown heights, however, under Washington's command each received an extra gill of rum with his ration in recognition of the day.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic and heartfelt celebrations of Independence day did not take place on the day itself. News traveled slowly in the year 1770, and it was some days before New York knew that the country had been declared free.

It was not until after the signing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain that celebrations of Independence day were held regularly in all places.

dence day were held in the hub's cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall. Edward Everett Hale tells of one of the earliest Fourth of July celebrations of his remembrance. It was that of the year 1833, and on that day for the first time a great chorus of school children sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Character of Celebration Changes.

It was just about this time that the character of the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of American independence began to change.

Parade were held as usual, but noise began to take the place of speeches and in the larger towns of the reading of the declaration of independence, which had always been a feature of the celebration.

An Episode of the Fourth.

Oh, yes, we had a glorious time, of course. We always do. We didn't begin firing till 7 o'clock, partly because it wakes people up, and partly because it is so silly to use up all your crackers be-

fore breakfast, as some boys do, and have none for the rest of the day, and have every one think you a nuisance besides.

We had no accidents; that is, nothing to speak of. Polly burned two or three of her fingers a little, but we made that all right with soda and a rag, and she never cried a bit, but there was an episode, and it happened to me.

I wanted both my hands to use, and I had a piece of punk in one of them, and there was no place to lay it down, and everybody else's hands were full, too, so I—well, I just put it into my pocket for a minute. It was lighted, but I didn't think it would do any harm just for a minute. I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that same pocket.

Suddenly I heard some one cry out, "Tom is afire!" and then there came a

puff of smoke in my face, and I felt something hot against my leg, and then—pop! snap! bang! crack, fizz, whizz! crack! bang! the crackers began to go off in my pocket!

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me, and the faster I went the harder they popped. Then all at once I saw what to do, and I pulled off my jacket and threw it on the grass. Luckily it was my jacket, and not my trousers pocket!

Good Reason.

Parson Goodman—Little boys, do you know just why it is that you are shooting off that cannon and those giant crackers?

Boy—Sure! The old slob wot lives in that house hates boys and can't stand noise and won't let us play ball in his lot!—Puck.

Fourth of July Night. Mr. Mulcahey—Begob, an' thim Roman's mousht boy loved excitement af they need thim things fer candies!—New York Journal.

THE DAFFODILS.

long, long ago, when this old world was young, Before first thrushes on first blossoms swung; While yet Night reigned, in fragrance soft and still, O'er all the world there crept a subtle thrill;

HIS OWN GIRL.

GERALD FANCOURT flung himself out of a house in Grosvenor place one night about 12 o'clock with an excessively bored expression upon his features. He was in evening dress and had evidently been attending some society function.

He had a kindly face, and, as he walked rapidly along, he seemed to inhale the cool air of the night with a sense of delightful relief.

As he passed beneath the flare of a vivid lamp his eye was attracted by an object insignificant in size, but great in pathos—a female child in poor rags and with naked feet.

The child looked at him much as a very tame cat regards a stranger—not frightened, but doubtful.

"I dunno," she replied, after a pause. "Where do you live?"

"I dunno."

"Have you no mother?"

"Ees. Mudder far away."

"Are you hungry?"

"Ees."

"Will you come with me?"

A long pause—then a little sigh. "Ise so tired."

Without another word Gerald lifted the child in his arms and carried her into a small restaurant off King street. There he ordered for her a little warm soup and an egg pudding. She took them greedily. Her hunger being appeased, Gerald again lifted her in his arms and bore her to his chambers in a fashionable hotel.

He was rich. He would have her educated. He would make of her all that money and care could make of her. If the total result pleased him he would make her his sister; if it more than satisfied him he would make her his wife.

The wail, under the name of Carrie King, was sent to a series of schools and finishing academies. Fancourt stuck to his scheme; he never saw her. He signed checks; he answered school principals' letters; he gave permission for his ward to visit her school fellows at their homes, and he provided her with pocket money to keep up her position as a lady; that was all.

The crowning pleasure and reward for all his care and expenditure was to come at the end of ten years, when she would be 19 years old, and he would see her in the glory of her budding womanhood.

The period of ten years was nearly closed. The night before the final day when Carrie was to appear before her protector and guardian, Gerald invited one or two choice chums to dine with him.

They were laconic men of the world. He had told them the tale of his fancy and its approaching completion.

"I have taken a little house for her," he concluded, "and to-morrow she enters into possession."

"Is she pretty?"

"How do I know? She promised to be so ten years ago."

"The whole thing seems Quixotic and risky."

"To-morrow will decide whether she is to be my wife or not."

"Not wise," replied the more tacturn of the two friends.

Next morning Gerald entered the drawing room of Carrie's newly furnished house. The maid informed him that the young lady had arrived late the night before; she had breakfasted in bed, but would be down in a few minutes to receive him.

"What would she be like?" he kept asking himself.

After about five minutes he heard the soft rustle of skirts coming down the stairs. The door was gently opened and a sweet-faced young girl stepped into the room, dressed all in a flowing morning robe of white. It seemed to Gerald afterwards as if it were embroidery and lace, with a soft drapery as though covered with an ethereal angel webbing.

It is announced that a company at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, has been formed to manufacture aluminum type. These will be lighter, cheaper and better. It is claimed, than the present style, and freedom from lead dust will make it safer on sanitary grounds.

and white prettiness," he thought to himself, but in that one glance he had to acknowledge that there was a depth behind the pink and white softness which spoke of earnest thought.

"I am so very glad to see you," said she, hesitating for her words; "so very, very glad. I cannot tell you how often I have thought of this moment."

Gerald took her hand in his. "I suppose I should call you my daughter," said he, smiling, "but I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Please do," said she. "I would like so much to have you, for I feel as if you were my father—the only father I have ever had."

Gerald took a seat and the girl sat down by the side of him. "Do you know," said she, "I have been afraid to meet you. I almost wished, sometimes, that I had seen you and had it over. I so dreaded it; and then there were other things I wanted to tell you."

Gerald sat spellbound. Such a pretty girl he had never seen. What a sweet voice; what glorious color; how prettily she spoke. So she had been afraid of him, dreaded to meet him. Well, well.

"I hope now we shall be the best of friends," he said awkwardly; "the very best."

"Oh, indeed we shall," said the girl, "but there is one thing I must tell you first. Oh, please do forgive me."

"I could forgive you anything," murmured Gerald, looking straight into the beautiful eyes that were upturned to him appealingly.

"Then forgive me for getting married. Jack Leonard—you know I visited the Leonards last holidays—and I got married yesterday. We have been engaged three years. He waited for me to graduate from school."

Gerald rose, picked up his hat and strode out of the room without a word.

BOGUS PORTER AND BAD RING.

Lieutenant Perry Tella of a New Confidence Worker in Chicago.

Several detectives were sitting around the Central station, in the City Hall, telling stories of "smooth" confidence games they had encountered during their police experience.

"The old gags catch the farmers every day or two, but I'll tell you about a new one, which caught a young society fellow," Lieut. George Perry said, as he slid down in a chair and lit a nondescript cigar. "Just the other night this young fellow, who was dressed strictly up to date, came in and called me to one side. He produced a ring with a stone setting and asked me if it was a diamond. I examined the stone closely and saw right off that it was 'oon."

"I told him this and asked him where he got it. He said he didn't want to make any complaint and was afraid his name might get into the papers. Of course, I told him there was no danger of that, and then he said:

"I bought that ring of a Pullman car porter. I was coming down Madison street near the union depot when a colored fellow wearing a porter's suit came up and said he wanted to speak to me a minute. We stepped into a hallway and he produced this ring, offering to sell it cheap. He told me that he found it in one of the berths while making it up at the end of his trip. He was afraid the owner would miss it and the boss would search him. I looked at the stone, thought it was a good one, and bought it for \$20, all the money I had with me. I took the ring up to a friend of mine and told him how cheap I had bought it. The friend said he thought I had been swindled, and that's the reason I came to see you."

"Then, and not till then, did that fellow realize that the porter as well as the ring was a fake."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Exciting Run.

The following incident in Lord Wolseley's military career is recorded as having taken place when he was in his twenties, and had been in the British army three years. He speaks of it himself as the most exciting experience of his life.

It was in Burma, and Wolseley was in charge of a small detachment. During the advance he had the bad luck to fall into a deep hole, and when he crawled out found himself on the enemy's side. As he emerged, he was met with such a shower of bullets that he slid back in short order. After a few minutes he came out again, and amid a vigorous volley, ran for his life. He was nearly two hundred yards from the British line, and was hit three times before he reached a place of safety.

Accommodating Diseases.

Perhaps the record for school attendance belongs to a Walworth lad named Thomas Waró, who was never absent or late during his eleven years of school life, beginning with his fourth. The local member of the school board for London tells the story that when the proud boy received the attendance medal for the eleventh year—which had to be specially struck to meet his case—the mother was questioned as to how her boy had been able to make so remarkable a record. "Had he the usual children's complaints?" she was asked. "Yes, sir." "The measles?" "Yes, sir." "Whooping cough?" "Yes, sir." "How is it, then, that he has never been away from school?" "Well, sir, he had them in his holidays," was the interesting reply.—London Westminster Gazette.

Island of Key West.

The island of Key West is of coral formation, contains about 2,000 acres and has a population of some 25,000—Americans, Cubans, negroes and Chinese.