

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout, And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peal rings out; The mountains farms of stanch Vermont proking the thundering call, And Massachusetts answers "Bunker Hill"—a watchword for us all.

THE CAVERN OF THE CRABS.

The two Americans ran across each other at Cafe D'Oro, a dirty little place that sadly belies its fine name. In the center of the piazza outside, a tall palm dominated the square like the gnomon of a huge sundial.

an eagle, soaring high in the ether, sir, looking down upon all countries with an equal eye. I was born in America, but I am an eagle!" The little fat man made an extraordinary gesture.

when the beam fell on a moving mass. A closer inspection showed something with a thousand claws waving in the air. All three explorers drew back with a touch of horror, then Pedro suddenly comprehended.

"But that thing!" he said, nodding down. Immediately beneath the boat the polyp had spread out its long arms until now it looked like a great flashy floating star twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter.

monster gradually enveloped the blade and moved upward. Suddenly Maish gave a sort of chattering groan. "Look! Here's one—two—coming in on this side! Ugh!"

FARM NOTES. —Mange stunts pigs and prevents satisfactory gains. In severe cases they become unmarketable. Dip the pigs in a one to 40 dilution of lime-sulphur. Keep the quarters clean.