FOURTH OF JUCY.

put him to bed in his little nightgown, worst battered youngster there was in the

aid as he opened his only well eye, 'rah, for the joily old Fourth of July!"

thumbs and eight fingers with lint were tied up,

eup, his amile was distorted, his nose all awry, a the joys of the giorious Fourth of July. To were glad; he had started abroad with the

all day had lived in the powder and fun; In the boom of the cannon reared up to the

ity.

Land we were giad all the pieces were there.

and caro, ow was only the Fourth of July!"

will grow all together again, nover fear, the ready to combrate freedom next year; manwhile all his friends are most thankful

there lies, achericss twelvementh 'twist Fourth of

We hissed him good night on his powder specked face, We had his braised hands softly down in their

and he murmured, as sleep closed his one open

"I with every day was the Fourth of July!" -M. Phelps Dawson.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

I was a wonder to all Snowden how Ins. Ely and her daughter managed to In. They had a cow, it is true, but a don of small boys came every witht and morning to the widow's pretty age with pitchers and .pennies in band for the daily measure of milk. One

little egg cup full Letty poured from the pail as she brought it in frothing for her mother's tea. The rest was all converted into money, and except the micromopic insurance that came from the friendly brothers of something to which the late Mr. Ely belonged very little other lucre found its way into the small

Not a hundred yards from this tiniest of cottages was an imposing stone gateway leading to the well kept grounds of Source Melville. His grand house was toms of spring well known to the villagon was the renovating and house cleaning which presaged the coming of the mily. It was the only house of any ision near, and was the tangible ridence of the great financial success hich had been won by this one of the own boys of the previous generation, tho had left his early home and taken the chances in one of the world's great

The battle of life had left Squire Melville cold, hard and purseproud, and with enough pride of another kind to make him take pleasure in exhibiting biglory to the eyes of his old associ-

He had a meek and invalid wife, one to his prosperity, and a son and noghter, who were well liked in Snow-

The latter was engaged to a California gamos in her gratified father's eyes than had ever been before. But the son, mean and ever been before. But the son, means whose future every ambittons hape of his worldly father centered, had the fact had but just come to that deappointed father's mowledge. "John Melville," he had said, "you

shake her resolve. Her only answer was the repetition of her determination neven ination never,

to enter a family without a welcome. The painful interview was ended at last by Mrs. Ely's hurried entrance with a message brought in hot haste from Mrs. Melville. The squire had been found unconscious on the floor of his library, and the frightened wife had sent for her son where past experience taught her he could be found.

There were several days of grave anzicty for the family and much excitement iety for the family and much excitement and sympathy among the neighbors. Then for a time all danger was over, and Mr. Melville, pale, broken and aged, was seen driving about again. But it was well known that the family doctor, summoned by telegraph at the time of his seizure, had said that his life de-pended upon an equable, quiet routine. Any sudden event or shock might be fatal to him.

For a dozen years the great social event of the summer in Snowden had been a lawn party and evening dance at Melville Court, given always on the Fourth of July. Mr. Melville enjoyed overwhelming his country neighbors with his magnificence, so no expense was spared on music, refreshments, dec-orations and fireworks. And even now, while he was only a pale shadow of him-self, he insisted upon preparing for the usual entertainment.

The only house of any pretension in the whole pretty village where cards were not left was Mrs. Ely's. Grace Melville had run in at dusk one night to make a hurried protestation of her own and her mother's innocence of the omission, and to tell her dear Letty of Jack's grief and rage, which had to be re-strained because of the father's critical condition.

It was a clear, balmy Fourth of July. Screened by the luxuriant vines which veiled the parlor window, Letty sadly watched the guests go by, their faces bright with the promise of pleasure in which she could have no share.

Night fell darkly, with no light but the soft gleam of stars. The fireworks would have a superb setting of black-ness. Heavy foliaged, low growing trees, forming what the neighbors had always called the grove, covered that part of Melville Court which touched the widow's garden. Creeping after night-fall under the dense shadow, Letty stood with a black waterproof thrown around her to obscure her white dress, and watched the preparations for a grand pyrotechnic display. The music of the hand at first prevented her hearing any other sounds, but when it ceased, and the dancers poured out of the hall door to join the guests who were crowded on the terraces to watch the fireworks, she was conscious of voices whispering very near. Without the aid of her eyes she knew that James, the new butler, was one of the speakers.

"Remember," he was saying hurriedly, "you are not to let yourselves into the little side door till you see that light go out in that diamond shaped window on the third floor. Keep your eyes on that, mind."

"An' after we's got ourselves inter de house how's we goin' to be sure we don't run into nobody?" said a brutal voice.

"Because the moment the first firecracker pops there won't be a living sinner from cellar to garret that won't run out to see the fun, that is, except Mr. Melville. He ain't near as well as he thought he'd be. Everybody thinks he's in the crowd somewheres, but Ive just helped him into bed an' I must run back to stay within call. Here's the key of the missus' closet in the dressing room an' the key of Miss Gracie's bureau. But you're not to go near the squire, it'll

and quietly explained the position, reserving the unquieting fact that the en-

For Letty it was easy to climb out of the window, and from the balcony to an ornamental roof, from which she gave the alarm to a group of guests, who quick-ly disappeared into the house. Under cover of the intense darkness that fell after the going out of the last set piece, she descended the iron trellis work that projected each side of the front door, and slipping through the edge of the crowd, she flew to her own house uncrowd, she new to her own house un-noticed. Having gained its safe shelter she treated her alarmed mother to the only hysterical attack she had ever had. She had gone through the chill and the sobbing, and the half langhing, half crying recital of her adventure, and was ly-ing back white and tremulous in an arm chair, when Jack came with a fervent age of thanks from his father, and entreaty, which sounded almost humble, that she would forgive and forget.

He threw the blinds open as he spoke. "Look over there, Letty, and think what might be the condition if you had not been so brave and generous. Those wretches, with that scoundrel James, are safely locked in the stable with a willing band of watchers guarding them, and we Melvilles are all agreed in blessing you. Surely, darling, now you will take back the stern refusal, with such a welcome waiting for you?"

The wild excitement of the evening had interrupted the pyrotechnic performances, but now, late though it was, some young men, remembering that the Fourth of July comes but once a year fired the fuse of the framework of the grand finale, which, after representing a fiery equestrian figure of George Washington, serene and glittering amid a fountain of sparks, melted into a brilliant portrait of Abraham Lincoln, with a scroll above it, on which scintilated the motto, "With malice toward none."

Letty and Jack had gone to the window, and as the noble words flamed against the sky, he repeated them softly, and in their glowing light he searched Letty's sweet eyes, reading in their clear depths no stern refusal.-Mary C. Hungerford in Epoch.

A HINT FROM JUDGE TOURGEE.

He Would Make the Day a Broad National Jubilce.

It is quite within the scope of practical effort to devise some means which shall unite the whole mass of the people in observance of this day, not so much as the anniversary of our separation from old England, but as a recurring jubilee of that greater England which greets its morning sun as the other sinks into the shadow of the night.

First among such influences I count the universal display of the national banner. A flag is within the compass of the poorest, and with a little taste and skill gives scope to the desire for display of the richest. It is unquestionable that the most impressive forms of decoration and display are of this sort-uniform in character yet varied in application. A city flaming in every part with the bright emblem of national power is a spectacle at once significant and im-pressive. This would naturally lead to the more ornate and striking decoration of the grounds and residences of the more wealthy. Such displays should not be reserved for political campaigns, but should be more universal and imposing on this day than any other. The Fourth of July should be one wave of rosy light from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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are a driveling idiot. Do you suppose I an going to see the fortune I have spent into the lap of a beggar, a scrub, a dairy nan? A low creature like the servmats in my kitchen?"

There was a storm of angry words be tween them, for no man could listen calmly to abuse of his loved one. Then the older man, more politic than the pounger, forced his tongue to a mildness that found no echo in his heart, and tried a pathetic appeal to his son, beg-ging him, for his sake, to surrender his desting fancy, but threats and entreaties and no effect. Raging with anger, the ion flung himself out of the home, foled by the wrathful insults of his

In the vine arched doorway of the litthe cottage, Letty stood with her flower-tike face lifted as her eyes looked drammily into the blue glory of the sumher sky. Roses massed themselves hove her, delicate sprays heavy with foom waved about her, and a climbing vine of the York and Lancaster wreathed the pillars that upheld the roof. There were roses on both sides of her, and in the pink perfection of her setting she was the loveliest flower of all.

"My Rose of Summer," whispered Jack Melville, swinging himself over the low rail and stealing an arm around her slight waist.

"You are worth fighting for," he continued, as they stepped together into the little house.

"Fighting, Jack?"

"Yes, my precions, I have just had a sattle royal with my father," and he fushed as he remembered the scoffing tights which had been heaped upon his darling.

Letty grew pale and wept as Jack gave her an extended account of the stormy interview which had left its traces on his words and looks. When he anished he saw a look of severe resolution in her lovely face that astonished nim. He bent to kiss the red lips that a few moments before had worn such ten-der curves, but she turned her head away.

"Listen, Jack," she said solemnly, "I will never, never, never marry a man whose father refuses to welcome me."

"Letty," he exclaimed, "is your pride more to you than your love? Don't you know that I can make you happy far away from all this?"

"You will not be happy if you dis-obey your father, and if you are un-happy I shall be wretched." Pleadings and protestations, although

ber own heart echoed them all, failed to

be killing if you do, for a shock will be his death.

Then James hurried off and Letty listened, petrified, to a conversation which showed that the two men near by were quite aware that the squire's room, from which they were warned off, contained much the most promising booty, and were not to be deterred from entering it by any consideration for his life. On the contrary, they planned to surprise and threaten him with their pistols if he did not surrender to them certain bonds they believed to be in his private safe.

"Never, under any circumstances, shall Letty Ely enter this house again." was the sentence the squire had pronounced in reply to Grace's intercession for her brother's sake, and now the words were vividly present to Letty as she stole away from the grove, and skirting the fence to the right, hastened with the speed of a deer to the house. She entered into the hall by the back way, flew up the stairs, ran along the halls and into Grace's room. It was empty; so was her mother's sitting room beyond.

A quick step sounded in the distance. It was James going down the stairs. He had been up to darken the diamond window. From behind a portiere she watched till he disappeared.

She lingered uncertainly, hardly knowing what to do next. Should she run down stairs again and out on the lawn to summon help? Perhaps even in the time she was gone the squire's room might be invaded. Before she could make herself decide upon some plan of action, a shabby, ruffianly figure came in sight at the other end of the long hall, and a hand was lifted to turn out the lamp that hung there. Letty drew back unnoticed into the doorway behind her, and running through the room softly opened the squire's door and stepped in, locking and bolting it behind her. Gliding across to the other door, she bolted it also. She turned around then, with a curious sensation of fear that the real danger had not given her, to confront the surprised, indignant eyes of the squire.

The lights were turned low, but the room was filled with the ruddy glare of an eruptive Vesuvius in full play on the lawn. He had wrapped a dressing gown about him and was watching the display from his window. Perhaps he could not think of words ireful enough to voice his wrath, for he looked at her in cold silence.

A real or fancied sound in the next room brought Letty to her senses. Walking close to Mr. Melville she softly

social Fourth of July may easily be made a means of cultivating the patriotic impulse which would be thoroughly in accord with the spirit and tendency of the times. The country picnic, with flags, patriotic devices, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, a paper on some matters of national interest, patriotic songs, and perhaps a few stories of the olden time, is one of the most restful and agreeable ways of observing the holiday, and at the same time one of the most impressive methods of imparting the lesson of patriotism to the young. This might be extended to lawn parties. Fourth of July receptions, or any other form of social entertainment that links the patriotic idea with home and social life

In the few public gatherings of a pa-triotic kind which are still held upon that day, not only should matters of a partisan character be generally eschewed, but perhaps especially the discussion of reformatory ideas and economic theories. The day should be sacred to liberty, human rights and the past. Very few of us begin to realize to how great an extent we have led and shaped the thought of the world during our little more than a century of organic life; and in any company, however small, there will always be one who by a little exertion can open up some line of thought which will add to the knowledge and ap-preciation which the others have of the great republic, her glorious past and her nagnificent destiny.

There might, perhaps, be easily found some method, too, of linking the school with the Fourth of July. The move-ment in favor of raising the flag above every school house during school hours is an object lesson in patriotism of infinite value. A western teacher informed the writer that he had greatly improved the schools of a town which were under his superintendence, as well as brought them nearer to the people and given a new im-pulse to popular love of country, by offering prizes for patriotic declamations and by public competition by pupils of a certain standing in answering questions in regard to some particular phase of American history which had been given out a year previously.

The exercises were held in a grove, if the weather permitted; the declaration was read-a sort of patriotic catechism which had been taught the children, em-bracing the chief facts attending the adoption of that instrument, was recited by them in concert, and with music, recitions and competitive examinations the day was filled with patriotic sentiment d sensible recreation.-A. W. Tourges in Independent