

SQUAN CREEK FOLK.

Joe Jones Tells About a Fourth of July Celebration.

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One year, along about the 1st of May, things was goin' so well in Squan Creek that everybody was feelin' good, and Joshua Griffin got up at a meetin' of the Liar's club and said: "Bein' this town would hev fit the British to the last gasp, if tha' had bin any town here dooin' the revolution-ary war, and bein' all of us stand ready to sacrifice our last drop of blood fur this glorious republic, I move that we go in fur a reg'lar old-fashioned Fourth of July celebrashun this year. We ain't had a celebrashun since the cannon busted and killed two men, seven years ago, while Barnegat and Brigantine hev put in their best licks every time."

Joshua's words was received with shouts of applause, and Moses Leffingwell got up and seconded the motion and said: "When this gov'ment wants patriots to shed their blood by the gallon all it has to do is to telegraf to Squan Creek. I don't want to be carried off by mumps or measles, but when it cums to layin' my life down on the altar of my kentry I'm ready to stretch out both my legs and die. I know that the rest of ye feel the same way, and I feel that we orter set an example to the kentry at large."

Several others spoke in the same strain, and it was unanimously resolved that Squan Creek should hold the biggest and glorious celebrashun in all her history. Varus committees was appointed, and every man present put down his name for five dollars. There was sich enthusiasm that four benches was broken all to smash and the door busted off its hinges. Fur two or three days everybody was brag-

"Fur which reasons?" asks Levi. "Fur the reasons that I'm to be grand marshal myself. I ain't doin' no braggin', but I'm free to say that when I'm on hossback everybody says I looks like Ginerel Washington crossin' the Delaware. I was grand marshal of the parade at Keyport seven years ago, and it was the howlineest success ever heard of."

"Sam," says Levi, as he turns red and white, "I'm either goin' to be grand marshal of that parade, or I won't give a red cent fur the celebrashun nor yell one yell fur liberty!"

"Same here!" says Sam, and they was still jawin' about it, when up cums Absalom Honeyman, and says: "Thar ain't no use of you fellers wastin' breath over it. My grandfather fit at Bunker Hill, and I was wounded at Bull Run, and I don't take a back seat fur nobody. It's already settled that I'm to be the grand marshal."

On the same day, as Ike Tanner was goin' down on the wharf whistlin' "Yankee Doodle," and wantin' to die fur his kentry, he meets Mark Duster, who says:

"Ike, it's a glorious thing to die fur liberty, ain't it?"

"You bet," says Ike.

"I'm wishin' I could perish this very minit, though my ole woman is goin' to hev pork and beans fur dinner. Say, Ike, thar'll be fireworks in the evenin', won't they?"

"Of course. Can't hev no celebrashun without fireworks."

"And thar's got to be a boss of them fireworks?"

"Fur sure, and he's got to be the biggest kind of a patriot, too. Nobody around Squan Creek has ever heard me do any braggin', but I'd jest as lief tell you that I lost a grandfather and four uncles at Monmouth. British killed the hull five of 'em right thar."

"I had two grandfathers and five uncles killed in the same battle," says Ike, arter a little thinkin'.

MRS. LILLIAN STEVENS.

Miss Willard's Successor as Head of the W. C. T. U. Well Equipped for the Work.

It was a foregone conclusion before the meeting of the National Women's Christian Temperance union, at St. Paul, that Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, would succeed the late Miss Willard, as president of the National W. C. T. U. When the day for the election of officers came Mrs. Stevens received all but 39 of the 356 votes cast for the president of the greatest organization of women in the world.

Mrs. Stevens comes to her new office admirably equipped for the duties that



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS. (President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.)

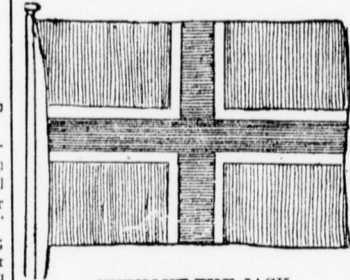
before her wait. She was one of Miss Willard's nearest and dearest friends, and was with her during her last hours. Few women have had larger experience in temperance and philanthropic work. She has for 22 years held the office of president of the state W. C. T. U. of Maine, and is now president of that most active temperance organization. She has been recording secretary of the national W. C. T. U. She had also been vice president-at-large of the national union, Miss Willard, herself, nominating her to that office. She has always been one of the most aggressive workers, not only in the temperance movement, but in the cause having for its object the uplifting of humanity. She is now the Maine representative on the National Conference of Charities and Corrections. She was the warm personal friend of Neal Dow. They spent many years working together to bring about the present temperance laws in Maine.

A large-hearted, intensely earnest and active woman and one of very clear and acute perceptions, Mrs. Stevens will wear worthily the mantle of Miss Willard.

NORWAY'S NEW FLAG.

Its Adoption Will Be Fought Vigorously and Persistently by the Swedish People.

A great stir has been caused in Norway and Sweden by the recent action of the storting at Christiania in the matter of the Norwegian flag. The storting has voted that hereafter Norway's banner shall float without a jack—the symbol of the union with Sweden. Some say that should King Oscar veto the resolution two more diets must pass upon the matter before it can go into effect; others that the new flag will come into immediate use. Since 1844 the closest relations have been maintained between Norway and Sweden. At that time the flag of each nation was changed so that the jack in the upper left-hand corner combined the colors of the other nation. For several years past, however, there has been a growing feeling of discontent in Norway concerning the close relations of



WITHOUT THE JACK. (Norway and Sweden Are at Odds About Their Flags.)

the two powers. This dissatisfaction King Oscar has striven to assuage. The two countries have entirely separate and distinct governments, but are ruled by the same king, Oscar of Sweden. Each country has its own parliament, which passes laws for its respective country. All laws are subject to the approval or disapproval of the king.

The flag of Norway, with the jack left out, will be four red corners, with a Greek cross of blue through the center. The Swedish flag has four blue corners, with a jack of red, blue and yellow in the upper left-hand corner and a Greek cross of yellow in the center. The Norwegian flag had formerly the jack, which contained the bar of yellow as a symbol of the union with Sweden, but this will not appear in the flag in the future.

Not in Need of Hints.

Nothing galls the natural pride of the true-blue Scotchman more than to have Scotland overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye, and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel enough that nae son of hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."

BLIND TOM'S MOTHER.

Her Name Is Charity Wiggins and She Is 85 Years Old.

Convinced That Her Talented Son Has Been Prejudiced Against Her by Persons Who Want to Control His Money.

It is not usually known that Blind Tom's mother is alive, writes Annie Rittenhouse in the Philadelphia Press. Her name is Charity Wiggins. She lives in Columbus, Ga., with one of her daughters.

Aunt Charity is 85 years old, and is one of the colored people who belong to the old southern regime. She is courteous, intelligent, deferential and wins the respect of her own race and the white race.

She is looked upon in the light of an oracle by the colored people in Columbus, for she has traveled far and wide with her son, the famous Blind Tom, musician.

Aunt Charity never gets tired of telling of her son Tom. If the northern visitor who frequents the Georgia resorts will go out to the suburbs where she lives Aunt Charity will receive the guest with courtesy and good will and sit and talk to her about her son, the genius of the age.

But Aunt Charity has a grievance, and she will tell you that as soon as she tells you anything about Tom. She says he is not writing to her as often as he should. Aunt Charity believes that the people he is living with at Highlands, N. J., have prejudiced him against her and that is the reason she rarely hears from him.

She probably has a good deal in her favor in this prejudice, for there is something very queer about Blind Tom's being kept so closely and guarded so secretly in that queer old hermitage on the coast of New Jersey.

The natives in that place say that it is as much as a man's life is worth to talk to Blind Tom; that he is guarded like a prisoner. If poor old Aunt Charity knew all about her son that the natives are saying, the old soul would be sorrier than she is now. It certainly



AUNT CHARITY WIGGINS. (Better Known as the Mother of the Famous Blind Tom.)

is true that somebody has Blind Tom's money, and his mother has not a bit of it.

She traveled for nine years with Blind Tom, and that traveling was as near Heaven as she will ever get this side of the real Heaven. The other Heaven which she enjoys in this life is the exceeding astonishment she creates in her own race by talking to them for hours in the dusky southern twilight of the wonderful things she saw and the things she heard during these great nine years when she was north. However, old Aunt Charity always winds up with a shake of the head and says: "But I am mighty glad to be back in Georgia!"

Aunt Charity says the reason she has for believing that Blind Tom was prejudiced against her was the same reason that made her leave New York. She was there four years ago, and Tom came to her and said: "Mother, you must go home." "Tom, what put that into your head?" Then he put out his hands as if he would shove her away. He said: "If you don't go we will make you go," and he intimated that the people had told him to say this.

The people were evidently those shrewd ones who knew that if Tom's family had Tom's money there would not be much left for them. Aunt Charity gives it out as a fact that Tom is only 40 years old, whereas the world has always considered him to be a decrepit old man because he has gone out of his sight.

Aunt Charity is not only a character in Georgia as the mother of Blind Tom, but she is the mother of 20 other children. When you ask her the names of her children it is impossible for her to recollect all of them.

Nothing is more pleasant to the visitor to Columbus than to find Aunt Charity and to go out and talk to her about Tom's being imprisoned away from her and hear the stories of his great power.

She is as perfectly sure as she is of Heaven that he is the only great genius that America has produced. With a great deal of interest she tells you of the first day when the little Blind Tom crept to the master's piano and played a tune.

The Atlanta Constitution recently published this excellent picture of old Aunt Charity, which is here reproduced. As this picture shows, she is in perfect health, is as fine as ever mentally, and expects to live to be more than 100, and has only one trouble—Blind Tom's behavior to her.

Very Old Chinese Coins.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who died 2,000 years ago.

Oldest of British Families.

The oldest family in the British islands is that of Mar in Scotland, which dates from 1093.



Humorous

No Apparent Motive. Jack the Kisser was brought into court.

"Are these the complaining witnesses?" asked the judge.

"We are," they answered.

The judge inspected them. "Officer," he said, "take the prisoner to the detention hospital for examination as to his sanity. This is not a criminal case."—Chicago Tribune.

An Explanation.

Says the dominie: "These dames protest they're poor— Yet see the sumptuous gowns they wear." "Mayhap they've paid for their gowns, my dear." Says the dominie's wife, disposed to be fair. —Detroit Journal.

Among the Partridges.



"You'd better 'urry up into line, sir, or you'll bag some big game."—St. Paul's.

Unfathomable Mystery.

"Nothing so hard, but search will find it out." The poet writes—untrue, beyond a doubt: When she the truth would hide, no bard nor sage Can learn the figures of a woman's age. —Chicago Record.

The Same Thing.

Leon—I want to get a private message to Bendick about our stag racket to-morrow night. I'll just drop him a letter marking it "Personal and Private."

Perkins—Why don't you address it to Mrs. Bendick and be done with it?—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Eclipsed.

"That's a very full moon," said the visitor to Hobbetown.

"Full!" sneered the oldest inhabitant, contemptuously. "Mister, you ought ter hev seen how full the moons got way back in the winter of thirty-nine!"—N. Y. Truth.

Had Seen One.

"Did you ever see a horse race that you could say was absolutely honest?"

"I think I did, wunst," said Rubberneck Bill. "The feller what was ahead had stoled the hoss."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Poor Argument.

"Your money is nothing at all to me." The lover impatiently cried. "Then get out; you haven't a business head."

Her rich old father replied. —Chicago Daily News.

Making Sure.



Maud—Do you pin your faith on Charlie?

Ethel—I'm not satisfied with pinning. I want a good, hard knot tied.—Philadelphia Press.

An Observation.

Chill breezes now The tree-tops woo, The snowbird's note I falling due. —N. Y. Truth.

Off for the Honeymoon.

Bridegroom—I am afraid I will look so nappy and contented that everyone will know we are just married.

Best Man (consoling)—Don't worry, old chap; it will be only for a day or two, you know!—Puck.

Still on the Go.

Yeast—I see that joke about a fellow's stolen umbrella is still going around.

Crimsonbeak—So is the umbrella.—Yonkers Statesman.

Out of the Service.

"So your engagement to the Lafayette avenue millionaire's daughter is off, eh?"

"Yes; I've been mustered out."—Judge.

A Frequent Epitaph.

No more he'll ever greet us, He now is with the blest; He got appendicitis, And the doctors did the rest. —Judge.

Wasn't Necessary.

Singleton—Did you send cards to your friends announcing the birth of your baby?

Benedick—No; none of my friends are deaf.—N. Y. Truth.

How It Happened.

Sympathetic Visitor (to prisoner)—My good man, what brought you here? Facetious Prisoner—Borrowing money.

"But they don't put people in prison for borrowing money!"

"Yes, I know, but I had to knock the man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Question of Descent.

O'Brien—And so Jaykers is proud of his descent, is he?

McTurk—Yes; he is terribly stuck up about it.

O'Brien—Well, begorra, Oi've a bit of a descent myself to boast about. Oi descended four stories waist whin, the ladder broke and niver spilled a brick!—Baltimore Sun.

Successful.

Hiram—How's your boy Zeke gittin' along down in Noo York?

Silas—Wal, I hain't heard from him in a long time, but I guess he's gone into the noospaper business, coz I read in the paper that he wuz correspondent in a big lawsuit down there.—Town Topics.

Very Strange.

"Did you know that the scientists have come to the conclusion that a decapitated head can think, although it cannot speak?"

"That's queer, when it is so much easier to talk than to think."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Same Sensation.

Abe Johnson—Did you evah walk ten miles to rob a chicken coop and den find dar was nuffin' in it but a bear trap, a spring gun and a bulldog?

Pete Jackson—No; but I married for money once!—Puck.

Perils of Mediocrity.

Meek Husband—You ought to remember, Henrietta, that you married me for better or worse.

Aggressive Wife—That's just it! I got fooled. You are neither one!—Chicago Tribune.

The Test.

If you want to know the age of a horse you can tell it by his teeth, of course; But the age of a turkey best is known Not by his teeth, but by your own. —Judge.

HE KNEW.



Elderly Spinster (to young reprobate, who has been swearing)—Oh, how can you use such dreadful language? Do you know what becomes of little boys who do so? Billy—Yes'm; they gits ter be cab drivers!—Fun.

Mental Benefits.

At clubs now woman makes a spread Arrayed in silks and smiles; Her ear upon the papers read, Her eye upon the styles. —Chicago Daily Record.

Monotonously Expensive.

"We had to give our pet dog away." "Why?" "Well, he ran away nine times, and every time the same boy brought him back and charged me 25 cents."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hurry Call.

"I called Biggins a liar right to his face yesterday." "Is that so? What did he say?" "I don't know. I happened to be called away before he had time to reply."—Chicago Daily News.

The Beginning of Her Role.

Susie—Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Her Father—The woman.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Brotherly.

They quarreled over her, but now They as two brothers be— For the girl since has declared herself Each fellow's sister. See? —Detroit Journal.

FAMILIAR LINES.



Young Man—I came to inquire whether you have read those jokes yet that I left here a few days ago?

Editor—Oh, often.—St. Louis Republic.

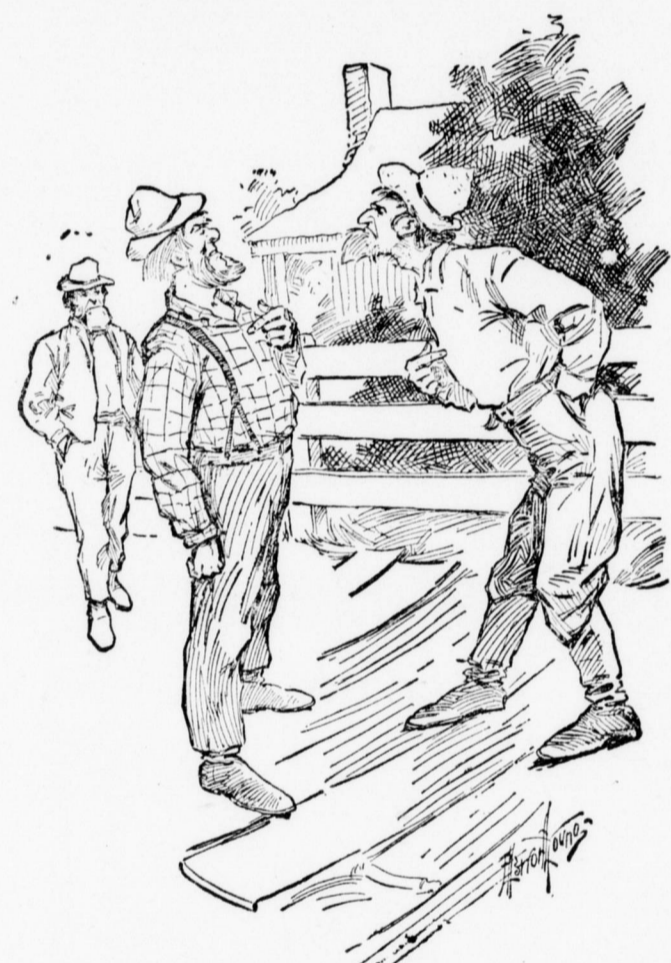
A Quandary.

Loving my friend and loving truth, By doubts and fears I'm torn in half, Because my friend has asked, in sooth, That I should write his epitaph. —Robert Gilbert Welsh, in Judge.

Uncompanionable.

"Toby Boggs can't stand his own society a single evening."

"Well—he knows himself better than we do."—Chicago Daily Record.



THEY WAS STILL JAWIN' ABOUT IT.

gin' around about what was goin' to be done, and sum of the folks felt so patriotic that they couldn't stand still, but when sunthin' happened, Adinabad Jones went to Josh Griffin and said:

"Look-a-here, Josh, whenever a town holds a celebrashun they allus hev somebody to make a speech, don't they?"

"They allus do," says Josh.

"Somebody to talk about tyranny throwin' the tea in the Boston harbor, battle of Bunker Hill, and so on?"

"That's the sort."

"And who's goin' to do it fur us?" said Adinabad, as he begins to gesture with his right arm.

"I reckon I'll tackle that job myself. I ain't no great speech-maker, but I've bin readin' up on things, and if I don't happen to hev a cold in my head I think I kin keep the crowd a-shoutin' from start to finish."

"Josh, I want that place fur myself," said Adinabad, as he swallows a lump in his throat. "I ain't no brag, as you know, but I kin make the best speech of any man in this town. I've read more about that revolutionary war than all the rest of ye put together, and I've got a voice that kin be heard two miles."

That was the beginnin' of the row. Both men wanted the place, and both said they'd go right onto the celebrashun unless they got it. They was still wranglin' over it when Levi Stokes meets Sam Andrews and says:

"Sam, if we have a celebrashun we will hev a parade with it, won't we?"

"Of course," says Sam.

"And the feller who leads that parade on a hoss will be the grand marshal?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I ain't dyin' to show off, but bein' my great-grandfather fell at Lexington, and bein' I was a three-months' man in the last war, they'll naturally expect me to be grand marshal. What kind of a uniform would you wear if you was me?"

"I wouldn't wear any," says Sam. "If I was you I'd git into about the middle of the pureshun, and march along shoutin' fur liberty or death."