



The Small Boy's Day

It is any one should ask you,
Or even if no one should—
The Day we Celebrate,
That is, Tomorrow is the Day,
But we start in
All of one day previous
To us to be certain
Of good measure,
Don't worry,
Of loss any sleep over it
Who would ask you—
Never fear,
Every one will find it out,
The man who didn't know
That it was
The Fourth
Of July
Would have to be blind
In both eyes,
Deaf in both ears
And lame in his intellect,
To be perfectly safe
It would be well also
For him to be
In darkest Africa
And to have been
Dead ten years,
There is no danger
But people will find it out,
In fact they do,
Most of them know it now
And those who do not
Are rapidly acquiring
The information.

Along about this time of year
It is one of the
Most obvious facts
Ever brought to the attention
Of a great people,
It is easier than falling
From a bicycle
To know when it is
The Independence day,
All one has to do
Is to remove one's head
From between the pillows,
Take the cotton
Out of one's ears
And listen.
Fourth of July,
Was invented by the Yankees,
The Chinese worked patie
For many centuries
And invented the firecracker,
To waste ammunition
A great combination,
Also a noise
Which resembles the shot
That was heard round the
World,
Only it's louder.

In the olden times
Fourth of July
Was comparatively harmless,
The small boy
Had about five cents
To spend,
That would buy 200 crackers.
After they were touched off
He was through,
Possibly he got up in the morn-
ing
And shot off the old musket,
But he was not allowed
To waste ammunition
During the day.
No one was hurt
Unless he ate too much,
Now it is different,
The small boy
Who is not allowed
To have any pistols,
One in each hand,
A firecracker between each toe
And a bunch of cannon crack-
ing
To throw into street ears
Thinks he is abused
And that his father
Is not patriotic.

Many years have passed
Since we looked the British
But, say, we did such a job
Of it that we are
Obliged to get together
On every year and
Yell!
Our forefathers fought,
And we did it,
That we might shoot fire-
crackers
Once a year
Provided we had the money
Or credit
To get them,
The British
So thoroughly
That the latter
Never interfered
With our innocent sports,
And we are at liberty
To shoot off our thumbs,
Ears or toes,
To express our feelings,
Then turn the Small Boy loose
To have his swing,
And matches,
As well as guns,
Let him enjoy himself
While
Take to the woods,
—Chicago Daily News.



DIED ON THE FOURTH.

Three Presidents Have Passed Away on the Birthday of the United States.

Three presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July, two on its fiftieth anniversary. One was Thomas Jefferson, who 50 years before had signed the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams, who at the same time, had, after a three days' debate, secured the adoption of the Declaration. It might be taken for granted that these two representative men were warm personal friends, even if history were silent upon the subject, which it is not. When Jefferson was dying on that day which he had so signally helped to distinguish, his friend was also breathing his last. Adams did not know of Jefferson's illness, and his last words were: "Thomas Jefferson still survives," as if there was consolation in the thought. But his friend had already passed from earth.

President Monroe, whose famous "doctrine" has kept his memory green, also died on the Fourth of July (1831). Of him Jefferson said: "If his soul were turned inside out, not a spot could be found on it." That Monroe, like his distinguished friend and predecessor, should pass away on the anniversary of the independence of the country he served so faithfully, is a touching coincidence.

The first republican vice president of the United States, Hannibal Hamlin, closed his long career on the Fourth of July, 1891.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Impression of America. "Why is it that Americans are so brave and self-possessed?" asked one European soldier. "They are accustomed to danger from their earliest infancy," answered the other. "Every year they have an ordeal of fire and explosions, which the youth of the country all attend, something after the manner of certain remote Asiatic tribes. It is better known as the Fourth of July."—Washington Star.

AN AID TO RELIGION.

Lord Kelvin, a Distinguished Scholar, Pays Tribute to Science.

Lord Kelvin, a distinguished scientist, in moving a vote of thanks to Prof. Henslow for his lecture before the University College Christian association, denounced to the professor's assertion that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirmed nor denied the creative power.

On the contrary, he said, science positively affirmed the creative power. Science made everyone feel that he was a miracle in himself. Modern biologists were once more coming to the firm acceptance of a vital principle. They had been absolutely forced by science to admit and believe in a directive power. In an influence other than physical, dynamical and electrical forces, there was nothing between absolute scientific belief in a creative power and the acceptance of the theory of the fortuitous course of atoms.

ARTISTIC TOMB IN CARTHAGE.

An Interesting Discovery Recently Made in the Ruins of the Ancient City.

Pere Delattre, for 25 years engaged in scientific research in Carthage, where he has made many excavations, has just discovered a singularly interesting tomb of white marble. It is extremely ancient and curious, and is marvelously preserved. The sides are decorated with paintings. On the lid of the tomb is fashioned in bas-relief the figure of a young woman, Tanit, the high priestess and great protecting deity of Carthage. She is clothed in a plaited green tunic and is half enveloped by two long culture wings. On her head is a bird arranged as a sort of headdress and in her hand she holds a dove. She wears great gold earrings and a double gold necklace. Different parts of the dress are relieved by very brilliant coloring. The eyes are extraordinary in their animation. This treasure has been transported to the Lavagerie museum.

A Cure for Dropsy.

Sedgwick Ark., June 22d.—Mr. W. S. Taylor of this place says: "My little boy had Dropsy. Two doctors—the best in this part of the country—told me he would never get better, and to have seen him anyone else would have said they were right. His feet and limbs were swollen so that he could not walk nor put on his shoes. "When the doctors told me he would surely die, I stopped giving him their medicine and began giving him Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three pills a day and at the end of eight days the swelling was all gone, but as I wanted to be sure, I kept on with the pills for some time, gradually reducing the quantity, till finally I stopped altogether. "Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my child's life. Before using them he was a helpless invalid in his mother's arms from morning till night. Now he is a healthy, happy child, running and dancing and singing. I can never express our gratitude. "Dodd's Kidney Pills entirely cured our boy after everybody, doctors and all, had given him up to die."

Worth Something.

The new metal, radium, is said to be worth \$3,000,000 a pound. Don't neglect to save up your scraps of radium.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Summer Service of California Limited.

The Santa Fe announces that the usual semi-weekly summer service of its California Limited train was inaugurated June 2 west-bound from Chicago, and June 8 east-bound from San Francisco and Los Angeles. The time card is approximately the same as heretofore. It is stated that the California Limited was a very profitable train the past season, bookings being made in many cases weeks ahead in order to get the space wanted. Daily service will be resumed next fall.

She Didn't Go.—He (after a tiff)—"Going home to your mother, eh?" She—"Yes, I am." He—"Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?" She—"She'll say: 'I told you so.'" (He made up)—N. Y. Weekly.

"To tell you the truth"—"Shshsh! Don't try it, old man! George Washington did that once, and look at him now—he's dead!"—Baltimore News.

Doing His Best.—"You should always do your best," said the cheery philosopher. "Dat's what I'm doin' now," answered Meandering Mike. "In doin' me best—to keep from workin'."—Washington Star.

Coddies.—"Whenever I see you you are reading a novel. You don't mean to say you remember all of them?" Short—"Dear me, no! It's because I don't remember them I like to read them."—Boston Transcript.

Tom—"I can't help asking my fiancée occasionally why she loved me." Dick—"Me, too. Mine always gives me a very satisfactory answer." Tom—"That so? What does she say?" Dick—"Because."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Confused.—"Did you say a chicken chews its food with its gizzard?" asked the little boy with the high forehead. "Yes; that is practically the process." "If that is the case," he queried, sweetly, "how can a chicken tell whether it has the toothache or the stomach ache?"—Washington Star.

The Manual of Arms. The young cadet on leave from West Point was entertained by one of Baltimore's beauties. They were alone on the veranda, and he was very stiff and military. "Of course," she said, "you are quite proficient in the manual of arms?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "We're being constantly drilled in every known method of handling them." "If you have your arms with you," she said, "would you mind showing me just a few of the methods of handling them?" "We never carry arms," he began, and then the electric lights were turned on in his mental department. It is needless to say, gentle reader, that the exhibition was most satisfactory.—Baltimore American.



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks Produce Displacements. Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started. The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone. More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Leilah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. "I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Dr. SLOECUM



SYSTEM

The Only Treatment That Cures CONSUMPTION

Here is a combined treatment that does what ONE medicine CAN NOT DO. The complete obliteration of that dread Consumption (Tuberculosis) is now possible through the use of The Dr. Slocum's Combination System of Medication, which will Positively Cure this Dread Disease. It is the Most Modern and the Very Greatest Method of Alimention Ever Presented to Sufferers from this disease. It prevents and Cures Consumption of the Lungs, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Spleen and Kidneys. All Catarrhal Conditions of these Organs disappear Promptly and Permanently under the Healing Influence of These Wonderful Medicines. Dr. Slocum's method of treatment consists of Four Specific Remedies as illustrated above.

FREE MEDICINE TO ALL. To Prove to All Our Readers the Wonderful Properties of this Great System of Medicinal Treatment a Full, Free Course, consisting of the Four Free Large Packages, is illustrated above, will be gladly sent to every reader on request. Simply send your Name, Post Office and Express Address to DR. S. A. SLOCUM, Laboratories, 98 Pine St., New York, and the Complete Free Treatment will at once be sent you.

DOCTOR'S SPECIAL NOTICE. "I have prescribed the Complete Treatment called by my name and sold by all druggists in hundreds of thousands of very serious cases, with wonderful success, and most satisfactory results."—DR. SLOCUM.

AN. U. S. 1973

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertiser's name in this paper.

FIVE or six years ago,

when the rain-making experiments were being conducted, first at Washington, afterward in Texas, my college chum and I became greatly interested in the subject.

We were then sophomores at B. Elementary chemistry was our regular course of study that year, and we spent most of the spring term experimenting on our own account and exploding a vast number of gas balloons.

The spring term closed on June 26, and all the boys went home, except my chum Jarvis and myself, who, in consequence of spending so much time experimenting, had been "conditioned," and had a week's hard work to make up in our Greek.

Rather than have it hanging over us all summer and into the next year, we agreed to do it at once and have done with it. Permission was accorded to us to go on living in our rooms at the hall, and the resident professor in Greek consented to give us an extra examination.

It was dreadfully hot during the last four days of June, but we toiled away with Greek grammar and lexicon, hoping to get home for the Fourth of July; and we should have done so, but our Greek professor ate too much cantaloup on the day set for the examination, and thought for 48 hours he had appendicitis.

It proved to be no such serious trouble, but it hindered our plans. The professor was not able to examine us till the afternoon of the third, so we could not possibly get home for the Fourth.

Jarvis was furious. "Confound cantaloup!" he grumbled. "And confound a professor that doesn't know better than to eat it! No use to start now. We couldn't get home!" he raged on. "I won't spend the Fourth in a railway car! Let's stay here and shake the old town up! Let's send up a balloon at midnight! We'll make it rain here to-morrow!"

Rather an incendiary sentiment, the reader will say, but we had been shut up with Greek for six long, hot days. We had access to the laboratory in Chemistry hall, where we had our balloons, and generated the oxygen and hydrogen gas for exploding them. There was a quantity of cotton cloth, paper and glue, which had not been used; and that evening we made a balloon ten feet in diameter, which we succeeded in charging, outside the window, with oxygen and hydrogen from the laboratory retorts, in the proportion of two to one, that being the formula by which the two gases unite to produce water—and a particular ear-splitting explosion.

bothering with them for some minutes. Then suddenly the first gust of the oncoming shower struck us. What followed came quickly. The balloon swayed over before the wind. Down it bowed until the cord strung out far astant.

"Good gracious!" I cried, holding hard. "She'll get away from me, Jarve! Touch her off quick, or she will break away!"

In the darkness we could not see just where the balloon was, or what it was over. But the next moment we saw! Jarvis had managed at last to connect the wires and touch off the balloon. There came a sudden blaze and a tremendous detonation, as if the whole town had cracked clean down through the center of the earth!

The shock bowled us both over, and we heard a crash of timbers following the report. The thing had exploded about 30 feet over the barn and shed of a worthy inhabitant of B., who lived near the ball grounds, and kept a lazy horse which he hired to the boys at such high prices that they had nicknamed him "Old Gripus."

"We've done it now!" gasped Jarvis, as he scrambled hastily to his feet. "That's Old Gripus' barn!"

But that was not the worst. Shreds of the burning paper and cloth from the balloon must have fallen among hay and straw, for even as we stood staring in that direction a bright flame shot up from the building.

The only thing left us now was to run to the house and shout: "Fire!" That we did with a vengeance, and soon roused the fire department; the new steam engine and two old hand "tubs" responded.

Through their united efforts, aided considerably by the shower which soon began to pour copiously, the old man's house was saved from the fire, but the barn and shed and an old buggy were consumed.

Jarvis and I were greatly worried, and, indeed, were on the verge of honorable confession of our act; but now, I am sorry to say, to our relief, we found that it was the unanimous opinion of every one, including the fire department and the owner himself, that the barn had been struck by lightning! For everybody in town had heard what they believed to be an awful clap of thunder!