

The Day We Celebrate

Come on, fellows, here are rockets
That will set the skies aglow,
And a load of Chinese crackers,
With a heathen snip and go.
Stop with all this argy-bargy,
Toss your balls and things away,
For I'm bent on jubilation
And on nothing else to-day.

You may tell me things are murr,
And it ain't no time for fun—
That there's lots of trouble brewing,
And a lot of work undone;
But, consarn it all, mates! croaking
Neither makes nor saves your hay
If my bird had been a raven,
I'd have never seen to-day.

I'd have never pulled through forest,
Where the redskin only yelled.
I'd have never set my banner
On the heights the brown bear held.
Through starvation, cold and darkness,
I'd have never fought my way,
To a pint, I ruther reckon,
I kin blow a while to-day.

See where I have stretched my fences,
See where I have cleared my land,
My sleek, growing eddies stand,
See where now my budding harvests
Nod beneath the warm wind's sway,
I can tell you I have worked, frimas,
And I mean to take a day.

For high over cloud and temper
My intruded eagle flies;
That's no thing above my banner
But God's blue and starry skies.
I was never one for bragging,
But I'd simply like to say,
Let a rival match my record,
And I'll dine on crow to-day.

So whoop-la, hurrah! come on, boys,
Leave the grannies home to sneer,
Come, bring out your guns and rockets,
For the glorious Fourth is here.
Shout and cheer, an' toot and whistle,
Blow and pop, and blaze away,
Bussa to the hall creation,
For it's Uncle Sam's birthday!

THE * FOURTH * OF * JULY.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HE old wooden clock in the kitchen had just struck nine. Farmer Halliday had long been in bed and asleep. He rose at four o'clock every morning to get the farm work started bright and early, and his old wife was just rolling up her knitting-work to ascend the stairs—a mild-faced woman with a white-frilled cap and a brown calico gown. While out in the dewy starlight by the gate Leah Linton stood, leaning her elbows on the fence and talking with a showily-dressed young woman of about her own age.

"Never seen the city?" exclaimed Flora Plimpton, echoing Leah's last words. "Never—seen—the—city? Well, I declare! I don't believe there's another girl in Tannahasat that could say that! You're too deliciously green for anything, Leah Linton!"

In the soft, metallic starshine Leah felt herself crimson to her very temples, with a sense of being somehow put in the wrong.

"No," she admitted; "I—"

"Leah! Leah!" called Mrs. Halliday's gentle old voice from the window. "Time to go to bed!"

"I'll be there in a minute!" Leah called back.

And then they could hear the sash softly close again.

"Such a stuffy old place!" said Flora, elevating her eyebrows. "And yet you tell me they've got money?"

"Nine hundred dollars in gold eagles," said Leah, with a certain pride in her accents. "I saw Mr. Halliday counting it out yesterday. He drew it from the bank to buy the mountain wood lot, and the lawyers are delaying the title longer than he expected."

"I should think he'd be afraid of its being stolen," tentatively observed Flora.

"Oh, it's locked up in the old Dutch cabinet, safe and sound! Besides, nobody knows but what it is still in the bank. But really, Flora, I can't go on this excursion with you Fourth of July," she added, regretfully.

"You can't go? And why not? Oh, Leah, you must go! Mr. Ferguson will be so disappointed if you aren't there. I can tell you, Leah, he's fairly raved about you ever since he saw you at the station, the day he came down to see me. I should be quite jealous if I hadn't another fellow in my eye. He says he won't go if you don't, and you'd hate to spoil the excursion, wouldn't you? Why can't you go?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Halliday have arranged to spend the day with their married daughter up in Beverly," said Leah, dejectedly. "They always go every Fourth of July."

"Oh, the selfishness of old people!" said Flora, indignantly. "And leave you poked up here alone, when there's an excursion boat stopping at Tannahasat Dock, with a band and awnings and all, and you never were on an excursion in your life! Oh, I don't wonder—it's enough to make anybody cry!"

Leah's cheek and splashed on the sweet-brier leaves below. "Look here, Leah! It's a shame you never should go anywhere or see anything—"

"They're not self-ish!" sobbed Leah, an instinctive sense of justice rising in her heart. "The are just as good to me as they can be, and I love them dearly. But they don't like me to mix much with the young folks hereabouts. They're mostly trifling and no account, you know, in the factory and down at the rubber works—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Flora Plimpton. "What's that but sheer selfishness? Leah, you shall go! Now listen to me! Once get 'em fairly started off with that old rattle-trap of theirs, with the one-eyed horse—she laughed jeeringly—"and then you come down to the dock and wait for us. I'll see that the boat don't go off without you."

Leah drew a quick breath.

"I never was on a steamer in my life," she said. "But, Flora, I hate to deceive them."

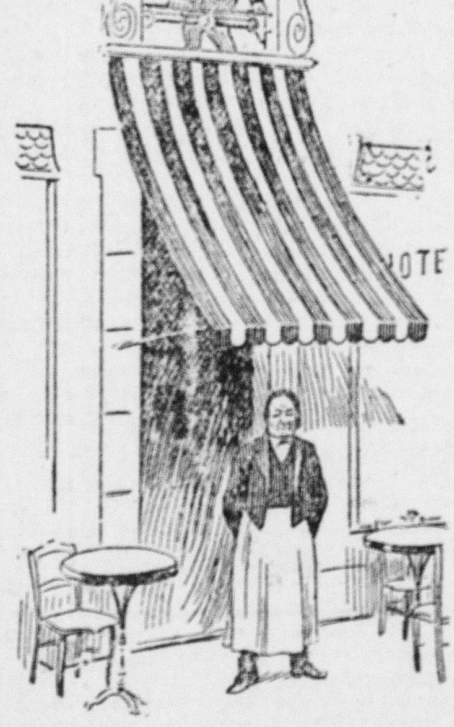
"Where's the odds?" airily demanded Miss Plimpton. "You've got to deceive people sometimes if you want to get your rights."

Which ethical fact Leah was not sufficiently posted to dispute.

"When do they start off—at seven in the morning?" pursued Flora.

"Good! We're not due at the dock until nine. There'll be lots of time for you to fix yourself up and come down; and mind, you wear that same pink muslin you had on at the station. Ferguson's fairly gone on that pink gown!"

How a Patriotic American Celebrated the Glorious Fourth in Paris.



Leah's cheeks, for an instant, were rosier than any pink gown could be.

"It needs to be washed and ironed," said she.

"Oh, you can manage it!" said Flora, easily. "Good-by! I must be off. Nine o'clock, remember, at Tannahasat Dock—and if you're not there, Dave Ferguson'll come up after you."

She shook her finger laughingly at Leah, and vanished into the darkness of the summer night.

Leah Linton had come to the Hallidays ten years ago as a bound girl—a fatherless, motherless wail—big-eyed like a robin, with a thatch of chestnut hair overhanging her forehead, and slim, brown feet, guiltless of shoes or stockings, and the kindly old couple had adopted her into their heart and home.

Now, at eighteen, she was socially their equal, to all intents and purposes, and loved them with a timid, shrinking devotion.

But since Flora Plimpton had crossed her orbit, that bold, dashing girl, who was a "tryer-on" in Holt & Hannaford's big cloak and mantle store in New York, a disturbing element had risen into her heart—a longing to see the world, to mingle with the gay throng of whom Flora told her, to drink a draft from the cup of brimming, seething life that other people drank.

George Annis, the head carpenter of the rubber works, had seemed delightful company up to this time, but now he appeared tame and constricted beside Mr. Dave Ferguson, black-moustached and scarf-pinned, who had deigned to cast a gracious glance upon her rural charms.

All her little system of existence was troubled and upset. Leah scarcely knew why. Hitherto she had been genuinely happy, like one of the twittering robins in the thicket; now a vague sense of wrong and discontent took possession of her as she entered the house, drew the ponderous bolt, and went up to her room.

"It is quite true what Flora Plimpton says," she thought. "I never go anywhere, or see anything!"

"Who was that talking over the gate with you last night, Leah?" Mrs. Halliday asked, the next day, as she helped Leah shell the peas for dinner.

"It was Flora Plimpton."

"I wouldn't set too much store by that girl, Leah, if I was you," counseled the good woman, reaching for another handful of the emerald pods.

"The Plimptons always had a bad name, and I never heard no good of

Flora, even arter they went away from here. A girl like you can't be too careful who she goes with."

Leah was silent, but she shelled away faster than ever.

There are times when advice seems to produce a directly opposite effect of what is intended, and Mrs. Halliday's words only served to strengthen the girl's resolve to have her own way for once.

"I shouldn't wonder," added the old woman, with a sly smile, "if George Annis were to come up this way Fourth o' July, arter me and father's gone."

Still the peas rattled into the pan like a miniature fusillade of artillery. Leah never looked up nor spoke.

"And I don't see as there'd be any harm in your askin' him to stay to dinner," added Mrs. Halliday. "He'd be sort o' company for you."

"I don't want any company!" burst out Leah. "If he says anything more to Mr. Halliday, ask him not to come. I'd rather be alone."

"Why, child, what's come to you?" said Mrs. Halliday, in surprise.

Leah made no answer. She was thinking of Ferguson's flashing black eyes and square chin.

George Annis was a nice-looking fellow enough, but George had no style. "Style" was one of Flora Plimpton's favorite words.

The morning of Fourth of July rose full of sweet summer hazes, musical with the trill of birds, and sparkling with dew.

Leah could scarcely wait for the old farm wagon to drive off before she began her own toilet, frizzing her hair to look like Flora's tangled tresses, and adjusting the newly-laundried pink muslin gown to imitate, as nearly as possible, the prevailing fashion.

Her heart beat restlessly, the color came and went nervously on her cheek; and even after she was standing at the dock, with the house-key in her hand, she began to think that the time never would come for the excursion boat to steam around the curve of the hills.

"What will George Annis think if he comes there and finds it all shut up and vacant?" she thought, with a species of strange exultation.

Hush! The sound of drum and horn and piercing sife, the flutter of bunting, the roar of paddle wheels! The boat was here at last, and the first object she took note of was Flora Plimpton, waving a handkerchief from the guards.

"Come on board!" shouted Flora, looking red and excited. "Dave Ferguson ain't here yet. He'll get on next landing. Hurry—hurry!"

But in her haste Leah had dropped the house-key, and stepped out of the throng to pick it up from the trampled grass.

With the sige of its gleaming brass wards, a sudden thought flashed into her mind. The money in the old Dutch cabinet at home!

Why had she never remembered that? How had she proved so faithless to the trust the old people had tacitly imposed on her?

She lifted a pale, remorseful face to Flora.

"I—I can't go!" said she, huskily. "There's something I've forgotten."

"What nonsense!" screamed Flora. "You'll be too late!"

"All aboard!" yelled the stout man in the blue-and-gold uniform at the gangplank.



The drum rolled out, the fifes shrieked joyfully, the paddle wheels plashed again, and the bright flags floated away, while Leah fled tumultuously back through dew-dripping thickets and long stretches of sun-stepped meadow.

The money! the money! It seemed as if her light feet were weighted—as if every pulsing, sunshiny second were an hour. The money! the money!

In sight of the old house, she stopped aghast. The west window was wide open, its veil of climbing Michigan roses torn rudely away, a wooden bench drawn up close to it, as if to serve as a step to some one who desired to effect unlawful entrance.

From the inside she could hear vague, muffled sounds, as if of hand-to-hand combat, then a heavy fall.

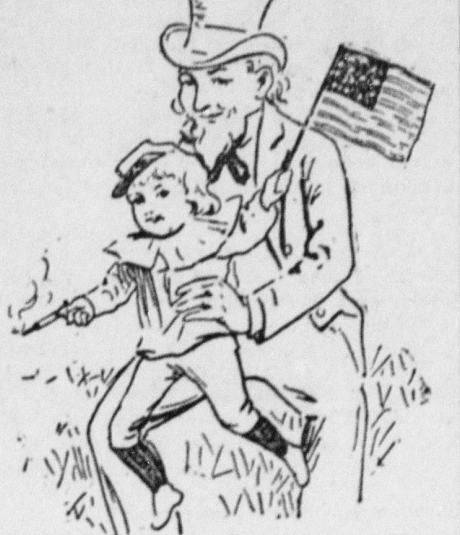
"You villain!" roared a voice, so hoarse that at first she did not recognize it for George Annis. "I've got you now!"

She rushed frantically in.

"George—George, what is it?" she cried.

With a clothesline which he had snatched from a peg behind the door, George Annis was binding the arms of a man who lay panting and pale on the floor—the arms of Mr. David Ferguson.

'Tis Independence Day.



Once more, my merry girls and boys,
'Tis Independence Day;
And cannons boom and joy-bells ring,
And everyone is gay.
And Young America again
Hears Uncle Sam's brave story,
Of how we won our freedom, and
Flung to the breeze Old Glory.

"Not that Ferguson is his name at all!" said George, hotly. "It's Dave Ferrall, who broke open the factory till, three years ago, and slipped off to Canada—only he wore a heavy black beard then, and was dressed like a working man, and now he's masquerading as a gentleman, with a silk hat and a smooth-shaven face. The scoundrel! And he's married to that Plimpton girl. They work in couples."

Leah hurried into the other room. The drawer of the old Dutch cabinet had been forced open. It was empty! She clasped both hands over her heart.

"Don't be frightened, Leah," said Annis, rising to his feet, and nodding encouragingly to her. "I met your folks up on Haddon Hill, as I came down, and Mr. Halliday called out to me that he had the money with him. He decided at the last minute that it wasn't quite safe to leave it, with only a slip of a girl like you in the house, and maybe villainous tramps around—like this fellow." And he contemptuously pushed discomfited Ferguson with his foot.

"Come out on the porch, Leah; I don't quite like to breathe the same air with this thieving cur. I see Billy Locke coming down the turnpike, and I'll get him to stop at the constable's. Wasn't it lucky that I chanced to happen in just as he was prying the old drawers open with his jimmy?"

Leah was like her lover—she felt that she could not draw a free breath until the burglar was taken off by the fussy village constable and his assistants in an open farm wagon.

But when the coast was clear at last, she made an open confession of all her backslidings to George Annis' indulgent ears.

"You'll never want to speak to me again!" said she, timidly, lifting her brown eyes to his face.

"Leah," said he, quietly, "I never loved you so dearly in all my life before. Do you know, dear, that I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife?"

And the two together, in some picnic fashion, cooked a dinner that seemed to them like nectar and ambrosia, and when the old folks returned on the edge of the dust, they were engaged.

"I sort o' thought it might happen so," said Mrs. Halliday.

In an Off-Hand Way.
"Get a move on, there!" impatiently cried the little boy's fingers as they held a match down to the reluctant giant cracker.

"Oh, come off," snarled the giant cracker.

And in another moment the little boy's fingers did so.

Wasted.
Brown—"So you are sorry you put the lighted firecracker in the minister's pocket?"

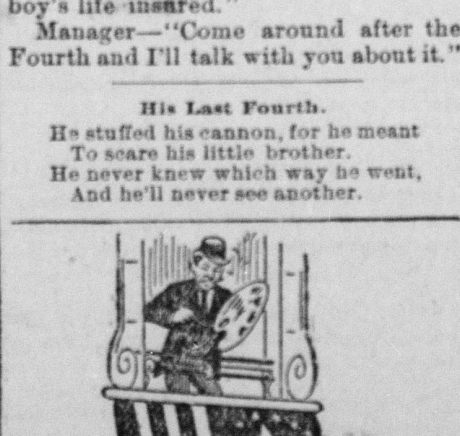
Little Johnny—"Yes, dad. It was the biggest one I had, and it didn't go off."

The Versatile Small Boy.
At other times the cat he'd take
And to the floor he'd tuck her;
Then Johnny used to take the cake,
While now he takes the cracker.

After the Crisis.
Brown—"I'd like to have my little boy's life insured."

Manager—"Come around after the Fourth and I'll talk with you about it."

His Last Fourth.
He stuffed his cannon, for he meant
To scare his little brother,
He never knew which way he went,
And he'll never see another.



It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or 1 to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than five years, 166 for each million; between five and fifteen, 288; between twenty and twenty-five, 422; between forty-five and sixty, 1,625, and above sixty-five years, 7,090 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population, in Russia on account of the lack of experienced medical attention, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia due to irritation caused by movements of the sand by the wind.

Superintendent Smith of the Menagerie Bureau of the New York Park Department has reported that the twenty-five buffaloes lent to the city by the late Austin Corbin estate have eaten most of the grass in Van Cortlandt Park, tramped up the rest and destroyed the shrubbery. He says the city will have to buy food for them. The city was to have one out of every four of the calves born. Only

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Professors of Paris medical colleges, finding the freight on bodies from the provinces for the use of the students a heavy drain on their resources, have been shipping them as smoked bacon, the freight rate for which is much less. The discovery has put all France into hysterics.

A Kentucky strawberry grower reports a clear profit this season of \$729.63 on seven acres of ground. Numbers of women and children who would have earned money in no other way made one or two dollars a day picking berries. Another grower of strawberries reports his clear profit to have been \$357.50 on two acres of ground.

Is it right to make a dog work in harness? Belgium answers yes, England no, the United States is indifferent, and France is deliberating. The French law against using dogs as beasts of burden is often violated in some of the provinces, and a movement has been started for a repeal. Belgians say their draught dogs are quite jolly; but if the dogs could vote on the subject, they would be apt to approve the English view.

The German census of 1895 shows that the population of Germany numbered 52,279,901, or 2,851,434 more than at the previous census in 1890. This increase of more than five per cent. in five years is greater than in almost any other country the population of which is not added to by immigration. The number of females exceeds by nearly one million that of the males, viz. 26,618,651 against 25,661,250.

The new Missouri law requiring the owner of swine, sick of any fatal disease, to at once notify those keeping swine on adjoining premises of the fact, and requiring the owners of swine that die of any disease, to bury same within twenty-four hours and prohibiting from burying them "in or immediately adjacent to any water course, ravine or slough leading through or onto other premises," is a good one, and the farmers of that state should see that it is enforced.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the state, is now considering the question of state physic. The president of the Queensland Medical Association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors paid by the state to look after all the inhabitants, and that the money for the purpose be raised by a poll-tax of two dollars a year. This would enable the state to pay fifteen hundred dollars for the lowest medical salaries. A New South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

There has always been a good deal of dodging of responsibility in cases where overcoats or hats have been stolen while the owners were eating at restaurants and the like. The Supreme Court of New York now says a restaurant keeper is bound to look out for the safe keeping of its patrons' property in such cases. It has just held a restaurant man for \$35 for the loss of an overcoat be one of his guests. The restaurant diner can now wrestle with his viands without having to cast an eye ever and anon at his fur-lined overcoat or wonder whether he will have to go home bare-headed.

"Nothing new under the sun," said the preacher. Yet many people think that he did not foresee the bicycle. Nevertheless, Mr. Yang Yu, late Chinese minister to this country, declares that they used bicycles in the Flowery Kingdom twenty centuries ago. He adds that their manufacture was finally prohibited by the Emperor because the Chinese women rode so constantly that they neglected their families and domestic duties. This bit of satire indicates to Youth's Companion that Mr. Yang Yu has attained a very intelligent appreciation of Occidental humor during his residence in this country.

Concerning the Polar basin, where, with the opening of the season, the explorers are again scurrying from all quarters, Sir George Nares says that it is a locked-up bay continuing out of the narrowed Atlantic channel, with a warm stream of water constantly pouring into it between Spitzbergen and Norway and a cold, icy one as constantly running out between Spitzbergen and Greenland and also through the narrow straits between Greenland and America, the first conveying an enormous source of heat toward the north, the latter causing the intense cold of Canada and that on the east side of Greenland and North America.

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four have been born, and one of them has died. A pack of lawyers may have to be hired to settle whether it was the city's calf or the estate's calf which died. Another thing which makes the calf end of the city's bargain look bad is that only nine of the herd are cows. Maybe the buffaloes are white elephants.

Remarkable dredging operations are being carried on in Arizona in the process of reclaiming arid lands by irrigation. A regular river dredge started in at Salt river and has dredged its own way across miles of desert. It makes its own channel and floats on the water that follows it from the river, thus making the process rapid and comparatively cheap. Remarkable it also is that the canals now being dug in this way follow the course of the ancient irrigation canals dug there by the highly civilized people that inhabited this region before recorded American history began. Here flourished nations that knew as much about irrigation as we do to-day, and no doubt the desert blossomed under their cultivation, for this land is exceedingly productive as soon as water strikes it. Probably the prehistoric inhabitants of the region migrated southward, thus leaving the country to revert to its desert condition. Remains of large buildings, in the form of great mounds of rubbish, are seen along the lines of the old canals.

Cats are no longer regarded as dejected creatures, to be victimized by small boys and permitted to live only on tolerance by their elders. Like the end of the century woman, they are at last beginning to achieve some of the rights for which they have been clamoring so long, and perhaps when they are accorded equal rights with their natural foe of the canine race they will cease to bemoan their fate about the streets and to hold indignation meetings at the midnight hour and display similar anarchical proclivities. That they have already made rapid strides toward the desired end is proved by the fact that they have recently held their "annual convention"—in other words, cat show—in Manchester, England. Champion Xenophone, sent by S. Woodwises, of London, was pronounced the best cat in the show. He received the prize for brown or tabby males, and was valued in the catalogue at £1,000 (\$5,000). Champion Perfection, who is said to have taken more prizes than any cat living, was worth even more. He took the first prize for red male tabbies, and Peeping Joe the second. Both belong to Mr. Klumell.

Sunday Feeding.
Under the heading of the "Sunday Penalty of Irregular Feeding," the Medical Record points out that in our progress from barbarism we have evolved a people with whom regularity in eating is absolutely necessary to good health. As a result of this artificial existence, the secretions are poured out and ready for action with the monotony of clockwork. If this system is neglected, the violator not only suffers bodily discomfort, but an actual injury is done to the digestive apparatus, which has been so educated that it requires a definite amount of exercise and positive promptness in feeding that requirement. The stomach having poured out its secretions, as customary, waits only a short time before allowing them to be absorbed without the accompanying nutrition which goes to the formation of more secretions. After a few such experiences, the secretions become less in amount and activity, and indigestion ensues. Dyspeptics are ordered to eat at inflexible regular intervals. Normal stomachs are by no means many, yet this rule, so imperative to sufferers, is regularly disregarded by the well. Once a week, the three regular daily meals are replaced by late rising and abstinence, followed by gluttony. The gastric juices know nothing of a seventh day of "rest," and the result is discomfort, stupidity, and loss of appetite on Monday.

Bald Headed Men Not Consumptive.
"There is one satisfaction a bald headed man can have," observed a physician to a Star reporter. "And that is that there are hundreds of chances in his favor that he will never die with consumption. There seems to be some kind of a connection between bald heads and sound lungs. If a man is prematurely bald it shows that there is something abnormal with him, but it does not show that there is any trouble with his lungs. Indeed, it shows that the lungs are all right. There is another thing in connection with consumptives, and it is an old woman's saying that a consumptive man or woman will never comb their hair gray. By this is meant that the consumptive will die before his or her hair becomes gray, and it is a safe rule to go by. My observation is, and it's the same with many others, that consumptives have a very full growth of hair; indeed, if one looks into the matter with any care, it will be noticed that their hair is very heavy in comparison with others."—Washington Star.

Ingenious Way to Filter Water.
A supply of spring water at Kiel, Germany, is so strongly charged with iron as to be unsuitable for use. To improve it, the authorities first cause it to traverse a system of metallic channels and cascades, then to pass through a bed of coke ten feet thick, and finally through sand filters, each about sixty-five feet long and forty-nine feet wide. The treatment has proven successful in removing all iron, leaving the water unobjectionable in color, taste and smell. The bed of coke is divided into eight compartments, which are washed free from iron once a week by isolating a compartment at a time, and the sand filters are cleaned by replacing a thin upper layer with clean sand.