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THE DEACON'S DEFEAT.

An Old-Fashioned Fourth of July Training Day Episode.

JUST before daybreak on the Fourth of July, 1820, Deacon Ezekiel Hepburn, mounted on a rawboned nag, slowly rode through a lane that led by his farmhouse to a turnpike. He glanced at the dwelling several times in a surreptitious and anxious manner, but became satisfied that the inmates were still in bed and that his departure was not observed.

The deacon's destination was the Connecticut village of Hezekiahville, eight miles distant, where there was to be a fitting celebration of the glorious Fourth. Although it was not a "training day," the local companies of militia were wont to muster on the great national holiday and have a good time. The deacon was one of the troopers.

"I've outwitted Amandy and the old lady," he said to himself with a complacent chuckle. "They won't have no horse and they'll have to stay to hum. Dick Wainwright will be there a bustin' with vanity in his new uniform and with his fine feathers; but he won't strut like a turkey gobbler when he finds that Amandy ain't there to see him. It takes me to sarcumvent these young folks and the old lady, too; for she's bound to abet 'em in this ere foolish courtship agin' my jedgment. Oh! I'm enough for 'em all to-day."

"I'VE OUTWITTED AMANDY AND THE OLD LADY," SAID THE DEACON.

The deacon chuckled again. But he should have remembered his own favorite saying: that it is not well to count your chickens before they are hatched.

Four hours later Lieut. Dick Wainwright in a two-seated vehicle drawn by a span of prancing horses drove to the Hepburn homestead, where he found the blushing Amanda and her mother waiting for him. The deacon was not the only one who had done some planning. His wife and daughter had not suspected that he would sneak off before daylight, but they were well aware that he did not wish them to accompany him to Hezekiahville, and had resolved neither to ask him to take them to the village nor to accept any surly invitation that he might extend to them. Amanda had quietly seen her lover and arranged that he should call for her and her mother at an hour after which she was certain her father would be gone.

Lieut. Wainwright left the women at the home of Joshua Whipple, a cousin of Mr. Hepburn, who lived in the village. After hitching his horses he walked to the tavern, a large, rambling structure, situated in the middle of half an acre of level ground that was adorned with great shade trees. Among the group of soldiers who stood near the trees was Ezekiel Hepburn. He recognized Wainwright with a cool nod, and as he turned away there was in his face a sarcastic leer, the meaning of which was not, as he confidently supposed, hidden from the young man. The lover smiled, too, but his smile was as merry as it was mischievous.

At noon dinner was served in the tavern and was announced by three or four tremendous blasts on a big fish horn. Several hundred persons dined. First the military, consisting of a company of infantry, 120 men, and a company of cavalry, 50 men, assembled in the long banquet hall and seated themselves at a table extending nearly the length of the room and at side tables. At the head of the table sat three ministers, men of their cloth being revered at that day, who had been escorted to the tavern by the bugler, the fifer and the drummer while playing national airs. Next to the clergymen were several revolutionary veterans, white-haired and feeble, and the militia officers. Each of these honored guests could, if he chose, drink a glass of wine; but the privates who sat below them were not allowed any kind of ardent spirits with their meal. The oldest divine said grace, and then the hungry men did ample justice to a first-class New England dinner. After the soldiers had eaten, most of the visitors from the surrounding country dined at the same tables.

An hour later the people repaired to the Presbyterian church—the town house was not large enough to accommodate so many—and listened to a bombastic address delivered by a young lawyer who was a great orator in his own estimation, and to the singing of patriotic airs.

Next was a sham fight, which took place on a broad common in the center of the village. The soldiers were divided into small companies, half of the cavalry and half of the infantry being in each division. Each company was arranged in platoons, eight men in a platoon, and behind the front platoon were all of the other platoons. The cavalry in each company was in the rear of the infantry. Capt. Perkins, a hero of the war of 1812, commanded one company, and the officer acting as the other captain was Lieut. Wainwright.

The uniform of a cavalryman consisted of a red broadcloth coat with buff cassimere facings, gold lace trimmings and gilt buttons, and trousers and vest of buff cassimere. The privates wore caps with round crowns of heavy leather covered with bearskin and a red feather on the side. The cap of an officer was similar except that upon it was a gilded helmet, a support for a long feather that drooped over the front of the cap. The feather was red with a white tip in front. The cavalry equipment consisted of a yellow sword-belt extending over right shoulder and holding the scabbard of a sword on the left side of the soldier, pistols in saddle holsters and valise on back of saddle. The cavalry officers also wore high boots with white tops. The infantry were dressed in blue throughout; coat facings and trimmings were of red and around each soldier's neck was a leather stock.

The men in their gay uniforms presented a brilliant appearance, and in the opinion of the spectators who lined the sides of the green they were the finest soldiers in the world.

The sham fight consisted of a series of simple maneuvers by which each platoon in the opposite companies, beginning with the two front platoons, advanced and fired, wheeled back, took its place behind the other platoons, and moved forward until again in turn it was at the front, when it fired again. These maneuvers were repeated until the battle was ended. The company whose platoons moved the quicker gained ground on the other company and gradually drove it back until the twenty-four rounds of ammunition were exhausted and the slower moving company was defeated.

The quicker moving company was commanded by Lieut. Wainwright, who was seated on a spirited horse and whose waving plume above the gilded helmet could ever be seen in the thickest of the fray. The gallant officer was incited to do his best by the knowledge that the eyes of the fair Amanda were upon him. She and her mother stood in a prominent position. They waved their handkerchiefs at the young soldier and their faces were filled with joy as they saw him lead his men to certain victory, although the paterfamilias, Deacon Hepburn himself, was in Captain Perkins' company and was enraged because the detested young Wainwright was carrying off the laurels of the occasion. But fortunately the deacon was nearsighted and knew not that his

THE DEACON STAMMERED OUT SEVERAL GRUFF REMARKS.

wife and daughter beheld his humiliation with pleasure and that Amanda was flirting with her lover and was bestowing upon him her most bewitching smiles before and after the combat.

Crestfallen and weary, the deacon wended his way at six. p. m. to the home of his cousin, Joshua Whipple, with whom he hoped to hold sensible converse and forget his troubles. But lo! when he arrived he was ushered into a room where sat his wife and daughter and Lieutenant Wainwright. A more surprised and angry man than the deacon was for the next few moments never was seen, and the worst of it was that the three persons mentioned thoroughly enjoyed his discomfiture. He stammered out several gruff remarks and insisted on departing, leaving the others masters of the situation.

In the evening there was a great ball in the dining-room of the tavern, and the couple who danced the Virginia reel with the most grace and spirit were Lieut. Wainwright and Miss Hepburn.

The mortified deacon never recovered sufficiently from his defeat to oppose his daughter's wishes openly; and a few weeks later the banns of that fair damsel and her gallant lover were declared in the Presbyterian church.

J. A. BOLLES.

HIS CIGAR DID IT.

"By Jove! I hardly know what to do with myself to-day. Guess I'll take a flying trip somewhere; and—"

So he did.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Easily Accounted For.

"Well," remarked the Fourth of July to the fifth, "I went off all right."

"That's because everybody knew you were loaded," replied the fifth.—Judge.

Wasn't His Fault.

Brown—What did you mean by burning all the feathers off the parrot?

Little Johnnie—Why, dad, didn't she say: "Polly wants a cracker?"—Jury.

An Excellent Reason.

Brown—Why don't you go outside to fire off your crackers?

Little Johnnie—'Cause they smell more in the house.—Life.

A Word of Caution.

First Firecracker—I'm off!

Second Firecracker—That's funny; don't do it again or I'll explode.

Quite Natural.

It is not strange that so many excursions go off on the Fourth of July.—Oil

A MEMORABLE DAY.

THE trouble came
just with the end
of the racket,
One Fourth of
July, as you'll presently learn.
'Twas not a lopped
finger, nor torn nor
spoiled jacket,
I escaped from all
harm—save a very
slight burn.

But papa had provided a
new silken banner,
Which swayed in the
evening breeze, far
out of reach,
And our guests were discoursing in happiest
manner,
When, lo! some one
called upon me for a
speech.

Oh, never did heart beat to time that was faster
Than mine, as I stood there, not daring to
flee!
For I would far rather have faced grave disaster
Than make an oration quite extempore.

How should I begin?—with my hands in my
pockets
My thoughts seemed to take a precipitous
flight;
I but knew that above me the arrowy rockets
Left beautiful arches of jewel-like light.

The words "Fellow-citizens" loomed up suggestive,
And somehow I managed the form to repeat;
And then from sheer fright at my voice I grew
restive,
And felt I must suffer the shame of defeat.

At last in the kitchen, I heard ice a-shaking,
And instantly roused from discomfiture's
dream,
To say, 'midst applause,—for the motion proved
taking—
"I move that the speeches come after the
cream."

—Jane Ellis Joy, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE METROPOLIS.

How the Fourth Is Celebrated on Manhattan Island.

SOMEHOW or other I don't think that I shall ever forget the first Fourth of July I spent in New York. In Texas, where I had previously resided, the glorious Fourth is celebrated in pretty much the same style as it is in New York; but somehow or other it did not seem to me to make so much noise. Texas is somewhat larger than Manhattan Island. Perhaps that may account for it.

Yes, I rejoiced that it was over, but still I was not entirely happy, for an eleven-inch firecracker had exploded on the rim of my ear, and I became an eyesore to my friends. When we conversed they had to do most of it, for I was kept busy holding my hand to the side of my head, and repeating such questions as "Hey?" "What do you say?" I feel perfectly sure that I missed several invitations to "take something" owing to my temporary deafness. For awhile I was very deaf, indeed, but I have recovered my hearing, and now it is no longer safe to invite me to join in passing the flowing bowl.

Still I have my doubts about the people of the north being more patriotic than those of the south. Recently, statistics have been published which show that more people have had their arms and fingers blown off in the south than in the north, which also goes to prove that the feeling against the British is more intense in the south than has generally been supposed.

Judging perhaps by the noise made on the Fourth of July the thoughtless observer might conclude that the south was really less patriotic than the north; but it should be taken into consideration that in Gotham firecrackers are only three cents a pack, and pin wheels cost only a cent apiece, whereas in southern cities they are much more expensive. Even the poorest classes of New York can afford to express their detestation of George III. and his minions at a comparatively trifling expense.

The high price of explosives in the south is the real cause of the people of New Orleans, for instance, seeming to be comparatively indifferent as to which side whipped in the great revolutionary struggle. In New York, where cannon crackers are almost given away, the enthusiasm is so pronounced that revelers begin to make the welkin ring, and to get tight, on the night of the third of July.

So thorough is the detestation of English tyranny in New York, that even as early as the afternoon of the third I have seen the police wiping up the sidewalks with well-dressed inebriates. In the drug stores boys get their fingers tied up from toy pistol wounds as early

A FULL-GROWN MAN WITH AN ADULT GUN.

as the second of July. Two years ago, I saw an elderly gentleman fall out of a second-story window while firing off a Roman candle, and it was not later than eight o'clock of the evening before the Fourth.

But to return to my experiences on the first great national holiday spent in New York. At an early hour I bounded slowly and reluctantly from my couch, and hied me to my private journalistic arena on the ground floor. My intention was to write a glowing editorial on the "Decay of American Patriotism," but owing to the constant detonations I was unable to finish it.

While I was trying to collect my thoughts, there was a boy in the window of the fourth story of the flat house in which I resided who dropped, on an average, three lighted firecrackers a minute into the yard and less than three feet from where I was collecting my thinks. The firecrackers were all ruined by the explosions, and I was glad of it. They could never be used again, but I never shed a tear, not even a moist sod.

In the next yard there was a full-grown man with an adult gun, who loaded and fired at five o'clock—I don't know whether he hit it or not—and kept it up all day without turning a hair.

I did not make much progress with my patriotic editorial. I wrote:

"This is the national gala day, the day that for more than a century has been resonant with the echoes of patriotic music. — —" Bang! Bang! Bing-bang-bang—bing-bing-bang—bang-bing—bang — — * * ! ! ! * ! * ! ! ! ! ! —bang!

But I rallied, and wrote out:

"It is well. Let the cheers be given with a will. Let the fireworks cleave the sky with their brilliant path of light—"

Here a small boy interrupted me, and I replied in small caps: "NO! I'm not going to give you another cent to buy firecrackers with, and if you fire another one of them in this yard I'll slam you against the fence so you will stick there. Get out!"

Then I resumed my writing:

"Let us celebrate the day, and not mourn that it costs a few hard-earned dollars."

"NO! I say; clear out! Not a nickel more for firecrackers." Bang! Bing-bang-bang-bang-bing-whiz! Kerflam!

SWEET REPLIES IN SMALL CAPS: "NO!"

Kerflum!—these last two detonations being from the idiot with gun in the next yard.

Then I gave it up. There was no use trying to write under those circumstances.

Nevertheless, I am in favor of the Fourth. Perhaps it is just as well that our revolutionary fathers succeeded as well as they did in dispelling the British yoke; otherwise, more of us might be standing around like clothing store dummies, with eyeglass and an idiotic leer and saying in a tone of voice that indicates nasal catarrh: "Aw, weally! 'Ow's yer 'ealth, melud," just like those wretched dudes on Fifth avenue. Let us be thankful that we are collectively no bigger fools than we really are.

ALEX E. SWEET.

LESSONS OF THE FOURTH.

A Duty Which the Rising Generation Owes to the Revolutionary Heroes.

While exploding their firecrackers and admiring the display of fireworks, the boys and girls of America must not forget the noble lesson taught by the Fourth of July. It commemorates the birth of American independence and was made a national holiday to impress on the minds of coming generations the valor and disinterested patriotism of the revolutionary heroes who fought, suffered and died to bequeath to their children and children's children the precious boon of liberty. Had the patriotic fathers of our country failed to adopt the declaration of independence on that famous Fourth of July, 1776, what is now the United States would in all probability still be an English colony with the limited rights grudgingly granted to the Australian colonies and to Canada. Every political blessing we enjoy to-day—and there is no nation in the world which enjoys as many—is the result of the labors of the patriot leaders, many of whose names even have been forgotten by the men and women of our generation.

Fortunately, the American people are beginning to realize that for many years Fourth of July patriotism has not been of the type which made the revolutionary war a success. In almost every public school the pupils have for several years past been taught to celebrate the day in a becoming manner and to return thanks for the noble work wrought by their great-grandfathers and perpetuated by their grandfathers and fathers.

Liberty without intelligence degenerates into license, and license leads to anarchy. Children old enough to understand the meaning of these terms should band themselves together everywhere to spread the doctrine of pure liberty sanctioned by law and blessed by Providence. In no other way should the youth of America celebrate the Fourth of July and honor the memory of immortal Washington and his faithful advisers, followers and friends.

And if this spirit of '76 animates the boys and girls the explosion of firecrackers and kindred noise-producing trifles will readily be forgiven and sanctioned by their fathers and mothers.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

The Workings of Fate.

Merritt—Are you going to set off a powder mine this Fourth?

Little Johnny—Not much I ain't. The thing never goes off till a feller crawls back to see what's the matter with it.—Puck.

All Prepared.

Brown—Have you everything ready for the Fourth?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, my dear. Johnnie got his firecrackers and I bought the lint and arnica.—Jury.

You Bet It Is.

The Fourth of July is a celebrated day.—N. O. Picayune.

A Natural Mistake.

Pat—Thet youngster o' your'n is smoking, mum.

Mrs. Brown—Good gracious! You must be mistaken.

Pat—No, mum. Oi saw him wid a rid cigarette in his hand an' the sparks wuz comin' out o' it loike sixty!—Judge.

Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

Mrs. Brown—Do you see any fun watching that goat and the tomato can?

Little Johnny—There'll be plenty of it as soon as the cracker goes off.—Judge.

Why They Are Red.

The reason why firecrackers are always covered with red paper is that red is the festive color in China, and that firecrackers are used chiefly on festive occasions.

Not Above Deceit.

"I believe that young man who comes to see you is not above deceit, Margaret."

"Nonsense! Why should you think that?"

"Well, he treats Johnny as if he fairly loved him, and you know Johnny is not the best little brother in the world."—Life.

A BROKEN MATCH.

The Unhappy Ending of a Fourth of July Pleasure Trip.

Mr. Chauncy Chickweed, the acknowledged leader of the beaux of his town, and Miss Millie Melton, a young and charming creature, had become engaged to be married, and the young people of the place were all agog over the affair. It was a well-known fact that the couple had been keeping company, but it was not until about a week before the Fourth of July that their engagement became known.

On the Fourth there was to be an excursion in carriages to a neighboring town, where there was to be fireworks and festivity. Most of the young people were going, and conveyances were in great demand.

Chauncy had been unfortunate in his selection of a horse. Being timorous and unacquainted with horses he had secured the meekest, most docile looking animal in all the stables of the town. It had the appearance of not only being well broken in spirit but in body as well—a large, bony quadruped of the genus "plug," whose locomotion strongly suggested all the ailments to which poor horseflesh is heir.

To relieve the painful prominence of the sorry nag's angularity Chauncy secured as presentable a buggy as possible. In this outfit he drove up to his ladylove's door on the morning of the Fourth, attired in the faultless raiment of the exquisite that he was.

Miss Millie was all ready and waiting in a perfect flutter of expectancy, but when she beheld the unsightly frame that halted before her door there was a hard struggle between love and indignation within her. Love gained the mastery, however, and she went out

HE WAS A SORRY SIGHT.

with a beaming smile in which was a mixture of amusement and annoyance.

Chauncy assisted her to a seat beside him and started old Dobbin down the road in a sort of loitering amble toward the rendezvous of the party, several squares distant.

Arriving at the appointed place Chauncy and his lady were greeted with much hilarity on account of their ancient and attenuated roadster.

The company having all assembled they formed into line, with Chauncy in the rear, and started for the scene of revelry.

As they passed along the streets of the town a throng of people watched them, and the uproarious urchin with his pockets bulging with combustibles shouted at them as he hurled his missiles of destruction in every direction.

Hardly had the procession got under way ere a catastrophe occurred which blasted the hopes of two fond young hearts and turned the peaceful scene into one of wildest commotion: A large torpedo thrown by an impish youngster landed on old Dobbin's flank with a loud report. He sprang erect for a moment and then dashed forward with a snort of terror.

The first plunge brought him to the edge of a deep ditch more than half full of stagnant water upon which was a thick green scum. As the wheels of the buggy neared the edge Chauncy, with a wild yell and without looking where he was leaping, flung himself into the midst of the foul pool. With a great splash he disappeared in the malodorous ditch from which he dragged himself in a woeful plight. His light trousers and immaculate linen were ruined, and he was a sorry sight as he stood and watched old Dobbin tearing down the road with Millie clinging desperately to the lines and a hundred people in hot pursuit.

The old horse made a good heat of it, but soon brought up against a fence with Millie still tugging at the lines. She was helped into a friend's carriage with whom she remained the whole day through without so much as inquiring after her cowardly lover.

The young people laughed and danced, the orators bawled and shouted themselves hoarse, the flags and banners fluttered in the breeze and at night the rockets hissed and flew into the air, the wheels and candles merrily whizzed and popped, but Chauncy was not there to enjoy them. He was at home bemoaning his sad fate and endeavoring to renovate his damaged apparel.

When he called on Miss Millie the next evening she gave him his release. She said that she could not wed a man who would desert her in time of danger.

Chauncy was overcome with sorrow at his summary dismissal, but humbly acknowledged the justice of it, and as he bade her farewell he declared with some spirit that he would never go riding again on the Fourth of July.

FRANK B. WELCH.

Particular.

"Don't let me deprive you of your seat," she said, as he rose.

"Don't mention it, madame. It isn't mine, anyhow; it belongs to the road," said he.—Harper's Bazar.

An Embarrassing Question.

She (wistfully)—I think I would make you a good wife.

He (a superintendent—mechanically)—Have you had any experience?—Munsey's Weekly.

A Linguistic Dog.

Fair Customer—You say you trained that dog yourself. Can he understand me if I call him in English?

Dealer—Yah. Off you whistle to him.—Good News.