

A recent German writer on dueling tries to prove that it is not forbidden by the Christian religion.

The large majority of families in this country have not over \$500 a year to live upon, says the New York Post.

According to the Philadelphia Times Spain has decided to organize 40,000 additional troops to be sent to Cuba by the 1st of October.

The new woman has invaded India. The question of laying out parks in town for gymnastic exercises of Zenana women is being ventilated in the press of that country.

According to a London decree, a householder cannot interfere with the playing of an organ grinder, unless it hurts his business, injures his health, or unless he has sickness in the house.

An English-speaking race may be losing much influence in Europe, Asia and Africa, but in the three Americas its future is to be even greater than its past, maintains the New York Mail and Express.

If every state in the Union would simply adopt a measure to induce perfect drainage of the roads, it would be a long step in advance toward good roads. In many parts of the country that is about all that is necessary.

No specially prepared table of statistics is necessary to support the assertion that Germany is the most intellectually industrious of the European countries. Thinking men often refer to it as "the home of higher philosophy and the hot-bed of sciences."

According to the census of 1890 the amount of wages paid annually to mechanics, artisans and laborers in the United States was \$1,599,516,997. Besides this over \$300,000,000 was paid to piece workers and about \$400,000,000 salaries to officers, clerks and other employes of firms and corporations. In all the enormous sum of \$2,283,250,000 is shown to be paid out every year in salaries and wages to those who work, day by day and month by month, for the support of themselves and families. It is a sum so vast that the imagination can hardly grasp it, and it exceeds by more than a third the whole amount of the national debt.

The unprecedented distinction which awaits president Cleveland is that his portrait and figure are to appear in the great frieze of the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Senator Hansbrough and his committee on library have decided to finish out the frieze, on which work was stopped seven years ago, by adopting for the vacant panels these three historic scenes: (1) The discovery of gold in California; (2) the driving of the last spike in the transcontinental railway; (3) the formal opening of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago by president Cleveland. Sketches of the three scenes have been made by the artist Costaglini.

It appears to Harper's Weekly "that we ought all to do what we can to get more people hanged. In states where capital punishment is administered by electricity that method of taking life will answer, but the law that prescribes it must be enforced. The electrical machines must not be allowed to stand idle, and we ought to use our influence to keep them in frequent use. Of course our duty in this particular is painful, but it is imperative. The question is whether we shall kill murderers or they shall kill us. By all means let us kill them. They need killing far more than we do, so long as we are peaceable and decently behaved. A supplementary question is whether murderers shall be killed by due process of law or by mobs. Let us have them lawfully executed, for that gives by far the best results. More than ten thousand people were murdered in the United States last year. In the year 1888 less than four thousand were murdered. The increase of population in seven years has been considerable. Last year business was bad, and people were cross and more murderously inclined, no doubt, than common. Still, taking everything into consideration, the increase of murders was astounding. It ought to be checked, and the only practicable way to check it is to have murderers suffer the legal penalty of their crime. It is shocking to kill any one, but if one must choose between killing the guilty after conviction and having the innocent killed off-hand, there cannot be any hesitation about what duty and common sense demand. Murder must be made more unpopular in the United States."

### BETTY BOSTON'S FOURTH.

BY NORA FERRY.

FOURTH of July is coming, and we must do something, we positively must," cried Betty, as she pulled from her calendar the slip of paper that recorded the 30th of June, and was confronted by the big black lettering, "July."

"Do something about what, pray?" inquired her older sister, Anne.

"The Fourth."

"The what?"

"The Fourth of July. If father were here he would do something to celebrate it—but I've a whole guinea left of my allowance and I can buy—"

"Betty, you are not going to buy a lot of firecrackers and torpedoes to disturb the whole neighborhood?"

"There aren't any neighbors near enough to disturb."

"Near enough! What about the Staffords? How do you suppose old Lady Stafford will like your firecrackers and torpedoes explosions, and what do you suppose Sir Richard and all the rest of them will think of our flaunting this Fourth of July business in their faces? It's outrageous taste, anyway, Betty, to show off our brag of independence from their country, like this."

"I ain't doing it for them. I ain't going to invite them."

"You might as well; they'll hear the whole uproar. It's an awfully vulgar kind of way to celebrate anything. You'd better—with increasing sarcasm—"get some boys to play 'Yankee Doodle' for you, on a drum and fife."

"But the American Club in London celebrated the day, and at the American minister's last year—"

"Oh, yes, with flags and speeches at their dinner tables; they didn't fire off a lot of crackers and torpedoes for everybody to hear. Oh, Betty, don't. I should be so ashamed of such a show-off before these English people. It's all so vulgar, the whole brag and bluster of it."

"You are always bothering about these English people—what they'll think of us; what they'll say. You haven't a bit of independence."

"I don't care for the independence



DICKEY AND BOB CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

that is always going round offending and hurting people's feelings."

"Well, I don't want to hurt these English folks' feelings. But I don't think they are very careful what they say to us. Old Lady Stafford calls me Betty Boston instead of Betty Barton, and that Miss Stafford that you look up to so—"

"Look up to! That's ridiculous, Betty."

"That you look up to so," coolly proceeded Betty, "said to me once: 'You don't talk in a nasal tone at all, as I supposed all Americans did.'"

"She means to compliment you, and calling you 'Betty Boston' is old Lady Stafford's fun. She likes you very much, I can see, and oh, Betty, don't, I entreat you, go and turn them all against us by making that beastly uproar of a celebration. Now, promise me that you won't?"—implored and tearfully—"promise! promise!"

And Betty promised.

"What's the matter, Betty? What's gone wrong? You look awfully out of it."

"I—I'm disappointed about something, Dicky, that's all."

"It must be a pretty big 'all' by your looks. Tell me what it is, Betty; maybe I can help you."

"You! Oh, no—you're the last person to tell."

"Why? Why? What have I done?"

"You haven't done anything; it's only what you are—it's only," but here Betty stopped short.

"Betty, Betty, go on."

"I can't. I ought not to have said as much as I have."

"But, having said that, it's unfair not to go on. Whatever you've got against me—whatever you think I am that I shouldn't be, you ought to tell me and give me a chance to defend myself. I didn't think you would hurt a fellow's feelings by being unfair like this," and Dicky Stafford flushed up with vexation.

"Oh, I don't want to hurt any of your feelings—that's what I told Anne," cried Betty with a little hysterical laugh.

"And your sister is in it, too! Well, I must say—but instead of saying anything, I think I'll bid you good morning, Miss Barton. You can't want the company of a fellow you think—"

"Oh, Dickey, Dickey, stop, stop, don't go off like that. Tisn't anything against you—it's me," regardless of grammar—"I was going to do something, and Anne didn't want me to do it. Oh, dear, I've tangled and

### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



bungled so I shall have to tell you the truth, or you'll think it's something worse than it is; but first you must promise me you won't tell any of your family, Dickey."

Dicky looked astonished, but nevertheless gave the promise with the greatest alacrity; and then Betty told the story of her 4th of July plan, and why she had relinquished it.

"As if my people would care because you celebrated a victory gained over us more than a hundred years ago; I'd like to hear what my father'd say to this," laughed Dickey.

"But you're not going to tell him—you promised not to tell any of your family," cried Betty in alarm.

"And I'm not going to break my promise; but I know they'd feel just as I do—"

"No, you don't know. They might take it as Anne said they would. Anne knows more about the world than you or I. Anne is eighteen."

"Anne's a goose," thought Dickey. He was a clever little fellow, and though Betty by no means told him everything that Annie had said, or that she herself had said, he understood a great deal more of Miss Ann's motives than Betty imagined. "And to think of her spoiling all of this fun; it's a shame," he further thought. "But tell me everything—all the details of what you wanted to do," he presently said.



high degree, and she was delighted when she found that the house her father had taken for the season at Eastcombe was so near to Sir Richard Stafford's place. In fact it was part of the Stafford property, and Sir Richard had rented it gladly to the rich American manufacturer who had come over from America to put himself under the care of Dr. Eyelet, the great London oculist; the doctor himself introducing Mr. Barton to Sir Richard and recommending Edgecombe, as in easy distance of London. The Staffords had been "very nice," as Anne had expressed it, and Anne was happy in the anticipation of further niceness—of getting quite chummy with the Staffords perhaps. But as yet the only chumminess seemed to be between Betty and Dicky. Dicky had taken to Betty at once. "A girl who can ride a bicycle like that little Yankee is no fool," Dicky had announced at the start, and Betty had told her family that "that little red-headed English boy was a very jolly little boy."

"Things are going on swimmingly," Anne said to herself as she watched the two chums from her tower, "and if Betty's dreadful American assertiveness don't interfere there is no knowing what we may be to the Staffords some day."

On the morning of the Fourth of July Anne was blissfully dreaming that she was at a grand party at Stafford hall, dancing the opening quadrille with Bob Stafford, the Oxford undergraduate. She was at the very height of her triumph, when suddenly the fine orchestral strains changed to a queer piping tune—tootle, tootle, tootle, and then, a bum, bum, bum, that was strangely familiar to her; and with this the undergraduate disappeared, and the ballroom vanished, while the tootle, tootle, and bum, bum, of the drum grew harder and harder, so loud that Anne opened her eyes, then started and started, then sprang from her bed and rushed to the window in breathless horror, when tootle, tootle, the clear life notes with the bum, bum of the drum wafted up to her the deathless old tune of "Yankee Doodle."

"Oh, how could Betty have done this? she promised me, she promised me!" wailed Anne.

Sir Richard was strolling about under his trees in his usual fashion that morning when he suddenly pricked up his ears at the sound of a drum and fife. Where were they and where had he heard that tune before? After a minute or two he began to whistle the tune, just as Dicky had done, and then all at once it flashed upon him where he had heard it before. It was two or three summers ago 'way out on a great cattle ranch in America, where he had been a guest for a few days. One of these days happened to be the Fourth of July and his hosts—fine young Americans, gentlemen all of them—had celebrated the day with great jollity by a lot of fireworks, flag flying and other holiday demonstrations, none of which was more interesting to the Englishman than a drum and fife performance by two colored men of that quaint quickstep "Yankee Doodle."

"The jolliest tune I ever heard," mused Sir Richard, who, like his son, had a great ear for tunes. But where—who could be playing it here? "Why, those tenants of mine, they are Americans, and by jove to-day is the Fourth of July, and this is what they are up to, celebrating the day; and there are only those two girls at home! Why didn't I remember? Dicky! Bob!" and calling these names Sir Richard hastened towards the house.

"What is it, what do you want of Dicky and Bob?" asked old Lady Stafford, who was just then coming down the path to meet him.

"I want them to help those young Americans, the Bartons, to carry out their holiday plans. It's the Fourth of July, you see, their National holiday. Don't you remember?" and Sir Richard recalled for his mother that American ranch experience of his, even to whistling for her "the jolliest tune" he ever heard.

Lady Stafford remembered perfectly. "And you wanted Dicky and Bob to help," she began, when Sir Richard interrupted with:

"Yes, I wanted them to help those two girls; I have just thought that the mother and father are away."

"To be sure. It's a shame for those two young things, strangers as they are, to have no neighborly help in their holiday work. Bob isn't down yet and Dicky's off somewhere. I heard him up half an hour ago; but I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll just step over there now, you and I, and offer them any assistance they need. There's a lot of those pretty Japanese torpedoes and firework things in the coachhouse. We'll offer those to them for one thing."

### Then and Now.



"But isn't it pretty early in the morning for a call?" demurred Sir Richard.

"A call! Don't be absurd, Richard; we are going over on a neighborly errand, and we've got to be quick about it, or we shan't be of any use, for they're in the thick of their fun now as you hear," and Lady Stafford hurried her son forward with such energy that in a few minutes the two were entering the Barton grounds just as Anne came running out of the house to stop "that dreadful drum and fife noise." Betty was following in the rear. If Dicky was to be quenched, Betty was bound to stand by him and be quenched too, and so had dressed as expeditiously as possible to be "in at the death."

Lady Stafford catching sight of the two girls, nodded vigorously, and when she was near enough began:

"We heard your drum and fife music and came over to ask if you—"

"Oh, Lady Stafford, I was just coming out to stop it. It isn't my fault, and I'm so sorry, I—"

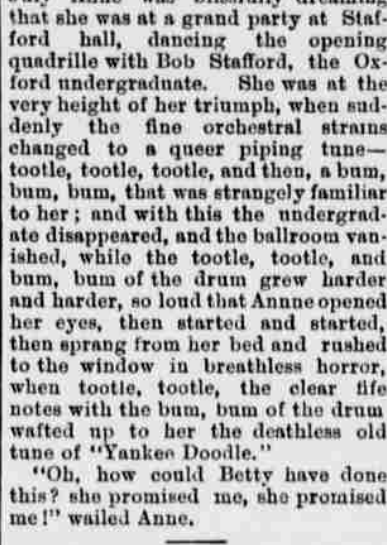
"Fault! sorry!" echoed Lady Stafford, staring at Anne with a puzzled astonishment that brought her brows together in a frown that both the girls misunderstood, and that stirred up Betty to say:

"No, it isn't Anne's fault, it's mine," and then with a little fiery sparkle in her eyes at what she thought was the unwarranted fault-finding of these English people, Betty, in spite of Anne, told the whole truth of her patriotic purpose and how it had been frustrated, and why, and her own disappointment thereat, winding up with her confidences to Dicky, and the result.

"And it's Dicky after all," broke forth Lady Stafford, her lips twitching with her appreciation of the situation thus revealed to her. "It's Dicky; ah, here he comes, the scamp! Dicky, how dared you do this when you knew how Miss Barton felt about it?"

"Hullo!" cried Dicky at sight of his grandmother and his father; "how came you here?"

"Well, Miss Barton will tell you that we were disturbed by this patriotic racket and came over to protest against it. That it not only hurt our ears but our feelings; that—oh, Miss Barton, Miss Barton," breaking into the jolliest of lady laughs, "How could you think we were such silly



folks as to take your celebration as an offense? "Why," and here Lady Stafford explained the real state of her own and Sir Richard's feeling, and the real reason of this early visit, gently to Anne's confounding and to Betty's unmixed delight.

"And didn't I tell you so?" cried Dicky, hilariously, nodding to Betty. "I knew they'd take it all right;" and then straight to his lips he lifted his fife again, and tootle, tootle, bum, bum, and his little drummer started up that jolliest tune Sir Richard had ever heard. "Yankee Doodle." And that night after the Japanese fireworks had been set off by the two brothers, tootle, tootle, bum, bum, Sir Richard would have the tune again; and it was to this tune that the whole party were marched over to the hall, where "dear gran," as the motherless Stafford children called Lady Stafford, had a little feast spread to finish up the day.

"But it's for that dear little, honest, independent Betty," declared gran, in the privacy of her own family. "How she did stand up to me, and defy me with the whole truth, when that foolish sister was for wriggling out of it. I liked little Betty Boston from the start, and now I have a great respect for her."

"Yes," added Sir Richard, "she has character enough to stand by her guns."

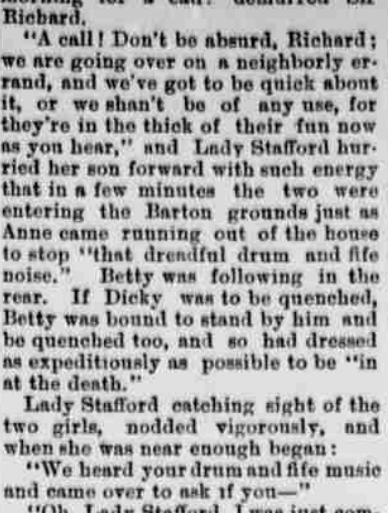
"And not to run with ours," laughed the undergraduate.

"As her sister was constantly trying to do," joined in Miss Stafford, the young lady of Anne's admiration.

But it remained for Dicky to bestow upon Betty the most effective tribute in this family conclave.

"Betty? Betty is the pluckiest girl and the prettiest girl and the best bicycle rider on either side of the Atlantic," he cried, "and when I grow up to her, I'm going to see if I can persuade her to come over here and celebrate the Fourth of July every year with me," and tootle, tootle, Dicky whistled the tune of "Yankee Doodle" to his father's applauding laughter and gran's approving nod.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Fourth of July Fun.



To the patriotic small boy the Fourth of July is a game that is always worth the Roman candle.

Some leave the city on the Fourth for quiet, while others, following the fireworks' example, go off for a lively time.

Jokes which include the exploding near people of the largest-size cannon crackers are of the kind that it is better not to dwell upon.

Stranger—"Your orator has a loud voice, but he is murdering the Queen's English in the most horrible manner."

Native—"Why shouldn't he on the Fourth of July?"

Young America—"Did Thomas Jefferson write all of the Declaration himself?" Patriotic Parent—"Yes, my son, he wrote every word of it with his own pen." Young America—"Why didn't he hire a stenographer and typewriter?"

Grandpa (looking up)—"What is it, my boy?" Freddie (at window)—"Stand out a little farther on the sidewalk. I have a package of torpedoes, and I want to drop them down on your bald head."

Giant firecrackers this year are fourteen inches long, and contain powder enough to break a plate-glass window when exploded on the curb. Small boys will not only have to look for their fingers on the Fourth, but parents will have to look for their boys.



President Cleveland on the Fourth.

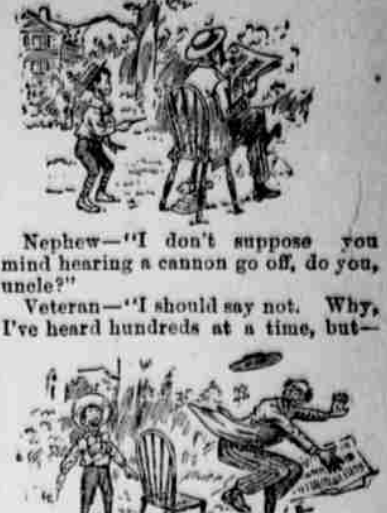
The day is celebrated, not because on the Fourth of July certain English colonies in America declared their freedom and independence, but because on that day the first step was taken on this continent toward trusting human government to the control and management of the people to be governed.

This reflection leads to the further thought that such a project could never have been entertained except in the faith and expectation that those entrusted with self-government would guard and cultivate that unselfish and self-sacrificing devotion to their scheme of government which is absolutely essential to its purity and safety.

Inasmuch as this sentiment is the life of our institutions, and because they are threatened with the stifling atmosphere of selfishness and cupidity, we should so commemorate Independence Day as to stimulate and intensify a patriotic love of our Government for its own sake, while our rejoicing should be measured by the extent to which we and all our countrymen are imbued with this feeling.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

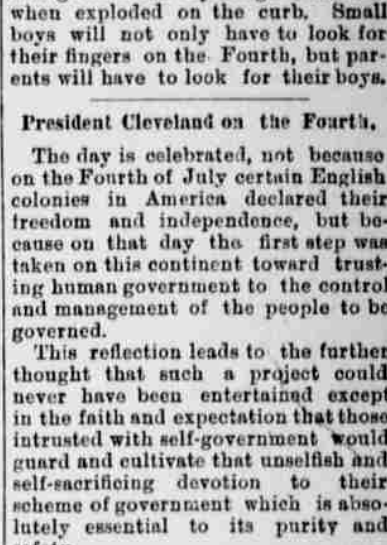
### Independence Day.



Bang! Boom! Rattle and rize! By signs like these we know it is 'Dear Independence Day!' A smell of powder in the air. A small boy present everywhere, Engaged in mimic fray!

A trumpet's sware, a drum's loud beat, A quaint procession in the street Of little "minute men" A cheer, a shout, a proud hurra, And patriot "Young America" Applauds the Past again.

A bright, bewildering array, Of "goddesses" in ribbons gay The colors of the free! A Nation's honored flag full mast, And in the heart, thank God, a fast, Firm love for Liberty! —Susan M. Best, in New York Independent



A New Supply.

Mrs. Bingo—"I thought you weren't going to play with that little boy next door any more?"

Bobby—"I wasn't; but my fire crackers gave out before his."

### Relics of the Great Declaration.



The accompanying picture shows the table upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed and the chair of the President of the Congress at that time in session. They are now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The Government of India appropriates 10,000,000 rupees a year to the maintenance and care of forests.