

Fourth of July.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Once a year it comes
With its flags and drums,
With its cannon loud,
With its rockets high
And their starry crowd
Filling all the sky.

Music in the air,
Powder everywhere,
Crackers making noise,
Snapping at your feet,
For the happy boys
All along the street.

Then, hurrah! I say,
Independence day
Comes but once a year,
With its noise and smoke,
Let us hold it dear,
Big and little folk.

Let us take our part
With a loyal heart,
Be our flags unfurled,
Little maid and man,
Proudest in the world
Free
—New York Independent.

DAISY'S FOURTH.

At the railway station of a certain insignificant settlement beyond the Rockies a number of men were waiting the distribution of the mail one bright day in April. There was no special reason for excitement, but the newly established fact of a daily halt of the train and a postoffice of their own was enough to attract the expectant as well as those to whom the receipt of a letter would be a surprise.

Among the scanty supply of letters brought by the eastern mail was a dainty square envelope addressed to Mr. J. Lucas, which the postmaster held up for admiration, with the remark that it would have to go to its own funeral in the dead letter office, for there was no one of that name in that part of the country.

"Reckon it's for me," said an elderly man on crutches, moving slowly through the curious crowd.

"Well, I never thought of your having any name but Uncle Jerry," said the postmaster, handing him his property, "but I s'pose you know best."

Mr. Lucas laughed, then opened his letter and read it through. "Boys," said he soberly, "it's from my niece. She's a widow. Husband died 'fore they'd been married a year. She wants to come on and live with me awhile 'cause her little girl's all broken down after scarlet fever. The doctor's sending her out here to get toed up. But, good Lord, what shall I do with a woman here, where there's no accommodations for them?"

"Would you mind showing me the letter?" said Jack Dinsmore rather hesitatingly. "Sometimes I can get quite an idea of a person by a letter, and maybe I could suggest something to help you out."

"They were all officious in suggestions, but Uncle Jerry believed patiently for Jack's opinion, believing, as most of the community did, that what was sense and wisdom he did not possess were not worth mentioning. He handed back the letter, saying: "Don't worry about her, Uncle Jerry, but let her come. She doesn't write like a woman that's bound to sleep on rose leaves, and remember," softly, "if there's money wanted to make her comfortable, I've a useless pile of it all ready for you to dip into."

"I guess we'll have enough of it. You notice Daisy says she's collected a life insurance and won't be a burden to nobody. And lately I've been doing pretty well with that stove pot invention I put some money into."

Uncle Jerry was almost helpless with rheumatism, but Jack was a most able coadjutor, and by unblinking bribery and corruption succeeded in securing the two most decent rooms in the tall shanty called by courtesy the hotel for the use of the expected guests. There was much excitement among the residents when the appointed day came, and the pretty, graceful woman who stepped from the cars might well have been terrified at the spectacle of a platform crowded with men, who eagerly watched her every motion. But she had no thought for anything but the sleeping child beneath whose weight her own slender frame seemed almost bending. Such men as those who watched her were too chivalrous to wait for Uncle Jerry's slow approach. Half a dozen sprang forward with an entreaty to be allowed to help her, and in a moment the lovely 3-year-old baby's blond curls had been resting on Jack Dinsmore's shoulder. The sleepy blue eyes opened for a look at him, then closed again contentedly, and the little mother, with a grateful, confiding glance, turned to look for her uncle.

"It's a genywine treat to see a first class lady out here and a real live baby, even if it's kinder weak and sickly," said one of the gang of observers as they slowly dispersed after enjoying the affectionate meeting between uncle and niece.

It was a feeling they all shared, and the gentle, womanly influence so swayed the crowd of men who filled the long tables at the hotel that they were no longer the reckless set who had been sitting there for months. Changes in dress were not practicable in every case, but soap, razors and combs exerted their constant and humanizing power.

The baby grew stronger every day, and the mother was wildly happy in watching the change in her darling, who soon became the idol of every one.

The long hotel piazza devoted to smokers was not a fit place for a woman, and at Jack's instigation some of the men ran out a rough balcony or gallery in front of Mrs. Lane's room, and there like a queen she held a little reception every evening, with Uncle Jerry as chaperon. All her new friends worshipped the bright little woman, and several who had no home ties to hinder fell madly in love with her. Some of these modestly realized the hopelessness of their fancy and soon drew off, watching with the others the woeing of two, who, whether hopeless or not, were in dead earnest. One of these aspirants was Jack Dinsmore, the other a less popular man, nicknamed

for obvious reasons "Beauty Mordant."

His remarkably handsome face and graceful manners did not win baby Lily to his cause, for the child never swerved in her championship of the first man her sleepy eyes fell upon when the cars brought her to her present home. And Jack adored the child openly, but shyly concealed, or thought he did, the passionate love he felt for her mother. Uncle Jerry guessed his secret, and one day said to him suddenly: "Women don't like dumb lovers, man. If you want her, speak out. You have my consent full and free."

So on this hint, which half kindled a hope, Jack tried to speak one balmy twilight when he happened to be on her balcony alone with his adored, while Lily, wrapped in a warm shawl, slept on rustic bench. "There was a man," he began, breaking a short silence that had fallen between them and speaking in a constrained tone that told his listener of a depth of feeling below the commonplace words, "a man who'd never had anybody to care for him since his father and mother died, and he wasn't much more than a baby, and left him to be looked after or not, just as it happened."

"Poor little laddie! What became of him?"

"He was sent to boarding school while the money lasted. Then that went, just as orphans' money generally does go, and the fellow was left to shift for himself. He had rather a rough time for a while, but he came out west and struck luck in prospecting before he was very old."

"Oh, is he old?" said the listener blankly.

"Oh, no, not really, but he feels kind of old and forlorn sometimes, when he hears other fellows talking about their mothers and sisters and—wives," he finished very softly.

"Poor fellow," said Daisy pitifully. "Yes, he's a poor kind of fellow," pursued Jack humbly, "with no education or bringing up or anything to recommend him to a woman except just a whole heart full of love for her, and—"

and—oh, Mrs. Lane, it's myself I'm talking about, and I know I can have no chance with you." And poor Jack, in an agony of shame and fear that his avowed had lost him even the merest toleration from the lady of his love, rushed from the room. If he had been composed enough to take one look, he might have gathered hope from the bright blush that suffused Daisy's face and the tender, happy light that sprang to her eyes.

The beautiful color had not left her face before Mordant's soft, well modulated voice at the door sought permission to leave for Lily a pretty scented grass cradle of Indian manufacture. "Made from a drawing of my own," he told Mrs. Lane with a smile that brought out all the unbecoming beauty of his face. Daisy resisted an impulse to decline his gift because it would be such a pleasure to Lily, so she thanked him prettily and expressed her admiration for the ingenious toy. Then the conversation drifted on till at last he mentioned Jack's name, looking steadily at her as he did so and catching a look of interest that infuriated him. "Jack seems very solemn lately, but that's natural for a fellow situated as he is."

"Why, what's the peculiarity of Mr. Dinsmore's situation?"

"Oh, ha, ha! Haven't you heard. And I thought you were such friends."

"Hear what? I really don't know what you are talking about."

"Well, if Jack hasn't told you himself, I don't know that I have any right to," laughed "the beauty." "But every one knows that he's entangled some way with one of the girls over at the fort. Some of the boys guess he's married to her. I know he sends her money often."

Then, having planted the seeds of mischief, he bowed himself out.

As he left the little parlor he muttered to himself: "All's fair in love and war, and this will be both if Jack doesn't keep his ugly face out of my way. I'll have that woman if I have to go through a sea of lies, and it's well I struck in time, for she looked pretty haggard when I told that lady. I wonder if she's idiot enough to care for that fool of a fellow when there's better men round." He had not thought his party at the risk of his life to spend days and nights nursing him through a brain fever, but one forgets favors in love and war. Then in pursuance of his tactics he sought an early opportunity of putting a thorn in his rival's side.

"Don't the course of true love run smooth, eh?" he said mockingly at their next meeting.

"I don't understand."

"You're conveniently stupid, old boy. Well, never mind, I was a little soft with my myself till I found out in time by great good luck that I wasn't first on the field."

Jack turned very red, wondering for one wild moment if he was thought to be the fortunate one who had made the innings. The next remark enlightened him. "A pretty woman like that doesn't go long without some one getting a mortgage on her. Daisy Lane was engaged before she came out here. It's so, but please don't speak of it yet." It was true, as Mordant said to himself, and a huge joke, for of course she was engaged before she was married, as poor Jack might have guessed if he had not been too crushed by the blow to see the point of such wit.

From the fort, 20 miles away, had come an invitation to most of the settlers to celebrate the glorious Fourth by a ball and the first grand display of fireworks that part of the country had ever seen. The collections had been very munificent, and the amount of patriotic tins were so large that two wagons were required to transport the well boxed packages from the train. There was great enthusiasm among the invited. Every wagon in the settlement was supplied with board seats, and the big stage, which was one of the fort properties, was borrowed for the convenience of Mrs. Lane and the only other two women in the place whose position entitled them to an invitation. Jack was to drive

the coach, in which of course Uncle Jerry had a place. Lily was now so well that her mother arranged to leave her to the care of a trusty Irish woman. The entertainment was to begin and end early, for only on condition of returning the same night would Daisy be persuaded to leave her child.

When the morning of the Fourth came, Daisy, for the first time since her arrival, was at the station when the train came in, and Jack and Mordant, sauntering up, saw with astonished eyes her pretty little figure lost to sight for a brief space in the fervent embrace of a duster clothed young man who stepped from a car. Mordant had tact enough to turn the incident to account, and calmly remarking: "The chosen one, I suppose," walked off, leaving Jack a prey to woe.

The newcomer was widely introduced as Dr. Bruce and made one of the party driven that night by Jack, who had no heart to join the merry conversation of his passengers.

The ball was delightful, the fireworks magnificent, but Jack was thankful when the farewells were said. There was a grayness in the sky which remotely presaged dawn as they reached home, and all but Jack promptly retired to snatch such short lengths of sleep as remained to them. He, after caring for his horses, sat down upon an inverted barrel just within the stable door and gave himself up to dreary thoughts, which were soon invaded by the consciousness that a freshly rising breeze was carrying a strong scent of burning upon its wings. Instantly alert, he ran to the house, finding a bundle of oily rags stuffed under the piazza floor. He tore away the mass, stamped out the fire, and running around to the front found the incendiaries had put in better work. Smoke and fire were starting from several points, and the western corner, right under Daisy's room, was already bursting into flames.

Loudly calling "Fire!" to arouse the sleepers, who would not have too much time to get down from the upper rooms, he climbed up to Daisy's balcony and pounded at her window. She sprang to the window white as death, but understanding just what he wanted her to do. "Let me in, and I will carry the baby down stairs," he cried hurriedly, for the wind fanned flames were making quick headway with the light boards. "Follow me closely. Don't stop for anything. I will come back for your things."

But all her possessions had to go with the rest, for the fire gained force so rapidly that Jack had to work hard to assist some of the others to get out alive. Uncle Jerry, sleeping on the ground floor, was one of the first to get out, and with Daisy and the trembling little one stood at a safe distance sadly watching the destruction. Suddenly Daisy darted forward, crying: "Oh, where is Malcolm? He has not come down." As she spoke a cry from above drew every one's eyes.

From one of the highest windows a white, bewildered face looked out. "Oh, Malcolm," screamed Daisy, "you shall be saved!" And she flew distractedly toward the fiery place.

"Go back," sternly commanded Jack. "He shall be saved if I die for it." He dashed into the burning doorway, and for an awful moment the spectators waited. Then with a crash the roof fell in on one side, cutting off the stairs. But Jack was seen the next instant at the window by the doctor. Some of the men were strapping two short, light ladders together with frantic haste and steadying them against the wall, where they nearly reached the window. They shouted to Jack cheerily, flinging him a rope, which he was seen to fasten around the other man's waist. He lowered him to the top rounds, then stood quietly waiting for him to descend the ladder, which would hardly bear the weight of two. Swinging himself out, while the flames, which had burst into the room, seemed to chase him, he dropped upon the ladder.

As his feet touched the ground a crowd of men surrounded him, all eager to clasp his hand. But they fell back to make way for Mrs. Lane, who ran up with pale face and eyes shining like stars in the early light. There were eloquent words on her tongue, but not one could she speak. She could only put her two little hands in his and gaze up at his sad, honest eyes, with big tears falling from her own.

It was a hard moment for Jack, and to relieve his embarrassment he murmured, "I was so glad to be in time to get him down safely for you."

"For my sister, that means. You know he is my only sister's husband."

"Then he is not the one you are engaged to?" gasped Jack.

"Engaged! What are you talking about? I am not engaged to any one, but I hear that you are!" said Daisy, retreating in great disorder from the rapturous embrace with which Jack, made bold by something he saw in her face, refused the statement.

Mordant joined a vigilance committee that rode off at once to search for the incendiaries, capturing them, as they had reason to hope from past experience, at a group of miserable huts which sheltered a gang of reprobates, but instead of returning with the party Mordant took a train for the east and has never come back. Jack and Daisy, with hearts made kind by love, forgive and forget and have sent him cards for their wedding, which, in celebration of the eventful Independence day of last year, they have appropriately appointed for the Fourth of July, 1893.—New York Mail and Express.

Fun at the Signing.

Nor was a certain amount of verbal fun wanting. When John Hancock affixed his, under any other circumstance, prolix signature, he laughingly pushed the paper aside, saying: "There! John Bull may read my name without speaking!" Again, when Hancock reminded the members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin dryly remarked: "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else most assuredly we shall all hang separately!" And stout Mr. Harrison remarked to little Elbridge Gerry that when the hanging came he would have the advantage of him, for he should be dead while little Gerry would be dangling around slowly choking.

And thus on that hot morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, amid the lively stable buzzings flies, which the honorable gentlemen were vainly fighting with waving handkerchiefs, was given to the world the immortal Declaration of Independence.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FIRST FOURTH.

HOW THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS ANNOUNCED.

The Continental Congress Sent a Copy to Each of the States and Generals of the Army—Pennsylvania the First to Respond.

In Harper's Magazine Charles D. Deshler gives an interesting account of the manner in which the Declaration of Independence was received in each of the 13 original states, then widely scattered along the Atlantic coast. As we all know, the draft of that memorable instrument which declared us an independent nation was formally adopted by the continental congress on July 4, 1776. The next day (July 5) the following resolution was adopted by the congress in session in Philadelphia:

Resolved, That copies of the declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions and councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops; that it be proclaimed in each of the United States and at the head of the army.

It will be noted that in this resolution the continental congress observed the most punctilious deference to the recognized authorities of the several states. No copies of the declaration were ordered to be sent to individuals in official or representative bodies only.

On the same day, or within a day or two thereafter, the president of congress, John Hancock, inclosed a copy of the declaration to each of the states which had adopted a permanent government, and to the conventions (or provincial congresses) or to the councils or committees of safety of those states which had not yet formed regular governments, and in each case the document was accompanied by a letter in the terms following:

I do myself the honor to inclose, in obedience to the commands of congress, a copy of the declaration of Independence, which you will please to have proclaimed in your colony in such way and manner as you shall judge best. The important consequences resulting to the American states from this Declaration of Independence, considered as the ground and foundation of a future government, will naturally suggest the propriety of proclaiming it in such a mode that the people may be universally informed thereof.

On the 6th of July a copy of the declaration was sent by President Hancock to General Washington, accompanied by a letter in which he said:

The congress have judged it necessary to dissolve the connection between Great Britain and the American colonies and to declare ourselves free and independent states, as you will perceive by the inclosed declaration, which I am directed to transmit to you and to request you will have it proclaimed at the head of the army in the way you shall think most proper.

Similar letters were sent to the other generals commanding in the northern and southern departments.

The first state to respond by its representative body was Pennsylvania. In the minutes of the committee of safety of that state, then in session at Philadelphia, under date of July 6, 1776, is the following entry:

The president of the congress this day sent the following resolve of congress, which is directed to be entered on the minutes to this board:

Here follows the resolution of the continental congress quoted above:

In consequence of the above resolve, letters were written to the counties of Bucks, Chester, Northumberland, Lancaster and Berks, inclosing a copy of said declaration, requesting that they be published on Monday next (July 8) at the places where the election of delegates are to be held.

Ordered, That the sheriff of Philadelphia read a copy of the declaration at the statehouse, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock at noon of the same day, the declaration of the representatives of the United Colonies of America, that they had separated from and declared their independence of Great Britain, and that they had declared their allegiance to the United States of America, to be read and proclaimed at the statehouse, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock at noon of the same day.

Resolved, That every member of this committee or near the city be ordered to meet at the committee chamber before 12 o'clock on Monday, to proceed to the statehouse, where the Declaration of Independence is to be proclaimed.

The committee of inspection of this city and liberties were requested to attend the proclamation at the statehouse, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock.

In conformity with this action of the Pennsylvania committee of safety, the declaration was proclaimed in Philadelphia at the time appointed, and the proceedings are described in the following brief report which appeared in the Philadelphia and New York Gazettes of the ensuing day:

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1776.—This day the committee of safety and the committee of inspection went in procession to the statehouse, where the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America was read to a very large number of the inhabitants of this city and county, which was received with general applause and heartfelt satisfaction, and in the evening our late king's coat of arms was brought from the hall in the statehouse, where the said king's courts were formerly held, and burnt, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators.

On the above occasion the declaration was read by John Nixon from the platform of an observatory which had been erected many years before by the celebrated Dr. Rittenhouse near the Walnut street front of the statehouse for the purpose of observing a transit of Venus. At evening bonfires were lighted, the houses were illuminated, and it was not until a thunder shower at midnight compelled the people to retire that the sounds of rejoicing were hushed.

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INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The Most Tragical Event in Our History, It Marks the Death of Tyranny.

I will make of this a nation mightier and greater than they.—Deuteronomy ix, 14.

Another Fourth of July at hand! The speeding years bring round this great anniversary of brave deeds and brave results so rapidly that the music of our celebration scarcely dies away in the distance before we begin it all over again.

It is the brightest and sunniest, the saddest and the most tragic day in our calendar, the saddest when we think of the treasure of life which our national independence cost, the brightest when we contemplate the proud position which the republic has achieved and the encouragement it has afforded to those who are seeking liberty in all quarters of the globe.

Not one of the founders of our government dreamed of the magnitude or political significance of their undertaking. They were noble souls who ministered to the aspirations of 13 colonies and in doing so builded far better than they knew. It is safe to say that when King George signed the document which cut us loose from his sovereignty he unconsciously put his name to the death warrant of tyranny and oppression everywhere. No stroke of pen in royal hand ever meant so much for the progress of mankind. No autograph was ever written with greater unwillingness, for the feeble folk whom he professed to despise had driven his trained legions from the field, and the raw troops which were without discipline and without food had wrung a historic victory from his most trusted generals.

It will do no harm to recite these facts, not in the spirit of wanton boastfulness, but of grateful appreciation. They not only stir our pride, but rouse us to a sense of personal obligation. We have inherited a noble territory; but, better still, we are the fortunate heirs to certain immortal ideas which are to be defended against all comers at all times and at all cost.

No truer or more impressive words were ever uttered than those of Curran, who said: "The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance. The Fourth of July therefore means watchfulness. A generation of neglect would mean a crack in the walls of our temple. Amid the hurry and bustle of business we must give a passing and a loyal thought to our country. The flags which will wave from Atlantic to Pacific, from gulf to lakes, will fill the air with the mute eloquence of duty, and the sunshine which will fall on the tombs of our never to be forgotten dead will be an appeal to cherish the memories of the past in order to insure the safety of the future."

Let fun and jollity prevail. No nation can as well afford to laugh and be glad as we. We envy no one and have plenty within our borders. Peace and prosperity are guests in our household. But the still, small voice whispers a word of timely warning that as private honesty is the source of personal happiness public integrity is the foundation of national permanency.—New York Herald.

An Apocryphal Incident.

In The Scots Magazine for 1776, published at Edinburgh, a copy of which is in the writer's possession, in the number for August occurs the following curious item, descriptive of some ceremonies alleged to have been observed by the continental congress on the day of its adoption of the declaration:

A letter from Philadelphia says: "The 4th of July, 1776, the Americans appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, preparatory to their dedicating their country to God, which was done in the following manner: The congress assembled, after having declared America independent, they had a crown placed on a Bible, which by prayer and solemn devotion they offered to God. This religious ceremony being ended, they divided the crown into thirteen parts, each of the united provinces taking a part."

"I have been unable to discover," says Mr. Deshler, "any confirmatory evidence of this dramatic and, I suspect, entirely fabulous performance. I have no doubt, however, that it was published in The Scots Magazine in entire good faith, and that its conductors placed full reliance, as that magazine was a constant friend of this country. Its pages were largely devoted to American news, its information relative to our affairs was full and generally accurate, and its sympathies for the American people in their controversy with Great Britain were generous and frankly avowed."—Philadelphia Times.

The Fourth at Pine Ridge.

All the morning several hundred squaws had been at work under the supervision of the issue clerk, and when the sports were concluded everybody's appetite was in good condition. Ten huge steers had been butchered and cooked, and with the meat was served other edibles and drinkables. Two thousand five hundred pounds of hardtack, 200 pounds of coffee, 400 pounds of sugar, 700 pounds of bacon and 200 pounds of rice were handed out early in the day and prepared for consumption. When all was ready, the male Indians seated themselves in what was originally intended to be a huge circle, the squaws who had something to do busied themselves, while those whose work was concluded squatted around the periphery and ate that which the lordly savages were pleased to give. There never was such a sight in all the history of Pine Ridge, and there may never be another such, nearly 3,000 Indians all eating at one time and in one place, all cracking hardtack and swigging coffee and chewing beef, taking a good tooth hold on a piece of the animal and then cutting off the portion held in the hand with a knife.—Exchange.

Death of Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson, though in failing health, was only confined to his bed on the 1st of July. He had expressed the hope that he might be permitted to see the dawn of the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of his country, and his wish was graciously accorded, for he died at 60 minutes after 12 o'clock on that day.

How a Fortune Was Handed Down.

If you go to William Quincy's office, you learn from the legend on the door that he is a lawyer whose business is in real estate. He is himself a large real estate owner. The history of his fortune is almost romantic. His grandfather, the second Josiah Quincy, inherited a considerable estate from the founder of the family, who was the president of Harvard college and otherwise distinguished. The grandfather some 40 or more years ago interested himself in the construction of the Troy and Greenfield railroad, a part of which is now known as the Hoosac Tunnel line, and was not able to carry out his undertakings.

He was financially embarrassed, but did not become a bankrupt. He was possessed of a very large amount of property, and his creditors saw that in time he would be able to meet all his obligations, or that in the event of his death his estate would do so. The property was therefore converted into a trust, the creditors appointing a trustee and Mr. Quincy another.

This trust has lasted until the present time, but is about to be abrogated, all the obligations having now been provided for. For a number of years the present Josiah Quincy has been the principal trustee and manager of the estate, which will be worth \$2,000,000 when the trust terminates.—Boston Cor. Washington Post.

Kossuth a Boodle? Never!

No one familiar with the career of Louis Kossuth will for a moment credit the charge that the splendid and chivalrous manhood which dared death and exile for a principle has yielded to the base influence of a bribe giver. It is true that William of Orange and Lord Bacon, both statesmen and patriots of high rank, practiced bribery. Lord Clive and William Penn were also engaged in the same traffic. But Kossuth belongs to another age.

The ex-dictator of Hungary is said to have accepted \$5,000 a year as the price of support for the present Hungarian cabinet. The absurdity of the accusation is shown by the fact that Kossuth has repeatedly declined the offer of King Humbert to settle a large pension on him and has even refused money from his own sons, preferring to earn his living in his old age by his pen, and thus enjoy the sense of independence. When Kossuth was ex-patriated three years ago 80 Hungarian cities and towns conferred honorary citizenship upon him within 10 days after the law went into effect. At that time the venerable patriot resolutely rejected all proffered gifts of money.

A man who could neither be bought nor frightened by Napoleon III or Bismarck is not likely to surrender his soul to a second rate Hungarian politician.—New York Herald.

Attended Funerals and Denounced Rum.

A singular old fellow, Austin Roberts, who was a sort of a genius, died at the town farm at East Hartford on the other day, aged 71 years. The two passions of his life were temperance and a fondness for funerals. He never missed a chance to lecture on the "Demon Rum" or attend a funeral. During his life he had been a purely disinterested mourner at a good many more obsequies than he was able to remember and had delivered scores of lectures in grandiloquent phrases in halls or at the street corners, just as fate or luck would have it.

For many years he was employed by George Reynolds, who made and sold "hops and nectar beer" of the same sort. He was a lively and eloquent drummer and led the first firemen's parade ever held in Hartford. He spent his life trying to amuse his fellow man and make him "better and purer" and all that, and his fellow man put him in the town parsonage in his old age.—Hartford Letter.

Drinking In Gotham.

The New York papers are claiming that Gotham is more strongly opposed to drunkenness than any other city in the world. The moral consolation of this assurance is somewhat impaired by the fact that the sobriety claimed for the city is accounted for in the practice of the leading saloons of shutting off a man's grog when it becomes apparent that he is getting too many sills in the wind. Of course he takes on the balance of his cargo at any accessible port, and the stand made for sobriety under this system does not amount to much. There may be something in the claim that the outsiders who visit New York do most of the drinking, but Gothamites abroad indicate by their habits that home consumption has a good deal to do with the prosperity of saloon keepers in the metropolis.—Detroit Free Press.

To Hello Across the Continent.

The longest telephone circuit in the world is now projected by the Automatic Telephone and Electric company of Canada, which intends to lay a line of copper wires on the metallic circuit plan from Halifax to Vancouver. This is a distance of 3,500 miles. Copper is by far the best conductor, and electricians have so far advanced their methods that they can calculate to a nicety what is required. The circuit will be, of course, in sections and will be available for communication to many intermediate points. It is a great and wonderful experiment which the scientific world will watch with intense interest. If it proves a success, there seems to be no good reason why the instrument cannot be used to transmit speech across the widest oceans.—Portland Oregonian.

Before President Cleveland has got through with his diplomatic appointments he will have made 32 gentlemen happy by placing them in positions which are worth from \$5,000 to \$17,500 a year.

A Texan recently lost his fine farm and all his stock of implements at a game of poker, and he is enthusiastic enough to be quite satisfied, regarding the loss as a perfectly legitimate one.

It is reported that 500 unpublished letters of Voltaire had been discovered in the house of a descendant of the philosopher's physician, Theodore Fronchin, at Bessinges, near Geneva.

GUY FAWKES' DAY.

How the Boys of London Celebrate the English "Fourth of July."

Beyond doubt Guy Fawkes' day is the day when the young British heart beats the liveliest tattoo and juvenile patriotism bubbles up in the gayest fashion. Bank holidays are all very well in their way; but after all, there is nothing like the 5th of November. The day is a riot of youngsters, Chinese crackers and backsheesh. It is the Fourth and New Year's day melted down and run into an uncommonly big and jolly mold.

In London, for instance, for days there has been suppressed and mysterious excitement in the houses where boys abide. There are consultations in corners, over handling of the odds and ends in the store room, downright robbery of the pots and pans in the scullery, and the yarning for sixpences that characterizes healthy boyhood at all times of the year is exaggerated into a mania. Observing these things, one needs no almanac to prove that Guy Fawkes' day is near at hand.

Guy Fawkes, it might be remarked, planned to blow up the houses of parliament, and ever since his failure Young Briton has been hoisting him with his own petard.

But Guy Fawkes' day in London! All night long a fog has been creeping up the river from the sea; the town smoke turns it to a dirty yellow. So it spreads over London like a gypsy's blanket—thick and unclean. The sun comes up, stains the edge of the fog with dull ochreous smears of light, gives up the unequal contest and drifts sullenly out of sight.

The fog has everything its own way. Four o'clock. It is jangled by Bow bells, rung by St. Martin's, and then Big Ben booms out a solemn confirmation, and it is 4 o'clock. Four o'clock beyond the most impalpable shadow of a doubt!

The youngsters come scurrying out like so many guilty juvenile ghosts. They get together in the street corners, form bands and go marching through the foggy streets and roads. After that one must needs have a good conscience to sleep. Tin horns are shrieking, drums rattling, the pot and kettle that called each other black hammer each other vindictively, while the toy pistols pop like so many cases of champagne gone mad.

Bing! B-r-r-r! Bang!

Then the youngsters start that classic ditty, the origin of which is lost in the mist that hides the author of "Hey Diddle-diddle" and the story of that famous "cockhorse that journeyed to Bamby cross."

Guy! Guy! Guy!
Hit 'im in the eye,
Hang 'im to a gallus tree,
There let 'im die!
Hi! Hi! Hi!

Bands of 15 and 20 youngsters, dressed in most marvelous costumes—rags and pantomime trousers, tall hats and parti-colored coats—go by dragging hurdles, on which the "Guys" ride triumphant. The Guy is a poor thing of straw and rags well lined with gunpowder. He has not much backbone, and he wabbles distressfully. The youngsters hammer at doors and windows and howl that delightful chorus.

And they keep it up until the weary householders buy them off with coppers of a sixpenny piece.

All day long these troops go wandering up streets and down, firing off Chinese crackers, shooting toy pistols and maltreating the depraved but helpless Guy. Then in the evening a match is set to his coattail, and straw, rags and gunpowder go off in a burst of smoke and flame. Here and there a Guy is reserved to decorate a lamppost.

The day is a great day for the boydom of old England—it is jolly and noisy and patriotic.—Selected.

Irishmen in the Revolution.

Before the Revolutionary war Ireland sent messages and held meetings throughout the land, sympathizing with the colonists, and they in turn sent communications explaining their position.