

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

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HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

The boy's eyes opened wider and wider; his employer was taking him entirely beyond his mental depth. He soon recovered himself, though, and said:

"I don't know nothing about all them things. All I know is that our teacher explained to us last year, when I had a left school yet, that 'was the Declaration that made this country such a mighty good place to live in. He said it had'n't been for that we'd all be bossed by the Britishers to this day, an' nobody would have got along as well as they do now, an' all our rich folks that 'milla' such piles of money on town lots, an' villa plots, an' water power, an' such like, would have been just a livin' from hand to mouth, an' diggin' tatters for a livin', like my old daddy did 'fore he come from Ireland."

"—an'!" muttered Swingleton. "I wonder if he didn't mean something profounder."

"I don't know what that is, sir," said the boy, "but from the way he p'inted with that long first finger of his I kinder guessed he meant you—for one, any way."

Swingleton abruptly picked up his pencil and resumed his figuring. Dennis thus relieved from the responsibility of conversation, slowly crawled on a bench which was part of the office furniture, rubbed his orange-tinted head to stimulate his memory, and resumed:

"Hurr! for the mornin' of mornin's come; Unfur! every banner—"

"What infernal nonsense!" exclaimed Swingleton, as if there was any such thing as a banner in the United States outside of a Sunday-school room."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the boy, after springing to his feet in surprise, "but there's lots of 'em. You'll see 'em if you come to the green on the Fourth. I am going to carry one myself in the procession; it's so on it: God save the country. But made that up by himself and painted it on the banner that mother made out of part of a sheet. An' my sister Nora's got one marked 'We all got a chance.' Dad made that up, too. An' little Nils Pison, he had got the one-legged shoemaker Danes for a father. He's got one marked 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' I don't know what that means, but you just set to see the one-legged shoemaker's eyes shine when he looks at it—you'd think he was schin' to knock somebody down an' pound him with a hammer."

"What an anarchist got that up, I wonder?" growled Swingleton. "The shoemaker made the banner himself, sir," the boy replied, "but what's on it was writ by George Washington, the father of his country."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Swingleton. "Washington was a large owner of real estate."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I can show it to you; it's in the 'Fourth Address,' in the back of our history book."

"Hang your history book and the banners, too," growled Swingleton, addressing himself seriously to business. "You go over to Truogate's right away, and tell him that if he don't pay his interest and that overdue rubbishment out of his principal this very morning I'll foreclose on him. And when you come back you sit outside the door if you've got to rattle over that gibberish about the 'morning of mornings' and 'unfur! every banner.'"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, timidly, and hurried away on his errand. Swingleton applied his hand to his forehead, and muttered, "But somehow the figures did not seem right, and he abruptly tore his paper to bits, and began to pace the office floor, muttering to himself:

"Confound these foreigners! One would suppose the country was made expressly for them. I didn't mean to take hold of 'em. The idea of a little rascal like Dennis telling me what George Washington wrote—and worse yet, he was right about it, I really do believe. God's own country—we've all got a chance—that's more of their nonsense. Come to think of it, though, it's all true. I wonder if somebody won't have a banner with 'one man's as good as another' on it? It's true as gospel, if it was right, I'd be a poor farmer to this day instead of the head of a big real estate improvement company."

For several minutes Swingleton held his peace, but continued to pace the floor. Then he burst into speech again.

"All these common folks are going to have a regular jubilee on the Fourth. I know it. It isn't bad enough that a business man's peace of mind is to be disturbed all day long by fire-crackers and pistols, and all sorts of infernal popping noises, but they're to have singing, and cheering, and it's enough a brass band, at sunrise—on the green—right in front of my house. I was going to spend the Fourth in finding out how much money I'm ahead by this Cliff Edge speculation; it's the only free I'll have until Thanksgiving comes. But if I'm to be woken up at sunrise I won't have any sort of head for figures. Confound patriotism, any way; we had enough of it in the time of the war to last any man a lifetime. It cost me an awful good, godless, know-it-all was drafted, had to hire a substitute, and pay bigger taxes besides. To be sure, I got in on a harness-making contract that set me up in business, but—"

Swingleton went abruptly back to his desk and tried to resume his figuring, but his pencil seemed wholly depraved; and he finally threw it on the floor and continued as follows:

"What was that the Bible said about the heathen coming to the light while the children of the kingdom were cast into outer darkness? It begins to look as if something of the sort would come to pass in this country. Here's all the foreigners and other nobodies in this village, and here's the Fourth, just as if the country was theirs, as in one sense it is, while I, the richest and most influential man in the town, am left out in the cold. Come to think of it, I remember something about being asked by letter to participate or contribute, or something, and pitching it into the waste basket. I suppose they thought I was a hog—confound them!—but what was it? The country's as much to me as to any body else, but how am I going to make a fuss about it without letting business suffer? A man can't afford to neglect his business for every confounded sentiment that comes along. He never makes any money if he does. When do you see any great money kings say any thing about patriotism, I should like to know, or make a Fourth of July speech? It's only editors, politicians and poor men who do that sort of thing."

Protest and self-examination followed; when Dennis, however, in the course of half an hour, the autocrat of Cliff Edge had both elbows on his desk and his head on his hand, usually quite equal to the task of caring for itself, was supported by two hands. His face was as unlike its usual self as the boy was astonished, though not so greatly as when a moment afterward Swingleton said:

"What were you going to show me in your school history?"

"Why, 'twas the Declaration, sir, an' the Farewell Address, an'—"

"All right—go and fetch the book."

Away went little Dennis, returning soon with the book open in two places, a couple of dirty fingers serving as book-marks.

"Here they are, sir," said the boy, "and I can just show you what parts I told you about."

"I'll take your word for them, my boy," said Swingleton. "I think, though, I'll read the documents through, and to get the sense of the quotations better."

"I can save you trouble, sir, if ye like," said Dennis, "for I know both of 'em by heart, an' say 'em off as easy as my prayers."

"You do?" exclaimed Swingleton, with such emphasis and with a face so solemn that the boy seemed half inclined to think that he had done something wrong. "You do?" the man repeated, putting his hand into his pocket. "Then here's a dollar for you to spend for fire-crackers on the Fourth. There's nothing else in the book to which you'd call my attention, is there?"

"If you please, sir, can you show me the picture of all of 'em—a sign of the Declaration day says it's a grand sight, 'cause 'twas such a plucky piece of business. Here they are; there's Jefferson, and that one that's barefooted all over his head is Franklin, an'—oh, yes, here's a picture of John Hancock's signature—that's the kind of writin' I'm a-goin' to practice on till I get it."

"—an'!" muttered Swingleton. "I wonder if he didn't mean something profounder."

"I'm—'tis a handsomer signature than mine, isn't it?"

"I ain't sayin' it's any better, sir," said the boy, timidly; "but—but it looks as if it meant lots more."

"Very well; now go ahead at committing your Fourth of July song to memory; you may sing it, too, if you want to, or whistle it."

So sudden and great acquisition of liberty was more than the boy could comprehend in an instant, so he went outside and turned two handspikes to assist him. As for John Swingleton, he slowly read and reread the two old writings which long before he had committed to the oblivion of his mental rubbish heap. Then he looked intently for some moments at the shabby woodcut which Dennis' father regarded as grand.

Next morning the impetuous Truogate, who still was in default of interest and principal, was terribly frightened by receiving a call from his creditor in person, but he learned that the money was not to be paid in his character of debtor, but as a member of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth. Swingleton asked many questions, waived the intimation that perhaps he ought to have been consulted earlier, and finally he completely astonished Truogate by asking, with an affection of modesty which was not in him, as the founder of the village, to have a place on the programme so that he might say a few words. Then he inquired whether any preparation had been made to regale the more material part of the inner man and for fire-works and he again started the committee-men out of his small remnant of composure by offering to provide, entirely at his own expense a grand breakfast on the green, to be eaten immediately after the ceremonies, and to give a display of fire-works in the evening.

"Mercy!" said Truogate, while reporting the interview to his wife, "he knocked me clean flat by saying he'd give me as much additional time as I might need to catch up on the mortgage—said nobody's mind should be troubled on the Fourth, if he could help it. What do you suppose has got into him?"

"Religion, may be," suggested Mrs. Truogate. "I don't know what else could make a man of his kind care any thing for the Fourth of July, or any thing else but his property and money."

Truogate's amazement was quickly but quickly distributed among the villagers, and augmented almost daily in the week that preceded the Fourth. One day the villagers were excited by the arrival of the caterer, who came from the city twenty miles away, to prepare the promised breakfast.

"Three cheers for the boss!" shrilly piped little Dennis. There was a loud response, and then, before the crowd separated, a citizen who apparently had begun his Fourth in a rumshop the night before began singing "For he's a jolly good fellow," the music of which the band took up, being assisted by quite an uproarious chorus, and Swingleton indulged in a pleased, expansive smile—the first of the kind that Cliff Edge had ever seen on his face.

The breakfast was so successful that there was very little appetite for dinner in the evening. The great crowd of the Fourth, however, had very little opportunity to personally partake of it, for he was continually interrupted by congratulations on his speech, and on what one good old preacher termed his change of heart.

He accepted it all pleasantly; indeed, he was as cheerful and hearty as new converts generally are, and well as he had a night and fireworks to fill his cup of joy. Darkness was long in coming, but when it did arrive the villagers admitted that it was worth having waited for; certainly such a quantity of fireworks had never been seen before, even by those who had lived in the neighboring city. Swingleton lighted them all himself, except when some small boy begged the privilege; the solid man seemed to enjoy soaring rocket or a whirling pinwheel as keenly as any child on the ground. But besides these familiar pyrotechnics there were "set pieces"—stars, anchors, American eagles, a portrait of Washington, etc. The last of these was the "Red, White and Blue"—an enormous red, production, in colored fire, of our National flag. It cost fifty dollars, and blazed only two minutes by the watch, but Swingleton said he never in his life had got more satisfaction out of a fifty-dollar bill. And as the crowd slowly dispersed and Swingleton strode to the center of the green to find his own family, little Dennis who reverently followed behind, heard the great man's voice rumbling and growling and squeaking, in his attempts at time:

"Hurr! for the mornin' of mornings has come; Unfur! every banner and beat every drum."

—John Habberton, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It was a wide awake little boy who rose out of the break of day;

1 were the minutes he took to dress, Then he was off and away.

2 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs, Although they were steep and high;

3 were the number which caused his haste, Because it was Fourth of July.

4 were his pennies which went to buy A package of crackers red;

5 were the matches which touched them off And then—he was back in bed.

6 big plasters he had to wear To cure his fractured sore;

7 were the visits the doctor made Before he was whole once more.

8 were the dolorous days he spent In sorrow and pain; but then,

9 are the seconds he'll stop to think Before he does it again.

—Lillian Dwyer Rice, in St. Nicholas.

The Boy's Resolve. Breathes there a boy with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said 'I'll save my cash till I may buy Some crackers red and rockets high, To wake the echoes in the sky On Independence Day?' —Sunshine.

He Obedient the Injunction. Willing had just come in with one eye in morning, a swollen lip and other traces of an animated personal encounter with some other boy, but his face wore an unmistakable look of triumph.

"I've been fighting again, mamma," he said, in anticipation of a rebuke, "and with Bob Stapleford, too. But he hit me first. He got in a stinger on my cheek-bone."

"You should have turned the other cheek to him, Willie."

"I did, mamma," replied Willie, looking critically at a contusion on his forehead. "I turned the other cheek toward him, but you can just bet your little pile I didn't give him time to hit it."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MINER'S CORNET.

How Its Notes Preached a Sermon Amid a Wretched Scene.

"An incident that touched me deeper than any thing ever did before or since occurred on a visit I paid to the coal regions some years ago," said a gentleman of this city. "There had been a serious cave-in on the Bellevue mine, along the Lackawanna river, on the outskirts of Scranton. I went to the spot a day or so after the cave had occurred. It was a dreary day, late in November—a dark, rainy, dismal day. The great coal breaker at the mine was in operation, as work had not been entirely suspended. The rattle and crash and whirl of the ponderous machinery was deafening. From windows and doors, and every crack and cranny, black clouds of coal dust poured out into the open air, and were beaten by the rain into inky ooze that fell in besmirching drops on every thing about and below. A narrow road, cut into gullies by the rain, and lying ankle deep in the sooty mud, led past the breaker, and from it up a steep hill to the clusters of dilapidated huts where the miners and their families lived, called by courtesy 'the village.'"

"Through the village, without any apparent reason for their being, unless it might be that they were parade grounds for the geese and goats that disputed the way with me, ran narrow streets, with here and there great seams and crevices crossing or running parallel to them, results of the sinking of the mine roofs beneath. Here and there a hut also had sunk half way to its roof into the unstable earth."

"On the summit of the hill, which overlooked miles of dreary, desolate landscape, stood a little church, which had itself settled a foot or more with the sudden caving. The scores of simple grave-stones in the churchyard, standing askew, some of them protruding out a few inches above the surface, told their sad tale of mine fatality. The bottoms of many of the graves had fallen in with the tumbling mine roof, and the crumbling remains of the graves contained had dropped into the depths—the remains, perhaps, of miners who had previously been carried dead or mangled beyond recovery from the very mine to which their bones had been so ruthlessly returned."

"Looking down from the summit of the hill upon that struggling collection of most wretched habitations; upon the groaning breaker, with the inky drainage dripping from its grimy eaves; the swollen, yellow river, beneath the very bed of which many of the occupants of the miserable hovels were even then delving for subsistence, down deep in the mines, it seemed to me that nowhere on God's footstool could there be a scene more desolate, more utterly bereft of all that could give to any living soul one single ray of hope or thought of contentment."

"But even as I gazed around, thinking how little the outside world knew of the actual wretchedness that hedged about these patient folk, the sound of a cornet broke upon my ear. Clear and plaintively sweet its notes swelled out upon the air. They issued from one of the most dilapidated of the dwellings; one that stood on the very edge of one of the threatening seams that marked the course of the dismantled mine roof. And what was the air, think you, that floated up from the unknown musician's instrument amid these dismal surroundings?"

"It was 'Home, Sweet Home.' God help him! Of all things in the world, 'Home, Sweet Home!' Never was pathos so personified. Tears welled to my eyes, and I was proud of them. I emptied all the coin I had into the hand of a pale, gaunt little boy, who had been eyeing me curiously as I stood on the hill, and bade him carry them to the house and give them to whoever might live there. The lad's thin hand closed convulsively on the money, and, with a frightened look, he ran away toward the house."

"I did not stay to learn more of the inmates of that hut. That they could have heart to dwell there and think of it as home, sweet home, was enough for me. I hastened from the desolate spot to the rich and happy city just beyond, in the shadow of whose heaven-pointing spires a sermon had been preached to me such as none of their well-paid pastors, with all their eloquence, could have preached."

—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Great San Diego Flume.

It is claimed that the recently-completed San Diego flume is the most stupendous ever constructed in the world, being only a little short of 36 miles long. An idea of the gigantic character of the work may be obtained from the fact that the amount of lumber consumed was more than 9,000,000 feet, or, allowing the very considerable yield of 1,000 feet to each tree, not less than 9,000 trees were required. In the course of the flume there are some 315 trestles, the longest of these being 1,700 feet in length, 85 feet high and containing 250,000 feet of lumber. Another trestle is of the same height and 1,200 feet long, the main timbers used in both of these being 10x10 and 8x8, being put together on the ground and raised to their position by horsepower. The number of tunnels in the course of the flume is 8, the longest of which is 2,100 feet, the tunnels being in size 6x6 feet, with convex-shaped roofing; each mile of the flume required an average of 250,000 feet of lumber for its construction, and the redwood used entirely in the box is 2 inches in thickness throughout.—N. Y. Sun.

CONCERNING BOILS.

Some of the Causes and the Rational Treatment of Job's Comforters.

A boil may be defined as a limited area of inflammation situated in the loose tissue which binds the skin to the deeper structures. Generally it starts in or around a sweat gland, and approaches the surface as it grows. Many theories have been advanced to account for the origin of boils, but it has now come to be pretty well established that they are caused by the growth in the tissues of certain minute organisms. These are found in every such abscess; they can be cultivated, their life history can be studied, and when they are placed in the tissues again, under favorable circumstances, another boil, precisely like the first, is produced.

How these bodies find their way into the system it is sometimes not easy to say, but probably it is through some slight break in the skin which has escaped notice. Some persons seem to present a more suitable soil for the cultivation of the germs than others, and certain conditions of the system are very favorable to their development.

A lowered vitality, sea bathing, changes of diet, especially during athletic training, and convalescence from certain fevers are not uncommonly followed by boils. Children with scrofula and rickets are apt to suffer. Excessive sweating, lack of cleanliness, the long use of poultices, the application of irritants to the skin, and especially the chafing of clothing, seem to favor their formation.

Any part of the body may be affected, but they are most frequently seen on the back of the neck, in the armpit and on the lower part of the trunk. Where the skin is firmly tied down, as in the passage of the ear, the pain and tenderness become intense; in the looser structures it may be but moderate.

If left to itself, a boil will break in four or five days, and discharge pus, and generally, some dead tissue known as the "core." It is usual to apply poultices till the abscess nears the surface, and then make an opening; but often, if a free incision is made at the beginning, the process will be arrested. Poultices are of benefit only to relieve pain; they should not be continued after the incision is made, since they serve but to prolong the discharge.

More than that, Dr. Pye Smith, of London, in the course of a recent discussion, declared his belief that the crops of boils which sometimes are seen in the case of school-children are due to the transfer of germs, by means of poultices, from an open sore to the glands of the healthy skin.

The rational treatment, then, is an early opening and washing out of the boil, using fluids that are destructive of the germs. At the same time the general health must be seen to, in order that it may offer a sufficient barrier to further inroads.—Youth's Companion.

THE POETIC AZORES.

Islands Famed for Their Great Beauty and Fertility.

The islands extend in an oblique line from northwest to southeast, between the parallel of 37 degrees and 40 degrees north latitude, and between 25 degrees and 31 degrees west longitude. Geographically they may be divided into three groups; the first or easterly group comprises St. Michael's and St. Mary's; the second or central group contains Terceira, Graciosa, St. George, Pico and Fayal; while the third or westerly group consists of the lonely little islands of Flores and Corvo. They are all very small places; a very good walker might almost go round the biggest of them in a day. Every inch of them, with the exception of a curious little bit of St. Mary's, has been fused and burned and charred out of all resemblance to anything we have in this part of the world save a forgo heap or a slag hill. Each little island presents a solid front of hard, black lava against the ravages of the great ocean which thunders at the base of cliffs and precipices hundreds of feet high. Even on the stillest day the black rocks are edged with an ever-moving fringe of white surf, which leaps up against their obdurate face or sullenly rolls in among the caverns at their base. Marvelously fertile, too, are these islands; almost any thing will grow there if it can but manage to get shelter from the violence of the winter winds. The hills of pumice and cinders are green to their very tops with cedar and juniper and tree-heath; the lower lands and less exposed places grow rich crops of maize and grain, beans, tobacco, and sweet potatoes; in every little glen may be seen the bright green shield-shaped leaves of "enhamo," together with enormous pendent fronds, six and eight feet long, of the Woodwardia fern, springing from a carpet ankle deep of the densest and greenest lycodium. The lava walls which line the roads and mark off the fields are green and gray with moss and lichen. Here and there are broad banana-leaves, and the crumpled leaves of "nisperra" peer above waving rows of cane stalks. The islands are rich in all manner of kindly fruits. The vine and fig tree struggle in all directions over the stony sides of Pico; there are pumpkins and pine apples, passion flower fruit and pomegranates; the peaches are as plentiful as the blackberries, and oranges and apricots are to be had for the asking.

Paradise and groves Elysian Fortune's Fields—like those of old Rognat in the Atlantic main.

—Good Words.

FULL OF FUN.

—The hot water cure is highly spoken of. A young man was completely cured of an attachment for a young lady by one kettleful, which the old man let him have.

"—Now, children, said the teacher, 'what do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?' "Oat meal!" promptly replied a member of the class.

—Little Boy—"Mamma, are you really going to marry an Italian Count?" "Pretty Widdy—" "Yes, my pet." Little Boy (delightedly)—"O, then I can have the monkey to play with, can't I?"—Burlington Free Press.

"—I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."—London Pick Me Up.

—First Bachelor—"Where shall we go this afternoon—to the matinee, the circus, or what?" Second Bachelor—"What sort of hats are the ladies wearing now?" First Bachelor—"Taller than ever." Second Bachelor—"Well, let's go to a balloon ascension."

"—You appear to be in good health," said a prison visitor to a convict. "It is only in appearance, sir," replied the convict, "for the fact is I am confined to my room more than half the time."—Texas Sittings.

—Young Wife—"Am I your treasure, darling?" Young Husband—"You are, indeed. I don't see how I had the good luck to get you." Young Wife—"O, well, you know, mamma attended to that. It wasn't luck."—Chicago Journal.

—Old Gentleman (putting a few questions)—"Now boys—ah—can you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small Scholar (like a shot)—"Please, sir, th' warn't no commandments then, sir!"—Boston Beacon.

—Aunt Mindy—"Bress yo' dear ole brack head, Deacon Gillis, how's ob'ryting down t' d' church?" Deacon Gillis—"Boto' yo' go any furdur, Miss Winkley, I wanter s'gest dat my shadin' do'n go quite ser in ez yo' remahk wud seem fer t' himply"—Time.

—Mrs. Mushroom—"I have not quite decided about this room, Thomas. Now what do you think of having a frieze there?" Mr. Mushroom—"I don't believe it will be necessary, my love. The weather prophets say we need not expect to have a hot summer."—America.

"—Are those our men?" asked Major Pitcairn, as a squad of soldiers approached along the road near Concord. "No, sir," replied Colonel Smith, "they are minute men." General Washington believed that it was to this that the British defeat may be attributed.—Harper's Bazar.

"—Well, sir," said an old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing around here again? I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way. "It did," said the young man, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—" "Ask me what?" "If you wouldn't like to join our 'foot-ball association.'"—Merchant Traveler.

LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPING.

A Life Full of Trouble and Demanding Patience and Courage.

The keepers of light-houses situated upon rocks at some distance from the mainland have not infrequently been exposed to considerable privation, when cut off by continuous bad weather from all communication with the world; but it may be doubted whether such a tale as that of the keepers of the Bog-skaraw light-house has ever before been told. This light-house is situated in the Baltic, some forty miles from the nearest land, and on February 14 the greater portion of the building was carried away by a terrible gale, and from that time for a period of more than nine weeks the two men have been undergoing terrible suffering. It is said that they have been the whole time without water or fuel—meaning, of course, that the stock of water stored up for their use was lost, and that they had to depend entirely upon such rain and snow as might fall. The cold in the Baltic is very great; and an existence without fire in a ruined light-house, exposed to the fury of the northern gales, must have been almost insupportable. Rain can have fallen but seldom, although they may frequently have had snow, but this, as they had no means of melting it, can have been but of little use to them, for snow taken in the mouth excites rather than quenches thirst. The detailed narrative of the nine weeks spent in the ruined light-house would rival the most exciting adventures of fiction.—London Standard.

Probably Caused by a Broomstick.

Lecturer on Phrenology (cautiously to man selected by audience for free examination)—"Married, I presume?"

Man—Yes.

Lecturer (with confidence)—"Many of the protuberances, ladies and gentlemen, which we find upon the heads of persons in various walks of life may be passed by as having no phrenological significance, as in the case of the gentleman whom I am now, etc."

Chicago Tribune.



THE BOY'S EYES OPENED WIDER AND WIDER; HIS EMPLOYER WAS TAKING HIM ENTIRELY BEYOND HIS MENTAL DEPTH. HE SOON RECOVERED HIMSELF, THOUGH, AND SAID: "I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ALL THEM THINGS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT OUR TEACHER EXPLAINED TO US LAST YEAR, WHEN I HAD A LEFT SCHOOL YET, THAT 'WAS THE DECLARATION THAT MADE THIS COUNTRY SUCH A MIGHTY GOOD PLACE TO LIVE IN. HE SAID IT HAD'N'T BEEN FOR THAT WE'D ALL BE BOSS'ED BY THE BRITISHERS TO THIS DAY, AN' NOBODY WOULD HAVE GOT ALONG AS WELL AS THEY DO NOW, AN' ALL OUR RICH FOLKS THAT 'MILLA' SUCH PILES OF MONEY ON TOWN LOTS, AN' VILLA PLOTS, AN' WATER POWER, AN' SUCH LIKE, WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST A LIVIN' FROM HAND TO MOUTH, AN' DIGGIN' TATTERS FOR A LIVIN', LIKE MY OLD DADDY DID 'FORE HE COME FROM IRELAND."

SWINGLETON'S FOURTH.

His Change of Heart, and How It Came About.

"Hurr! for the mornin' of mornin's come; Unfur! every banner and beat every drum."

These lines, repeated over and over again one morning in low but earnest tones by a small, thin-faced, rather ragged boy in the office of the Cliff Edge Improvement Company, finally forced the attention of John Swingleton, who was president, managing director and almost every thing else in the company, for any thing but his own personal interests to obtrude upon the attention of John Swingleton, who was unusual, and very annoying beside. The great man finally exclaimed:

"Dennis, if you must talk to yourself, I wish you would do it in whispers. I can't have my mind distracted by such a confounded racket."

"Beg your pardon, sir," the small boy replied, "I didn't mean to disturb you, but I've got to get that whole song by heart before the Fourth, 'cause I'm to be one of the crowd of singers."

"Singers—Fourth? What singers—what Fourth?" asked Swingleton, dropping a pencil with which he had been figuring, and bringing a large-sized frown to bear at short range upon the boy. The little fellow met his employer's gaze with a look of astonishment and answered:

"Why, the Fourth of July, of course. There ain't any other fourth that I ever heard of, Mr. Swingleton. An' the singers is a lot of boys an' gals that's goin' to sing the songs on the village green when the flag is hoisted at sunrise."

The Cliff Edge Company's head had no time to spare, for he had intended that very day to enlarge the company's bounds by grasping the estate of an impetuous farmer, and also by foreclosing a mortgage of an early and too self-confident purchaser of a villa site; nevertheless, he was, after being started, somewhat amused by the boy's earnestness, so he said:

"Fourth of July? Umph! It seems to me I once heard of such a day, but it's escaped my mind. What is it, anyhow, and why should it bring a lot of young ones to the green at sunrise when they ought to be asleep?"

The boy looked in amazement at his employer, but Swingleton's face had not been in training for thirty years for nothing, and as not a line of it changed, the little fellow said:

"Why, it's the day of the Declaration; it's a hundred years ago a lot of fellows got together down to Philadelphia an'—"



"IS THAT SO?" ASKED SWINGLETON.

made up their minds they wouldn't kneel under to the Britishers any longer, so they said it in writin' an' put their names to it."

"Is that so?" asked Swingleton, still maintaining a questioning countenance.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with so much emphasis that the hearer smiled in spite of himself. "You needn't believe me if you don't want to—I'll run home an' fetch you my school history an' you can read for yourself."

"No," said the head of the company, "I'll take your word for it. But what good did it do? I remember rightly, that Declaration was a great deal of trouble. There was fighting for five or six years, and the greenbacks of the day became worse and worse, until you could buy a barrel for a silver dollar. I don't suppose in all that time a man could get a clear title if he brought a piece of real estate."

—John Habberton, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.