

The Glorious Fourth

This is the Fourth of July,
That grand and glorious day
When rockets cleave the azure sky
And bands come out to play;
When old and young in clique and set
Are working of their jaws
And when the preachers quite forget
The prohibition laws.

This is the day that thunders transpire
And prophecies come true—
The bloom goes up, the tower's shafte
And hats are all askew;
A sunstroke and a runaway,
A trainload, too, is spilled—
I hear a lady laugh and say,
"There's only twenty killed!"

Then there are other signs to please
And keep us gay and bright—
Before us several cannon sneeze,
Behind us dynamite,
To right and left the rockets fizz,
The cannon-rackers shoot,
An April burst, that's what that is,
And that's the fourth's best!

And see that fellow in the lead
I vow, if that were true,
A stormer pointed at his head
Took off his hat and woe;
His title is "stomach," I declare!
Such fun I never saw,
And see that other's heading there!
Now, what's his name?
"Harmon!"

How Johnny Saw Them Go

A Story of the Days of 1778

Near the close of what had been a delightful June day, in the memorable year of 1778, two children were seated at an upper window of a two-story frame house on a quiet street in Philadelphia. They were brother and sister, Johnny and Prudence Phillips, children of Capt. Phillips, then with Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, and the topic of their conversation was the all-prevailing one of the war.

"I met the big grenadier again today," suddenly exclaimed the boy. "He was taking a stroll along the river front, and did not have his musket. When he saw me he cried: 'Here we are again, boys!' and then I had a long talk with him about many things."

"Of course he told you when the troops are going away," smiled Prudence. "I have no doubt you asked him."

"Of course I asked him! There is no harm in that, I'm sure. He told me that he did not know anything about the rumored evacuation—that I would have to ask Gen. Howe; and from the way he smiled as he said this, I knew he thought his general would tell the son of Capt. Phillips nothing. But Toby has promised to find out for us, you know, but really, I can't see how he is to obtain the secret."

"I have not much confidence in Master Walters," said Prudence, soberly. "His father is a Tory, I know, and mends coats for the British officers, but do you think they would impart a secret like theirs to a simple tailor?"

"I half believe Corporal Benson would have told me to-day, if he had known," replied the patriot boy. "I saw them enter, you know, and I am going to see them go, too."

It was just after sundown when Master Walters came to the home of the Phillips children and called Johnny out.

The face of the Tory boy showed he had something important to communicate, but what he said almost took Johnny's breath.

"They are going this very night," said Master Toby, in a whisper. "What! the British?"

the big corporal!" he added, and before Toby could detain him he had cleared the doorway and was bounding toward the marching rank.

"Heigho! Going, are you?" cried Johnny, reaching the side of a very tall soldier who marched on the outside of the rank and next to the pavement.

He took the hand of the grenadier as he spoke, and the next moment the tall red coat recognized him.

"Here we are again!" laughed Corporal Benson, his hand tightening on Johnny's. "You ferreted out the secret, did you? Well, we are going away."

"To come back some time?" queried Johnny, who was walking alongside the soldier, still holding his hand.

"I don't know. I'm afraid some of us will never get back," was the reply, with a sigh at the end of it, as if the speaker felt that a battle was sure to follow the evacuation. "Be a good boy, Master Johnny. You've made me think many a time of my little chaps in England. God bless you, if you are a little rebel!"

"Good-by, Corporal Benson!" cried the patriot boy. "Remember Johnny Phillips to your little ones at home when you get back, for I hope you'll go back safe, if you are one of King George's men."

"I almost wish I hadn't watched them," said Johnny on his way home. "I sent Corporal Benson away with a sad heart; but I hope the bullets will spare him—that I do! I will have something for my diary now—something out of the usual entry. Good-night, Toby. When we are old men, we can tell how we saw the king's men steal out of Philadelphia."

That night Johnny had to describe, for Prudence and her mother, the evacuation of the city, as he and Toby had seen it, and before he retired he wrote, among other things in his diary, the following:

"June 17.—This night ye British went away. Toby and I watched them from a doorstep, and I shook hands with Corporal Benson, and wished him well. To-morrow there will be

great rejoicing among our people, and ye city will put on new airs."

The next day Philadelphia awoke to discover that she was no longer a British city by occupation. The king's troops had vanished during the night, and few could tell how or when they went. That very day some of Washington's light troops rode into the city, and soon afterward the battle of Monmouth was fought and the British severely punished.

The year after the war there came to Philadelphia, by mail, a letter addressed to "Master Johnny Phillips," and when the patriot boy opened it, he found several locks of pretty hair, woven in the form of a heart.

The heart was a double-leaf one, and when Johnny opened it he read, in the handwriting of a child:

"From the children of Corporal Benson, of ye Royal Grenadiers, to Master Phillips, who reminded their father so often of his little ones at home. Father sends his love."

Johnny often told how he saw the British evacuate Philadelphia, and many years afterward an old man showed with pride to his grandchildren a heart of hair woven upon paper, and on the inside the love of the old grenadier and the little ones.—Minneapolis Journal.



Saved the "Declaration" From British

Comparatively few of the present generation know how near to being lost was once the most precious of our national documents, the Declaration of Independence. It was during the war of 1812. The Declaration of Independence hung, for many years, in a frame in the state department in the room then occupied by Stephen Pleasonton, who moved to Washington in 1800 with the government. Mr. Monroe, when he was elected president, created a new office, which was conferred upon Mr. Pleasonton, that of chief of the lighthouse establishment, to which was added the auditing of the ministerial and consular accounts. This office was retained by Mr. Pleasonton under all the succeeding administrations until his death, which occurred in 1855.

Mr. Beasley, commissary of prisoners of war in London, forwarded to the state department, some London newspapers stating that the English fleets and transports were receiving troops at Bordeaux, France, with the intention of operating against Washington and Baltimore. Soon after it was learned that the British fleet was in the Chesapeake bay, and that it was ascending the Patuxent. The officials and citizens of the little capital city were hourly expecting an attack.

Upon receipt of this information, which was a few days before the enemy entered Washington, Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, James Madison being president, mounted his horse, rode to Benedict, a small village on the Patuxent, where the British forces were being landed, and climbed an eminence within a quarter of a mile of the village, in order to ascertain the strength of the enemy. Being convinced after his inspection that he had no force available that could successfully resist them, he sent a note to Mr. Pleasonton by a vidette, advising him to see that the best care was taken of the books and papers of the state department.

Acting at once upon this authority Mr. Pleasonton purchased some coarse linen and had it made into bags of suitable size, in which he, assisted by the others of the office, placed the books and other papers.

Mr. Pleasonton had the bags carried to a grist mill which he selected as a suitable depository. The mill, which was unoccupied, belonged to Edgar Paterson, and was situated on the Virginia side of the Potomac, beyond the Chain bridge, two miles above Georgetown.

The last load had left and Mr. Pleasonton was just quitting the vacant rooms, when, turning back suddenly to see whether anything had been left behind, to his consternation he saw the Declaration of Independence, which had been overlooked, still hanging upon the wall. He hastily cut it out of the frame and carried it away with the other papers.

He then began to be uneasy about the place he had chosen, for if the British took Washington, which he firmly believed they would do, and very soon at that, they would in all probability detach a force for the purpose of destroying a foundry for the making of cannon and shot in the neighborhood, and of course would consider a grist mill too valuable a thing to be left standing in a country they meant to subdue. Mr. Pleasonton therefore visited some of the Virginia farm houses, whose owners were only too willing to loan him wagons in which to convey the documents to Leesburg, a distance of 55 miles. There they were deposited in an empty house, the keys of which were given to Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, who was one of the collectors of internal revenue.

Worn out with his labors, Mr. Pleasonton states in a letter, he retired early to bed that night and slept soundly. Next morning he was informed by the people of the little town where he had stayed that evening that they had seen during the night, the same being the 24th of August, a large fire in the direction of Washington, which proved to be the light from the public buildings, which the enemy had set on fire and burned to the ground.

When he returned to Washington on the 26th he found the public buildings still burning, and learned that the British army had evacuated the city the preceding evening, in the belief that the Americans were again assembling in the rear for the purpose of cutting off their retreat.

But as the British fleet still hovered in the neighborhood and threatened Washington with a second invasion, it was not considered safe to bring the papers of the state department back for some weeks. In the meantime Mr. Pleasonton made occasional trips to Leesburg for particular papers to which the secretary of state had occasion to refer in the transaction of business.

Never Fight. Wise men patch up their quarrels before they are begun.

ODD HAPPENINGS.

While scratching his nose with the end of a loaded revolver a man in Paris accidentally pulled the trigger and blew off the tip of the nose.

In the midst of an electric storm the Mariette fire whistle called out the men, who rushed about in the rain till the apparatus was drenched before it was discovered that lightning had played a prank on the department. There is an ordinance against turning in a false alarm.

The death lately occurred at Westbury workhouse, Wiltshire, England, of a 46-year-old "baby." The person was born in Westbury, and at the age of 12 months its further development, both physically and mentally, was arrested. Throughout its life it was attired in baby's frock clothes, and continued to act and play and had to be fed and taken care of precisely as an infant.

An extraordinary sudden death occurred the other day in Paris. A sexagenarian went to have his photograph taken. He sat in a chair before the camera, and as the photographer uttered the customary words, "Please don't move," down fell the old man on the floor. It was naturally supposed that the sexagenarian was in a fainting fit, but he was in reality dead, as the doctor who was sent for testified after a brief examination of the body.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

The king of Ashanti has 3,332 wives. A young Jones is born every 40 minutes.

The number of known stars exceeds 100,000,000.

Contributors to the London Times are paid \$25 a column.

One man in six in the American navy is a total abstainer.

The parrot appreciates music more than any other of the lower animals.

Over 20,000,000 leeches were used annually 25 years ago, but now not 1,000,000 a year are used.

The world's largest prune orchard—in Los Gatos, Cal.—contains 50,000 trees and yields an annual profit of \$50,000.

Best of All. R. J. Mayher, No. 406 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: "I have kept and used your Hunt's Lightning Oil for the last ten years in my family. It is the only kind to have and the best of all."

It cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Aches, Pains, Stings and Bites. It kills Chiggers, too.

There's no use telling a girl she is pretty; to do the work you must tell her she is the prettiest one you ever saw.—N. Y. Press.

AGGRAVATING ECZEMA.

Troubled Badly for Several Years with Eczema on Limbs—Another Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"For several years I was troubled badly with an eczema on my limbs and wrists. Physicians in several towns had prescribed for me without giving me any results. I had often used Cuticura Ointment and received relief temporarily. In the spring of 1904 I took the Cuticura Resolvent Pills and used the Cuticura Ointment for about five weeks and at the end of that time there was not a blotch on me anywhere. This spring I took a few vials of the Cuticura Resolvent Pills as a precautionary measure, and will continue to do so every spring simply as a spring tonic, as they are so easy to carry with you, and they certainly fix your blood for the ensuing year. I now use only Cuticura Soap. The Cuticura Ointment and Pills certainly cured me of an aggravated case of eczema. St. Clair McVicar, San Antonio, Texas, July 6, 1905."

AMATEUR AERONAUTICS.

Do not stick pins into the envelope, even if the balloon is a stationary one.

Never leave the car while in motion—especially when at a considerable altitude! It hurts.

Do not throw out empty bottles when passing over densely populated urban rural districts; they will only get broken.

Should your grappling-iron "grapple" a harmless old gentleman and lift him off his feet, do not be too angry with him; let him down gently. When passing over a friend's estate try and resist the temptation of dropping a sand-bag through his conservatory; somebody may be there, and besides, your friend may be a retaliator and a first-class rifle shot.

Do You Itch?

The cup of human misery is never quite full until some form of itching skin disease is added. Then it overflows. Hunt's Cure is a specific for any itching trouble ever known. One application relieves. One box is guaranteed to cure any one case.

Hardened.

Papa—My child, if I shall die penniless, are you well prepared to fight the battle of life?

Bum-be—I think so, father. I've been through three engagements already.—Washington Star.

There is always room at the top, of course, but sometimes it's a whole lot more sociable at the bottom.—Puck.

The mare is by no means singular. Everything goes, where money is the motive.—Puck.

INVESTMENT IN MOTH BALL

Manner of Using the Product That Proved to Be a Signal Failure.

A State street druggist, telling of quaint characters whom he encounters in his business, recently said: "One afternoon, one of the 'old' ambled up to the counter. 'How's anything good to all moths?' he asked, relating the Chicago Record-Herald. 'Yes,' said I, 'we have moth balls the best remedy known.' 'Give me tin balls' worth, says he.

"I made up the package, handed it to him, and he ambled out again. I had forgotten all about my customer until about four o'clock the next afternoon when I was forcibly reminded of the transaction of the day before. As I had waited on my customers in the turn I walked over to another counter and was there confronted with a moth-ball investor. Without giving me time to make an inquiry, he asked me things 'yistady' showing me the remains of about half a dozen of the white balls.

"I answered in the affirmative, and also inquired what the trouble was. 'Av all the con games I've run against in me bome, this bates me all,' he said. 'To think of onorse running a decent down-town store selling the loikes of them things to kill moths with, or anything else, for the matter of that. They might be all right playing marbles, but for killing moths, niver. I may not be as young as ye are, young man, but I'm just as steady and I want to tell you wan thing, ye can show me the man or woman that can throw wan of them balls quick enough to kill a moth! I'm only ate ivry wan of them ye have in stock, but I'll say nothing about the picture the old woman and me broke in the Koiné little game; would have us play?'

Nobody who understands the law prices will wonder at a man making himself scarce when he feels cheap.—Puck.

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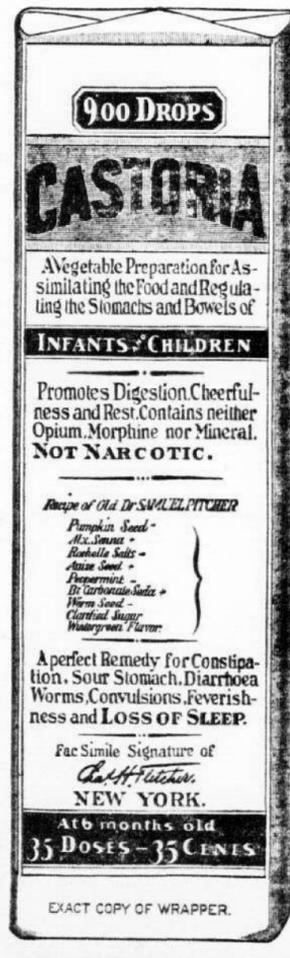
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BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE PEORIA, ILLINOIS Largest and Best Watch School in America We teach Watch Work, Jewellery, Engraving, Clock Work, etc. Tuition reasonable. Board and room included. At moderate rates. Send for Catalogue of Information.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."
Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."
Dr. J. E. Waggoner, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can most heartily recommend your Castoria to the public as a remedy for children's complaints. I have tried it and found it of great value."
Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."
Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."
Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."
Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."
Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."
Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."
Dr. F. H. Kyle, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "It affords me pleasure to add my name to the long list of those who have used and now endorse your Castoria. The fact of the ingredients being known through the printing of the formula on wrapper is one good and sufficient reason for the recommendation of any physician. I know of its good qualities and recommend it cheerfully."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 BURNAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.