

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY On the Fourth of July. By JOHN Y. LARNED

It was predicted when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated on July 4, 1776, that the anniversary of the day would be celebrated with the firing of cannon and such explosive demonstrations of joy. The prediction has been fulfilled to the present day, but during the past quarter century the old Independence day passed away forever. The day is now most fittingly celebrated by recalling the struggle which made good the assertion of the American people. Here is a story of the Revolution: New Jersey was the principal battleground of the Revolution. The region between New York and Philadelphia was a great deal of the time a stable ground. The British occupied New York city and, for a portion of the time, Philadelphia. Washington stationed himself on the heights of Morristown, between the two cities, but much nearer New York than Philadelphia. Over the lower ground, from Trenton to Jersey City, couriers were galloping, spies were lurking and a stray soldier wearing the red or the blue was moving on some errand. Some five miles southwest of Newark, where the city of Orange now stands, was the residence of a Tory named Wardle. His daughter, Virginia, had two suitors, the one a British, the other an American officer, Edgar Plimpton, the redcoat, was with General Howe at New York, and since the army of occupation had little to do the young Englishman made frequent excursions to visit the lady he loved, while Alan Trowbridge, who was at Morristown, rode in the opposite direction and about the same distance on a similar errand. Either one of these officers was liable to fall into the hands of some reconnoitering or foraging party of the side against which he fought. Then, too, it was quite possible that they might meet at the Wardle mansion. One night it was the Fourth of July, by the way Lieutenant Trowbridge, descending the Orange mountain, galloped through the valley between him and the Wardles and drew up before the gate. Without waiting to be admitted he stalked into the house, to find Miss Virginia in the drawing room. She was evidently much perturbed. Trowbridge asked her if he had come inopportunely, if he had not better leave, but to all such questions she gave unsatisfactory replies. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of his visit she appeared ill at ease, and he found himself obliged to do nearly all the talking, the young lady confining herself to monosyllables. Trowbridge knew of the attentions of Captain Plimpton and had come to her to ask her to decide between herself and the Britisher. He began a little speech he had arranged to that effect, but Virginia, showing signs of still greater embarrassment, endeavored to check him. He persisted and just as he finished, with the words "decide now between him and me" a closet door opened and his rival stepped forth in the dress of a citizen. "If this matter is to be settled here," he said, "I prefer not to be placed in the position of eavesdropper. Rather, I would hear my doom openly." "How come it, captain," said Trowbridge, "that you are so near the American lines and not in uniform? Are you aware that if caught as you are you are liable to be treated as a spy?" He had no sooner spoken the words than there was the sound of horses' hoofs without and through the window they could see a dozen Continental troopers at the gate. An officer dismounted and coming up to the door which stood open walked into the hall. Looking into the living room he saw the two men and the girl. To Trowbridge, in whom he recognized a patriot officer, he said: "Pardon me, sir, for entering unannounced, but I have been told that a British spy was in this neighborhood and since this house is occupied by notorious Tories I am likely to find him here." "There is no spy on these premises," replied Trowbridge. "I give you my word for that." The officer looked suspiciously at Plimpton. "I fear," he said, "that I shall have to ask this gentleman to give an account of himself." Plimpton was about to speak to declare his identity when Trowbridge stopped him. "I have vouched for the gentleman," he said. "That should be enough." "Who is he?" "I have told you that he is not a spy." "Nevertheless I must satisfy myself of that." "Leave this house, sir." "On what authority?" "By order of the commander in chief. I am Lieutenant Trowbridge of his staff." "Pardon me, lieutenant," said the other, and, turning, he rejoined his troopers, and they all rode away. Then followed an impressive tableau, Virginia, turning to Captain Plimpton, took his hand in both of hers, looking him steadfastly in the eyes. Then she turned, and, throwing her arms about Trowbridge, her head fell on his breast. "I do not blame you," said the captain. "I only regret that I might not at least have been given an opportunity to do so noble an act." Without another word he left the house and never saw Virginia Wardle again.

THE SUBTLE ASIATIC.

His Illustration of the Saying That "Clothes Make the Man." Some hundreds of years ago there lived in Agahelin, a little town in Asia Minor, an imam, or village parson, the Khoja Nasar-ed-Dia Effendi. Concerning him Mr. H. C. Lukach tells some stories in his book, "The Fringe of the East."

One day a camel passed along the street in which the khoja lived, and one of the khoja's neighbors who had never seen a camel before ran to ask him what this strange beast might be. "Don't you know what that is?" said the khoja, who also had never seen a camel, but would not betray his ignorance. "That is a hare a thousand years old." A great man once gave a feast to which, with much condescension, he caused the khoja to be bidden. Accordingly on the appointed day the khoja repaired to the great man's house and found himself in the midst of a fashionable and richly clad company, which took no notice of the poor imam in his threadbare black gown. No one greeted him or spoke to him and eventually he was shown by a servant to the lowest seat. After a little while the khoja slipped away unobserved and went into the hall where some of the mighty ones had left their outer garments. Selecting a magnificent gown richly lined with fur, he put it on and returned to the room. Nobody recognized this resplendent personage, whose arrival excited universal attention. The company rose to salute him, and the host, who had previously ignored him, approached, bowing, and inquired after his honorable health. The khoja stroked the sleeve of his borrowed garment. "Answer, fur!" he said.

STUCK TO HIS FAITH.

Anyhow It Paid the Young Prussian Not to Change It. A king of Prussia who reigned about the beginning of last century was noted for his geniality, and often in the course of his walks through the streets would enter into conversation with his subjects.

One day he met a young man and asked him what his faith was. The youth, who was somewhat of a wag, answered, smiling, "I believe what my tailor believes." The king entered pleasantly into the joke and then asked again, "And what does your tailor believe in?" "Your majesty," replied the young man, "he believes that he will never get the 30 marks which I owe him, and I believe it also." The king laughed heartily at the outspoken and unrestrained way in which he had answered him, and then gave him 30 marks. "Now, then, you can pay your tailor and so change his faith." The young man fancied, however, that he could use the money for a better purpose, and the tailor naturally went unpaid.

Not long afterward the king met the same youth, who, as he saw his majesty approaching, tried to escape down a side street. The king had, however, espied him and called after him. The youth, somewhat crestfallen and abashed, approached his majesty, who at once asked him if he had paid his tailor. A smile passed over the young man's face as he replied, "Your majesty, I could not change my faith for 30 marks."

Disraeli and Primrose. Disraeli's alleged fondness for the primrose rests upon rather flimsy evidence. Lady Dorothy Nevill, who knew him intimately, has recorded that she never heard him express any particular admiration for the primrose, which it is always said was his favorite flower, though a great admirer of his used to send him big bunches of them from Torquay every spring. Grant Duff, when discussing the primrose cult with Lord Pembroke, was told, "There are two stories about it, but certainly he once told Cory, 'I like to be in the country when the primroses are out.' A consensus of opinion seems to favor the idea that in Queen Victoria's inscription, 'His favorite flower,' the pronoun referred, not to Disraeli, but the prince consort.—London Mail.

In Their Own Coin.

When S. R. Crockett offered his first book to a certain firm of publishers they returned it with a curt note informing him that there was "no market for this sort of work." In the corner of the note was the index mark "No. 399C." Some time later, when Mr. Crockett had become famous, this same firm wrote asking him to allow them to publish his next book. Mr. Crockett, who had carefully preserved their former rude letter, politely replied by asking them to refer to their own letter book under the sign "No. 399C." That closed the correspondence.

As You Like It.

Jimmy, who was no highbrow, had gone all alone to see one of those outdoor performances of Shakespeare. He was telling his elders about it. "Some class to Shakespeare," said Jimmy. "The show was fine." "But what show was it?" asked Jimmy's big sister. "Let Er'y-body Do to Suit Hisself," replied Jimmy.—New York Post.

Dreams.

The seven-year-old boy who told his sister that "dreams are only moving pictures in your mind" gave a better definition of the fancies of slumber than can be found in the dictionaries.

This world is to the sharpest, heaven to the most worthy.—Hamilton.

An Odd Breach of Promise Case. By BURICE BLAKE

George Trover had a way exclusively his own of doing things. If any one attempted to injure him he would not put up an open fight. He would think out a plan to circumvent his opponent or undermine him in other words, put him into a position to "hang himself" by his own acts. If he desired to confer a favor on any one he would go about it in a way at first to cause the person he favored to think that he was about to do him an injury. No one could tell from what he said what he meant. He was continually confessing to faults that he did not possess. "If you only knew me," he would say, "you would find me a very mean man."

When it was announced that George Trover was engaged to Estelle Garrett her most intimate friend said he had won her by telling her that there was something on his conscience for which he was repentant and which was an unbearable burden to him. In this way he won her sympathy. Then he confessed that his crime was in loving her instead of one he was in duty bound to love. The result was a betrothal.

Not long after the engagement Estelle met George on the street walking with a young woman plainly but neatly dressed. The girl was talking with great earnestness and looking up into George's face in a way Estelle did not like. When George caught the eye of his fiancée looking at him intently and severely he started. Then he forced a smile, bowed and passed on. Estelle went home and wrote him a note breaking their engagement. This was not the proper thing for her to do. She should have first called for an explanation. She waited several days for a reply to her note communicating her decision, but heard not a word.

By this time she had come to understand that her lover was a bit peculiar and wondered what he was going to do. Surely he would not fall to take some notice of the breaking of the engagement. And yet, considering that start he gave when he had met her, indicating guilt, might he not be so ashamed as to let the matter go by default? Another consideration came into her head—that, having found a new love, he might desire to be off with the old one. But in this case would he not be likely to notify her that he accepted his dismissal?

Finally George's reply came. And what was it? A note from an attorney announcing that on behalf of George C. Trover, Esq., he had begun proceedings against her for breach of promise.

Estelle read the note with amazement. Her first thought was that on no account could there ever again be between them any such thing as love and that she would never again notice a man who had treated her in so extraordinary a fashion. It took some time for her to see her true position. She had accepted George, his presents, much of his time, and to please her he had changed his occupation. She had broken the engagement on seeing her fiancée walking on the street with another girl. She had no evidence that this girl had supplanted her. It began to appear to her that she had acted hastily. An uncle of hers was an attorney, and she went immediately to his office. There she told him the story and asked his advice.

"You are placing me in an unpleasant position," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "George came to me and asked me to bring this suit. I declined to have anything to do with it and he put his case in other hands. I don't see now how I can take yours." "But you can advise me, uncle, can't you?" "Certainly."

"Well, what do you think of a man who will bring a suit of breach of promise against a woman?" "Men and women both come under the law."

"Can he force me to marry him?" "No. He is not trying to do that. He is merely claiming payment for a broken heart."

"Broken heart? I don't believe he has a heart. Can he get damages?" "That depends upon the jury. I fancy from what you have told me he can prove his case. The judge will probably instruct the jury to find for the plaintiff, and they will award a damage of 1 cent."

"What! Insult me by considering my love worth no more than that?" "No. It would mean that George is in the right, you, of course, being in the wrong. But they wouldn't like to punish a woman for sending a man away even if there were no legal reason for her action. They might give him damages for his presents to you."

"He can have them all back. What shall I do?" "Let me telephone George to come here and settle the matter out of court."

She assented to this, and George appeared. "George," said the uncle, "who was that girl Estelle met you walking with?" "A young woman I was taking to the office of a friend of mine to whom I had applied in her behalf for a position."

"Nothing between you?" "Certainly not." "Then you two had better make up." And they did. When George tells the story to guests his wife says she forgave him because he didn't know any better.

MADRID'S ARID SITE.

Parched and Dusty Now, It Was Once a Watery Garden Spot.

Travelers find it hard to believe that Madrid ever abounded with water. The modern town stands on so bleak and arid an eminence, its surroundings, save in early spring, are so parched and dusty and the water-poller's cry of "Agua! Agua!" is so insistent and ubiquitous, one fancies Madrid must have been thirsty from the beginning.

Yet its ancient coast of arms was a large flat half immersed in water, with steel hatchets striking it on either side, the ascending spurs forming a sort of canopy around it. Appended was the motto:

I was built on water. My walls are of fire. Such is my embankment.

This device was emblematic only of the city and its early days before Charles V. had started it on its headlong career of greatness merely because he credited its climate with having cured him of a fever. At that time Madrid was a small town embowered in gardens and woods and meadows and with springs and wells lavishly supplied by nature. The Manzanares, now a melancholy, meager stream, was of a measurable depth. But with the apportioning of her territory into palaces and lodging houses for the royal hangers-on and the cutting down of the trees to swell the royal treasury the inevitable followed.—The sun-of-well-high-400-sunners has burned and returned the site of the old town and its bestrapped suburbs and dried up the natural moisture. At present the climate of Madrid is nearly the most trying in all Europe.—From Calvert's "Madrid."

SCHOOLS IN ARABIA.

Pupils Sit Swinging on the Floor as They All Study Aloud.

In the schools of Arabia the children, with the schoolmaster, sit upon the floor or the ground in a semicircle, and each has a tablet of wood which is painted white and upon which the lessons are written. When the latter are learned they are washed out and replaced by other lessons.

During study hours the Arab schools remind one of the Chinese, for the children all study aloud, and as they chant they rock back and forth like trees in a storm, and this movement is continued for an hour or more at a time. The schoolmaster rocks back and forth also, and altogether the school presents a most novel appearance as well as a sound. Worshippers in the mosques always move about while reciting the Koran, as this movement is believed to assist the memory.

The desks of the Arab schools are odd contrivances of palm sticks, upon which is placed the Koran or one of the thirty sections of it. After learning the alphabet the boys take up the study of the Koran, memorizing entire chapters of it until the sacred book is entirely familiar.

A peculiar method is followed in learning the Koran. The study begins with the opening chapter, and from this it skips to the last. The last page is then learned, then the last but two, and so on in inverted order, ending finally with the second chapter.

Origin of the Word "Mustard."

Our English word "mustard" is traceable to the French "moutarde," the origin of which is curiously given in 1832 Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, granted to the town of Dijon the privilege of bearing his armorial ensigns, with the motto "Mout m'arde" ("I with ardently"). In return for a handsome contingent of a thousand men furnished to him at its expense. Pleased with the royal concession, the authorities ordered the device to be annexed over the principal gates of the city. Time or accident at length obliterated the middle word, and the two remaining, mout and arde, were printed on the labels which the merchants of Dijon pasted on pots in which they sent this commodity all over the world.

Our Constitution.

The United States constitution is not modeled on any other; but, on the contrary, several are modeled on it, notably those of Canada, Australia, the Central and South American republics, Switzerland and, to a certain extent, China. It was drafted by a convention in 1787, ratified by nine states (the prescribed number) in 1788 and set to work under George Washington as first president in 1789. It is a very simple document, containing originally only seven articles.—Christian Herald.

As Good as His Word.

He—I always make it a point to profit by the mistakes of others. She—I got weary of George Britton because he never seemed to know when to go home. He then bade her good night.—Cleveland Leader.

Optimist and Pessimist.

"What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?" "A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."—Judge.

Natural Result.

"The magistrate in a Brooklyn court was injured yesterday when the ceiling fell." "Yes, I heard he was all covered with court plaster."—Buffalo Express.

Loss of Sleep.

Medical authorities state that it takes fifteen days for the average human body to recover fully from the loss of five consecutive nights' sleep.

Making an Acquaintance. By EVERETT F. CLARKE

One day on leaving my home after making a deposit I saw a lady at the next window—the paying teller—trying to count a fat roll of bills. The lady was young and pretty—indeed, I was very much struck with her appearance. I thought of offering my services to count the bills for her, but this would put her on guard against me as desiring to play a confidence game and get her money.

Finally she gave up the attempt and rolling the bills into a wad, stuffed them into a portemonnaie and left the bank. I went out at another door, hailed a street car, got aboard; a lady got in behind me and sat down opposite me. She was the one I had seen in the bank. She was carrying her portemonnaie in her hand, inviting, so it seemed to me, some thief to snatch it. No one taking advantage of the offer, she laid it on the seat beside her and proceeded to put on her gloves, which she had removed to count the money. The portemonnaie lay on the smooth surface of the seat ready to be shaken out of sight or into some thief's possession, but the lady didn't appear to worry about it, seeming far more strait-laced—tearing her gloves, which could not have cost over \$2, than of losing a fat roll of bills.

There is nothing that will teach the heart like stupidity. And it seemed to me that there was quite enough stupidity in this beautiful creature—her eyes were great soft brown ones and her hair was a shining chestnut—to make me love her forever. I watched her do her portemonnaie—the wad slid into the crack between the seat and its back, disappearing behind the folds of her dress.

The car jugged on, most of the passengers gradually getting out. I was carried far beyond my destination, but if I had been intent on possessing myself of the lady's portemonnaie I could not have been more absorbed in the situation. In fact, I did have designs on that portemonnaie, but for a purpose different from that of using the money in it.

Having got her gloves on—without tearing them—the lady tot of her back hair, folded her plump little hands and was evidently lost in a day dream. She did not leave the car till it reached the terminal, and when she did she and I were the only persons in it. I waited till she had arisen and started for the door. There was the portemonnaie resting safely in the junction between the seat and its back. The lady's face was turned from me; the motorman was busy; I took up the portemonnaie, put it in my pocket and left the car. The lady started up a street. I followed her and, presently passing her, raised my hat and said: "I beg pardon. Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives?" She turned her eyes upon me and asked: "What Smith?"

"Why, the Mr. Smith, of course! There's always one particular Smith in a place."

"I don't know any Mr. Smith at all. This was said with hauteur. "Would you mind my walking with you till you reach your home?" I asked.

"I certainly would." "Well, then, I will leave you. I predict, however, that before twenty-four hours have passed you will give me an invitation to visit you. Here is my card."

She took the card and, tearing it into bits, scattered them on the sidewalk. At the same time her color was rising like a bay of Biscay life. "Good morning," I said, raising my hat with infinite politeness, and left her. At the same time I kept her in sight till I saw her enter a dwelling standing in handsome grounds and afterward inquired all about it and its occupants. Returning to the city, I mailed one of my cards to the address and waited. By noon the next day I received a note from a Miss Edith Belmont stating that if I was the gentleman who had sat opposite her in the car the day before and could tell her anything about a portemonnaie she had lost she would be obliged if I would do so. I replied that I had joined her the day before for that purpose, but, noticing that there seemed to be something in my personality that was distasteful to her, I had felt it incumbent upon me to leave her. To this she sent an invitation for me to come and see her. I did so and was eagerly received.

"Do you know anything about it?" she asked hurriedly. "Have you found out anything about where Mr. Smith lives?" I asked in reply. Her big eyes grew bigger. What could I mean?

I took her portemonnaie from my pocket and handed it to her. The change from the worried expression on her face to one of delight was ravishing.

"Where did you find it?" she asked. "Where you left it on the seat in the car."

I insisted on her counting the money over till the amount came out twice alike—\$200—then rose to go. By this time my facetiousness began to dawn upon her. She asked me if there was nothing she could do to show her appreciation of my kindness in the matter, and I told her there was—I should like to make her acquaintance.

I made it so effectively that we are counting our lives together.

SIBIRIANS AND BIRDS.

A Description of the Birds of the Russian Empire.

"Writing verses for the Sibiriens and their wives" is not a new and easy task. "Sibirians" is a word which has been used in the past to denote the natives of the vast country which lies between the Ural mountains and the Pacific Ocean. You can see the Sibiriens in the form of birds, and with these you can consider the Sibiriens of the world.

To avoid repetition like a poem, and to see some new birds, I have written O. wherever possible are the birds of the Sibiriens. Sibiriens, has been used in the past to denote the natives of the vast country which lies between the Ural mountains and the Pacific Ocean. You can see the Sibiriens in the form of birds, and with these you can consider the Sibiriens of the world.

"An excessive use of stimulants produces a ludicrous blood poisoning. (Read the last sentence aloud, and note the effect.) Narcotism is a well known dramatic device, and is often used to give an actor a speech in which he describes 'Dick acting still as a clown and steering the horse-sculpture.' London Answer.

BIRDS AND BRAINS.

The Canary Well-Supplied, While the Poor Man Is Bodily Lacking.

Naturalists have arrived at the conclusion that the brain in birds is in proportion to the body. It is admitted that intelligence depends upon the weight of the brain, but the fact is that the brain of a bird is not placed at the top of the neck, as in the case of man, but at the base of the skull. The brain of a bird is not placed at the top of the neck, as in the case of man, but at the base of the skull. The brain of a bird is not placed at the top of the neck, as in the case of man, but at the base of the skull.

In man the brain forms from one-third to one-half of the whole body; in the canary, one-tenth; in the sparrow, one-twenty; in the chicken, one-thirty; in the pig, one-fifty; in the horse, one-hundred; in the elephant, one-hundred-and-fifty; in the whale, one-hundred-and-fifty; in the human brain, one-hundred-and-fifty.

By some the present state of civilization is supposed to be the result of the development of the brain. It is admitted that intelligence depends upon the weight of the brain, but the fact is that the brain of a bird is not placed at the top of the neck, as in the case of man, but at the base of the skull.

The Industrious Chinaman.

Of all oriental workmen the Chinese are undoubtedly the best, though they may be some with experience of the races who may be disposed to give the palm to the Japanese. A Chinaman who thoroughly understands his business, and who is able to improve his knowledge and his instructions, is a clear-headed man. He is not a man of many words, and who moreover is honest. A little patience and tact, will find difficulty in the management of the tool of Chinese labor of whatever kind. Speaking generally, they are good, conscientious workmen, and many of them are very clever fellows. The quality of the work turned out by good Chinese labor, farmed or otherwise, varies little from that of the average good British workman of the same class, but the latter would be the same in point of time.—London Magazine.

The Fly's Stabilizer.

"On either side of the waist there is a fly in a stabilizer," says Dr. Williams, a famous entomologist. "This is something like a base drum which these are extremely small, but they are than one-tenth as long as the fly's wings, and while in flight they may be moved about, much as a tight-rope walker uses a long pole for balancing himself." "In experimenting with flies these little stabilizers have been removed. When returned the fly begins to wobble, but without these stabilizers he can describe a sort of semicircle and invariably lands on his back." "Wasps and bees keep their balance while in flight by shifting the center of infection of the abdomen and legs."—Exchange.

Would Have Made No Difference.

"Sir Edward Cook in his 'Life of Florence Nightingale' tells a story of a wounded soldier who picked up another wounded soldier and stumbled back into camp with him. The rescued man turned out to be a general, no less, and when he woke he saw his rescuer in hospital the latter exclaimed: "I'm glad I didn't know it was you. But if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same!"

Bad Ailment.

Young Author—I don't know what the matter with me, doctor. I've just published my new book, and I thought maybe the strain—Physician—I can see. A bad case of new writs.—Baltimore American.

Circumstances and Cases.

The Clubman—Circumstances alter cases, you know. The Lawyer—Yes, and a few good cases would materially alter my circumstances.—Boston Transcript.

Loving Hearts are the Best.

Loving hearts are the best. They are contented with what they are given to them.—Boston Transcript.