

By George Cartwright.
Dorothy Desmond would never have accepted the attentions of Frank Carroll if she had not known he was most heartily disliked by Dr. Bruce Ronald. And she never would have quarreled with the doctor but for Danny.

Dorothy had been the head of the house since a mere slip of a girl, she had stood beside her dying mother and, scarce comprehending her responsibility, had promised that she would be a mother to Danny. She had some more years rolled around, becoming Danny's abject slave.

It was because Dr. Ronald had left Danny's cut finger to hurry to Mrs. Carson, who was reported to be in a fit that Dorothy had quarreled with him. She could not understand why Mrs. Carson's fit should be more important than her darling's hurt, and had told Ronald that she could not marry a man who would leave a poor suffering child to minister to the whims of a hypochondriac.

There was no time for argument. Dr. Ronald had sprung into his buggy, and the next day she had returned his ring. That same night Carroll had taken the doctor's place on the Desmond porch to the openly expressed disapproval of Danny, who found Carroll's cheap humor but a poor exchange for the absorbing tales Ronald was wont to tell.

Dorothy herself found little pleasure in Carroll's society. His slang and silly stories grated upon her finer sensibilities, but she would not let Ronald see that she missed him, and Carroll had been the first to appear after the quarrel.

Carroll was far from a fool, however, and he sought to win Danny's favor with presents. That youth refused to accept a music box and a jack knife, but the approach of the Fourth of July had so mysteriously disposed to accept a gigantic pistol generously supplied with caps of an extra large size and of exceptional noise producing qualities. He was still wedded to his idol, Ronald, but the doctor's such fascinating ways was not to be regarded lightly, and for fully ten minutes he sat upon Carroll's lap before he slipped down to try the new toy.

Encouraged by the success of this experiment, Carroll was moved to make further offering on the morning of the Fourth of a case of fireworks and a fresh supply of caps in spite of Dorothy's fears of an accident. More than that, he stayed to help shoot them off, and all the afternoon he and Danny made the Desmond front yard as noisy as a Japanese battlefield.

He did not receive the invitation to supper for which he had been maneuvering; however, he was back soon after the evening meal. He was as pleased as least one welcome by a fresh supply of fireworks. These he assisted Danny to set off in the front yard, seriously burning one of Mr. Desmond's famous maples with his pinwheels and smashing a skylight in the conservatory next door with a misdirected rocket.

Presently Carroll began to regret his generosity, for he argued that were the supply left alone with Dorothy, because of this he would be in only a cap, ready, when she complained of the noise, to flick the ashes carelessly from his clear into an open box of caps. The expected explosion did not come, and, disappointed, he turned away just as Danny reached over for the cap.

With a flare the entire supply exploded in the boy's face. The ash with the live heart had taken a moment to heat through and explode the fulminate.

"A cry Dorothy caught him up and carried him into the parlor, refusing all aid from the thoroughly frightened Carroll.

"Don't touch him!" she stormed. "If you have any decency, go away at once!"

"I didn't mean to," he protested. But his words fell upon unheeding ears. It was enough for Dorothy that her darling was suffering. She ran to the telephone to call up old Dr. Bryan, only to be met with the disheartening response that the doctor had been called to the country. There was only one other physician in the town.

For one brief second Dorothy hesitated; then a groan from the huddled figure on the couch drove from her head all feeling of pride. She called the receiver down again. No need this time to look in the book for the number. She knew it by heart.

Ronald answered the call in person, and with a cry of relief she told him of her need. He hurried to her aid. There was no answer to her request; only the click as the receiver at the other end was hung up. With a cry she sank to the floor. She was alone in the house with her suffering idol. Her father had gone to the celebration in the town hall, and Carroll had slunk away at her fierce repulse.

She could not believe that a man would be so cruel as to refuse little Danny help. And Dr. Ronald had pretended to be so fond of the boy. Hot anger burned in her heart, but she remembered that her first duty was toward Danny. She struggled to her feet and started toward the couch in the other room. In the doorway her heart gave a great leap. There, bending over the lad, was the stalwart figure she loved so well. Without turning from his work he spoke:

"I thought it would be better to come right over," he explained. "I was afraid that his eyes might be in danger. Fulminate makes such a nasty burn."

"You might have told me that you were coming," she protested.

"Do you imagine I would refuse to answer the call of distress anywhere?" he asked as he saturated a strip of cotton batting in sweet oil. "Was there need of that assurance? Even you gave me credit for being absorbed in my work."

"But you pardon," she said simply, trying to still the beating of her heart as she came forward and took one of Danny's hands in her own. "Is he much hurt?"

"Not as badly as I feared," was the assuring answer. "The burns are superficial and confined to the lower part of the face. His eyes are unharmed, and he did not breathe the flame."

"Thank God," she said softly. "That you are here!"

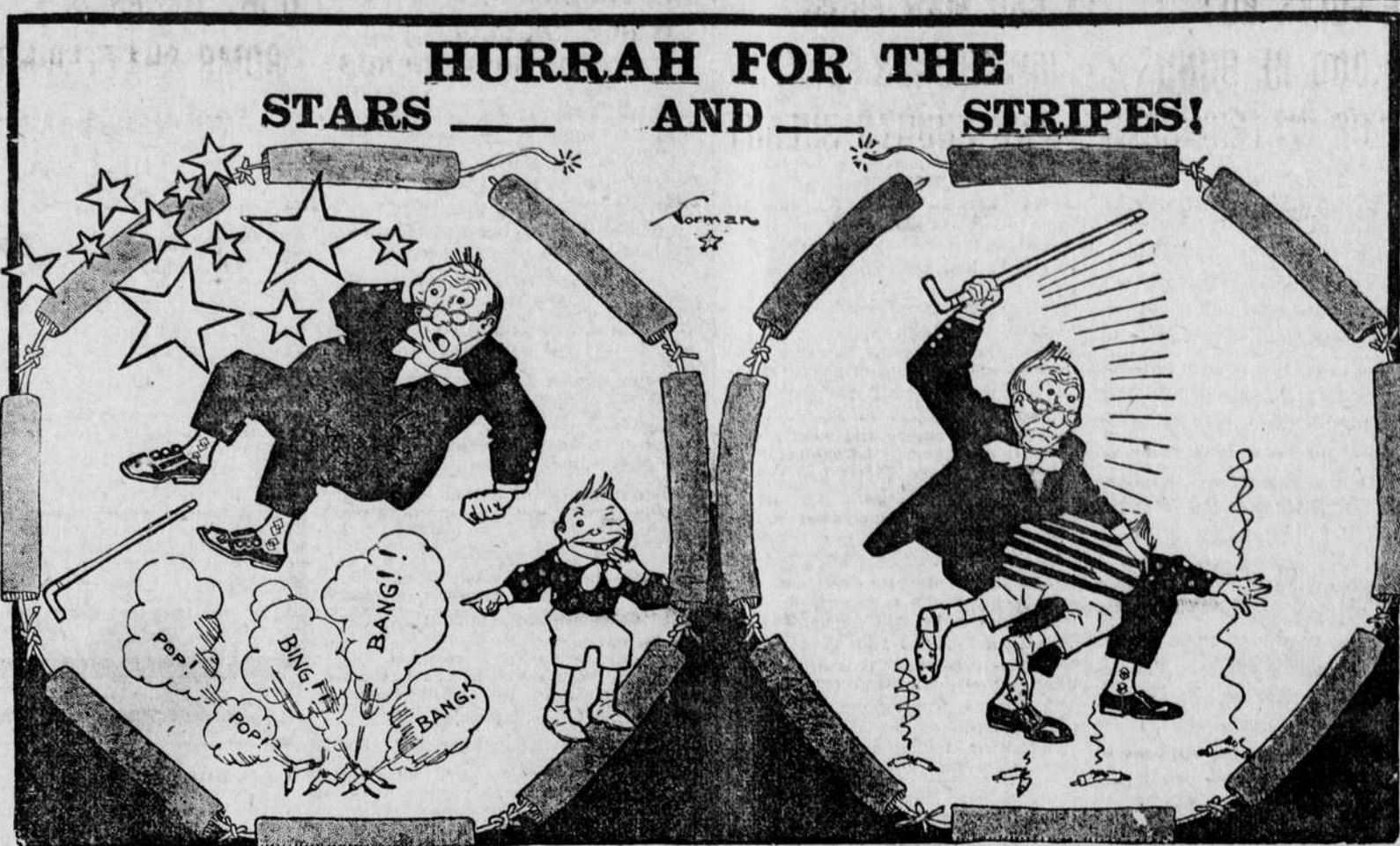
He shot a quick glance at her as he raised his eyes from his work. But he went quietly on, and by the time he had finished she had regained her self-possession.

"How can I ever repay you?" she said as she replaced his packages in the tiny satchel. He caught her face in his two hands and searched her eyes. What he saw there made her satisfied him.

"My fee is a heavy one," he declared solemnly. "A kiss."

There was a tense moment, then, with a sob, she paid him double price.

Costly Patrons.
From the Brooklyn Eagle.
The Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; we charge them a dollar extra.
The Preacher—Dollar extra! Why?
The Hotel Clerk—They don't patronize the bar.



The British Invader.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

The city editor of the Chicago paper sent me down to Stanchfield, a distance of forty miles, to write a funny story about a misfortune which had befallen one of the best men in the state of Illinois. His name was Samuel Brandon, and he was known far and wide as a genuine American, a man whom great wealth had not spoiled, in every way broad minded and thoroughly democratic in the best sense of the word.

The joke was that Mr. Brandon's only daughter had recently become engaged to a titled Briton, Lord Colewyn, whom malicious fate had sent to the little city of Stanchfield. This was a source of pride and joy to Mrs. Brandon, who was a born aristocrat, and of deep chagrin to her husband, whose patriotism was intense.

To add to the humor of the situation, Lord Colewyn was to be a guest of the Brandon on the Fourth of July. Upon this day Mr. Brandon always threw open his splendid estate to the populace and gave his fellow citizens such an entertainment as spared the city all expense for a celebration. It was Mr. Brandon's one day in the year; upon the other 364 Mrs. Brandon ruled the demesne in a fashion highly exclusive.

I agreed with the city editor that this affair partook of the nature of a jest. The sense of humor dawned upon the world-wide intellect of our monkey ancestors pushed another off the limb of a tree and was amused to see him light upon his head instead of on his feet, and fun has not changed much in the intervening millions of years.

An early train took me to Stanchfield, where my friend Tom Mason met me at the depot. He was employed in Mr. Brandon's bank, and I depended upon him for such of the facts as were really common property and might be safely used in my story. Tom had already given me some of them in a queer letter written about the time of the announcement of the engagement, in the middle of June. He seemed to suffer for Mr. Brandon, whom he greatly admired, and to expect me to sympathize fully.

In company with my friend I went to the Stanchfield hotel for a bit of breakfast. As soon as we entered the dining room my attention was attracted by a person who had the unmistakable air of a gentleman's gentleman. He was superintending two waiters in the arrangement of a table, the most favorably situated of all in the room, for it was on a dais in a corner and was almost surrounded by open windows.

"Lord Colewyn's valet," said Tom. "His lordship evidently intends to breakfast in public this morning."

"Why isn't he at the Brandon's?" I asked.

"He doesn't want to crowd the old gentleman too hard, I guess," replied Tom. "My lord is not such a fool as he looks."

"Mr. Brandon really takes this to heart, eh?" I said.

"Does he?" said Tom, with most expressively emphasized, "and yet he's such a thoroughbred; absolutely a man of principle! He believes that a mother is the natural and proper guardian of her daughter. In this matter he has sided with his wife, but he would never attempt to control her. Toward Lord Colewyn he is strictly just. He'll be a model father-in-law in every way."

"Including the pecuniary way," said I.

"Tom smiled bitterly.

"As to that," said he, "let me tell you a story—not for publication, of course, for we are keeping it quiet. His lordship had about \$5,000 in Mr. Brandon's bank. One day last week a man presented a check to me as paying teller at the bank for \$5,000, drawn by Colewyn to his own order and indorsed by him. Signature and indorsement looked all right, and I took the man to be that funky over there, who had cashed one or two similar checks for small amounts. It appears that the check was a forgery and that Bitters, as Colewyn is pleased to call his valet, was impersonated by a swindler who had had a room in this hotel next to my lord's for about a week and has now skipped for parts unknown. I could have sworn that the man was Bitters, but he wasn't, because Bitters was at the Brandon place at the time."

"Who so?" I demanded.

"Everybody," answered Tom gloomily. "Miss Brandon among the number. Bitters was undoubtedly there with his master. And it was on me, of course. I ought to have lost my job. But Sam Brandon is a prince. He instantly made good Colewyn's loss and lighted a cigar with my resignation, and the whole affair is dead except that a detective is secretly chasing the swindler."

As I was about to ask a question Lord Colewyn entered the dining room, and at the sight of him I laughed. A moment later I began to be surprised that he should have appeared to me in that way. He was a big, blond Englishman, naturally rather good looking—indeed, he might be called handsome. But he was the absolute ideal of self-complacency. In costume, carriage, expression, everything to the minutest detail, he was entirely beyond criticism as the representative of a type of character. The picture of self-satisfaction was so perfect that it even transcended nature,

and my laugh was a tribute such as I might have given to a comedian who had appeared upon the stage in a make-up that surpassed all possible anticipation.

The noble lord at breakfast was such a study that I forgot the trifling matter of \$5,500 which my friend had mentioned and thought only of the refinement of manner which enabled Colewyn to preserve a languid indifference while stowing away a meal that would have filled an alligator. His valet ministered to his wants with well trained deference and the waiters with amusement tinged with admiration of his magnificent appetite.

Tom and I spent the forenoon lazily, lunched at his father's house and about 2 o'clock rode all across the city and a little way beyond its verge to the Brandon place. Description had not prepared me for the beauty of this estate nor for the remarkable effect of the world exclusiveness which it produced. The great house upon the crest of the vast green wave of lawn dominated the scene, and the windows stared haughtily at the public highway which passed by the front door. The garden in front of it. Gigantic elms flung down broad masses of shadow upon the green, and it is painful to speak of the number of the vulgar who were enjoying these refuges from the burning heat of the day, the common people are always most distressingly plebeian when accompanied by their children, and I judged that these could not have left any at home.

Upon a veranda at the rear of the house I found Mrs. Brandon and her daughter drinking tea with a select few called from Stanchfield's society. Mrs. Brandon was one of those annoying women who make up for a full face with a thin smile and a natural but obnoxious to young men, but she was a beautiful woman, and in just the right light she was a fair young creature of less than thirty summers. Seen in profile, she was a mask. In figure she was lean and eager, in gray hair, and the placidity of demerol which the aged affected was as easily detached from her real nature by an observing eye as was the film of rouge from her face.

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vising the arrangements for the display of fireworks, which was to be given by Tom also, and we had a serious talk. To sum up the matter in the briefest form, let me say that I laid before them evidence to support these allegations:

On the morning when the check swindle was perpetrated at the bank Lord Colewyn and Bitters had started from the Stanchfield hotel on foot for the Brandon residence. They had proceeded to a certain place beside the lawn surrounding the grounds and had climbed over. There they had found another man waiting in some shrubbery, where the ground had fortunately been in an excellent condition to receive and preserve footprints. The man whom they had met had been dressed and made up in imitation of Bitters, who after a brief conference had again climbed the wall. Lord Colewyn and the other man returned to the house from the inside until they had come to a path, by which they had approached the house.

The double of Bitters had stopped at a small summer house on the edge of the lawn in plain view from the veranda and had remained there an hour or more, while Lord Colewyn, with Miss Brandon and her mother for a part of the time—had sat on the veranda. During this period Lord Colewyn had frequently directed attention to "Bitters" seated in the summer house. Finally (and doubtless upon a signal) he had sent a servant to summon Bitters, and the real Bitters had responded, coming up to the veranda, where of course he had been unmistakably recognized by Mrs. Brandon and her daughter, the latter of whom was able to declare from the depths of honest conviction that he had not been out of her sight.

Yet the fact was that Bitters had been seen and had cashed the check, creeping secretly into the arbor afterward in a way which I was able to point out and even in part to trace by actual markings, thus taking the place of his double, who then crept out to town, packed up his belongings in the hotel and fled.

The resemblance of the double to Bitters had been strong enough to permit of this deception at the distance of the arbor from the veranda, but would not have sufficed for the fraud at the bank.

When Mr. Brandon had heard my story and was at a loss to find any other natural impulse was to give Colewyn a chance to defend himself, but as we were about to summon him Mrs. Brandon broke in upon us, having overheard so much that the remainder could not be concealed.

Mrs. Brandon at first supposed that I was attacking the validity of her title, and she was so angry that she was trying to prove him a bogus lord. Such had been her own first fear in regard to him; he had seemed "too good to be true." She had read the newspapers, and she knew that bogus lords are permitted to exist by an inevitable and unchangeable law. She had the fondest hopes of ambitious mothers. So she had taken shrewd measures to assure herself of Lord Colewyn's genuineness, and in this crisis she overwhelmed me with proofs of it.

In vain I protested that his title and my ancestorship were quite distinct. No matter. Mrs. Brandon seemed incapable of perceiving the possibility that a real lord could do wrong. The scene was fast becoming hysterical, and Mr. Brandon wisely broke it off and went in search of Colewyn. Tom and I led Mrs. Brandon to the floor of the veranda, and in a few minutes Ethel came flying around an angle of the house.

"Mother!" she cried. "Something dreadful has happened! Father has taken Lord Colewyn up to the sewing room."

"The sewing room?" echoed Mrs. Brandon.

"The house is overrun," said the girl. "It was the only place where they could be alone. Tell me—"

But her mother had sunk into a chair and seemed incapable of speech. Ethel turned to Tom, but I couldn't stand by and see that happen. Telling that story afterward, Tom in his loveless memory of those that hurt them. It seemed much better that she should have a disagreeable recollection of me, and so I deftly got in Tom's way and began my painful task.

I was interrupted by a dull, heavy sound that seemed to be directly over my head. I paused, looking upward.

"They're up there," said the girl, pointing.

"Tom," I cried, "do you know the way?"

Before he could reply there was a sound of shuffling feet, and then a figure swung into view from the edge of the veranda roof and dropped to the ground.

"Colewyn!" I exclaimed. "He didn't take that plunge for nothing."

Both Tom and I sprang to the veranda rail, but all was in deep shadow on that side, and we could not tell which way Colewyn had gone. In an instant we both were over the rail. The fugitive had taken no harm from his fall of fully twenty feet and had made off.

For perhaps a second's space we stood baffled, and then a great flare of light struck sharply across the darkness. The whole space between us and the arbor, with its background of trees and bushes, was brilliantly illumined, and in the midst of this expanse was Colewyn running as if for his life.

A mighty chorus of yells from beyond the house told us the cause of the welcome light. The fireworks display had begun with an enormous "set piece" showing the American eagle sketched in white fire, and in the light of this glorious bird of freedom I ran down the fleeing Britisher hunting with difficulty. It is no great feat for

a trained runner to overtake a man who has never given special study to that exercise. A nice, easy tackle brought Colewyn's nose and the sole of my native land into close touch with each other, and then Tom came up and helped me lead the captive back to the house.

There we learned that the interview between the noble lord and his prospective father-in-law had ended with a threat of a criminal prosecution, whereupon Colewyn had struck down the white haired old man with a somewhat remarkable weapon—one of those long, round needle cushions stuffed with emery powder, as ideal sand club. The blow stunned him, but inflicted no lasting injury. That is, it inflicted no lasting injury upon Mr. Brandon, but it smashed Miss Ethel's ideal of an English lord into ten thousand pieces, Mrs. Brandon's fear of scandal saved Colewyn from a jail, and he departed from that house forever that evening under the flaming eyes of a fiery portrait of George Washington.

Parades, dinners and the drinking of as many toasts as there were states in the union formed the characteristic features of the early Fourth of July celebrations. There was less noise a century ago than is usually the case today and absolutely no overindulgence in fireworks, because fireworks were so scarce that their use was practically restricted to the public gardens. These popular resorts, of which there were several in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities, were careful to announce, often weeks beforehand, the attractions prepared for the anniversary day. Nearly every town and village could point with pride to revolutionary veterans, and the presence of these warriors who had contributed their share toward making the declaration of independence mean something to the country added to the deep personal interest in the day. The love for the young country rang out true and clear in every oration and after dinner toast. The following toast, given by the merchants of New York in 1785 at the Tontine coffee house, is but a sample of many which the day always called forth:

"The auspicious day that rescued our country from the hated yoke of foreign tyranny and gave us honorable rank among the nations of the earth—may its glorious events never be effaced from the memory of our people; may the blessings it has conferred be as lasting as the globe we inhabit and may each revolving year find us more united, more happy and more free."

During the early years of the last century the celebration in New York invariably opened with a discharge of cannon from the Battery. A parade of the militia and volunteer rifle organizations, accompanied by the leading societies of the city, in which Tammany was always well represented, marched through Broadway below the present city hall, Wall street and some of the other thoroughfares.

After a march of about an hour the parade filed into St. Paul's some other prominent church, where the declaration of independence was always read, followed by an oration.

In the evening every tavern and coffee house had a special Fourth of July dinner. This latter custom was so small that it could not gather its company of patriotic diners in the village tavern, where their enthusiasm was displayed in repeated protestations of loyalty to their country.

The residents of Brooklyn 100 years ago were not to be outdone by their friends in the greater city across the river, as, according to a newspaper account at the time, the Fourth of July, 1784, was celebrated in Brooklyn as follows:

The military of Kings county assembled at the town of Brooklyn to celebrate the day. At sunrise a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The uniform corps of the troop of horse, republican riflemen, Washington fusiliers and the Rising Sun companies formed on Brooklyn Heights at 10 o'clock and marched through South street, Main street, Front street, up old Ferry street to the parade ground.

Later in the day there were dinners in the various taverns and the customary toasts.

An account of a celebration at Potts grove, Montgomery county, Pa., is interesting not only for the picture of rural enjoyment, but as a sample of the journalistic writing commonly seen in the early newspapers:

"Two fieldpieces, cheerfully served, sent abroad in the forenoon the lofty report of both fun and frolic by sixteen well timed and successive discharges. Joy beamed on every brow; the green valleys and distant hills participated in the gladness of the day by reverberating the magnificent and far sent sounds of liberty and independence."

Mention is then made of the dinner, with its attendant speeches, and in concluding the writer adds:

"The retired sun had just by this time set in the gloomy shade of night, upon which the company betook themselves to the tavern of James Kinkead, where they enjoyed themselves with sprightly dance and feasted to a late hour upon song, sentiment and rosy wine."—New York Times.

SOME OLD TIME CELEBRATIONS

"Some years ago," said the fireworks man, "I had to make a journey to Quito, the capital of Ecuador, to superintend a big fireworks display that was being given there by the government in celebration of the anniversary of the freeing of the country from the Spanish yoke by Bolivar."

"Well, I got to Guayaquil, the principal seaport of Ecuador, and started over the mountain trail to Quito, which was several days' journey inland, with a mule team. I had two American assistants with me and three muleteers. We rode on muleback, and our baggage was carried on six other mules. The country was disturbed at that time by one of the revolutions so common in Latin America, and we were warned at Guayaquil that we might be held up by the forces of the rebels. But all went well for two days.

"On the afternoon of the third day as we would round a corner of the narrow mountain path we met a party of barefooted, ragamuffin soldiers, who surrounded us in a moment and ordered us to halt. As the order was given at the very point of the rifle we promptly obeyed.

"The boss brigand, a big, burly villain, who smoked a fat black cigar and wore a long gilt sheathed sword, but was otherwise as ragged and disreputable as the rest of the gang, told us through our guides that he was an officer of the severest government, and constitutional provisional government, by which he meant the revolutionists. He added that he was empowered to annex, for the good of the cause, all mules and merchandise that passed along that road.

"They unloaded the pack animals and opened the boxes of fireworks, which caused them much surprise. They were all country peasants—half-breed Indians, who had only seen such things once or twice before when they happened to visit town at the time of the fiesta, and had certainly never touched them. The revolutionist general admired the rockets very much and handled them as lovingly as any American kid does on the Fourth of July.

"I told him they were intended to celebrate the independence of the country and appealed to his patriotism, but he let me go on to Quito so that the display might come off on schedule time. But he didn't see it in that light.

"The government at Quito, he declared, had trampled on the liberties of the country and therefore he had come to Quito to light one of the rockets by the wrong end. I tried to explain to him that he was going to get hurt, but his followers thrust me aside roughly, and I didn't try to save him again. The rocket suddenly went off with a terrific explosion. The whole lot ignited at once, bombs and rockets darting off in all directions among the crowd standing around.

"You can bet those revolutionists were scared. Some of them fell down on the ground and called upon their patron saints for help; other bolted down the mountain trail like frightened hares and didn't show up again for half an hour.

"It is a miracle we were not all killed, but with the exception of the general no body was badly hurt.

"I know how to dress burns as well as any doctor, of course, and I soon fixed him up as comfortable as possible. His followers formed a camp near the trail, and I stayed with them three days, attending to the chief's injuries. At the end of that time he was well on the way to recovery and very grateful to me. I went on to Quito and gave the display at the time appointed, but all the fireworks had to be locally manufactured."—Charles B. Darlington in Washington Star.

Dance Favors for the Fourth.
For the Fourth of July dance there are enormous crackers or snapping mottos in tricolored isinglass. An extra loud snapper is in honor of Independence day, and the caps and aprons packed in the small space are all in patriotic colors. At the end of the favors are tiny cans wound with tricolored ribbons and small pistols which, when the trigger is pulled, send out a small Japanese folding fan, while those of larger size, in the shape of miniature parasols in the same colors, with the cutest of fringed edges.

Japanese Day Fireworks.
The Japanese are not expert in night fireworks, says a manufacturer of pyrotechnic supplies, "but they lead the world in day fireworks. I have seen some wonderful displays during several visits to Japan. They send up aerial pieces which explode and display in the air perfect models of full figured ships, temples, men, beasts and birds. The can even make these beasts and birds fight in the air. We have not yet been able to imitate them in this country with much success. On the other hand they are beginning to take our night fireworks and analyze them and produce similar pieces."

Parlor Fireworks.
Among the newest fireworks are the parlor variety, which a child can handle with safety and which can be set off in the house without danger of fire. This pattern includes diamond rain sticks, Roman candles and cartwheels. The fire and sparkle from these designs are harmless and may be permitted to fall upon the flimsiest kind of material without igniting it. The larger designs for outdoor use the newest is the galling candle, which consists of a bundle of Roman candles arranged around a centerpiece like a galling gun. The effect is very pretty.

Disfigured.
Church—We had some attractive features on the Fourth.
Gotham—And the next day I suppose there was a lot of features. You know which were not so attractive.—Yonkers Statesman.

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For the Fourth of July dance there are enormous crackers or snapping mottos in tricolored isinglass. An extra loud snapper is in honor of Independence day, and the caps and aprons packed in the small space are all in patriotic colors. At the end of the favors are tiny cans wound with tricolored ribbons and small pistols which, when the trigger is pulled, send out a small Japanese folding fan, while those of larger size, in the shape of miniature parasols in the same colors, with the cutest of fringed edges.

Japanese Day Fireworks.
The Japanese are not expert in night fireworks, says a manufacturer of pyrotechnic supplies, "but they lead the world in day fireworks. I have seen some wonderful displays during several visits to Japan. They send up aerial pieces which explode and display in the air perfect models of full figured ships, temples, men, beasts and birds. The can even make these beasts and birds fight in the air. We have not yet been able to imitate them in this country with much success. On the other hand they are beginning to take our night fireworks and analyze them and produce similar pieces."

Parlor Fireworks.
Among the newest fireworks are the parlor variety, which a child can handle with safety and which can be set off in the house without danger of fire. This pattern includes diamond rain sticks, Roman candles and cartwheels. The fire and sparkle from these designs are harmless and may be permitted to fall upon the flimsiest kind of material without igniting it. The larger designs for outdoor use the newest is the galling candle, which consists of a bundle of Roman candles arranged around a centerpiece like a galling gun. The effect is very pretty.

Disfigured.
Church—We had some attractive features on the Fourth.
Gotham—And the next day I suppose there was a lot of features. You know which were not so attractive.—Yonkers Statesman.