

**A GENTLEMAN OF '76.**

He cut a bonnie figure  
In bonnie buff and blue;  
A coolly slight his  
buckles bright,  
And primly powdered  
quondam;  
A more courageous  
quester  
Never served Sultan  
nor Shah;  
Than he my brave  
ancestor,  
My great - great -  
grandpappy;  
And then in his ca-  
tion  
Did my forefather say  
Speak out the word he'd long deferred  
"The fear shan't say him 'nary';  
And when he saw how tender  
He arched his eyes the light,  
He said - "In your surly  
I read - We with the field!"  
And when the freedom pean  
Sung, straight through the dells -  
A muffled drum whose echoes rang  
From Philadelphia bells -  
Lead from a stern old stealer,  
He turned the broad front,  
The joy sent to the people,  
My great-great-grandpapa.  
He held the brand-brilliant  
A "winner" beneath his beard;  
A Tory he conceived to be  
The basest child born;  
And not a neighbor considered  
He looked upon them so;  
Forsooth, that was one hundred  
And twenty years ago!

How true that happy present!  
In faith, how lead and true  
The while long life of love and strife,  
That sent in buff and blue  
Beyond all touch of travail,  
With great-great-grandmamma,  
Now flooding time, slays by in rhyme  
For great-great-grandpappy -  
New York Herald.

**GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.**

GRIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. Griggsville wasn't anxious to set off fireworks and have a balloon ascension, with fireworks in the evening. Quite the contrary, for the Fourth of July in the past had always been the greatest day of the year. Griggsville had thought of it all over, remembering that crops were bad, that the times were hard and that taxes were high, and had come to the conclusion that it would need all the money it could get for winter fuel and backwash flour and bacon.

All of the older folk agreed with this decision, not without many mournful shakings of the head, but the boys of Griggsville were much displeased.

"It's what I call a burning shame," sniffed Jack Morris when he heard the news.

"Yes," chimed in Buddy Wilson, "Alden's Mills and Noxross and Simpson's Landing and nearly every town in the county is going to have a celebration, and now Griggsville has backed out."

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play unless there is something going on."

Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the disappointment deeply.

For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently Will Spencer blurted out:

"Let's have a celebration anyway. I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least - and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

"That's all very well," returned Dick, "but it's easier said than done," and there the matter dropped.

The next day when the boys met at the ball field Will came rushing up the street, evidently much excited. As soon as he was within hearing he shouted:

"I've got it, fellows, I've got it!"

"Well, out with it, old man; don't keep us in suspense," replied Dick, who didn't think much of Will's many plans. For Will had only lived in Griggsville a short time and Dick was a little jealous of his popularity.

As soon as Will recovered his breath he unfolded his schemes. It was to go down to Sullinger's Hole and find the cannon and muskets that were supposed to be hidden in its depths. During the war the part of Missouri in which Griggsville is located had been overrun by roving bands of marauders, belonging to both the Confederate and Union armies, and it was one of those raids that the Southerners had panned down upon a quantity of stores and ammunition held at Griggsville and, being unable to get entirely away with their plunder, they had dropped it into Sullinger's Hole. All this had been long known to the boys of Griggsville, whose fathers and mothers often told of the wild day of the raid, and pointed out the bullet-turrows in their homes. And they knew, too, all about Sullinger's Hole. It was said no one had ever found bottom, although more than one of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool" but ever since old man Sullinger had scuffed at the idea and had come burling in its waters, never to return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole. All these things the boys knew, and it was, therefore, not at all

surprising that Buddy Wilson shrugged his shoulders and laughed when Will made the suggestion.

"None of that for me," he said.

"Oh, well, you needn't go along unless you want to," responded Will, impatiently. "All this talk about Sullinger's Hole being haunted is foolishness." Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested.

"I'd like," said Dick Lansing, "if I was sure there was any way of doing it."

"All right, Dick, we'll show 'em," put in Will, whose eyes fairly glowed with excitement. "We'll have the old guns all up here by the Fourth and it will be a celebration worth seeing." When Dick went over, all of the dolesters except Buddy went with him.

That night and the next evening they dragged or rolled a number of big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a lance that would support a dozen or more boys. As early on the afternoon of the third day as possible the seven slid quietly out of the town and down the hill to the pool. They carried with them ropes and a crowbar or two and a number of long poles cut in the woods, besides hammers and nails and other implements. On reaching the shore of the pool they mounted the raft and pushed it out. Once out on the pool they poled themselves along until they were about twenty feet from the shore.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. As long as there was light they poled about the edges of the pond with their drags, but with the exception of snags and weeds and mud they could find nothing at all.

After two more discouraging afternoons of work "Leak" Dreese said he wasn't going to waste any more of his time.

Three of the boys agreed with him, but Will Spencer was able to persuade Dick and Jack to make one more trial.

The next night Will was handling the



"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in. At the end was a mass of snags.

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly.

Will pulled the rope nearer and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted beyond recognition.

Recognizing that he was on a raft, Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice:

"We've found 'em! We've found 'em!"

But although they dragged an hour they could bring up nothing else.

"I don't see how we can ever get the things up even if they are there," said Dick.

"Divv," answered Will, quietly.

The other two boys looked at him with horror. But when they parted for the night Will had expressed his firm intention of diving to the bottom to see if he could find the cannon. And the next day all seven of the boys came back very much excited. The finding of the gun barrel had reassured them. Carefully they poled out so as not to make the water muddy, and then Will stripped and stood poised

ging something along in his hand. When he crawled out he laid an old, worn, rusted musket on the logs. All the boys were wild with excitement. Dick insisted on stripping and making a dive, and he, too, brought up a musket. Then Will went down with one end of a small rope in his mouth. This he ran through the fork of the cannon. A larger rope was dragged down and before dark the boys were on shore ready to begin pulling in their prize. But it would not stir. It was too deep in the mud.

The next afternoon they came down with Tom Fisher's old white-faced tent, fastened it to the logs, and with one strong pull the cannon came hove and then it was no trouble to pull the battered and rusted and wholly worthless old piece of artillery out of the water.

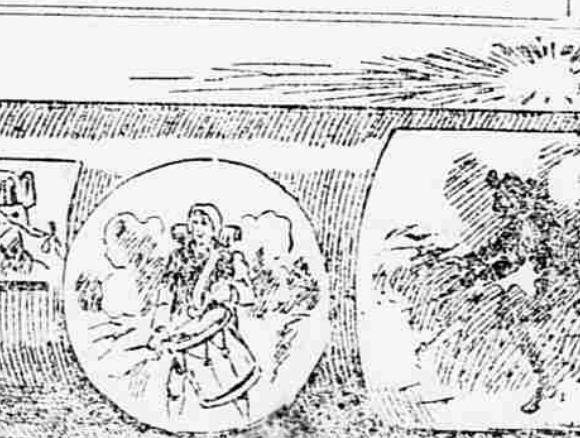
Somewhere, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wildfire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day. A hundred willing hands dragged the old cannon to the top of the bluff, and on Fourth of July morning it was loaded with powder - but that is getting ahead of the story. For when Griggsville heard what the boys had done Will Spencer became the hero of the hour, and the money for a great celebration was quickly subscribed. And on the morning of the great day Griggsville was out in her best with flags waving and fireworks popping and music booming. The news of the great find had spread, and men and women and children came from all over the county to help Griggsville celebrate and to see Will Spencer. And Dick Lansing's ball team won two games. About the old cannon? When it was

found it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy. And she is probably celebrating around it today, for Will Spencer made the dive which brought him fame all over Missouri many years ago. - Chicago Record.

**The Modern Fourth of July.**

The Fourth of July has a different meaning with each generation. In the earlier years of our country it was an emotional day. The feelings of exultation at liberty wrenched from a tyrant, and of compassion for nationalities still in American progress were the impulses which made the day heroic. In those swelling days patriotism was religion and the Fourth of July was a festival of piety - rough and riotous, yet essentially real.

In these days the Fourth has another significance. We do not go extensively to hear orations. We do not take affectionate interest in having our emotion kindled as did our forebears. But we do think. This is the period of thoughtfulness. Our people are beginning to realize that patri-



For a moment on the edge of the raft, Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and, with a look at the blue sky above, Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's Hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water. It was a critical moment. What would Will find? Would he be scuffed down to his death as Sullinger had been?

But the rope had ceased to split through Dick's hands. Then it pulled again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, spluttered and shouted: "It's there, it's there! I touched it!" Then he struck out for the raft, drag-

**CHEER FOR THE FLAG.**

On the Fourth of July long ago,  
That honored and fortunate day,  
Our ancestors boldly said "No!"  
To the stranger's impetuous sway.  
And undaunted by hardship and pain,  
Those sturdy old heroes declared  
Independence they all would maintain,  
And bravely for battle prepared.  
And how shall our chronicles tell  
Of that glorious page of the past,  
How our fathers fought nobly and well  
And our fetters were broken at last.  
So now on the Fourth of July  
Let children, and elder folk, too,  
To that old voice of freedom reply,  
With a cheer for the Red, White and Blue  
- Youth's Companion.

**UNCLE JOSHWAY'S SCURSION.**

"Whew! Dat boy's sho' sprujous today! Des look at 'im, Blazy Ann! Peart an' bricky as a young colt an' frisky-fier'n a rabbit, dat's jes' what he is!" said Aunt Anarky, as she skillfully slucked off the sun-scorched outer leaves of the tough blue collards she was preparing for dinner. The "boy" indicated was Uncle Joshway, who approached in high glee, singing at the top of his voice:

"Come, chillun, git on de train,  
Come, chillun, git on de train,  
Come, chillun, git on de train,  
For Zion's rockin' on!"

"Griggs, Joshway, how come you walkin' so spry an' singin' so loud today? You musser got sweter 'bated over singin' 'bout dat gospel train, didn't you?"

"Well," admitted Uncle Joshway, half sheepishly, "I monter been singin' 'de Gospel Train' hymn unbeknownst, but dat wasn't de train I was thinkin' 'bout jes den. I'm goin' off on a 'scurSION Saddy' an' I reckon dat's how come me to be singin' 'bout trains."

"En' what 'scurSION you talkin' 'bout? I hain't heered tell o' no 'scurSION'."

"Ef you ain't dat don't meek it not be so," was Joshway's laconic reply.

"Anarky, I wusht you'd cook me up a lot o' nice vittles 'gainst Saddy - some meat an' 'cakes an' pies. It's a Feath July 'scurSION I'm gwine on."

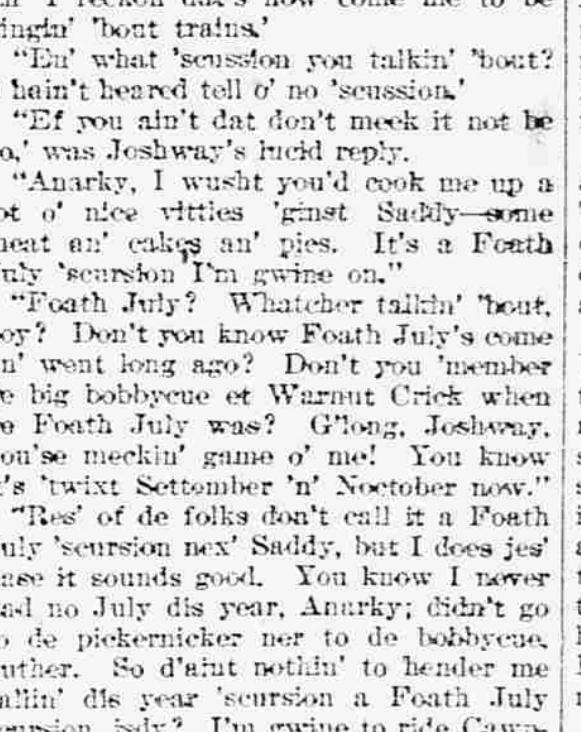
"Feath July? Whatever talkin' 'bout, boy? Don't you know Feath July's come an' went long ago? Don't you 'member de big bobbyone et Warant Creek when de Feath July was? G'long, Joshway, you're meekin' game o' me! You know it's 'twixt Settember 'n' Noctober now."

"Res' of de folks don't call it a Feath July 'scurSION nex' Saddy, but I does jes' kase it sounds good. You know I never had no July dis year, Anarky; didn't go to de peckemicker nor to de bobbyone, neither. So d'aint nothin' to hinder me callin' dis year 'scurSION a Feath July 'scurSION, is it? I'm gwine to ride Cawnstalk to Ruston an' take de train."

The first trembling uncertain grayness of Saturday's dawn found Uncle Joshway mounting Cawnstalk, while Blazy Ann, Goddess-of-Liberty-like, held aloft a flaming pine torch to light him to the gate. Aunt Anarky handed him the saddle bags, stuffed with eatables enough for a week. Then with a vigorous kick with each heel into Cawnstalk's sides, he rode off into the darkness, singing:

"I hears de train a-rustin',  
It's comin' roun' de kurrer,  
I hear de kyar-wherry a-movin'  
An' stramin' 'evry nuv'!"

Cawnstalk's unwilling feet entered Ruston two hours before the time appointed for the excursion train to leave, and on nearing the depot, where a freight train was steaming and creaking, his long waxy ears stood erect in mulish terror, uncle Joshway was too much absorbed



"DAT'S WHUT I CALLS MONEY!"

me ole black 'n' count lurn stuff fur money jes' kase I'm a colored peusson. Druther nuss trav'lin' Fover'n to tote your money made out'n ole tin knittles!"

This description of the way Uncle Joshway "went on" is no exaggeration. The "way down South" country knows no coppers, and their introduction at various depots for change a few years ago was an innovation bitterly resented.

By the lounge's good-natured interest Uncle Joshway's ticket was disposed of to a Monroe-bound man, and his piece of money, as well as peace of mind, restored. Then, picking up his coat and saddle bags, he left in high disdain, taking care, however, not to go home until after the return of the supposed excursion train. He gave a dazzling account of his trip, and Aunt Anarky will never know he spent his Feath July rambling around Ruston abusing "dem ole Swevepote railroad folks."

**Fourth of July Advice.**

Be sure to get up at 4 o'clock, so that you can have all your fireworks exploded before breakfast. Later in the day perhaps you can get your little sister to loan you some of hers.

Don't bother about scraping out the fire in your punk. Just stick it into the pocket where your firecrackers are when you get through with it.

When you light a fuse and it won't go stoop over and blow it well. If you lose your eyebrows they'll grow on again in a year or two.

Always sit on the old barrel under which you put the lighted cannon cracker. If the head caves in and you go through you may lose both legs, but the probability is that you will lose only one.

By all means drink sixteen glasses of lemonade and eat as many dishes of ice cream as you can. It doesn't matter if you are groaning and tossing on the

**ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.**

NCE on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury. And sure that Jonathan should have no truce, air by Jerry. That in no elections should be held across the briny waters. "And now," said he, "I'll tax the tent of all his sons and daughters." Then down he sat in burly state. And blustered like a Grandee. And in derision made a tune. Called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee Doodle, these are facts,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy -  
"My son of wax, your tent I'll tax,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

John sent the tea from o'er the sea,  
With heavy duties rated.  
But whether Hysan or Bohem  
I never heard it stated.  
Then Jonathan to post began:  
He laid a strong embargo -  
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" So he  
Threw overboard the cargo.  
Then Johnny sent a reluctant  
Big surfs and looks to hangry,  
Whose martial band, when near the land  
Piped "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
"I'll poison with a tax your cup,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

A long war then they had, in which  
John was at last defeated.  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march  
To which his troops retreated.  
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly,  
Could not restrain his laughter,  
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,  
I'll sing it ever after!  
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,  
Was flushed with beer and brandy,  
Even while he swore to sing no more  
The "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Yankee Doodle, ho! ho! ho!  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!  
We kept the tune, but not the tea,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

I've told you now the origin  
Of this most lovely ditty.  
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as dull  
And stupid - what a pity!  
With "Hail, Columbia," it is sung,  
So blithely full and hearty;  
On land or main we breathe the strain  
John made for his tea party.  
No matter how we rhyme the words,  
Their music speaks them handy,  
And where's the fair can't sing the air  
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Yankee Doodle, firm and true,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
Yankee Doodle, Doodle Doo,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

**A Bicycle Fourth.**

"Celebration" and "Observance." The Sons of the American Revolution addressed the town clerks in Massachusetts, asking that they endeavor to bring about a fitting and universal observance of the Fourth of July. "What" every boy will exclaim, "do we not now observe that day? Does not all our spending money go for firecrackers and rockets and lemonade?"

Yes, you do keep the day with as much as Webster suggested, in



"Celebration" and "Observance."

For a moment on the edge of the raft, Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and, with a look at the blue sky above, Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's Hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water. It was a critical moment. What would Will find? Would he be scuffed down to his death as Sullinger had been?

But the rope had ceased to split through Dick's hands. Then it pulled again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, spluttered and shouted: "It's there, it's there! I touched it!" Then he struck out for the raft, drag-

**A Firecracker Story.**

He did it in sport;  
He alone is to blame;  
The fuse was too short,  
Now his Engle's the same.

In watching the train's move  
The Cawnstalk's danger  
The point of flying over  
Humorous animal.  
He rose, shook  
ing the now lam  
him to an accom  
all day in lumbr  
master traveled a  
Reaching the  
Joshway was sur  
people collected,  
slim 'scur  
leaves  
"Exp  
old man  
ored exc  
"Yes,  
comed f  
"Theu