

THEY HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS!

Advertisement for Hubbard's Standard Bone Super Phosphate, Wheat Growers' Jewel, and Farmers' I. X. L. Fertilizers, including analysis tables and a list of salesmen.

Advertisement for Moro Phillips' Standard Fertilizers, featuring 'Guarantee Guano' and 'Moro Phillips Chemical Co.' information.

Advertisement for 'SAPOLIO' disinfectant, highlighting its effectiveness in cleaning and its popularity among housewives.

Advertisement for C. T. & C. B. Mackenzie, a carriage and wagon shop, offering various goods and big reductions.

Advertisement for S. F. Crew, Wholesale Commission Merchants, specializing in poultry, eggs, and game.

Advertisement for J. H. Medairy and Co., bookellers, stationers, lithographers, and printers.

50,000 BUYERS

Supplied their wants during the past year in our Great Store. This vast host of patrons is an evidence of our ability to please your views at the prices you wish to pay.

BOYS' CLOTHING

Underwear and Headwear in richest abundance; charming designs in Kilts and Vestee Suits, braided and embroidered at \$3.55 and \$7.50.

HATS THAT IMPROVE

the wearer's looks; in latest mode, shapes and colors. If you care to save from 50 cents to \$1.50 on your own or your boys' Head Dress, you must come to us.

COLLARS AND TIES

that don't worry the wearer are our forte. Our patrons invariably profit from 10 to 25 per cent—by purchasing their furnishings from us.

Advertisement for Oehm's Acme Hall, a clothing store with a list of goods and location.

Advertisement for Wagner's Green House, a nursery and florist.

Advertisement for 'Cast Your Eye Over This!' featuring an eye clinic and other services.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

Sound the low-ang! Play the pattle-tong! Let this be the Fourth of July. No crumpling dynasties shall crush our noise. No stern policemen fright our lolly boys.

THE SURF AT LONE HILL

It was a fine day, and the surf was breaking in a most beautiful manner. The waves were high and the wind was fresh.

ON BOARD THE YACHT

It was some time between 4 and 5 o'clock, and fog and wind aplid tide were at their height, when a man came trudging through the grassy yard with a message that turned the thoughts of all the party from amusement or patriotic celebration.

THE CANNONADE

The king lost no time in taking aim with his eight foot sabre of black tin to bedash the rascal who dared insult two majesties at a word.

HOUSES FOR THE DAY

The glorious Fourth will soon be here. With all its pomp and circumstance, they fired the "wheel" and "crown," they fired the shooting crackers, too.

The men pulled away, and at last by the exercise of skill that accomplishes marvelous deeds with small boats in a high sea, they lay alongside the stranded vessel, which proved to be the Gulf of St. Vincent, an iron steamer, of Hartlepool, England.

After what seemed an age to the excursionists on shore, the surf boat was seen returning. The men gathered at the water's edge and in it to assist in effecting a landing, and the women crowded down behind them.

It was then dark, and the volunteers built a great fire and lay down upon the sand beside it to await a signal from the steamer should she begin to go to pieces.

Finally the canal bridge came in sight, with the prince standing on the edge of the pier receiving the welcome of the nations at the hands of a spokesman.

It was a rocky hilltop on his father's land, about 300 feet above level, the land, about 300 feet above level, the land, about 300 feet above level.

Into the water. The king lost no time in taking aim with his eight foot sabre of black tin to bedash the rascal who dared insult two majesties at a word.

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This is the day to make the welkin shake. As our forefathers made their tyrants quake.

Go to! Shall not all earthly things this day be dashed together headly in such way.

Stupendous din—stentorian chants shall prove that patriot hearts now beat in unison.

Let orators by millions praise the day! And while they yell let mighty trumpets blare!

Reverberating through the sky. And lightnings blaze to lick the ocean dry!

Set fire to everything, and bang around the whole created world to swell the sound.

Burn up the poles, like two great cracker strings. And let our heroes' holes with dynamite ring!

Anticipate the awful crack of doom. With all the mightiest cannon's caparisonous boom.

Then swell the notes with shouts yell, split all our corners, and the base drum's note!

Sound the low-ang! Play the pattle-tong! For this is the Fourth of July.

Make a noise that shall be heard in New York World.

THE SURF AT LONE HILL

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IT HAD been decided by the young people of "our set," as they referred to themselves, to include in their celebration of the Fourth an excursion to Lone Hill.

Everybody may know what the attractions of Lone Hill are, or where it is, for it is but an insignificant mound of sand a few miles to the east of the Island light-house, on the southern shore of Long Island.

Beyond the smooth white beach, that is unbroken, save for inlets, for one hundred miles or more, there is little about the place to attract the eye.

Then, the sand gives way to a group of rocks, the Sawyers, or rather with young Jim Sawyer.

"It's stupid," he said, "lying around on holidays. We're doing well enough. Let's make a holiday of the Fourth for ourselves, 'stead of working harder than on any other day."

Ajly, seconded by his elder sister, Nellie, Jim carried the day in his own hands, and after that the "set" joined in Henry Martin, true cousin and admirer of Martin, and he threatened to make it unaccountable for Nellie if Martin was "frozen out."

Martin knew that the lady's tongue would fulfill the threat, to the mortification of not only Nellie but himself as well, and therefore he ignored his wounded pride and joined with apparent heartiness in the proceedings.

Young Jim had made up his mind to the party in the exclusive interest of his hero if he could have done that, but Nellie, it is thought her brother to yield to the dictates of the senior Sawyers, neither of whom understood the cause of hostilities between their children.

So when the excursionists started from the Babylon wharf at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 4, 1884, there was a ranking and a young woman's heart defied by one of the members of the party. Three boats made up the fleet. The Sawyers' large and handsome sloop carried about twenty, among whom were all the elder party, Nellie and Jim, and two of the young men whom Henry Martin knew to be his rivals.

Henry was consigned to one of the minor boats. Although this arrangement was due to Nellie's strategy, there was a spice of dissatisfaction in her view of the situation. Just what it was, or why, is more than I can say, for the vagaries of a young woman's heart defy my comprehension and analysis. I never did understand them and I never expect to! I simply put down what I know, and among those things is the fact that Henry

Martin was Nellie's favorite, and that not all of young Jim's ill advised efforts in his behalf could displace him from a high place in her affections. In fact, had it not been for Jim, Henry might have sailed in the big sloop; but it doesn't matter much, for no blunder of that well meaning boy could have affected seriously what finally came to pass on that Fourth of July, seven years ago. Just before the boats put off Jim had whispered to his hero:

"Never mind, Mart. I'll keep those duffers at bay till we get to Lone Hill, and then you watch your chance," to which Henry's reply had been a silent smile; but he made up his mind, nevertheless, that the day should not pass before he had come to an exact understanding with Nellie, for instance, there had been a declaration or other formal talk between them.

Arrived at Lone Hill the party went directly across the narrow sandy strip of land that prevents Great South Bay from being a part of the ocean. There was a grand surf rolling away on to the beach, which at the time of the arrival of the excursionists was as wild as possible, for it was low tide. The wind freshened steadily and veered about until it came from the southeast, and the waves were tall and foamy.

Nothing interfered with the pleasure of the day, however, and preparations were begun for an outdoor dinner, provisions from home being increased by various articles secured on the spot.

Henry Martin joined earnestly in the work, and sought especially to be of assistance to the ladies in the selection of their hats, which was a most interesting and rare task for giving stabs with a smile and a laugh that only maidens possess, refused his services while glancing at the various rivals it proved to be of little use for him to try to assist, but he stood about with an appearance of good nature, and when dinner was finally eaten he turned to the entertainment.

There were species in which the American eagle fairly howled defiance and flapped her wings scornfully at British ensigns. The men were explosions of crackers and firearms by Jim and his immediate companions that made their quiet loving elders wish they had staid at home. These the party took to little groups, and after a time, through his customary quiet persistence, Henry found an opportunity to speak to Nellie.

"Nellie, you are not interested in the rollers. I know that, and you are trying to put me off. You've been trying to tease me all day."

"You're no right to say that," interrupted Nellie, pouting.

"Yes, I have," continued Henry with a smile, "but I admit that you have a right to tease me if you want to. Still, you wouldn't do so, I think, if you realized how much I care for you. You know I love you, Nellie; there's no need for me to tell you that, but you can't know how much I love you, and perhaps the worst of it is that I can't tell you. Just let me understand each other, Nellie, and then we'll be all right for this minute. I thought you loved me. You do, don't you? Don't you, Nellie, dear?"

Now I happen to know that Nellie at this moment was not so much to a wave of Henry's love, she loved him herself as best she could in her own way; she was happy and triumphant at once; yet, for reasons past and present, she made this reply:

"If you stand there another minute you'll get your feet wet."

So astonished, nay, shocked, was Henry at such an answer that he jumped from his tracks as if a wave were about to engulf him, whereat Nellie laughed. Then Henry flushed with something akin to anger.

"And that is all?" he asked; and after a slight pause, "I think we walked each other," he added, and walked rapidly away.

To everybody but Henry and Nellie the afternoon passed happily. The tide had nearly reached its height when all noticed that the horizon seaward was

nearer at hand than it had been. As they watched they saw the sky slowly but surely set up the rolling waters, and presently across the pounding breakers a dense and gloomy fog stalked in upon the beach, and in another moment, when wind drove it, it had wrapped itself about Lone Hill, blotted out the Point of Woods and hidden in blank grayness all the land beyond the bay. But it made no difference to the party of excursionists; there might be necessity of waiting before venturing across the bay, but that would merely prolong the enjoyment, and so the fun went on.

The men pulled away, and at last by the exercise of skill that accomplishes marvelous deeds with small boats in a high sea, they lay alongside the stranded vessel, which proved to be the Gulf of St. Vincent, an iron steamer, of Hartlepool, England. She was just at the end of a voyage from Calcutta to New York. She was well laden with merchandise, and besides a crew of thirty-two men she carried five Hindoo passengers. The latter naturally received the first attention of the life savers, and the more especially because the captain of the steamship believed that his vessel could be worked off the sands before another morning, and he therefore chose to remain on board with the crew.

After what seemed an age to the excursionists on shore, the surf boat was seen returning. The men gathered at the water's edge and in it to assist in effecting a landing, and the women crowded down behind them. The boat had been successfully beached, and four of the passengers were seen to disembark, when a great roller dashed some of the men down and began to swing the boat around. The fifth passenger, a woman, fell forward in her fright. One of the crew dashed into the receding water, seized her and struggled with her in his arms to the shore. Few noted the deed in the general activity and excitement, but Nellie saw it, for the man with the living burden was Henry Martin. Not stopping at the beach, he plunged off through the fog and across the sands toward the station, a half mile away.

"Henry!" called Nellie, as he struggled along, but his form was already dim in the fog, and if he heard her he did not reply. She would have followed but that like others she was called upon to help care for the rescued people, all of whom were conveyed as speedily possible to the station. When Nellie reached the station the woman saved by Henry Martin was there, but Henry had gone back to the ship again. How he contrived to carry his burden so far may best be explained by the heroes of the life saving service, who know not till the strain is over that they have been enduring and accomplishing miracles.

It was then dark, and the volunteers built a great fire and lay down upon the sand beside it to await a signal from the steamer should she begin to go to pieces. No signal came, but how the men by the fire waited all night, and went out next morning through the heavy surf to the ship again; how men came from Blue Point and Point of Woods stations; how life boats were rigged; how the captain refused to abandon his ship; how other crews put out in boats across the surf, and all were yielded to the inevitable, and after three days of almost constant work, how he and all his crew were saved—these things and much more are all set down in official records of the government. For me it only remains to tell how a young man, haggard, unkempt and weary, who left the station at last with something almost of regret in his heart that the sea had not swallowed him, and yet something also of manly pride in the struggle he had endured; who crossed the sand bar and went toward the bay, where his companions had to wait until a boat was waiting to take him back to Babylon. This young man plodded along heavily, wholly unlike the giant who had battled with wind and waves, and yet something like a hero, and he did not look up until startled by a woman's voice close by. It was Nellie, for when she had seen him coming she had run from the Sawyer's sloop to meet him. And when they both had gone aboard, Nellie blushing and excited, and Henry dazed, but strangely happy, young Jim shoved off from the dock, taking the tiller said:

"I'm all the crew there is, Mart, and I guess in this breeze I can get you home O. K. If I can't I'll tell you to help me out. You and Nell see down and say what you please. I shan't see anything but the wind and the peak of the masts!"

FREDERICK R. BURTON.

"JAKES" BANNER FOURTHS.

The Adventures of a Lad Who Dared to Enjoy the Day.

It is the Hon. Jacob now, a dignified and able senator, but back in the fifties he was simply Jake to all except his grandmother, the pastor who christened him, and the teacher when school was in. His first Fourth of July, according to the recollection of contemporaries, was celebrated in a little New England settlement composed of farmers and miners. The old folks were slow, but not so the young ones, and in 1856, there being no general celebration on the docket, the boys of Orwellville, and a number of their own. Jake was in his eighth year, and though not formally on the committee, he was around during the councils, and by a timely word named the location for the "doings."

It was a rocky hilltop on his father's land, about 300 feet above level, the land, about 300 feet above level, the land, about 300 feet above level.

Into the water. The king lost no time in taking aim with his eight foot sabre of black tin to bedash the rascal who dared insult two majesties at a word.

bedash the rascal who dared insult two majesties at a word, and flake turned heel and dived off the other side of the bridge into the canal to escape that terrible cresset. He came up smiling, as a good diver would, but with his feather helmet and train soaked and drooping, and his cheap war paint making streaks down his stained muslin hunting shirt and leggings. At the fantastic hill which wound up the occasion there was no Red Brother on hand, for all the roosters of the community had parted with their tails to supply the first outfit, and these would have to grow out again before another real live Indian could be constructed. GEORGE L. KILMER.

The glorious Fourth will soon be here. With all its pomp and circumstance, they fired the "wheel" and "crown," they fired the shooting crackers, too. And then they fired the towers.

And then they fired the towers.