

STAR. FATAL

AS.

A Fourth of July Story. T is Fourth of July in San Francisco. The clear, blue sky, like a mammoth bowl cut from one great turquots and turyned over he town, is a background for thousands of flags floating from the roofs of public buildings

and windows of private patriots. All the flags are big. Everything is on a large scale in California, the fruit that is exposed for sale, the great roses that -namered youths are buying for their Mored ones. The children are playing in the streets with mighty torpedoes, every direction. Immense baskets are being borne to the doors of their customers by grocers, butchers and confectioners. Immense suppers are to be given tenight, and many happy returns of the glorious Fourth will be drunk in rivers of champagne. Everything is on a large scale but the Chinese, whose small figures and alert movements are in marked contrast to the bulk and size of everything else on which the eye falls.

Yet little Washy-Washy balances_on his head a clothes-basket that would serve him for a cradle, or in his kitchen -for he is a favorite cook with California housewives—stirs a pot in which he might easily be boiled himself.

In the arms of San Francisco sleeps Chinatown, the curious offspring of old China, of which Americans think that they know all that is to be known because they can visit the shops and go into all the strange places, and, if they are in the humor, make themselves sick with an opium-pipe among opium smoking Chinamen.

Lin Ham is an ordinary dealer. He keeps no shop. He executes orders for the favored few. In each he puts a surprise an invention for the day. His are the curious boats, all made of colered fire, moving on the water, apparently by means of a stream of fire at the stern, manned by little men in blue Min Toko cannot do, and no one ever and gold and crimson, and all going off in a wonderful flash and whiz and eputter at last. His are those cylinders which, rising into the air, discharge wonderful sprays and stars and jewels skyward, while at the same time flery little acrobate let themselves earthward by golden ropes and only vanish as they touch the ground. His was the great green dragon that coiled and darted moonward, and wrote "July"



AT THE FACE OF A TALL MAN.

across the sky before it changed into the flag of our nation, which every one so admired last Independence Day.

At present something that smells | Lin Ham. very curiously is smoking and steaming in queer fashion, in what looks like a little furnace, and Lin Ham, while still busy with his hands, twists his head about and blinks up into the face of a tall man in a curious, theatrical costame, who stands with his bare arms folded on his chest, and looks down upon him. The man wants Lin Ham to whoinvent a fatal trick.

sort, but if I had, you would not buy them, Min Toko."

They are speaking in Chinese, for Min Toko, though not a child of Chiness parents, has been brought up by them. You can believe the story that his father was a Russian and his mother a Tartar when you look at A little Chinese boatwoman took him

from his dying mother's arms and nursed him with her own, somewhere near those quarters where there are English warehouses and the barbarian comes to traffic in tea and porcelain, and he starved and played and swam about with her own, and early in his boyhood came to San Francisco. There be dwelt in Chinatown, and became renowned amongst the showmen of San Franciso for his aerobatic feats. Tonight he is engaged to assist in a performance on the lawn before the manthat make an explosion calculated to sion of Benson Blashfield, Esq. Mr. deafen one. Large men, with ample Blashfield will have fireworks and ladies on their arms, may be seen in a great supper, the crowning feature of which will be the feats of Min Toko, who, amongst other things,



"COME TO ME ALL YE BUTTER-FLIES,"

throws a rope into the air, where it is caught by some unseen power, sends a kitten up its length until it vanishes bright as any in the heavens. At the from sight, sends a monkey to find it, follows himself and draws the rope up after him, and ten minutes after is heard calling from the juside of a great lacquered box to be let out, and there he is, indeed, coiled up like a great serpent. Oh, there is nothing The star is fatal." discovers how he does anything.

Now he laughs.

"I know you have what I want, or can make it in a twinkling, Lin Ham, he answers. "As for money, I am richer than you think. Name your price. I have told you what I want—to kill a have bought of me a pretty kite, which man without a knife or a blow or poison—to kill him so that it seems to the air, and the flowers the spirits in the sky appears a great diamond be done by the hand of Fate; so that no pluck. For all I know, you may coax one can suspect me,"

"Is he a Chinaman?" asks Lin Ham. "He is an American," said Min Toko. He has taken the woman I love from me. This rich man, to whose house I go to-night, has a daughter. I love her. You grin! Why not? I am handsome; I am no Chinaman; I am famous; I am a favorite with the ladies, and she smiled on me. You grin again! Of course, the rich man would say no. I did not mean to ask the rich man. If she loved me, that was enough. I could spirit her away where they would never find us. That is what I mean to

"You are mad!" says Lin Ham. "No." says the acrobat. "She could be won. She can be still, if I can kill this man."

"Do you meanwher father?" cries Lin Ham.

To-night they celebrate her marriage," said the acrobat. "To-morrow the bridegroom will take her away. To-night I must kill him. She will be a widow for awhile; afterward, mine." "It is the dream of a madman," says

"Does it matter to you?" asks the covers his theatrical costume, and acrobat. "I know that it was you who carries the box downstairs, where a made the toy the rich tea merchant carriage containing the paraphergave to his wife when he found she nalla used in his exhibition awaits was false to him. The little bird that him, and is driven to Mr. Blashfield's perched on her wrist and sang and bit | residence. There they celebrate not her fingers like a real bird, and of the only the glorious Fourth but a wedbite she died. I know it was you ding.

"Buch things are costly," he says. "I Ham. "I admit that I have another toy | been married to Mr. Arthur Ware, the have to look for their boys.-Kansaso not say that I have anything of the that, with a slight addition, I could son of another California magnate. City Journal.

make in ten minutes weald wipe your rival out of existence. But of what avail would it be? Rich American ladies do not marry such as you. Her relatives would kill you if you touched her hand."

"I have kissed it thrice when we were alone," says Min Toko. "Yes, I' have kissed her hands three times. The next time it should have been her mouth. Let me kill this bridegroom so that she cannot suspect me, and it shall be yet. Look!" He thrusts his hand into the bosom of his tunic and draws forth a pouch. "See!" he whispers, piling bank notes before Lin Ham. "How much for that toy?"

The eyes of the old man glitter. He gathers up the heap in his claw-like hands, and says, slowly:

"This sum makes me have enough with which to return to China and Eve there happy for the rest of my life. After all, what does one more dead barbarian matter? But I will tell you this: Unless you can make your rival take the toy in his own hands, it is use-

"I can manage that," Min Toko re-

The old Chinese goes to a little "ecess in the room, before which hangs a beaded screen, and comes back, nolding in his hand a curious kite.

"You fly it Mke any other kite," he explains. "When at its full length, you begin to call: 'Come down, butterfly!' A butterfly descends the cord and flies away. 'Follow rose!' you say. A rose glides down the string and drops to ashes. 'Come down, pretty mouse!' you call next. The mouse descends and runs up your shoulder and is gone. Then you call for a blue bird, for a white bird, for a red bird, for a yellow bird, a green bird. Thus it might end with the applause of the people. But let me work upon this kite ten minutes longer and add one trifle more, and then there will be something else to see Then you may call aloud: 'Come to me out of the sky, bright star.' And far above you you may see a star .hife moment, he whom you wish to kill must hold the cord, for that star brings death. As it touches the man's breast all colors come down. life departs from him. Mark me well. the other things that come down the appeared, when suddenly the bride puts cord are innocent as drops of dew.

"I understand," replies Min Toko. 'Hasten with your work, Lin Ham." to the hands of the younger man a paper box covered with shining roses, but-

terflies and birds, and says to him: "Min Toko, the great performer, you to me!" Is that right?" brings down from heaven the birds of the stars down its cord also. It is well



"I DIE FOR YOU." made. If any accident happens, that is the fault of others, not mine. I am

not responsible." "I absolve you from all responsibility

Lin Ham," replies Min Toko. He throws about him a cloak that

Early in the evening, the rich man's "No more reminiscences!" cries Lin daughter, Rosabel Blashfield, had

There has been the usual reception, the usual display of gorgeous presents, a fine band has been playing, professional dancers have done their part; now they are ready for Min Toko and his performances.

The whole lawn is flooded with electric light, and, in mighty tents, all decorated with roses, they are setting forth a feast. The bride and bridegroom sit upon a sort of throne that seems made of grange blossoms. Tiers of seats, occupied by people in evening dress, surround the lawn, leaving an archway through which the performers enter. It is opposite the bridal-throne; and, as Min Toko casses through, bowing and smiling, his eyes meet those of the bride, and he seems to give her special greeting.

Standing in the midst of the circle, be begins to gather, from heaven knows where, white roses, of which he makes a mighty ball, how, no one can guess. This he throws toward the throne. As it floats in the air it opens and forth flies a little pink Cupid, who flings kisses abroad and flies skyward and is gone. Thunders of applause follow this compliment to the bride, and then the little boy-in-waiting on Min Toko brings in the chairs, the tables, the fans, the wands, the boxes, and the show begins. It is sufficient to say that the man seems to be able to overcome the laws of gravitation, to stand upon nothing, to fold himself up like a foot-rule, to put himself away in spaces that seem impossible; and to do all this gracefully, with beautiful accessories.

The bride's eyes never leave him. Min Toko did not boast talsely. Though his position and residence in Chinatown seem to her to place him as far beneath her as though she were an empress and he a serf, she has always admired him intensely, and she knows that he is in love with her. She has often wished that he were of her race and kind. He has been made a sort of pet amongst the Californians before whom he has performed, and he has had opportunities to speak a few words to her and, as he said, to kiss her hand thrice. To-night she feels that she bids him adieu and to-night he fascinates her strangely.

When at last, as usual, he loquires if any two of the audience will assist him in some closing performances.

she whispers to her bridegroom; "Come, Arthur, let us go."

And the young man replies. "Awfully bad form; but if you wish it, of course."

It is a look that Min Toko has given her that makes her do this thing, and the bridegroom hands hor down into the center of the lawn, and they three stand together there.

"Will you be pleased to help me fly this kite, sir?" says Min Toko to the bridegroom, as he flings into the air the thing we know of. "See, this is how!" The kite darts upward swiftly in a moment. Its brilliant breast is no longer visible. Only a long coppercolored cord shimmers in the air from Min Toko's hand moonward.

"Come to me all ye butterflies!" he cries, "Come! Come!" And down the cord sweep a mysiad butterflies and cover the performer's bosom and vanish. "Liftle mouse!" he cries. "Come, little mouse!" and whistles exquisitely. And the little gray mouse creeps down, sits on his shoulder and is gone. "And now, sir," Min Toko says, with a bow to the groom and a smile to the bride, "if you like you may call a blue bird and a white bird, a red bird, a willow bird, a green bird, and after that one of the stars from heaven." And he puts the cord into the bridegroom's hand, who calls loudly:

"Here, you blue bird, come if you can!" And there is a blue bird and amidst shouts of merriment, and while the bride claps her little palms and showers smiles about her, the birds of

The green bird has arrived and disforth her hand playfully and snatches the cord from the bridegroom's hand.

"You shan't have all the fun," she says, with a pretty pout. "I intend to A little later the old Chinese puts in- | call the star down myself. Ah, how the cord pulls! No, you shan't touch it. I will do it alone. What do you say, Min Toko? 'Brightest star of heaven come

She beams on him and lifts her sweet, shrill voice and calls aloud, and far up star, that shimmers and glows as it comes earthward. And, with one wild spring, Min Toko snatches the cord from the bride's hand, saying something that she only hears as he does so, and pushing her flercely from him so that she falls into her bridegroom's

Then the star is upon Min Toko's breast and he lies upon the ground, and the gaudy kite flutters down and lies beside him; and those who gather about him see that he is dead, with the fearful burn of electricity upon his bosom.

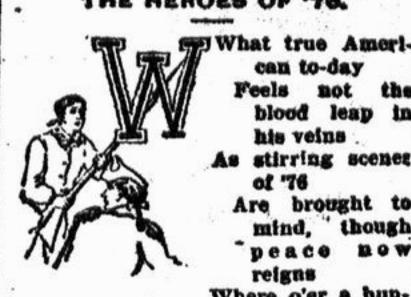
The kite must have attracted it, they say. Plainly, when he snatched it from the bride's hand, he saw that there was danger. Poor fellow! How brave! How

There are no more festivities that night, of course—no feast, no fireworks. All night the bride weeps bitterly, and when, in the morning, her bridegroom bears her away, she is still broken-hearted.

The words that Min Toko whispered as he snatched the fatal cord from her are still ringing in her ears. She will never repeat them to any one, but she can never forget them. They were: 'Adleu, my love! I die for you!"

Look Out for Your Boys.

Giant firecrackers this year are fourteen inches long, and contain powder enough to break a plate-glass window when exploded on the curb. Small boys will not only have to look for their fingers on the Fourth, but parents will



blood leap in his veins As stirring scenes of '76 peace reigns Where o'er a hun-

dred years ago The Briton came in flerce array, And strove this land of ours to hold 'Neath England's hard, relentless sway.

But surely 'twas not thus to be; A higher Power ruled over all; And out of war's grim, wrinkled front We merged, despite its gloomy pall, As gallant freemen fought for right, And Wisdoms all far-seeing eye Beheld a future for our land For which the patriot dared to die.

Their precious blood was freely given, Upon their country's altar shed; And now we glory in the deeds Of our departed, honored dead. To Washington, the great and true, And all his brave, victorious host,

We homage pay with glad acclaim,

And in their memory make our boast. Thus on this day of all the year Columbia's brightest stars may shine To tell of Independence won,

While low we bow at Freedom's

shrine. And as the rolling years go by, And added glory crowns our land, Still brighter may their memory grow Who first led Freedom's holy band.

A CENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure In bonnie buff and blue: A goodly sight his buckles bright. And primly powdered queue! A more courageous quester Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah Than he, my brave ancestor. My great-great-grandpapa!

And then in his elation Did my forefather gay Sreak out the word he'd long deferred For fear she'd say him "Nay;" And when he saw how tender Within her eyes the light,

He cried:-"In your surrender I read-we win the fight!" And when the freedom-pacan Swept, surgelike, through the della-A mighty clang whose echoes rang From Philadelphia belis-Loud from a stern old steeple He hurled the proud hurrah,



My great-great-grandpapa. He held the brutal Briton A "thing" beneath his scorn; A tory he conceived to be The basest caitiff born:

And not a neighbor wondered He looked upon them so-Forsooth, that was one hundred And twenty years ago! How true the happy presage! In faith, how leal and true



Thy whole long life of love and strife, Thou saint in buff and blue! Beyond all touch of travail.

With great-great-grandmamma. Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme For great-great-grandpapa! CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Very Accommodating.

Grandpa (looking up)-What is it, my boy? Freddie (at window)-Stand out a little farther on the sidewalk. I have a package of terpedoes, and I want to drop them down on your baid head .-Judge.

Quite Proper. Stranger-Your orator has a loud voice, but he is murdering the Queen' English in the most horrible manner Native-Why shouldn't he on Fourth of July.-Puck.

Dangerous Jokes. Jokes which include the exploding near people of the largest-size cannon crackers are of the kind that it is bet ter not to dwell upon.-Philadelphis

PIRECRACKERS.

To the patriotic small boy the Fourth of July is a game that is always worth the Roman candle.—Puck.

Some leave the city on the Fourth for quiet, while others, following the fire works' example, go off for a lively time. -Philadelphia Times.

-Kansas City Times.

The cheapness of fireworks is likely Physicians. to give young America an exaggerated idea of the value of democratic reform

ADVICE IN LOVE APPAIRS

There is no use of opposing a leve affair, not even when the actors play into your own hands, says the New York Herald. I know what I'm saying. I've had experience with twothe young and the old man. My first mind, though experience was with a young man who didn't know his mind and asked me what he had better do and I, like a father, told him he had not better marry the girl he was courting. He

went right off and married her. An old man from the country came 1490 the car where I was reading my morning paper and sat down at my side, "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Did you ever court a grass widder?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've courted s dozen or more. Why?" "Did you ever marry one?"

"Yes." "Wall-er-p'raps yer kin give a

chap a point or two?" "Oh, certainly; all the points you want."

"Are they any different from other women ?

"Say, old fellow, I've courted all sorts of women, both married and unmarried, and they are all just aike. They do all the courting and generally propose before you have courted them a weok."

"Wall-er-what's your opin'n?" "It is this—the man who marries one

is a jackess." The old fellow scratched his head for a moment, and after he had not his idea racked in the right spot he said:

"Wall-er-hain't I as much consti tutional right to be a lackage as yes have? Wall-er-I guess, and I'm goin' cept her proposal by wire. Write is out fer me, won't yer?"

One Fare to Washington, D. C., and

On July 3, 4, 5 and 6 tickets will be sold from all points north and west of Chicago to Washington and return at one fare account International Convention Young People's Society Christian Endeavor. Ask for tickets via the Big Four Route and Chesapeake and Obto R'y. This route combines every essential feature of a first-class tourist line. Finest mountain scenery is America, Virginia battlefields, electriclighted trains, perfect track and dining car service unsurpassed. Tickets may be extended returning until July 31. For further particulars, beautifully illustrated pamphiet and alcoping car reservations address U. L. Truitt, N.W. P. A., C. & O.-Big Four Route, 234 Clark street, Chicago.

A Painting's Name. Man; persons have wondered at the name "The Angelus" applied to Millet's noted painting, and inguiries are numerous as to its significance. The takle was not given by the painter, himself, who dubbed his picture simply "The Potate Grubbers." .. When the painting passed out of his possession the name was changed for one more. ouphonious and poetical, "The Angelus" being suggested by the fact that at the moment the grubbers are engaged in prayer, repeating the aves called for by the ringing of the church bell. The custom which prevails in most catholic countries and communities of ringing the church bell at sunset and repeating one or more aven is said to have been originated by St. Bonaventura and sanctioned by Pope John XXII. In France it is general.

Homestekers' Excursions South. On July 6, 7, 20, 21, and several dates daring August, September and October, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R will sell first class round trip tickets, good 31 days from date of sale, for one fare plus \$2 for the round trip, to all points in Florida and the South, Tracks, trains, time, all the best. For further information address C. W. Humphrey, N. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. City Ticket Office, 182 Clark street, or C. L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Lima Beans in California. Ventura county, California, is the largest producer of Lima beans in the world. One ranch alene produced fifty-six car loads in one season.



Gladness Comes [A/ith a better understanding of the

V transient nature of the many plays ical illa, which vanish before proper forts gentle efforts pleasant effor rightly directed. There is comfort the knowledge, that so many forms sickness are not due to any actual dis ease, but simply to a constipa tion of the system, which the pleas family laxative, Syrup of Figs. 1 everywhere esteemed so highly effects are due to the fact, that it is th one remedy which promotes is cleanliness without debilitati all important, in order to get its ! fornia Fig Syrup Co. only and sold all reputable druggists.