



THE FATAL STAR.

A Fourth of July Story.



It is Fourth of July in San Francisco. The clear, blue sky, like a mammoth bowl cut from one great turquoise and turned over...

Yet little Wasby-Washby 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...

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...



BLINKS UP 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...

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 Chinese parents, has been brought up by them.

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...

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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."

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"No more reminiscences!" cries Lin Ham. "I admit that I have another toy that, with a slight addition, I could...

make in ten minutes would wipe your rival out of existence. But of what avail would it be? Rich American ladies do not marry such as you.

"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."

"This sun makes me have enough with which to return to China and live 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 useless."

"I can manage that," Min Toko replies. The old Chinese goes to a little recess in the room, before which hangs a beaded screen...

"You fly it like 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."

"The star is fatal," he says. "I understand," replies Min Toko. "Hasten with your work, Lin Ham."

"Min Toko, the great performer, you have bought of me a pretty kite, which brings down from heaven the birds of the air, and the flowers the spirits pluck. For all I know, you may coax the stars down its cord also. It is well made. If any accident happens, that is the fault of others, not mine. I am not responsible."



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

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 settling forth a feast. The bride and bridegroom sit upon a sort of throne that seems made of orange blossoms.

Standing in the midst of the circle, he begins to gather, from heaven knows where, white roses, of which he makes a mighty ball, bow, 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.

The bride's eyes never leave Min. Min Toko did not boast falsely. 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.

"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 her down into the center of the lawn, and they three stand together there.

"Will you be pleased to help me fly this kite, air?" says Min Toko to the bridegroom, as he flings into the air the thing we know of. "See, this is how!"

"Come to me all ye butterflies!" he cries. "Come! Come!" And down the cord sweep a myriad butterflies and cover the performer's bosom and vanish. "Little mouse!" he cries. "Come, little mouse!" and whistles exquisitely. And the little gray mouse creeps down, sits on his shoulder and is gone.

The green bird has arrived and disappeared, when suddenly the bride puts forth 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 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 to me! Is that right?'"

She beams on him and lifts her sweet, shrill voice and calls aloud, and far up in the sky appears a great diamond 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 fiercely from him so that she falls into her bridegroom's arms.

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 noble!

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: "Adieu, my love! I die for you!"

THE HEROES OF '76. What true American to-day feels not the blood leap in his veins as stirring scenes of '76 are brought to mind, though peace now reigns where o'er a hundred years ago...

The Briton came in fierce 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 glow Who first led Freedom's holy band.

A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure In bonnie buff and blue; A goodly sight his buckles bright, And primly powdered queues! A more courageous queerer N'er served Sultan nor Shah Than he, my brave ancestor, My great-great-grandpapa! And then in his relation Did my forefather say Speak 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-peacen Swept, surgelike, through the delta— A mighty clang whose echoes rang From Philadelphia bells— Loud from a sterna old stepple He hurled the proud burrah, The joy-peal to the people.



My great-great-grandpapa. He held the brutal Briton A "thing" beneath his scorn; A Tory he conceived to be The basest calf-iron: 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 loyal 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 torpedoes, and I want to drop them down on your bald head.—Judge.

Quite Proper. Stranger—Your orator has a loud voice, but he is murdering the Queen's English in the most horrible manner. Native—Why shouldn't he on the 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 better not to dwell upon.—Philadelphia News.

FIRECRACKERS. 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 fireworks' example, go off for a lively time.—Philadelphia Times. The cheapness of fireworks is likely to give young America an exaggerated idea of the value of democratic reform.—Kansas City Times.

ADVICE IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

The Old Man Had a Constitution Right to Be a Jackass. There is no use of opposing a love 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 two—the young and the old man. My first 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 into 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 widow?" "Oh, yes," I said. "I've courted a 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 alike. They do all the courting and generally propose before you have courted them a week."

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

The old fellow scratched his head for a moment, and after he had got his idea racked in the right spot he said: "Wall—er—hain't I as much constitutional right to be a jackass as you have? Wall—er—I guess, and I'm goin' 'cept her proposal by 'nira. Write it out for me, won't yer?"

One Fare to Washington, D. C., and Return. 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 Ohio R'y. This route combines every essential feature of a first-class tourist line. Finest mountain scenery in America, Virginia battlefields, electric-lighted trains, perfect track and dining car service unsurpassed. Tickets may be extended returning until July 31. For further particulars, beautifully illustrated pamphlet and sleeping car reservations address U. L. Trull, N.Y. P. O. A. C. & O.—Big Four Route, 234 Clark street, Chicago.

A Painting's Name. Many persons have wondered at the name "The Angelus" applied to Millet's noted painting, and inquiries are numerous as to its significance. The title was not given by the painter, himself, who dubbed his picture simply "The Potato Grubbers." When the painting passed out of his possession the name was changed for one more euphonious and poetical, "The Angelus" being suggested by the fact that at the moment the grubbers are engaged in prayer, repeating the Ave 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 Aves is said to have been originated by St. Bonaventura and sanctioned by Pope John XXII. In France it is general.

Wasmatacher's Excursions South. On July 6, 7, 20, 21, and several dates during 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 \$3 for the round trip, to all points in Florida and the South. Trains, trains, time, all the best. For further information address C. W. Humphrey, N. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. City Ticket Office, 132 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 alone produced fifty-six car loads in one season.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasantly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that in the case remedy which promotes intestinal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore of great importance, in order to get the beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, however, in other remedies are then used, it is called with right when it is said, it may be compared to the most skillful physician, but it is not a substitute, one should have the best, and when well-informed, everybody should take the highest and best. It is the standard and government-approved.