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ANANIAS CELEBRATES
A Fourth of July Story
 By CLARISSA MACKIE

Bang! Boom!
 The dulled roar of Quince Harbor village in the throes of a Fourth of July celebration echoed across the quiet bay where Captain Barnabas Fish and I were pretending to fish on the break-water, when as a matter of fact we had all fled from the annual village racket.
 Maria Fish was sitting in the bow of the roomy boat, knitting away upon the captain's next winter's mittens, when suddenly she closed up and caught her husband's sympathetic eye.
 "Barnabas," she began, "I've been thinking."
 "Well, don't do it again," she cautioned. "First thing you know, Maria, you will come down with brain fever and I won't get a did blamed account bit to eat till you get well again."
 Maria sniffed scornfully, and then her face broke into pleasant smiles. "You remember that story you told me about Ananias Slime and that cannibal island?" she chuckled mirthfully.
 The captain slapped his knee joyfully. "Of course I do," he roared. "I allow I never had a mate that did so many queer things. It's kept me young laughing at 'em."
 "Well, you tell Miss Telham all about it," advised Maria, and she winked knowingly at me. Maria is aware that it is my delight to listen to Captain Barnabas while he spins his sea yarns, and my visits to Quince Harbor are thus brightened accordingly.
 "I am waiting," I smiled across at the captain.
 "Well, you mind my book," he ordered, and lighting his pipe, which is a most necessary adjunct to the story telling, he pulled his cap down over his merry blue eyes and began.
 "It happened thirty years ago, before I sailed the old Indus there. He waved his pipe toward the fine old schooner riding at anchor near his cottage on the mainland. "I won't bother you with details about what ports we was sailing for, but we was long past the Fijis when the monsoon struck us. Maybe we didn't scud before that hot whirlwind."
 "The poor little Susan B. leaked like a sieve from the beginning, and we was all mighty thankful when just at daybreak there came a mighty wave and hove her spang up on the coral beach of a little island."
 "It was a pretty sight, I tell you, when the sun rose out of the black clouds—blue water and white beach and green palm trees waving around."
 "In three hours we had breakfast, changed into dry clothes, and then the hull crew of us tramped around that little island to see where we was."
 "Of course Ananias Slime was head trusker, as usual. It beats all how much nerve and executive ability my first mate had. It was Ananias who discovered the queer native fruits hidden in the woods, and it was Ananias who hypnotized the chief and brought him salaaming and kotowing before us."
 "King Kauriru," said Ananias, with a flourish of his skiny arm. It does beat all how that fellow could pick up languages. In five minutes he was gannying and gesticulating with that greasy cannibal like a bodger."
 "Then Ananias came over to me, smirking and rubbing his hands, as was his way when he was pleased with himself."
 "Captain," ses he, "I've impressed it upon these here heathens that we're their masters—that we've taken this island in the name of the United States of America, and so they owe allegiance to that country. Mebbe none of you folks remembered that today is the Fourth of July?"
 "Dad blame it! We had forgotten—clean forgotten, and Ananias, remembering it took the wind out of our sails. So we just listened humbly to what he said and agreed with him."
 "I was telling them all about the birth of our republic," simpered Ananias, "and about the Fourth of July, and now I'm going to teach them to salute the flag. Watch!"
 "Ananias took a teeny little American flag from his pocket and stuck the stars and stripes in the sand. Inside of an hour he had fourteen savages bobbing their woolly heads in front of it. I guess they thought it was some new fetish. The rest of the tribe were women and children, and they wouldn't bob their heads to nobody except the chief. They knew where their bread and butter came from, bastards, their fains and missionaries, I reckon." The captain laughed silently.
 "How you do go on, Barnabas!" reproved Maria, looking at him over her spectacles.
 The captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it.
 "That was only the beginning of what Ananias Slime learned those heathens to do. Before dinner time he had told 'em the history of the United States from the time Columbus sighted land up to the latest political scandal in New York city. He recited all he could remember of the constitution, and the Declaration of Independence, and then he calmly opened a big box of fireworks he had bought off a Chinaman in Singapore and showed 'em a few tricks in the way of noise and explained that as today was the glorious Fourth of July it was fitting and proper that they as new citizens should

celebrate the birth of their country's independence.
 "I could see that the chief was mighty taken with the fireworks end of the rigamarole Ananias was getting off. I dessey King Kauriru didn't understand a word, but he grinned when Ananias grinned, and he waved his arms when my mate did, and so Ananias concluded that the king was as patriotic as he was.
 "Mebbe he was, in his own way.
 "Come dinner time, and we went down to the Susan B. and ate salt horse and bread and coffee and looked over the wreck to see if we couldn't get away.
 "Sure enough, we found that two of the boats was dry and sound, and we made ready to get away. While the men loaded water and stores aboard I pored over the charts I had stored away in my cabin.
 "It was twilight by the time the boats was ready, and everybody except Ananias was dog tired and ready for bed. But Ananias had spent the afternoon in rigging up frameworks for the set pieces and giving instructions in a tickled sort of way to the chief and his head men. They watched him like cats after a rat, and I'll guarantee there wasn't anything about their fireworks that they didn't know when Ananias stopped to take breath."
 "The savages had gone back to their huts for supper, for Ananias had promised them a big bulabuloo on the beach in the evening. The two boats with provisions and water and all our most precious belongings was hauled up on the sand, and the crew was lying around sniffling at the chowder the cooky was making over the fire."
 "I'd been prickling out our course on the chart. I'd taken the sun and I'd cutted our island at noon, and it was only a two days' sail to the Friendly Islands, where we could catch a steamer to Honolulu. The monsoon had blowed itself out, and we planned to bid a fond farewell to King Kauriru and his tribe and give them the old Susan B. and what was left of her stores in return for the gifts of fruit and fish they had brought us."
 "Ananias had been dazing near, by when I told him the name of the island we was on. He got white as a sheet and jumped up.
 "'Good Lord, captain,' ses he, 'this is a cannibal island! I met a feller in Singapore who was wrecked here, and he said that the chief was for cooking him on the spot. But he swum away and—'
 "I got up then and shook my dot at Ananias. "See here, you consarned yarn spinner, only I spoke more strongly, missa. What you trying to do—stampede this here crew?"
 "Before Ananias could answer one of the men ran up. "Captain," ses he, "them niggers has run off with the box of fireworks."
 "Ananias got white around the gills, as he always does when he has overdid himself.
 "'We better be off,' says he, edging toward the boats.
 "Just then cooky called supper. The men insisted on staying and eating the grub, and I was hungry myself. We had forgotten all about the cannibals when all at once there came a hissing sound, and—whooosh—a big skyrocket shot out of the jungle and took the cook pot and dishes and scattered hot chowder over everybody.
 "Of course we made for the jungle, with our pistols ready, when there came a redhot fire of rockets and roman candles out of the thicket. From overhead blazing bundles of giant crackers were tossed upon our heads, and bombs were busting all around. All them fourteen cannibals was busy, let me tell you!
 "It was so dark between shots that we could not see the savages, who were up in the trees and behind rocks, and so we did the only thing we could do—because we all concluded we wanted to fight another day. Mebbe we wasn't glad the boats were ready!
 "We was a mile off shore before we was out of range of them pesky rockets. After awhile they got to burning red fire, and we could see the niggers dancing around on the beach.
 "'I just wish our Uncle Sam could clap his eyes on them new citizens,' spattered Bill Smith morosely. 'I expect he'd be so proud and grateful to Ananias here that he'd make him next president of the United States.'
 "More likely give him ten years at hard labor," muttered another darkly.
 "Ananias growled from his place forward. His face was full of powder from when he'd picked up a smirking bomb to throw in King Kauriru's face.
 "There ain't none of you got any love of country or patriotism," says Ananias.
 "Then I spoke up. "Patriotism is all very well, and there ain't nothing nobler than love of country, but 'tain't born overnight, Ananias. You've got to sort of spread your patriotism over so's to do the most good to the most number of people, and it don't consist in making a big loud noise and nothing else."
 Captain Barnabas took the line from my grasp and drew in the empty line. "Not a bite today! I reckon the nobs has driv' all off," he remarked as he picked up the oars.
 It was twilight now, and the lights of the village were prickling out like faint stars on the encircling hills.
 All at once there came a splintering ruck of sound, and from the shore there shot up a magnificent skyrocket. It reached the blue zenith and poised, then broke into a myriad of bright colored stars—red, white and blue.
 Captain Barnabas took off his cap to the national emblem of color.
 "Hurra!" he yelled excitedly. "This is the part I like best. Let's get into port and shoot off them rockets I been saving up for the last three weeks!"
 Maria Fish and I smiled at each other.

NEARBY NEWS NOTES OF LOCAL INTEREST
POSTMISTRESS TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

Music Festival Shows Profit. Other news of Nearby Cities as Reported in Local Papers
Music Festival Shows Profit
 The Fifth Music Festival given by the Chicago and North Shore Festival Association, is admitted to have been one of the greatest artistic successes, and in addition, the receipts have more than paid expenses. The expense was approximately \$30,500, and the receipts \$32,500. The \$2,000 surplus will be used for next year's festival. This is the first time the guarantors have not had a deficit to make up.
Gives \$1000 to Waukegan Y. M. C. A.
 The building committee of the Waukegan Y. W. C. A. were most agreeably surprised on Decoration day to receive a message from Cyrus H. McCormick in which he subscribed the sum of \$1000 to the fund for the new home of the association.

Cooperative Grocery for Glencoe
 A \$10,000 cooperative grocery, to help reduce the cost of living in Glencoe and save residents of that suburb the irksome task of carrying home edibles from their Chicago offices, is planned by the Equal Suffrage association of Glencoe. A meeting to that end was held last week and \$500 was subscribed, the women present pledging themselves to sell the rest of the stock.

Evanston Favors Concrete Pavement
 Officials of Evanston have just returned from Detroit where they inspected the concrete pavement, similar to that on Roger Williams Ave. and Green Bay Rd. Those making the trip are said to be in favor of that style of pavement for Evanston in the future.

Glencoe Auto Owners object to tax
 With five exceptions Glencoe auto owners have refused to pay the \$10 and \$18 licenses provided for in a recently passed ordinance. The objectors are holding out and intend to have a test case if the authorities try to collect.

Waukegan Enforcing Speed Ordinance
 Waukegan police are enforcing the city ordinance governing motor vehicles which prohibits a speed greater than ten in the business and fifteen miles in the residence district, the use of the cut-out and boys under eighteen driving.

Postmistress Twenty-seven years
 H. C. Smith has been appointed postmaster at Lake Forest, relieving Miss Mary McLaughlin who has held the office twenty-seven years, having been appointed by Grover Cleveland.

Prizes for best Crops
 R. B. Swift of Libertyville has offered six prizes to the farmers of Lake County for the best crops 'grown this summer. The prizes will be awarded at the Farmer's Institute to be held in February.

Jumps from Train to Escape
 In an attempt to gain his liberty, a man charged with forgery and being taken from Milwaukee to Plymouth, Ind., jumped from a fast Northwestern train at Lake Bluff. He was only slightly injured and was recaptured by the officer in charge.

Nearby Locals
 The sale of Spirit Fruit farm at Wooster Lake, which took place last week, marks the passing of the free love colony established there by Jacob Behlhart some years ago.

London Children and the Country.
 The bishop of Stepney was telling stories recently about the inability of the London slum child to appreciate the country. "Would you like to live here 'always'?" he asked a girl on a school treat, and she answered, "No; it would be dull." He took a party of children for a treat to Hampton court last spring. There was blue sky overhead, with a blize of color in the flower borders. He thought the children were enjoying it, but presently one of them asked, "When are we going to get there?" and inquiry revealed that her sole idea of a day in the country was a place where there would be swings. Another girl was asked whether she would like to stop and sleep in the country. "No," she replied, "not with all these rabbits about."—Westminster Gazette.

A Gentle Hint.
 Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, puns are occasionally excusable. This one, attributed by the Brooklyn Times to a boarding house keeper of that city, is good enough to pass muster.
 One of the young men who lived in the boarding house had the double fault of slowness in paying his bill and fussiness about the table service. One morning he said peevishly to the landlady:
 "Mrs. Jones, will you tell me why my napkins is so damp?"
 "Yes, Mr. Wicks," replied the landlady promptly. "It's because there is so much due on your board."

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BOTTLE BROKERS.
 A Curious Branch of the Fiery Vodka Traffic in Russia.
 Since the edict of June 6, 1884, the production and sale of vodka, that fiery drink in which most Russians delight, have been controlled by the government. Of the 20,000 places engaged in the vodka traffic in European Russia more than one-half are conducted by the state under the direct supervision of the ministry of finance.
 Most of the employees in the government vodka shops are widows and orphans of deceased officials of the state. These shops are conducted in an orderly manner, and no drinking is permitted on the premises. The fact that a charge ranging from 1 cent to 3 cents is made for the bottle in which the vodka is sold has given rise to a strange business.
 Bottle brokers, as they are called, haunt the neighborhood of the vodka shops, watching for some thirsty person who needs the loan of one or two kopecks (a-half a cent or a cent with which to make the purchase of a bottle of the desired beverage).
 Perhaps the buyer has but six kopecks and he requires eight to get a bottle of vodka. The "broker" lends him the two kopecks to make up the desired amount, and after the receipt has been drained under the vigilant eye of the broker, the bottle is turned over to him. He takes it back to the shop and sells it for three kopecks, thus making a profit of one kopeck.
 In Moscow and St. Petersburg hundreds of men are earning a living at this strange trade.—Harper's Weekly.

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