

JIMMY'S FOURTH.

If you had asked any one of the boys of the Pelham grammar school who was the most popular boy in school he would have answered without hesitation "Jimmy McKinley." You might suppose from this that Jimmy was a rich, handsome little fellow; but he was only a very red-headed Irish boy, the only son of a widowed mother, who took in washing from some of the best families in Pelham. And as for beauty, Jimmy's fair skin was so covered with freckles that all the new ones had to overlap the others, and the stiff red hair would never stay in place any more than the buttons would keep their hold on his rough jacket.

But he had a pair of merry blue eyes that had a trick of laughing when he was trying his best to keep his face sober, and he won friends every day of his life. The boys all liked him for his bright, sunny temper, his perfect honesty and a manly way he had of standing up for anything that was suffering or being abused, whether it was a boy or a dog.

But about the cow. At the time when our story begins, as the novelists say, there wasn't any cow in the Widow McKinley's barn, but out under the apple tree in the small orchard lay the poor dead creature which had helped to support the family for the last five years, and which Jimmy had driven, or rather accompanied, to pasture every summer morning and tenderly cared for in the winter, until she seemed to him like a friend.

People used to laugh good naturedly when they saw Jimmy crouching down in the street, with one hand on Mollie's horse, feeding her choice handfuls of clover and asking her if it was good. One sharp, cruel stroke of early summer lightning had quite enough to still the heart of the poor, faithful brute, and Jimmy and his mother, on this bright, sunny morning, were sobbing and bewailing their loss.

I fear that the first thought in the widow's mind was that Jimmy must now stay out of school and be put to work, and he was such a bright scholar that she had almost hoped the cow would fit him for college. Mollie gave an unusually large quantity of milk, as if she knew that it was intended for a poor widow, and Jimmy thoroughly enjoyed taking it on his little hands to his customers, because every one said that it was the best milk they had in town. The poor boy mourned as for a lost friend.

Up on the hall ground of the Pelham grammar school the boys were discussing Jimmy's misfortune. Jimmy was pitcher in the baseball nine, and a famous pitcher too.

"Poor Jamesie!" said Bob Millet. "He loved Mollie next to his mother. Why didn't that unlucky streak of lightning hit one of Farmer Dent's cows? He could easily spare one."

"Father says Jimmy will have to leave school now and go to work," said Lester Quimby. "They can't afford to buy another cow, and Mrs. McKinley is not able to work all the time on account of her rheumatism. No Jimmy will have to help support the family."

"What a shame!" cried little Harry Wilbur, jumping with the ease of a Japanese acrobat from the high post on which he had been sitting. "I say, boys, let's buy em' a new cow. I'll give all my fireworks money if you'll do the same, and I know we can get our fathers to help. Come on!"

"My fourth of July money is pretty small sum this year," said Tommy Trask, "but I'll give it away, too. Three cheers for red-headed Jimmy!"

The boys all gave the cheers with a will and added an especially ferocious "tiger," and after that subsided into a low murmur of good wishes for the new cow. Harry Wilbur took out his small memorandum book and recorded the amounts in a very neat, exact hand, and in every case suggested immediate payment.

"Cash down and get a great deal of trouble, you know, boys," he said. "He was wise enough to know that the tempting packages of fireworks, the rockets, the Roman candles and fancy pieces played in the streets, would do more to draw a strong attraction for their pocketbooks."

"See here, Harry!" exclaimed one, "this plan rules out all the fun Fourth of July morning—no powder, no crackers, the whole town as still as Sunday."

"Fun!" shouted Harry. "Wouldn't you call it the kind of fun to buy a prime cow and drive her up to the McKinleys on the morning of the Fourth?"

Three cheers for Harry Wilbur were called for and given with zest, and the boys went into the school room with minds full of fine cows and pocket money. But the most that could be raised among them all was a small sum compared with what was needed.

"Let's earn the rest," suggested the captain of the P. G. S. baseball nine. "It won't be our present if we beg the money of our fathers."

The suggestion met with favor, and the boys worked for the next four weeks as if the welfare of the town depended on what they could earn. They solicited errands from the grocers and farmers and mill owners. They drove cows and picked greens and sweet flag to sell in the neighborhood. They fished and hunted for game, and gathered great bunches of young whistlers which they carried to the express station two miles away and sold to the passengers.

Every Saturday night they had a meeting in Harry Wilbur's barn to count what they had earned during the week. It was really astonishing how the money grew. Mr. Wilbur kept it in his safe, and he had to count it about six times a week for the boys' satisfaction. The air was full of excitement.

Poor Jimmy, in the meantime, was sorrowfully working away on his lessons, believing that this was his last chance with his beloved books. The boys were almost too kind to him. And yet he could see that they had a secret which they were carefully keeping from him.

He hurt the boy, for he loved them all. Even Harry Wilbur, whom he had drawn to school on his sled in the winter and had taught to swim in the lake, was careful to keep away from him when Jimmy came on the playground. But they all made him presents of nice things from home and treated him like a little prince, which he was in heart if not in status.

It is not unlikely that the money in Mr. Wilbur's safe received a few additions from the larger purses of the boys' fathers who were in the secret. At all events there was quite enough on the Saturday morning before the Fourth of July to buy a fine cow.

Mr. Wilbur took six of the boys in his double carriage over to a large stock farm, and about five times as many more walked over to assist in the important business of selecting the very best cow that could be had for the money.

They inspected a great number before they were quite satisfied; but at last the farmer showed them a beautiful, gentle creature with a smooth, deep red coat and a long, arrow-shaped mark on her forehead. He said she was very kind and easily managed, and gave an abundance of the richest milk. The boys were delighted with her, and each of the thirty-six walked around her and inspected her with great seriousness. It was their purchase, and if

they had not earned the right to be critical, I do not know who had.

Harry Wilbur named her Rocket on the spot, on account of the mark on her forehead, and perhaps with another idea in his mind.

Never was a cow more hospitably treated than was Rocket during the next few days. In the stable of Mr. Wilbur's barn she was visited every day by crowds of boys, and was fed on clover and other choice green things, which seemed perfectly to agree with her, for on the morning of the Fourth her sleek coat looked like a shiny garnet satin.

Jimmy McKinley looked out of his window before breakfast the morning of course the boys could not wait any later than that! There were all the boys coming up the road, and they were leading by a long evergreen rope something that moved, to be sure, but was so crowded with wreaths and vines and ferns that one would hardly have suspected what it was.

Jimmy did not stand on ceremony, but rushed out to meet the procession, and see what was on hand.

Harry Wilbur's eyes shone like two stars—he was so excited—and when he led pretty, large-eyed Rocket up to Jimmy, and put the end of the evergreen rope in his hand and tried to make the little speech which he had prepared with such pains, something felt very queer in his throat, and he could only say:

"She's your's, Jimmy. We boys earned her, and you can come to school now. Oh, dear, oh, dear!" and the little fellow threw himself on the ground and cried for joy.

Jimmy stared in amazement, and when he fully understood that the beautiful gift was for him, and that the boys had loved him enough to give to him, his laughing blue eyes grew misty, too, and his poor mother broke down entirely and showered his blessings right and left.

But Tommy Trask was equal to the occasion, and he proposed three cheers for the Wm McKinley, and three for Jimmy and three times three for Rocket, and then they danced around the bewildered cow and cheered her until their throats were dry.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Who Fired the Barn?

A barn had been burned in the suburbs, and a tramp had been arrested for setting fire to it. The prosecuting attorney said he had caught a tramp in his house about 8 o'clock the evening before, and had fired him through a window.

"That's all," said the prisoner. "The man was me. I went out on a shed roof that broke my fall and almost broke my neck, and went on down, where I lit on the hired girl, and scared her so she made a break for the back yard, where she started a stray dog so that he made off with a howl for the street, running between a policeman's legs and upsetting him. The policeman made a swipe at him with a club and he ran away standing by the curbstone, and he ran away and up street he scattered a crowd of women, and then scared a horse hitched to a milk wagon, and he broke for home and there scared a cow, and she ran over a cat in the stable yard watching a rat hole, and the cat went into the barn, where a lantern was hanging, and the lantern was turned over on a pile of hay and set it on fire. And that's how it happened," concluded the tramp with a long breath of relief.

The court was paralyzed. "And where were you all this time?" was the next enquiry.

"Me?" he asked innocently. "Oh! I was in the gentleman's kitchen eating the hired girl's supper, while she was out trying to find the policeman the dog upset, so he could come and see what had happened on the hired girl."

The case isn't settled yet.

Hygienic Water.

A new domestic beverage which is becoming daily more and more popular. Water as often met with is very unwholesome. But even when softened, too much should not be taken, as there is danger of colic, which makes one regret not having been more abstemious.

However it is necessary to drink at times, and when the weather is very warm, the more one drinks the more one wants to drink, without being able to quench thirst.

We give here a beverage easily made, and which costs next to nothing, one which quenches the thirst without producing any unpleasant results; on the contrary it makes a very healthy drink, and one which will save you much in the way of doctors' bills.

To every 3 or 4 pints of cold water, add for a short while before drinking, a tea-spoonful of the Indigenous Bitters. These Bitters (if the genuine, and not an imitation) contain roots of a warming nature, which render the water harmless.

A 25 c. packet of the Indigenous Bitters will thus give you several hundred drinks, agreeable to the taste, and much more healthful than pure water as instead of injuring, they stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels, and strengthen the stomach, especially when used regularly.

Lynch Law Among Rats.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman looking over a wall saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, sniffed at the dead fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste.

The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use.

Arrived at the spot where the fowl had lain the rat raised a loud squeal of satisfaction at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.

Leeds (Eng.) Evening Post.

A Cure for Constipation and Headache.

Dr. Silas Lane, who was in the Rocky Mountains, discovered a root that when combined with other herbs, makes an easy and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick-headache in one night. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50 cents a package.

Professor Marshall tells us that the oak in a general way requires to grow from 120 to 200 years before it is fit to cut for large timber.

All the popular preparations of summer drinks, Lime Juice, Citrate of Magnesia, Persia Sherbet etc., at Yapp's Drug stores.

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No Alkalies

Other Chemicals

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Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely

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It has more than three times

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Sherry, Port, and other Natural mineral water,

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Constant attention to patrons, gentlemanly

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The delightful and healthful pleasure resort

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