

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

by Beatrice Sturges.

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Resolution of Cop

Other Matters

CAMP, July 2.—Beulah
presenting a beautiful
number of delegates
on the grounds.

Baker and M. S. Traf-
in the following resolu-
such as our Heavenly
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in triumphant and most
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tween the fire thus caused
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In all the states there was not a better known citizen than Thomas Jefferson Kirby. Mayor of his town for years, Kirby, Mayor of his town for years, and connected with most of the big affairs of the district, he was a person of power and influence, honored in public, rather feared in private, and disliked by those who had gone contrary to his will. The Kirby spirit was acknowledged throughout the state as a compound of ice and iron. The Judge was a born leader, his friends were wont to say. He never followed. He would organize a club or association or committee, and he would be president or chairman or the leading member of the board—whatever it might happen to be—he would resign. He was a man of high standing in his community, and he would be president or chairman or the leading member of the board—whatever it might happen to be—he would resign. He was a man of high standing in his community, and he would be president or chairman or the leading member of the board—whatever it might happen to be—he would resign.

The second organization was and running it was a great success. But a time would come, and the Judge was trying to scheme out some way to engage his rival effectually. At any rate, it could become known about town, that the Kirby children were quite forbidden to associate with the Deans. That was something. So of course Chester could not visit Ethel. But it made little difference in their seeing each other. There were sweet and fragrant meetings places, to say nothing of the hospitable houses of friends.

All that had happened a year ago. Rebellion against what she considered her father's injustice ranked in Ethel's young heart, but long habit had made her yielding to his will. It was so with them all. Even Rover, to his mother's tones when no amount of coaxing on the children's part could move him. But somewhere in the disposition of each of the six was a spark of the spirit of independence they heard their father talk about to other people.

Every Fourth of July there were great celebrations in Pine Crest. Many of the people from the surrounding country came to attend the meeting which Judge Kirby always organized and addressed. Lemonade and cake and popcorn were always served in great quantities at the Judge's expense, and the evening's grand display of fireworks was made on the Judge's lawn. It was always an exciting time and the Judge, being the center of things, enjoyed every minute of it.

The day dawned beautifully bright and clear. The little Kirbys were up at the first streak of dawn firing off crackers and risking their lives with that cheerful recklessness which is the characteristic Fourth of July spirit with the American youth. Immediately after breakfast the children filed into the library with their aunt, followed by the servants, the extreme rear being guarded by old Rover. Here they gathered, in his Sunday rock coat and with a pomp of manner worthy of the highest cause, read to them, according to his custom, the Declaration of Independence. Then he turned to them a short and impressive talk on the beauties of freedom, the sacredness of liberty and the rights of American citizens. This day, he issued his orders for the day and the children were free to do as they liked for a while. Of course they all had to attend the meeting in the opera house and hear the exercises. The town hall was not large enough to hold all those who attended the celebration, so it was always held in the opera house, where, by the way, opera had never been given within the memory of man, but where lurid melodrama made occasional appearances throughout the season. The children always enjoyed the ceremonies, for they sat in a bumpy draped box and were quite important. They had little flags in their hands and knew just when to wave for this that and the other. Papa paused for a moment, and at the conclusion they stood up and started off singing "The Star Spangled Banner," of which they had known every word since they could remember.

"Liberty is the birthright of every American citizen," the Judge exclaimed, "even to the humblest. No man need be downtrodden, even in this age of trusts and capital aggrandizement. It was not for this that our fathers fought; it was not for this that Washington and Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson lived and strove; it was not for this that blood was spilled on Lexington common, or that brave men died at Valley Forge. No, my friends, if this country offers nothing else to the poor immigrant, it offers freedom; if it stands for anything at all among other nations, it stands for liberty; if it means anything to the youth it means opportunity, equality and independence. The spirit of Seventy-six is not dead. It lives, fellow citizens, it must live in the hearts of every true American. Liberty is the watchword, freedom the birthright, and independence its soul of every child born under our glorious flag."

With this final burst of oratory the Judge turned with an impassioned gesture to the huge flag that hung on the stage behind him. Then the audience cheered wildly, the life and drum corps burst into the strains of the national anthem, and the Kirby children knew it was time for them to open their little mouths and sing "Oh say can you see" at the tops of their voices. Then the meeting broke up with everybody shaking hands and saying "What a fine speech the Judge made," and "Fine orator, Judge Kirby," etc. etc. And all the children rushed home to fire off their damsons and crackers, while their mothers made sure that plenty of cotton and sweet oil and arnica waited in a convenient spot.

The Kirby children had set off all their crackers and the pinwheels, Roman candles and other spectacular effects were locked away, only the Judge knew where. So they had nothing particular to do until dinner, which was always served to celebrate the day. The younger children all made a dash for the cool back yard, where they reached home and climbed up into their favorite big apple tree, which accommodated them all and still had room to spare.

"Why is it," pronounced Teddy, the solemn one, "that speeches always sound so fine, but you can never do it in spite of his doubtful construction the others understood him.



In a tone that should have warned the young patriots, "Freedom is our birthright," they chanted in unison. "You said so." "Yes, I did; but liberty is one thing and license is another. I know what is good for you. You will not visit the Deans, you will not have any guineapigs, and everything will go on just as before."

The spirit of Seventy-six melted and melted and faded away utterly. The five children ate their bread and gravy with a good appetite. The Judge was expected, and really they didn't mind much. Besides, the ice cream was melting pretty soon, and they didn't want papa to get angry before that happened. Ethel, alone, sat with her dinner scarcely tasted.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND BROTHER

by Robert Barr.

A STORMY SATURDAY NIGHT. Angrily the rain lashed shuddering windows—evidence of the storm's strength—the precursor of winter, for every weather-wise farmer can tell you that frost and snow cannot come until the marshes are overtopped. This was a swamp-filling deluge, the death of the autumn, and might turn to snow before morning, presenting to the new-born winter in its swaddling clothes.

Inside the farm-house warmth and comfort were enhanced by the violence of the tempest without. Here was good cheer sweetened by companionship and comfort. The kitchen was the simple living-room of the family, the parlor and dining-room being reserved for formal occasions. From the stout beams hung savory hams smoked to a rich brown, representing the solid requirements of life; while the graceful festoons of dried apples, quartered and strung like loops of pearls, gave promise that the table would not be without a dainty dish even if nothing were seen of the garnished preserves in the cellar, that appetizing storehouse of the farm. This practical decoration of the room was also reminiscent of the lightness of farm festivals, the paring-up of the young of all the district gathered together to laugh and sing, to peel the apples, to core and string them, and to dance to the local fiddle when the easy task was done.

The huge cast-iron cooking-stove occupied one end of the kitchen, and was the nucleus round which the household formed itself in the evenings. The farmer sat smoking in a chair tilted back against the wall, his heels on the lower rung. It was a stout construction, able to stand a long time of resting on two legs instead of four without a protesting crack; rush-bottomed, and made before machine-built furniture was thought of. The house-mother occupied a chair invented of home manufacture, a chair invented in a land where people were to rest quickly if they rested at all. She was darning stockings. Her tall, handsome daughter was putting away the last of the supper dishes. The eldest son, with a piece of broken glass, scraped a necky axe-handle of straight-grained hickory, for every weather-wise farmer can tell you that frost and snow cannot come until the marshes are overtopped.

blown down and crushed them." "Open quickly," cried the wife, color leaving her cheeks. The farmer swung wide the door, heedless of the lashing rain which heaved against the roof but beatily interlarded the lamp-light shone on a stranger clothe in soaking rags, a haggard figure, relic of the Civil War, pioneer of a sinister horde—a tramp. He made no motion to enter, but stood entranced in the doorway, a hapless personification of the black storm which seemed to have tossed him against this square of light; nevertheless a suggestion of sullen defiance in the deep tones with which he announced himself.

"I am John Harmon," he said, "who asks food and shelter without the money to pay for either." "Come in," cried the farmer cordially. The vagrant stepped across the threshold, and the farmer put his shoulder to the door, closed and barred it. As he turned from his task and viewed the disconsolate object standing there he saw that a pool of water was forming round the broken boots.

to the account of habit and heredity, whatever the last may be. Did all four combine to injure you, or did one after another overthrow you, the last colored leaving you unable to rise again?" The tramp laughed, but there was no mirth in the hardness of his laugh, and it was a sound so unpleasant to the farmer that he turned his head away. "The farmer's wife in a whispering voice, and with more of the questioning. But curiosity is ever a quality of those who live remote from the world, and the farmer's interest was so fully aroused that he concentrated his whole attention on the stranger, and paid small heed to the admonition of his wife.

"The tramp's story begins. "My father, Richard Harmon, was an Englishman, who at the age of twenty-one emigrated to America, seeking little hope of bettering his condition in the old country. I have nothing of ancestry to boast, for my father was of the laboring class, sober, industrious and poor. He was betrothed to a girl of his own class, like himself in farm-service; and so little money had they, he could not marry her, but he brought her with him, but left her there, hoping that America, which they regarded as an El Dorado, would shortly provide the means for their reunion. They were destined to live apart for some years, filled with anxiety for the future, which were nevertheless sweetened by hope. My father became the hired man of a German who was considered thrifty and well-to-do for that time and that district. He owned a large farm, and was, I believe, a somewhat hard taskmaster; but he must have found his new employee a willing slave, for my father was eager to become acquainted with American methods of agriculture, and soon found he had as much to unlearn as to learn.

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