

The Day We Celebrate.

JANETTE and I, this day last year, the patriot's soon ignoring. Joined in a picnic where the ear Escaped the can non's roaring.

We knew the programme of the town—Processions and orations—but, careless of the day's renown, we douged its demonstrations.

The pretty pink flush deepened in the girl's cheeks, and she answered him almost as though she had done something wrong:

"I'll be so careful, Jack. I won't spoil it. By and by you'll be gone, and I wanted to look nice when I saw the new pistol."

This seemed extremely natural to Jack. The pistol was to him a matter of such moment that no amount of demonstration in its honor would have seemed too great. Viewed in this light, it really appeared quite a meritorious act that Conn should have put on the white dress, and he looked her over with that air of half patronizing approval with which boys are apt to regard the good looks of their sisters and their cousins.

Then he exhibited the pistol. It had—as a boy's knife, or gun, or boat always has—distinguishing and individual merits of its own. No other pistol, though it were run in the same mold, could quite compare with it, and it was by some sort of wonderful chance that he had become its possessor. Conn wondered and admired with him to his heart's content. Then came breakfast, and then the marching of the Brighton Blues. This was a company of boys in blue uniforms—handsome, healthy, wide-awake boys, from fourteen to seventeen years old—every one of them the pride of mothers, and sisters and cousins. They were to march into Boston, and parade the streets, and dine at a restaurant, and see the fireworks in the evening, and I don't know what other wonderful things.

Jack was in the highest spirits. He was sure that his pistol was a necessary part of the day; and he sincerely pitied Conn, because she was a girl, and must stay at home.

"Bang, whang goes the drum, tootie-tootie the fife; Oh! the day in the city square—there is no such pleasure in life!"

he quoted; and then he called back to her from the gate:

"It's too bad, Conn, that there's no fun for you, but keep your courage up, and I'll bring you something."

And so they marched away in the

afternoon, when Aunt Sarah would have company. But might she not put it on now? Perhaps Jack wouldn't be here then, and she could be careful. So she slipped into the dainty gown, and fastened hooks and buttons in nervous haste, and then looked in the glass, as every other girl that ever lived would have done in her place.

It was a bright, fair face that she saw there—all pink and white, and with those violet eyes over which the long golden lashes drooped, and that soft bright golden hair that lay in little rings and ripples round her white forehead, and hung a wavy mass down to the slender waist which the blue ribbon girded. Conn was pleased, no doubt, with the sight she saw in the mirror—how could she help being? She tripped downstairs, and out of the door. Jack whistled when he saw her.

"What all your fineries on at this time of day? What do you think Mother Sarah will say to that?"

The pretty pink flush deepened in the girl's cheeks, and she answered him almost as though she had done something wrong:

"I'll be so careful, Jack. I won't spoil it. By and by you'll be gone, and I wanted to look nice when I saw the new pistol."

This seemed extremely natural to Jack. The pistol was to him a matter of such moment that no amount of demonstration in its honor would have seemed too great. Viewed in this light, it really appeared quite a meritorious act that Conn should have put on the white dress, and he looked her over with that air of half patronizing approval with which boys are apt to regard the good looks of their sisters and their cousins.

Then he exhibited the pistol. It had—as a boy's knife, or gun, or boat always has—distinguishing and individual merits of its own. No other pistol, though it were run in the same mold, could quite compare with it, and it was by some sort of wonderful chance that he had become its possessor. Conn wondered and admired with him to his heart's content. Then came breakfast, and then the marching of the Brighton Blues. This was a company of boys in blue uniforms—handsome, healthy, wide-awake boys, from fourteen to seventeen years old—every one of them the pride of mothers, and sisters and cousins. They were to march into Boston, and parade the streets, and dine at a restaurant, and see the fireworks in the evening, and I don't know what other wonderful things.

Jack was in the highest spirits. He was sure that his pistol was a necessary part of the day; and he sincerely pitied Conn, because she was a girl, and must stay at home.

"Bang, whang goes the drum, tootie-tootie the fife; Oh! the day in the city square—there is no such pleasure in life!"

he quoted; and then he called back to her from the gate:

"It's too bad, Conn, that there's no fun for you, but keep your courage up, and I'll bring you something."

And so they marched away in the

into Boston. Excitement upheld her, and she trudged along, mile after mile, across the pleasant mill dam, and at last she reached Beacon street. Her head had begun to throb horribly by the time she got into town. It seemed to her that all the world was whirling round and round, and she with it. But she could not turn back then—indeed she did not know how to find any conveyance, and she knew her feet would not carry her much farther. Surely she must see Jack soon. He had said they should march through Beacon street. She would ask some one. She had an idea that everyone must know about anything so important as the Brighton Blues. At last she got courage to speak to a kind-looking servant maid, in the midst of a group on the steps of one of the Beacon street houses. The girl plied her white face, so pale now, with all the pretty pink roses faded from the tired young cheeks, and answered kindly:

"What all your fineries on at this time of day? What do you think Mother Sarah will say to that?"

The pretty pink flush deepened in the girl's cheeks, and she answered him almost as though she had done something wrong:

"I'll be so careful, Jack. I won't spoil it. By and by you'll be gone, and I wanted to look nice when I saw the new pistol."

This seemed extremely natural to Jack. The pistol was to him a matter of such moment that no amount of demonstration in its honor would have seemed too great. Viewed in this light, it really appeared quite a meritorious act that Conn should have put on the white dress, and he looked her over with that air of half patronizing approval with which boys are apt to regard the good looks of their sisters and their cousins.

Then he exhibited the pistol. It had—as a boy's knife, or gun, or boat always has—distinguishing and individual merits of its own. No other pistol, though it were run in the same mold, could quite compare with it, and it was by some sort of wonderful chance that he had become its possessor. Conn wondered and admired with him to his heart's content. Then came breakfast, and then the marching of the Brighton Blues. This was a company of boys in blue uniforms—handsome, healthy, wide-awake boys, from fourteen to seventeen years old—every one of them the pride of mothers, and sisters and cousins. They were to march into Boston, and parade the streets, and dine at a restaurant, and see the fireworks in the evening, and I don't know what other wonderful things.

Jack was in the highest spirits. He was sure that his pistol was a necessary part of the day; and he sincerely pitied Conn, because she was a girl, and must stay at home.

"Bang, whang goes the drum, tootie-tootie the fife; Oh! the day in the city square—there is no such pleasure in life!"

he quoted; and then he called back to her from the gate:

"It's too bad, Conn, that there's no fun for you, but keep your courage up, and I'll bring you something."

And so they marched away in the

mission she had received to enter the hospital. She remembered—would Jack remember also?—that other Fourth of July on which they found each other six years before. As if nothing should be wanting of the old attire, she met, as she passed along the street, a boy with flowers to sell—for flowers bloomed, just as the careless birds sang, even amid the horrors of those dreadful days—and bought of him a bunch of late red roses, and fastened them, as she had done that other day, upon her breast.

The sun was low when she entered the hospital, and its last rays kindled the hair, golden still as in the years long past, till it looked like a saint's aureole about her fair and tender face. She walked on among the suffering, until, at last, before she knew that she had come near the object of her search, she heard her name called, just as she had called Jack's name six years before:

"Oh, Conn! Conn!"

And then she sank upon her knees beside a low bed, and two feeble arms reached round her neck and drew her head down.

"I was waiting for you, Conn. I knew you would come. I lay here waiting till I should see you, as you were that day long ago—all in white, and with red roses on your breast—my one love in all the world!"

And the girl's white face grew crimson with a swift, sweet joy, for never before had such words blessed her. She did not speak; and Jack, full of a man's impatience, now that at last he had uttered the words left unsaid so long, held her fast, and whispered:

"Tell me, Conn, tell me that you are mine, come life or death. Surely you would not have sought me here if you had not meant it to be so! You are my Conn—tell me so."

And I suppose Conn satisfied him, for two years after that she was his wife, and twelve years later he gave the old pistol to that first Fourth of July to a young ten-year-old Jack Richmond to practice with for that year's Fourth; and pretty Mother Conn, as fair still as in her girlhood, remonstrated, as gentle mothers will:

"Oh, Jack, surely he is too young for such a dangerous plaything."

Father Jack laughed as he lifted little Conn to his knee, and answered:

"Nonsense, sweetheart; he is a soldier's boy, and a little pistol shooting won't hurt him."

But how noisy it was round that house on Fourth of July!—Louise C. Moulton, in *N. Y. Weekly*.

JOHNNY AND THE FOURTH.

A Small Boy's Idea of Our Independence Day.

Ime orful glad 4 thuy July don't come in winter. How cood a feller shute fire crackers with mittins on his hands? Where wood the fun bee in standing upp tu his neze in sun waitin for the Fire Works to goe orf.

Itt maiks me laff tu C gals fier orf for Pedoze kors tha always jump and Holler as iff the wuz kilt. Tha throw em down on the Gras most time kors tha kant Hitt everything wot tha ame att.

I think over 4 farthers luvd littel boys tu maik a 4 thuy July on purpos for them. I don't think ide goot tu warr and shed mi blud to maik A 4 thuy July for enny wun.

I spouse Washington wuz a boy wunst himself and node how it wuz not tu hav firecrakers and ski rokit and i ges he fel soow Badd that he told Thee army aboit it and got them to lik the Britishers so us boys cood selerbarte the Vacotory ever afterwurds.

That's wy Washington is kord the Farther of His Kuntree. It hede bin the mپther of it we woedent hav a independance day tu shute krakers on kors inthers git nervies and think boys i'll blow off thare fingers.—H. C. Dodge, in *Goodall's Sun*.

A SAD CATASTROPHE.



Bobby, about to fire his first cracker, begs a light from Cholly's cigarette.



But being very timid, in the excitement of the moment he gives Cholly the cracker instead of the cigarette.



It is further charged with much bitterness by those who speak for the prisoners that the

PRISON DOORS OPEN,

And Convicts Fielden, Schwab and Neebe Walk Forth Free Men.

Gov. Altgeld Issues a Pardon to the Noted Anarchists—A Lengthy Document Giving the Reasons for His Action.

BREATHE FREEDOM'S AIR ONCE MORE.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 27.—Gov. Altgeld on Monday issued an absolute pardon to Oscar Neebe, Michael Schwab and Samuel Fielden, who were convicted of complicity in the anarchist Haymarket riot in Chicago in May, 1886. The governor's statement accompanying the pardon contains 17,000 words.

The announcement of the pardons was made shortly after noon, but the papers were not filed with the secretary of state until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The greatest secrecy was observed regarding the governor's proposed action, and even the newspaper men were kept in ignorance until the last minute. Even Banker Dreyer, of Chicago, who had been an active worker in the interest of the condemned men since their incarceration, and who had been notified to be here, did not know until he arrived here why he was sent for, and his surprise can well be imagined.

The action of the governor is variously criticised, being sharply condemned by many and by others as warmly indorsed. The lengthy and elaborate review of the case filed with the pardon shows that the governor has spent much time over the matter and that his decision was deliberate. The fight waged by the friends of the condemned men has been a long and determined one, and Govs. Oglesby and Fifer were besieged during their terms of office with constant appeals for their release.

The case is one of the most remarkable in the history of the government and has attracted the attention of the civilized world. On the night of May 4, 1886, a meeting was held in a hall in Haymarket square, Chicago, to protest regarding the killing of two laboring men in trouble which had taken place in an effort to introduce a rule for an eight-hour day for the laboring classes. The meeting was attended by about 1,000 persons, good order being maintained until just as the last were leaving the hall when a detachment of police were called in to quell a disturbance. As they approached the hall an unknown person threw a bomb into the crowd which killed several policemen and wounded many persons.

A number of people were arrested and August Spies, Albert Parsons, Louis Lingg, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, George Engle, Samuel Fischer and Oscar Neebe were indicted. Popular excitement was intense, the press, pulpit and public clamor demanded conviction, and after a long and bitterly contested trial the defendants were found guilty. Neebe received a fifteen years' sentence and the rest were to be hanged. The case went to the supreme court and was affirmed. Finally the sentence of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to life sentences. Lingg was freed at the end of his sentence and Fischer and Spies were hanged. It was alleged at the time that conviction was due to public clamor, rather than to the evidence, and ever since there has been a strong element at work for the pardon of the condemned.

Neebe, Schwab and Fielden entered the warden's office dressed in their prison stripes. They were stood up in line and in the presence of Warden Allen, Chaplain Roth, Clerk Miller and Storekeeper Allen Mr. Dreyer informed them that Gov. Altgeld had signed a pardon for each of them on certain conditions. Tears stood in the eyes of the men to whom this unexpected news of freedom came. Their emotion was apparent, though they made strong efforts to conceal it.

Mr. Dreyer, the real-estate man and banker, who has interested himself in behalf of the men, arrived at the prison from Springfield at 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon with the pardons in his pocket, and also a copy of the governor's statement of his reasons for granting the pardon:

The governor reviews the history of the Haymarket meeting of May 4, 1886, in detail, and says the basis of the appeal for pardon was the petition signed by 1,000 citizens, bankers, judges, lawyers and other prominent citizens of Chicago, which, assuming the prisoners to be guilty, stated the belief that the prisoners have been punished enough; but a number of them who have examined the case more carefully base their appeal on entirely different grounds and assert:

1. That the jury which tried the case was a packed jury selected to convict.

2. That according to the law as laid down by the supreme court, both prior to and again since the trial of this case the jurors, according to their own answers, were not competent jurors and the trial was therefore not a legal trial.

3. That the defendants were not proven to be guilty of the crime charged in the indictment.

4. That as to the defendant, Neebe, the state's attorney had declared at the close of the evidence that there was no case against him, and yet he has been kept in prison all these years.

5. That the trial judge was either so prejudiced against the defendants, or else so determined to win the applause of a certain class in the community that he could not and did not grant a fair trial.

The governor sustains the five points specified, and adds the fact that a number of the attorney declared openly that they were so prejudiced that they could not try the case fairly, "but each when examined by the court," he observes, "was induced to say that he believed he could try the case fairly upon the evidence. Upon the whole," says the governor, "considering facts brought to light since the trial, Bailiff Ryce summoned a prejudiced jury, which he believed would hang the defendants." The governor asserts that Judge Gary knew of this, but refused to take any action.

All three of the men unhesitatingly made the promise required of them. The warden then presented each with his pardon, which was the usual form in such cases, with the governor's signature attached. Gov. Altgeld's review of the case was not read on account of its length. Samuel Fielden, replying for himself and comrades, assured Mr. Dreyer that neither he nor Gov. Altgeld would be given cause to repeat their action which set them free.

The governor sustains the five points specified, and adds the fact that a number of the attorney declared openly that they were so prejudiced that they could not try the case fairly, "but each when examined by the court," he observes, "was induced to say that he believed he could try the case fairly upon the evidence. Upon the whole," says the governor, "considering facts brought to light since the trial, Bailiff Ryce summoned a prejudiced jury, which he believed would hang the defendants." The governor asserts that Judge Gary knew of this, but refused to take any action.

Quoting the recent decision in the Cronin case, the governor declares that it is difficult to see how, after a juror has avowed a fixed and settled opinion as to a prisoner's guilt, a court can be legally satisfied of the truth of the answer that he can render a fair and impartial verdict. The governor says that applying the rule laid down to the Cronin decision most of the jurors were incompetent because they were prejudiced and the mere fact that the judge succeeded by a "singularly suggestive examination" in getting them to state that they believed he could try the case fairly did not make them competent.

The pardon relates that the thrower of the bomb has never been discovered, nor anything to connect the prisoners with the throwing. The governor believes that the bomb was thrown by one seeking personal revenge. He says that the men guilty of the offense had been shot down in cold blood by Pinkerton men and none of the numbered had been brought to justice; that in a number of cases the police, without any authority, have broken up peaceful meetings and clubbed people guilty of no offense whatever. In some cases certain policemen under Capt. Bonfield indulged in brutalities never equalled before, and it was impossible for laboring people to get justice for these outrages. The governor believes the bomb throwing was the direct result of a feeling on the part of some one who had suffered at the hands of the police and had come to the conclusion that he could get satisfaction in no other way.

Speaking of Judge Gary, the trial judge, the governor says:

"It is further charged with much bitterness by those who speak for the prisoners that the

record of the case shows that the judge conducted the trial with malice aforethought and forced eight men to be tried together; that in cross-examining the state's witnesses he confined counsel for the defense to the specific points touched on by the state, and in the cross-examination of the defendants' witnesses he permitted the state's attorneys to go into all manner of subjects entirely foreign to the matters on which the witnesses were examined; also that every ruling throughout the long trial on any contested point was in favor of the state, and, further, that page after page of the record contains insulting remarks of the judge, made in the hearing of the jury and with the evident intent of bringing the jury to his way of thinking; that these speeches, coming from the court, were much more damaging than any speeches from the state's attorney could possibly have been; that the state's attorney took his cue