



We knew the programme of the town—
Processions and orations—
But, careless of the day's renown,
We dozed its demonstrations.

They call it Independence day,
Its import well defining,
And it lost me my scepter's sway,
Through process of resigning.

The wood was cool and summer-sweet,
Our friends were in the distance;
My traitor heart would not retreat,
And failed to make resistance.

My case was helpless. I renounced
All rights, Jeannette succeeding;
And autumn saw the words pronounced
Which kept me from succeeding.

Since then Jeannette affirms (and I
Am not ashamed to state it)
That fourth day of the month July,
Henceforth we'll celebrate it.

—Meredith Nicholson, in Judge.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Where congress met and freedom rung
Our starry banner to the breeze,
Exulting its iron tongue
All thro' that summer morning sung
Our new-born liberties.

It told the ending of the night,
The happy dawn of freedom's day,
And o'erland there flashed a light
Of brotherhood and human right,
The end of kingly sway.

Oh! how the good old bell told out
The joyous tale of freedom's birth!
From east to west, from north to south
The message of its brazen mouth
Rolled all around the earth!

It sung the birthright of the race,
The glory of the brave and free,
And pealing from its sacred place
It set the whole wide world ablaze
With dreams of liberty.

'Tis old, and utters now no sound,
But yet its echoes ring sublime,
Its resting place is holy ground
To freedom's sons, wherever found,
Until the end of time.

—Louis Sverre Amosson, in Youth's Companion.



Babel of noise about her. What was it? Had everybody gone mad? Then her wits began to wake up. She remembered that it was Fourth of July. The worst noise of all—why, that must be Jack's pistol, which he had been saving up money to buy all winter and all summer. And that other sound—that must be torpedoes; and there was the old dog, Hero, barking at them, and no wonder; it was enough to make any respectable dog bark.

Firecrackers! Ugh! Wasn't the pistol bad enough without all these side shows? Just then Jack called out from the yard below:

"Conn! Conn!"

The girl's name was Constantia Richmond; but she was too slight and bonny for such a long name and everybody called her Conn.

She shook back her fair, soft curls, as golden as a baby's now, though Conn was fourteen, and putting a little shawl over her shoulders, peeped out of the open window, as pretty a little slip of a girl as you would care to see, and looked down on the face, half-boyish, half-manly, which was upturned to her. If Jack had been her brother, perhaps she would have scolded him; for Conn loved her morning nap, and the general din which he had been making, and her second cousin at that; and it's curious what a difference that does make. Your brother's your brother all the days of his life; but your cousin is another affair, and far less certain. So Conn said, quite gently:

"What is it? Can I do anything? But I'm sure I don't want to help you make any more noise. This has been—oh, really dreadful."

She spoke with a droll, little fine-lady air, and put her pretty little fingers to her pretty little ears, and Jack laughed. He had not begun to think of her yet as a charming girl—she was just Cousin Conn.

"What," he cried, "Not like noise on Fourth of July? Why, you don't deserve to have a country."

"I'm sure I wish I hadn't," said Conn, with a little dash of spirit.

"Are you dressed?" cried the boy sixteen years old, but all a boy still.

"No."

"Well, just hurry, then, and come down. I'm off in half an hour with the Brighton Blues, and I want you to see first how this pistol works."

High honor this, that she, a girl, should be invited to inspect the wonderful pistol!

Conn began to dress hurriedly. What should she put on? Her white dress hung in the closet—such a white dress as girls wore then, for it was many years ago—all delicate ruffles, and with a blue ribbon sash, as dainty as possible. She knew that was meant for

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 he and his pistol were a necessary part of the day; and he sincerely pitied Conn, because she was a girl, and must stay at home.

"Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle-tootle 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 pitied her white face, so pale now, with all the pretty pink roses faded from the tired young cheeks, and answered kindly.

She did not know about the Brighton Blues, but she guessed all the companies had been by there or would come. Wouldn't the young lady sit down with them on the steps, and rest, and wait a little?

And "the young lady" sat down. What could she do else, with the world whirling, whirling, and her feet so strangely determined to whirl out from under her? And then it grew dark, and when it came light again there was a lounge in a cozy basement, and the kind girl who had cared for her told her that she had fainted. And then she had some food and grew refreshed a little, but was strangely confused yet, and with only one thought, to which she held with all the strength of her will—that she had come to see Jack, and must look for him till he came.

So on the steps she stationed herself, and the crowd surged by. Military companies, grown-up ones, came and went with glitter of brave uniforms, and joyful clamor of music, and Conn watched with all her soul in her eyes, but still no Jack.

It was mid-afternoon at last when suddenly she saw the familiar blue, and marching down the street came the boyish ranks, following their own band—tired enough, all of them, no doubt, but their courage kept up by the music and the hope of fireworks by and by. Conn strained her eyes. She did not mean to speak, but after a little, when the face she longed for came in sight, something within her cried out with a sharp, despairing cry:

"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

And Jack heard. Those who were watching saw one boy break from the long blue line, and spring up the steps where Conn sat, and seize in strong hands the shoulders of a girl all in white, her face as white as her gown, and some red roses, withered now, upon her breast.

"Conn—Conn Richmond!" the boy cried, "what does this mean?"

"Don't scold—oh, don't scold, Jack!" said the pitiful, quivering lips; "I only came to see you marching with the rest, and—I'm tired."



CONN WATCHES WITH ALL HER SOUL.

gay, glad morning sunshine, following their band of music—a boys' band that was, too.

Conn stood and watched them with a wistful, longing look in her great blue eyes, and the soft, bright color coming and going on her girlish cheeks. At last she gathered a bunch of late red roses, and put them in her bosom, and went into the house. She sewed a little, and then she tossed her work aside, for who cares to work on holidays? Then she took up her new book; but the tale it told seemed dull and cold beside the warm throbbing life of which the outside world was full. She wished over and over that she were a boy—that she might have marched away with the rest. Then she wondered if she could not go into town and see them from somewhere, in all their glory. Very little idea had she of a Boston crowd on Fourth of July. She had been into town often enough with her aunt or her uncle, and walked through the quiet streets; and she thought she should have little trouble in doing the same now. She looked in her purse; she had not much money, but enough so that she could ride if she got tired, and she would be sure to save some to come home. She called her Aunt Sarah's one servant, and made her promise to keep the secret as long as she could, and then told Aunt Sarah that she had gone to Boston to find Jack, and see him march with the rest.

The girl was a good-natured creature, not bright enough to know that it was her duty to interfere, and easily persuaded by Conn's entreaties and the bit of blue ribbon with which they were enforced.

And so Conn started off, as the boys had done before her, and went on her way. But she had no music to which to march, and for company she had only her own thoughts—her own hopes.

Still she marched bravely on.

There were plenty of other people going the same way—indeed it seemed to Conn as if everybody must be going

"Yes," said the girl who had befriended her, "and she fainted clean away, and she's more dead than alive now; and if you've a heart in your bosom, you'll let your play soldiering go, and take care of her."

And just then Jack realized, boy as he was, that he had a heart in his bosom and that his Cousin Conn was the dearest and nearest thing to that heart in the whole world. But he did not tell her so till long years afterward. Just now his chief interest was to get her home. No more marching for him; and what were fireworks, or the supper the boys were to take together, in comparison with this girl, who had cared so much to see him in his holiday glory?

He took her to an omnibus, which ran in those days to Brighton, and by tea time he had got her home. He found his mother frightened and helpless, and too glad to get Conn back to think of scolding.

It was six years after that, that in the battle of Malvern Hills, July 1, 1802, Jack, a real soldier then, and no longer a boy playing at the mimicry of war, was wounded; and next day the news came to the quiet Brighton home. Conn had grown to be a young lady in the sweet grace of her twenty summers, and she was her Aunt Sarah's help and comfort. To these two women came the news of Jack's peril. The mother cried a little, helplessly; but there were no tears in Conn's eyes.

"Aunt Sarah," she said, quietly, "I am going to find Jack."

And that day she was off for the Peninsula. It was the Fourth of July when she reached the hospital in which her Cousin Jack had been placed; but the news, which reassured her, was favorable. He was wounded, but not dangerously. It was a girlish instinct, which every girl will understand, that made Conn put on a fresh, white gown before she used the per-

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 of 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, with:

"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.

One awful glad 4th July don't come in winter. How cold a feller shute fire crackers with mittens on his hands? Where wood the Fun bee in standing up to his neze in sno waitin forr the Fire Works to go off.

Ov kors when he burnd his fingirs he cood malk snoborls so tha woodent hurt eny and wen the Powdrit got a Fire in his pokits he cood jump Inn a big sno drift sow his mar woodent no it. Butt that aint mi ideer of shoyn Patry Otism. Enny feller hooz A frade of gittin burnt on Thee gloryrus 4th July had bettir be a gal and drop tor Pedoze on the sidewalk.

It malks me laff to C gals fier orf tor Pedoze kors tha always jump and Holler as iff tha wuz kilt. Tha throw em down onn the Gras most time kors tha kant Hitt ennyting wot tha ame att.

i think ov 4 fartherers luvd littil boys to malk a 4th July on purpos for them. i don't think ide goe to warr and shed mi blud to malk A 4th July forr eny wun.

I spose Washington wuz a boy wunst himself and node how it wuz not to hav firecrakers and ski rokits and i ges he felt sow Badd that he told Thee army about it and got them to lik the Britishers so us boys cood selerbrate the Victory ever afterwuds.

Tha'ts w'y Washington is kord the Farther of His Kuntree. It hede bin the mpyther of it we woodent hav a in-dependance day to shute krakers on kors muthers git nervices and think boys il blow off thare fingirs.—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.



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 blew the top of his head off with a bomb in his cell and Parsons, Fischer, Engle 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.

Following is a synopsis of the principal points in Gov. Altgeld's statement of 17,000 words giving his reasons for granting the pardon:

1. 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 several thousand merchants, bankers, judges, lawyers and other prominent citizens of Chicago, which, assuming the prisoners to be guilty, stated the belief that the prisoners had been punished enough; but a number of them who have examined the case more carefully base their appeal on entirely different grounds and assert:

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

3. 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.

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

5. 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.

6. 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 refers to the fact that a number of the jurymen declared candidly 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, and after a long error, considering facts brought to light since the trial, Balliff 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 his 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 they 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 bomb was brought to justice; that in a number of cases the police, without any authority, have invaded and broken up peaceful meetings and clubbed people guilty of no offense whatever. In some cases certain policemen under Capt. Bonfield indulged in brutalities never equaled 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 malicious ferocity 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 insinuating 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 often took his cue from the judge's remarks; that the judge's magazine article recently published, although written nearly six years after the trial, is yet full of venom; that, pretending to simply review the case, he had to drag into his article a letter written by an excited woman to a newspaper after the trial was over, and which, therefore, had nothing whatever to do with the case and was put into the article simply to create a prejudice against the woman, as well as against the dead and the living and that, not content with this, he in the same article makes an insinuating attack on one of the lawyers for the defense, not for anything done at the trial, but because more than a year after the trial, when some of the defendants had been hung, he ventured to express a few kind, if erroneous, sentiments over the graves of his dead clients, whom he at least believed to be innocent. It is urged that such ferocity or subservency is without a parallel in all history; that even Jeffries in England contented himself with hanging his victims, and did not stop to berate them after they were dead.

"These charges are of a personal character and while they seem to be sustained by the record of the trial and the papers before me and tend to show that the trial was not fair, I don't care to discuss the features of the case any further, because it is not necessary. I am convinced that it is my duty to act in this case for the reasons already given, and therefore grant an absolute pardon to Samuel Fielden, Oscar Neebe and Michael Schwab this 26th day of June, 1893."

THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH.

Messrs. Fielden, Schwab and Neebe Promise to Refrain from Anarchistic Agitation in the Future—How They Received the News of Their Pardon.

CHICAGO, June 27.—Three men who for nearly six years have been known as Nos. 8,376, 8,380 and 8,527 emerged from the stone portal of the penitentiary at Joliet at 7 o'clock Monday evening and once more breathed the air of freedom. They were Oscar Neebe, Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the anarchists who had been convicted of complicity in the Haymarket riot May 4, 1886, when seven policemen were killed by the explosion of a dynamite bomb. They owed their liberty to Gov. Altgeld's pardon.

E. S. 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 them. Mr. Dreyer was shown into the office of Warden Allen and presented his documents. The warden examined them, found them correct, and at once sent for the three convicts, who were convicts no longer.

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 made a short speech, in which he said executive clemency was extended to them on condition that they promised to be hereafter honest, upright citizens, to go to work and earn a living, and forevermore to refrain from associating with men who preached the doctrines which had brought them within the prison walls, and to refrain themselves from again propagating anarchistic theories. He told them how they had been despised by the whole civilized world, and hoped that in view of the mercy that was shown them they would never give Gov. Altgeld nor himself cause to regret the action which set them free.

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 repent their course in the matter.

The liberated men then shook hands with Mr. Dreyer and were conducted back into the prison, where they took off their striped clothing and donned civilian suits. Then they were taken to the official dining-room where a dinner of roast beef, ham and eggs, strawberries and iced tea was served, Chaplain Roth, Clerk Miller, Mr. Dreyer, Mr. Allen, the warden's son, and the late prisoners being the guests. When the meal was finished it was nearly time for the train to arrive which was to bear the three liberated anarchists back to Chicago. As they came out into the balmy air of a perfect June evening one who had known them in former days would scarcely have recognized any one of them. Prison life had left its mark on each. Mr. Dreyer walked down to the station with the ex-prisoners, and in a few minutes a Santa Fe train came along and all boarded the smoking car.

The men say they intend to keep the promise made to the governor to abstain from anarchistic agitation. Neither of them have formulated plans for the future.

The party left the train at Twenty-third street and boarding street cars went to their respective homes. Fielden to his wife and two children at 117 West Polk street, Schwab to his family, a wife and two children, at 167 Washington avenue, and Neebe to his brother's residence on Sheffield avenue. Numerous friends called on them during the evening to offer their congratulations.