

THE KEY MONUMENT.

IN HONOR OF THE WRITER OF THE GREAT NATIONAL ANTHEM.

This Poem of Francis Scott Key's Needs No Organization to Push It Along—Its Name and Music Wait for the Soul to the Skies.

It was Fletcher of Saltown who said: "Give me the making of a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws." It is perhaps the irony of fate that this saying was destined to be contradicted in the circumstances of Key's case. Sympathy remained a barren abstraction untranslated into action. For eighty-four years while distant California raised a monument to Francis Scott Key his own Maryland was silent and unready or failed to see the merits and genius of her industrious son. At the entrance of the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, there has been these many years a splendid monument rising to a height of fifty-one feet to commemorate the services of the author of America's great national lyric. It cost \$60,000 and consists of a double arch, under one of which is seated a bronze figure of Key with the manuscript of the "Star Spangled Banner" folded in the hand. However late in the day, therefore, Maryland honors herself and contributes to the gratification of the national feeling, by observing the obvious proprieties in respect of her national songster. Five thousand dollars was recently appropriated by the Maryland legislature, and the balance of the present monument was subscribed by the generous and patriotic hearts that were quickened by the famous song which has now become the national anthem of America. It is usually sung at the close of public meetings and never fails to awaken in audiences that intense thirst for the spirit of freedom which is the country's chief safeguard. The present monument is to be erected in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore. It is the design of the famous New York sculptor Alexander Doyle, and it is a design befitting the subject and the solemn environments. It consists of a circular pedestal of granite on a series of unusually wide spreading bases. Its height will be thirteen feet, and at the base fifteen feet. It will be devoid of floral elaborations but will throw into strong relief the figure of Key who is represented on shipboard with that anxious look upon his gathering brow indicated by the first line of his immortal poem—"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light?" His attitude is one of exultation and of joy, as with his right arm he proudly points to the flag, manifestly rejoiced to find that it is "still there," and with the other waves aloft the paper on which he is writing the poem that thus records the inspiration of his enraptured discovery.

The chisel of our American Praxiteles has eloquently perpetuated the beautiful and patriotic inspiration which Key's lyric awakens in every American breast. At the base of the pedestal is a bronze group emblematic of patriotism. The figure of Liberty is seated and is in the act of teaching the lesson of patriotism to a youth standing on her left, with the American flag resting on her shoulder, and upon which the youth reverently lays his hand. Liberty's left hand extended, grasps the sword of defence, while her arm embraces the figure of a little child, indicating at once a disposition to protect the weak against the strong and that martial readiness to defend the flag which is ever the duty of a free people. Beneath the group on the face of its base is carried the seal of the State of Maryland, while under the cornice is a cluster of stars. In the rear of the monument and resting on its base, is a tablet bearing the text of Key's poem. Upon the whole therefore the Baltimore memorial is a more realistic work and more symbolic of the circumstances and better calculated to inspire the observer, than the earlier and more expensive monument in the far western city, and which owes its existence to the philanthropist James Lick. Maryland has redeemed herself by this timely and beautiful work and thus does much to crystallize the principle for which the song stands in the living memorials of to-day.

Francis Scott Key was the son of a Revolutionary officer whose father came to this country with the poet Dryden's brother. When the British forces invaded Washington in 1814, Key was taken prisoner on board the frigate "Surprise," from which he witnessed an attack upon Fort M'Henry. Owing to the position the flag of Fort M'Henry was distinctly seen through the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and Key's feelings when he found that the British had not triumphed, and that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down, found expression in the "Star Spangled Banner."

There are other great national songs, but the one which seems intended to supersede the Star Spangled Banner is "America" and which being the work of a clergyman, a persistent attempt has been made, particularly at revival meetings, to elevate it into the dignity of a national anthem. But the lines of the latter can never convey the same feeling as Key's burning song which has not a dull or commonplace line throughout, and which breaks like a flashlight upon the mind, holding the attention and the soul enraptured from beginning to end. It is said that no enduring song was ever written that had not a strong personal inspiration as its foundation and that for the production of a striking national song the soul must overflow itself if "it another soul would reach." The circumstances of Key's capture, and the anxiety with which he looked for the Stars and Stripes in the morning upon the fort,

ish guns ceased were surely sufficiently exciting and tragic in the life and history of the writer to establish the truth of this statement. His soul was profoundly moved by the battle of Fort M'Henry and had Key himself not told the printer, who first set the song in type, the circumstances under which he composed the "Star Spangled Banner" and had the words been only disintegrated after the lapse of ages, the very setting of the lines would have themselves told of an attack on a fort displaying a flag amidst the smoke of a great battle. They would have revealed a captive inquiring at the break of day in tones of intense patriotism and of tremulous emotion whether that flag, which meant for him liberty or death still waved from the battlements of the beleaguered fort. It would, even, were we to know no more about its author or its origin, have revealed its inspiration as effectively as do the words of the "Marseillaise" betray the stirring scenes of De Lillies' war song in Paris at the end of the last century.

The "Star Spangled Banner" therefore originates from a noble inspiration. It comes from the American heart and appeals to the American heart. It was written rapidly in obedience to strong feelings and while the author was under martial conditions. There is therefore a glib, a freshness and a sparkling spontaneity about every line and phrase to which not even "My Country 'tis of Thee," while chaste, melodious and tender enough to be a church hymn, can ever hope to compare. One is only half-American; in the other patriotism glows through the lines. One while affecting to laud liberty is redolent of that meek submission which saps liberty; the other breathes a ravishing love of liberty interwoven with the spirit of Mars. The music, too, of the "Star Spangled Banner" set to "Anacreon in Heaven," more powerfully appeals to musical intellects than a poem which seems to have been written to that of "God Save the Queen" and therefore little likely to rank with "Hail Columbia" or "Dixie," or even "Maryland," or "Yankee Doodle," or the "Bonnie Blue Flag," or to inspire the strong national sentiment of the Star Spangled Banner. This poem of Francis Scott Key's needs no organization to push it along. Its name and music wait for the soul to the skies. It springs into the minds of age and youth alike upon all occasions, and continues to move as with a divine pathos all loyal American hearts as the immortal and undying chant of American independence and freedom.

England's ordnance survey map cost \$20,000,000. The army of Germany boasts eight women colonels. Yellow fever killed 11,500 Spanish soldiers in Cuba.

French Superstitions.
The French superstitions regarding deaths and funerals are all but numberless. "If you meet a funeral while driving you will have an accident before your drive is over unless you turn back," they say. Many a gambler en route for Monte Carlo will not gamble that day if he meets a funeral; others will bet only at rouge et noir, and persistently on the black. The peasants have at least a hundred superstitions about bees. They believe (and did not Virgil, too, or did he but chronicle it of his contemporaries?) that bees are bred of dead men's bones and flesh. This seems to be one of the oldest of the current French superstitions, for on a very old tomb at Arles (found in the world-famous Alyscamp) is this inscription: "This has become the home of unhalloved bees."

The peasant pharmacopoeia of France is wonderful—most wonderful. Wine is an ingredient of every prescription. In fever cases it is always the predominant one. The French peasant's faith in fermented grape juice is truly beautiful. If his children are stricken with the measles he gives them beakers of wine, well sweetened with honey and highly spiced with pepper. For a severe cold he administers a quart of red wine and a melted tallow candle mixed. For scarlet or brain fever he gives eggs, white wine and root, well beaten together. Not all their superstitions are curious—some are pathetic. A mother, for instance, often buries her dead child with its favorite toy or her own beautiful hair in the coffin, "that it may not feel quite alone."

A Historical Bell.
Hardly of less historical interest than the famous Liberty Bell of Philadelphia was the old clock bell which announced the hour on July 4, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated. The bell had been used in earlier days to call assemblages of the citizens of the Quaker City, but after the Revolution it was lost. Recently the Philadelphia Press discovered that the relic had been destroyed. It had been bought for a few hundred dollars by the Roman Catholic Church of St. Augustine for its steeple. The whole clock machinery was bought, but the question is yet unanswered as to whether the dials were sold or not. The church was burned down in 1844.

Several of the firemen collected from the mass of bell metal pieces broken off by the fall of the tower and carried them home as souvenirs. Several of the fire ladders had these molded into buckles of their organization, the Humane Engine Company, and one of the men promises to bequeath to some museum of Revolutionary relics his belt and buckle, so that the country may have another remembrance of the crowning point in our history.

A Clever Servant.
King Alexander of Servia, when only eighteen years old, summoned his Regent to a dinner-party, rose as if to propose a toast, drew a revolver from his pocket, proclaimed himself of age, and dismissed the Regent, whom he locked up all night in the dining-room while he went round to assure himself of the fidelity of his guards.

A Woman's Burden.

This is a story of a woman addressed to women. It is a plain statement of facts too strong in themselves to require embellishment, too true to be doubted, too instructive to be passed over by any woman who appreciates the value of good health.

The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers.

They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality, clouding their happiness, weighing them down with the woe of ill health.

Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such ambition as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of disease.

Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

To-day she is well! She wants others to profit by her experience; to grow well; to enjoy health; to be as happy as she is.

"For five years I suffered with ovarian trouble," is Mrs. Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one single day from headache and intense twitching pains in my neck and shoulders."

"For months at a time I would be confined to my bed."

"At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would become blind. My nerves were in such a state that a step on the floor unsettled me."

"Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I consented to an operation. That, too, failed and they said another one was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before."

"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried them."

"They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness."

"The headache is gone; the twitching is gone; the nervousness is gone; the trembling has ceased, and I have gained twenty-six pounds."

"Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for the blessing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a boon to womankind. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body, creating functional regularity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system.

The pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, who universally consider them the most important remedial agent they have to dispense.

WAR CHAT.

Frisco wants a gun plant. Negroes may colonize Cuba. Spain has 600 physicians in Cuba. Grant's swords are at Washington. Italy's Lepanto is the largest battleship.

The Franco-German war cost \$12,000,000,000. Santiago bombardment powder costs \$1,000,000.

The Civil War has thus far cost \$12,000,000,000. England's ordnance survey map cost \$20,000,000.

The army of Germany boasts eight women colonels. Yellow fever killed 11,500 Spanish soldiers in Cuba.

A member of the Strategy Board termed Dewey a dude.

A Red Cross nurse won a husband among her patients.

Spain has sent to Cuba 1000 tons of medicine, etc., in three years.

Our oldest vessel still in service, the schooner Polly, was built in 1805.

To escape from Centajail a prisoner must swim the Strait of Gibraltar.

The demand for cavalry horses has revived the equine industry in Wyoming.

Our coast signal service system extends all the way from Bar Harbor to Galveston.

The Constitution forbids the President leaving the United States while he is President.

Profanity is forbidden by both the army and the navy regulations of the United States.

"By the sword of my father" is one of the most convincing oaths a Frenchman can use.

Frisco Courts and Circles of Foresters have organized to help soldiers Foresters and their families.

Survivors of the crew of the U. S. ship Kearsage are to have a reunion in Portsmouth, N. H.

The sword of Napoleon was laid unsheathed on the pillow where rested his lifeless head.

Father Tom Sherman, son of the late General Tecumseh Sherman, is chaplain of the Fourth Missouri.

During the siege of Paris no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in the fifty-four balloons.

P. J. Finn, of Philadelphia, argued against an Anglo-American alliance at Pawsucket, R. I., last week.

An annual appropriation of \$18.25 per year is made by Uncle Sam for each cat employed in his store houses.

F. Eranz Arnold, a Hamburg merchant, says the great mass of Germans sympathize with this country in the war.

In Montenegro, when a man is rejected as too old for war, he breaks his sword at the feet of his prince and goes home to die.

General Custer was during the war the recipient of a sword which was so large that no other arm in the service could wield it.

At Camp Alger 95 per cent of the Seventh Illinois regiment are Catholic and Irishmen. Father Kelly says mass daily in a tent.

Frank I. Morse, an Oakland lad of 13 years, claims the proud distinction of being the youngest seaman of the victorious fleet at Manila.

The war will not be permanently terminated until a treaty of peace with Spain has been signed ratified and proclaimed by both countries.

This is the second time in the history of this country that an army has been landed on foreign soil. The first was at Vera Cruz, Mex., in 1847.

There is one place in camp every good and thoughtful woman is inter-

ested in. It is the hospital. Perhaps her boy is there even now, the victim of fever or some other disease.

John F. Finety now correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald, writes: "Out of 30,000 men, or thereabouts, in this (Camp Alger) corps at least a third are of Irish birth or origin."

The breaking of the sword in halves and throwing the weapon at the feet of an enemy is the expression of insubordination, the spirit that admits defeat, but remains unconquered.

Searchlights are such good targets for the enemy's guns that the Germans are arranging to throw the light first on a mirror and thence on the enemy, thereby concealing its real source.

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At Santiago.

Girls smoke. No trolley cars. Forests of mahogany. No wild animals except dogs. Everybody takes a nap at noon. Here is the highest land in Cuba. Lottery tickets on sale everywhere. Most of the houses are onestory buildings.

Inhabitants, 40,000, less than most Philadelphia wards. The belles plaster their faces with powdered egg shells.

Champion Shot of the World.

Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all if not more than you claim."

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Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John Singley, late of Main township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned administratrix to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payments, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to

SARAH A. SINGLEY, Administratrix. SNYDER, Atty. 6-9-

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