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Business cards, five lines or less, 15 cents per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOBS PRINTING. The Job department of the Press is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work.

No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

The following is taken from a recent issue of the Chicago Evening News: "I see that marrying on 'E. R.' is asking for \$100 a month."

information that I am fully competent to give him. In fact, the reply effervesces so rapidly that a patent-stopper bottle wouldn't hold it a minute.

Miss Helen Gould, according to a late report, has discharged her private secretary. The young woman who was hired to attend to Miss Gould's private correspondence seemed to think that her one mission was to exploit Miss Gould.

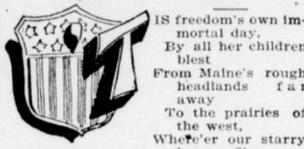
Manila's climate is almost identical with that of San Juan de Porto Rico, and is comparable with that of the Gulf states during the warmer portion of the year.

John Glenn, of Urbana, O., died the other day, after having made a record for eccentric vows. Because his father bought what he thought was a better suit for his brother than for him, he vowed he would not wear a coat for 20 years.

The Boston board of health has classed tuberculosis as contagious and required reports from physicians of cases of the disease. In the past five years deaths from consumption in Boston have been almost double the combined mortality from scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

The city of New York takes care of its blind residents who are also poor. Every year \$50 or thereabouts is given to each indigent blind person who applies for assistance.

FREEDOM'S DAY JULY 4TH.



IS freedom's own immortal day. By all her children blest From Maine's rough headlands far away To the prairies of the west, Where'er our starry banner flies

With beauty fold on fold, A tale that ne'er grows old. The glorious deeds of Lexington Still in their luster shine, And fame doth crown the sword and gun That fought at Brandywine;

From loved and haunted Valley Forge True heroism comes, And in the grim and icy gorge Is heard the sound of drums.

Again the Continentals march Adown the wooded fold, And there beneath the starlight arch Ride Marion and his men; The bellman, old, expectant stands, A "rebel" to his king; The bell rope in his eager hands, He waits prepared to ring.

Aye, back from years forever gone These scenes and sounds still come, And freedom's fair, immortal dawn Is wedded to the drum; The hero chieftain, Washington, By honor guarded sleeps Where southward far toward seas of sun The broad Potomac sweeps.

Ring! every bell throughout the land, Let loyal hearts be gay; Beneath one flag we proudly stand, For this is Freedom's day; Let anthems rise from coast to coast And echo o'er the sea; Be this our nation's proudest boast: "Our land's forever free."

-T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

MISS ABIGAIL'S FOURTH.

LIGHTNING dipped his nose deep in the clear water. He closed his eyes slowly with a satisfied expression on his equine countenance, then elevated his dripping nozzle and cast a comprehensive glance at the tree tops.

Fortunately there was ample time and it was a pleasant spot in which to linger. Before, the road wound out between wide fields palpitating in the noonday heat, but here the shadows dappled the white horse's back and checkered the dust with leafy shapes.

The woman drew a long, satisfied breath, inhaling the wild grape bloom, and her face softened with a happy memory. "Tad was mortal fond of the smell of the grape," she said, aloud. "I wonder if Tad's little girl will be like him."

She drew a letter from her pocket, spreading it with some difficulty on her lap. It was two months since this letter had fallen like a bomb into her quiet life.

Lightning turned his head inquiringly. With a sigh Miss Abigail hopped the reins and drove out into the noonday heat.

The station master lounged out to help her tie her steed. "Expectin' the little gal, be ye, Abby?" he asked, with the freedom of long acquaintance.

She nodded. Her hands were clasped tightly upon her reticule when the train rolled in, but her face was calm. A gentleman stepped off, then turned to lift down a child. Seeing her he hurried his charge along the platform.

"I'm relieved to find you here, Miss Harding," he said, as he raised his hat, "for I must go on at once. Here is the baggage check. Good-by, little one." The child held out her hand gravely.

Primrose perched on the upper step, watching the rising moon. Primrose's heart ached for a mothering. And the New England woman, schooled to repression, was ashamed of the strong desire which urged her to take the tired child on her knee and coax the smile back into her brown eyes.

"Been to school, I s'pose," she said, with an effort at sociability. How did one talk to a little girl? "No, ma'am," Primrose politely twisted around to face her.

"Gracious goodness! A girl of your age!" Primrose flushed with embarrassment. "I wasn't strong," she said, apologetically, "so mamma taught me at home. I can read pretty well—and I can recite some poetry."

"Poetry!" Primrose looked doubtfully at this new relative. She felt that she was not making a favorable report. "I can speak a little French," she continued, "and I have got as far as fractions," in desperate haste, for Miss Abigail's sniff was expressive.

"What can you do?" the curt voice came from the shadow of the vines. "Do?" Primrose locked her small fingers nervously together. "Why, I—don't do much but—play. Oh, I can dance," and she brightened. "I'll show you."

Miss Abigail gasped in amazement. But Primrose had sprung out upon the grass, now flooded with moonlight. Poising herself lightly she commenced a soft humming, then threw up one round arm and began.

Miss Abigail did not know how heavy the little feet felt or how thickly the tears crowded behind the long lashes, as Primrose tried to dance into her aunt's good graces.

"Very pretty," was her comment, at length, qualified with—"children didn't dance in my day. It's time you were in bed."

In the east chamber, with its chintz curtains and dragon paper, that had rejoiced the heart of small Thaddeus when he visited the farm, his little daughter slept. If the door

creaked in the dead of night, and somebody tiptoed in to see if the child was covered, only the angels knew. Primrose dreamed that her mother kissed her.

Therefore began strange experiences for Primrose. The tangle of bright hair was confined in two tight pigtails. Miss Abigail, taking fright from her own growing satisfaction in "goldlocks," felt that thus she nipped vanity in the bud.

She had been at the farm nearly a month when one morning at breakfast Miss Abigail said abruptly: "I s'pose you think you want some crackers to-morrow?"

"Crackers?" Primrose's eyes grew large with wonder. "Firecrackers, of course. Don't look so wild."

"I don't know what they are," Primrose tried to modify her objectionable expression. "Land! Why, you know what day it is?"

"Yes'm; Friday." "Don't you know about the Fourth? Sakes alive! Your father used to tear up the whole farm that day. Nor why we celebrate?"

Primrose ventured a weak—"Nobody told me." Miss Abigail strode to the small corner shelf and took down a dingy-covered volume. "It's time you knew some history," she said, "but I can't stop to tell you now. At least you can read the 'Declaration.' Take it out under the big walnut."

And Primrose, struggling over the long words, wished she was at her wanted tasks. "Goin' to celebrate, Britisher?" called a roguish voice from the gate, and Sam Sackett hung over the pickets.

Primrose shook her head. "I don't know," she answered. "How does one celebrate?" "Lots of noise. Begin early, keep it up all day. Crackers—torpedoes—rockets—when there's any money left. S-s-s-fizz-z-z-bang!" with a clash of the gate and a warwhoop to reinforce his description.

promise had a sinister sound in Primrose's ears. After dinner, Miss Abigail disappeared in her bedroom, opening from the kitchen. "Come in here. I've something to show you," she called, after some time.

Primrose found her seated on the floor before an open bureau drawer, her lap full of little cases. "You were asking me about your pa's relatives," she said, amiably, motioning Primrose to draw up a chair. "I've got a little more time'n usual so I might as well show you'n pictures."

"This is your pa's mother at the age of 16. Twist it round till you can see. Those old daguerreotypes are queer about that. Susanna Martin was considered a good lookin' woman, but you'd hardly guess it from that. This is Uncle Ebenezer Harding—Methodist minister over at Knox's Corners; and this is Sophronia Harding, who married a Mason."

Queer enough Primrose found them, but she listened politely to the family history, breaking into little peals of laughter over the old-fashioned names.

Miss Abigail looked at her suspiciously over her glasses. "What pleases you so?" she asked, stiffly. "Such funny names," Primrose said, deprecatingly.

"Funny! What do you call your own? What under the canopy made your ma call you by such a silly name?" "I was born on Primrose day," the offender urged. "That's why they called me Primrose."

"Never heard of anybody called Fourth of July or Christmas! There were lots of good family names to choose from." In her heart she sighed because Tad had not remembered one—then frowned at her weakness. "Abigail is a homely name," she thought aloud.

"I like it 'cause it's yours," Primrose said, timidly, stroking a fold of the other's calico dress. "I was telling you about Elnathan," Miss Abigail broke in; but she had

denly, he saw Jake striding through the garden, and judged it wise to go home—for a season. The south porch grew warm, so Primrose gathered up her treasures and carried them into Miss Abigail's room. When two naughty boys crept cautiously round the house, an hour later, there was no small figure on the steps. They looked at each other with disappointed eyes, when a soft singing from the north room betrayed their victim. In a twinkling they disappeared round the corner.

Suddenly the hush was broken by a harsh explosion. To Primrose's horrified ears, the diabolical turmoil seemed to have no end. Cowering close to the bed she buried her head in the clothes. What would come next? Nothing came. The familiar sounds were taken up again. She could hear Jake moving in the lower meadow. Sparrows wrangled outside the window. She buried her head and waited and, so waiting, fell asleep.

The kitchen clock striking 11 woke her. For a moment she was confused, then something unusual aroused her. There was an acrid odor in the air, her eyeballs stung, the room looked lazy. Why, it was smoke!

As she started up, every sense alert, she heard an ominous crackling. Out through the kitchen and round the corner of the house she flew. Pushing through a tangle of lilac bushes she reached the place of the explosion. How it happened nobody could ever explain. Perhaps a smoldering cracker alone was responsible, but creeping flames were now curling along the edges of the clapboards and eating through to Miss Abigail's chamber.

Primrose turned and ran wildly to the barnyard, whence she could see the lower meadow. "Jake," she screamed. The moving machine paused and the man looked up. "Fire! Fire!" she danced up and down, waving her arms frantically, then, feeling that she must do something more, ran to the well. But, tug as she might, her small arms could not stir the windlass.

A sudden thought stopped her. Miss Abigail's treasures were in danger! Wreaths of smoke were coming through the kitchen door. For a minute she hesitated, then, drawing a long breath, darted across the kitchen and into the bedroom.

A line of flame was blinking beneath the window—she must be quick. The heavy mahogany drawer stuck, then yielded. With hot haste she grouped for the "family," bundling them in her skirt. Coughing and half blind, she felt her way to the bed, sweeping the beloved dishes and her dear dolls on top of her burden.

Something dashed into the yard. That something was the astonished Lightning, urged by an energetic whip. White and wild-eyed, Miss Abigail precipitated herself from the wagon. "Jake," she screamed, as the man ran past with dripping buckets, "where's Primrose?" "Blest if I know," he gasped. "I'll have this out in a jiffy."

"Auntie, I've got 'em!" piped a shrill voice from the kitchen door, and Primrose, with something bundled in her gingham apron, ran coughing, laughing and crying to meet her, dropping "family" dolls and dishes at her feet.

But, strangely enough, Miss Abigail tramped on the pictures as she seized Primrose in her arms. "Oh, my little one! My dear!" was all she could say as she held her close.

Primrose ventured to stroke her wet cheek: "I remembered you said you cared more for the pictures than for anything," she whispered. "But I care for one thing more," and Miss Abigail kissed the surprised face. "An' there warn't a mite of danger," Jake declared afterward. "Miss Abby can't see enough of that child. It must hev been workin' in her all along."—Marion Dickinson, in Farm and Home.



WITH HOT HASTE SHE GROPE FOR THE "FAMILY."

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FUN ON THE FOURTH.



This little boy said he was bound to have fun. At the expense of the old Thomas cat; 'Twas the Fourth of July when he fell off the fence, And didn't know where he was at.

Sure Death. Mrs. Cobwigger—I'm afraid something has happened to Freddie. I haven't seen anything of him since morning.

Cobwigger—Nonsense! He's only having a good time with his fire-crackers.

Mrs. Cobwigger—No, he isn't. I would not let him have such things. I bought him one of those harmless toy pistols.

Cobwigger—Run, woman, and get me my hat. I guess he's down at the morgue before this.—N. Y. World.

Fourth of July. Benny, beat the dish-pan! Tommy, bring your drum! Sammy, save your breath to blow! Dick's harmonium!

Bobby, take your tin file! Sue, you're marching yell! Jimmy, keep in step there! Awe, ring that bell! Fire the canon crackers. Give a cheer now, boys! What is this day meant for. But, to make a noise! —Frances Amory, in St. Nicholas.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Wheels. Mr. Sappigh—I believe I will visit a mind reader and allow him to experiment with me.

Miss Gabby—if you do he will think he is reading a bicycle advertisement.—Baltimore American.

The National Conventions. Prohibition at Chicago, June 27-28, 1900. Tickets on sale June 26-27. Democratic at Kansas City, July 4, 1900. Tickets on sale July 24.

The road to take to attend these Conventions is the Chicago Great Western Ry., the popular "Maple Leaf Route," with its vestibuled trains, free chair cars, satisfactory dining car service, and its unsurpassed sleeping car accommodations.

Only One Fare for the Round Trip. For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Chicago Great Western, or address F. H. Lord, G. P. & T. A., 113 Adams street, Chicago.

Successful in One Way. A Paris physician tried on himself a long-life elixir he had compounded, with the result that his life in the other world will be longer than he anticipated.—Boston Globe.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

True courtesy is of the heart.—Ram's Horn.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CHICAGO to OMAHA Double Daily Service. New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs. Buffet-library-smoking-dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of Pictures and Notes En-Route illustrating this new line as seen from the car window.

Palmer's Lotion CURES PIMPLES, RED SPOTS, ECZEMA, CANKER, SORE EYELIDS, BRUISES, BURNS, and all other skin troubles. Use Lotion Soap in all cases.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.