

song and there with a shout;
They're here in a flash and there in a flame,
And they fleer and jeer at King George's
name.

name.
The Tories may bluster and fluster and fret,
But the Liberty Boys will beat them yet;
And the chief of the Boys is Robert Sallette.

Robert Sallette-his limbs are long, and his good right arm is uncommonly

strong. He rides like a centaur, he swims like a fish; And the Liberty Boys will rise at his wish; And the Tories have never a chance to

The name and the fame of Robert Sallette. There's a gentleman Tory, rich and old; He has bought up acres and hoarded up

gold.

He sits in his house never making a noise,
For fear of a visit from the Liberty Boys.
And he says aloud: "A price I will set
On the head of this traitor, Robert Sallette.

"Oh, Governor Wright is mild and kind, And justice and mercy are much to his

harsher voice than his should be heard
To uphold the cause of King George the
Third,

silence this horrible noise that comes From Boston way of fifes and drums. One hundred guineas the man shall get Who will bring me the head of Robert Sal-lette!"

The Tory sits in his old oak chair, With arms and blazonry carven fair; He sits and quakes, and his very heart

aches, And not even the ghost of a noise he makes; For news came last night that the Boys

would ride;
And he hears the tramp of a horse outside,
A jingling stirrup, a ringing tread;
And the soul within him sits cold with
dread.

There falls on the door a thunderous knock, There falls on the door a thurderous knock, And it jars his ear like a cannon's shock. And into the room there strides, before The trembling darky can close the door, A stalwart man with a ponderous sack, A sword at his side and a gun at his back. He drops the sack with a heavy thump, And it strikes the floor like a leaden lump, And he says, with a look so stern and bright It seems to pierce like a sword of light: "A hundred guineas I come to get, For I bring you the head of Robert Sallette!"

The Tory starts, and his heart grows sick,
And his eyes grow dim, and his breath
comes quick,
As he starcs at the thing that bulges round
At the end of the sack that lies on the
ground.
"Show me the head, ere you speak so bold!"
"Nay!" quoth the stranger. "First, the
gold!
I have ridden too fast and ridden too far.

gold!
I have ridden too fast and ridden too far,
And have seen too much of your Liberty
War,
To run a risk at the very end.
So out with your money, my loyal friend,
And then, I promise you, you shall get
A sight of the head of Robert Sallette!"

The gold rings out on the table there;
It lies in a heap both broad and fair,
A glittering pyramid rich and rare.
Outshining Egypt's, beyond compare.
The stranger laughs at the splendid sight,
But again his look is stern and bright.
"A bargain's a bargain, friend," he said.
"You pay right well for a homely head!
For"—he swung his hat from his forehead

"The head of Robert Sallette is-here!"

There's a man who rides, and sings as he And shakes in his saddle, and claps his

sides,
For glee at hearing the guineas chink
In his pockets so merrily—tink! tink! tink!
He laughs "Ha! ha!" and he laughs "Ho! And he's off to the forest like shaft from

"My fine old friend, 't will be some time yet Ere I part with the head of Robert Sal-lette!"

There's a Tory gentleman, rich and old, Who sits and quakes with an ley cold, His teeth they chatter with fear and rage, And he says some things unbecoming his

age, e glares at the ground, and at some thing round That rolls from a sack with a thumping

sound. He grumbles and groans, and he savagely

tears
In a painful way at his grizzled hairs;
And he cries: "Oh the murderous, traitor ous bumpkin!

Instead of his head, he's left me a pumpkin!

-Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.



-> BY J.L. Harbour K-かななか Joursy May is to sing a solo at the celebration," Mrs.

Hatfield was explaining to a visitor. "And I don't know but she'll be too fine to speak to her own folks when she's rigged out in all her new things. Still, I don't begrudge her the things. She's worked real faithful pickin' strawberries and doing all sorts of chores to pay for what she's to have. She's a good girl, Louisy is."

"But has she ever sung in public be-

"She's never sung a solo all by herself except at one or two little Sunday's school concerts. I don't know how it will be when she finds herself on the platform facing the big Fourth of July

"Oh, she'll get through it all right. I have heard that she sings beautifully."
"Well, I don't know but she does sing about as well as you could expect a girl of only 15 to sing. It's kind of eurious; I can't sing no more than a blue jay, and when her pa tries it the hens scatter in terror. She gets it from her Grandfather Hatfield over in Ware. He'll be 75 come the 10th of next month, and he'll sit down to a little organ he's got and sing away by the hour. He's coming clear over from

Ware to hear Louisy May sing. He's goin' to leave her his organ in his will." 'A piano would be better for her." "Yes, Louisy May's wild to have a piano, but we can never get her one with five younger children to rear and

he's able to, although he always has been close-mouthed about his money affairs. You'll be at the celebration?"
"Oh, yes; we are all going. And I

There the conversation ended, because a red-haired girl came hurried-ly into the sitting-room. She blushed furiously as she heard her name.

On the morning of the Fourth of July Louisa May was very happy as she stood before the small mirror in her bedroom and gave the last touches to her toilet. Her challis had made up very prettily, and her mother had de-lighted her by an unexpected gift of a pretty pink ribbon sash. She had never before had such a beautiful hat, and there was but one thing to detract from her satisfaction with her appear-

"If only I didn't have such a mon of red hair!" she said to the mirror. "If it was mouse-colored, like Amanda Dane's, or regular brindle, like Lucy Trent's, I s uldn't care. But red! It isn't as red a it used to be, though, and I shall wear my hat while I sing-

that will hide it a good deal."

There had been few holidays in Louisa May's life, and never one so full of promise of pleasure as this. She had been to the village the day before to rehearse her song with Miss Hope, who was to play the accomniment on the organ, and Miss Hope had said that Louisa sang beautifully. never be any happier than she was

could get one; but I don't know that Louisa Mays heart, and made her forget her wounded feelings. Her grandfather held the flag so that its folds were falling about her, and her eyes were shining and her expect to hear Louisy May beat 'em face was smiling as she began the second stanza in a voice without the least quaver. The old man did not sing now. He stood beside her with one arm still around her, and nodded time with his snowy head and gently waved the flag above the singer.

When Louisa May's voice died away after the last lines, the applause was deafening. While it was still at its height, her grandfather stepped to the edge of the platform, holding the flag aloft. When he could be heard he called out shrilly:

"Everybody join me in singing the last two lines! Come, now, everybody sing!"

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The woods and the hills rang with the melody; they rang again with the shouts of the people when the lines had been sung not only once, but three times.

The governor himself congratulated Louisa May, and handing her the beautiful little silk flag he had been holding in his hand he said: "Let me give you this to remember

me by. Louisa May thought that she could



HER GRANDFATHER HELD THE FLAG.

and she said to her mother as they drove toward the grove: "I don't feel a bit nervous or afraid now."

She did, however, feel a little nervous when her turn to sing came, and she found herself on the platform before the audience that filled every part of the grove. The chairman of the stepped forward and said:

"We will now listen to a solo, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' by Miss Louisa May Hatfield."

At this some of the grand army mer set up a shout, and Louisa May walked to the front of the platform with the large silk flag she was to hold while The applause died away, and the or-

ganist had just begun to play the prelude, when a boy shouted shrilly:
"Red head! Red head! Better look

out or the fireworks will catch!"

Louisa May's pink cheeks grew pallid. She opened her lips, but no sound came from them. She was trembling from head to foot. The flag fell from hand down over the edge of the platform. Then in an agony of embarrassment she put both hands over her

face and began to cry. The boy who had called out "Red head" suddenly felt a hand grip the back of his collar and he was jerked from his seat by an irate little old

"I'll let ye know how ye call my gran'daughter 'red head,' ye little sass-box! You take that!" and he smartly boxed the howling boy's ears. Then he hurried toward the platform and up the steps. A queer-looking little old man he was, with long white hair and beard. He had on a stiffly starched linen "duster" and bright blue jean trousers. Hurrying to Louisa May' side, he put his arm around her waist and said, soothingly:

"There, there, Louisy May! Don't you mind that impudent little sassbox! You sing your song now. Come, grandpa will start ye off on it!"

The old man picked up the flag which she had let fall to the platform, and holding its staff in one hand while his other arm was round Louisa May's waist, he began to sing in a thin, wavering, but not unmusical voice:

"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perflous fight,
Oer the ramparis we watched, were so
gailantly streaming!"
He stopped at the end of these lines
and said cently to Louisa May.

and said gently to Louisa May: "Come, now, honey, you sing, too."

She had taken her hands from her face, and as she looked into the sympathetic faces of the people before her, she felt her courage rise. When the old man began to sing the next lines Louisa May's voice. clear and steady and sweet, rose high above his

"And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet

wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave?"
Something of the lofty spirit of

school. Her Grandpa Hatfield mebbe the grand old song suddenly filled -Harlem Life.

She had a very clear and strong voice, | during the rest of that day, but she felt much the same way three days later when, on coming home from the straw-berry patch, she found Grandpa Hatfield waiting for her in the hall. He flung open the parlor door behind him as he kissed her, and Louisa saw in a corner of the room a beautiful shining new piano.

"Why, grandpa!" she exclaimed, and flung her arms around his neck, half-laughing and half-crying. His dim eyes had a strange light in them, and his was not very steady as he said:

"I tell ye, Louisy, I don't know when I have heard anything that took such hold of me as the way you sung that grand old 'Star -Spangled Banner.' I want it to be the first song you sing on your new piano. I'll play it and we'll sing it together."

A few moments later a passer-by reined up his horse in front of the house to listen to the fresh young voice and the old and quavering one singing together:

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the braye."

-Youth's Companion.



As he appears after directing the fireworks in the front yard on the of the Fourth.-Chicago Record-Herald.

The Fourth in Boston

Visitor-"How do you expect to celebrate the Fourth this year?"

Little Waldo Wendal—"Oh, beautifully! I am now engaged in my laboratory preparing a number of liddyte explosives and some nitro-glycerine shells with which to commemorate the glorious occasion our national independence!"-Judge.

Evidence of It.

"Did your little friend have a good time on the Fourth?" asked the kindly neighbor.
"Did he?" repeated the boy. "Well,

"Tommy," said Mrs. Glim, "you should not shoot your firecrackers in the house."

"But I want you to enjoy them too, mamma," replied the thoughtful boy.



SCRAPER FOR STABLES.

Cleaning Up Floors and Other Work of the Kind This Device Is Very Convenient,

A convenient device for use about the stable for cleaning up the floors, etc., is shown in the illustration. Procure a thin, stiff piece of iron about 14 inches long and 5 or 6 inches wide, and cut it with a cold chisel

B

SCRAPER FOR STABLE USE.

into the shape shown, or leave it rectangular. Rivet the handle socket of an old garden hoe to the blade, and put in a handle of the desired length. A scraper of this kind is much better than one made of wood, and it will be found useful outside the stable for such work as cleaning the barn floor, the poultry house, or for use in the grain bins. If a handle clip from a hoe is not at hand, the device shown by "B" may be available of to attach the handle to scraper. This is made by taking a piece of strap iron, bending double, welding part way up and spreading apart the unwelded wings, which are bent so as to fit on the squared end of the handle. Small holes are drilled in the clip of the rivets or bolts with which it is secured to the scraper blade and handle.—J. G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

## EXERCISE FOR HORSES.

An Important Element in the Development of the Highest Powers of an Animal,

In writing about the care of horses an eminent English army officer has the following to say: "Regularity of exercise is an important element in the development of the highest powers of the horse. The horse in regular work will suffer less in his legs than another, for he becomes gradually and thor oughly accustomed to what it required The whole living machine accommodates itself to the regular demands on it, the body becomes active and well conditioned without superfluous fat, and the muscles and tendons gradually develop. Horses in regular work are also nearly exempt from the many accidents which arise from overfreshness. As a proof of the value of regular exercise, we need only refer to the stage coach horse of former days. Many of these animals, though by no means of the best physical frame, would trot with a heavy load behind them for eight hours at the rate of ten miles an hour without turning a hair, and this work they would con tinue to do for years without even being sick or sorry. Few gentlemen can say as much for their carriage horses. No horses, in fact, were in hardier condition. On the other hand, if exercise be neglected, even for a few days, in a horse in high condition, he will put on fat. He has been taking daily the large amount of material needed to sustain the consumption caused by his work. If that work cease suddenly, nature will, notwithstanding, continue to supply the new material; and fat, followed by plethora, and frequently by disease, will be the speedy conse

## BUYING HOGS CHEAP.

Many Otherwise Sensible Farmers Allow Low Prices to Dictate Important Purchases,

No swine breeder can afford to buy animals just because they are cheap It not infrequently happens that the cheapest animals prove to be the most xpensive in the end, whether that end be in the way of breeding or of butchering. If an animal is cheap it is because it is not worth much, except in rare cases when a good animal has to be disposed of under the conditions of a forced sale. The man that buys a cheap boar finds that he has to sell the progeny of that boar at a correspond ingly low price. The man that buys a cheap sow frequently finds that she is cheap because she bears few pigs and they of poor quality. By the time he has disposed of the pigs and figured up his accounts he finds that the cheap sow was really a very expensive sow, for into her went not only the pur-chase money but a great deal of labor and feed. No progressive man will allow the price to dictate his purchases Quality is what he must have, and it is what he is after. The man that really buys cheap is the man that pays The man that a good price for a good animal and gets a good profit out of it. It is very seldom that a good profit comes out of a poor price and a poor animal.-Farmers' Review.

To Secure Broody Hens.

We often hear people complain of the scarcity of setting hens. When we are short of setters, we place four or five extra eggs in several nests and in a few days usually find them "Did he?" repeated the boy. Year, you just bet he did! Why, you ought to see the way he is bandaged up to to see the way he is bandaged up to purposes, making them, so the fresh purposes, making them, so the fresh purposes, may be readily distinguished. covered with broody hens. If one is laid eggs may be readily distin-guished from them and gathered as usual. We find this a very simple and effective method to induce the hens to become broody early in the season .-- Milton A. Brown, in Poultry Keeper.

A Hard One.

The eminent Boston professor who declares that there can be no more languages invented has probably not heard of the Georgetown man with a hare lip who is teaching a parrot to talk.—Washington Post.

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Never put off 'till to-morrow what you can get some one else to do to-day.—Ohio State Journal.

I do not believe Biso's Cure for Consumpon has an equal for coughs and colds.-ohn F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb.

A lot of good people enjoy telling bad news.—Chicago Daily News.

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Only a good man can see good things in others.—Ram's Horn.



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