



INDEPENDENCE DAY

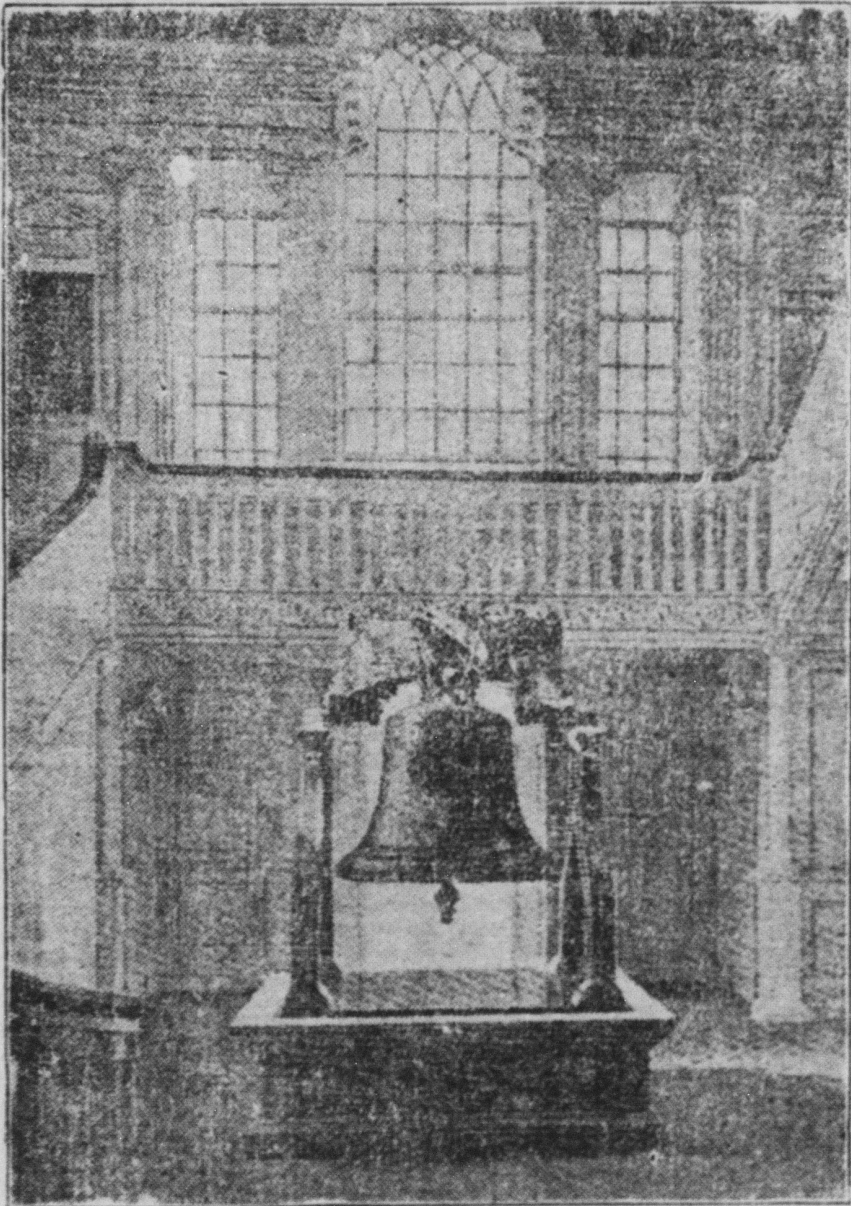
THE LIBERTY BELL

I am the ancient bell that pealed
When Liberty was born,
And blood drops on the furrows fell
Instead of wheat and corn.
The infant nation's cradle song
Was first upon my tongue,
And o'er the sea King George grew pale
And trembled as I rung.

The dust has gathered in my throat,
But not upon my fame,
A relic of the glorious past
Is Charles' old fair name,
With hands of gallant gentlemen,
To guard me on the way,
And banners waving in the breeze,
And martial music play.

Where Marion rode the British
And every rocky hill
And whispering woodland bough
His deeds of daring skill,
With patriotic memories
I feel my clapper stir,
As when an old Arabian dreamer
Once more of whip and spur.

Where first in deadly battle met
The ranks of gray and blue,
Both North and South unite today
To read my legend true.
"Proclaim sweet liberty," it rings,
My metal rim above,
"Throughout the land, and unto all
Inhabitants thereof."



A REVOLUTIONARY LASS.



"Busy as I am, and stop to tell a story!" exclaimed grandma, as she looked over her glasses at the boy and girl perched at her feet.

"Yes, please, a really, truly story," said Elsie.

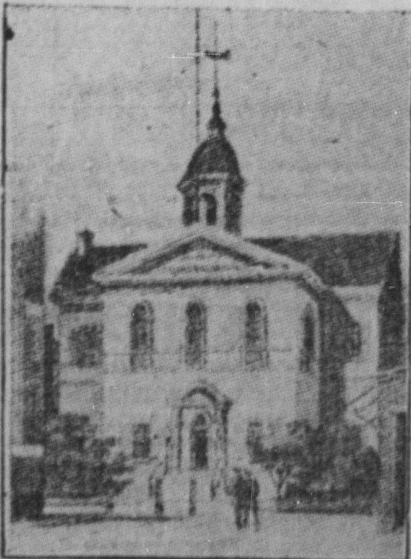
"A war story, with some 'go' in it," added Tom.

"Very well," said grandma after a few moments' thought. "I believe I can please you both.

"It was in a log house, such as the first settlers lived in, that a girl of about fifteen years of age was bending over the fireplace busily engaged in broiling slices of venison. Another girl, about a year older, was spreading a coarse homespun cloth on the table and preparing it for the evening meal.

"Father is late," said the girl at the fire, as she rose. "What can be keeping him?"

A RELIC OF 'SEVENTY-SIX.



Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia Pa. First Meeting Place of Congress.

"News from the front that he is so anxious to hear, perchance. Poor father! It is a sore trial for him that he is unable to go to Washington's aid, and has no sons to send. If I were only a boy now!"

"Her black eyes sparkled and her cheeks grew red at the thought.

"Would you go, Elizabeth?" asked the other.

"Indeed I would. I do so long to do something for our country."

"But war is dreadful," said the other, and her cheeks grew pale at the very thought. "I am sure I never could go."

"Thee would not need, Dorothy; some one would have to stay with father, thee knows. Thee is a dear child, and I am sure thee loves our country as much as I."

The mother of these girls was a Quaker, and the elder often used the quaint form of speech when talking to the younger. It came from her as a sort of carress.

"Just then the door opened and the father entered. He was a man well past seventy, with hair as white as snow. His bright eyes were not yet dim, and there was a very striking resemblance between him and his elder daughter.

"What news, father?" asked Elizabeth.

"Nothing. Nothing new, except that the English, led by the traitor, Arnold, have been raiding the country again. That is old news, but a runner just came with a fuller story."

"Elizabeth's eyes flashed fire at the mention of Arnold, for the colonies were very bitter against this man that had been false to them.

"I wish I could go."

"I wish thee could, child," answered the father, as he took his place at the table.

"The next morning after doing the usual work Dorothy took her knitting and sat by the door, while Elizabeth brought the wheel from the corner and began to spin.

"When these are finished there will be six pair," said Dorothy, as she held up a sock she was working on. "They will help some poor soldier next winter."

"Yes, we can help that way, and glad they will be, I am sure," answered her sister, as she started the wheel buzzing.

"A few moments later the door was darkened, and as they looked up in surprise at the breathless man that stood there he gasped out:

"The fort is attacked, and if it falls the town will be sacked!" and before

they could say a word he was gone.

"What shall we do?" moaned Dorothy, but Elizabeth was at work. She hastily collected what few valuables they had and made them into a small bundle. Then, running a short distance from the house, she hid them in the hollow of a tree.

"I do not think they will find them there," she said. "Cheer up, Dorothy, the fort had not yet fallen, and many brave and true men are behind those walls."

"They could not work, but sat in the doorway waiting and watching and talking to their neighbors, who were anxiously waiting.

"Soon their father came in. His face was drawn and pale, but his eyes were bright. A cry went up as a soldier came running through the street.

"God help the town!" he cried. "The fort has surrendered and the British have murdered the general and most of the men. The traitor, Arnold, is in command!"

"There was confusion at once. Every person able to hold a musket got ready for the defense that they knew would be useless, but they looked for no mercy, and they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Dorothy was almost fainting from fright, but Elizabeth followed her father's example and took down a gun that she knew well how to handle. They had not long to wait. The soldiers came through the streets killing the inhabitants and burning their homes, headed by Arnold himself. Elizabeth saw her poor old father shot down before her, and Dorothy fell in a faint across his prostrate body. Quick as a flash she raised her musket and, aiming straight at Arnold, fired, but the shot missed, and before she could try again it was wrested from her and she found herself in the power of two stalwart soldiers.

"So you would shoot the general," said one.

"I would kill a murderer and a traitor!" answered she, scornfully.

"You shall pay for that, you hussy!" he cried.

"But over Arnold's face swept a flush of shame. What his thoughts were as he looked at the face of the girl no one knows, but his better nature conquered.

"Unhand the girl!" he commanded. "I give you your life," he said, turning to Elizabeth, and remember that Benedict Arnold can appreciate bravery, even in an American girl," and he rode on with a wave of his hand.

"Are you sure that is a real, true story, grandma?" asked the girl.

"Quite sure, dearie, for Elizabeth told it to me herself, and Elizabeth was my grandmother."—Detroit Free Press.

LEADER OF THE HISTORIC "MINUTE MAN" HONORED BY A HEROIC BRONZE FIGURE.

In Lexington, Mass., on Thursday April 19, the one hundred and twenty fifth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, there was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies the statue of Captain John Parker, leader of the minute men in that historic conflict. The statue stands on the old town green, now Lexington Common, the scene of the battle. The figure is of heroic size and stands, gun in hand.



on a base of rough boulders, gazing down the road to Boston. The entire memorial rises more than twenty feet from the ground, water tumbling down from under the topmost rock into a great granite bowl, where horses may drink. In the rear are seats and a drinking fountain, with old-fashioned powder horns for drink ing cups.

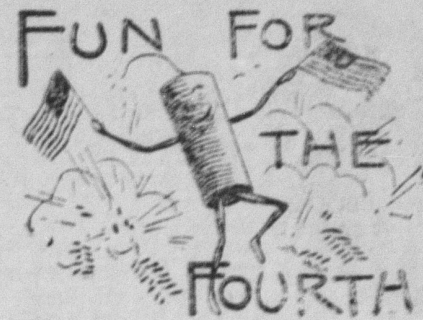
Francis Brown Hayes gave the monument to the town. The design is the work of Henry Hudson Kitson, the sculptor of the Admiral Farragut statue in Marine Park, Boston, and of the Dyer Memorial Fountain in Providence, R. I.

Canada is an Indian word, meaning "collection of huts."

FOURTH OF JULY

A June Foreboding,
Willie has five fingers
On each boyish hand;
Willie likewise has ten toes
Upon which to stand.
But a doubt comes o'er us,
Teardrops dew each eye,
Will he have so many
On the 5th of next July?

Willie has two eyebrows,
Each in proper place;
Has his ears and cheeks and chin
Safe upon his face.
And we fondle Willie
As we softly sigh,
"Will he still possess them
On the 5th of next July?"



The Man of the House.
"Did you have a good Fourth, Jimmie?"
"Yes sir; pa wasn't home—an' I had t' fire of firecrackers for ma an' gran'ma an' my three aunts."

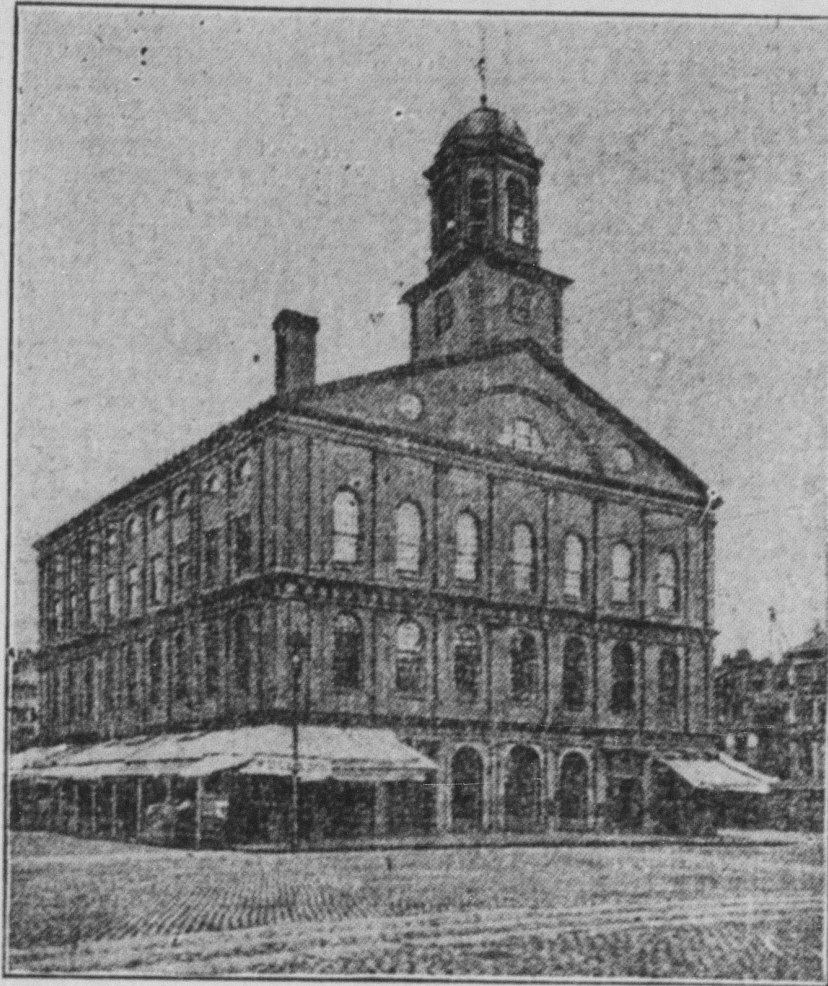
A Roysterer.
First Firecracker—Where's Will Ham?



Second Firecracker—Oh, he just went off with that noisy crowd of his.—New York Journal.

Why Harry Wasn't Proud.
Little Harry's o'ber sister had just presented her husband with a new baby.

"Well, Harry," said his father, "do you feel proud of being an uncle?"
"No," replied the uncle.
"Why not?" asked his father.
"Cause I ain't no uncle, I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl!"—New York Press.



FANEUIL HALL, THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY, BOSTON.

Boston to Revive the Faneuil Hall Dinner.

A movement having for its object the revival of a once popular, but now almost forgotten local custom, the celebration of the Fourth of July with a dinner at Faneuil Hall, has been started by a circle of men prominent in patriotic enterprises, many of them members of the Bostonian Society.

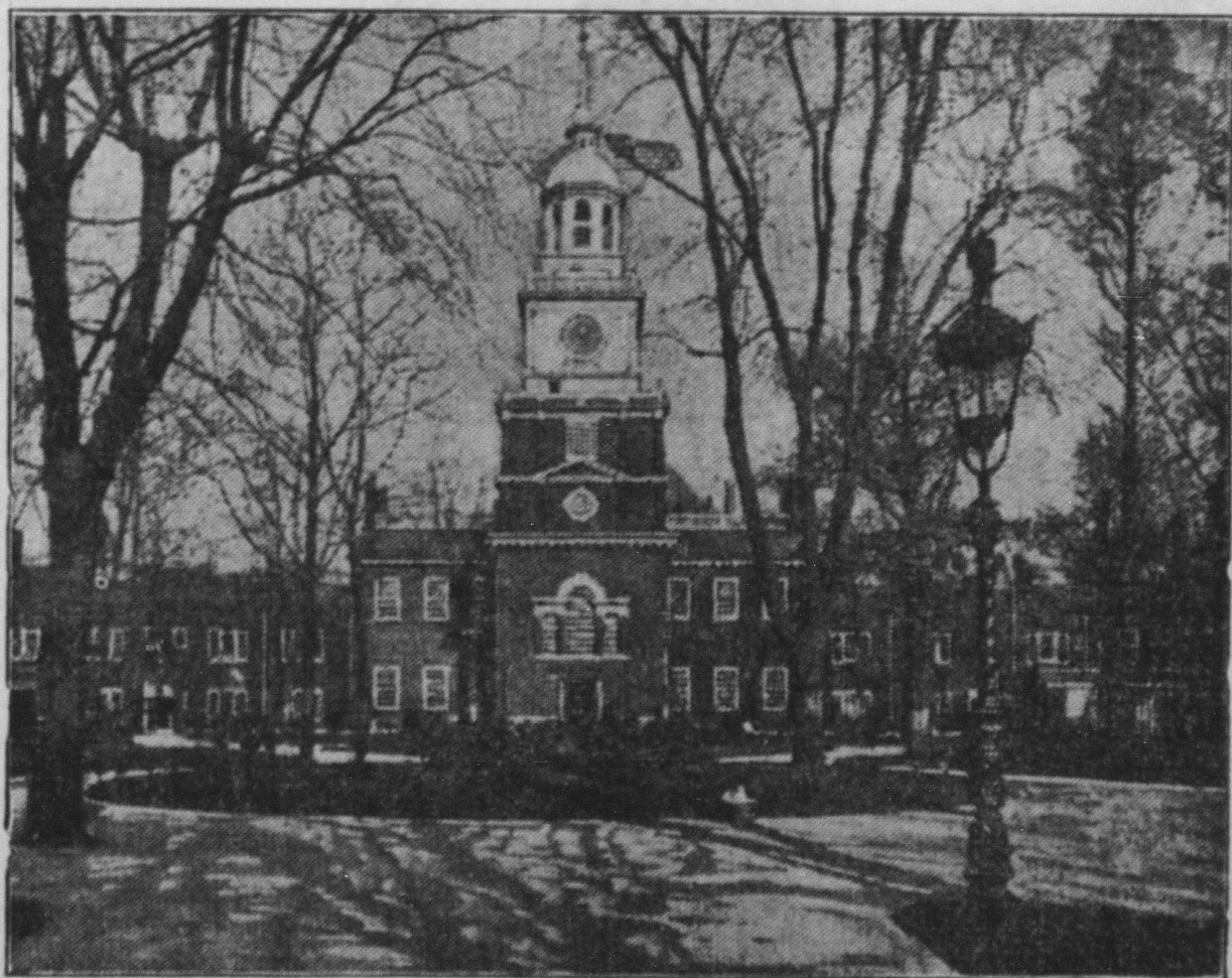
When the celebration of the Fourth began in 1784 the principal observance of the day, apart from the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, consisted of banquets by public-spirited citizens at various taverns throughout the town of Boston.

After dinner, under the inspiration of the good things that had been partaken of, there was plenty of oratory, of which British tyranny and American heroism and liberty were the themes.

After many years this custom resulted in the merging of all the smaller banquets into one great one, held annually in Faneuil Hall, at which the greatest orators of the day were proud to be speakers.

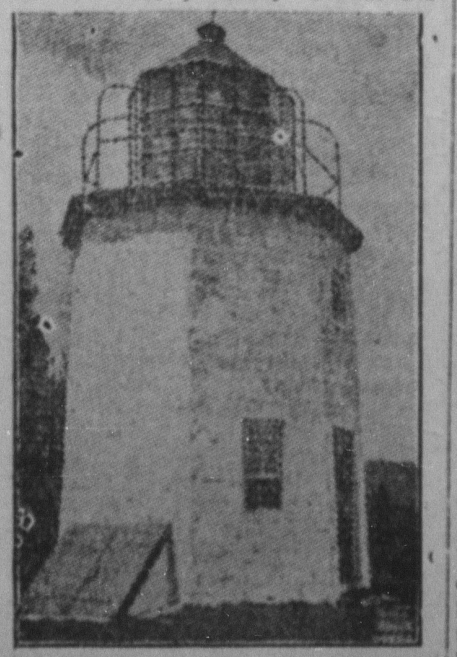
The custom fell into disuse during the anxious days of the Civil War, nearly forty years ago, and no attempt has been made to revive it until now.

The men back of the movement believe that a revival at this time, in spite of the discomforts of dining under such circumstances in hot weather, will prove popular and will be effective in cherishing a love of liberty and of the traditional institutions of the republic, and they believe that at present such opportunities for reviving memories of the sacrifices of the men of the Revolution are too few.—Boston Daily Globe.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

"TONY POINT LIGHTHOUSE.
"And now the lonely sentinel
Looks out across the water."
The blinking eye of the old light house at Stony Point attracts the attention of the passerby to that his-



toric battlefield where on July 16, 1779, General Anthony Wayne routed the British and captured that stronghold of the Hudson. This bold dash, against such odds as seemed to make it almost foolhardy, and other equally daring attacks, won for General Wayne the epithet of "Mad Anthony." There are the outlines of the old broadworks still visible upon this hill, which projects its stony point into the Hudson, and as one gazes upon this bold promontory, and realizes how the charge was made from below, the fact that it was successful is almost beyond belief.

The attack was made at midnight, with General Wayne in the lead, and was considered one of the most thrilling and decisive victories of the Revolution. Sixty-three British soldiers and fifteen Americans were killed in the battle, all of the other British soldiers, with the exception of one lieutenant, being made prisoners.

On the 16th of last July Stony Point became a State park, and thereby another credit mark was added to the Society for the Preservation of Historic and Scenic Objects.—Four-Track News.

Nothing to be Ashamed of.
Lady—Ain't you ashamed to be ty ing fireworks 'o that dog's tail?"



Boy—Ashamed? Hully gee! Ain't he an English bulldog and ain't dis de Fourth of July?—Puck.