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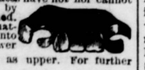

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My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called
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All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE MOVES THE BOWELS EACH DAY. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.

Unfurl the flags through all the land
Ring all the bells of jubilee,
To usher in the glorious day
That saw the dawn of liberty—
That dawn so long obscured by night
That at a word burst bond and bar,
And on the parting cloud-rack threw
The radiance of the morning star.

Lo! where upon a rocky shore,
Our exiled pilgrim fathers kneeled
Before a savage wilderness,
Behind Atlantic's billowed field;

THE DAWN OF LIBERTY.

Columbia, our mother, came,
From courts of kings, the tyrant's lair,
Viewed the stern landscape o'er and o'er,
And reared her stately temple there.

'Tis ours to guard this sacred trust,
From traitor's wiles or foeman's lance,
For richer than our mines of gold,
Is this, our proud inheritance.
Then fling our banners to the wind,
Ring all the bells of jubilee,
To usher in the glorious day
That saw the birth of liberty.

ERNEST McGAFFEY.

A MODERN TORY.

How She Became Convinced of the Error of Her Views.

ALONG the borders of a small city park colored fires were burning, being the forerunners of a public pyrotechnic display on the evening of the Fourth of July. In various parts of the park set pieces had been made ready for lighting and in the center was a large wagon filled with rockets and Roman candles. No persons were allowed in the park except the members of the committee chosen to set off the fireworks. The surrounding streets were filled with eager spectators and the verandas and doorstones of the houses in the vicinity were occupied by favored acquaintances of the property owners.

Seated in one corner of a piazza, beyond the easy earshot of others, a youth and a maiden were engaged in earnest conversation. Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes flashed. Both lovers were high-spirited, and the quarrel in progress was almost fierce in its character.

"I despise the vulgar Yankees," said Edith Culpepper. "They are a nation of braggarts. They think they are smarter than any other people on the face of the earth, and they never lose an opportunity to dilate on their superiority. Their noisy Fourth of July celebrations, of which we have a sample to-day, in which cannon, fish horns and sputtering fireworks make a hideous racket, strikingly illustrate the vainglorious and shallow character of the typical American."

"I know you are angry at me in particular and at all Americans in general," said Philip Hazelton; "but the circumstances are so greatly in my favor in this discussion that I can afford to be magnanimous and to pity you. The fact that you know the Americans are superior is what vexes you."

"I DESPISE THE VULGAR YANKEES."

It was a keen home thrust and Miss Culpepper winced. Stubborn prejudice, however, strengthened her resistance.

"I can readily dispense with your pity and I emphatically deny that the Americans are superior. One serious blunder in the war of the revolution alone prevented the British from conquering the miserable rebels. Instead of going on his foolish expedition to Pennsylvania Sir William Howe should have remained in New York. Then at the proper time he could and should have gone up the Hudson valley and formed a junction with the forces of Burgoyne before the disastrous battle of Saratoga. Had this plan, the one decided by the British ministry, been carried out, a fatal wedge would have separated the colonies into two parts, and the people of New England on the one hand and the people of the middle or southern states on the other hand would surely have been subdued."

"As well might you argue that if Washington had not crossed the Delaware and captured the Hessians at Trenton, the patriots would have become so discouraged by the tremendous odds against them that they would have given up the fight and submitted to the yoke of the tyrannical British. No; your method of reasoning is fallacious. The fate of a nation is decided not by any one circumstance but by the combined result of many circumstances. There is a large element of chance that works for good or ill in any crisis, I admit, but I think that every intelligent and unprejudiced student of history must acknowledge that in our successful wars with Great Britain chance was not the controlling influence. Our patriotism founded on right and our superior ability were the chief reasons why we were victorious. We were the younger and, seemingly, the weaker nation, and yet we conquered twice. Especially glorious were our naval victories. In the revolutionary war John Paul Jones in the Ranger, a vessel of but 18 guns, for some time was a terror to the whole coast of Scotland and a part of that of England; and in the war of 1812 the splendid victories of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie and of Commodore McDonough on Lake Champlain demonstrated our supremacy on the water.

"IT IS EVIDENTLY TIME FOR ME TO GO."

"I will merely add that your reference to Burgoyne reminds me that my ancestor, Col. Henry Hazelton, served under Gen. Schuyler and afterward acquitted himself with honor on the field of Saratoga. I am proud of his record and I rejoice that the blood of so patriotic an American flows in my veins."

While young Hazelton was talking, Edith could scarcely restrain her indignation, and as soon as he had finished, her trembling voice gave sarcastic utterance to these words:

"You have condemned yourself. What you have said shows that like the rest of the Americans you are full of vain glory. As for me, I am proud of the fact that my great-grandfather was a staunch tory, a loyal subject of King George, and that he suffered much in the cause. His life was more than once threatened by the rebels, and he lost his valuable estate in Virginia. With his family he fled to England and there his descendants have since resided. I am the first one of the name who has ever crossed the ocean since he left the rebellious colonies. I am really disgusted with the country and hope soon to return to London. Nothing could induce me to remain here permanently and to marry an American."

"It is evidently time for me to go," said Hazelton, coldly. "You and I have been good friends, but we can be such no longer. I shall not wait to receive any more hints. This is probably our last conversation, so I will say good-by forever."

"Good-by," she exclaimed, with freezing dignity.

Hazelton quickly departed. He pushed into the crowd and made his way to the edge of the park. The display was at its height. Pin wheels were whirling forth circles of sparks, flower pots were tossing upward brilliant bombs, Roman candles were emitting dazzling balls and occasionally a whistling rocket arose and bursting in midair let fall a shower of differently colored stars. It was a beautiful sight, but in his present mood our hero could not enjoy it. He went home and spent a sleepless night on his couch. Did he care for the fair tory, after all?

A few days later Hazelton went to another city to engage in business and did not return to visit his parents until the day before the next Fourth of July. On the evening of the Fourth he strolled to the little park to witness a display of fireworks similar to the one which has been described. He approached the house, that of an intimate friend, where the memorable quarrel had taken place and turned his melancholy eyes toward the corner of the veranda where Miss Culpepper and he had sat. To his overwhelming surprise she was sitting there then. His heart beat tumultuously, his mind was confused. Should he advance or retreat? While he hesitated, the beautiful girl recognized him and the inviting smile which she bestowed upon him banished all doubts from his mind. His eager manner as he stepped forward to meet her showed that he ardently desired a reconciliation. Simultaneously they knew that the old love was strong in spite of the serious quarrel and the painful separation. Her little hand trembled and nestled in his and for a time they sat beside each other silent but supremely happy.

"Then you did not go to England?" he said.

"No; I was about to engage passage on a steamer when my plans were changed by a peculiar and romantic circumstance. I chanced one day to become acquainted with an old antiquary. We entered into a long conversation concerning the revolutionary war. In the course of our talk reference was made to your ancestor, Col. Henry Hazelton, and to what befell my tory relatives during the war. The antiquary asked a few questions and then eagerly exclaimed: 'Do you know that Martha Culpepper, a sister of your great grandfather, the tory refugee, was once engaged to Capt. Hazelton, a brother of Col. Hazelton?' 'No,' I replied. 'It is time then that you were enlightened,' said my friend. 'It was a sad romance. Both were young. He was handsome and chivalrous, a prince among men; and she was renowned for her grace and beauty throughout Virginia. They loved each other deeply but both were headstrong and high-spirited. He warmly espoused the American cause; she was a thorough tory. Bitter disagreements were the result. He joined the continental army against her wishes. At their last interview there were high words. During the next few years no letters passed between them. Both regretted the alienation, but each was too proud to make any overtures. He was killed at the siege of Yorktown. She survived him many years, but remained to the day of her death a melancholy spinster.'

"I was profoundly impressed with the sad story," Edith continued, "and I derived from it a lesson for myself. Was I not about to repeat the mistake made by my ancient relative? I felt that I was like her. I possessed the family inheritance of high spirit and stubborn insistence on my own views, even if I could not claim a grace and beauty equal to hers. Resembling her in character, I was exposed to the same pitfall into which she had fallen. Her fate was a warning to me."

"So you decided to remain in this country and to trust to chance to become reconciled to me?" Hazelton suddenly exclaimed, before Edith could proceed.

"You are partly right and partly wrong," she coyly replied. "I remained in this city, and, as I knew you would come home some time, I did not trust to chance."

"But how did you know that I would forgive you even if I did come back?"

"I felt sure that you would not be foolish. Did you not observe how confidently I was awaiting your arrival tonight?"

Hazelton laughed.

At this moment their attention was attracted by the brilliance of the pyrotechnic display. They enjoyed the spectacle this time. J. A. BOLLES

EXPRESSIVE.

Storekeeper—And how were the firecrackers I sold to you the other day, sir?
Gent—Bang up!—Judge.

A Great Success.

Customer—Those crackers you sold me the other day were the best I ever saw.

Clerk—They worked all right, did they?

Customer—You bet they did. My boy fired off ten packs this morning at four o'clock, and not one of them made a sound.—Life.

A New Experience.

Gen. Neverfite—You young rascal, what makes you throw those firecrackers right under my nose?

Little Johnnie—Case I'd heard dad say you'd never smelt powder.—Judge.

Obeying Orders.

"What do you mean by dropping crackers out of the window on passers-by?"

"Why, didn't you tell me not to fire them off in the house?"—Puck.

HICKS' QUIET FOURTH.

A Howling Success in One Way, and Yet a Dismal Failure.

"MY DEAR," said Isham G. Hicks, thrusting out his chest, "the popular observation of the nation's natal day by letting off loud noises, Chinese crackers, hoarse oratory and other hideous pyrotechnics is a relic of barbarism!"

Though slightly mixed, he was so thoroughly in earnest that he said "E'gad!" several times during his discourse, and when Mr. Hicks said "E'gad!" he meant it. After considerable discussion, it was decided that while his wife spent the Fourth in the city with her sister he would hie him to the shady fastness of Shagbark county and peacefully fish the day away.

The journey thither, which began at 7 a. m., was an entirely uneventful one, except for a slight eruption resultant upon his compliance with the request of a tall, gaunt woman that he hold her baby while she procured a cup of tea at the lunch counter at Catamount Junction. Mr. Hicks reads the newspapers. He also thinks. And when he saw from the car window the tall, gaunt woman rush out of the door at the opposite side of the lunch room and just manage to swing on to the tail end of the west-bound train which had stood on the other track, he realized how he been duped.

The sight of a blushing, wild-eyed man jumping about like a toad on a hot skillet and holding wrong end up a baby which sang war songs in the Siwash language moved Hicks' fellow passengers to indulge in loud and resonant horse-laughs. They also reminded him in one voice that the game was older than the hills and that suckers were plentiful that year. In frenzy,

A MODEST REQUEST.

Hicks was about to cast the young Apollyon out of the window and dive after him when the train began to back and the conductor appeared with a telegram and arrested him. And then all the passengers fell upon Hicks, figuratively speaking, and lashed him with cloven tongues.

And when they reached the junction three deputy sheriffs pounced upon Hicks and would have beaten his brains out had not the tall, gaunt woman got ahead of them and scratched a map of Kamtchatka on his countenance. And seven men stood ready with ropes, and the mob cried aloud that he be lynched for kidnaping. But the deputies saved his life and got their pay in full in satisfaction by beating him all the way to the jail, where he lay all day and all night because the magistrate had gone to Onderdonkville to make a Fourth of July speech.

And Hicks was interviewed by reporters and insulted by the rabble and swindled out of his supper by a tramp, who snored all night like a lost soul and picked Hicks' pocket as they were being taken before the magistrate upon the morrow.

And the magistrate, being a sage of remarkable width between the eyes, discharged Hicks with a solemn warning, and Hicks rode home in a box car, a sadder and wiser man because of his quiet Fourth. TOM P. MORGAN.

OF ALL the white stones set by the way down the long vista of the centuries there is none that marks a more important event than that which bears the declaration of our independence. The "divine right of kings" had been the creed that the world had preached with fire and sword for centuries, but from the mountains and valleys of the New World, from humble cabins in the wilderness, from the shores of the inland seas and the banks of mighty rivers the amen of a people who had learned the doctrine of freedom from nature herself ascended, when those brave patriots, our forefathers, made that memorable declaration which caused tyrants to tremble upon their thrones and oppression to grow pale under its gaudy trappings of robe and crown.

The doom of king-craft and priest-craft was then and there pronounced, and in the clear light of the new day, high and holy truths were revealed that had long been hidden under the dust of superstition and error. Democracy had been called the dream of the fanatic, the chimera of the brain of the poet; but one hundred and sixteen years under democracy has shown to Europe that it is the *throne* that is the simulacrum, and that liberty under law, the law made by the people, is the most perfect form of government the world has ever seen.

The struggle to free ourselves from the grasp of tyranny was bitter and long continued, and there were times when it seemed hopeless. The young nation, weak in numbers and resources, was confronted by an enemy whose wealth was inexhaustible and whose military strength was enormous, and, had not God been with the brave men whose watch-word was "Liberty," their cause would have been lost.

The principles they asserted their posterity has proven, and upon every anniversary of our nation's birth the loyal hearts of the people renew their plight of faith to our national institutions.

Our flag has waved over many a bloody and hard-fought field since the declaration of independence sent a thrill through all Europe; but the wounds are healed, the graves are hidden with flowers, and peace, mild-eyed and beautiful, broods over the land, and plenty pours from her horn the fruits of honest toil, sufficient not only for our own people, but for the starving millions of the old world, who reach out to us hands of piteous appeal.

We have conquered not only human foes, but the desert and the wilderness have been brought under subjection, the hidden treasures of the depths of the earth have been yielded up, and today we have within our land cities that shame the proudest capitals of the world, and in one century have outstripped those whose foundations were laid before Lief Erickson was born, and were rich and powerful before Columbus dreamed of a world beyond the western sea.

It is fitting, then, on this day of all others, that we should pause to read the history of our past and the prophecy of our future. The eyes of the world are upon us, and we cannot afford to make mistakes, for the future republics of America and Europe will be patterned after ours.

Those who read the signs of the times tell us that monarchy in England is tottering to its fall, that Norway and Sweden, Germany, Italy and even Imperial Russia are striving to break the bonds of their despotism and become free. The United States, France, and even the superstition ridden tropical republics of Central and South America uphold the standard of freedom, and when the clouds lift but an instant and the portion of humanity that is crushed under the iron heel of despotism catches a glimpse of the sacred banner their hearts thrill with new hope.

There is a point where evolution in government becomes revolution. We reached it one hundred and sixteen years ago. Europe may reach it in our own time, but among all the future republics of the earth our own will forever be preeminent, for it was planted in the virgin soil of a new continent and has been guarded by a people to whom patriotism is a religion above all creeds and loyalty their breath of life.

LOU V. CHAPIN.

A HOWLING SUCCESS.

—Life.

The Day After.

Tommy—What's the matter with your eye, Jimmy?

Jimmy—I looked to see why my cannon didn't go off yesterday.—Puck.

A Boomerang.

Cobwigger—Did Johnnie fire that cannon of his?

Brown—No; the cannon fired Johnnie.—Judge.

She—I want to get something to amuse my little boy with on the Fourth.

Clerk—Yes, madam. What do you think of this pretty little toy pistol?

She (anxiously)—Am I perfectly safe in getting it?

Clerk—Perfectly so, madam. It will kill only the boy.—Life.

Not Yet Ready to Quit.

"I suppose," said the doctor, as he carefully bound up the stump of Sammy's amputated arm, "that you will not shoot off toy cannons on the next Fourth?"

"Why not?" replied Sammy. "I have one arm left yet."—Jury.

A Kind Boy.

Fangle—Freddy, I heard that you tied a pack of crackers to a dog's tail and touched it off.

Freddy—Yes, sir. No one was paying any attention to the poor dog, and I wanted him to enjoy the Fourth, too.—Judge.

An Unselfish Boy.

"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.—Jury.

Boy Philosophy.

"There, I told you, Johnnie, that you would burn yourself with those firecrackers."

"I don't care, ma. It was the last one!"—Puck.

THE SMALL BOY'S FOURTH.

Give him two dollars;
Note how he collars
Them with a flourish;
What hopes he'll nourish
Of fun on the Fourth of July.
How he will "crowd 'er."
Make 'er be louder,
If virtue's in powder;
What fancies in fireworks he'll buy!
All peace he's a foe of;
His cannon will go off,
A thumb or two blow off—
Perhaps it may take in an eye.
So give him the money,
And let him be funny,
And hope that the Fourth he'll enjoy.
With gratitude fill him,
There's nothing will kill him;
He's the only American boy.

—Golden Days.

AMERICA FIRST.

How the Young Should Observe the Nation's Anniversary.

This is the season when young America celebrates the glorious deeds of the forefathers, when they cut the leading strings that bound them to the old world, and stepped forth with the independence of manhood.

It took Rome five hundred years, five centuries of war, intrigue and arrogance, to overspread southern Europe. In a little more than one century, says the Youth's Companion, America has grown to a magnitude, in area and perhaps in population also, equal to that of Rome in its most magnificent days.

"Civis Romanus sum!" was the proudest boast that could fall from the lips of man at the beginning of the Christian era. Is there to-day an American who rates his citizenship in the great republic at a lower value than Roman freedom nineteen hundred years ago?

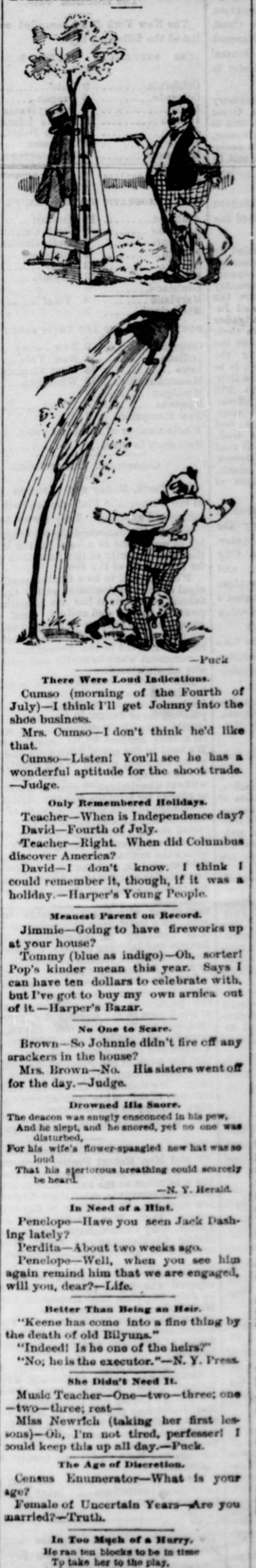
The day for "spread eagle" brag is long past, but there is no reason why we should hesitate to say, what not we alone but all the people of the world believe, that it is the destiny of this country to become the greatest, the strongest, the wealthiest, the most self supporting, of all the nations of the earth. It is already the greatest self-governing community the world has ever seen.

How can we make it greater? By standing together as Americans. We shall not magnify, but shall belittle ourselves, if we swagger before our neighbors—using bravado for the strong, and insolence in our treatment of the weak. But we should take American views instead of party views, when questions arise between this government and others.

The motto "America against the world" would be a contemptible motto. Yet is it not better to adopt even such a motto than to take the side of the world against America, or to be indifferent when the interests of one's own country are assailed?

The Fourth of July is a good time for us all to resolve that we will be Americans at heart. Not that we will build up our own country on the ruins of others, but that when there is a clashing of interests those of our native land shall have our hearty support.

EVERYTHING GOES ON THE FOURTH.



—Puck.

There Were Loud Indications.

Cumso (morning of the Fourth of July)—I think I'll get Johnny into the shoe business.

Mrs. Cumso—I don't think he'd like that.

Cumso—Listen! You'll see he has a wonderful aptitude for the shoot trade.—Judge.

Only Remembered Holidays.

Teacher—When is Independence day?

David—Fourth of July.

Teacher—Right. When did Columbus discover America?

David—I don't know. I think I could remember it, though, if it was a holiday.—Harper's Young People.

Meanest Parent on Record.

Jimmie—Going to have fireworks up at your house?

Tommy (blue as indigo)—Oh, sorter! Pop's kinder mean this year. Says I can have ten dollars to celebrate with, but I've got to buy my own arnica out of it.—Harper's Bazar.

No One to Scare.

Brown—So Johnnie didn't fire off any crackers in the house?

Mrs. Brown—No. His sisters went off for the day.—Judge.

Drowned His Snore.

The deacon was snugly ensconced in his pew,
And he slept, and he snored, yet no one was disturbed,
For his wife's flower-spangled new hat was so loud
That his stertorous breathing could scarcely be heard.

—N. Y. Herald.

In Need of a Hint.

Penelope—Have you seen Jack Dashing lately?

Perdita—About two weeks ago.

Penelope—Well, when you see him again remind him that we are engaged, will you, dear?—Life.

Better Than Being an Heir.

"Keene has come into a fine thing by the death of old Bilyuns."

"Indeed! Is he one of the heirs?"

"No; he is the executor."—N. Y. Press.

She Didn't Need It.

Music Teacher—One—two—three; one—two—three; rest—

Miss Newrich (taking her first lessons)—Oh, I'm not tired, perfesser! I could keep this up all day.—Puck.

The Age of Discretion.

Census Enumerator—What is your age?

Female of Uncertain Years—Are you married?—Truth.

In Too Much of a Hurry.

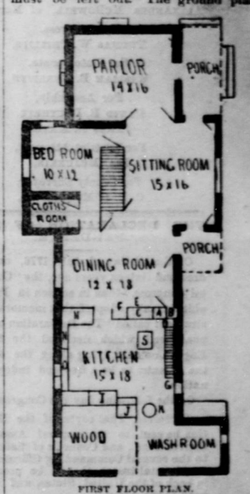
He ran ten blocks to be in time
To take her to the play,
And there, within the parlor dim,
He whiled an hour away.

—Life.

PLAN FOR FARMHOUSE.

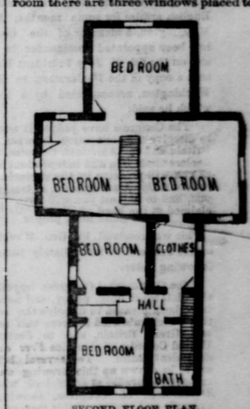
It Is Modern in Style and Has Many Conveniences.

In response to a farmer's request for the plan of a convenient farmhouse, I herewith send you mine, which has many conveniences and is also in modern style. You will observe the old-fashioned pantry is left out, while in its place are deep cupboards closed from dust and cats. This arrangement of kitchen, which I claim as my own, will be found to save many steps to the often weary housewife. Have the kitchen conveniences every time if the parlor must be left out. The ground plan



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

shows the parlor, 14x16; bedroom, 10x12; sitting-room, 15x16; dining-room, 12x13; kitchen, 15x18; summer wash-room, made by having floor laid over half of the wood-shed. There are porches, a clothes-room and elevator to bring things from the cellar and when up it is on a level with the cook-shelf. The cook-shelf has a closet under it for holding stove ware. A C is a narrow door hinged to the back of the cook-shelf and resting on brackets when down on the dining-room side. Through this slide all the dishes for the table can be passed. D is the door to the cellar, B is a linen closet, F flues, G back stairs, H cupboard for victuals with wire front, I flour and meal chest, J woodbox outside of the kitchen, K cistern with force pump over large zinc-lined water box for holding milk. N N is a china closet with cupboards above and drawers and closets below. J is the cookstove and O is a zinc lined shallow sink for dishwashing. In the sitting-room there are three windows placed to-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

gether in imitation of bay windows. Stairs start from either sitting-room or dining-room. The front hall opens into the three front chambers, the back hall, rear bedrooms, the bathroom and clothesroom. P P are clothes presses, S closed shelves for bed clothes and C a closet. The bathroom being over the kitchen stove can be warmed by steam or heated air through the pipes, as also the water in the small tank which is filled from the force pump below in the cistern. The bathroom can be reached from the front chambers through the hall, as can also the clothes-room C.—Anna M. Brown, in Farm and Home.

The Tremendous Force of Waves.

It is difficult for one to believe the hundreds of wonderful stories told to illustrate the power exerted by a sea wave of the regulation size and strength. At the time of the high waves on the north coast of the Shetland Islands gneiss bowlders of three-ton weight have been moved upward of 300 feet in a single night. United Britain, the paper which first set the stories afloat about the enormous waves at Bishop's Rock, England, declares that it is a fact that an iron column 23 feet long and weighing 6,000 pounds—part of a lighthouse being erected on the rock, and which had been chained by means of eyebolts to two heavy bowlders—was moved 20 feet in one night and deposited upon a projecting rock 11 feet and 10 inches higher than its original position. At the same time a blacksmith's anvil weighing 200 pounds and sunk in a pit three and a half feet deep was washed out of the pit and actually floated and rolled 100 yards from the site of the lighthouse.

Zones of Sea Life.

The forms of sea life in the upper portion of the ocean waters may descend to a depth of twelve hundred feet or so from the surface, but there then succeeds a barren zone, which continues to within three hundred and sixty to three hundred feet from the bottom, where the deep sea animals begin to appear.

He and His Wife.

Wife—I need a little more money.

Husband—It is only two days since—

Wife—Now, see here! I want you to understand that I wouldn't ask for money if I didn't need it, and I don't intend to be reminded that it's only two days since you gave me some. I am not a child, nor a menial, nor a slave, to be treated like an irresponsible being, and I just want you to know that I won't stand it, either, so there, now! I've got just as much right to your money as you have, so there, now, you—

Husband—My dear, I was merely going to remark that it is only two days since I drew my salary, and you could have all you wanted.—N. Y. Weekly.

Altogether Too Much.

The burglar came tumbling out through the back window in desperate haste. He had torn off his mask, his eyes were starting from their sockets, and his features worked convulsively.

"What's the matter, Bill?" whispered his pal, hurriedly, when the two had reached a place of safety. "Was somebody after you with a gun?"

"Gun nothing!" gasped Bill. "There was a young woman in the parlor singing the Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay song!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ominous.

"How do you intend to observe the Fourth?" asked Van Cleef of his wife.

"I intend to observe it by declaring my independence," replied Mrs. Van Cleef.—Puck.