THE PATRIOTS.

The burly cannon cracker to the slender little flag
Said, "How are you to celebrate the day?
You never make a single sound, you cannot jump nor shoot,
And where they put you, there you have to stay."

The rockets, roman candles and the giddy, racy wheels
With patriotic zeal began to brag
Of how they'd leap and bang and fizz and flare and whirl—and all
United to deride the silent flag.

But when the day was done, the crackers lay in scattered shreds;
And bits of wheels were clinging to the trees;
The rocket sticks were lying prone; but high above the scene,
The little flag still frolicked with the breeze.

Nancy Butler, Daughter of the Revolution.

A TRUE STORY.

by Lissa May Lipscomb.

JAMES BUTLER, Duke of Ormond, had much to do with history making in the days when Cromwell ruled England, and it has often been said that if the latter had heeded the duke's wise counsel all would have gone better with the Protector.

That the duke was a brave man is well known, and that his courage was inherited by many of his descendants the history of our country truly testifies.

My story, however, has to do with how it was. The massacre happened near enough to the home for Nancy to hear the shots, and fearing she knew not what she made her way through the swamps and forests to the scene of carnage. When the enemies saw that it was only a girl, they taunted her, telling her how hard her father was to kill and how he bounced beneath the sabre strokes, and all this in such insulting tones that Nancy's black eyes flashed fire, and she said:

"Yes, make your boasts to a girl, you cowards! but if my father and brothers were living you would be in hiding if you did not have double as many men. Here lie brave men, and you are dastards, and you know it!"

Her great loss had made her indifferent to her own safety; but her words made the men ashamed and they troubled her no more.

It was almost impossible for Nancy to identify her dead, but her shrewd and loving eyes at last saw some familiar articles of attire that helped her in her sad and terrible search. Then she went home to return with their "old sore back" horse and "wheeled sled," and a Mrs. Smith, the only neighbor, and together they carried the bodies home, dug the graves and buried them.

Grandmother used to say that her grandmother's Revolutionary experiences were not all so sad as this one, and once she was so thrilled at a story that she exclaimed:

"Oh, grandmother, I wish I could be in a war!"

Then Nancy Butler Brooks, as she was then named, was very angry.

"You wicked child, hush! You don't know what you are wishing!"

Anyway, poor grandmother had her foolish whim gratified, for she lived through the Civil War, and we have her portrait, painted after she was ninety years old. We also have a manuscript history of the Butler family, written by a descendant of Nancy's, in which the deeds of this rare girl are told.

the courage of a young girl. Her father, James Butler, a namesake of his ancestor, the duke, came to America when it was really a new world, and settled with his family in South Carolina. He had a wife, many stalwart sons, and our heroine, Nancy, a black-eyed girl of sixteen.

The country was in a state of revolution, and, while it was a time that tried men's souls, and women's too, it was also the opportunity for bravery, hardihood and loyalty. James Butler and his sons were said to know not fear, and were such "terrors" to the enemy that it was considered a great deed to capture or kill even one of them.

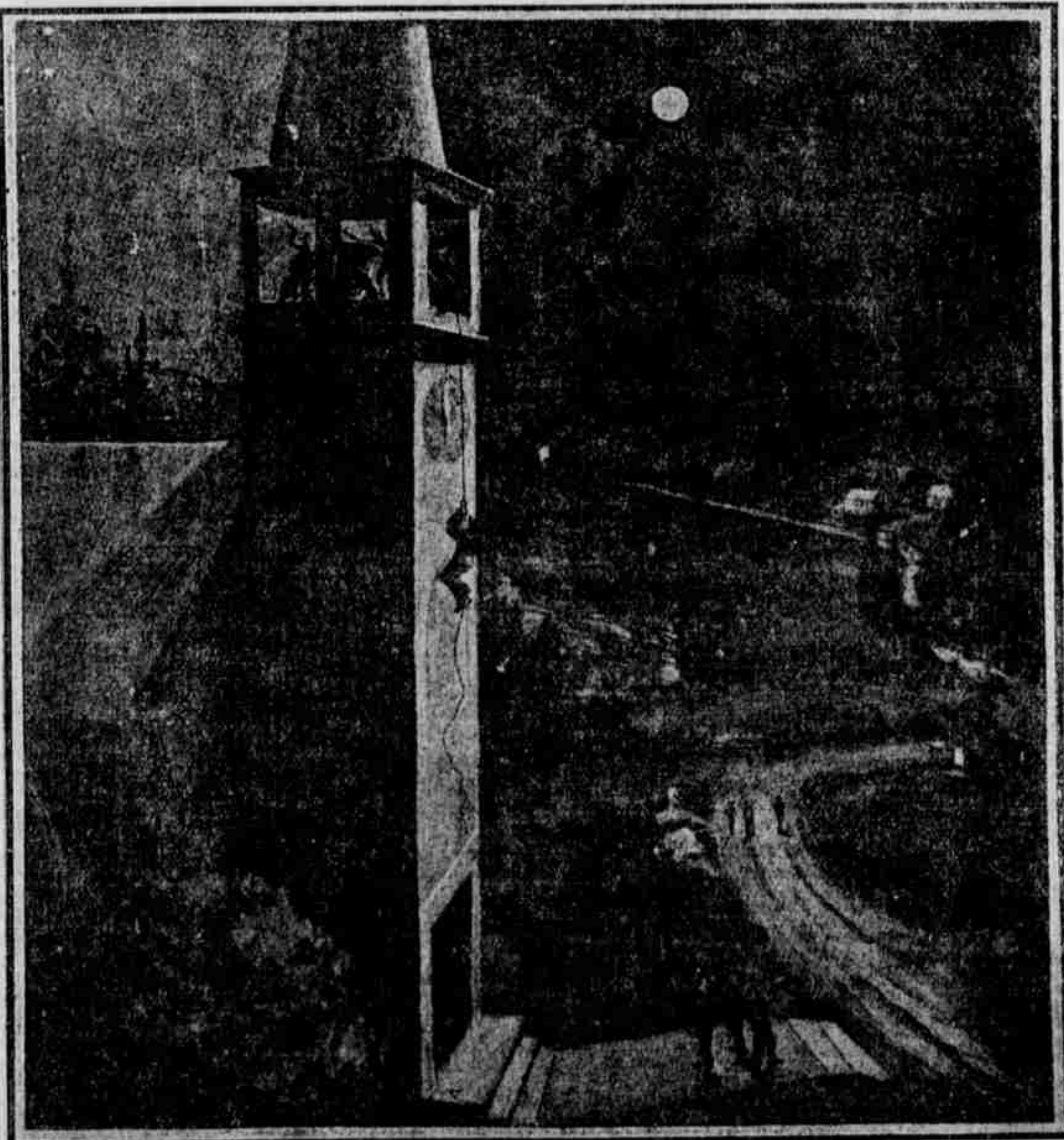
One day a notorious Tory named Cunningham, suspecting that Butler would visit his home to see his wife, who lay very ill, waited in ambush with a large party of Tories to take him unawares. The English soldiers were many in number, for they dared not venture on this exploit without overwhelming odds. As Butler, two of his sons and a few soldiers were making their way toward Butler's woodland home they were surrounded by the Tory band, fired upon and then hacked to pieces with sabres. The Americans made a brave defence, and Butler himself fought desperately, even after both of his hands were cut off. But when the Tories were done the little band was nothing but a mangled mass. The Tories then hid in the thickets, hoping more of the family would appear, but James Butler's other sons were far away, with the army, and there was none to come save Nancy.

Nancy Butler was my grandmother's grandmother, and my grandmother has often told me what her grandmother told her, and this was

The United States Flag.

Your stripes of red throb with the life blood of thousands; your stripes of white sigh with the burden of women's tears; your field of blue breathes the steadfastness of a country firmly united; and your stars sing of a union that is welded together by the mighty hand of an Almighty God.

HOW WE RANG IN THE FOURTH OF JULY.



For weeks we were scheming and planning,
But keeping it dark, just the same,
How to beat the old sexton, Bill Manning,
Who tried to get onto our game.
The hour for the deed was the midnight
When nobody near us should spy
Who climbed the tall steeple and startled the people
By ringing the Fourth of July.

And Bill was a foxy old fellow,
His purpose was settled and grim,
With a temper that never got mellow,
For hammers were not boys to him.
On the Third he just took out the clapper,
With all of us boys standing by;
And he "guessed that that would hold us," he said as he told us
We'd rung our last Fourth of July.

But he badly mistook us for nappers,
And for faint hearted quitters as well,
For hammers were better than clappers,
So long as he left us the bell.
We threw a stone up through the belfry
Which carried a rope on the fly;
And in spite of Bill Manning and all of his planning
We rang in the Fourth of July.
—The Household-Ledger.

To the Star-Spangled.

The Lily of France may fade
The Thistle and Shamrock may wither,
The Oak of England may soon decay,
But the Stars will shine on forever.

When "America" Was Sung.

"On one Fourth of July in Boston," write Dr. Hale in his "Reminiscences" in Woman's Home Companion, "I had spent all my allowance for July and all my 'lection money' on the Common—possibly for a sight in the camera obscura, though I doubt if I had money enough for that—certainly for four raw oysters, three for a cent if small, two for a cent if large; probably half a glass of spruce beer, one cent, and two or three checkerberry medals—die now lost—and make what allowance you please for tamarinds, cocoanuts, sugar-cane and other foreign delicacies. I was returning penniless, and had to pass Park Street Meeting House, when an event of historical importance took place. Long columns of boys and girls were going into meeting. The boys and girls did not often go going to meeting on any day but Sunday and this was therefore a volcanic eruption from the Blue Hills would have been. Of course, I joined the throng. So is it that I am one of the little company who heard the national anthem sung for the first time—

'My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.'

"I hope I did not join in the singing, for in that time do I was to sing even as re and mi, and I am afraid I should not have improved on the harmonies of the occasion."

WOMAN'S REALM

Vanity of Life.

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come. In old age we are looking back to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time.—New York Press.

A Wife's Qualifications.

There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not, however, be like a town clock—speak so loudly that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. But she should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.—New York Press.

Mrs. Roosevelt.

Mrs. Roosevelt wears wonderfully well. One could not guess from her appearance that she will next year be entitled to silver wedding presents and congratulation. Her eldest son is to be married on her return to the States. Her appearance is extremely agreeable. What is so remarkable in her face is its exceptional capacity to show pleasure in lighting up. The features are of regular proportion and well modeled and bear out her claim to French ancestry—Huguenot, by the way. The deep commissures are distinctly French and may be thought to denote a sense of the ridiculous finer than that of the ex-President. Her comeliness is refined.—London Truth.

tone by her aunt that "Miss Ward was too old to play with dolls any longer," the separation from her playthings almost broke her heart, and many nights she wept herself to sleep on her pillow, mourning for her pretty toys that had been so ruthlessly denied her.

Her father provided the finest tutors for his children, and the Ward home became the centre of a distinguished class of people, artists, writers and musicians gathering there at regular intervals to enjoy the gracious hospitality of their host and the society of his brilliant sons and daughters, of whom Julia was the most gifted.—Washington Star.

Queen Goes Shopping.

A few days after my arrival at Milan, while strolling one afternoon on the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, that favorite Milanese and cosmopolitan resort, I passed a glove shop, and remembered that I had left my gloves in the railway carriage. I thought I might as well buy a new pair, and entered the shop.

A customer had gone in before me, a lady, young, tall and slender, quietly but elegantly dressed in a plain, dark traveling frock. Through the long, blue motor veil that closely shrouded her face I could dimly see her large, dark eyes and masses of black hair. The face appeared to be refined and pretty. She was leaning over the counter and trying on gloves which a young shop assistant handed to her.

"They are too large," she said, shyly.

"That is because the signora has so small a hand," replied the young assistant gallantly.

She smiled and did not answer. An elderly lady who was with her gave the youth an indignant and scandalized glance. After patiently allowing the measure of her hand to be taken, open and closed—it was indeed a very small one—she found two pairs of gloves that suited her, paid for them and turned to go.

Just then the owner of the shop returned. He looked at the lady, gave a bewildered start, and, as soon as she was gone, shouted to his assistant:

"Have you the least idea whom you have been serving?"

"A very pretty woman—I know that!"

"Idiot! It was the Queen!"

The Queen! It was my turn to feel bewildered. The Queen alone, unprotected, in that arcade full of people! I was on the point of following her, from professional habit, forgetting that I was not at Milan as an official, but as a private tourist. But it was too late, she had already disappeared in the crowd.—Xavier Paoli, in McClure's.

Our Cut-out Recipe

Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Lentil Roast.—Soak the lentils, about a pint, in water for three or four hours, or over night. Drain, cover with fresh water and put on to boil until very soft. Strain through a colander to remove the skins, then mash the same as you would mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper, also sage or celery, or other savory herbs. Put in a baking dish, pour in enough milk to make the proper consistency, sprinkle generously with bread crumbs, pour over the top a little rich cream, then flecks of butter here and there. Put in the oven and bake until a good brown. To serve this cut in slices, and serve with cranberry or curant jelly.

On Good Breeding.

A great part of our education is sympathetic and social. Boys and girls, said Emerson, who have been brought up with well-informed and superior people show in their manners an inestimable grace. Fuller says that "William, Earl of Nassau, won a subject from the King of Spain every time he took off his hat."

You cannot have one well-bred man without a whole society of such. They keep each other up to any high point. Especially women; it requires a great many cultivated women—salons of bright, elegant, reading women, accustomed to ease and refinement, to spectacles, pictures, sculpture, poetry and to elegant society—in order that you should have one Madame de Stael.

Woman and Love.

One thing that the generalizers never take into consideration (possibly because they do not know it, and generally because they are men or old-fashioned women) is the enormous percentage of non-maternal women. Whether this was the case in ancient times, or whether it is the gradual result of education and leisure, increased independence and the facilities for knowing men before marriage, I cannot say, but the fact remains that thousands of women that are married ought not to be; are the dutiful mothers of children whom they secretly regard as enemies. They have married in their springtime because tradition and youthful instinct (nothing is more evanescent) suggested it. There was a time, happily passing, when the collocation "old maid" was almost a term of insult; when it was even a matter of pride to be a young grandmother. There is no possible doubt that whether women get the vote soon or late, this division of their sex will come early and more early to the conclusion that the less they have to do with love the happier they will be.—Gertrude Atherton, in Harper's Bazar.

A Word About Julia Ward Howe.

Julia Ward Howe, author and reformer, was born May 27, 1819, in a handsome home in Bowling Green, New York City. At the time of her birth that part of the city was the most desirable residence quarter, being both aristocratic and fashionable. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a merchant and banker of New York. Four of her ancestors were Governors of Rhode Island, two of them being Wards and two Greens. On both paternal and maternal sides Mrs. Howe sprung from fine old blood.

When in her fifth year Julia Ward lost her mother, a beautiful and accomplished woman of twenty-eight. Six little ones—of whom Julia was the fourth—were left without a mother's love and care. Of her father Mrs. Ward has this to say: "He was a majestic person, of somewhat severe aspect and reserved manners, but with a vein of true geniality and benevolence at heart. Its great gravity and the absence of a mother naturally subdued the tone of the household; and, though a greatly cherished set of children, we were not a merry one."

Although as a child Julia Ward showed remarkable aptitude in her studies, being advanced to classes comprised of girls twice her own age, she was still a merry, playful child at heart, and when, on her ninth birthday, her dolls were taken away from her and she was told in a serious

Traveling cranes are now equipped with scales, so that the load may be weighed in transit.

Two materials frequently appear in one light gown.

Some braid novelties show touches of leather in their make-up.

Cushion covers of suede leather are exceedingly popular this season.

Coarse blue linen frocks, embroidered with blue and coral silk, are made for young girls.

Either banding, piping, or feather stitching in color is effective for the small boy's Russian suit.

Wreaths, bow knots and roses are the favorite designs on the embroidered silk hosiery for the bride.

The sleeveless coats of the most diaphanous materials promise to be more popular than ever this season.

Parasols of embroidered linen are popular. They are only suitable for carrying with linen or cotton frocks.

In place of the narrow stitching, characteristic of the short glove of last season, the long silk glove now worn has wide embroidery on the back in self-color or in black.

So popular is the frill of pleating at the left of the front of the shirt waist that blouses which fasten in the back are given the blouse's closing effect by means of dainty accessories.

The jabot is a long frill and gives length; the rabat is a flat little tab in which lends an air of doctrinal severity to the prettiest face; the plissé is the side frill, the most popular of all.

The prettiest fad in Paris is the plisse—the ruff of chiffon with dainty ribbon roses set in to wear over a tailored suit with a collarless blouse. It is soft, crisp and becoming to the face.

Little girls are wearing hats that have departed from the simplicity that has been so popular. A mass of lace and frills crowns little ones' heads, no matter how plain the coat and dress may be.

A very interesting trimming shows tinsel cord balls strung on heavy soutache, knotted at intervals. This is especially fashionable as an edge, as it simulates the ball fringes without being pendant.

Not only is the Chantecler coloring seen in everything—in hats, coats and suits—but the form of the bird is also appearing. The latest device is a form woven very black, with a fine mesh face veil.

The Farm

Plows the Soil Well.

A firm in Ohio has invented a new kind of plow that will stir the soil to a depth of twelve or sixteen inches without using any more power than is required to run an ordinary sixteen-inch plow six or seven inches deep. This firm claims that it has a principle involved in the construction of its "tilling" machine which makes it possible to absolutely guarantee that this can be done. If such is the case there ought to be a broad outlet for this implement, because farmers generally are coming to believe that it pays to stir the land to a good depth, especially in the fall.

Farm Machinery

All farm machinery should be in good condition for the work of the season. Not only does this apply to such tools as are to be used during the planting and seeding time, but to the mowers, reapers and binders. These machines are sometimes put away after the season's work is over and not again brought out or looked over until wanted the next year, when it is found that some particular part has become so worn that it gives way and the work is delayed, which may mean much in hay time or harvest. Such hindrance can often be avoided if the tools to be used are overhauled in time and weak places made strong.—Weekly Witness.

Rotating Crops Advisable.

Rotation of crops is advisable. Roots of corn spread over an area not fed upon in its entirety by roots of oats, wheat or clover. Root systems of unlike crops are variable in their construction and plant food made available one season is apt to be lost in drainage water unless various crops are grown in rotation on the same area. Remember, the soil is a compound which can be exhausted of its components used by plants as food. Plow under one crop every four years to supply nitrogen; buy phosphorus in the form of rock phosphate, and plow and cultivate well to release potassium. Big crops will result, and the soil will remain productive.

Farm Profits.

The farm of the Jarvis brothers, at Fly Creek, in Otsego County, has become a subject of controversy. A correspondent of one of the agricultural papers summed up what the Jarvis brothers have been doing, and stated that with an investment of \$20,000, only \$8000 of it in real estate, forty-five head of cattle, \$500 worth of farm help a year and insurance and taxes of only \$50 a year, the Jarvis brothers make an annual profit above all expenses of \$5450.

"Incredible," exclaims a doubter, who merely forces the correspondent to proceed to prove his words. The correspondent adds, truly enough, that there are other dairymen who, with modest investments, are doing a good deal better than the Jarvis brothers. He doesn't need to quote the classic case of the Rev. Josiah Detrich, who some years ago bought a fifteen-acre farm near Philadelphia, with a mortgage of \$7200, paid off the mortgage in six years, and made that piece of ground provide roughage for thirty head of stock, which yielded \$2400 a year for the sale of milk alone. The Detrich cows gave but 4800 pounds of milk on the average a year. The Jarvis cows are said to average 10,000 pounds.

Mr. Detrich became so famous that visitors overran his little plot of ground and he had to sell out, but conspicuous success in dairying is not so rare now as it was then.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

How to Tend Chicks.

When chicks are from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old they are ready to be moved from the incubators to the brooder house. Put them in hovers nearest the furnace. Be sure to have heat up in hovers at least twelve hours before the chickens are put in, to insure the hovers to be warm and dry. There should be dry sand well sprinkled over hover floors, or some road dust; sand is the best. Let the chickens alone until they are thirty-six hours old, then give them some oatmeal well rubbed up in the hands. Feed this for a few days, also some green evaporated bonemeal and chicken grit. Give water and milk in fountains, made by inverting some tin fruit cans over saucers, first cutting a notch in the edge of the can about one-quarter of an inch deep. Such a fountain will keep chicks dry and the drink will be kept clean. When chicks are a few days old begin to feed a chicken food containing meat and grain. Feed five or six times daily. On the south side of the brooder house have roomy yards sown to rape for chicks when they are a week old to run in, and also provide rape for cutting and feeding them later on when the yard rape is used up. This method of rearing chickens is more of a pleasure than work. Use plenty of whitewash in houses; put it on with compressed air sprayer—that is the best thing for the purpose. Fill every crack and crevice that can be filled in this way and the job is quickly done. During warm months spray yards and hovers with sulphuric acid and water. Four ounces of the acid to three gallons of water. This will destroy all vermin and their eggs. Most cases of cholera are only lice and lack of grit among the chickens. Warm houses for the winter layers can be built quite cheaply of rough lumber, and a liberal use of heavy tarred paper will make frost-proof houses.—Newark Call.

Stable Walls.

I am now fully convinced that the best stable wall is a hollow wall or space of not less than eight inches filled with cut straw if possible; if not, with whole straw. Five years ago I built a stable; a part of the wall is a single air space and a part has a double air space. There was no indication of moisture on this wall until last winter, but I thought it was due to the extreme and unusual low temperature. This year, however, it is even worse. Upon close examination I found the outside ceiling was checking here and there, and the paint was also losing its grip until many small openings were forming which permitted cold air to enter and come in contact with the inside ceiling and so destroy the dead air space. A dead air space is one in which there is positively no movement of air. Two openings the size of a lead pencil would be sufficient to destroy this dead air chamber in a space of 100 feet long. I have therefore commenced stuffing this air chamber with straw by taking out occasionally a board and the surface soon dries off. I have a perfect system of ventilation. I can see no way to improve it yet the system cannot keep a cold wall dry any more than it can keep single windows from frosting. Double windows, however, accomplish the result because they are so perfectly tight that a true dead air space is formed.

Our hen house is built with stuffed walls and double windows and the air is as dry, and also the side walls and ceiling, as in a summer day, and now I purpose to do the same thing in a hog house with air chamber. Farmers generally are not inclined to accept these teachings, fearing mice and rats, which they might be trouble with board floors where they could work under and from there get into the side walls, but with cement floors there is no opportunity for them to work under.—Weekly Witness.

Making Good Butter.

In order to produce a good quality of butter, two very essential things are, good care and good food for the cows. The cows must be provided with clean bedding and the stables need to be kept clean, well lighted and ventilated.

Before the milking begins on my place the sides and udders of the cows are carefully brushed, thus preventing dirt and dust from falling into the milk. The milking is done with clean, dry hands; to milk with wet fingers would be an extremely filthy habit. Just as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow it is strained through a wire gauze and three thicknesses of cheese cloth. All the milk utensils are thoroughly cleaned after being used, by first washing them in lukewarm water, next in hot water, and then they are scalded in boiling water. Every dish or cloth that is used in connection with the milk is put in a clean place, where there is a circulation of pure air, after being cleaned.

The cream is separated from the milk with a hand separator and held until there is a sufficient quantity to churn. The churning is done three times each week with a barrel churn. In preparing the churn and the butter-worker for use, they are thoroughly scalded with boiling water before the cream is put into the churn or the butter on the butter-worker. A thorough scalding and cooling of the butter-worker prevents the butter from sticking to it.

The cream is strained into the churn through a hair sieve and the churn is never filled more than half full of cream. The churn is not turned very rapidly, and is stopped several times at the beginning to remove the cork, so as to allow the escape of gases. When the cream begins to break, care is exercised not to gather the butter granules into one large lump. The churning ceases when the butter particles are about the size of wheat kernels. Then the churn is fastened and the buttermilk drawn off.

When the butter is well drained from the buttermilk, it is rinsed with a little water, and after this has drained away the churn is about half filled with cold water added. The cover is then put on the churn and the churn revolved slowly six or eight times; the water is now drawn off and the butter left to drain for about fifteen minutes.

When the butter is well drained it is ready to salt, and this is done in the churn where the butter is in granular form. About one and one-half ounces of salt are used for every pound of butter. This insures the right amount of salt when the butter is finished.

It is a very easy matter to work butter too much and have it greasy. We never work the butter with the hands, because the warmth of the hands will make it greasy and give it a salvy appearance. We use the lever worker and press the lever on the surface, and occasionally fold the butter over with a ladle. The lever of the butter-worker or butter paddle is never allowed to slide over the surface of the butter, but is pressed straight down when working the butter.

The butter is pressed into square one-pound prints and carefully wrapped with parchment paper which has been soaked in salt water a few minutes before being used. The butter is sold in our local market, except what is used at home, and practically all the milk is fed to the chickens, hogs and calves.

By following the above method in making butter we never fail to produce a product of first quality, which sells for from two to five cents per pound more than most that offered by others. I think that more of our country butter would be far better than it is if care was exercised in making it. One of the mistakes made by many is in not churning the cream when it has reached the proper stage of ripeness and at the right temperature.

A proper handling of the milk is very important. Too often it is drawn from the cow in stables in which the air is filled with dust and put in unclean vessels. Cleanliness in all things and at all times is a feature most essential if good butter is desired.—W. H. Underwood, in the Indiana Farmer.