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Russia's population has increased nearly a million a year for one hundred years.

A Reading (Penn.) girl has just recovered \$151.62 in damages as the result of an action brought against a lady who called her (the girl) a "chippie."

Says the London Chronicle: Many wrongs have been laid to the charge of the bicycle, and now, it seems, it is accused in France of being a literary destroyer.

"When Victoria was called to the throne the United Kingdom contained 26,000,000 people," writes William George Jordan, of "What Victoria Has Seen," reviewing, in the Ladies' Home Journal, the world's progress during the sixty years of the English sovereign's rule.

In speaking of American Presbyterianism and the stirring part which the church took in the great Revolutionary drama, a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald says: "Calvinistic influence in American history is familiar to all who know the story of the Plymouth Rock and the band of Puritans who settled New England."

A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure In bonnie buff and blue; A goodly sight his buckles bright And primly powdered queue!



My great-great-grandpapa, He held the brutal Briton A "thing" beneath his scorn; A Tory he conceived to be

GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.

A Fourth of July Story.

GRIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it was going to have a Fourth of July celebration.

All of the older folks agreed with this decision; not without many mournful shakes of the head, but the boys of Griggsville were much displeased.

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play unless there is something going on."

Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the disappointment deeply.

For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently Will Spencer blurted out: "Let's have a celebration anyway. I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least—and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY BICYCLE.



found bottom, although more than one of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool," but ever since old man Sullinger had scoffed at the idea and had gone bathing in its waters, never to return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole.

Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested. Will didn't know as much about Sullinger's Hole as the other boys, and so he was less afraid.



"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

they dragged or rolled a number of big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a huge raft that would support a dozen or more boys.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. Suddenly it pulled against something hard. Half shivering with excitement Dick and George Merton pulled away on it.

had all expressed their intention of going there often to fish. The next night Will was handling the drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in.

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly. Will pulled the rope nearer and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted, beyond recognition. The stock was wholly gone, but it had evidently been broken off in raising it from the bottom, because there were the marks of a fresh fracture.

Forgetting that he was on a raft Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice: "We've found 'em! we've found 'em!"

The cost of a finely managed display of fireworks is no small consideration. At the Presidential inauguration at Washington March 4, 1885, \$5000 was paid to one company for fireworks, and I was shown one check for \$11,000, which was given for a similar but more extensive display at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1889.

again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, spluttered and shouted: "It's there, it's there; I touched it." Then he struck out for the raft, dragging something along in his hand.

Somehow, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wild-fire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day.

And Dick Lansing's ball team won two games. About the old cannon? When it was fired it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER." A Little Boy Was the First Person to Sing the Spirited Song.

In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812" it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holiday Street Theatre, by Charles Durange, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theatre.

This statement is slightly inaccurate, and though it is one of no great historical importance it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of hearts with patriotic devotion—was a lad of twelve years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theatre, but the open street in front of Captain Benjamin Edes's printing office in Baltimore, the second day after the bombardment of Fort Mchenry.

The name of the apprentice boy, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived a very much respected citizen of Baltimore to a very old age. The little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the Postoffice Department, and also employed, for probably half that time, as a writer for the National Intelligencer, the Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun.

A Four-Legged Fire Extinguisher. I guess most boys think all the fun of the Fourth is to light firecrackers, but the writer had a dog named Democrat who had lots of fun putting out firecrackers as they exploded.

We first discovered his taste for fire-fighting when he jumped and took a lighted match from my father's hand. He finally burned his throat while putting out a blazing paper, and died, much missed by all the boys in the neighborhood.—Chicago Record.

The Prisons' Holiday. Once a year, on the Fourth of July, the prisoners at the Wisconsin State's prison at Waupun have a half-holiday. They are let out of their dark cells into the prison yard. They can't have firecrackers, but they are so glad to get out that the time goes away quickly.

An Epitaph. Stop, traveler, and weep for him Who's lying here below. He filled his cannon to the brim— That's all you'll ever know.

Here He is Again. Stop, traveler, and weep for him Who's lying here below. He filled his cannon to the brim— That's all you'll ever know.



SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

Let Jesus Lift the Load—Test of True Worth—Faith for Guidance—Fretting Over Small Things—Christ's Preparation—Feet That Go Up to God.

The camel, at the close of day, Kneels down upon the sandy plain To have its burden lifted off, And rest to gain.

For all may have If they dare choose, a glorious life or a life of ease, there is nothing of freshness achieved, if there be neither rest nor industry.

Faith for Guidance. Take from the navigator his nautical instruments, and the simple tools that rest upon the mast of his ship to reef, to trim, to make his way to land, and he will perish at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Costly Displays of Fireworks. The cost of a finely managed display of fireworks is no small consideration. At the Presidential inauguration at Washington March 4, 1885, \$5000 was paid to one company for fireworks, and I was shown one check for \$11,000, which was given for a similar but more extensive display at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1889.

Fretting Over Small Things. The great and serious plans for a life that belong to the solemnities and august occasions of existence, are absolutely sacrificed and even yielded, because great grief is upon the supreme hour of choice; but the daily plans for work and pleasure often held fast tenaciously, and when broken we fret and fume with chafing, if not with outward irritations, for taking joyfully the intermissions that come through the door and back, that during that way of accidents that we are out and put us about, so that we can be finished as desired, it does seem if human nature could never find that still.

The feet that go up to God into the tain, at the end, are the same that off their shoes beside the burning. This is why the Christian, more than men, not merely of care, but loves to back and remember.—Phillips