RAILROAD TIME TABLES

PENN'A R. R.

EAST.	WEST
7.13 A. M.	9.14 A. M.
10.17 "	12.38 P. M.
2.21 P. M.	4.53 "
6.09 "	.51 "
SUNDAYS.	
10.17 A. M.	4.53 P. M.

D. L. & W. R. R.

EAST.	WEST.
6.58 A. M.	9.09 A. M.
10.19 "	12.47 P. M.
2.11 P. M.	4.35 "
6.10 "	8.20 "
SUNDAYS.	
6.58 A. M.	12.47 P. M.
6.10 P. M.	8.20 "

PHIL'A & READING R. R.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7.42 A. M.	11.25 A. M.
4.00 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
BLOOM STREET.	
7.44 A. M.	11.23 A. M.
4.02 P. M.	6.04 P. M.

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THE DAY THEY CELEBRATED.

A FOURTH OF JULY ROMANCE
BY PETER M'ARTHUR.

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AMONG the very first families to reach Ongiara for the summer season were the Greshams and the Davises. It is doubtful if either of them could tell exactly why they had closed their town houses so early, and the two who were chiefly responsible would have denied using their influence if they had been accused. And, anyway, neither would have thought of accusing the other. The Greshams and Davises lived in different cities during the winter, but it so happened that they had selected Ongiara as the choicest spot on the great lakes for their summer outing. They had tried it for the first time on the previous year, and it was in that way that Jack Gresham and Polly Davis first met. They had met only a few times, but were so congenial that all winter they had been thinking of each other, and it was due to their influence exerted on their respective families that the flitting took place as early as May. And when they met they immediately began to act as if they had known each other for years and had been in the habit of meeting every day. It is strange, but true, that people who are acquainted and think about each other a great deal find their friendship ripens just as quickly when they are apart as if they were associating daily.

Jack and Polly promptly began to enjoy the beauties of Ongiara in company. They organized botanizing parties of two, went boating and fishing, and discovered that at no time of the day is the air so invigorating or long walks so healthful as in the early evening.

But, although they were inseparable, neither of them was aware of the fact, for nothing had happened to make them study the state of their hearts. Of course they were teased by their friends, but they were so sure of the platonic character of their friendship that they didn't mind in the least. One evening about the middle of June, however, something unexpected happened.

"I have made up my mind," said Polly as she swung in the hammock that Jack kept in motion, "to celebrate the first Fourth of July in the new century by doing something unusual, though I haven't decided yet what it shall be."

"Well, you have plenty of time to make up your mind."

"Not so very much—only about two weeks."

"About a year and two weeks, you mean, don't you?" said Jack.

"Certainly not," Polly retorted, with a slight show of temper. "Now, surely you are not one of the cranks that try to prove that the new century does not begin till the beginning of the year 1901."

"Oh, I don't know that I am so particularly cranky in thinking so, and, anyway, I have the majority of the world with me."

"Well, Matthew Arnold used to say that the majority is always wrong, and it most decidedly is in this case."

"I don't see how on earth you can say so. The argument is just as clear as a pikestaff."

"Well, I'd like to have a look at that pikestaff. I suppose the argument you refer to is the one about dollars and paying them out one at a time until you have paid 100."

The tone in which this was said exasperated Jack by its condescension, and he answered in the same strain.

"Not by any means. The argument I use is much simpler and suited to any grade of intelligence."

"Indeed," said Polly. "Would you mind prattling it out?"

"Not in the least. Let us suppose that we have 100 volumes of 365 pages each and each divided into 12 chapters. The first volume would be volume 1, and so on to volume 100, and if I started to read them I couldn't say that they were all read until I had completed the three hundred and sixty-fifth page of volume 100, and in the same way a century cannot be complete until the three hundred and sixty-fifth day of its hundredth year has elapsed."

"That's no argument at all," said Polly. "Books and years are entirely different things."

"But each book represents a year."

"No, it doesn't; not any more than that cow out there on the commons does. You surely have studied rhetoric even if you haven't studied metaphysics." (Polly was rather proud of her Wellesley education.) "And you should know that you must never compare a thing that is concrete with a thing that is abstract. Time is something abstract, and the measurement of it should be compared with another abstraction."

"I'm sure I don't know what on earth you are talking about with your concrete and abstract."

"I didn't suppose you would. But I have a way of explaining my position that is also suited to every grade of intelligence."

"Indeed," said Jack, recalling his own angry remark and her reply to it. "Would you mind prattling it for my benefit?"

"Not in the least. I suppose you have noticed that on my bicycle there is a thing called a cyclometer. It registers the number of miles that I travel."

"Well?"

"When I travel one mile, it registers 1, and it has registered 100 my first [illegible] completed. In the same way

when it registers 1,900 miles it means that I have completed 19 centuries, and I immediately begin my twentieth. Now, we have registered 1,900 years, and for that reason 19 centuries are complete. It is just the same with the age of a person. I was 18 on my last birthday, and I say that I am 18 years old, and the Christian era was just 1,900 years old on its last birthday."

"Oh! I suppose if one hunted around for it they could find some exception that would prove anything, but I can't see for the life of me that miles are a bit more like years than books are."

"Well, if you can't it is because you don't know any better," said Polly hotly as she jumped out of the hammock.

"Well," said Jack, with an air of lofty decision, "I may not know much about the kind of arguments that they teach in ladies' colleges, but I know more about some people than I did."

"I suppose you mean that for me, Mr. Gresham. Well, I don't know that it is any particular business of yours knowing anything about me one way or the other."

"I am glad you think so, Miss Davis, and I hope that your celebration of the last Fourth of July of the century will be a notable one."

"The first in the new century!" she snapped.

"Nonsense!"

"Idiot!"

"Woof!"

Having thus reduced their vocabularies to inarticulate sounds, they separated in high dudgeon, fully resolved that never again would they speak or recognize one another on the street. During the two weeks preceding the Fourth of July they both spent most of their time in carefully avoiding each other and for that very reason met more frequently, because one was afraid of meeting the other in their old favorite haunts and for that reason kept away from them.

"Now all my summer's fun is spoiled," Polly said to herself at least a dozen

JACK MARCHED GRAVELY UP TO THE DAVIS COTTAGE.

times. "And all on account of that thick headed Jack Gresham. Well, I'm glad I found him out, anyway. If we had been together all the time, there is no knowing what might have happened, and just think of having to go through life with such a stupid! But, oh, dear, I wish we hadn't quarreled just now or that there were some other young men in town that were any fun. But all the other young men are silly, and at the worst he is only stupid. Dear me, but I am lonesome!"

Jack's meditations for the two weeks might be condensed into a paragraph about as follows:

"There is no getting around it, I was falling in love with her, but it is a good thing I found her out when I did. Whew, what a spitfire she is! And then think of having to live with a woman who thinks she knows more than you do!

"But, oh, ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?

"Guess I'll go fishing today. No, I'll be hanged if I will! I'll go botanizing. But darn botanizing anyway!"

By the 3d of July they were both lonely and very miserable, and Polly had not yet decided on her unique celebration. She had thought of exasperating Jack by buying a lot of set pieces, each putting the number 20 in some different way, and getting her little brother to set them up in some conspicuous place where Jack could not help seeing them from his home. But still that would not be so very much fun after all. Jack, on the other hand, discovered during the two weeks of the quarrel that not only had he been in danger of falling in love with Polly, but that he was in love with her, and he argued himself into the conviction that if they could only get into the new century safely they would have a hundred years ahead of them before there would be any chance of anything arising so exasperating as this end of the century dispute. After he had arrived at this conclusion an idea came to him that was remarkably bright, even Polly afterward admitted, for such a stupid fellow. On the forenoon of the Fourth of July Jack took an American flag in one hand and a flag of truce in the other and marched gravely up to the Davis cottage. Polly smiled in spite of herself and granted the armistice.

"Have you decided yet on the unusual celebration that you were thinking of for the last Fourth of July of the century?"

"For the first of the new century," said Polly.

"Never mind that," said Jack. "I don't care when the new century begins. All I know is that I will not be happy in it unless you agree to begin it with me. Why not celebrate this Fourth by getting engaged? And we can celebrate the next by getting married, and then we'll be sure of celebrating the right day."

Polly was so taken by surprise that she didn't even say, "This is so sudden!" Instead she disappeared quickly into the grape arbor, while Jack followed. When they emerged again, they had agreed thoroughly that they didn't care when any old century began, and two Fourth of July celebrations had been arranged for instead of one.

The Countersign.

"Have you got the countersign?" asked the sentinel.

"Well," replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, "when I left the counter it was, 'This silk's twice less than cost.'" —Philadelphia North American.

'Twas Painted Badly.

Wife—We should have that back shed attended to right away.

Husband—I spoke to Dobbs, the painter, about it, and he says he's so busy he won't be able to touch it for a month yet.

Wife—Oh, we can't wait that long! It needs to be painted very badly.

Husband—All right, then, I'll do it myself.—Philadelphia Press.

OUR WOMEN IN THE REVOLUTION.

Although the women of civilized nations are treated as noncombatants and are exempt from military duty, heroines without number appear on the roll of honor, especially in popular uprisings for civil liberty.

The world knows no finer example of heroism than that displayed by the Boer women during the present strife between the South African Dutch and the British. These women are not nurses and cooks only, but are fighters as well and as brave as their brothers and husbands.

Chief among the ancient women who fought for the freedom of their people was Queen Boadicea, wife of Prasutagus. After the death of her husband, incensed by the outrages of the procurator Catus, she took up arms against the Romans and their allies. Too proud to grace the promised holiday, she took poison after her capture. To the leadership of Joan of Arc Charles VII

MOLLY PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

of France owed his realm. After a three months' struggle she wrested the scepter from the British and crowned him king at Reims.

One of the most famous American women soldiers in the war of the Revolution was Deborah Sampson, who joined the Continental army in 1778 under the name of Robert Shirtliffe. She served in the army for three years as a private soldier before her sex was discovered.

Dicey Langston of the Carolinas was one of Marion's most trusted scouts. Night after night, when she was supposed to be asleep in her own room, she carried news over field and swamp to the American camp. Though the British wondered how their plans were always circumvented, she was never detected.

Emily Geiger, too, was a famous army messenger of the Revolutionary times. On one occasion when she was carrying a message, the contents of which she knew, from General Greene to Sumter, she was intercepted by some Tory scouts and taken prisoner on suspicion. Left alone for a few minutes, she chewed into bits the written message that she was carrying. When searched, of course there was nothing discovered, and she was permitted to pursue her journey. She delivered to Sumter, verbally, the message, which saved the day.

On the field of Monmouth Molly Pitcher made herself famous. A shot from the enemy killed her husband, a cannoneer, at his post. The officer in command, having no one competent to fill the vacancy, ordered the gun to be withdrawn. She heard the order and, seizing the rammer, continued the fight, vowing that she would avenge her husband's death. The commission of sergeant was conferred upon her by General Washington in recognition of her bravery.

Just as all soldiers do not win personal renown, so all the army of devoted American women could not enter the lists of battle heroines, like Deborah Sampson and Mollie Pitcher; but they proved heroines in patience, in watchfulness and in patriotic spirit.

In 1768 the colonial women showed their patriotism by the spirit of self denial when in the face of the stamp act they unanimously agreed to reject Bohea, the brand of imported tea then so popular, and chose the balsamic Hyperion, a domestic manufacture prepared from the dried leaves of the raspberry plant. The ladies who thus denied themselves were known as the Daughters of Liberty.

When husbands and fathers were away in the Continental ranks in 1778, the women of Wyoming plowed, sowed and reaped, and not only that, but they made gunpowder, too, for the supply was low at the fort.

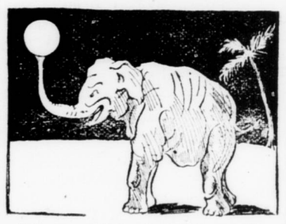
In 1780 the distress of the American army was very great on account of the lack of clothing. The women formed an association for the purpose of relieving the distress of the soldiers. Those who could gave money. The highest dames of the land labored with their needles and sacrificed their trinkets and jewelry. The ladies of Philadelphia contributed 2,200 shirts, which they had cut and sewed themselves. On each garment was the name of the maker and in a number of cases this led to courtship and marriage.

On the retreat of the Continental army from Fort Edward Mrs. Philip Schuyler, the wife of General Schuyler, rode from Albany to Saratoga, and gave orders to set fire to the extensive fields of wheat on their estates and requested the tenants to do the same rather than suffer the enemy to reap them.

During the terrible winter passed at Valley Forge, Mrs. Washington endured every privation of the camp and was busy from morning till night providing comforts for the sick soldiers. She dressed with great simplicity so that her private means could be used for the purposes of relief.

But from the tidbits of social gossip handed down in colonial annals it is evident that the lives of the women of that period were not always beclouded by stress and soberness. Smiles now and then banished the tears. Refreshed by their fragrant Hyperion beverage and inspired by noble zeal matrons and maids plied the needle and spinning wheel for the army and for liberty. One skillful needlewoman wrought an imperishable record upon the first flag given to the breezes by the new republic, and thus linked the name of Betsy Ross with that of Washington. E. VON KAAMAN.

An Optical Illusion.



It looks as if the elephant were blowing bubbles, but he isn't. That is the moon in the background.—New York Journal.

A Tribute.

"I want to stop in front of this window," said Mr. Elykins.

"Why, it's full of millinery!" exclaimed his wife. "I didn't know you admired such things!"

"I not only admire, I marvel. I take off my hat to genius, and the people who can get $20 apiece for a lot of bunches of odds and ends like those are qualified to give lessons to a Napoleon of finance."—Washington Star.

LAUGHING GAS.

Mary and Her Landlord.

Mary opened a little shop
To help her on life's way,
And honest toil found its reward,
And it began to pay.

"How's biz?" the landlord often asked,
And Mary was imprudent;
Of course she never guessed he was
An economic student.

But Mary's landlord's eagle eye
Was watching how things went,
And when the first of May came round
He doubled Mary's rent.

The imposition staggered her,
But what could Mary do?
Subsistence bare is the tenant's share,
All above is the landlord's due.

So Mary kept on as before,
Improving as time went,
But step by step, with increased trade,
The landlord raised the rent.

And thus the merry game went on
Till Mary's life was spent;
As fast as God could prosper her
The landlord raised the rent.

—Westminster Review.

Careful Maria.

"Maria is the most particular buyer I ever knew."

"Yes."

"She saw that a lot of slightly soiled thermometers were to be sold at Remnant's between 7:15 and 7:45 a. m. on Tuesday only, and so she hurried down there without her breakfast."

"Yes."

"She looked at the thermometers and shook her head."

"What was the trouble?"

"The store was too hot, and the thermometers all registered 80. Maria said she had seen just as good at Sample's at 72."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Girl In the Khaki Dress.

There she goes in the shopping square!
The men look back, the women stare,
The critic's remarks are passing aloud
As she wends her way through the gaping crowd,
But she hears them not, and she cares much less;
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

She passes the cop on the shopping beat;
He smiles and points out into the street.
"The color's the same," he says, with a grin—
"The same as the mud she's walking in,"
But she hears them not, and she cares much less;
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

The newsboy grins: "Get on to her nibs!
Now, wudn't dat tickle yer under de ribs.
'Tis awning stuff, wid a mustard smear.
Take it away! It don't go here!"
But she hears them not, and she cares much less;
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

'Tis a gantlet run for a thousand eyes,
But she braves the "Whews!" and the rude, "Oh, mys!"
And the girls who gape and love to say,
"She looks like a road on a rainy day!"
But she hears them not, and she cares much less;
She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

—Chicago News.

A Cast-In His Vision.

"Mamma, is Mrs. Thompson's husband cross eyed?"

"Why, no, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause when I was out walking with nurse this morning Mr. Thompson stopped us to shake hands with me, and he said, 'What lovely eyes.'"

"Well, you have lovely eyes, my dear."

"Yes, but it seemed funny that every time he said it to me he looked at nurse." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chestnuts Supplied.

If in this world you wish to star
And be esteemed at highest par,
Don't take the path that Webster took
Or read a page in Browning's book;
Don't try your hand at something new;
A few old musty jokes will do!

If you'd be popular in a crowd
Of girls and have them say aloud,
"He is the brightest chap I know!"
Don't win them with a language flow
Or take Britannia as a cue;
A few old musty jokes will do!

If you attend a banquet grand
And have no ready speech on hand—
No speech to grind out as you eat,
With words both long and obsolete—
Don't let the error worry you;
A few old musty jokes will do!

If you would to the senate go
And have no natural eloquent flow,
Don't let this thwart your worthy aim
To make the laws and carve your name;
A memory good will see you through;
A few old musty jokes will do!

—Chicago News.

The Watermelon Way.

I up en gone at de breakin er de day,
En I plowin up de grass so dat he'll never come ter hay,
En I wish de furrow lead me ter de watermelon way,
Kaze I hongry fer de melon in de mawnin!

I up en gone at de breakin er de day;
Dar's fishin in de river, but I ain't got time ter stay,
En I pray de road'll lead me ter de watermelon way,
Kaze I hongry fer de melon in de mawnin!

Oh, I wish dat I wuz livin whar de watermelon stay
'Stid er follerin de furrow at de breakin er de day,
Kaze de road I knows de bes', suh, go de watermelon way,
En I hongry fer de melon in de mawnin!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Knocked Silly.

"My dear," said Growells, "you are simply talking nonsense."

"I know it," replied his better half, "but it's because I want you to understand what I say."—Chicago News.

Bored.

I say that life's a hollow show,
That nothing's worth while here below
Or any other place;
But when I have on all my rings
And some sweet gown of filmy things
And lots of lace,

And go to dine with Mrs. Rich
And half the men are trying which
Shall be the one
To make me talk the most and laugh,
Why, life's not a bad thing by half;
It's rather fun.

—Town Topics.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send Free, to the Afflicted, Three Bottles of his Newly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of New York City.

Confident that he has discovered a reliable cure for consumption and all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions wasting, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles to any reader of the AMERICAN who may be suffering.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt, and has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those benefitted and cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. Address T. A Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, give express and postoffice address, and please mention reading this article in the AMERICAN March 4,9

TO LIBERTY, OUR GUIDING STAR.

BY NEIL MACDONALD.

When dreams of greatness fill the heart with pride
And freedom's flag is waved o'er lands afar
And races strange beneath its folds abide,
Be still, blest Liberty, our guiding star.

Tis not the hour of danger that beguiles
Us from our course, our duty to the world,
But when the sun of fortune on us smiles
We may forget, and freedom back be hurled.

We have enjoyed so long the priceless dower
Left by our sires and purchased by their blood,
That we forget in plenitude of power
How much it cost to stem oppression's flood.

Since our dear starry banner to the breeze
Exposed its folds and hailed a nation born,
Our youth's to manhood grown—in distant seas
In other lands our flag now greets the morn.

Fair Queen of Antilles, the pride of Spain,
With sister isle and isles of Orient sea,
And bright Hawaii of the Southern main,
O'er you our flag now waves—may you be free!

Free from the ruthless despot's galling sway,
Free, with the liberty befitting man,
The law abiding, who pursues his way
With none molesting, safe from tyrant's ban.

Our country's flag, flag of the true and brave,
Where'er thy folds expand man must be free—
At home, abroad, O! ever may it wave
O'er man enfranchised, and as man should be.

THEY STRUCK FOR LIBERTY

July 4, 1776, is a day to date from in the history of human progress in spite of the fact that the experiment in free government inaugurated that day was not a new thing among enlightened people. The example of ancient Athens might be called exceptional, but in the heart of Europe the Dutch republic existed for more than two centuries with rapacious monarchs all around the border and its own people divided as to the true seat of political sovereignty, whether in divine right or human. And for nearly 900 years the Swiss have maintained a republic against princely greed and the weakness of human nature.

The birth of true democracy in Athens was in the time of Solon. It was not won by fighting, but was afterward saved by the sword, especially at Marathon and Platea. Pericles, the shining light of Greece, established democracy in Athens by the overthrow of the aristocracy and afterward in the states which united with Athens in the period of her greatness. Under his influence and with a system of popular government wars were fought successfully, the arts and sciences flourished, and the common people shared fully in the general prosperity.

WASHINGTON.

LAFAYETTE.

The first great victory of the Swiss patriots was won at Morgarten, Nov. 16, 1315. That day 1,400 mountaineers defeated 20,000 Austrians and a league of four forest cantons formed a perpetual confederacy, celebrating Morgarten day as an anniversary. Later four other cantons united, and the confederacy fought for liberty against the Austrians at Sempach in 1,386 and Glarus in 1388.

Napoleon robbed the Swiss of their liberty, but after his fall the old free cantons, with new allies, adopted a constitution, which was ratified Aug. 7, 1815, the birthday of the present republic.

The anniversary which the whole English speaking race has cause to remember is Magna Charta day, June 15. On that day, 1215, the key to English liberties was wrung from King John by the nobility and the landholders. The uprising was due to the king's unparalleled cruelty, rapacity and misgovernment. After granting the great charter he attempted to subdue the patriot party, but died while taking the field with a vast army.

France was in turmoil at the time of the American Revolution. In 1774 the people demanded of Louis XVI an equable taxation, freedom of trade and manufactures and the abolition of jobbery and sinecures. The ancient state legislature, called the states general, which had been extinct 200 years, was convoked and met May 1, 1789. The mandate of this body, in which the third estate, or common people, were all powerful, was for revolution. Lafayette commanded the national guard until he was exiled by the extremists. The battle which established the constitution was fought at Almy Sept. 2, 1792.

Sympathy with the French revolution cost the people of the Dutch republic their own freedom, for Napoleon imposed the monarchy there once he was in power. The Dutch broke loose from Spain by revolution, and the republic twice defeated England. John of Barneveldt was the hero of the Netherlands. He favored a legislature superior to the executive, or stadtholder, and was martyred for his principles.

KOSSUTH.

KRUGER.

The American and French revolutions had given such an impetus to aspirations for freedom that the ancient monarchies formed the Holy Alliance to suppress liberty. The revolution in Spain in 1820, which spread to Portugal and Italy, was suppressed by the alliance, but Spain lost her American colonies in the struggle. Inspired by Kosciusko, who had fought under Washington, the Poles invoked the sword in the name of liberty in 1791. The struggle was a long one, and the fate of Poland was finally sealed by the alliance of Prussia and Austria with Russia.

The French alone came out of the widespread revolution of 1848 with triumph. In Italy the patriots fought and lost. Hungary, which declared its independence of Austria April 24, 1849, fought bravely under Kossuth, but Russia joined her ancient ally in suppressing the patriots. In Germany the revolution was quickly suppressed.

Ireland's greatest rebellion was that of May, 1798, when the United Irishmen compelled England to send immense armies to the field. That of 1803 was abortive, and young Robert Emmet died on the scaffold.

Mexico and Chile took advantage of Napoleon's usurpation of Spanish power in 1810 to rebel. Mexico was reconquered, but after many revolutions against dictators and foreign powers the present republic was established in 1867.

KOSCIUSKO.

BOLIVAR.

The sword of General San Martin, the deliverer of Chile, helped also to give Peru her independence July 28, 1821. Cuba, the last of Spain's American colonies to throw off the yoke, entered upon a ten years' struggle April 10, 1869. The last uprising started Feb. 24, 1895.

Among the scores of names venerated by the republicans of South America that of Bolivar stands highest as a fighting champion of liberty. He fought for and ruled over Venezuela and Peru, founded the republic of Bolivia out of northern Peru and was president of the republic of Colombia, which included Venezuela and Granada, the last named one of his conquests.

England's declaration that the independence of the South African republics shall be destroyed gives the world a spectacle without a parallel in the history of struggles for liberty. The Boers have been free for two generations, with the exception of four years, between 1877 and 1881, when the Transvaal was annexed by England. The Orange Free State became a republic in 1854 by the voluntary action of England, but the Transvaal won its independence by fighting at Laingsnek and Majuba Hill in 1881 under a revolutionary declaration made Dec 16, 1880. This date was the anniversary of Dingaan's daag, long celebrated as the original independence day of the Boers. Paul Kruger, Pretorius and Piet Joubert conducted the government as a triumvirate until peace was established. Then Kruger was elected president.

Stock Market Conspirators Convicted

New York, July 3.—The trial of the men accused of conspiracy in publishing reports calculated to depress the stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company was concluded yesterday afternoon. Verdicts of guilty were returned against Goslin, Parker and Davis. Bogert was found "not guilty" in accordance with the instructions of the court.

Strike Against Reduced Wages.

Cleveland, July 3.—Six hundred machinery molders went on strike here yesterday against a reduction of ten cents per day in wages. Nineteen shops are affected by the strike. The cut in wages was ordered by the Foundrymen's association, and the strike was declared only in the shops in that organization.

How They Did It.

"Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased."

"And did you tease her?"

"Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Peculiar Advantage.

When, in a case of strife, the politician's wife
Desired, in her sweet, wifely way, to flout him,
No common things she said, but held him while she read
What opposition papers said about him.

—Chicago Record.

Decidedly Unreal.

"Fine show," remarked the first nighter at the close of the new comic opera. "The comic fisherman was a very realistic character, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," replied the amateur angler; "his lines were too catchy."—Philadelphia Press.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

26-t 23 Aug

DRAKE'S ODE TO OLD GLORY.

Joseph Rodman Drake's ode to "The American Flag" ranks next in popularity to "The Star Spangled Banner" as a versified tribute to Old Glory. Drake died at the age of 25, so that precocity has been justified in one instance at least. He was a poet in his childhood. In his twenty-second year he wrote "The Culprit Fay," the work upon which his reputation chiefly rests. The date of his spirited ode is not certain, but he attached little value to it. When on his deathbed, a friend brought it to his side with other fugitive pieces, and the author said, "Burn them; they are of no value." They

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

were preserved, however, and the ode was included among others in a collection published in 1835.

While not suited for musical rendering, like Key's masterpiece, "The American Flag" contains many lofty flights of poetic imagery and gems of poetic expression. An Englishman who was comparing notes upon literature with an American cousin asked him which four lines of poetry he considered the finest in the mother tongue. The answer, given offhand, was a quotation of the first four lines of Drake's ode. After listening with breathless attention the Briton said, "Yes, I think I quite agree with you."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave unto his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And roll the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

True to Himself.

Hungry Higgins—But s'pose you just had to work, what would you druther do?

Weary Watkins—Die.—Indianapolis Press.

Impossible.

Husband—Why do you persist in wearing shoes that pinch your feet?

Wife—Oh, I never could feel comfortable in a comfortable shoe!—Life.

Of Prime Importance.

That almanac
It shows no lack
Of facts an figgers, too,
An it has shown,
As you must own,
A lot of things brand new.
If you would learn
How fate will turn,
Its pages you must quiz;
Each state of mind
Is due, you'll find,
To how your liver is.

Your happiness,
Likewise distress,
Are symptoms, nothing more;
Relief is close,
You take some dose,
An all your grief is o'er.
You want to know
How joy or woe
Are gotten in life's biz?
I tell you, friends,
It all depends
On how your liver is.

—Washington Star.

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