

The Banner of the Stars

FLING out the flag with starry folds that kiss the morning breeze—
The beauteous emblem of our sway upon the land and seas—
A nation loves to see it wave resplendent in the sun,
For 'neath it glittered long ago the sword of Washington;
Aye, where its stars for thousands shone amid the stubborn fight,
The ragged Continentals stood and battled for the right;
Run up the flag this sacred day that tells of Freedom's birth,
And let it proudly float above the banners of the earth.

To the thunder of the cannon we were born a nation free,
Amid the smoke of war they crowned the brow of Liberty;
Old Glory floated grandly in a light that was divine
Above the snows of Trenton and the gloom of Brandywine;
The stalwart sons of Freedom's land with blade and bayonet
Performed beneath its glorious folds the deeds we can't forget;
They laureled it with glory's wreath and that is why to-day,
While peal the bells of Liberty, they bless its mighty sway.

It floats where bloom the orange trees that skirt old ocean's line,
It waves above the cypress and the plumage of the pine;
Our eagle, soaring grandly in the beams of Freedom's sun,
Looks down with pride upon the flag beloved by Washington;
They stand beneath its famous folds from surging sea to sea,
The men who bravely followed once the plumes of Grant and Lee;

Behold the peaceful battle plain where thousands met as foes!
One flag is there reflected where the fair Potomac flows.
'Tis the guiding star of Freedom and the hope of those unborn,
Of every hate and darksome stain our banner has been shorn,
Fame invests it with new glory and about it lingers still
The echo of the guns that roared one day at Bunker Hill;
Beneath it seem to march again the heroes of our wars,
Whose valor crowned its lovely stripes and beautified its stars,
And this is why to-day we gaze upon its presence fair
And thank the watchful Father that Old Glory still is there.

It greets the storm's winds with delight,
It loves the ocean's roar,
It guards the land of Washington from rocky shore to shore,
It waves above our heroes' graves in one unbroken line
From the land of the palmetto to the home-land of the pine;
And all the people bless it and to-day their love renew
For the banner of our fathers—for the old Red, White and Blue;
For the flag that waved triumphant where the Continentals stood
In their "ragged regimentals" in the battle-shattered wood.

Long may it wave while Freedom's bells for Liberty ring out,
To the music of the cannon and the brave and boisterous shout;
Our matchless natives bear it unto every sun-kissed sea,
And all the world pays tribute to the banner of the Free;
In its beauty and its glory, in its splendor and its worth
It tells to nations great and small the story of our birth;
Crowned with the laureled wreath of peace, invincible in war,
Is Columbia's sacred banner of the glorious stripe and star.



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HOW IT STRUCK PAPA.



"Say, pop, what's th' best thing 'bout Fourth of July?"—Chicago

THE FOURTH OF JULY

It Will Live Forever as the Liberty Day of the Nation

THE people of a great republic, living as they do in the present, look backward that they may see in the past the promise of the future. The birth of a child is the guaranty of the man, and the beginning of a nation is the assurance of its development. Standing today upon the threshold of the temple of the twentieth century, the hope of whose building is the assurance of a structure whose glory shall eclipse that of all which have gone before it, men traverse the shades of the century dead and pass on to the eighteenth century in which the announcement was made that a child-nation was born, to grow up to the stature of adult strength.

Fourth of July is an inspiring day. It was made glorious by an act of the fathers—a unanimous act, which defied the sacred



THE EMBLEMS OF LIBERTY.

conventions of time, the precious associations of kinship and blood, because the doers held liberty to be the greatest blessing of humanity. They believed that peace was not possible, and that happiness was unattainable except through her benign aid. Better the loss of England's protection, better the sundering of lifelong ties, better the dividing of father against son and of son against brother, than that men with longings for greatest liberty should be crushed under the iron heels of a rank oppression.

The declaration was read to the army a few days later. Everywhere it was received by the people with loud acclamations of joy. They stood ready to confirm its words with their property and their lives, and to seal it with the kiss of their most sacred honor. The number of patriots was small in those days. There were scarcely three millions of souls in all. But they were as one people with a single purpose. Their watchword was liberty, with protection for all, the humblest as well as the most exalted. They staked their all upon the issue, and conquered because of the oneness of their purpose and the holiness of their resolve. For them to will was to do, for the reason that they had compelled their masters in the past to be content with the name of tyrant, without any of its privileges.

But the Fourth of July does not stop in its teaching with the lesson of the Declaration of Independence. Every result of that lesson is but another lesson to be learned of the beauty and comeliness of the child of promise. In the struggle for independence, in the building of a constitution, in the second war with Great Britain, in the wars with Indians and Mexico, and in the mighty struggle between the states—in all of these the glory of the Fourth of July is manifest, typifying the beauty and strength of a nation, which, though born in weakness, possessed the elements of endurance and matchless development.

Aye, and the Fourth recalls the ability of the people and the lawmakers and rulers of the republic to meet the requirements of a rapidly-developing nation. Whatever the emergency, and the perils have been many and great, they are found equal to the duties imposed upon them.

The day is of no value, except it be a great teacher of patriotism. It is well to hail and acclaim it for its memories, so pure and precious. But these memories should impress the lessons, not only of joy and gladness, because of the heritage that is all the people's, but also it should teach that what is as the cumulative effects of loyalty and zeal must be used to the greatest good of the living, and for the surest benefit of those who are yet unborn.

As the fathers builded for the unborn, so this generation must look ahead and learn what is good for those who are to be. The lamp of the past should flash into the future. The nation has grown from 3,000,000 to 80,000,000. The close of another century may show a people of 400,000,000 or more. The improvement of the present—the holding fast to the constitution and laws with such changes as are made necessary by existent conditions; in this way the safety of the republic is assured and its future greatness becomes confirmed.

It is an earnest of the patriotism of the people that the Fourth of July is commemorated. It is the liberty day of the nation, and so long as it is honored, so long the people honor themselves, and no fear need be had as to the violation of the people's rights. The fathers saw in this day the harbinger of future safety. They predicted its celebration and realized its sanctity. It is a distinctive holiday for all of the people, and is celebrated in honor of the whole nation. The duty of patriotism cannot be too emphatically taught a people which has assumed the onerous task of amalgamating into their life the ignorant and oppressed of other nations.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

The Fourth Is Coming.
Now take the ancient flint-lock down
And load it full of shot,
Fill up the ancient powder-horn
And heat the punk-stick hot.
Stuff cotton in your aching ears,
And, mark you, don't forget
The arnica, for Willie now
The Fourth awaits, you bet.
—N. Y. World.

A Disappointment.
Hiram—I went over to Dobbs Corners on the Fourth to see that there grand pyrotechnic display that they'd been blowin' so much about.
Silas—Well, what was it?
Hiram—Nuthin' but a lot o' fireworks.
—N. Y. Journal.

After the Explosion.
Widow—You say you met my little boy. Which way was he going when you saw him last?
Bystander—Strait up in the air, Judge.

THE SMITHERS PICNIC

Whole Family Is Glad That the Fourth Comes But Once a Year

WELL, what kind of a Fourth had you, Mrs. Smithers?" asked little Mrs. White, who had run in to borrow a pattern and enjoy the news. "I did enjoy seeing you start off with the wagon loaded down with lunch baskets, firecrackers and flags. I said then to Mr. White that Mr. Smithers may be a little well, eccentric, and I'm sure, Mrs. Smithers, clever people are always eccentric, look at Daniel Webster and Robert Burns—but he is the best of fathers. Yes, I'm sure you had an ideal day, right in the heart of nature, and—"

"Oh, yes, we spent the day in the heart of nature, but I can't say that it was an ideal one. Next year, Mrs. White, we spend our Fourth in town; it—it is safer!" "Good gracious, you don't mean to say that the horses ran away, or—"

"Those horses haven't run anywhere for a good 20 years, my dear. Mr. Smithers especially arranged for a safe pair. We reached our destination two hours late, and then Mr. Smithers would send the team back so that the horses might rest. The driver was to come back for us at seven o'clock. He did not seem to appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mr. Smithers."

"Oh, well, those people never do appreciate—"

"No, as Mr. Smithers says, you must do right, and not expect to be appreciated. Well, the boys were wild with delight when we arrived, and Mr. Smithers started at once to put up the flagpole. It took two hours, and not one of us was allowed to speak or move, because it made him nervous, so the time passed rather slowly. Then Mr. Smithers read the Declaration of Independence, to put us into the proper frame of mind."

"You must have been ready for your luncheon by that time."

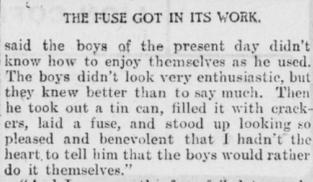
"We were, but we didn't enjoy it much, after all. The driver had placed the lunch baskets on an ant heap before he drove off. I couldn't help suspecting that he did it on purpose."

"That was unfortunate, but still—"

"Yes, as Mr. Smithers said, we had plenty of fresh air, pure water, and—"

"But the worst thing about fresh air is the fact that it makes you hungry, and pure water is not filling, say what you please."

"True. Well, after eating what luncheon the ants had left, we set to work to enjoy ourselves. Then Mr. Smithers told the boys that he himself would fire off all the firecrackers, as he did when he was a boy. He



THE FUSE GOT IN ITS WORK.

said the boys of the present day didn't know how to enjoy themselves as he used. The boys didn't look very enthusiastic, but they knew better than to say much. Then he took out a tin can, filled it with crackers, laid a fuse, and stood up looking so pleased and benevolent that I hadn't the heart to tell him that the boys would rather do it themselves.

"And I suppose the fuse failed to work, so—"

"It did, until Mr. Smithers leaned over to investigate. Then it did its work thoroughly. Mr. Smithers was in the act of telling the boys that people were never hurt, save by their own carelessness, but he didn't finish the sentence."

"Mercy, was he much hurt? And—"

"When the smoke cleared away a little, we saw him dancing like a dervish who had found a hornet's nest in his path. His whiskers, the pride of his life, were singed, one eyebrow was gone and his eyes soon swelled shut. The explosion had blown down the flag pole, which was not very secure, and it just grazed his head in its fall. I—I was sorry for the boys to hear his remarks!"

"Gracious, your day was spoiled."

"It was, my dear. For the rest of it Mr. Smithers lay on the ground while I bandaged his eyes with cold water."

"And the boys? Did—"

"They had rather a hard time, too, what with being called 'unhappy orphans' every few minutes, and knowing they would have no dinner. They also discovered that all the matches had gone up in the explosion, and no more firecrackers were possible."

"Oh, weren't you glad to get home?"

"I certainly was, but it was late when we did. The driver said the distance was too great for him to get back at the time Mr. Smithers had appointed. When the doctor came Mr. Smithers expected him to praise his heroism, but he only laughed and said half the small boys in town had been worse hurt than he was, and had kept on celebrating. Well, it's lucky that next Fourth of July is a whole year off—otherwise we wouldn't celebrate it at all!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

CHILDISH FUN ON THE FOURTH.



"Open your mou' an' shut your Willie, an' I'll gib yer somethin' to yer wise!"—N. Y. World.

Runaway at Manhelm.

John B. Myers, station agent at Manhelm his wife and daughter, Miss Ella B. Myers, a teacher in the public schools, and his aged mother, Mrs. Mary Myers, made a narrow escape with their lives in a runaway on Sunday morning while driving in a carriage to church, and, as a result, the aged woman and the daughter were seriously injured and Mr. and Mrs. Myers bruised and shocked.

A Razor That is 125 Years Old.

Mrs. Annie K. Witmyer, the mother of former Tax Collector Cyrus L. Witmyer, of Manheim borough, is the owner of a razor that is as old as the Declaration of Independence. It is called the "Lexington Razor," and was made July 4, 1776, by W. Greaves & Sons.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by J. S. Carmany, Florin, Pa.

The Reason Why.

If the BULLETIN is brought to your residence and you are not a subscriber it denotes that you should be one. As the subscription price is only five cents a year, no home in the community should be without this wide-awake weekly informant. We will use our utmost efforts in making this paper a good one, heralding all the news of the town and community, as well as brief correspondence from our neighboring villages and boroughs. Do not delay but subscribe at once. Trial subscriptions, six months, 25 cents in advance. Sample copies free.

"The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear." That is precisely the manner in which Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has gained its reputation as a cure for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Every bottle that has ever been put out by the manufacturers has been fully up to the high standard of excellence claimed for it. People have found that it can always be depended upon for the relief and cure of these ailments and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by J. S. Caamany, Florin.

Killed in a Storm.

John Rinehart, of York, was killed at Vineland, near Williamsport, on Saturday. He attended Robinson's show. Storm blew the tent over, and a tent pole crushed his head. Edward Rinehart, of Columbia, is a brother.

HEARTBURN.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and do not freely eat of rich food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale by J. S. Carmany, Florin.

The Bulletin Office.

For the present the editor of this paper will not have an office in Florin, and any person wishing rates for advertising, job work, or a subscription to the BULLETIN, can get same by calling at J. D. Easton's restaurant or J. S. Carmany's store, Florin.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy J. S. Carmany, Florin, Pa., will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Wreck Near Rohrersstown.

About seven o'clock Thursday morning ten coal cars of an east-bound Pennsylvania Railroad freight train were wrecked at Sener's curve, two miles west of Rohrersstown, by the breaking of an axle. Both tracks were blocked several hours.

When you want a modern, up-to-date physic try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Carmany's Store, Florin, Penna.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

IN EFFECT MAY 26, 1901

Going East From Florin	
Lancaster Accommodation	7 07 a m
Seashore Express	12 23 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	3 43 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	5 05 p m
Philadelphia Mail	7 41 p m
(Sunday) Philadelphia Mail	7 41 p m
Going West From Florin	
Paoli Accommodation	7 00 a m
Mail	10 17 a m
Lancaster Accommodation	4 10 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	6 10 p m
Harrisburg Express	7 37 p m
(Sunday) Way Passenger	7 00 a m
Going East From Mount Joy	
Lancaster Accommodation	7 12 a m
Seashore Express	12 29 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	3 47 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	5 08 p m
Philadelphia Mail	7 47 p m
(Sunday) Main Line Express	4 03 p m
(Sunday) Philadelphia Mail	7 44 p m
Going West From Mount Joy	
Way Passenger	6 55 a m
Mail	10 14 a m
Niagara Express	10 48 a m
Lancaster Accommodation	4 07 p m
Lancaster Accommodation	6 02 p m
Harrisburg Express	7 31 p m
(Sunday) Way Passenger	6 55 a m
(Sunday) Niagara Express	10 48 a m
(Sunday) Way Passenger	3 46 p m

PANTS PA

Have just received direct from a manufacturer and Boys' Pants at from 25 to 30 per cent. und to close out quick, offer the follow

Lot of Men's Cotton Pants, all sizes at 50c
Lot of Men's Cotton Pants at \$1 w
Lot Men's Cassimere Pants, Neat Stripe Eff
Lot of Men's Fancy Cassimere Pants
Boys' Knee Pants, size 4 to 15 years, in and 50c per pair. Yours F

HOWARD E. F

MOUNT JOY

This Space is

D. H. EN

Undertaker, Furn

Mount Joy

A LOT SUM

From all the Leading Makers

Full Line Caps for M

H. L. BOA

144 NORTH QUEEN

FOR THE M

There Isn't a Better Pla

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PRICE IS RIGHT

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W. U. HENSEL,

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