

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first greeting about the hills...

Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free, and staid Connecticut breaks forth in joyous harmony...

While on the booming valley rolls o'er plain and flowery glades, To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades...

And wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high, Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky...

While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand, Is missing him for home and bread in this free, fertile land...

That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic Sea.

O God, look down upon the land which Thou hast loved so well, And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell!

Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale, Many they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fall!

Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun— Our country, our whole country, and our country every one! —George W. Bethune.

THE MINERS' FOURTH IN THE DAYS OF GOLD

The old miner filled his pipe and settled back in his chair. "It was way back in '53," he said...

"I was a-thinkin' of home and had almost made up my mind to start for the east next day."

"Jack was singin' a gloomy old hymn tune just 'cause he knew it aggravated me, and I was just goin' to chuck something at him when I seen a sight that made me turn cold."

"Clear and sharp agin the sky stood the flagger of an Injun! Only a second he stood there, but I knew that there was more of 'em among the rocks and boulders."

"When we were off on a gallop to Wilkin's ranch we heard the critters' gonias comin' full pelt behind us."

"Our horses were fresh, but the Indian ponies were very swift and almost tireless."

"An arrow or two whistled over our heads, but they seemed to be waitin' till they got closer before they all fired."

"I looked at Jack. His lips were closed tight, but there was a gleam in his eyes that made me think he was sorter enjoyin' it."

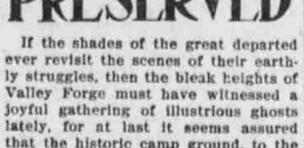
"Suddenly—oh, it was a bad moment—my horse stumbled in a hole and fell, snapping a foreleg. I raised my rifle and would have blown the leader of the Indians to kingdom come if Jack hadn't slipped the bridle rein of his horse into my hand an' said: 'Don't lose no time. I'll take keer o' these varmints.'"

A flag swung high on a rampart bold, And the soldiers saw it blow, And the sun went down, and the stars came out, And over the field died the battle shout...

A single bell tolled in the midday air, And a flag fluttered over the trees, And the people gazed with proud demean On the flag that flaunted the starry thir-

The stars have grown since that far-off day, And the stripes are true and bright, And over the country they sweep afar— Gallant each stripe and gallant each star— Shining by day and by night.

A single bell tolled in the long ago To rally the brave little band, Where chimed now peal in the stiffening breeze, And shouts ring joyously over the seas, And flags wave over the land.



VALLEY FORGE TO BE PRESERVED

If the shades of the great departed ever revisit the scenes of their earthly struggles, then the bleak heights of Valley Forge must have witnessed a joyful gathering of illustrious ghosts lately, for at last it seems assured that the historic camp ground, to the extent of 1,000 acres, is to be preserved forever as a national park.

It is intended to restore the sacred spot to the condition it was in at the time of the heroic self-sacrifice of the revolutionary army. The entrenchments are to be cleared of the century and a quarter accumulation of rubbish that almost obliterates their lines.

When the committee in charge of arrangements has thus secured the historic ground for the people, each state whose sons suffered and died at Valley Forge for the independence of the nation will be invited to mark the particular spot where its own regiment of patriots camped in the dreadful winter succeeding Washington's repulse by Howe at Germantown.

To the tourists who toil up the hill to the intrenchments of Valley Forge, after a visit to the quaint little house in which Washington made his headquarters, the most astonishing thing about the encampment is that a century and a quarter of effort by the elements has failed to make any impression on the solid earthworks.

The rifle pits are filled with dead leaves, trees have grown on the hills that were once cleared of timber in order to give the sharpshooters a view of the points in danger of attack, and some of the advanced posts are distinguishable only because of the signs describing them; but the lines of the trenches are plainly discernible.

Fort Huntington, with its fringe of tall trees, stands grim as ever in the foreground as one looks down from an angle of the entrenchments, and it requires very little imagination to see the mouths of the cannon pointing out of the embrasures and the gleam of the sentry's bayonet as he parades behind the wall. From this same angle the valley stretches in peaceful beauty, two or three old-fashioned houses are the only structures in sight, and the white column erected by the Daughters of the Revolution to the dead who lie buried all around is the most conspicuous mark on the pastoral landscape.

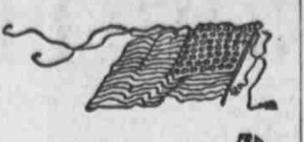
Except for the presence of the railroad at the foot of the hills on which are the entrenchments, and the telegraph poles lining the white stretches of highway, Valley Forge seems just as it is pictured in the stirring days of the revolution.

The roadway up which the tourists toil, every other person armed with a camera, is a roughly made path that has probably received very little attention since the time of the camp. Trees that have fallen or been cut down since Washington wintered at Valley Forge are strewn around the ground; the stones that were brought to the lines to strengthen the defenses remain just as they were placed by patriot hands.

Take a map of Valley Forge encampment made in Washington's time, and every point can be traced, every fort located, and the position of each headquarters defined. In fact, the work of restoring Valley Forge to its original condition will not be so difficult as may seem at first sight, so perfectly preserved are all the lines of the encampment.

Should it be decided, as seems likely, to rebuild the huts in rows, just as they stood during the winter of suffering, it will not be hard to arrange the camp in the form assumed when the colonial troops settled down to await the coming of spring. If the various states represented in Washington's army at Valley Forge unite to rebuild the camp, each state undertaking to restore that portion in which its own soldiers lived, there will be no trouble in pointing out the exact spot in which were quartered the particular shoeless and shivering patriots who claimed that state as their birth-place.

It is an open question in which particular shape the camp will be restored. Some want it to be a military post. Others would like to see it an exact reproduction of the original encampment. These are questions that can be threshed out in the future. The fact that Valley Forge is to be religiously guarded from vandal hands and remain forever the property of the nation is sufficient cause for congratulation at present.



BELOVED OLD GLORY

Enchanted web! A picture in the air, Drifted to us from out the distant blue, From the shadowy ancestors through whose brave care

We live in magic of a dream come true— With covenant's blue, as if were glass— In dewy flower-heart, the stars that passed, O blood-veined blossom that can never blight!

The Declaration, like a sacred rite, Is in each star and stripe declaratory, The Constitution thou shalt long recite, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new Reverberations of the Bell, that beat its tones of liberty the wide world through! In battle breasted like a cyclone blast! Symbol of land and people unsurpassed Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.

On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight, No face so friendly, naught consolatory Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

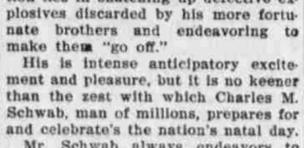
Thou art the one flag, an embodied prayer, One highest and most perfect to review; Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square, Has properties of all the numbers, too—Cube, solid, square root, root of root, best classed

It for His essence the Creator cast, For purity are the six stripes of white, This number circular and endless quite— Six times, well knows the scholar was and hoary thy thirteen stripes their charm and might!

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory." Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare; As when o'er old certarian it blew, (Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare) God favored seven when creation grew; The seven planets, seven hues contrast; The seven metals, seven days; not last, The seven tones of marvelous delight That heed the listening soul their wings for flight!

But why complete the happy category That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and might? Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory." In thy dear colors honored everywhere, The great and mystic ternion we view; Faith, hope, and Charity are numbered there, And these nails the crucifixion knew, Three are offended when one has trespassed, God, and one's neighbor and one's self—highly, Christ's deity, and soul, and manhood's height; The Father, Son, and Ghost may here

With texts like these, divinely monitory, What wonder that thou conquestest is the light, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory." ENVOL. O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past, Triumphant Present and our Future— Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset light, Lead us to realms of Equal Right! Float on in every lovely allegory, Kin to the eagle and the wind and light, Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."



A Millionaire's Celebration.

The spirit of the Fourth is no respecter of persons. It seizes hold of the millionaire as well as the ragamuffin whose only means of celebration lies in snatching up defective explosives discarded by his more fortunate brothers and endeavoring to make them "go off."

His is intense anticipatory excitement and pleasure, but it is no keener than the zest with which Charles M. Schwab, man of millions, prepares for and celebrates the nation's natal day.

Mr. Schwab always endeavors to spend the day in the town of his boyhood, Loretto, Pa., where his father and mother live. No matter where he is, or what the business, he usually manages to turn up at his magnificent country home on the hill overlooking the town a day or two before the Fourth; and with him come box after box of all manner of fireworks.

Some of the pyrotechnics he uses to make glad the hearts of his little friends—the children of former playmates. The fireworks which Mr. Schwab reserves for himself are set off on the night of the Fourth, when he gathers at his home his friends and relatives for miles around. The display lasts until well into the night. It is dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme, and it causes many an honest former friend to ejaculate from the depth of his wonderment and awe: "Well, I swan, but Charlie's a hummer!"

Origin of Our Banner. It has often been asked what suggested the design for our star-spangled banner. There are many traditions afloat concerning the origin of the design, but the one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the design to Washington. The general found in the coat-of-arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag. The coat-of-arms of the Washington family has two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar. The American flag, once decided upon, was rushed through in a hurry for the army was badly in need of a standard.



Two Important Experiments.

The Iowa Agricultural Union, a society formed largely of graduates from the Iowa agricultural college, has undertaken to solve two questions of very great importance to the agricultural world. One of these is the influence on the progeny of the age of the sire and dam.

In the case of swine and sheep this is to be extended to include the number of progeny at time of birth and the development in vigor between the different progenies is to be noted. This has been a matter that has excited the keenest discussion among breeders. A large number of our most advanced thinkers have been declaring that the immature sires and dams are the cause of the decadence of constitutional vigor noted in some of our highly bred animals.

At the same time the practice has been to breed from young animals to get early maturity which is conceded to be of great value, especially in the case of meat animals. The second experiment is relative to cross-breeding. Our stockmen assert that much is sometimes gained by a single cross, but that to use the results of this cross as breeders is a mistake. They say that while one cross improves, more than one deteriorates the progeny. The co-operators in Iowa will seek to determine the influence of cross breeding. Animals will be cross bred and their offspring will be in turn used for breeding purposes and their progeny compared with the pure breeds. The advantage in these experiments is that they are to be carried on on a large scale and under the observation of skilled experimenters.

Shearing of World's Fair Sheep.

A rule having an important bearing upon the shearing of sheep to be exhibited at the World's Fair at St. Louis has been announced by the chief of the Department of Live Stock as follows: "All sheep and goats must have been evenly, closely and properly shorn on or after the first day of April, 1904, and the date of the shearing must be certified on the application for entry. Sheep or goats unevenly or stubble shorn or that have been clipped to conceal defects or to mislead will not be allowed to compete. The judge shall disqualify for competition any sheep or goat deemed by him as having been improperly or stubble shorn or with its fleece otherwise treated for purposes of fraud or deception."

The question of shearing in connection with the exhibition of sheep has been a vexed one at fairs and exhibitions for a long time. A draft of a rule was sent to prominent breeders and authorities with the request for suggestions as to the best form. The customs prevailing in other countries and made legitimate through climatic or other conditions, although perhaps not common with sheep breeders in the United States, have been fully taken into account. The experiences of previous fairs and the necessity of avoiding an unenforceable regulation were considered. The rule determined upon is intended to enforce only such restrictions as will secure deserved awards.

In the Dipping of Cattle.

The government a short time ago issued a proclamation prohibiting the transportation of mangy cattle except after having been dipped. We published a summary of the requirements at the time. We note some additional points that may be of interest to some of our readers. The dipping must be thoroughly done, and the cattle must be kept in the dip two or three minutes, having been completely submerged twice. The temperature of the dip should be maintained at 105 degrees or as nearly as possible, while the cattle are in it. It must be changed as soon as it becomes filthy, regardless of the number of cattle dipped in it. No dipping should be done in cold weather unless the men having charge of them have provided warm pens in which the animals may be kept till dry. The cattle must not be loaded onto cars till they have become dry. Where large numbers of cattle are ready for shipment and have not been dipped, the government will send inspectors and those animals found to be free from scabies will be permitted to go forward without being dipped. All public stock yards are considered by the inspectors as having been infected and no animal will be permitted to be shipped out without dipping except where part of stock yards have been set aside for the use of uninfected cattle.

Potatoes as Hog Feed.

Potatoes are quite largely fed to hogs, but it is found advisable to boil them. In the New England States they are fed extensively, being hulled in milk and mixed with meal in a barrel. Frequently several bushels are boiled at a time, and when mixed with corn meal make an appetizing mess. The only fault to be found with this combination is that it is badly out of balance. The potatoes are rich in starch and so is the corn. To such of our readers as are still following the old practice we would advise the substitution of bran or of ground oats for the corn meal. This would make a fairly well balanced ration. The Canadians say that potatoes have a good effect on the quality of bacon produced. There is probably no better use to which small potatoes may be put than this.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.

Defiance Starch

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

Mustn't Flirt Any More.

The Cunard company has issued an order forbidding the officers to promenade the decks with feminine passengers or to participate in any social events on shipboard. It seems that numerous complaints were made that the officers were neglecting their duties in order to play gallant, and besides, that the officers snubbed all but the pretty girls bringing complaints from the ladies not endowed with beauty. The fascinating wearers of gold lace and brass buttons will hereafter attend strictly to their duties, for steamship companies should take as good care of their homely passengers as of their good-looking ones.

Rules for Politicians.

"There are," said Thomas Taggart, the Democratic leader in Indiana, "three rules of deportment which should be the guiding stars of all politicians: First, never take a drink, for fear of promoting intemperance; second, never refuse a drink, for fear of making bad friends; third, never worry about what happens—unless it happens to you."

The Preacher's Evidence.

Roland, Ill., June 27.—Diabetes has so long been looked upon as an incurable form of kidney disease that a sure cure for it must rank as one of the most valuable medical discoveries of the age. And every day brings forth fresh evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure diabetes. Important evidence in their favor is given by Rev. Thos. P. Norman, the well-known Baptist minister here. Mr. Norman says: "I had all the symptoms of a bad case of diabetes and received so much benefit from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills that I cheerfully recommend them to anyone suffering from that dread disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the worst form of diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diabetes, one of the final stages of kidney disease. All the earlier stages from backache to rheumatism are naturally much more easily cured by the same remedy."

The Fulton Centennial.

Profiting by former experiences in the matter of celebrations in not having things ready on time—for instance, the Columbus, Dewey and other affairs—New York has already commenced preparations toward the celebration of the centennial of the sailing of the first steamboat on the Hudson. This will be in 1907, and is to be an auspicious event. Steps have been taken toward building a face simile of the Clermont, at first sneeringly dubbed "Fulton's Folly," but which turned out to be Robert Fulton's joy and pride when she successfully paddled her way to Albany and back in four days' time. Steamboat development within the last century has been so wonderful that it is fitting to commemorate the inventions of Fulton and John Fitch in as big a blow-out as steam and money can devise.

Why He Dislikes Republicans.

After one of John Sharp Williams' pull-and-haul contests with Republicans in the house during the last session of congress, Speaker Cannon said to him: "John what makes you such a bitter partisan?" "Well, Joe," was the reply, "coming from you, that is certainly very good." "Oh, never mind about me, but tell me why you are such a partisan." The Mississippian answered gravely, "To tell you the truth, I never saw a Republican until I was 21 years old, and I can't get used to them, somehow."

FOOD FACTS

What an M. D. Learned. A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public: "It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly. "I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me and it became plain that I must change, then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard-work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life. "As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles. "There's a reason." Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds. Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping-stone to success, he tells in The Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences: "Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself. Fiction pays best of all. Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6000-word story before breakfast. Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write. Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain. "As soon as a fellow sells two or three things to the magazines," says Jack London, "his friends all ask him how he managed to do it," and then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him. He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of \$10 a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning \$600 a month, without overstocking the market. One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, thick manuscript envelope, a short, thin one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as ever, he had figured in his mind what the offer for this 4000-word story would be at the minimum rate—\$40, of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars! Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant. Five dollars! When? The editor did not state. But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain. Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it: "Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat. "Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4000-word story which was more lengthy than strength, if I would grant permission to cut it down half. Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they'd only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the \$5 previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble." And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid! Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication. Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town. It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,600 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition. The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn \$10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can. But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling? The June Century. Queer little fellows are the pocket-gophers, and very important factors in the production of the vegetable mold of the west, according to Ernest Thompson Seton. The result of Mr. Seton's study of pocket-gophers in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Manitoba, and British Columbia will be presented to readers of the June Century under the title of "The Master Plowman of the West." Mr. Seton's drawings, as always, will add greatly to the interest and value of his sketch.