

Education Is Necessary to Instill "Love of Country."

It has been said with much apparent truthfulness that love of country beyond that commonly entertained for local habitations and their immediate environments is an artificial emotion created by educational processes.

This proposition seems to find confirmation in the history of all communities removed from the active influences of the governments under which they live. The sentiments of patriotism exhibited by the inhabitants of the isolated mountain regions of West Virginia at the beginning of the war of the rebellion afford a striking illustration of the truth of these observations. As a class, these people displayed small, apparently, interest in the affairs of the nation when the war began, and gave scant welcome to both the federal and confederate forces that came among them. Their love of country appeared to be limited to the immediate region in which they found their homes, and their knowledge of information they possessed at the time of the great world about them.

When the federal troops first reached Sutton, a picturesque little village on the Elk river, a few professed "union men" came down to the town from their little "clearings" in the mountains, accessible only by frequenting the narrow paths, to see the union troops and the great four-wheeled wagons that carried their supplies. The wagons and the tents, the cooking utensils, the entrenching tools, and the arms of the soldiers, all in their turn attracted the attention of the villagers.

The visitors came at last to the tent of the commanding officer, where the national flag floated lazily from its staff in the breeze, and stopping there for awhile, watched it curiously.

"She's purty," said a gray-haired member of the group. "Say, Bill," he continued, addressing a young man at his side, "ask 'em what she's for."

The soldiers who heard the earnest inquiry of the old mountaineer smiled at his question and wondered at the ignorance it displayed. But, after all, how many among the illiterate of our people are able to answer the question intelligently?

This education, fortunately, may be imparted by common methods or obtained as the result of personal experiences. Many soldiers of the union who entered the federal service had at the time but little thought of duty and love of country as they subsequently learned to comprehend this emotion.

Probably no better illustration of this fact can be found in the annals of the war than that afforded by an incident that occurred at Vicksburg not long after the fall of that confederate stronghold. Several hundred paroled prisoners of war who had been confined in the confederate stockades at Meridian and elsewhere in the interior reached the federal lines one day soon after their liberation and were taken to the city through one of the eastern sally-ports of the practically impregnable works which the union forces had erected on the land side of the place after its surrender. A turn in the highway followed by the ragged, emaciated soldiers returned from their captivity, suddenly brought them into view of a large national flag flying from the top of a staff not far away.

At the first view of the flag every head in the column was uncovered, and then, as if with one impulse, every hand that held a hat or cap was stretched out towards the flag in an expression of fealty and devotion. A moment later the poor, paroled captives gave vent to their feelings in prolonged cheers for the flag, and cries of thankfulness for their liberation.

This incident, which was so extreme, and impressed those who witnessed it as one worthy of commemoration.

H. R. Brinkerhoff, Lieut. Col., U. S. A., Retired.

Old Abe, Famous War Eagle.

For centuries the eagle has been the emblem of liberty, the inspiration of poets and the terror of his feathered friends. The king of birds has furnished the story writer with countless incidents, from aerial battles to child stealing. One of Victor Hugo's greatest poems begins: "L'aigle—c'est le génie—Oiseau de la recherche le plus haut fait." The poet parallels the struggles of the eagle with the battle of the eagle for existence, till both spread their wings in the plenitude of power. These are the fanciful way of looking at the bird of freedom, and it was doubtless similar ideas that induced the boys of the Eighth Wisconsin infantry to adopt old Abe, the celebrated war eagle as their mascot in the civil war. Abe's public career began in 1861. He had the true spirit the poets sung of. Perched on his stick Abe fearlessly watched the horrors of twenty-seven severe battles and as many skirmishes. When his company was mustered out the eagle entered civil life with the grace he had shown in war. He was exhibited through the country at soldiers' reunions, attended the sanitary fair at Chicago, occupied a prominent place at the Philadelphia centennial, and was the means of raising funds for many a good cause.

Abe gave the alarm of a fire at the capitol, which broke out near his cage, and when he was rescued it was found the smoke had injured his lungs. He died March 26, 1881, and his body, handsomely mounted, is an object of great curiosity in the war museum at Madison, Wis.

Artistic.

He flew up in the air at the cannon's bombard. But he fell to the pavement much faster. He is now studying in the surgical ward. A beautiful study in plaster.

The Modern Fourth.

The one great trouble with the kid, He makes it come too soon; He takes his squib and pyramid And sets them off in June.

New York Tribune: Many mothers who are zealous about the well-being of their children, and who attend to their daily needs in the way of education, clothing and food, with conscientious care, often neglect in the stress of their strenuous living what is most essential of all, i. e., companionship with their boys and girls, which lays the foundation for the friendship later on between parent and child which is so beautiful and so rare—rare because, although the latter may love his father and mother devotedly, he seldom feels the sense of pleasure in their society that he experiences with companions of his own age. This feeling of comradeship and intimacy which most parents would give worlds to have exist between their children and themselves when the latter attain maturity, and yet take so little trouble to foster when they are young, can only be acquired in early childhood. It is in the nursery that the mother must become a playfellow and companion in order to become a friend in after years; otherwise all she has done for her children—the self-sacrifice, the struggles, the anxieties—all go for naught in forming a friendship, however much they may excite gratitude and affection.

VENDETTA BY MARGUERITE TRIERY.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)

The door was torn open and an old, bent woman burst into the drinking room at a rate of speed surprising in any one of her age. The men who had been drinking around one of the tables jumped to their feet, but a glance from the woman made them sit down again. Once inside the door, she sat down near the fireplace and called out in her shrill voice, "Christina!"

A young woman who waited on the customers came toward her slowly and unwillingly.

"Throw some fresh wood on the fire, I am cold."

The old woman was the owner of the osteria, and Christina was her stepdaughter. A poor, miserable osteria it was, located in a tumble down cottage at the foot of Monte Clinto, which throws its shadow across the valley of Nisio, into which the Corsican bandits descend when they have become outlawed. The osteria had been opened about twenty years before, when Lucia, the old woman, was still young, and married Christina's father, who was then a widower.

Christina grew up between these two



Naturally. Tommy—Papa, who wrote the poem entitled "Down in the Coal Mine?" Papa—Some one of the minor poets, I suppose.

people, who abused and ill-treated her all the time, and who worked her from early dawn until long after midnight.

When the old woman had somewhat recovered and strengthened herself with a large glass of brandy, she looked at the new customers as if to discover if there was a traitor among them, and then said: "The carabinieri are in the woods, and there is a prize on Angelo's head."

If she had thrown a bomb among these men the effect could not have been more startling. Only Christina did not move, though her face had turned pale.

"How big is the prize?" she whispered. "The old woman, afraid she had already said too much, remained silent."

The next day was the Sunday of the dead, and while the bells pealed and everybody was kneeling on the grave of some relative, Christina sneaked out of the church and ran towards the woods.

She did not stop until she came to a little shanty far away up the side of the mountain. Hesitatingly she knocked at the door, which was immediately opened.

Three men were sitting in the room around a table playing cards. She looked at them for a moment and quietly said:

"I will deliver Angelo into your hands," and told them how they might easily catch him.

Her tale came clear and plain, but never once dared to meet their glances of contempt.

How could she know that, even if she was fond of gold, she did not betray the life of this man for love of money, but because she had no other way of carrying out her vendetta. Was it not perfectly right of her to take revenge upon her enemies?

Evening had come. The clouds which had concealed the sun from view all day had disappeared, and the moon was shining brightly illumining every nook and corner of the cemetery of the village.

A young splendidly built man is kneeling down alongside a grave. His hands are folded as if in prayer, but he is not praying. He is thinking of the past. He sees himself once more a happy boy in the house of his mother, who loved him better than her life. He sees his mother as she looked when his father had been laid to rest, all in black and crying while clasping him to her bosom. "Thank you, Lord, that I have still my boy left to live for." And he thought of the happy years when she had given her love in full measure to him and his little friend, Christina.

Then he shudders when he remembers the day when his playmate had answered him:

"You are too poor—there is somebody else who wants to marry me, and who is rich and can give me anything I am going to marry Pedro."

The same evening Pedro was killed by a bullet which hit him squarely between the eyes, and Angelo had fled to the mountains.

When Angelo's mother heard of her son's crime, she dropped dead without a sound. Also for her death Angelo blamed the girl. He hated her, hated her as much as he had loved her before, and swore that as long as he lived she should have no man to protect her. Another man, whose name he never found shot between the eyes as was Pedro, and since then no man had dared to go near her.

Angelo's conscience did not trouble him because of these murders; his only sorrow was that his crime had killed his mother, and every year on the birthday of the dead he risks his life to kneel down at his mother's grave and ask her forgiveness.

He is so absorbed in his thoughts that he does not hear a noise in the bushes near the wall behind him. It is Christina, who is sneaking ahead of the carabinieri, who must soon come to arrest him. And then she will have her gold, heaps of glittering gold, enough to gratify all her wishes for life.

She rejoices in the expectation of soon being able to leave the osteria, but when she sees the figure of her childhood friend kneeling at the grave of his mother, she feels that she is playing the part of Judas against a man whose only early crime is that he loved her too much and who must now live the life of a hunted beast.

And the thought of the blood money nearly choked her. She jumps to her feet. This time Angelo has heard and he stands there rifle in hand ready to shoot. His eye, however, recognizes her as a woman and he lets her come nearer.

"Angelo," she cries, "for God's sake Angelo, run away as fast as you can. They are coming."

"Who?"

"The carabinieri!"

"How do you know?"

"He seizes her hands in a grip of iron which nearly crushes every bone it hits. "Run, Angelo, run, she gasps, but she miserably creature, he hisses between his teeth, and draws his salletto."

"Angelo, Angelo!" is all she can say, as she sinks down on the grave at his feet. He raises the weapon to thrust it into her heart.

"Angelo, on your mother's grave!" His hand sinks down.

"You are right, you contemptible creature. I will not shed your blood to desecrate this holy spot, but I will get revenge—you shall see."

She falls to the ground in a swoon as his experienced ear hears the sound of approaching steps and in one bound he is on the other side of the wall.

A few seconds later the carabinieri are in the graveyard. Clouds are again hiding the moon, but in the dim light they are still able to see the figure prostrated on the grave.

How is it possible that he has not heard them. No, he must have heard them long ago, and must have decided to surrender, or maybe he was watching his chance to shoot them down.

"Angelo," the officer in command of the carabinieri shouts, "surrender or we will shoot."

No sound. The figure does not stir.

"Surrender! there is no escape, my men are all around you!"

He does not move.

For the third time the officer shouts his warning, and when he gets no answer he orders his men to fire.

A cry pierces the air, and Christina has paid the penalty of her crime.

While the landlady of the Bell Inn at Totwell, England, was at dinner the other day an aerolite crashed through the roof and exploded. Though the house was considerably damaged, the landlady escaped.

Twenty-three miles of American railroads in 1930 expanded to over 200,000 miles in 1904.

people, who abused and ill-treated her all the time, and who worked her from early dawn until long after midnight.

When the old woman had somewhat recovered and strengthened herself with a large glass of brandy, she looked at the new customers as if to discover if there was a traitor among them, and then said: "The carabinieri are in the woods, and there is a prize on Angelo's head."

If she had thrown a bomb among these men the effect could not have been more startling. Only Christina did not move, though her face had turned pale.

"How big is the prize?" she whispered. "The old woman, afraid she had already said too much, remained silent."

The next day was the Sunday of the dead, and while the bells pealed and everybody was kneeling on the grave of some relative, Christina sneaked out of the church and ran towards the woods.

She did not stop until she came to a little shanty far away up the side of the mountain. Hesitatingly she knocked at the door, which was immediately opened.

Three men were sitting in the room around a table playing cards. She looked at them for a moment and quietly said:

"I will deliver Angelo into your hands," and told them how they might easily catch him.

Her tale came clear and plain, but never once dared to meet their glances of contempt.

How could she know that, even if she was fond of gold, she did not betray the life of this man for love of money, but because she had no other way of carrying out her vendetta. Was it not perfectly right of her to take revenge upon her enemies?

Evening had come. The clouds which had concealed the sun from view all day had disappeared, and the moon was shining brightly illumining every nook and corner of the cemetery of the village.

A young splendidly built man is kneeling down alongside a grave. His hands are folded as if in prayer, but he is not praying. He is thinking of the past. He sees himself once more a happy boy in the house of his mother, who loved him better than her life. He sees his mother as she looked when his father had been laid to rest, all in black and crying while clasping him to her bosom. "Thank you, Lord, that I have still my boy left to live for." And he thought of the happy years when she had given her love in full measure to him and his little friend, Christina.

Then he shudders when he remembers the day when his playmate had answered him:

"You are too poor—there is somebody else who wants to marry me, and who is rich and can give me anything I am going to marry Pedro."

The same evening Pedro was killed by a bullet which hit him squarely between the eyes, and Angelo had fled to the mountains.

When Angelo's mother heard of her son's crime, she dropped dead without a sound. Also for her death Angelo blamed the girl. He hated her, hated her as much as he had loved her before, and swore that as long as he lived she should have no man to protect her. Another man, whose name he never found shot between the eyes as was Pedro, and since then no man had dared to go near her.

Angelo's conscience did not trouble him because of these murders; his only sorrow was that his crime had killed his mother, and every year on the birthday of the dead he risks his life to kneel down at his mother's grave and ask her forgiveness.

He is so absorbed in his thoughts that he does not hear a noise in the bushes near the wall behind him. It is Christina, who is sneaking ahead of the carabinieri, who must soon come to arrest him. And then she will have her gold, heaps of glittering gold, enough to gratify all her wishes for life.

She rejoices in the expectation of soon being able to leave the osteria, but when she sees the figure of her childhood friend kneeling at the grave of his mother, she feels that she is playing the part of Judas against a man whose only early crime is that he loved her too much and who must now live the life of a hunted beast.

And the thought of the blood money nearly choked her. She jumps to her feet. This time Angelo has heard and he stands there rifle in hand ready to shoot. His eye, however, recognizes her as a woman and he lets her come nearer.

"Angelo," she cries, "for God's sake Angelo, run away as fast as you can. They are coming."

"Who?"

"The carabinieri!"

"How do you know?"

"He seizes her hands in a grip of iron which nearly crushes every bone it hits. "Run, Angelo, run, she gasps, but she miserably creature, he hisses between his teeth, and draws his salletto."

"Angelo, Angelo!" is all she can say, as she sinks down on the grave at his feet. He raises the weapon to thrust it into her heart.

"Angelo, on your mother's grave!" His hand sinks down.

"You are right, you contemptible creature. I will not shed your blood to desecrate this holy spot, but I will get revenge—you shall see."

She falls to the ground in a swoon as his experienced ear hears the sound of approaching steps and in one bound he is on the other side of the wall.

A few seconds later the carabinieri are in the graveyard. Clouds are again hiding the moon, but in the dim light they are still able to see the figure prostrated on the grave.

How is it possible that he has not heard them. No, he must have heard them long ago, and must have decided to surrender, or maybe he was watching his chance to shoot them down.

"Angelo," the officer in command of the carabinieri shouts, "surrender or we will shoot."

No sound. The figure does not stir.

"Surrender! there is no escape, my men are all around you!"

He does not move.

For the third time the officer shouts his warning, and when he gets no answer he orders his men to fire.

A cry pierces the air, and Christina has paid the penalty of her crime.

While the landlady of the Bell Inn at Totwell, England, was at dinner the other day an aerolite crashed through the roof and exploded. Though the house was considerably damaged, the landlady escaped.

Twenty-three miles of American railroads in 1930 expanded to over 200,000 miles in 1904.



EVERY DAY IS THE FOURTH THESE DAYS.

—Chopin in St. Louis Star.

JARRAWAY'S GRAND GEYSER CASCADE

A Fourth of July Story.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Uncle Major," said Jack as he and Mollie helped the major to remove his hat and coat, "do you think there's much danger in little boys having firecrackers and rockets and piwhheels?"

"Or in little girls having torpedoes?" put in Mollie.

"Well, I don't know," the major answered warily. "What does your papa say about it?"

"He thinks we ought to wait until we are older, but we don't," said Jack. "Torpedoes never sets nothing afire," said Mollie.

"That's true," said the major kindly; "but, after all, your father is right. Why, do you know what happened to me when I was a boy?"

"Haven't an idea," said Jack.

"You burnt your thumb," said Mollie, ready to make a guess at it.

"Well, you get me a cigar, and I'll tell you what happened to me when I was a boy just because my father let me have all the fireworks I wanted, and then perhaps you will see how wise your father is in not doing as you wish him to."

Jack readily found the desired cigar, while Mollie brought the major a match, after which he settled down comfortably in the hammock and swinging softly to and fro, told his story.

"My dear old father," said he, "was the most indulgent man that ever lived. He'd give me anything in the world that I wanted whether he could afford it or not, only he had an original system of giving which kept him from being ruined by indulgence of his children. He gave me a Hudson river steamboat once without costing him a cent. I saw it, wanted it, was beginning to cry for it, when he patted me on the head and told me I could have it, adding, however, that I must never take it away from the river or try to run myself. That satisfied me."

"All I wanted was the happiness of feeling that it was mine, and my dear old daddy gave me permission to feel that way. The same thing happened with reference to the moon. He gave it to me freely and ungrudgingly. He had received it from his father, he said, and he thought he had owned it long enough. Only, he added, as he had about the steamboat, I must leave it where it was and let other people look at it whenever they wanted to and not interfere if I found any other little boys or girls playing with its beams, which I promised and have faithfully observed to this day."

"Of course from such a parent as this, you may very easily see, everything was to be expected on such a day as the Fourth of July. He used to let me have my own way at all times, and it is a wonder I wasn't spoiled. I really can't understand how it is that I have become the man I am considering, how I was indulged when I was small."

"However, like all boys, I was very fond of celebrating the Fourth, and, being a more or less ingenious boy, I usually prepared my own fireworks and many things happened which might not otherwise have come to pass if I had been properly looked after, as you are. The first thing that happened on the Fourth of July that would be a great deal better not have happened was when I was—er—how old are you, Jack?"

"Eight," said Jack, "going on 9."

"That was exactly the age I was at the time," continued the major blandly—"just nine to a day."

"Eight," I said," said Jack.

"Yes," nodded the major; "just eight, but going on toward nine. My father had given me \$10 to spend on noises; but, unlike most boys, I did not care so much for noises as I did for novelties. It didn't give me any particular pleasure to hear a giant cracker go off with a bang. What I wanted to do most of all was to get up some kind of an exhibition that would please the people and that could be seen in daytime instead of at night, when everybody is tired and sleepy. So instead of spending any money on firecrackers and torpedoes and rockets I spent \$9 of it on powder and \$1 on putty blowers."

"What I wanted to do was to make one grand effort and provide passersby with a free exhibition of what I was going to call 'Jarraway's Grand Geysir Cascade.' To do this properly I set my eye upon a fish pond not far from the town hall. It was a very deep pond and about a mile in circumference. Putty blowers were then selling at five for a cent, and powder was cheap as sand, owing to the fact that the powder makers, expecting a war, had made a hundred times as much as was needed, and as their war didn't

come they were willing to take almost anything they could get for it. The consequence was that the powder I got was sufficient in quantity to fill a rubber bag as large as five sofa cushions."

"This I sank in the middle of the pond, without telling anybody what I intended to do, and through the putty blowers, sealed tightly together, end to end, I conducted a fuse which I made myself, from the powder bag to the shore. My idea was that I could touch the thing off, you know, and that about sixty square feet of the pond would fly up in the air and then fall gracefully back again. If it had worked as I expected, everything would have been all right, but it didn't. I had too much powder. For a second after I had lit the fuse there came a muffled roar, and the whole pond in a solid mass, fish and all, went flying up in the air and disappeared. Everybody was very much frightened. I was scared to death, but I never let on to anyone that I was the person who had blown the pond off."

"How high the pond went I don't know, but I do know that for a week there wasn't any sign of it, and then, most unexpectedly, out of what appeared to be a clear sky there came the most extraordinary rainstorm you ever saw. It literally poured down for two full days, and what I alone could understand, with it came trout and sunfish and minnows, and, most singularly of all, but myself, an old scow that was recognized as the property of the owner of the pond suddenly appeared in the sky falling toward the earth at a fearful rate of speed. When I saw the scow coming I was more frightened than ever, because I was afraid it might fall upon and kill some of our neighbors. Fortunately, however, this possible disaster was averted, for it came down directly over the sharp point lightning rod on the tower of our public library and stuck there like a piece of paper on a pin."

"The rain washed away several acres of cultivated farms, but the loss of crops and fences and so forth was largely reduced by the fish which came with the storm. One farmer took a rake and caught 300 pounds of trout, forty pounds of sunfish, eight turtles and a minnow in his potato patch in five minutes. Others were almost as fortunate, but the damage was sufficiently large to teach me that parents cannot be too careful about what they let their children do on Independence day."

"And weren't you ever punished?" asked Jack.

"No, indeed," said the major. "Nobody ever knew that I did it, because I never told them—in fact, you are the only two persons who have ever heard about it, and you mustn't tell, because there are still a number of farmers about that region who would sue me for damages in case they knew I was responsible for the accident."

July 4 a Slaughter Day.

Pearson's for July: That the Fourth has developed into a day to be feared as much as honored is a fact realized by the saner men and women of the country.

The following table shows the Fourth of July casualties of 1903 and 1904, the only two years for which statistics have been gathered from the country as a whole.

Died of tetanus	1903	1904
Died from other causes	405	91
	60	82

Total dead	465	153
Lost sight of both eyes	10	19
Lost sight of one eye	75	61
Lost arms, hands and legs	54	61
Lost one or more fingers	174	208
Other injuries	3,670	3,888
Injured, not fatally	3,983	3,988

Total dead and injured	4,449	4,169
------------------------	-------	-------

A Torpedo Hunt.

For the torpedo hunt the hostess has previously opened and hidden twelve packages of torpedoes. Each player receives a belt from which hangs a little cartridge bag made of khaki or duck. A strip of khaki, twenty-eight inches long and six inches wide is folded and stitched for the belt. It may be fastened with ball and socket fasteners. A square bag of the khaki, 7 by 5 inches, is then attached to the right side of the belt. From low limbs of trees, among the roots and shrubs and ledges of the piazza, the treasures are gathered and subsequently fired off.

Papier Mache Fireworks.

Fireworks in papier mache and in bonbons are better than ever and wonderfully true to life. Pull the fuse of a giant firecracker and off comes a lid disclosing costly bonbons. A box which perfectly reproduces the package in which torpedoes are sold opens to disclose sweetmeats done up in tri-colored tissue paper, just as the giant torpedoes are wrapped. These are especially suited to children's parties.

THE FIRST FOURTH IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"On the Fourth of July, 1899," writes a soldier who was with General Otis in Manila on that day, "the main part of the American troops were away in the interior of the Philippines, strung out on long lines in front of an active enemy. All our outposts were close to the native camps. Not only the men on post and in actual touch with the enemy, but the reserves as well, were under strict orders to be ready at a minute's notice to meet an attack, Fourth or no Fourth. These orders were obeyed. By the way, up in San Fernando General Young's men were treated to a Fourth of July salute from across the lines. The Filipinos opened a fusillade about sundown and outclassed all the fire cracker fiends of Manila in getting up a celebration racket."