

Anthem in Which Americans All Join



Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight—
O'er the ramparts we watch'd—were so gallantly streaming—
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Washington's Sad Fourth of July

Day Witnessed His Surrender of Fort Necessity to the French.

It was the 4th day of July, 1754, 22 years before the Declaration of Independence made the day ever famous.

The light of early morning shone upon a strange scene in the wilderness of western Pennsylvania.

A force of 600 Frenchmen and 100 Indians was camped around a rude stockade a little to the southeast and not far from the present city of Pittsburgh. They were commanded by Coulon de Villiers, a young Frenchman, the commandant of Fort Duquesne, who had sworn vengeance against the English for the death of his brother, Jumonville, who had fallen in a skirmish a few days before. Besides, he was pledged to make good the French boast that no English flag should wave west of the Alleghenies.

In the fort a little force numbering less than half the number of the French and Indians had held out for one long day and six hours of the night against the attack of their vengeful and overpowering foe.

Before we relate the story of Fort Necessity, however, it will be well to refer to the causes which led to this Fourth of July episode.

At the commencement of the French and Indian war it was determined by the English, for the better protection of their interests, to build a fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, on the present site of Pittsburgh. A body of troops was accordingly dispatched by Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia to accomplish this object.

The death of their colonel on the march threw the command into the hands of the second officer, a tall Virginian of 22, with brown hair and gray eyes, whose gravity of manner and careworn appearance bespoke even then the greatness he was to win. This Virginian youth was George Washington.

Before he reached the goal of his journey, Washington learned from his scouts the futility of his errand. Instead of driving out the French, he and his command stood in a fair way of being themselves driven out, if not altogether annihilated.

The French had been improving the summer weather. They had captured the few English and built and manned a strong fortress at the very place where the English expected to build one, and a French and Indian force of more than 1,000 men was thronging the adjacent forest.

When within a day's march of the new fort which the French had named Duquesne, after the governor of Canada, Washington halted at a place called the Great Meadows and constructed a fortification of logs and earth, throwing up with his own hands the first shovelful of soil.

To this rude stockade he gave the name of Fort Necessity. In it were placed the cannons which he had dragged with so great toil through the forest paths from Virginia.

After a few days' rest, Washington went forward with a portion of his force to meet the Shawnee chief, Half King. A council was held and it was determined to make a night attack upon the French.

The scouts of the faithful Shawnee chief found the enemy's trail, and in the darkness of a rainy night the English made a successful raid. Jumonville, the French leader, was killed, and several of his men fell prisoners into Washington's hands.

He now fell back upon Fort Necessity. His situation was a critical one. His men had but little ammunition, and no bread of any kind, having lived for several days on fresh meat alone, and even this was not plentiful.

They were much fatigued by their long and wearisome march and the provisions of the wildwood; and, worse than all, the walls of the rude fortification were hardly such as could be expected to sustain a siege from any large number of foes.

Washington spent his single day of respite in strengthening his rampart

with logs. On the morning of the 3d of July his scouts brought intelligence of the advance of the French.

Meanwhile the French and Indians, under the command of Coulon de Villiers, had been holding a grand powwow at Fort Duquesne. The "French father" had supplied his children liberally with firearms and the wherewithal to eat and drink.

The braves after consuming several oxen and drinking two barrels of wine, had expressed their willingness to march against the English and drive them across the Alleghenies.

De Villiers set out on this expedition. The way through the forest was a difficult one, and before they reached Fort Necessity rain began to fall heavily. But the French pressed on, and before noon of the 3d of July they were firing upon Washington's defenses.

Their position was such, being upon higher ground, on two slight elevations, and well sheltered by trees and bushes, that they could cross their fire upon the fort and enfilade a portion of it, without themselves being exposed to much injury from the English.

The rain continued all that day and night, but the combatants fought on. Washington's men stood knee-deep in the mud and water. Twice the fusillade partially subsided, and besieged and beleaguered gazed sullenly at each other through the thin gauze of mist and rain.

At a little after nine o'clock in the evening the French commander called out for a parley. Washington's fear of treachery led him to ignore the proposal at first, but his position was so desperate that he complied the second time.

Capt. Vanbraam, a Dutchman, the only person in his troop who could talk French, was sent to De Villiers' camp.

After a long preliminary talk the Frenchman wrote his terms of surrender by the glaring light of a pine-knot, the rain drops spattering upon the paper and rendering the writing almost illegible.

The terms permitted Washington and his men to march out with the honors of war, retaining their arms, stores and baggage.

Washington signed the paper between midnight and one o'clock, and the rest of the night passed quietly though the men remained under arms.

At dawn of the Fourth of July the Great Meadows presented an animated scene. The morning was fair, and the sun shone brightly over the damp, green forests and the lofty ridge of Laurel Hill.

The horses and cattle belonging to the garrison had all been killed, and, burdened by the sick and wounded whom they carried on their backs, the English were obliged to leave most of their baggage and cannons behind.

Slowly they filed out of the fort and began their slow and wearisome march for Wills Creek, the nearest English station, 52 miles over the Alleghenies.

Sad must have been the heart of Washington as he surveyed the scene. All his hopes of military glory seemed blighted in the bud, but whatever may have been his feelings, no word of complaint or anger escaped his lips.

Without any doubt, however, it was the darkest and most miserable morning in his life.

He could not foresee the future, but on that other day, when the bell on the state house at Philadelphia was proclaiming the Declaration of Independence far and wide, and jubilant crowds were shouting and throwing up their hats at the glad tidings thereof, Washington must have thought of the time when he left the walls of Fort Necessity, a defeated man and a fugitive.—Golden Days.

How They Celebrated.
Said the bell: "Clang! Clang!"
Said the crackers: "Rap! Rap!"
Said the brass cannon: "Whang!"
Said the torpedoes: "Snap!"
Said the sky-rockets: "Whizz!"
Said the candles: "Sh! Piff!"
Said the small pinwheels: "Fiz!"
Said the big ones: "Whir! Whir!"
Said grandma: "There, there!"
Said father: "Boys! Boys!"
Said mother: "Take care!"
Said cook: "Such a noise!"
Said puss: "Gracious me!"
Said Towser: "Bow-wow!"
Said Susie: "Wee-ee!"
Said Will: "Hurrah! Ow!"
—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.



While the Fourth of July is looked forward to with positive terror by the mothers of small boys and venture some girls, not one woman out of a hundred has the heart to forbid the observance of the day by the popularly approved method of noise and the necessary combination of gunpowder and fire. Truly no Spartan mother was more heroic in sending her sons to the training school and battle than the plucky little American mother of a pack of patriotic young people. It is to be feared that the fundamental spirit of independence which made the day worthy of remembrance is very often forgotten, or at least lost sight of, in the awful delight surrounding a pack of firecrackers.

But how is it that on this day of days mother ignores or keeps silent about her headache; paterfamilias rises with the lark, ostensibly to prevent his offspring from setting fire to the premises if not to themselves, and grandfather contributes to the joyousness of the occasion by generous donations of cash, and even the grown-up sons and daughters of the household are willing to set off some of the larger pieces in the pyrotechnic layout? Is all this unselfish behavior entirely for the sake of amusing the children; of letting them have one day of absolute freedom; of assisting them in firing off the said dangerous toys in order to prevent the little people from getting hurt?

Some people have a sneaking notion that the proper observance of the day is not entirely for the pleasure of the young people, and that paterfamilias secretly enjoys rousing the neighborhood with a blast of patriotism, and that grandpa has been hoarding up his spare pennies for weeks past and would have been much chagrined if his young grandson had not generously invited him to "set off" a few of the crackers himself!

As for the mother of the family, would she upon any other occasion put up with the din and the dirt and the burns and ruined clothes if she had not some sympathy for the offenders hidden away in her inner heart? She may laugh at her husband's efforts to become a boy again, but she is as delighted as the children themselves when said husband persuades her to try firing off the pistol, and she recalls to mind that it was not so very long ago when she was able to hit the bull's-eye at quite a long range. "I was just your age then, daughter," and she smiles quietly to herself at some half-forgotten episode.



Flanagan's oration was the chief feature of the Fourth of July programme of section 10 of the Mississippi & Western railroad, then building through one of the western states, starting at nowhere, and so far ending at nowhere.

This honor had been accorded Flanagan, as it was to his efforts the camp were indebted for the privilege of celebrating. Flanagan had been in the country but four months, but that was long enough to imbibe the American spirit, together with a generous amount of red liquids, and when the foreman of gang two intimated that July 4 would not be a holiday Flanagan organized an opposition, and was appointed a committee of one to wait on the boss.

"Gentlemen and fellow patriots," began Flanagan as he faced his audience of railroad laborers gathered from the four corners of the world.



One little, two little, three little fingers;
Four little, five little, six little fingers;
Seven little, eight little, nine little fingers;
Ten little fingers on two hands.

Cannon cracker fired off, then there were nine;
Nigger chaser shot off, then there were eight;
Torpedo exploded, then there were seven;
Toy pistol blowed off, then there were six;
Pin wheel flew around, then there were five;
Skyrocket whizzed off, then there were four;
Roman candle popped off, then there were three;
Red fire fared off, then there were two;
Flower pot went off, took one of these;
Piece of punk burned out, saved the last one.

Ten little, nine little, eight little fingers;
Seven little, six little, five little fingers;
Four little, three little, two little fingers;
But one good finger on two hands.



The signing of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, meant more to the world than the breaking of the bonds between Great Britain and a rebellious colony across the seas. The establishment of a government by the people and for the people meant an object lesson for the nations of the old world which has had its effect on every day of history since that important event.

It marked the downfall of absolutism, of tyranny, of the "divine right of kings," of the governing of men by the inalienable rights of man in the immortal phrase—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

These words have been the battle cry of many peoples. They have encouraged the races of Europe and the east in the battles against oppression, and tyrannical governments, one after another have gone down before them.

They are to-day the rallying cry of the oppressed of Russia—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

These words are the rock on which the Declaration of Independence was founded. They are the rock on which our government is founded. So long as we keep them as the rallying cry of the nation government by the people for the people will live.

It is a fitting time to visit the places where the struggles for independence were made, and to take the children, if possible, to visit them. History becomes a living interest to children when it is recounted on the very spot the famous deeds were enacted.

Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, the Brandywine, Germantown, Independence hall, the Betsey Ross house, the Old South church and many other spots have a story full of inspiration to the boys and girls of every generation, for there were enacted the deeds which were the making of a nation.



WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

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GENERAL BLEENINGS.

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The number of known stars exceeds 100,000,000.

Contributors to the London Times are paid \$25 a column.

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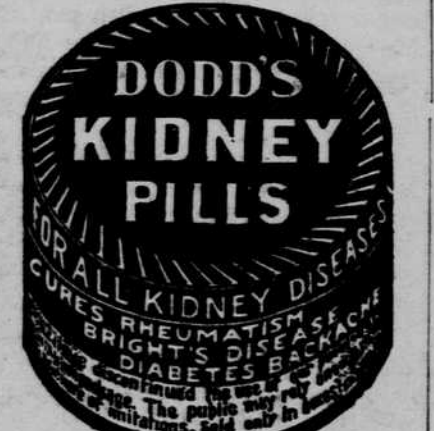
The parrot appreciates music more than any other of the lower animals.

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The world's largest prune orchard—in Los Gatos, Cal.—contains 50,000 trees and yields an annual profit of \$50,000.

"There is one advantage in this business," mused the expert gardener, as he stood in his orchard. "It is grafting all the time, but you can always get the public to swallow it."—Baltimore American.

There's no use telling a girl she is pretty; to do the work you must tell her she is the prettiest one you ever saw.—N. Y. Press.



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