



CORNWALLIS' CAVE

HE RANG OUT LIBERTY.

The Grave of William Hurry Added to Patriotism's Landmarks.

The grave of the man who first rang the Liberty bell has been found. For many years all trace had been lost of the bell ringer who obeyed the injunction lettered on the statehouse bell in Philadelphia, by ringing it vigorously and "proclaiming liberty throughout the land and to the inhabitants thereof."

It was known to few historians in a vague way that his name was William Hurry and that he was a man well advanced in years on that immortal day, but the familiar poem, "The Liberty Bellman," with its thrilling lines

"Ring!" he shouts. "Ring, grandpa! Ring, oh, ring for liberty! And straightway at the signal! The old bellman lifts his hand And sends the good news making Iron music through the land."

had surrounded Hurry with a legendary atmosphere that made many persons regard him as a sort of myth.

Antiquarians and historians had made frequent searches for the body to prove his reality, if nothing more, but these were all in vain until recently the graveyard of the old Pine Street Presbyterian church, Fourth and Pine streets, Philadelphia, was discovered to be the last resting place of the famous Revolutionary character.

Credit for this discovery goes to Jacob Low, sexton of the church. When Low came upon Hurry's grave, the headstone was sunk almost out of sight. Only two letters, "R" and "Y," of the name Hurry were visible. Low's curiosity was aroused, and, raising the stone with careful precautions against breaking it, he cleared it of the moss and mold and was overjoyed to find that it marked the grave of the Liberty bellman.

An examination of the stone shows that at the time he rang the bell Hurry was a man of fifty-five years. He was born Oct. 22, 1721.

Hurry's activity in the cause of freedom did not stop with the ringing of the old bell, now next to the original drafts of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States the most prized relic connected with the birth of the nation. He volunteered for service in the Continental army and served with distinction in a number of battles. His signature on call for volunteers is still in possession of the old church.

It is a somewhat pathetic circumstance that Hurry did not live to see the complete triumph of the colonists over Great Britain. He died in 1781, two years before the surrender of Cornwallis.—Washington Post.

THE FOURTH AT BAMBANG.

How They Celebrate Independence Day in the Philippines.

The inhabitants of Nueva Ecija did not neglect to celebrate the Fourth in a substantial way at Bambang, as the following programme indicates, says a Manila American of last July. The fiesta almost rivaled that in the capital.

The programme follows:

National salute at sunrise.
8 a. m.—Grand military and civic parade. Eleven thousand school children were in line in class formation, followed by floats, the band of the town of Solana, the insular and provincial officials, the officials and prominent citizens of Solana, the band of Bagdad, the Bambang band, officials and prominent citizens of Bambang and Dupax and then the general public. A special feature of the parade was a float representing a steamboat, with the full complement of officers and crew, and another float with forty-five Filipino girls representing forty-five states. There were American eagles, wild Igorrotes, Ilongotes and Pulajanes dancing war dances and other spectacular features.

9 a. m.—Public speaking in the plaza.
10 a. m. to Noon.—Formal guard mount by the constabulary of the province, patriotic songs by 100 school children, an opera by the crew of the steamboat and athletic sports, including a foot race, potato races, sack race, hurdle race and three-legged race.

Noon.—Grand dinner to the general public. This was an elaborate affair, five deer, numerous wild hogs and one large beef being served in barbecue style.
2 to 4 p. m.—Bicycle and horse races. Forty horses were entered for the "anillo de hierro" and running races. The afternoon passed off with great enthusiasm, fully as great as that which greeted the morning's festivities.
5 p. m.—Grand ball at the presidencia.

Suggestions For Fireworks.

No matter how warm and wearied a man may be a firecracker dropped down his shirt collar will stimulate him.

One of the latest quips is to paint a small bomb in imitation of a golf ball and let a friend take a whack at it.

One of the most propitious places for a firecracker is a fluffy hat, or, better still, the back hair.

One of the capital diversions of an evening entertainment is to fasten a pinwheel to a lace curtain, touch a match to the fuse and see what the fremen do.

Some may prefer a plate glass window for a skyrocket target, but the best authorities agree that it is seen at its best in a crowded dining room.—New York Herald.

A Patriot's Prophecy.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood, but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bouffes and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears—copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy.—John Adams Before the Continental Congress.

His Celebration

By JAMES HAZEN

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HUGH COVINGTON sat on the bank steps and watched the rockets and bombs rise above the trees from Powers grove and thought miserably of what a different Fourth of July he had anticipated.

It was to have been one of the old fashioned Greenvale celebrations. The fire company would parade in the morning, and by noon they would all be at the grove. Squire Kinsman would have made the opening address and would have introduced Hugh as "our rising young attorney," and he had liked to think how a little whisper would run through the crowd as he rose to read the Declaration of Independence, for it was known that he was soon to become the old squire's son-in-law, and this linking of names on the platform would have set tongues clacking.

Then there would have been the picnic dinner, the boating on the lake, the stroll through the woods with Dorothy,



BUTTON HELD THEIR HANDS UP WHILE HUGG BOUND THEM.

a little supper, and all would have come trooping back to town to see a few dozen pinwheels set off in front of the fountain in Courthouse square.

Hippie had changed all that, even the engagement, for in the quarrel over his refusal to further the changed arrangements Dorothy had given him back his ring, he had told her to marry Hippie if she wanted to, and both had been utterly miserable ever since.

Hippie—Gregory Hippie—had opened a clothing store in the bank building about six weeks before, and already there was talk of making him town clerk in the fall, so popular had he become and so great an interest did he show in local affairs.

It was he who had ridiculed the idea of old fashioned Fourth's. It was he who had circulated the subscription paper for the fireworks, and the "Anonymous, \$100," that topped the list was more conspicuously his than if he had signed his own name.

The speechmaking and the reading of the Declaration had been set aside as time worn. Instead there were to be races for prizes, a greased pig and all sorts of sports on land and lake in the afternoon, while in the evening \$400 worth of fireworks were to be set off from a float anchored in the lake, and there would be a concert by the cornet band.

It seemed to Hugh as if he, of all the town, had remained at home. Across the square Harvey Dwight was making up the mail in the tiny postoffice, and Rem Vincent was waiting to take the single bag up to the station. Of course Turner, the station agent, was at his post, but the rest were at the grove and had been most of the day.

Rem Vincent came over and sat down on the steps beside him. "Goin' out to the grove?" he asked enviously. "Dwight's goin' as soon as he gets the mail made up."

"Not me," said Hugh. "I like an old fashioned Fourth."

A gleam of hope sprang into Vincent's eyes. "Say," he begged, "will you take the bag to the station? It ain't heavy, just a few letters, and I can get out to the grove with Dwight. All the good stuff is on the float. Them rockets just tempt you out. Hippie bet he'd have the whole town out at the grove, and he's done it."

"Go ahead," said Hugh. "I'll tell Dwight." And he watched Rem make off down the street. Somehow his words kept ringing through his head. Why should Hippie want to get the whole town to the grove? Was it pride or was there some other reason?

As if in answer there came a muffled explosion, and the step on which he was sitting shook slightly. That must have been a big bomb, Hugh looked up, but the sky at that moment was lighted only by the stars.

Suddenly he understood. The store was next the bank. Could the whole celebration have been arranged to get the people out of town so that a raid might be made at the bank? Hippie had announced that the best thing of the day would be the set piece. This was to be fired at 11 o'clock. The train went through at 11. He had read of such schemes.

There was no way of getting into the bank, and no watchman was employed. The solitary police officer parading the square was thought sufficient, and tonight even he was out at the grove.

There was one tiny window at the rear, and to this Hugh made his way. He almost betrayed himself by a cry as he glanced in.

The vaults of the bank were in the cellar to save the expense of building a pier to raise the structure to the street level. In the wall on the store side was a breach, and on the floor lay the doors to the vault, blown off with dynamite. Three men were working over the contents of the safe, storing suit cases with the spoil, and from the leisurely fashion in which they worked Hugh was satisfied that they intended to take the train.

If anything were done it must be done without much assistance, for the people were all out of town. Dwight would be of little use. He might get help at the station. He brushed the dirt from his knees and strolled over to the postoffice. Dwight was standing in the doorway.

"Drat that Rem Vincent," he scolded. "Seen him, Hugh?"

"Gone to the grove," explained Hugh. "I told him I'd take the bag up to the station and see that it got on board all right."

"Jump in, and I'll drive you round that way," offered the postmaster. Hugh shook his head.

"I want to use the phone a moment," he said. "You hurry up. They've been at it almost an hour now."

Dwight unlocked the door and jumped into the buggy. "It's a spring lock," he explained. "Be sure and shut it when you're through. Giddap!" And the buggy sped off down the road Vincent had taken.

Hugh called up the station and chatted for a moment, then he hung up the receiver and flattened his face against the front window.

It was an hour before the three men emerged from the store and carefully locked it after them. They set out up the street, and Hugh, shouldering the mail bag, started after them.

They turned at the sound of steps, but the sight of the mail bag reassured them, and they went on. The bag was an excuse for Hugh to take it easy, and he kept them in sight until they entered the station. He set the mail bag on the baggage truck and went inside after the men. Turner nodded to him as he entered, and with a sigh of relief Hugh sank into a seat in the corner.

Presently Button, the baggagemaster, came in and approached Hugh. Apparently he had been drinking, and they were soon in wordy warfare that presently passed to blows. Button drew a pistol, and Turner came out of his office with another weapon. Button, suddenly recovering, faced the three men with Turner and held their hands up while Hugh bound them.

It was all over in a moment, and the three were locked in the baggage room while Hugh and Button set off for the grove to capture Hippie.

Hippie had promised the sensational close of the evening for 11 o'clock and had meant it to be a set piece showing Squire Kinsman, as president of the village, surrounded by flags. The real sensation was his own arrest and the tale of the wrecked bank, but to Hugh the best part of the evening was when Dorothy slipped her hand in his and begged forgiveness so prettily that he could not even make pretense of debate. That kiss atoned for his not reading the Declaration. His celebration came last, but it was by far the more sensational and satisfactory.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

A Fourth of July Oration by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver.

The truth is that the great and admirable epochs in the history of the United States are not to be found in the remote past. They are in the present, just behind us and all around us. It is an inexcusable disparagement of our own times to attribute to other generations what does not belong to them and to take away from our own its just claim upon the confidence and gratitude of mankind.

The history of a nation is only a statement of its preparation for its part in the progress of the world, and while the Revolutionary era must always be cherished and the men and women who wrought its great achievements commemorated with honor and applause, it ought not to be forgotten that their work required infinite sacrifices before it grew into permanent strength and became a part of the fixed order of things, a permanent factor in the course of human events.

Our fathers began the work of building the American republic; they left it to their children to finish it. It is at least as important to live as it is to be born, and this patriotic anniversary ought to be put to a better use than to spread the gospel of discouragement and fear in the public mind, as the people participate in this historic memorial of the life and times of their ancestors.—Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa.

Benjamin Harrison's Advantage. John Adams, viewing in Faneuil hall in his later years Trumbull's painting of the "Declaration of Independence," recalled that when engaged in signing it a side conversation took place between Benjamin Harrison, who was remarkably corpulent, and Elbridge Gerry, who was remarkably thin. "Ah, Gerry," said Harrison, "I shall have an advantage over you in this act." "How so?" inquired Gerry. "Why," replied Harrison, "when we come to be hung for treason I am so heavy I shall plump down upon the rope and be dead in an instant, but you are so light that you will be dangling and kicking about for an hour in the air."

Tie the Thumbs on Little Willie. Tie the thumbs on little Willie As he wanders forth to play. It may look a trifle silly, But he'll need the thumbs some day. He may chafe at the restriction And protest against the plan, But you'll have his benediction When he gets to be a man. —Chicago News.

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"Man in the Street."
Emerson was not the first to use this phrase in his "Conduct of Life," which was published in 1860. In the first series of the "Greville Memoirs," under date March 22, 1830, occurs the following passage:
"Then will come the question of a dissolution, which one side affirms will take place directly, and the other that the king will not consent to it, knowing, as 'the man in the street' (as we call him at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of kings and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts."
It would appear from this that the expression was in common use among racing men in 1830.—Notes and Queries.

The Drama of the Sunset.
We never tire of the drama of sunset. I go forth each afternoon and look into the west a quarter of an hour before sunset with fresh curiosity to see what new picture will be painted there, what new phenomenon exhibited, what new dissolving views. Every day a new picture is painted and framed, held up for half an hour in such lights as the great artist chooses and then withdrawn and the curtain falls. The sun goes down, long the afterglow gives light, the damask curtains glow along the western window, the first star is lit, and I go home.—From Thoreau's "Winter."

Power of Words.
Words have not their import from the natural power of particular combinations of characters or from the real efficacy of certain sounds, but from the consent of those who use them and arbitrarily annex certain ideas to them, which might have signified with equal propriety by any other.—Oliver Cromwell.

A Hard Cut.
Mrs. Newcast—I am thinking of taking a short holiday and visiting some of the scenes associated with my ancestors. Mrs. De Bleu Blood-Cutting—Oh, but slumming is so horribly out of date nowadays!

Where to Have a Boil.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Reilly."

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