The following poem won the first prize of \$100 in The Boston Pilot competition. Its author is Emma Frances Dawson, of San Francisco. It is

in the old and difficult French form of verse

called chant royal. There are but few English

chant-royals, the making of them having been called "a hard and thankless task." Heretofore

only one poet has made use of this form of verse.

In making the announcement to the author that

she had drawn the first prize, Mr. John Boyle

O'Reilly said: "I congratulate you on having added a great poem to the permanent literature

of America. Among patriotic poems it will rank forever with anything ever written." "Old Glory" is a name given our flag by our soldiers

during the late war. This poem was inspired by the following paragraph by George F. Hoar: "I have seen the glories of art and architecture and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset

Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes

ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign

land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it.

terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the

symbol of the power and glory and the honor of

From shadowy ancestors, through whose brave

O blood veined blossom that can never blight:

Enchanted web! A picture in the air,

The Declaration, like a sacred rite,

The constitution thou shalt long recite,

O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new Reverberations of the bell, that bear

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Its tones of Liberty the wide world through!

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;

For purity are thy six stripes of white,

This number circular and endless quite— Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoary,

His compass spanning circle can alight— Our hallowed, cloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

As when o'er old centurion it blew (Red is the trumpet's tone) it means to dare! God favored seven when creation grew;

The seven tones of marvelous delight That lend the listening soul their wings

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

The great and mystic ternion we view: Faith, Hope and Charity are numbered there,

And the three nails the Crufixion knew.

God, and one's neighbor and one's self aghast; Christ's deity and soul and manhood's height

The Father, Son and Ghost may here unite.

With texts like these, divinely monitory,
What wonder that thou conquerest in fight,
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,

Triumphant Present and our Future vast,

Float on in ever lovely allegory, Kin to the eagle and the wind and light,

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!

"FOR MY COUNTRY'S SAKE."

The Beauty and Dignity of True Pa-

From a speech delivered at Peekskill on the

Fourth of July, 1876, by Henry Ward

Beecher, we extract the following paragraphs

Look back, then, through the hundred years

of our national history. They are to me like

the ascending of stairs, some of which are

broader, some narrower, some with higher

rising and some with less than the others; but

on the whole there has been a steady ascent

in intelligence, in conscience, in purity, in in-

dustry, in happiness, in the art of living well

collectively, and we stand to-day higher than

at any other time. Our burdens are fice

will be here. But it does not matter so much

to us who come and go, or what takes place

in the future, except so far as our influence is

concerned. When a hundred years hence the

untelling sun that saw Arnold and Andre

and Washington, but will not tell us one word of history, shall shine on these en-

chanted hills and on this unchanging river-

then it is for us to have set in motion, or to

have given renewed impulse to those great causes, intellectual, moral, social and politi-

cal, which have rolled our prosperity to such

young. If you teach the young that their

chief magistrates, their cabinets, and their

representatives are of course corrupt, what

will that be but to teach them to be themselves

corrupt! I stand here to bear witness and say

that publicity may consist with virtue and

does. There are men that serve the public for

the public, though they themselves thrive by

it also. I would sow in your minds a romance

of patriotism and love of country that shall

next to the petition, "Our Father which art in

heaven," let him learn the petition, "Our Fatherland," and so let our children grow up

to love God, to love man, and to love their

country, and to be glad to serve their country

as well as their God and their fellow men,

though it may be necessary that they should

I honor the unknown ones who used to

too, every armless man, every limping soldier,

who through patriotism went to the battle-

field and came back lame and crippled, and

What though he find no eccupation? What

though he be forgotten! He has in him the

it for my country's sake." For God's sake

and for your country's sake, live, and you

perishable sweetness of this thought: "I did

lay down their lives to serve it.

shall live forever.

In another hundred years, not one of

on the country's elements of growth and the

beauties of patriotism:

Three are offended when one has trespassed

That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and

It for his essence the Creator cast.

Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare;

The seven planets; seven hues contrast;

But why complete the happy category

In thy dear colors, honored everywhere,

flight;

In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
Symbol of land and people unsurpassed.
Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.

Is in each star and stripe declamat

Drifted to us from out the distance blu

We live in magic of a dream come true-With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed. In dewy flower heart the stars that passed.

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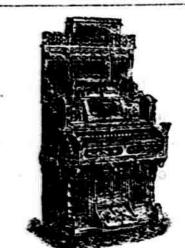
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FOURTH OF JULY, 1776. If we could look back to the 2d of July,

tween, and see in the sultry streets of Philadelphia the procession of patriots who founded our republic moving thoughtfully toward the old State house, we would see a band of men the equal in intellect and appearance of any in the world's history—forefathers of whom we have a right to be proud. One was Franklin, "the "venerable father of science in the new world," simple, with excessive cultivation, philosophic and modest, "he looked with

composure, at least without regret, upon the And there was Thomas Jefferson, the thin, dark, gray eyed young at 33, a Democrat of the severest culture, yet the most radical of republicans, a friend of the people, who was yet to give fifty years more of the work of his swift incisive intellect to his country. Human equality was the theory that engrossed him.

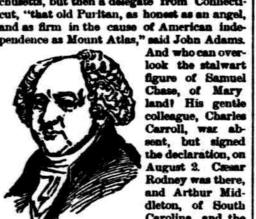
Here he abhorred the selfishness of caste, and in Europe he saw only the sorrows and degradation of the many under the beel of the favored and idle few. In France, which to some of his eminent countrymen, even Franklin and John Adams, seemed the land of pleasure, he saw only the helpless people under the hand of tyranny. It was then that he wrote to a friend in America, "Above all things educate the people." He saw clearly that no free institutions could exist without knowledge; that the schoolmaster must rule in his new nation-or it must perish. Like Franklin, Jefferson was no speaker. He sat silent in the sessions of congress. On that memorable 2d of July he took no part in the debate, but he wrote with wonderful fire and grace, and to his burning pen was committed the task of preparing that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, which enforced for all ages the doctrine of universal freedom. Another equally ardent republican from Virginia, Richard Henry Lee, was absent from the congress. Born to wealth and ease, he longed for a republic in which were no

cruel distinctions separating man from man. But Patrick Henry was there. And there, too, was John Adams, of Massachusetts, he who in early life had pined for an ideal elevation above his fellows. He had London, and the Hague, and was yet unsatis fied. He was now 40 years old, and as a | their hopes. Freemen disappeared. Society speaker he belped forward the new republic. A greater orator from Massachusette was

absent, James Otis, to whom might well be applied the name of the creator of the theory of independence. He was at home a hopeless maniac, made so by a blow from a Tory opponent. His brilliant mind clouded, he scarcely saw the revolution of which he had been with Lee and

JAMES OTIS. Samuel Adams, the chief promoter. But of all of the advocates of independe Samuel Adams was, perhaps, the most power ful. The most ardent of republicans was he. He was poor, and knew many privations, and yet contemned money. Honors, emoluments, and even power he never sought. But to the cause of independence he gave his time and ability. Long before his contemporaries spoke of liberty he saw the star of freedom that was destined to shine over America.

Robert Treat Paine and Elbridge Gerry were there; Francis Lightfoot Lee, Richard Henry Lee's younger brother, the gay and good humored, was there; Benjamin Harrison, father of a future president, was there, chairman of the committee of the whole, which has just reported on the Declaration. The mild and philanthropic Carter Braxton was there in place of the late lamented Peyton Randolph, the first president of the continental congress, who had died six or seven months before. And there, too, was the noble hearted Thomas Nelson, of Virginia. He was the mover of these instructions in the convention of Virginia, passed on May 15, under which Richard Henry Lee offered the original resolution of independence, on June 7. And there could be seen the sturdy front of Roger Sherman, native of Massachusetts, but then a delegate from Connecticut, "that old Puritan, as honest as an angel, and as firm in the cause of American inde-



Carolina, and the eloquent Edward And Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, who had doubted the propriety of the resistible and conclusive arguments of John Adams." And the president of the congress, the glorious John Hancock! See him in his chair, the same chair in which Washington was to sit eleven years later as president of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States. He was not yet 40 years of age, had a princely fortune at stake and a price upon his head. There he sat in the calm dignity which no vicissitude of life

was ever able to ruffle. "Behold him! He has risen for a moment. corrupt here and there, but let me say to you, however, a simple but solemn duty remains dministration sown in the minds of the to be discharged. The paper is before him. He dips his pen and, with an untrembling hand, proceeds to execute a signature, which, as Webster said, has made his name as imperishable 'as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades.'

"Under that signature, with only the at testation of a secretary, the Declaration goes forth to the American people, to be printed in their journals, be necessary to the love which you have for to be proclaimed in your own households, and I would say to their streets, to be every mother that teaches her child to pray, published from their pulpits, to be read at the head of their armies, to be incorporated forever into their history. The British forces, driven away from Boston, were then landing on walk here, and who fell in battle. I honor, Staten Island. They were met by PATRICK HENRY. the promulgation of this act of offence and defiance to all loyal authority. But there was no individual responsibility for that act, save in the signature of John Hancock, presi-

dent, and Charles Thomson, secretary. Not until Aug. 2 was the young Boston merchant relieved from the perflous, the appalling grandeur of standing sole sponsor for the revolt of thirteen colonies and 8,000,000 of "In that congress were many opposing voices. But the voice of the outraged people had not called in vain, and it was as their

representatives that Adams, Jefferson and Lee founded a republic and matched Amer-

ica from British tyranny forever. While the congress deliberated in Philadelphia war stalked over the land. The patriots of New York, while they steadily voted for anegyric thus: independence, saw the great English fleet riding securely in their harbor and heard the signal guns which proclaimed that armies,

greater than any they ever beheld, were landing on Staten Island. On the coasts of New England lurked British cruisers. A great fleet threatened the southern harbors, and the ruins of Norfolk showed there was cause to fear. From New York to Georgia the scalping knife of the Indian was the assistant of the invader. In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson tells the story of the woes that possessed the land. "Amidst the clamor of war, the clash of contending armies, in the presence of a thousand perils and of a dark and ominous future, the people, enraged, resolute, unyielding, went calmly to the polls and voted for independence."

Small and obscure was the party of independence at the first sitting of the congress in 1774. But the cruelty of the mad king, George III, during the intervening time roused the people even before it aroused their leaders. Says Eugene Lawrence, writing on the theme of independence: "How often had men sighed for a land in

which honest industry might enjoy its prudent

gains and virtue win a certain tolerance! age met together to found a republic and been deceived! When Europe was a savage wilderness, except for a thin line of settlements around the Mediterranean sea, when all England and France, Ger-

savage tribes, a fair, adventurous, brilliant race had sprung up on the the acropolis on the rights of man. The Greeks invented the principles of the com-monwealth. The half inspired intellect of Greece founded a series of republics that faded one by one before the influence of caste and slavery. A Latin race took up the conception. The plebeians of Rome discussed beneath their seven bills the rights of man, the theory of universal suffrage, the equalipublic weal. But slavery disappointed all

many and Spain

were the haunts of

knew but two classes, the enslaving and the "Emigration cultivated all western Europe; but the theory of a republic vanished in a universal tyranny. The republics of the middle ages-rude, coarse, severe, yet pro-gressive-fell into the hands of tyrants. The reformation came and republics sprang up with free thought. Yet in the Eighteenth century every one had perished except Switzerland, and as Samuel and John Adams, Jay and Lee surveyed the dim stream of history, they might well tremble to find its shores strewn chiefly with the wrecks of freedom, and monarchies and despotisms alone flourishing where once had stood the dawning fabrics of human equality.

"More than 100 years of rational progress have familiarized the mind to the widest strides of liberty. The great foundations of the republic—toleration, equality, educa-tion—seem no longer new. But when the patriots of 1776, in the midst of the barbarous Eighteeuth century, proposed them to the world as the basis of legislation, the world that town. He bowed, and they cheered again. He opened his mouth, but no sound quite impossible, indeed, for any one to con-ceive without intense study how far man has advanced in the last 100 years; how miserable was his condition in all countress in 1776. One can scarcely realize how miserable was the and abject fear took its place. At last he human race amidst the barbarities of kings and nobles 100 years ago; what tears were shed; what horrors endured by those who have since become the sovereign people. The chief trait of the Eighteenth century was its intense inhumanity. No one cared for the sufferings of others, and no one, except a few philosophers and a few Americans, had discovered that the majority of men were not born to suffer forever. The great seigneurs of France beat, robbed and murdered their peasants with no sentiment even of shame; the English lords, bishops and princes defended their cruel laws, while all the ocean was covered with slave ships, and the horrible wealth of every civilized nation was won from the woes of the helpless Africans. Eu-

ropean cruelty and avarice had forced slavery upon the fresh fields of America, had planted among us the supreme pest of civ-ilization, had left here the canker that had corroded Chase, of Mary | the freedom of colleague, Charles and had seemed to Carroll, was ab make impossible in the new world any the declaration, on advance beyond August 2. Casar Rodney was there, and Arthur Mid-Yet, in the midst

of the cruelty, the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. tyranny, the vices of the Eighteenth century our American reformers founded a republic in which toleration, humanity, education and virtue were to be the pillars of the rising state. Well might John Adams break into a kind of lyric rapture when he surveyed the work he had just accomplished. In a letter to his wife be said: "The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding gen-

erations as the great anniversary festival. It

ought to be commemorated as the day of de-liverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sport, balls, bonfires, illuminations, from one end of a height.

To every young man here that is beginning life, let me say: Listen not to those insidious teachers who tell you that patriotism is a sham, and that all public men are corrupt or corrupters. Men in public or private life are li his head proclaiming liberty to all mankind gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light no corruption in government would be half so and with the responding acclamations of as and glory. Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony that these United States are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent states." "Of the proceedings of congress upon this eventful day no record has been preserved. Not a line of its eloquence is left to us. We are better acquainted with the speeches delivered in the Roman senate and the Roman forum, with the debates of the English parliament in 1641, with the harangues of French Jacobins or English reformers, than with the grand discussion of the principles of liberty and progress which made us a free people. "We only know that John Adams spoke with such power that, in the words of Jefferson, 'he moved the members from their seats.' It was the voice of the new world remonstrating against the decadence of the old. "More than 100 years of progress have raised 100,000,000 of men to a new sense of freedom. America is a republic, Europe has pressed on toward liberty, the world is nearly free. The Fourth of July has become the anniversary most noted in the annals of man-

> epoch of unbounded hope." FOURTH OF JULY CHESTNUTS. Aspiring Orators Who Began but Never

Finished Their Speeches. The Fourth of July orator is a figure we could not possibly dispense with. The chestpart of our patriotic history, and he it is who reeps the eagle from becoming too arrogant.

freedom cannot help himself. One ancient hestiat relates how an untried but ambitious ndependence orator began a Fourth of July

"Fellow citizens: On the Fourth of July, 1776, the American eagle took his first un-fettered flight towards the ideal land of reedom. He went up and up before the approving gaze of our noble forefathers. But never has his flight been so high and glorious as to-day. Behold him, my friends and fellow patriots! Behold the noble bird who typifies the principle for which our fathers fought and died. He goes up, fired with the oride which has made us a free and prosperus nation. Yes, he goes up, followed by the cclamations of 60,000,000 of people. Yes, my fellow patriots, he goes up, cleaving the air with proud wings, and glories in his freedom and his strength. He goes up and up and up. We watch him till he becomes a mere speck in the blue of heaven. Yet he goes further. He goes up and up and ip, until he fades entirely from our sight. Yet he is there, my friends and fellow citizens; he is there and still rising. Though we cannot see him, we know that he is still going up and up and up. Yes, noble patriots, he is still ascending. When we see him no more with our natural eyes we can still follow him with the eyes of imagination—still see him rising. Yes, with pride we see him go up and up and up and up! And still higher. Yes, he is still going up and up and

up and up"---At this interesting point the gifted orator lost his bearings. Mopping his brow in agony he vainly groped through his chaotic brain for ing skyward, he said: "Confound the bird! I have sent him up so far I can't get him down again," and ingloriously abandoned the field.

Another equally venerable chestnut deals with a youth who practiced daily as an orator, with a garden of cabbages in the role of audience. He got on famously. The cabbages all gave him their undivided and approving attention. Forensic art was mere play before such appreciative auditors. He said what he pleased to them and said it well, because he feared no criticism. He poured



shaken by a disapproving sneer. His self confidence was soon highly developed. He felt equal to speaking before the selected brains of the world. At last the day came on which he was to deliver to an audience of men and women the speech so often rehearsed before the cabbages. He stepped forth and was greeted with rousing cheers. They believed in encouraging oratorical talent in again. He opened his mouth, but no sound came forth. His tongue was parched like a clay road after a long drought. A sensation the like of which he had never felt before took possession of him. Self confidence fled. managed to huskily articulate: "Ladies and gentlemen, I see you are not cabbage heads," and sat down, and none but the cabbages in the garden could tell the world what it had lost in losing that speech, and they have been

silent to this day. And yet another hoary chestnut strides forth from the honored past. It, too, owes its existence to the Fourth of July speech maker. He was a young man who began by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen: Forty years ago this spot was an unbroken wilderness. The wolf howled and the bear growled where

we to-day stand." He paused, and his bearers applauded. Then he went on: "Forty years ago not a stick of timber had een cut from these broad acres." Another pause, which was unrelieved by any marks of approbation on the part of the

audience. He continued:

"As I said, forty years ago thousands of trees were standing on the broad acres about s-and-and-and I wish with all my heart they were standing there yet." And thus began and ended his Fourth of July address: and here endeth the chapter on the chestnute "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise. The queen of the world and the child of the



Here Vankee Doodle leads the van. With much of jubilation, While follows him with rout and cheer

We still shall keep the van, sir, And be of freedom's problem here The first to find the answer.

THE SMALL BOY'S DAY,

And How He Celebrates It with Fire and Noise. And thus the editor muses: Why the fire cracker! Why, indeed, the stridulous small boy, who, with ventilated apparel, one suspender and unsandaled feet, accompanies the firecracker in its orbit of flame! Why pop and fizz on the Fourth more than any other? Why then more than any other time doth the small boy rage and grow insolent, and touch off everything that hath noise in it, from a paper torpedo to a fish horn, and frighten horses and get asleep on curbstones, and tear his trousers and burn his eyebrows, and do various other dreadful things for which he has been called to account ever since he came in vogue! What relation has the firecracker to the Declaration of Independence? Or what the borse frightening, howling small boy! The one is a Chinese invention that has no and, the birthday of human freedom, the earthly signification beyond sputter and fizz; the other has but a faint idea of what the Declaration he is trying to glorify means. He is, in truth, the most absolutely depend-

ent creature in nature. Who started this combination of youth and saltneter, of vocal haircloth and the limbs of nuts with which his name is associated are the jumping jack, of fire, fizzle and bangt it is laid at John Adams' door because he said something about the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, etc. But could be have He mounts it and soars into the blue empyrean, taken the small boy into account when he triumphantly brandishing the triple hued said it? Did he dream of the annual nerve

racking tumult be was preparing for future generations! Had be any idea that Fourth of July celebrations would so generally be carried on, or at least aggravated, by small boys of extraordinary lung power and never fal-tering energy! Impossible! John Adams was a noble man, a patriot, a statesman, but he was not in all things a clairvoyant. He could not look forward and see the small boy of 1887 celebrating the Fourth of July to the terror and peril of his seniors. The toy pistol was not in vogue in John Adams' day, nor had the fire cracker obtained a footbold on Amer-

ican soil. Dogs with explosives tied to their tails entered not Mr. Adams' kles of celebrat ing. All these have come in with other modern implements of torture until we now have a day which powder and the small boy claim for their own. Noise and happiness, patriotic enthusiasm and Chinese crackers are convertible terms.

The small boy seizes the Fourth of July as his own, and custom has handed it over to him to do as he pleases with it. He is so afraid that somebody else will claim even the smallest fraction of it that he begins to take possession on the evening of the 3d. He site with the loudest racket he can produce. He brings noises to the front the moment the midnight hour arrives, and from that on until midnight comes again he accompanies himself with fire, flame, concussion and reverberation. Little he recks that his wind up is weariness, blisters, mutilation of his body, and trouble with his stomach. All those things are for his elders to look after and make right.

He has now had over a century of this sort of thing and shows no signs of getting tired of it. And the firecracker multiplies and grows upon us. In the provincial towns it is mitigated by processions, orations, municipal demonstrations, lemonade, gingerbread and spruce beer. But in the city the firecracker

rages without mitigation. These remarks the small boy will not like. But the day will come when he will admit the force of them. That day will be when he | we know. Their life was splendid, their hishas passed out of small boyhood into what he that he has forgotten his youth. The dew the laws, what are the institutions, what in and freshness of the dawn of life will be over the government, what are the policies of this for him, and with him will go his former great nation, redeemed from foreign thrall to sives. Sometimes he will hear himself re-ferred to as "old Wilkins"—if Wilkins is his strengthened and ennobled? Look, then, at

In view of all this we must bear patiently world to be our father and the father of our with the small boy and his extravagantly explosive patriotism. It will have its end, like a time in the history of this nation when the all earthly things, and in its train will come no end of responsibilities, ambitions, griev-ances and vexations, and the rheumatism and mental dyspepsia ; and—who knows!—perhaps we will occasionally look on the small boy and his firecrackers with envy.

The Orators of the Day. The woes of the Fourth are not all pyrotechnic. There will be other explosions-oratorical catastrophes which, unfortunately, are more apt to distress those who hear than those who perpetrate them. The most ardent lover of his country quails as he even distantly contemplates these rhetorical compounds of patriotic fervor and freedom. We have a history, to be sure, and we ought to revere it, but when it is served up in year one longs to say something against 'vain repetition." The battles of Lexington and Monmouth and Saratoga are vigorously fought over our sweltering and helpless bodies. Benedict Arnold is caught and roasted for the millionth time, and every orator, metropolitan and provincial, savagely stirs up the coals. We are dragged on our perspiring way from Bunker Hill to the Chesapeake, and get frost bitten at Valley Forge and pocket Cornwallis at Yorktown with equal indifference and resignation. The Fourth of July orator makes us earn our freedom over again every year, and when he s coupled with a balloon ascension and the inevitable fireworks one needs the courage

and endurance of our forefathers to confront

THE NATIONAL BIRD. How He Appears at the Beginning and End of the Fourth. Knowing that he is the great figure



patriot's hatred of tyranny, and glories in inependence with the best of them. He always abhorred the British, and for good reason. They used to kill him and stuff his hide for museums. Being brove, he did not mind beroyal hide stared at by men in eye glasses and tight laced women was too much for him. He venerates the Declaration of Independence and will go to any amount of trouble and expense to show his respect for it. With self satisfaction and dignity he sets forth. wearing his honors majestically, and prepared to do his part in celebrating the proudest day of the year properly. The following morning finds him a ch and depressed being. With a bandaged eye, muddled head, one wing in a sling, bedrag

gled and disheveled feathers, and a bruised and weary body, he is obliged to call in medi-



old time friend, the doctor. "I love the day; but it invariably proves too much for me. It is the orators who undo me. I don't mind the firecrackers, the yelling of the boys, or the balloon business. I don't even succumb to inordinate quantities of red lemonade and chicken pie. I can also get on with the processions and numerous other troubles; but the orators undo me quite. Think what I have to bear from them. They ride me till my backbone is almost broken; and they use such atrocious rhetoric when talking about me that it puts me mentally out of joint. I am vanked from one to the other and banged about till I baven't a feather left unrumpled. Of course I bave to endure it 'n the interest

freedom. Being the national bird and the emblem of freedom I can't back down. But you see where it all leaves me."

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth To sacred thoughts in souls of worth-Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth Earth's compass round,
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.

My angel, his name is Freedom, Choose him to be your king; He shall cut pathways east and west. And 'fend you with his wing. For Freedom's battle, once begun, Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son, I Though baffled oft, is ever won.

PATRIOTISM.

More apt than patriotism to blind our eves. Shall Briton, Frenchman, Russ, American Glory in things that would disgrace a man? Hers to all private interests prefer; But never dream that violence and fraud In her name turn to praise and nobleness That lies are bad at home, but good abroad; That honor and fair dealing have a bound

Mark'd on the map; that any right can prove Wrong to another, or make right less Aud, after all this, recollect there's love. "Love one another;" yea, Lord; look around After all this there's love-nay, love comes first, Else our pretended virtues are the worst Of all the evils wherewith life is curst.

Queries for Independence Day. What has been the history of the time since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, in regard to the people of America? Are they as virtuous as they were in 1776! Are they as manly! Are they as intelligent? Are they as religious? Not only that, have they learned anything in the highest of all arts-the art of man to live with man! The art of organizing society, of conducting gov-ernment, the promotion of the common weal through broad spaces and through vast multitudes? What is the history of the people? What are we today? What our fathers were tory was registered. We read what they now calls "fogyism," otherwise full grown were, and form an estimate of them with and possibly middle aged citizenship. He gratitude to God; but what are we, their will then occasionally remark that "all is children! Have we shrunk? Are we vanity, aye, even glory and firecrackers," unworthy of their names and places And his sons will laugh in their sleeves and speak of him as "the old man," and decide mitted from their hands to ours? What are

name—and it will give him a queer and not at all pleasant sensation.

our population, what it is, spread abroad through all the land. We have called the children and posterity, and there never was race stock had in it so much that was worth the study of the physiologist and philanthropist as now. The augmentation of power, of breadth of manhood, the promise of the future, is past all computation, and there never was, there never began to be, in the early day such promise for physical vigor

and enriched life as there is to-day upon this It has been said that "the art of living healthily has advanced immensely, and though cities have enlarged, and though the causes of dangers to sanitary conditions are multiplied, science has kept pace, and there never was a time in the history of any nation on the globe when the cond tions of life were so wholesome, the conditions of happiness so universally diffused, as they are to-day in this great land. It is in the power of a man to earn more in ten years of his life today than for our ancestors in the whole of their life. The heavens are nearer to us than to them, for we have learned the secrets of the storm and the sweep of the lightning. The earth itself is but just outside our door. We can now call to Asia easier than they could to Boston 100 years ago. All the fleets of the world bring hither the trib-

LOVE'S SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY

When I must go into the turmoil rude Of workly men and ways, I cheerily go, Since I am there as one that hath no foe, But moves in sylvan peace, where boughs ex-

The too flerce sun and paths with leaves are strewed, And bird-sought brooks in shady stillness flow I need not shun the turmoil, since I know

And if I into exile must be sent, Let me not grieve; the Fate's commanding lips I kiss, and take my way without a fear, If in the desert I must pitch my tent, Love bath within itself all fellowships, Is friends and home and rest and plenteous cheer.

PHASES OF ITALIAN WITCHCRAFT.

poses of Luck-A Strange Case.

From such persons you may hear that if any one takes the eggs out of a raven's nest, boils them so as to render them incapable of incubation and replaces them the parent birds will fly to a brook and fetch thence a white stone of the size and shape of the eggs. The stone, they say, it places carefully among the eggs and then sits on eggs and stone together. The stone restores vitality to the eggs, and after the brood is fledged and has flown it is left behind in the nest. It has, however, suffered a great change. It is now semi-transparent, and in every respect except its weight and hardness is exactly like an egg. If it be placed near any poisoned food the yelk begins to move violently and thus warns de fortunate possessor of his danger. The b pwing is even more given to sorcery.

It always deposits a stone the size of a pea in its next. What use it is to the bird or its family no one seems to know, but if any one finds it and paces it under the pillow of a sleeping person be will answer every ques-tion that does not exceed the limits of human ing killed; but the degradation of having his knowledge with perfect truth in the language in which it is asked. The marvelous stories told of serpents are innumerable. There is one about a yard in length and as thick as the upper part of a strong man's arm, which haunts dry wooded places. It is so venomous, especially in May, that not only will the first person it bites in that month die himself but any one who stands beside or comes to help him will share the same fate. If he falls beneath a tree, that, too, or if it be very large, at least one-half of it will be killed. Again, serpents of all kinds are very fond of milk. In the old days, before the railway was built, a coachman who used to drive on the road between Foggia and Naples once

fell asleep outside a little inn while his horses were baiting. His mouth was open and a snake crept down his throat. After this he felt unwell, though he did not know why, and none of the doctors could tell what was the matter with him. At last he consulted the professors of the University of Naples. They hung him up by his feet and placed a great bowl of milk beneath his head. The make, attracted by the smell, crept out to drink, but still kept a great part of its body in the mouth and throat of the coachman. A young doctor sprang forward, pulled it out and threw it away, when it was killed. It was about two and a half feet in length. After this the patient was as well as ever .-Saturday Review. Getting Hit on Purpose.

"I see that one of the new rules of the national game provides that where a batsman is hit by a pitched ball he is given his base. Now, what is to prevent a man getting hit on purpose to take his base?" "Have you ever been hit by a pitched ball" "Never!" "I thought not."-Chicago Rambler.

Should be a Balm for Him. William Rockefeller, of Standard Oil company fame, is said to suffer from insomnia. A man worth millions of money ought to be able to buy something to recks-feller to sleep.—Life.

An enterprising French newspaper is offer-ing Waterbury watches as prizes for the correct answer to charades and rebuses.

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