

A FINDING THE FOURTH OF JULY

Three elfins who lived in a fairylike nook,
Once read of our Fourth of July in a book,
And promptly their own quiet woodlands forsook,
To share in the fun and the noise.

By the light of the moon they crept out on the sly
And merrily sang on their way,
Asking politely of each passerby
How far they must go to meet Fourth of July.

Till they came to the dawn of the day,
What a different song these three elfins sang
As they limped their way homeward that night!
They had heard how the bells in the steeples go "Clang!"
Torpedoes and crackers go "Rattlety-bang!"
And the rockets go up out of sight.

For one little elfin by chance got astride
Of a giant torpedo nearby;
On a huge cannon cracker the next took a ride;
Number three to the tail of a rocket was tied.

And all three were blown up there, sky high.
On the way coming down each elfin declared
He had seen quite enough of the sky,
And promised himself, if he lived to be spared,
To ever reach home, and the damage repaired.
He would stay there on Fourth of July.

Yet this was not all, for they met on the road
Three cripples in pitiful plight,
They also had been there to see things explode—
A tall, young squirrel, a three-legged toad
And a crow with tall feathers turned white.

A very wise owl who was scowling close by
As the woe-begone party drew near
Remarked, while blinking and blinking his eye:
"Did I tell you so, that the Fourth of July
Is the fooly fool day of the year?"

But an eagle swooped down from a towering pine
And said, with his talons uncurled,
"The day is all right, this country is mine;
'Tis sad to be crippled, but sadder to whine;
The Fourth of July leads the world.

"And now, my young friends, allow me
That the flag you saw borne on the
Is the flag of the free, and we celebrate
The Fourth of July, while the crackers debate.
With just as much fun as we please.

"Be careful, old owl, lest my temper you stir;
This country cost more than one eye,
And is worth all it cost, though owls may demur,
We invite everything in horns, feathers or fur
To share in our Fourth of July!"

COULDN'T FIND "SOLAR PLEXUS."

Journalist Thought It Had Something To Do With Astronomy.
Attorney Albert P. Massey was talking with a number of newspaper men, and the talk turned on the relative mental equipments of lawyers and journalists. Then Mr. Massey told this story:

"When Mr. Fitzsimmons struck Mr. Corbett that celebrated blow that caused everybody to know what the solar plexus is the interest in that portion of the human anatomy became paramount. A newspaper friend of mine told me that he went into the library of his office one day and saw another member of the staff consulting a work of reference with an air of uncertainty and worry.

"My friend asked the other man if he could be of any assistance, and the other remarked: 'I am trying to learn something about the solar plexus. I don't seem to be able to find it. I can find "solar system," "solar spots," "solar heat" and "solar phenomenon," but not a word about the solar plexus.' "My friend looked over the shoulder of the seeker after information, and discovered that he was consulting a standard work on astronomy."—New York World.

A Woman's Back.

Dublin, Mich., June 29th.—To the many women who suffer with weak back and pains and tired feelings in the small of the back, the experience of Mrs. Fred Chalker of this place will be interesting and profitable.

Mrs. Chalker had suffered a very great deal with these back pains and although she had tried many things, she could find nothing that would relieve her. The pain kept on in spite of all she could do.

At last she chanced to read the story of another lady who had suffered with the backache, and said she had been cured by a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mrs. Chalker thought she would try the same thing.

After the first two boxes had been taken according to directions, she began to feel some better, and she kept on till at last she was cured.

Her pains are all gone, and she is very grateful. She says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me greatly, and I will always recommend them as a cure for Pain in the Back."

Sweden to Use Water Power.

The Swedish government has decided to convert the 4,200 miles of railway which it owns into electric traction systems operated by the natural water power of the country.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Of the 85,000 Indians in the five civilized tribes, Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, less than 15,000 are full bloods, so the Indian will soon lose his racial identity.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Thompson doubted his ability to climb a fence, but one growl from a dog gave him the necessary confidence, enterprise, ability and alacrity.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Mars Has Longer Day. Mars has a day forty-one minutes longer than our own.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.—Lady Averbury.

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for the same money.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—Lord Herbert.

Free—"HOW TO FEED LITTLE CHICKS." W. J. Gibson & Co., Inc., Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

The tide of the sea follows the moon—the tied of life the honeymoon.

To Cure a Cold in One day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It's a poor family tree that produces nothing but blockheads.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

During the courtship love shows up best in the dark.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

All the rogues wants is justice—to hear him tell it.

town Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, balance 1/4 crop still paid. MULLALL, Sioux City, Ia.

The coward is generally a sheep in wolf's clothing.

The FIRST FOURTH

It required a long time to prepare for the celebration of the first Fourth of July; it demanded nerve, courage, heroism; the man who huzzared for liberty then was in danger of putting his head in a noose, and he who fired a gun in honor of the occasion was shot without trial if caught.

Nowadays, people who wake up on the morning of the Fourth of July, amid the booming of cannon, the noise of trumpets, crackle of guns and snapping of fire crackers, and a general pandemonium of free and generous noise, seldom think of the years of anxiety, suffering and bloodshed through which the Colonial Americans passed before reaching the great day when they could shout for freedom.

There had been long resistance to tyranny, oppression and injustice. The Lexington shot that was "heard around the world" had been fired. Harry Lee had proclaimed independence, Patrick Henry had demanded "liberty or death," but the time was not quite ripe for that day of all days in American history, the Fourth of July, 1776.

On that day, fifty-six determined patriots assembled in the state house at Philadelphia. They had a purpose in assembling, and that purpose was of grave import to the whole world. Thirteen colonies, with their three millions of people knew what the purpose was; they had sanctioned it, approved it, and what the fifty-six men were about to do they were to do on behalf of those three millions of people who had fought, suffered, bled and starved that it might be done. Everybody knew what was going to happen, even the small boy who now makes as much noise as he can, was there with the crowds assembled to hear the tocsin of liberty.

A member of this great Congress of the people arose, and stopping a moment, looked at the grave faces before him, then he began to read from a paper he held in his hand:

"When in the course of human

events," reading on along down the list of grievances until he reached the consummating words that created a new nation:

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United States are, and of right ought to be free and independent—" here came an interruption in the person of a small boy who was blowing a fuse to keep it burning—he had a small cannon ready loaded to be the first to celebrate the very first Fourth of July—he rushed to the old bellman, waiting with the rope in his hand to ring out liberty on liberty bell. "Ring! Ring! Ring!" he shouted, and the old bellman throw his whole weight

great-grandfather's old flintlock musket on his shoulder, and my pockets full of powder and shot, firecrackers, and torpedoes.

I have always been in the very thick of the fight, and when night came on and lack of ammunition forced a cessation of hostilities, I have retired to my well-earned rest with joyful, pleasurable sensations, feeling that the enemy were routed—horse, foot and dragons.

True, I have suffered much; I have lost a thumb, my scalp has been torn off in several places, my eyebrows are not what they should be, my face is badly freckled with powder marks, and a portion of my ear is in the battlefield. But what of that? Am I not a patriot, a citizen of this great nation that can whip all creation? Pooh! I guess yes.

But I am growing old now, and although I still feel enthusiastic as much



upon the rope and the tongue of that liberty bell spoke to the crowd, and said, "We are free, the life of a new and great nation has begun. Rejoice and be glad." And the people shouted "Huzza! We are free!" Then they embraced one another, and shouted themselves hoarse, and when they could shout no more they fired guns, touched off gun powder, and waved flags, but the tongue of liberty bell kept on ringing, for two long hours the old bellman pulled with all his strength, and when asked why he did not stop, he answered, "I can't; I don't want to. I could keep on ringing liberty to the world forever." Then the fifty-six men arose and shouted, and huzzared and embraced, the deed was done, the nation was born, and the first Fourth of July was inaugurated. We have been keeping it up ever since, and as we grow larger and stronger, we make more noise, which is very natural and quite proper.

REFLECTIONS

By a Disabled Veteran.

For over forty years I have been a member of the great army of patriots who fought over again the great fight for liberty on every recurring Fourth of July. Ever since I was able to strike a match, or touch off powder, I have gallantly turned out with the rest of the revolutionary army, with grandfather's saber by my side, my

THE SPIRIT OF '76

The passing of one hundred and twenty-seven years has not dimmed the patriotic spirit of '76, "when men put ropes around their neck that we might have a free and independent nation." Men of patriotic souls and impulses rise to the surface of the dead money-making level and inspire our youth with new energy to do or to die. Shall the object for which this nation was founded be lost sight of in time, or be even momentarily forgotten? No, there are sentinels watching our course and they always bring us back again to true liberty.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—Miss GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association.

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will certainly cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made as many actual cures.

How Another Young Sufferer Was Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered terribly every month at time of menstruation, and was not able to work. Your medicine has cured me of my trouble. I felt relieved after taking one bottle. I know of no medicine as good as yours for female troubles."—Miss EDITH CROSS, 169 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Remember, Mrs. Pinkham's advice is free, and all sick women are foolish if they do not ask for it. No other person has such vast experience, and has helped so many women. Write to-day.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



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BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.



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knows how important it is to use a good starch. Defiance Starch is the best starch made. It doesn't stick to the iron. It gives a beautiful soft glossy stiffness to the clothes. It will not blister or crack the goods. It sells for less, goes farther, does more. Ask the lady who irons. Defiance Starch at all grocers. 16 oz. for 10 cents.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO. OMAHA - NEB.

REAL ESTATE

ARKANSAS LANDS FOR SALE—1,770 acres for sale, one tract near Conway, Ark. Each of the above tracts will make excellent farms. Also numerous farms and small tracts of woodland for sale on easy terms. 4,000 acres of excellent oak, ash, hickory and gum timber on Iron Mt., Arkansas. A fine mill site. Dr. HOPSON, Conway, Ark.

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