

# JULY 4 TIMES.

July 4th, in Hope was a pleasant day, one not soon to be forgotten.

Early in the morning, yes the day previous, many farmers began to arrive in town, to help us celebrate.

About 100 citizens came over from Cooperstown alone, many arrived on the 3rd, in order to be here early. They brought their ball team, their race horses and bicycle riders. Everybody had a good time. No rowdy, rough element, frequently seen in many towns, were present—all was joy and harmony from early until late.

The first thing on the program was the calithumpian parade which was abandoned and the time allotted to the horse races. Promptly on time—at 10 o'clock, headed by the Hope Cornet Band, the mass of people proceeded to the race track and the bicycle race, one-half mile dash, was run.

The entries were: Fred Martin, Hud Fuller, of Hope, and Jas. Sinclair and John Jones, of Cooperstown. Fred Martin won first money and Jas. Sinclair second. Time 1:12.

Next came the free-for-all-trot. In which there were three entries: Signo Vencs, owned by Hammer & Condy, of Cooperstown, a beautiful 4-year-old stallion; Silver Dick, owned by O. G. Majors, Hope; Dick Brady, owned by Frank Hill, Hope. Dick Brady dropped out after the first heat. Signo Vencs won first, and Silver Dick second money. Time, 2:34.

Signo Vencs, the Cooperstown horse, is a pretty horse and has the making of a great trotter. Hammer & Condy, and all Cooperstown have reasons to feel proud of such an animal. He is a trotting horse in every sense of the word, and Mr. Hammer, his driver, knows just how to handle him.

Then came the four minute trot. Hugh Carpenter's Lion, and Ed. Regan's Black Dan were the only entries. Lion first, Black Dan, second. Time, 3:00. This was a walkaway for Lion.

The horse running race was next on the program. A one-half mile dash. Bay Jim, owned by Hugh Carpenter, Hope; Blossom, owned by L. A. Roney, Hope; and Linden, owned by J. W. Sinclair, Cooperstown; entered. Bay Jim won first, and Blossom second money. Time, 1:02.

Linden fell in the second heat near the quarter pole, and threw his rider, but fortunately no serious damage was done. Linden cut himself a little just behind the left front leg, and his owner would not allow him to run again, although he won the first heat easy.

Now we come to the 1000 yard race, which was by far, the best and most interesting of all the races. The two ponies entered were both from Cooperstown. Tomy, and Punney, owned by W. J. Sinclair, and Hammer & Condy. They run for all they were worth—neck and neck. Tomy came out first. Time, 1:01.

At this hour it was about noon, and all adjourned for the dinner table, where everybody "filled up" on the best in town.

Promptly at 2 o'clock, the town hall was filled to overflowing to hear the two grand addresses by Rev. Jones and Rev. Whitford. Through the kindness of Rev. Whitford, we here produce his—or rather—a part of his splendid address, and am sorry space will not allow the whole to appear in print, but those who heard it all, commend it very highly. Rev. Jones spoke just as well, but as we said before, time and space would not permit us to publish both, or even all of one.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG AND WHAT IT MEANS.

The first and only legislative action officially on record for creating a national flag is that of congress, on June 14, 1777, and is as follows: Resolve 1, "that the flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes; alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The official promulgation of this act was made on the 3rd of September, 1777, and the thirteen stars and stripes were first unfolded at the battle of Brandywine, on the 11th of September, 1777. The first vessel to hoist the flag in a British port (after the treaty of peace) in 1783, was the ship "Bedford" of Man-tucket, whose captain was Wm. Mooers. The first flag was made in June, 1776, by Mrs. John Ross, of Philadelphia, who was visited by Gen'l. Washington, accompanied by a committee from congress.

They furnished the design and the flag then made was adopted by congress.

Several unimportant changes were made in the number of stars and stripes until 1818, when final action determined that the flag of the United States should be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field, and further, that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the Union of the flag.

Although comparatively a new nation, the flag can claim rank in point of antiquity with many other national flags. It was established in 1777, the present flag of Great Britain in 1801, the French tri-color in 1764, the Italian tri-color in 1848, the flag of Spain in 1785, the flag of Portugal in 1820 and the flag of the German Empire in 1870. This, in brief outline, is the history of our flag.

There is not a strand in the warp and woof of our flag that does not stand for innumerable conflicts and death. Who can paint the secret broodings, the August conferences, the intellectual wars in forum and senate chambers, the collision armies, the frightful tragedies, the hopes and fears, the reverses and victories, the triumphs and defeats lying back of "Old Glory". Yet, there it floats today as the symbol of true, broad and comprehensive Liberty.

Our flag means Liberty in its fullest sense. The victories won at Marathon, Runnymede, Marston, Moore, the Continental congress and Appomattox are mountain summits in history. From these majestic heights liberty plumed its wings for a bolder flight and a wider range.

The ideal of an enlightened and renovated humanity, a brotherhood cemented by love and made strong by living faith, has haunted the minds of men from time immemorial. This vision of concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed-up in harmony, grows brighter with each succeeding triumph of literature, science and religion. But how great has been the cost to incarnate a fragment of this vision into life. As we think of the men who were fearlessly attacked, and mercilessly slaughtered at Lexington and property destroyed and plundered at Concord, and as we

look at the spiral flame of burning Charlestown, and listen to the agonizing groans of aged parents, the shrieks of widows, orphans and infants, we can form only an inadequate estimate of the cost.

Indelibly impressed upon our memories still live the dismal scenes of Bunker's awful mount, the great theater of New England bravery where slaughter stalked grimly triumphant, where relentless Britain saw her soldiers, the unhappy instruments of despotism, fallen in heaps beneath the nervous arms of injured freemen.

There the great Warren fought, and there, also, he fell. Valuing life only as it enabled him to serve his country, he freely resigned himself a willing martyr to the cause of Liberty, and now he's encircled in the arms of glory.

"Peace to the patriot's shade, let no rude blast

Disturb the willow that nods o'er his tomb;

Let orphan tears bedew his sacred urn,

And fame's loud trump proclaim the hero's name,

Far as the circuit of the sphere extends."

But, haughty Allion, thy tyrannical reign shall soon be o'er! Thou shalt triumph no longer, thy empire already reels and totters; thy laurels now begin to wither and thy frame decay. Thou hast at length aroused the indignation of an insulted people; thy oppression they deem no longer tolerable.

The 4th of July, 1776, has now arrived and America manfully springs from the torturing fangs of the British lion, and rises majestic in the pride of her sovereignty, and bids her eagle elevate his wings!

The solemn Declaration of Independence is now pronounced amid crowds of admiring citizens, by the supreme council of our nation, and is received with the unbounded plaudits of a grateful people.

That was the hour when patriotism was proved—when the souls of men were tried. It was then the venerable patriots, lifted their indignant arms, and unflinchingly swore to be free. Despising such toys as subjugated empires, they knew no middle fortune between Liberty and death. Firmly relying on the protection of heaven unwarping in the resolution they had made, they met, engaged, defeated the gigantic power of Britain, and rose triumphant over the aggressions of their enemies.

Trenton, Princeton, and Saratoga, were the successive theaters of their victories, and the utmost bounds of vasteration are the limits of their fame. The sacred fire of freedom, of patriotism then enkindled in their breasts, shall be perpetuated through the long descent of future ages and burn with undiminished fervor in the bosom of millions yet unborn.

Finally to close the sanguinary conflict, to grant to America the blessings of an honorable peace, and clothe her heroes with lambs, Cornwallis, at whose feet the kings and princes of Asia have since thrown their diadems, was compelled to submit to the sword of Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the speaking, at 3 o'clock, the base ball game Hope vs. Cooperstown, was called, and we are again sorry—but we can't help repeating it. Cooperstown cannot play ball a little bit. They were at no stage of the game, "in it." Hope went to bat first, and received a goose egg. Cooperstown ditto. Then in the second inning the visitors got a score and the home team another egg. But in the third, the home boys got the visitors rattled, and run in only 8, while the Cooper boys got what the boy shot at again. In the fourth, they each made one score, and in the fifth, the visitors again went to pieces and let the home boys run in 6 big fellows, while they were satisfied with another egg. The sixth gave each an egg, and in the seventh, by bad throwing and poor fielding, the visitors got a couple more—which they needed badly. Hope got another round ring to her credit. Then in the eighth the home lads run in 1 and Cooper's ball tossers got a nice big round ring just like many more they had already received. The ninth gave each 2 scores and the thing was done. As usual, Hope won. Score 18 to 6.

Hope.....0 0 8 1 6 0 0 1 2-18

Cooperstown.....0 1 0 1 0 0 2 0 2-6

For the visitors Iverson and Sinclair were the battery, and McMahon and Courtney did the honors for the home team. E. W. Blackwell, of Cooperstown, umpired the game in his usual satisfactory manner.

Immediately after the ball game was the trap shooting, in which 15 entered. They each shot 25 blue rocks. E. W. Pepper broke 20, L. A. Jacobson 17 and Geo. Gray 16. Pepper first money; Jacobson second and Gray third.

Supper was now ready and all retired to do herself and himself justice.

After which the foot race was next. S. Curry Jr., 1; Chas. Warner 2; Jim Sinclair, of Cooperstown 3.

Then the ball throw. Tom Wilson 1; Atty. T. J. McMahon 2. The sports of the day being at an end several dollars worth of fine fireworks were shot off and everybody—or most everybody, went to the two big dances.

Hope Camp No. 2023, M. W. A., gave a grand ball in the opera house, in which 200 guests participated.

Wm. Morgan also gave a nice bowery dance in the building adjoining his restaurant. At both all had fun till a late hour and Hope was voted unanimously to be elegant entertainers—and thus July 4th, 1896, ended.

The citizens of Hope wish especially to return many thanks to the citizens of Cooperstown for their generous turnout, and for their aid in helping us make the occasion so pleasant for all.

On the 15th of the present month every one of us are going over to Cooperstown to help them celebrate at their A. O. U. W. picnic—or in other words—THEIR 4th of July.

## Chicago in 1896

Will be the rendezvous of democrats. The convention promises to be exciting and interesting. Northwestern democrats went to the convention of 1902 via the Burlington—and they know what it is. No experiment about using it again. Ask the ticket agent for a ticket over the Burlington, and you will never regret it.

## Salesmen Wanted.

Highest commissions. Complete line of Minnesota grown nursery stock, seeds, etc. Your choice of territory. Three plans of work. Pay weekly. Write at once, stating age.

THE JEWELL NURSERY CO.,  
Lake City, Minn.