



FOR THE GLORY OF THE FLAG A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

"I DON'T think I've slept a wink all night. Those confounded cannon crackers have been exploding since midnight. If I had my way—" "You would strike Fourth of July from the calendar, eh, papa?" Col. Johnstone whirled about in his walk up and down the gallery to face his daughter, framed in the doorway. She looked so fresh and beautiful in her light summer gown, with a bouquet of pansies at her



"You Should Put On a Red, White and Blue Sash!"

throat, that the frown disappeared from the father's face and a proud, glad light shone in his eyes.

"You are superior to nature, Mabel," he said, holding out his hands in welcome. "I do believe you would look like a rose new-washed in dew, if you did not sleep for a fortnight."

"But I do sleep, papa. When one is happy one doesn't mind noise, even of cannon crackers."

"I should have to be in a state of ecstatic bliss not to mind 'em. The roar of a battlefield is music, compared to this infernal banging."

"You forget, sir, that they are celebrating the independence of this glorious America. I am ashamed for you. Where is your patriotism?" She released her hands, put them behind her, and looked at him with all the severity she could command.

"The Goddess of Liberty offended with one of her subjects! By Jove! the role is becoming. You should put on a red, white and blue sash and sit on the platform at the celebration to-day."

A wave of color swept over the neck and face of the girl. "I wish I might, papa, or—that is, I wish very much to hear the speaking in the grove to-day. You will take me, won't you?"

Go over there to be jammed about in a crowd of crazy idiots who think they are showing their patriotism by shooting off firecrackers and making spread-eagle speeches? I'd like to please you, daughter, but you will have to wish again."

"I'm sure it would be good fun, papa, and I want to hear the speaking. Capt. Tolliver is going to speak, and—"

"Tolliver! What is he doing here?" "He is just back from the Philippines on leave of absence, and has consented to make an address."

Col. Johnstone took two or three turns up and down the gallery. Then, coming to his daughter, he said, slowly:

"You know, Mabel, how I feel toward Tolliver. He is the son of my old comrade and I have tried to make a man of him. But he is a dreamer. He has refused to accept a position in the bank, where he might learn to earn a living. He went to this war against my express wishes. He is ungrateful as well as foolish."

"I'm sure you misjudge him, papa. Capt. Tolliver is doing what he thinks right. He believes he ought to make his own way in the world, as you have done."

"He has no right to ask you to suffer for his Quixotic notions. If he had stayed with me I would have made a man of him."

"That's just it, papa; he doesn't want any one to make a man of him. He wants to be one himself. Isn't that better?" "He's a dreamer, Mabel, and there is no place in this world for dreamers. But, there, never mind. We'll go to the celebration, if your heart is set on it. Come and pour the coffee, and we'll have breakfast. Drot that cracker! I'll see to it next year that none of them are brought inside the

road gate. We'll hear what young Tolliver has to say, but that's all. He is milk and water, a dreamer. The fellow might have had a good position in my bank. Now, he must look out for himself."

Quite a crowd had assembled in Oak grove when Mabel and her father drove up. Col. Johnstone was the most prominent man in the community, and was greeted on all hands with homely words of welcome. He tied his horse in the shade of a sugar maple, and heard his daughter moved slowly along toward the platform, before which temporary seats had been arranged for those who wished to listen to the exercises. Groups of people were scattered about on the grass under the trees, surrounded by baskets of food and delicacies, for there was to be an old-fashioned picnic at the conclusion of the speaking, and almost everybody had come prepared to stay the day out. Boys were running about begging fire to set off their crackers, or flourishing toy pistols in a way that threatened the eyesight of half the company. Young men and maidens strolled about the grounds, chanting patriotic songs, or gossiped in knots under the friendly oaks.

Col. Johnstone found a seat for his daughter and himself near the platform. The band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," the presiding officer and the speakers filed onto the stage, the seats quickly filled, and the literary programme of the day began. Every reference to the freedom and glory of the United States, and they were many and eloquent, was cheered to the echo. It was a typical company of American citizens bent on making the most of the fine day in the year set apart to commemorate the brave deeds of their forefathers.

At last the chairman introduced Capt. Tolliver, the hero, he said, of the battle of the field of the war in which the United States was at present engaged. The young officer arose and began at once to speak. He made no attempt at oratory, but told in a simple, soldierly way of the trials and struggles of his fellow soldiers in the far-away orient. He pictured the benefits which were to come to the country with the new possessions, how America had at last taken its rightful place among the nations of the earth, and how the flag, which waved above them there on this anniversary of the greatest day in the history of the country, was loved and revered by the men who were fighting under its shadow across seas, among strangers, for the honor and glory of America.

Just here a bulky form arose from one of the middle benches, and, pushing his way into the aisle, came forward near the platform. It was Jim Darrow, the bully of the township, and reckoned as one of the most quarrelsome men in the community. When the people saw him approaching the platform, they moved uneasily in their seats, for they divined he meant some insult to the speaker.

"What right have you in the Philippines, Ned Tolliver?" he shouted, hoarsely.

"The right of a soldier fighting for his country," replied the young officer, calmly.

"You lie. You are all a set of thieves and murderers. You joined the army because

of thanks I got from him. He's just eight years old."

"Dear Uncle Ned: I am delirious with the monkey, thank you. He makes me think of you often. And whenever mamma winds him up and he begins to jump, mamma and I feel as if we were back at your house where all those boys are, and mamma will look at the monkey and say: 'That's your Uncle Ned all over.'"

"Good-by, from 'your grateful HAL.'"

"Something Equally Good. 'So you're not going to let your boy have any fireworks on the Fourth?'"

"No."

"Don't you think that's rather hard for the youngster?"

"Oh, no. I've promised to take him to the country and let him fall out of one of his grandpa's cherry trees."—Chicago Times-Herald.

IN JUST ANOTHER MINUTE.

"I don't take back nothin'!"

"You couldn't make a living at home, and now you are taking it out of a helpless lot of niggers. You are a lot of thieves and—"

Capt. Tolliver sprang from the platform and faced the bully. The bronzed face had an athen color, but his eye flashed and his voice was ringing and firm.

"Take back what you've said, Jim Darrow."

"I don't take back nothin'!" The slender, compact form of the captain straightened, the clinched hand shot out from the shoulder, there was a dull, crushing sound, and the bully swayed and fell in a heap between the seats. Then the captain sprang lightly back upon the platform and began to speak as though nothing had happened to interrupt him. But the crowd, which had sat breathless for the moment, suddenly awoke to the situation, and, rising as one, began to cheer. A dozen men ran down the aisle, and, grabbing the bully, who was slowly rising to his feet, furiously dragged him off the grounds.

Col. Johnstone was the first to reach the platform. He grasped Tolliver's hand as he

hurried to his side, and said: "By the honor of a soldier, you are a man. Hang it, sir, you may dream as much as you want to. You were right. A bank is no place for you. Forgive me and come home with us to dinner. Mabel is here, and wants to see you."

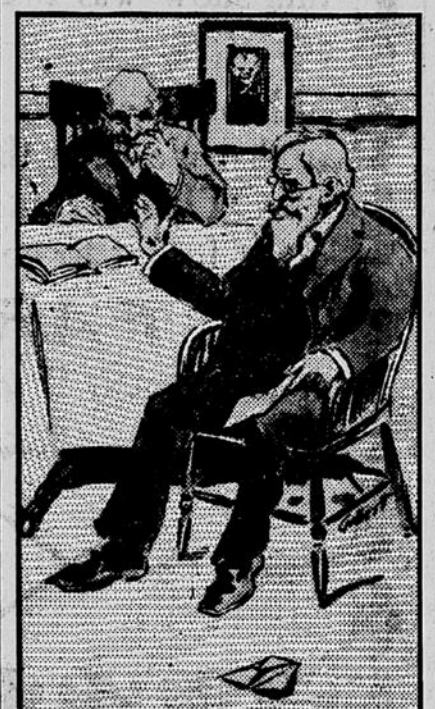
And that night, as the three sat in the moonlit gallery, the colonel took his pipe from his mouth to say: "I didn't think it was in you, Tolliver. Dreamer! Gad, I never saw a prettier knock-down in my life. You are worthy the best and sweetest girl in the country, and you shall have her, whether you come into the bank or not."

His Mother's Darling

"MY NIECE, Mary, was always a well-meaning girl, but she would say the wrong things almost every time," said one old gentleman to another; and she's got a boy that's going to be her very counterpart."

The old man's eyes twinkled, and his plain, good-natured face was puckered with enjoyment, as he drew from his pocketbook a small sheet of note paper.

"I sent Hal a toy-monkey last year, that plays all kinds of pranks when it's wound up," he chuckled. "Sent it to him for his birthday, which happens on the Fourth of July. Now, listen to this let-



"He's Just Eight Years Old."

ter of thanks I got from him. He's just eight years old."

"Dear Uncle Ned: I am delirious with the monkey, thank you. He makes me think of you often. And whenever mamma winds him up and he begins to jump, mamma and I feel as if we were back at your house where all those boys are, and mamma will look at the monkey and say: 'That's your Uncle Ned all over.'"

"Good-by, from 'your grateful HAL.'"

"Something Equally Good. 'So you're not going to let your boy have any fireworks on the Fourth?'"

"No."

"Don't you think that's rather hard for the youngster?"

"Oh, no. I've promised to take him to the country and let him fall out of one of his grandpa's cherry trees."—Chicago Times-Herald.

IN JUST ANOTHER MINUTE.



"Somebody should tell Johnny's mother that he's in mischief."

"Perfectly needless, my dear. She'll soon hear a report to that effect."

FARM & GARDEN.

BUG LIKE A HEDGEHOG.

Will Put the San Jose Scale Out of the Business of Ruining Plants and Fruit Trees.

A bug to fight a bug is the newest idea of the government scientists. All the way from China has the insect that is to do the fighting been brought, and it is confidently expected to prove a benefactor to fruit growers in this country, who have been suffering great loss for some time past owing to the ravages of the so-called San Jose scale—a pest supposed to have been imported originally from the orient.



HEDGEHOG BUG (Highly Magnified).

Through great areas in the eastern part of the United States the San Jose scale bug has been devastating orchards to an alarming extent. Trees attacked by it become literally covered with a whitish scaly substance that exudes from the insects, and, being sucked dry of their sap, soon per-

ish. Apparently the mischief spread with such rapidity because the bug has no natural enemies in this country, and that is why the department of agriculture sent one of its most expert entomologists, Mr. Marlatt, to the far east to look for something that would devour the destroyer.

Mr. Marlatt had a long chase. He traveled over Japan and through many far countries, but it was not until he arrived in northern China, in a remote and hitherto unexplored region, that he found what he wanted. It was an insect that bore a rather extraordinary aspect, resembling in appearance a hedgehog, and its customary food was the San Jose scale.

It seems probable that this was the region from which the scale bug originally came. The pest does not amount to anything on its native heath, being kept down by its formidable foe. But when it made its way to America, on tree cuttings or in some such fashion, it was not accompanied on the journey by its enemy, and hence the trouble that has arisen in the United States, where it has thriven and multiplied exceedingly.

Of course, Mr. Marlatt was much delighted at his discovery. He caught 100 of the hedgehog bugs and packed them carefully in a box. It was a long journey home, but he took the utmost pains to safeguard his precious live stock, and, though 98 of them died, he got to Washington a few weeks ago with two survivors.

Fortunately the two that survived were lively and healthy. A large cage was built for them out of doors, of fine wire net, so as to prevent them from escaping. The cage was about eight feet, and inside of it was planted a fair-sized plum tree which was badly infested by the scale insects.

The hedgehog bugs lost no time in getting to work. Not only did they attack the scale insect, but they proceeded to multiply their species, and already about 100—a lot of equivalent to the original stock obtained—are crawling about on the branches of the plum trees. They are so precious that Secretary Wilson would not take five dollars apiece for them, and the cage is kept locked, no unauthorized person being permitted to enter it.

The hedgehog bugs turn into beetles after ten days or so—decidedly handsome beetles, about the size of a lady bug, each with two bright red spots on the back. They are particularly busy bugs, and the energy they exhibit in destroying the scales is wonderful. They simply walk over the branches of the infested tree and gobble the obnoxious insects one after the other.

As soon as the hedgehog bugs have multiplied to a sufficient extent, Mr. Marlatt is going to give batches of them to large fruit growers, in this and other ways distributing them over the infested parts of the country, where it is believed that they will reduce the scale insects to harmless numbers before long.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pure Water for Poultry.
Stagnant water pools should have no place about the yards and runs of the poultry. No water at all is to be preferred, rather than stagnant water containing impurities. Where fowls have the run of plenty of green food they do not require much water, but it is very beneficial to their welfare to have at all times pure water.

Water is kept in watering vessels for them, it should be changed frequently, for it will become very filthy in a short time. Fresh running water is always to be preferred, and when it is possible to have such, it will pay well to run pipes a long distance to secure it if the proper fall is such as to bring it to us. The well and the windmill will usually supply fresh water, and good watering devices of different kinds may be used in connection with the same.—Rural World.

VIRTUES OF BARLEY.

Land That Will Grow Good Corn One Year Will Yield a Fair Barley Crop the Next.

One advantage which barley may be credited with over the other cereals is that it is much less liable to be injured by the rust fungus. Nearly all the varieties that are now on the market mature some time during the first ten days in July, so that the crop escapes to some extent the severely hot weather. Ripening as it does at this early date is of considerable advantage to the grower during the harvesting period. Where winter wheat is grown barley is generally ready to harvest soon after this crop, while spring wheat and oats come in a little later. But the fact that it matures at a convenient time would not alone recommend it for general culture. It must give a good yield of grain, otherwise farmers in general will have little use for it. In this respect we think that barley fully fills the requirements. Where ordinary care is taken in preparing the seed bed and the soil is at all in good heart there is little difficulty in getting a yield of 40 bushels per acre. In fact we have seen a 50 and 55 bushel yield time and again. As the grain usually weighs from 45 to 50 pounds per bushel it will be seen that the yield in pounds per acre is very large. It certainly would require a heavy crop of oats to produce the same amount of food. It is true that the grain is scarcely so palatable as oats and that it is not relished so much by farm animals; at the same time if properly combined with other foods it will give good results.—Live Stock Indicator.

NEEDS EXTERMINATION.

Jimson Weed Is a Plant That Is Dangerous to Children as Well as Live Stock.

The plant that we illustrate is a good one to exterminate, especially if there are young children to play in its vicinity. It is poisonous, and the life of more than one child has been sacrificed to it. Children are poisoned by play-



JIMSON WEED. (a. flowering spray; b. fruiting capsule—both one-third natural size.)

ing with the leaf in the mouth, and after the seeds ripen by eating them. They are also dangerous to cattle. These weeds are generally found on vacant lots. Mow the weeds and scatter grass seed in their place.

BIG PROFIT IN WATER.

Fruit Growers and Dairymen Can Sell It at a High Price and Yet Please the Buyer.

To sell water at a high price and yet please the buyer is one of the farmer's privileges. The gardener whose strawberries are juiciest, whose melons give the greatest refreshment during the hot August days and whose peaches are the most melting owes much of the superior quality of his fruit to the abundance of water they contain. To secure this added juiciness, unless nature be liberal with rains during the growing season, he must spend money, time and labor in irrigating his plantations or in making special efforts to conserve the moisture in the soil. The cheese-maker also sells considerable water in his product, but he might usually sell more with satisfaction both to himself and to the consumer. He would have an advantage over the gardener in so doing, for he need not go to great expense to provide the moisture. It is always found in plenty in the green cheese; and he need only use care in retaining it to add both quantity and quality to his marketable cheese.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

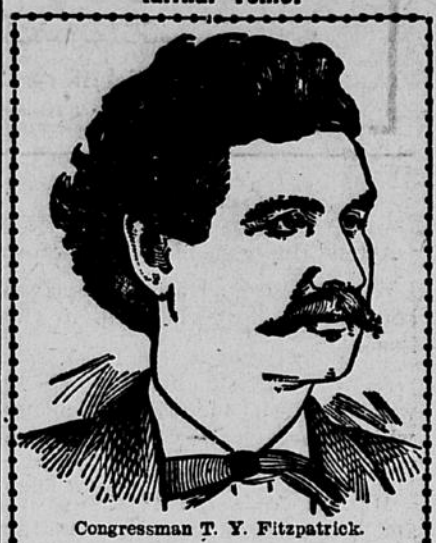
Cleaning Creamery Churn.

J. Dunting, of Michigan, in his Creamery Journal, tells how he cleans his churn as follows: "I use a handful of sal soda and one of salt, together with two tablespoonfuls of potash or lye, with four ordinary pails of hot water. I pour this in the churn and start it going, but I am always sure to leave the venting plug out. I run the churn for about two minutes, draw the water off into a washtub and use it to wash my strainer, butter ladle, paddle, bricker, etc. After I have washed my churn outside and inside with this solution, I pour cold water into it and rinse it by running for about two minutes. After drawing off the water I sprinkle with salt."

Don't fail to whitewash the chicken house outside as well as inside. It adds to the appearance and really is a benefit.

CONGRESSMAN FITZPATRICK

Says Pe-ru-na is a Splendid Catarrhal Tonic.



Congressman T. Y. Fitzpatrick.

Hon. T. Y. Fitzpatrick, Congressman from Kentucky, writes from the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., as follows:

"At the solicitation of a friend I use your Pe-ru-na and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with catarrh or who needs a good tonic."—T. Y. FITZPATRICK.

A Good Tonic. Pe-ru-na is a natural and efficient nerve tonic. It strengthens and restores the activity of every nerve in the body.

Through the use of Pe-ru-na the weakened or overworked nerves resume their natural strength and the blood vessels begin at once to regulate the flow of blood according to nature's laws. Congestions immediately disappear.

All phases of catarrh, acute or chronic, are promptly and permanently cured. It is through its operation upon the nervous system that Pe-ru-na has attained such a world-wide reputation as a sure and reliable remedy for all phases of catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL LAME BACK

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

ODDS AND ENDS.

Spruce grows nearer the arctic regions than any other tree.

No fewer than two British peers answer to the name of Lord Grey.

Fowls are supposed to have been first domesticated in China 1400 B. C.

The human voice has been heard in the open air at a distance of 15,450 feet.

The foundation of the Bank of England strong-room is 66 feet below street level.

Owing to a plague of rats and mice, cats sell at \$25 a piece in North Yukon Territory.

Of all money transactions in England 97 per cent. are transacted by checks, only three per cent. by notes and gold.

The finest example of weaving in the world is said to be the Panama hats manufactured in Jipijapa (pronounced Hippi-happi), in the province of Montecristi, Ecuador.

An "Omar Khayyam" restaurant has been opened at New York nearly opposite the Waldorf-Astoria. The cooking consists of all sorts of dishes that may be concocted with hot, spicy sauces and ingredients of rice and curry.

Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, shaved off his luxuriant black beard the other morning, and the door-keepers refused to admit him to the floor of the house until he had been identified. Mr. Babcock had not been shaved before in 15 years.

The Secret of Health in Old Age.

Shepherd, Ill., June 23rd.—Sarah E. Rowe, of this place, is now 72 years of age and just at the present time is enjoying much better health than she has for over 20 years. Her explanation of this is as follows:

"For many years past I have been troubled constantly with severe Kidney trouble, my urine would scald and burn when passing and I was very miserable.

"I am 72 years of age and never expected to get anything to cure me, but I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought it would do me no harm to try them.

"I am very glad I did so, for they cured me of Kidney Disease and stopped all scalding sensations when passing the urine.

"I feel better now than I have for twenty years."

YOU CAN DO IT TOO

Over 2,000,000 people are now buying goods from us at wholesale prices—saving 15 to 40 percent on everything they use. You can do it too.

Why not ask us to send you our 1,000-page catalogue?—it tells the story. Send 15 cents for it today.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
CHICAGO
The house that tells the truth.

PISO'S CURE FOR

WHEEZE, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, COUGHS, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, ACIDITY, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Like Candy. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION