

The Public Ledger

MAYSVILLE, KY., MONDAY, JULY 4, 1904.

FALL the white stones set by the way down the long vista of the centuries there is none that marks a more important event than that which bears the declaration of our independence. The "divine right of kings" had been the creed that the world had preached with fire and sword for centuries, but from the mountains and valleys of the New World, from humble cabins in the wilderness, from the shores of the inland seas and the banks of mighty rivers the amen of a people who had learned the doctrine of freedom from nature herself ascended, when those brave patriots, our forefathers, made that memorable declaration which caused tyrants to tremble upon their thrones and oppression to grow pale under its gaudy trappings of robe and crown.

The doom of king-craft and priest-craft was then and there pronounced, and in the clear light of the new day, high and holy truths were revealed that had long been hidden under the dust of superstition and error. Democracy had been called the dream of the fanatic, the chimera of the brain of the poet, but our hundred and sixteen years under democracy has shown to Europe that it is the *dream* that is the stulticism, and that liberty under law, the law made by the people, is the most perfect form of government the world has ever seen.

The struggle to free ourselves from the grasp of tyranny was bitter and long continued, and there were times when it seemed hopeless. The young nation, weak in numbers and resources, was confronted by an enemy whose wealth was inexhaustible and whose military strength was enormous, and had not God been with the brave men whose watch-word was "Liberty," their cause would have been lost.

The principles they asserted their posterity has proven, and upon every anniversary of our nation's birth the loyal hearts of the people renew their pledge of faith to our national institutions.

Our flag has waved over many a bloody and hard-fought field since the declaration of independence sent a thrill through all Europe; but the wounds are healed, the graves are hidden with flowers, and peace, mild-eyed and beautiful, broods over the land, and plenty pours from her horn the fruits of honest toil, sufficient not only for our own people, but for the starving millions of the world.

Is there a point where evolution in government becomes revolution. We reached it one hundred and sixteen years ago. Europe may reach it in our own time, but among all the future republics of the earth our own will forever be prominent, for it was planted in the virgin soil of a new continent and has been guarded by a people whose patriotism is a religion above all creeds and loyalty their souls of life.

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Flag of the free heart's hope and home! By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!



PROLOGUE.
A boy stood by a rocket big,
Whence all but he had fled;
"I don't know what this thing will do,
But I'll find out," he said.

EPILOGUE.
This shows you where a little shoe
And something of a vest
Now in use by a little boy.

HISTORY OF A NOVEL BADGE.

Origin of the Celebrated 5-15-22 of Maysville Commandery.



land, O. In 1877, it was unknown beyond the borders of Kentucky—and indeed it had not risen to sufficient importance here to excite more than ordinary mention. The membership was small, but among the number were some as noble fellows as ever lived—generous, whole-souled and courtly.

Five of these—Horace January, Frank S. Owens, Eugene A. Robinson, Samuel S. Riley and Thomas H. Manner—resolved on a pilgrimage to Cleveland, and as Maysville never does anything in a mincing way, so these devoted Templars determined to go in becoming style, and go they did, without reckoning the cost. They employed Haucke's celebrated Brass and Reed Band, composed of fifteen pieces.

One of the accessories was a baggage-man, who filled the dual position of driver. This was Charles Eppard, who understood his business and attended to it with strict fidelity.

Without supplies to look after, there was little use for a caterer, and as the Maysville pilgrims didn't propose that there should be any sleds in them, they prepared to entertain any friends who might be generous enough to visit their modest headquarters. To this end a couple of cases of excellent liquor had been sent in advance—a supply that was not at all in proportion to the guests that called to welcome the big-hearted Kentuckians.

It was the second night after the arrival in Cleveland that an incident occurred which has given Maysville Commandery a fame that has reached to the farthest parts of the land.

Seated in the headquarters room were half a dozen gentlemen, among them Jolly George B. Ellard of Cincinnati and the writer, who accompanied the "boys" for the purpose of writing up the trip—and having as much fun as could be gotten out of it.

Mr. Ellard, who is a very modest gen-

tleman, as all Cincinnatians are, and who brought with him from the "ould sod" a sufficient tinge of brogue to make his wit enjoyable, opened his question-box by the check-lock combination.

"How many members came with you?" he asked of one of the number.

"Five," was the response.

"And you brought a band of music with you?" queried Ellard as his eyes assumed the shape of a Haviland saucer.

"Yes, a band of fifteen pieces," was the answer from two or three at once.

Then George's eyes fell upon the new

Commandery has grown to more than two hundred, and among its members are those who hold high places in the councils of the Nation, and those who are honored in all the walks of life.

In anticipation of the coming pilgrimage to Denver, Colonel Frank S. Owens has designed, and the Commandery has adopted, a solid silver badge commemorative of the foregoing incident, a representation of which is placed at the heading of this article.

The coroner's jury is trying to get at the responsibility for the bridge disaster at Newport. The men who were at work on the bridge have now all been accounted for, and the list of dead numbers twenty-five. Twelve others were injured, and four escaped unhurt. An examination will be made of the piles on which the false work rested, in order to see whether the accident resulted from the piles being improperly driven.

The following is an extract from a speech of Roscoe Conkling: Upon its record and its candidates, the Republican party asks the country's approval, and stands ready to avow its purpose for the future. It proposes to rebuild our commercial marine, driven from the sea by Confederate cruisers, aided and abetted by foreign hostility. It proposes to foster labor, industry and enterprise. It proposes to stand for education, humanity and progress. It proposes to administer the government honestly, to preserve amity with all the world, observing our own obligations with others, and seeing that others observe theirs with us; to protect every citizen, of whatever birth or color, in his rights and equality before the law, including his right to vote and to be counted; to uphold the public credit and the sanctity of engagements; and by doing these things the Republican party proposes to assure industry, humanity and civilization in America the amplest welcome and the safest home.

Just in midsummer we offer our entire line of Ladies' fine summer Footwear at about one-half price. We are determined not to carry over a single pair of them.

MINER'S SHOE STORE.

There will be only one delivery by the carriers on the Fourth of July, and that will be at 7 a. m.

A collection will be made at the same time.

The General Delivery will close at 9:30 a. m., and remain closed for the day.

The Money Order Department will not be open at all.

REMEMBER, THE LEDGER prints "Help Wanted," "Lost," "Found," and similar notices not of a business character, free of charge. The only thing we require is that the copy be sent in before 9 o'clock on day of publication.

HOW HE WAS IMPOSED UPON.

Colonel John L. Scott of Frankfort Be-friends an Ungrateful Wretch.

"Tattler" tells in *The Louisville Times* how Colonel John L. Scott, formerly of this city, was imposed upon, as follows:

The kind-heartedness of the people of Frankfort is proverbial. They admire genius and the poet, musician or artist who has done anything for the benefit of his fellow-men.

For a brief while things went on swimmingly. At last Colonel Scott came to Louisville, and some one asked him how the prodigy was progressing.

"Don't mention him!" exclaimed the Colonel, angrily. "I don't wish to hear of that ungrateful rascal again."

"Why, what's the matter, Colonel?" asked the questioner.

"Matter?" retorted the Colonel. "Why, don't you know that miserable little wretch was so ungrateful as to run off with some of my finest law books and repaid my kindness with the basest ingratitude."

Since that day Louisville aspirants for fame are not received in Frankfort with open arms. Galt House newsboys in particular are barred in the hamlet among the hills.

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A MODEST REQUEST.

Hicks was about to cast the young Apollyon out of the window and dive after him when the train began to back and the dog reappeared with a telephonic expression on his face. And then all eyes turned to the young Hicks figure, and indeed he had with him a small book, which he handed to the justice of the peace, who had just arrived upon the scene. The justice of the peace, who was a man of some means, had a very remarkable collection of books, and he was very particular about his books. He had a very remarkable collection of books, and he was very particular about his books.

And the magistrate, being a sage of remarkable width between the eyes, discharged Hicks with a solemn warning, and Hicks rode home in a box car, a sadder and wiser man because of his quiet Fourth.

TOM P. MORGAN.

Guaranteed.

She—I want to get something to amuse my little boy with on the Fourth.

Clerk—Yes, madam. What do you think of this pretty little toy pistol?

She (anxiously)—Am I perfectly safe in getting it?

Clerk—Perfectly so, madam. It will kill only the boy.—Life.

Not Yet Ready to Quit.

"I suppose," said the doctor, as he carefully bound up the stump of Sammy's amputated arm, "that you will not shoot off toy cannons on the next Fourth?"

"Why not?" replied Sammy. "I have one arm left yet."—Jury.

A Blind Boy.

Fangle—Freddy, I heard that you tied a pack of crackers to a dog's tail and touched it off.

Freddy—Yes, sir. No one was paying any attention to the poor dog, and I wanted him to enjoy the Fourth, too.—Judge.

An Unsettish Boy.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Glim, "you should not shoot your firecrackers in the house."

"But I want you to enjoy them too, mamma," replied the thoughtful boy.—Jury.

Boy Philosophy.

"There, I told you, Johnnie, that you would burn yourself with those firecrackers."

"I don't care, ma. It was the last one!"—Puck.

Optimism.

"How do you intend to observe the Fourth?" asked Van Cleef of his wife.

"I intend to observe it by declaring my independence," replied Mrs. Van Cleef.—Puck.