

ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE rattle of crackers,
The roar of the guns,
What do they tell you, O wondering ones?
The rockets that spread
Streams of stars overhead;
The banners that float
And the bugle's brave note—
All tell the story our grandfathers' sons
Heard from their fathers of Tyranny's fall;
Tell the great story of gallantry bred
Out of men's hate for the bonds that enthrall—
Tell the high story
Of God-given glory—
Of strength for the just and the Lord
O'er us all!

Deathless the love they won
While love shall last,
While still from sire to son
Freedom are passed—
While the stars shine
O'er your country and mine!
Shame on the man who is raked by the
sands—
Narrow the gate that his little soul bounds!
Let the guns roar,
Let the red rockets soar,
And bring from the smithies the anvils
once more!
With the fire and the drum
And the bugle and horn,
Let the universe know that the great day
is come!
For their glory who turned from the plow
to the sword
Make a sound—make a sound of great joy
to the Lord!

By the deeds they wrought,
By the fights they fought,
By the freedom that with their rich blood
they bought,
Let us pledge ourselves anew
To be worthy of and true
To the trust that handed down,
Each a monarch in his right,
Worthy of a monarch's crown!
Let us keep the banner bright—
Keep its stars of blue,
And its stripes of red and white
Ever from stain,
So that where it floats at sea,
Or upon the starry plain
It may be
Still the emblem they designed
And in dying consecrated—
But the flag they dedicated
To the glory of mankind!

What is the story the skyrockets tell,
Sounding up over the walls of the night?
'Tis the story of pride that was lofty and fell
When the stars of our freedom burst
suddenly in sight,
Flooding the world with their glorious
light!

As the years go by
And traditions die,
And men aspire,
Let the beacons flash on crag and shore,
Let the signal lights rise higher, higher,
Ever more brilliant than before,
E'er till earth from her orbit shall fall
Let the scepters they won
Pass from sire to son—
Each a king in his right and the Lord
O'er us all!

—R. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

OUR CELEBRATION AT TWO-OVE-TEE.

By F. W. CRISMAN.

LAST Fourth of July the weather came on cool and beautiful in our mountains. But there were three people at Black Rock whose ranch was anything but cool. In fact, Ferd, Florence and I were as "hot" as we could well become—hot with impatience and disgust.

For more than four weeks we had been preparing for a celebration, a picnic at our cottonwood grove, with all the family and all our neighbors along Black Rock creek to join in making a great day. Ferd, who had borrowed some volumes of the Congressional Record from some local politician, had written a short address, and Florence had practiced diligently some patriotic songs. Moreover, we had expended \$8 for fireworks, of a magnitude worthy of the largest attainable crowd.

Our discomfiture may be imagined when I say that father, mother and the younger children had failed in a promised return from their visit at Green River, and that, just two days before the Fourth, report had reached Black Rock Valley of a "monster celebration" which was to be held at Lander, and to which every mother's son and daughter in our neighborhood had stampered.

We were left alone, we three; so far as we knew, there was not a soul left within 25 miles of us.

We were, of course, still looking for the return of our family from Green River, but as the morning slipped away and 11 o'clock came, with no sign of them, Ferd and I gave ourselves up to sulking. We were lying upon our backs in the shade of some cottonwoods near a horse corral, when Florence, who was still on the lookout, shouted to us.

"They're coming!" she cried, running toward us and clapping her hands joyfully. "I can see the dust of their wagon down the valley. Splendid! splendid! We'll have a celebration all to ourselves!" As there are eight of us altogether, the prospect was not quite so disheartening.

Ferd and I sprang to our feet and climbed the corral fence to look. What we saw was a flying trail of dust rising above a point about a mile distant. A glance, however, showed our more practiced eyes that the dust cloud was altogether too great to be kicked up by a span of mules and a spring wagon.

"That's not them," declared Ferd, in disgust. "It's a stampede of horses or cattle." A faint roar of trampling hoofs soon bore to our ears the proof of his assertion. The dust cloud increased in volume, and the mutter of pounding hoofs jarred like a distant rumble of thunder.

Our suspicions were quickly roused. We craned our necks and watched in silence. We had only a minute to wait before a big bunch of horses, going at a swift trot, broke cover of the point. A few seconds later, we discovered, on the outskirts of the herd, which doubtless numbered many horses of our own, two pony riders turning the lead-ers across the valley.

We did not have to guess that these men were "rustlers," and that there were more of them in the rear pushing the horses forward. Every movement of herd and men proclaimed the fact. A gang of our mountain freebooters had taken advantage of the stockmen's "stampede" to Lander to make another stampede, which should be vastly to their own advantage.

The men were steering their catch across Black Rock valley up to the mouth of Two-ove-tee pass. Once through that difficult gap, they would hustle the herd into the fastnesses of Owl Creek mountains, break it up into small bunches and get away with the horses at their leisure.

Ferd and I did not say this to each other—we did not need to do so. We slipped off the fence presently, and



looked at each other in a grim kind of way.

"Well," said Ferd, "we've got to head off that herd, stampede and scatter 'em, somehow."

"Sure thing!" I assented.

When Florence understood the case, she set up a frantic wail. "You shan't go!" she almost screamed. "Those men will shoot you dead! Anyway, if you do, I'll go along and be shot, too!"

"You will stay at home, Florry," said Ferd, kindly, but in his masterful way. "We'll take good care of ourselves, never fear."

Thereupon she ran to the house, crying. We could not stop to comfort her. While Ferd went for our guns, trappings and a sack to eat, I ran to the creek pasture, got out two of our best riding ponies and saddled them. When I had finished Ferd came out, wearing his hunting jacket and carrying my jacket and our guns.

The big side pockets of the coats were stuffed to bulging, but my jacket felt light enough, and when I thrust a hand into one of the pockets and drew out a giant "cracker" of the biggest size, I fairly whooped with delight. There were a half dozen in each pocket, and each one was a foot in length. They would make enough noise to stampede a whole tribe of Indians, let alone 400 or 500 half-wild horses.

We were off in a twinkling. We knew of an old buffalo and cattle trail a half-mile distant, leading up to the head of Black Rock, and round the slopes of several mountains into the north gap of Two-ove-tee. This trail we took.

"We'll plant ourselves in front of that herd in the gap," said Ferd, "and there we'll have our celebration. I believe we can 'counter stampede,' run 'em over that crowd and get away in the dust and racket."

The very probable event of a fight against odds, however, kept us feeling pretty sober. We clattered along the cut-off at a hard gallop, without exchanging many remarks.

We rode on for more than an hour, passing up out of Black Rock and over a mountain ridge. Then we heard a clatter of hoofs at our heels, and turned to face Florence. Her pony was sweating, her face was flushed and beseeching, as she pulled up confronting us. As the trail was a plain one, she had had no difficulty in following.

"I can't stay behind!" she announced, breathlessly. "I should die of fright. I don't believe those men will fight when they see a girl along!"

So that was her reason for coming! We looked at each other in dismay and some disgust. But she was a girl of 16, a capable horsewoman and of a determined spirit. We could not compel her to stay behind.

"Well," said Ferd, "when we get to business you'll have to stay where we put you, or we'll tie you up!"

Then we "hit" the trail again, and Florence followed. I looked back to see that she was crying, although she rode bravely, and I was truly sorry for her.

In the course of three hours of hard riding we came out of a sharp cut into the canyon of Two-ove-tee. A brief examination convinced us that we should find no better point at which to make a break in the herd and turn them back upon the rustlers. The gap of Two-ove-tee was here some 200 yards in width, with inaccessible steep slopes on either hand.

We rather counted on a fight, and Ferd planned for it like a general. He even consented that Florence should take a part in cannonading the herd, whereas she at once became a calm and superior person. She agreed to pound hoofs jarred like a distant rumble of thunder.

after we should get the herd going, and in a certain length of time to take her flight back over the trail by which we had come.

Even when we told her we should fight, pointing out from a height the high banks of a dry run where we should make our stand when we had run the herd over the rustlers, she approved the plan.

"You can stand them off easily!" she declared. "Their bullets can't hit you in there, and if they charge you can stampede them with crackers."

We rather thought so ourselves. We then ate a bit of dinner and rested, listening meanwhile for the tramp of the herd. It was nearly four o'clock when we heard the rumble of their hoofs and sighted their trail of dust up the canyon.

We quickly took our places. Florence stood just outside the mouth of the cut, with several giant crackers and some matches in hand. She was a little pale, but cool and collected, and showed no sign of fear.

Ferd and I sat our ponies on either side the creek bed and waited, I must admit, in a state of considerable excitement. We had no fear for our



seats, however, as our ponies were gun-broken to firing from the saddle, and would not shy even at cannon-shot. They were, in fact, accustomed to the crack of dynamite and black powder, used in breaking rock and splitting logs near our house.

The foremost horses of the herd were soon close at hand. Of course the dust they raised completely hid us from view of the rustlers in their rear. They were coming at a free trot on each side of the creek channel. We waited until the leaders had halted, snorting, in front of us. Then we lighted our crackers and flung them—eight or ten—once after the other. Florence took her part in the cannonade, throwing her crackers as far as she could toward the minutes.

For half a minute the canyon roared and reverberated with an astounding racket. This thunder and smoke flung the leading horses back upon their fellows until all were bunched like a flock of scared sheep.

Then we rode at them, each of us flinging a final cracker upon their heels, and all of us yelling like crazy hannocks at a frolic. In no time we had them going—just "hitting the wind" in the wildest kind of a "counter-stampede." We followed, aware at first of the active operations of rustlers in our front. The swerving lines of horses told us plainly enough where they were. The dust and confusion prevented our seeing anything more than half a dozen yards distant.

By great good luck, we came together in crossing a curve of the creek-bed. We rode at the tail of the herd until assured that the frightened horses would run as long as they were able—that our stampede could not be countered for an hour or more. We knew, from the time which had elapsed, that the rustlers, not fearing immediate pursuit, had saved wind and speed for a long chase.

And now we turned back, determined to take our stand in the mouth of the cut and guard the pass until the stockmen should begin to come in from Lander. It was only through the gap of Two-ove-tee that the rustlers could hope to run stock off our range.

Dust hung heavily in the gap, and in order to dodge the rustlers, if possible, we rode back down the creek channel, which held only here and there pools of water.

But luck turned against us just as we had reached a point nearly opposite the mouth of the cut. While riding across a flat where the ditch was extremely shallow, we sighted four horsemen scouting cautiously, evidently trying to discover the cause of the tremendous racket which had turned the stock. They might easily have thought that miners were at work blasting rock somewhere near—doubtless they had come to some such conclusion.

But they saw us before we could get to cover. They were between us and the mouth of the cut, and they wheeled in an ugly fashion, holding their Winchester at a "ready." We slipped out of our saddles and got behind our ponies.

The fellows were suspicious of a larger force close at hand, or they would doubtless have charged us at once. They looked about rather anxiously, scanning the creek banks above and below.

As the dust had cleared somewhat, we could see their faces quite plainly. They were not more than 50 or 60 yards away. Three of them were dressed as cowboys and looked like ordinary line riders. The fourth, and apparently the leader, wore a blue woolen shirt and a stiff hat. He had a drooping black mustache and long hair.

Presently the four got in line and began moving slowly toward us. They

evidently wanted to make sure of us at the first fire.

"Halt where you are or somebody'll get hurt!" shouted Ferd. The rustlers glanced at each other. Two of them grinned wickedly. They came on without pausing.

Scared as I was, I was far more frightened in behalf of those reckless men than on my own account. If they could have known how quick and certain Ferd is with a rifle, they certainly would have kept their distance. I knew one of them must fall at my brother's first fire, and if they charged in saddle I did not doubt he would kill them all before they could reach us—he is just as quick as that on the trigger, and he works his lever as a boy flips a marble. His rifle was already leveled, covering the leader.

"Halt, there, I tell you!" he called again, and in a tone that would have stopped any but the most desperate of men. The men fingered their Winchesters. They were about to begin the fight. Then in a breath and out of the dust that still banked along the steep slopes Florence came galloping at them.

The fellows turned their heads quickly at hearing the patter of her pony's hoofs, and the leader wheeled his horse sharply about. The latter lowered the rifle he had half-presented when he saw a girl confronting him. It was well enough for him that he did so.

Florence coolly pulled up in front and a little to one side of this astonished rustler.

"Those are my brothers down there," we heard her saying in a clear voice. "I am going to help them drive the horses. I guess my stirrup-strap is breaking loose." And she stooped over on the side opposite the man, as if to attend to her footing.

Then, before the leader or his men could recover from their surprise, Florence straightened up and flung a hissing cracker at his pony's head.

At 15 feet she ought not to have missed, but the pony dodged at the motion of her arm, and her big yellow cracker struck the rider somewhere about his belt and exploded. The man was knocked or thrown out of his saddle, sprawling like a stricken frog. The pony sprang away, reeling from the concussion.

One of the mounted men yelled: "Dynamite!" and all three put spurs to their dancing ponies, and were out of range and out of sight in no time.

Ferd and I now advanced, with our guns covering the fallen rustler, who had raised himself to a sitting posture and seemed to be groping for his Winchester. He was blind and dizzy as yet from the shock he had received.

Florence had dismounted and secured his gun.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, I hurt you, sir," we heard her saying, ruefully. "I only meant to stampede your horses and keep you from shooting at my brothers."

She had indeed done execution. The man's shirt front was blown away, his breast and face were blackened with powder, his mustache and eyebrows were singed off, and his eyes were red and bleary, and rolled like those of a drunken man.

He was still light-headed when Ferd and I came up. We got him to his feet and walked him around a bit. Florence ran to a pool and brought water in my wool hat. He drank eagerly.

When he had fully recovered his senses, we knew that he was not seriously injured. He sat down upon the ground presently, and although the pain of his burns must have been acute, he grinned at us in a kind of grim humor.

"Well," he asked, "goin' to shoot me up?"

I had already caught his horse.

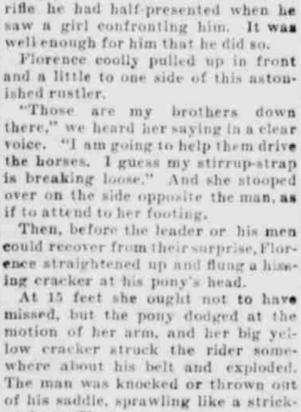
"Get into your saddle and get out of these parts," said Ferd. "Try to make an honest living in future, and no one will hurt you."

The man, with a grimace of humiliation, mounted his animal and rode away. We were glad enough to see the last of him.

We overtook the main herd of stampeded horses near the summit of the pass. That night we slept upon beds of spruce boughs. We reached home about eight o'clock in the morning, and found the rest of the family awaiting us. They thought we must have gone to Lander.

When the stockmen came back from Lander they were in a great state of indignation. There had been no celebration, and they had ridden a hundred miles and back for nothing. It soon turned out that the rustlers themselves had caused the false report to be circulated.

I must say that Florence is now a person of considerable reputation in these parts.—Youth's Companion.



LITTLE WILLIE DREAMS OF A GIANT FIRECRACKER.

Utterly impossible.

Jimmy—D'yer know dat firecracker wuz invented by de Chinese?

Tommy—Aw, wotcher givin' us? Wy, de Chinks don't celebrate de Fourth.—N. Y. Journal.

HEAT RECORD BROKEN.

Many Prostrations in Chicago and New York—Severe on Children at Pittsburg.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Reports to the weather bureau from points throughout the hot wave show remarkably high temperatures generally with little or no rainfall, and but poor prospects for any substantial relief in the next forty-eight hours in the eastern part of the country. In the South Atlantic and Middle and East Gulf States there were local rains and thunderstorms today and in the extreme northwest cooler weather came from local showers.

High temperature continued today in all districts east of the Rocky mountains. At New York, the maximum 98 degrees broke the record there for June and at Philadelphia, the maximum 98 equalled the highest temperature previously recorded there.

Some of the high temperatures reported at the bureau were the following: Atlantic City, 94; Boston, 92; Chicago, 97; Cincinnati, 96; Davenport, Iowa, 98; Denver, 94; Des Moines, 96; Indianapolis, 94; Jacksonville, 94; Kansas City, 98; Little Rock, 90; Marquette, Mich., 96; Memphis, Tenn., 90; New Orleans, 94; North Platte, 92; Omaha, 98; Pittsburg, 94; St. Paul, 90; Springfield, Ill., 98; Vicksburg, 90; Washington, D. C., 98; St. Louis, 100. Washington was intensely hot today.

Children Suffer at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—Between midnight Saturday and midnight Sunday, eleven deaths and fifteen prostrations directly traceable to the heat, were recorded. In addition to this many children have succumbed, as is evidenced by the burial permits issued. In the past eighteen hours fifty-nine permits have been issued, three-fourths of which were for children under 4 years of age. The normal death rate is 16.

Chicago Records Broken.

CHICAGO, June 30.—The heat in Chicago today breaks all records for June since 1872. For three hours the government thermometer in the weather bureau, at the top of the Auditorium tower, registered 97. In many places in the street it was 104 and 106. A northwest breeze brought some relief after nightfall, but at 11 o'clock the mercury was again soaring around 90. There was intense suffering throughout the city, especially in the poorer districts, and the police ambulances were kept busy picking up victims who had succumbed to the heat. No fatalities were reported, but several of those who were prostrated are in a serious condition. Forecaster Cox says it will be hotter tomorrow.

Nineteen Deaths at New York.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The relief from the killing heat of the last week which was promised today in the way of thunderstorms did not materialize. Instead the temperature increased, there was less breeze than the day before and the little air that did stir was surcharged with heat. There was scarcely a cloud all day to shield the city from the sun.

There was an increase in the fatalities reported over yesterday though the number of prostrations was not large. Up to midnight tonight 19 deaths had been recorded and 20 prostrations. The dead of yesterday numbered 11. Today's maximum was 98.

VOLUNTEER ARMY IS NO MORE

Last of the Regiments Mustered Out—Major Gen. Shafter Retired.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.—Two important military events occurred at the Presidio today, the retirement of Maj. Gen. W. R. Shafter and the mustering out of four volunteer regiments. Gen. Shafter went on the retired list at noon, when he formally transferred the command of the department of California to Gen. S. B. M. Young. In the afternoon the Forty-fourth, Forty-ninth, Forty-eighth, and Thirty-eighth volunteer regiments were mustered out. The mustering out of the four regiments required the services of eight paymasters. Over one million dollars was disbursed. The money was taken from the treasury to the Presidio in eight wagons, each under the charge of a paymaster and his clerk. Forty-five artillerymen, mounted and armed, escorted the treasurer and pay corps to the reservation. In order to protect the soldiers on the grounds from grafters with their swindling devices one hundred men of Troop E. Fifteenth cavalry, were stationed around the reservation. Two of the regiments mustered out, the Thirty-eighth and Forty-ninth, were colored and the men had between three and four months' pay due them. As soon as the volunteers had been mustered out they rushed to the railroad ticket offices for transportation to their Eastern homes. Both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific ticket offices put on extra forces of clerks. The ticket offices were crowded until late in the night with soldiers buying tickets. Nearly 4,000 tickets were issued.

There yet remain three volunteer regiments to be discharged, the Forty-third, Forty-seventh and Forty-first. They will be paid off tomorrow. The volunteer army will then have passed into history.

Shake-Up in Seaboard Shops.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 30.—A special from Abbeville, S. C., says: By order of General Manager Barr, about forty workmen at the Seaboard shops here were discharged yesterday. The office of Master Mechanic Evans was abolished. The men discharged were carpenters, tanners, blacksmiths, wipers, etc. Three boiler makers joined the strikers. The thirteen non-union men brought here by the company some time ago have left. Ernest Stump who was at one time master mechanic here, will be general master mechanic

PHILIPPINE COMMERCE.

Imports From the United States Show an Increase of 59 Per Cent.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The value of merchandise, gold and silver, imported into the Philippine Islands during 1900 was \$27,765,100, the greatest importation in the history of the archipelago. In 1899 the importations amounted to \$20,440,074, thus showing an increase of nearly 36 per cent. The British consul at Manila estimates that the imports into the Philippine Islands for 1895 were \$7,916,600; for 1896, \$9,292,500 and for 1897, \$9,120,000.

During the five years 1887-1891, the average annual value of imports from the United States amounted to \$120,662; during the five years 1892-1896 the average annual imports amounted to \$136,228; in 1899 the imports were \$1,357,834 and in 1900 \$2,153,198.

The total imports from China and Hongkong for 1900 amounted to \$9,535,443 and for 1899, \$9,081,635. It has been shown as regards the statistics of imports into the islands from the United States that they do not include a large amount of merchandise that is imported indirectly, including such staples as wheat, flour, meat products, cotton manufactures and many other articles. A large proportion of this trade is recorded as imports from Hongkong, which are undoubtedly re-exported from that port to the islands.

The imports from the United States direct for 1900 show an increase of \$801,344 over those of 1899, while the imports from Hongkong in 1900 show a material decrease from the estimated figures of 1899.

This would indicate that as the shipping facilities in Manila harbor are being improved direct shipments to Manila are increasing.

The imports into the Philippines from the United States direct in 1900 show an increase over 1899 of 59 per cent; from the United Kingdom 72 per cent; from Germany 77 per cent; from France 235 per cent.

The imports from Spain in 1900 show a decrease from those 1899 of 26 per cent.

The total value of merchandise, gold and silver, exported from the Philippines during the calendar year 1900 amounted to \$26,731,462, against \$19,273,288 for 1899 and an average from 1880 to 1894 of \$20,526,961.

The exports to the United States decreased from \$4,044,255 in 1899 to \$2,968,881 in 1900.

TIENTSIN CROWDED.

Officers of All Nations Returning to Their Homes.

TIENTSIN, June 30.—The city of Tientsin is now more crowded than ever. Officers of all nations are here en route for their homes.

Apartments have been prepared at the University of Tientsin Prince Chung and his suite of forty, who will remain there for three days before leaving for Germany to make formal apologies for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler.

Mr. Denby, who when the foreign troops arrived, was appointed by the China Merchant Company to protect their property, says the company in their claim against the United States government do not use the word "lost" against the marines, but merely hold them responsible. The greater part of the company's property consisted of rice, which was afterwards distributed under orders from the British and American generals to assist those in need. Mr. Denby thinks the company's claim should have been added to the indemnity as legitimate expense. Other Tientsin merchants say the company never had 300,000 taels worth of property here.

RUSSIAN ATTITUDE.

Secretary Gage's Measure Designed as a Reprisal, It is Contended.

PETERSBURG, June 30.—Confirming statements already telegraphed to the Associated Press, the Journal of Commerce and Industry, representing the Russian ministry of finance, explains Russia's attitude toward the American duty against British paraffine manufactured from Russian naphtha. The article declares that Secretary Gage's measure was "manifestly designed as a reprisal," adding that this supposition is strengthened by the fact that article 626 had never previously been so construed. It asserts also that Mr. Gage did not mention Roumanian naphtha, which is imported into Great Britain.

The contention, therefore, is that Russia's action in raising the duties on bicycles and resin is justifiable.

Two Districts for Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 30.—Tomorrow Kentucky will be divided into two Federal judicial districts in accordance with the law passed by the last congress. Judge Walter Evans of Louisville will preside in the Western district and court will be held at Louisville, Owensboro, Paducah and Bowling Green.

Judge A. M. J. Cochran of Maysville will be the judge of the Eastern district. Court will be held at Covington, Frankfort, London and Richmond.

Passing of Revenue Stamps.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Beginning today no war revenue stamps will be required on bank checks, drafts and telegraph messages, and business men in banks throughout the country will find themselves with more on hand than they anticipated. There is no doubt that a great deal of money will be lost throughout the United States on account of these stamps, not much individually, to be sure, but in the aggregate a very considerable sum. It is estimated that \$2,500,000 will be the amount lost throughout the United States.