

# A RUSTIC FOURTH.



**FOURTH JULY'S** the finest day of any in the year. At least that's how it allus seems to me.

You swell your chest an' take a breath, and find you're breathin' freer, Ez though the air wuz full of liberty.

The cracklin' o' the crackers goin' off by packs and packs, The cannon boomin' at the break o' day, Jes' sort o' sends a joyous little shiver up our backs.

An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

The big men of the country give us Patrick Henry's speech, An' then recite the Declaration, too, An' the crowd throw up their hats an' cheer with ardor, after each Patriotic orator is through.

An' then the silver cornet band (the township's joy and pride) Inspirin' aiss appropriately play, An' the bangin' an' the poppin' start again on every side.

An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

An' after bit when darkness comes, the fireworks fizz an' spout An' Chinese lanterns twinkle midst the trees, An' in the shadders pretty girls are saunterin' about With rounded waists an' dimpled hands to squeeze.

An' then wunst more there's music from the silver cornet band, An' down the floor the dancers all sashay, Everybody's wantin' partners—every fellow's in demand.

An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

—Detroit Free Press.

# A FAIR REBEL'S TRICK.

A Fourth of July Story

It was the 3d of July and Betty Logan, known to many as the Belle of the Neutral Ground, that debatable strip of country along the Hudson where the cowboys and skiners roamed at will, stood on the porch of her pleasant little home.

She was half surrounded by vines that failed to conceal her trim figure, the effect of which was heightened by the neat garb she wore. In one hand she held a letter she had just read for the fourth time, and as she lifted her eyes she beheld a man at the edge of the porch.

"This man, a person whom the girl could trust, had just delivered the message, and while reading it Betty had become oblivious to his presence.

"It's bad news, Peter," said she, advancing a step and looking down into the man's face.

"Another victory for the king's men, Miss Betty?"

"That is not exactly it. It wasn't much of a battle, Nolan writes—"

The man interrupted the reading with a sudden exclamation.

"The letter is from Capt. Nolan, then?"

"Yes, and he is a prisoner in New York."

"That's bad. I know how he will chafe in confinement, for he wasn't born to rust out behind stone walls. But when they exchange him—"

"That's just the difficulty, Peter. When they exchange him! You may well say that. They will not exchange Nolan for an officer inferior in rank. They never do that, you know, Peter."

"I might have thought of that," answered the man, flushing a little. "I suppose a rescue is out of the question."

"Entirely so," said the girl. "Nolan writes that he is fairly treated, but he wants his liberty. You say the letter was delivered to you at the secret outpost?"

"Yes. I did not ask from whom it was, but obeyed orders and brought it direct to you."

"For which you have my thanks, Peter, and I will see that you are fully paid in the future."

In a few moments the patriotic girl was left alone, and after another reading of the letter, which told how the writer, Capt. Nolan James, a youthful officer in the continental army, had been captured by a detachment of British troops and conveyed to New York, then in possession of the enemy. The letter seemed to crumple in her resolute hand, and when she entered the house she flung it upon the table and picked up another letter lying there.

Unfolding this one she glanced over the lines which traced in a bold masculine hand ran as follows:

"Capt. Basil Lee, of the royal forces, begs leave to accept Miss Betty Logan's invitation to dine with her Tuesday and will be promptly on hand. Wishing his fair hostess health and happiness, he signs himself her ardent friend,

"CAPT. BASIL LEE,  
Fourth Dragons,  
New York, July 2, 1780."

A faint smile appeared at Betty's mouth as she perused the acceptance and placed it beside the one from her patriotic lover.

Capt. Lee had met her during one of the many incursions made by the royal dragoons along the Hudson, and, though an enemy to American freedom, the girl had found him an agreeable visitor. Ignorant of Capt. James' misfortune, she invited the British officer to dine with her on the Fourth, as she lived almost alone in the old homestead, her parents having died a short time prior to the beginning of hostilities.

The imprisonment of Capt. James would naturally interfere with the pleasures of the coming day, but when the morning of the Fourth came there were no traces of regret on the fair rebel's face.

At ten o'clock Peter, who had been sent to a certain point from which the road leading to New York was visible for a long distance, came back with a broad grin on his face.

"I was thinking, Miss Betty, what a nice thing it would be if we could just contrive to exchange Capt. Nolan for Capt. Lee."

The girl seemed to start.

"What nonsense, Peter!" she exclaimed. "Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"It just walked in," smiled the man. "You see, they're equal in rank and—"

"Captains both," broke in the girl, looking across the porch from the open door. "These Utopian schemes don't always come out successful."

"Very well, I just give it for what it is worth," and Peter bowed himself out of the girl's presence, and Betty was alone again.

"What a good guesser Peter is," she smiled to herself. "Surely I have not betrayed myself, and no one, I hope, has let the cat out of the bag. I'll just give Peter credit for good guessing, that's all," and she went to her boudoir to dress for the officer's reception.

The old-fashioned clock in the wide hallway was striking 11 when a handsome young officer in the somewhat flashy uniform of the Royal Dragoons, one of the crack regiments in the king's service, drew rein in front of the house and dismounted.

His riding boots were polished to perfection and he had brushed from them the few flecks of mud they had encountered on the way up. He looked assuredly at the house, with its pretty flower beds on the lawn and the trellised porch, upon which stood a rocking-chair, Miss Betty's favorite seat. Throwing the lines over a post, to await Peter's attention, the young captain sauntered towards the house, and just as he mounted the steps a vision of loveliness appeared.

Miss Betty was simply but tastefully dressed and looked very pretty thus arrayed.

She smiled a cordial welcome to the

The conversation now drifted to other subjects, and Capt. Lee was most pleasantly entertained by his fair hostess.

He knew that Betty Logan was intensely loyal to the cause of the colonies; but out of respect for her apparent helplessness her property had not been disturbed, though on several occasions several spies had been tracked to it.

Her only servants were Peter and a housemaid as loyal as her mistress, and with these Betty, the fair rebel, inhabited the little home near the Hudson in almost open defiance of the soldiers of the king.

Fond of music, Capt. Lee imported his hostess for a song, and, rising, Betty swept to the instrument in one corner of the cozy parlor.

"What are your favorites, captain?" she asked, with a sly look over her shoulder.

"Washington's Retreat' for one," said the officer with a light laugh as he mentioned a song at that time popular in royalist circles in New York.

The cheeks of Betty Logan flushed and her fingers swept the ivory keys as if impelled by magic.

"You don't sing that, I suppose," continued the captain.

"I am here to entertain you and Washington's Retreat' shall be given according to request."

In another moment the melodious voice of the girl seemed to fill the house as she sang the piece which had received encore after encore in the theaters wherever the British held sway.

Capt. Lee listened like one entranced and his gaze followed her every movement like one enraptured.

"Perhaps you have heard this," said Betty, as the last note died away, and forthwith she started up with a rollicking cowboy air such as the wild marauders of the Neutral Ground were wont to sing when out on their forays.

It was full of the most rebellious sentiment, and some of its pointed allusions to King George drove the color from Capt. Lee's face.

But he was not in a position to grumble, for had not Betty sang a real royal air? He sat mutely and listened as the song crept on and on, the girl seeming to take delight in tingling the ears of her red-coated guest.



"WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITES, CAPTAIN?"

officer as he came on and took his outstretched hand without a show of treachery.

"Though we differ about the war, Capt. Lee," said she, in her sprightly manner, "I cannot help asking you for the latest news from the front."

"There is but little to communicate. There has been no set engagement of late; the two armies seem to be planning for position, and it is doubtful if a battle will come off for some time."

"That is good. I do not like to hear of bloodshed. It is bad enough in this part of the country between the forayers, but when large armies meet in deadly conflict it is much worse. Still, and her eyes seemed to sparkle, "we cannot gain our independence without some bloodshed."

Capt. Lee smiled.

"I will never be able to convince you, I see," he said. "Like Ephraim, Miss Betty, you are joined to your idols."

"Yes, captain, to the idols of liberty and prosperity for America. You must admit that you find our soldiers men difficult to conquer. When people fight for their homes and native land they do not give up the struggle without a terrible contest."

"But in this case they are rebellious and the king will not stop short of their entire subjection."

The young girl's gaze wandered from the room, and for a little while seemed to rest on the bushes on the lawn.

Suddenly, however, she turned again to the officer and said:

"One of my friends has had the misfortune to become a prisoner of war."

"Indeed, Miss Betty!" exclaimed Capt. Lee, in the most innocent manner possible. "But that is one of the vicissitudes of war. Your friend must put up with it and consider that imprisonment is far better than being left on the battlefield."

"I do not doubt that, but confinement to Capt. James is irksome, to say the least."

The British officer seemed to start a little at mention of his rival's name.

"Capt. James is confined in New York," continued Betty. "He was captured in a skirmish and hurried thither. Exchange is hardly to be thought of, you know, since our people do not hold as prisoner an officer of equal rank."

"I suppose I wouldn't be allowed to sing that in New York?" exclaimed Betty, turning round and catching a sign of the captain's disapproval in his look.

"By no means, Miss Betty," was the reply. "The author of that doggerel will stretch hemp one of these days."

"When you catch the hare, captain, not before," laughed the girl. "By the way, the author of that song is doing some good in the ranks just now, and Washington has made him a lieutenant for bravery on the battlefield, and you don't kill prisoners, I believe."

"Sir Henry Clinton might break the rule in the bard's case," was the quick rejoinder, and then Betty ran her fingers over the keys again and sang a love ditty which put her guest in the best of humor.

The ballad ended, Betty Logan excused herself and left the parlor.

"It seems to me that she might be tamed," passed through Capt. Lee's mind. "The girl is a real jewel and would make an excellent wife. So her friend Capt. James is enjoying the delicacies of prison fare. I suppose that she doesn't know that I am, in part, responsible for his change of fortunes; but all's fair in love and war, and if I do not fail Miss Betty may sing none but loyal songs in the near future. I wonder if that fellow attended promptly to my horse?"

The British captain was on the eve of rising when Betty again appeared in the doorway and announced dinner.

She had made a little change in her toilet and looked prettier than ever, and Capt. Lee, with an appetite sharpened by his ride from the city, to say nothing of the wait in the parlor, rose with alacrity.

The dining-room was tastefully trimmed with flowers and evergreen, the work of which Betty ascribed to her maid, Polly, and Polly, blushing to the tips of her fingers, as it seemed, acknowledged the compliments with a confused courtesy.

Betty poured the tea as she chatted away and Polly was near by to see that Capt. Lee as her mistress' guest wanted for nothing.

The table was spread with the delicacies of the season, which told Capt.

Lee that the young girl's larder had not suffered much, if any, through the war.

At last the young officer pushed aside his plate and leaned back in his chair.

"I'm sorry I cannot offer you a dessert as fine as you enjoy in the old-time homes of New York," said the girl, apologetically. "Truth to tell, Capt. Lee, we must put up with just what we can get in the country in war times and—"

"Of course, begging pardon, Miss Betty," broke in the officer. "Your dessert, I am sure, will be delightful as your dinner has been, and I am disposed to praise it beforehand."

At this moment Miss Betty Logan waved her hand to Polly, who stood at the door leading into the kitchen.

"Our guest is ready for the dessert, Polly. You may bring it on."

A deeper crimson came to the maid's cheeks as she caught the subtle meaning of the words so artly spoken by Betty and in another moment she left the room, closing the door behind her.

"Behold the dessert, Capt. Lee!" exclaimed Betty, when the door opened a moment afterward, and the British officer staggered from the chair as his gaze fell upon three men dressed in continental uniform, each of whom covered him with a pistol.

"What's this, miss?" he cried. "What treachery is afoot under your roof?"

"It is simply the fortunes of war, Capt. Lee. You are a prisoner subject to exchange for another prisoner of equal rank. These gentlemen constitute the only dessert I have to offer, with profuse apologies."

At first Capt. Lee thought of resistance, but sober second thought came to the rescue and in a little while he was in the hands of the patriots.

"Your trick will fall short of its design, my little rebel!" he exclaimed. "Capt. James shall not be exchanged for Capt. Lee. I promise you that."

Betty made no reply and her late guest was hustled from the premises and escorted to the nearest American camp where he was turned over to the commander thereof.

Several weeks intervened when one evening a young soldier rode up to the Logan home and sprang lightly to the ground.

He was met at the steps of the trellised porch by a young girl whose eyes sparkled above flushed cheeks.

"They tell me that I owe my exchange to you, Betty," he exclaimed. "Capt. Lee was very obstreperous at first, but he gave in at last and here I am."

"I don't know whether Capt. Lee will ever forgive me, but I didn't know of a better way to celebrate the Fourth of July," was the reply, and the merry laugh that followed told how happy was the Fair Rebel of the Neutral Ground.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

## The Love of Country.

There are not wanting those who sneer at love of country as narrow and provincial. But we think it will be found, as a rule, that the man who has no love for his own country and his own people, as distinguished from all the world, does not entertain very much regard for humanity in general. True patriotism—not the spurious kind that says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," but that which upholds, defends and makes much of home and country—promotes rather than diminishes world-wide sympathies. There are no more devoted patriots than the consecrated American missionaries who spend their lives in service for foreign lands. Our young people should be instructed to associate their celebration of Independence day with love of country, and to learn lessons of patriotism from those who on this day pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to wrest the nation from a foreign yoke. The independence thus nobly won is a precious inheritance, they should be taught, because it has permitted the development on American soil of institutions which have blessed not us alone, but all the world besides.—N. Y. Examiner.

## UNCLE SAM'S PATENT FOURTH-OF-JULY BICYCLE.



—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The First American Flag.

It has been impossible to decide with certainty who designed the American flag as first adopted by congress but the best recorded evidence gives part of the credit of designing it and all the credit of making it to Mrs. John Ross, an upholsterer, who resided on Arch street, Philadelphia. Her descendants assert that a committee of congress, accompanied by Gen. Washington, who was in Philadelphia in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing.

This drawing was, at her suggestion, redrawn by Gen. Washington with a pencil, in her back parlor, and the flag thus designed was adopted by congress.

Although the resolution establishing the flag was not officially promulgated by the secretary of congress until September 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the regulation stars and stripes was carried at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and thenceforward during the battles of the revolution.—Youth's Companion.

## CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.

### Driving Two Thousand Cattle from Mexico to the United States.

Something near 2,000 cattle crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass lately. They were from a ranch in Coahuila and were to be delivered to one of the most prominent ranchmen in the southwest. At this time and place the Rio Grande is a pretty fair sized stream. It is nearly a quarter of a mile wide. At the fording place there is just enough water to swim a cow in the deepest place. It was not supposed, however, and it certainly was not the case, that the cattle would remain in the fording place. As it turned out, they occupied and performed countless maneuvers over about a mile.

The labor of the day began about the middle of the forenoon. The great herd of lowing quadrupeds were driven down at the foot of the old Mexican town across the river and on the long bar that faces the stream. There was an army of Mexicans on every side to keep them in place. A dozen bestrode lank horses; the remainder was afoot. There was an abundance of little brown boys, each with two frail garments and as many powerful lungs. The cattle were driven along the bar up under the bridge and to a point above the two towns to the fording place. And here the leaders were headed out into the stream. They took to the water with apparent willingness, and lashed their tails and proceeded with a great splashing sound as the 8,000 feet began to smite the water. When they were about half submerged the leaders turned a little to the right down stream. As if by previous arrangement the whole right flank turned in the same direction, and the multitude separated and became many little groups. The horsemen dashed in below them with Indian yells. A dozen men were suddenly naked, and they were swimming rapidly out toward the heads of the leaders, with the intention of turning them. Some of them carried clubs in their hands as they swam, and when they came up with the dumb brutes they beat upon their faces. Some were turned in the right direction; many hundreds, less roughly urged, waded aimlessly down stream; others turned toward the bank and raced with the speed of the wind in the open country—dogs, horses and pedestrians in pursuit.

The great herd of animals in the middle of the stream found deep water and swam. Little more than their heads was visible, and a thousand horns, suggestive of brush in flood time, caught the sunlight. They floated without apparent effort with the current, with none to control them, and when they sought the bank it was on the side of the river from that which they had started and at about the same point. The group that had been made to cross to the Texas side stood passively together at the edge of the water, with their heads stretched out before them.

The operation was repeated—with about the same success. The notable features of the performance were recalcitrant cattle dashing across sandbars far away, with the plains and far blue hills beyond; powerful and robust Mexicans—some of them entirely naked—riding back and forth with yells that would have been the fortune of a baseball coacher; swift and tireless swimmers gliding back and forth, some of them completely surrounded by misbehaving cattle, and hundreds of horns drifting about, seeming without aim, above the surface of the water. It seemed almost impossible to head the great herd in the right direction. Some could be made to go across, but that was obviously what the great majority did not want to do.

By about five o'clock in the afternoon something like 1,500 had been landed on the Texas side. They stood quietly enough when they were over and gave but little trouble to the herders. But those not yet across were naturally those least willing to cross, and all that a cow may do that is obstinate was done on this occasion. They appeared to have a great deal more endurance than the horses. They would reach the bank for the hundredth time and race with the spirit of a young yearling just released from a barn. The Mexicans began to rope and throw some of the most mischievous of the evil doers, that they might not lead the others astray, and after falling hard enough to break a limb they would get up, ready for another mad dash. The herders rivaled them in endurance.

One deep-chested fellow was thrown from his horse just as the latter was scrambling out of the water on a slippery bank—the animal stumbling. He rolled over and over, and then jumped up and started in pursuit of his frightened steed. The race was about equal, but another horseman came to the rescue and caught a bridle rein of the runaway. One slip of a boy followed a steer that had got away in the water by himself, and by swimming always in the right place and yelling in just the proper manner he succeeded in driving the big fellow across. A great cheer went up from the bridge, and it was faintly echoed by the people along the Mexican side.

Late in the day the cattle that had crossed and which had been standing below the bridge were driven to a point opposite the ford, that the still recalcitrant beasts in Mexico, on seeing them, might be encouraged to come over. As the great mass passed under the bridge it presented a strange sight to the crowd of people above. Looking down, it seemed like a great multi-colored serpent gliding along. The effect was indescribable. Opposite the ford they began moving around in a great circle, like the eddy in a mighty stream. They were becoming restless and a guard was placed about them to prevent their returning to their native land. It was not until close to six o'clock that the last stragglers were brought over, and it was necessary then to bring them over the bridge. There were perhaps half a hundred of these.—Eagle Pass (Tex.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John B. Duke, the millionaire cigarette maker, recently stated before the Lexow committee in New York that he had never smoked a cigarette in his life.

—The queen of Greece is so devoted to flowers that she delights to share with others her pleasures in them. By her orders large quantities are distributed in the hospitals of Athens twice a week.

—Lady Aberdeen is again protesting against the use of egret plumes in hats and bonnets. She has written to the editor of a well-known paper which advocates kindness to animals condemning the practice as being one of actual cruelty.

—The reigning grand duke of Luxemburg, admittedly one of the richest sovereigns in Europe, is indebted for the major part of his fortune to the percentage paid to him by the farmers of the public gambling tables of Wiesbaden, the capital of his former duchy of Nassau.

—Mme. Melby is still suffering from the after effects of influenza. She has, therefore, wisely resolved to go to the south of France and not to sing again in public until she is due at Covent garden. In the autumn she has already arranged to tour in the English provinces under Messrs. Harrison.

—Dr. Eugene Dubois has discovered in Java the skull and thigh bone of an animal which he claims to be the missing link. From the two bones he has constructed, on paper, at any rate, the pithecanthropus, which is half man, half ape. Mr. W. K. Marischal gives an account of this discovery in the English Illustrated Magazine.

## THE POTOMAC BASS.

Said by Good Judges to Be the Gamblest of Fishes.

This fish is a wonder. Seldom exceeding five pounds in weight, nothing gamier is to be found in the waters of the earth. No mountain trout or pike or pickerel or salmon or ouazanieche, pound for pound, is his equal. To an insatiable appetite and the predatory instinct of the eagle he joins a supernatural strength and activity and the temper of the devil. Firmly fastened at the end of a strong snell and 60 feet of line, he will leap two yards into the air and shake his head like a dog in the effort to disengage himself. There is no trick known to finny tribes that he will not practice. He darts under the boat with a wicked rush and shows his knowledge of the frailty of the tackle. He will circle round and round a snag until the line is hopelessly involved. He will sink like a stone to the bottom and lie there like a log. Lifted to the surface by main strength, he is off with the speed of light straightaway as the crow flies until the reel buzzes like a bee and the thumb pressed upon it burns as if the hand held a live coal. Sometimes he will keep going until the strands part with a snap and he flashes on up the river with 200 feet of costly silk trailing behind him. When seemingly exhausted he is reeled in and lies a sluggish, defeated mass within a yard of the boat, his gills opening and shutting rapidly. The triumphant sportsman leans forward with the dip net, when with a whirl and a lunge and a momentary flash of his silvery sides he is away, and another half hour of intense struggle begins. It needs a quick hand, a cool brain, a wrist of steel and the patience of Griselda to capture the small-mouthed bass when he is at his best and bent on business.

The history of his introduction to the Potomac is peculiar. A quarter of a century ago he was unknown to these waters. At that time a farmer with sportsman's blood in him imported some of the young and put them in his fish pond, which was near the river. Two years after, when the fry had attained a respectable size, one of the freshets which this country is noted for overflowed the pond, broke down its walls and swept its contents into the river. So gregarious is the bass that in the time since elapsed it has utterly exterminated its large-mouthed kinsmen, which before was plentiful, and all other fishes common to the stream, except minnows, which are too numerous, and a small perch, which escapes by keeping close to the banks, where there is not enough water for its heavy-draught enemy. Even the dread pike has found his match.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Changing New England's Climate.

For generations the people of New England have possessed their souls in patience and waited for that gradual improvement of climate to be brought about which was implied in the oft-repeated remark that the winters were getting shorter and less cold. Winter, however, continues its old habit of lingering so long in the lap of spring as to benumb the limbs of the sprightly youngster. The ingenuity of a Boston mind, however, is now attacking the problem of repressing the season of snow within its proper bounds of three months, and restraining it from spreading itself promiscuously over about six months. The plan is to fence off the chill arctic current by building a gigantic dam across the Straights of Belle Isle. It is suggested that a railroad could be run along this dam to St. John's, and that the trip to Europe could be thus shortened to 2,000 miles by water. It is a question just how New England will receive this proposition of Mr. Hammond, of Boston. New England is conservative, and might perhaps view with suspicion a more rapid amelioration of climate than it is accustomed to. Ephraim is joined to his idols, even though they are snow men in ice palaces.—N. Y. Tribune.

## Best He Could Do.

The prisoner's dock is not a situation favorable to repartee. But on one occasion the accused undoubtedly scored.

"Why did you manufacture this bad money?" the magistrate said, sternly.

"Cos I couldn't turn out no better," replied the counterfeiter.—Tit-Bits.