RING the bells and let them peal again,
And may the day be greeted
With the shrill fife and merry strain,
With swelling song and drums' refrain
And cannon roar repeated.

So let us do. The good old ways
In this are past improving,
And in these fin de siecle days
Let powder flax and bang to praise
A country worth the loving.

Of all the land beneath the sky
This beats the whole caboodle.
Besides she's ours, and that is why
We fling her banners forth on high
And volley Yankee Doodle.

Here's all that may delight the eye
Or please a manly spirit.
Plains big and fair, hills blue and high,
And sea washed shores, and smiling sky
Do Freedom's sons inherit.

Here man is man, and fame and place
Are earned, not heritages.
The tanner wins a glorious race;
The great rail splitter's sad, strong face
Looms large on history's pages.

Old Europe trembles at the sign
That bids her thrones ring hollow,
While sixty million sons of time
Set fast the pace, lead swift the line
And leave the world to follow.

Still let us lead. The cause of man
Is worth man's best endeavor.
Still run the course the patriots ran,
Still keep Old Glory in the van
Forever and forever.

A BURST OF PATRIOTISM.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

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Mr. Waterman and his sister had just gotten off the train at a little station.

"How do we get to Rose Shore?" asked the gentleman of a person in blue uniform.

"Have to take the barge from here," said the authority.

Emma Waterman turned to cast her eyes toward the blue summer sea that glinted through the trees and bushes half a mile away.

"No, no, Emma," said her brother, laughing. "You haven't learned the language of the point. Everything is nautical here. A 'barge' is one of those 'buses." And he began making his way to a capacious vehicle in which other travelers were stowing themselves.

The two were going for a month's summering to Rose Shore. Rose Shore was an out of the way bit of Atlantic coast where friends of theirs were summering, a primitive place by comparison, where they were going to stay at a primitive hotel and be quiet and rest themselves; where they were quite sure that nothing would happen, or rather they were as sure of it as they could be, when Emma had an abiding conviction that some amazon was liable to leap armed from the earth anywhere or any time and marry her brother by force. As they drove through the beautiful wild fields of hay and roses her conversation would have shown the initiated that this belief of her was even now stirring within her.

"The Marlowes are down here," she said. "They have a cottage. How long since you've seen Laura? They come here every year now, because it is so

HE CAME TO SEE HOW SHE COULD HEMSTITCH.

economical, I suppose. I wonder if Laura keeps up all that girlishness yet? She's nearly as old as I am. I remember seeing her when I was at school. They say she makes up terribly now."

"Well, the last time I saw her she didn't seem to have to make up. She was more attractive than most of the buds about. She's a wonderful woman," said her brother.

"She is a wonderful piece of artificiality," said Emma, with emphasis.

"Yes, she is rather artificial," said James Waterman in a conciliatory tone, but there was a note of conviction in his voice too.

If Laura Marlowe and Emma Waterman were anywhere near the same age, it was not on the basis that women are as old as they look. Emma and her brother were near the same age, but she looked the old maid, and he had not the marks of the old bachelor. She was of that old time Boston type that shows from top to toe that beauty in that quarter is considered inferior, that pleasantness is distrusted, and that sincerity and intellectuality are supposed to inhere in broad toed shoes and abrupt, hard manners. Withal she was a good sort. James Waterman had seen too much of the world to be so distinctly Bostonian. He was a quiet, well dressed man, with shrewd, kindly gray eyes, a brown mustache touched with gray and a respectable income.

Laura Marlowe had been a beauty all her life. Just how long that was she took ill judged pains to conceal. She was just that type of woman who wishes to deceive herself about anything she does not like, and in that Laura could succeed incredibly, but it is a stiffer business to deceive others. She had been too much of a belle from the time of her early teens for there to be much mystery to her world as to the number of her years, and it was folly for her to try to make one. Waterman had said the important thing when he declared her charming.

The events of this story took place some years ago, and if I told just when I would give data by which, with a moderate arithmetical equipment, the reader could compute how old Laura really was, but though I deprecate her concealment I like her too much to betray her. She was a brown eyed, auburn haired, gentle, glorious beauty and the most womanish woman I ever knew. She wanted to be admired and loved by everything that breathed, and she made herself always lovable. People wondered, of course, that she hadn't married, but one of her friends, a woman, said:

"Laura never looked upon marriage as an achievement, but as a surrender. She has found it more of a career to be a belle than to marry. She ought to change her views now, but she's gotten in such a fixed habit of being young and beautiful and making conquests. I don't know how she is ever going to surrender to any one unless she gets a real romantic hero, and how's any man going to be a hero these days?"

Laura had not seen the Watermans for years, and she set about making conquests anew of them with her usual assiduity, and characteristically she seemed to devote as much effort to the dry dust colored Emma as to her brother.

She sat on her own piazza with Emma one morning sewing, because Emma never sat with her hands idle, and talking kindergartens. She astonished herself with what she knew about kindergartens when she tried. James Waterman strolled by, and Laura shifted her attitude to a prettier pose as he stopped to speak, and then called upon him to come and see how well she could hemstitch, and she made a nice showing of pretty hands as well as of the table center she was working. Emma looked at her as if she were committing a crime and snorted audibly as she got up, saying she must go write some letters. Laura bore her departure sweetly. She wished to please always, but as between a man and a woman there was never any doubt which she most cared about.

Waterman drew up a chair and sat down by her, and she went on hemstitching and listening. She always listened if the man would talk.

"I had a letter from Dawson this morning—Jack Dawson, you know him, don't you? He's coming down tomorrow. Says he's got to get out of town before the beastly Fourth. It certainly is a necessity to escape all that row. I suppose the children will have some firecrackers at the hotel, and if they get too noisy I'll run over here. May I?"

"I always have a little Fourth of my own. It might be worse than the children's, but I hope you'll try the exchange." Laura looked at him with her usual soft smile, then dropped her thimble, and Waterman had to pick it up for her, and the conversation took a new turn when he brought it back set on his little finger and expressing incredulity as to its being big enough for any grown woman to sew with.

When he next saw Emma she said, "Isn't Laura Marlowe the most smooth, deceitful thing, talking to me about kindergartens, and taking so much care of her complexion all the time, and angling after you?"

"Well, Emma, I don't see anything very damaging in your specific charges, and I'm sure there is not much ground for saying she's angling after me. She'd have no use for me when she got me. She's sweet to everybody. You say that yourself."

"She's got to the time now she's thinking about settling herself seriously, for all she gets herself up to look so young—young for her age that is—and I guess she thinks you are as well as she can do."

"You are making a fool of yourself, Emma, about a very pleasant, gentle, pretty woman. She likes admiration; she's very amiable; she certainly never gave any one any ground for saying she was a husband hunter, whatever else they had against her. We all know some of the matches she has refused."

"Amiable—that's her card," said Emma. "No one with any real feeling about anything can be so smooth to everybody. She's utterly artificial, and she'll quit refusing fine matches soon, I can tell you that, what with the money they've lost and the years she has gained."

Waterman remarked, of course, that women were wonderfully nasty to each other, and added that he was going out rowing with Laura in an hour, and that he must go see about the boat.

"I don't trust her as far as I can see her," said Emma to herself when she was alone with her thoughts. "Of course she must be getting married soon. She's not going to settle down to being an old maid, as I've done. Any one would think I was 20 years older. But I'm not, and I'll keep James well in mind of her age anyhow. At his time of life he's more apt to be taken by youth than when he was younger himself. I know she's a heartless cat, always posing for somebody!"

James enjoyed his row with the cat. She was a very pleasant cat, certainly. His thoughts as he took a smoke and a stroll on the beach after he had seen her home ran over the charges his sister brought against her. Was it true she had no feeling? He could not get over entirely his prejudice, inherited from Puritan ancestors, that anything agreeable must be a little false. He did not mind the little wiles and little fibs about her age that his sister made mountains of. He liked her womanish ways and her desire to please every one, but was there any depth of feeling there? Wasn't it true that she was artificial? There was an intensity in these meditations that might have told him that she was not all artificial; that he was paying tribute to the reality of her womanhood by the seriousness of his consideration of her moral qualities.

At home Laura was being questioned about her row by her mother. She said she had had a pleasant time, and her mother remarked impressively that James Waterman was a fine man and would make some woman a good husband.

"I suppose so," said Laura and yawned. It was no news that her mother wanted her to get married. Her

DALTON SAT DOWN BESIDE HER.

mother was a gentlewoman who never insisted on anything directly, but she could stick to her point indirectly a long time. Her conversation in general society was much restricted of late years by the necessity of keeping Laura's age out of sight. She did not dare talk on anything for fear of a date showing its snaky head. She could not emulate Laura's dexterity in avoiding the neighborhood of dates, so she kept still.

It was on the 3d of July that Dalton arrived at Rose Shore, and that day at sunset time he and Waterman strolled over to call on Miss Marlowe and watch the sunset from her porch. It was her custom to hold a sort of reception there, and several people were already there when they arrived. Even Emma sat there, stiff and severe, as if the sunset itself were a frivolous display Laura had got up to show herself off. She had come with a friend of hers, Miss Anderson, who had said when she couldn't get the theater she liked an hour of Laura Marlowe. Poor Laura was looking lovely in a light lace bedecked gown, with flowers in her bosom and a soft gracious word for every one on her lips.

"George, there is no one like her; hasn't been these 20 years, more or less," Dalton whispered to Waterman. "I've been a little in love with her this long time, and I believe the disease would come to a head if I were to stay here awhile."

Waterman turned and walked away without a word. He marveled that Dalton should show himself such an offensive donkey. He'd never noticed anything of the kind in him before.

Then Laura beckoned this same objectionable Dalton, and he sat down beside her, and—you could see it even if you could not hear—plainly began to cover her with fulsome compliments, and plainly, too, she liked it. "She is just an actress—a comedienne, just as that woman called her," said Waterman to himself, with unnecessary bitterness. "If she worries any one around it will probably be Dalton. He has the most money." Waterman settled himself to enjoy the beauties of nature in the most secluded corner he could find.

"I congratulate you on getting away from the Fourth, Dalton," said a young fellow named Nason.

"I make a point of getting off as easy as I can," said Dalton. "You have to take some of it, unless you cross the water."

"What a nuisance it is!" said Miss Anderson.

"I suppose we'll have to stand some smell of gunpowder even here," said Nason.

"Yes, you will," said Laura pleasantly. "I always have a little celebration of my own."

"She is too young to give up her childish delight in firecrackers," whispered Miss Anderson to Emma.

"Oh, I say, Miss Marlowe, that's hard on me. What do you do it for?" Dalton spoke.

Laura sat up a little straighter in her chair, looked around her, and, by the way, drew a corner of her crape shawl that Dalton was playing with away from him. "Haven't any of you ever heard of patriotism—of loving your country?" she said.

There was a laugh. They all looked at her a little bewildered, a little astonished.

"Beastly place," said Nason.

"We are all trying to get away from it," said Miss Anderson.

"A good deal to be said against our country," said Dalton.

"I suppose so, but it has cost rivers of good blood. I love my country! I love it!"

Laura was speaking with a feeling very different from her usual tone. They all watched her curiously with an instinct to goad her on.

"Patriotism is out of fashion. Young people now are cosmopolitan," said Emma. "You are letting yourself fall behind your contemporaries, Miss Marlowe."

The dart took effect, but not as any one expected it too.

"My contemporaries"— Laura looked about her an instant, her eyes shining bright in the failing light, her small white hands clasped in her lap—"my contemporaries should have some patriotism if these others have not. I remember the war"—her mother gave a gasp and put out her hand toward her, but Laura kept on with a quiet intensity—"I remember when men marched away at the call of this country you think nothing of, and never came back, when patriotism cost something and the bill was paid. I saw the wounded"— She stopped suddenly.

"What an impressible child you must have been!" said Dalton, with good intent.

"I was, but I was big enough to scrape lint, and I knew"— Laura had began this last sentence with a sort of defiance, defiance of herself in her real uplift of patriotic feeling, and then all at once she began to cry. She got to her feet, saying: "I know you'll all think I'm crazy, but every one seems to have forgotten everything, and—and you can't, it seems to me, if you lived through all that. I—I think the southerners must be more patriotic than we are, if they remember. They fought like men anyhow. I can't bear to hear"— Laura stopped again. She had been alternately wiping her eyes and rolling her hand-

SHE DID NOT FEEL PATRIOTIC.

kerchief in a ball between her palms. She went now to the door to go in the house, only turning to say, with a little broken laugh:

"I'll be back in a minute in my right mind. Don't be frightened."

"You've made me feel like firing a cannon for the Fourth, Miss Laura," Waterman called after her, and Emma—Emma was actually wiping her eyes.

FOURTH IN AUSTRALIA.

How Independence Day Is Observed In the Antipodes.

There are two days in the year, outside the regular holidays, which Australians recognize as anniversaries to be honored. These are St. Patrick's day and the American Declaration of Independence, and every Englishman or Scot, who would have to look in an almanac to find out on what day St. George's or St. Andrew's day falls, knows at once what the 17th of March and the Fourth of July mean to some of their fellow colonists.

On the Fourth of July the stars and stripes wave side by side with the Australian flag from the town halls of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Auckland and other Australian cities, while every one who can anyhow manage to raise an American flag for the occasion will hoist it. The tram cars running from Sydney to Botany, and from other cities to wherever the celebration is to be held, will be decorated much as they are in New York, and speeches will be made in honor of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson and other Americans who did so much to secure for British colonists all over the world the freedom they now enjoy.

The omnibus horses will carry the stars and stripes and the union jack on their heads, and the people will crowd to Botany and other places of resort, some to hear the speeches and others to enjoy themselves in other and perhaps more congenial ways, for it is not every one who cares to listen to a long speech, however interesting it may be. The bands will play the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," "Home, Sweet Home," "Away Down Upon the Swanee River," "Marching Through Georgia" and "Yankee Doodle," so that an American might, for the time, almost fancy himself in his own land.—New York Press.

HEWITT KILLED.

As we are about to put our last forms on the press we learn of a terrible accident at the Union Depot at Minneapolis, which cost the life of Conductor Herb Hewitt, late of Willmar. We have not time to give particulars this week. The funeral exercises will be conducted by the Masonic fraternity at Willmar next Monday.

See Olson & Otos if you desire a loan on Village Property.

Farmers who have good milling wheat will find it greatly to heir profit to take the same to Willmar Roller Mills.

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The following is an unsolicited testimonial of the first Pony Binder in use in the county last year:

There have been quite a number from all parts of the county inquiring about how the Deering Pony Binder works. I will in a few words state what I know about it. Nearly at the close of harvest last year I took a Pony out on trial and used it some over two days and it worked fine. We tried it in very heavy edged grain, but it did not clog once. It is very easily handled, both for driver and horses. One ordinary good team will handle it nicely all day if the field is not too hilly. I really think that it runs just as easy in the grain as the other Deering does out of geer. For gathering and making fine bundles of short grain I don't think it can be beat.

To tell it short, the fact is that a person can't help but being satisfied with the Pony.

Respectfully,
J. B. NYGAARD.

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READING THE DECLARATION.

Changes In the Manner of Observing the National Birthday.

With the late civil war began a new era in our national life. The preservation of the Union became the absorbing topic of thought among the loyal people of our land. The great national anniversary continued to be celebrated, but in a modified degree. Instead of ovations largely devoted to the apotheosis of the American eagle as the hope of the world, there were thoughtful discourses concerning the duty of every American citizen at that momentous period. The putative crimes of old King George were almost forgotten, and in many places the farewell address of Washington, the peerless plea for national union and public virtue, was read instead of the Declaration of Independence. Ever since that war the public reading of that Declaration has been less and less observed. It is well to

Let the dead past bury its dead

and to direct our energies to the strengthening of our national life. Let our boys and girls have all the innocent fun and healthful amusement on the Fourth of July and express their joy as loudly as they please. Would it not be well for their seniors to follow the example of ancient Hebrew fathers, who required their sons to come at the time of the celebration of the passover and inquire

What mean ye by this service?

and then gave them full instruction concerning the origin and significance of the great national festival? By means of such home education on our great anniversary Young America might receive valuable instruction that would stimulate and foster true patriotism.—Benson J. Lossing in Independent.

Depew's First Fourth of July Oration.

Chauncey M. Depew will always associate the Fourth of July with his first attempt as an orator, this important event taking place at Peekskill when the great after dinner speaker was 21 years old. Mr. Depew had then just graduated from Yale and was not so fluent of speech as he is now. The late James W. Husted was present and also delivered an address. "Our Chauncey" remembers that for the first and only time in his life he experienced "stage fright." "The audience were very kind to me," he said, "and appeared to be very much interested, although I felt every moment that I should break down. I can still hear their cheers in my ears as I finished, but I felt nevertheless that I had made an utter failure of my first attempt. Husted made a much better speech than I did. He laid special stress upon the injustice of England. Just when the mother country was getting it the worst an Irishman in the audience called out: 'Good! Give 'em h—l, Mr. Husted! Give 'em h—l!' This incident was the only one which at all relieved my downheartedness on this occasion."—New York Press.

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