

FOURTH OF JULY.

Though contented we roam all the rest of the year  
Amid palaces over the foam,  
O, there is one day when American hearts  
Turn fondly to country and home!  
The ivy clad abbeys and castles and tombs  
Are seen through a tear in the eye  
When the calendar points to that glorious date,  
The Fourth of July.

We know from the pines on the Kennebec's banks  
To the live oaks, in mantles of gray,  
On the Indian river, the land of the free  
Is everywhere keeping the day.  
From the walls of the mansion and cottage alike  
In the breezes of summertime fly  
The star studded folds of the red, white and blue,  
On Fourth of July.

So let cannons and cracks and pistols and drums  
And pinwheels and rockets that soar,  
With booming and bursting and rattle and bang  
And sputter and whiz and uproar,  
Proclaim we are glad we were born in a land  
The best that is under the sky  
And are proud of that truly American day,  
The Fourth of July.  
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

WOMEN WHO HELPED TO FREE COUNTRY

Numerous Instances Where the Wives and Daughters of Patriots Showed Themselves Worthy a Share of the Glory.

WOMEN gave their services in manifold ways during the Revolutionary war. Elizabeth Zane, at the siege of Fort Mifflin—later Fort Henry—on the present site of Wheeling, W. Va., crossed a zone of fire swept by the rifles of 500 savages carrying an apronful of powder from an auxiliary blockhouse to the main works, the fresh supply of ammunition saving the garrison from the necessity of surrender.

Catherine Schuyler, wife of the famous general, set fire to a vast acreage of wheat fields on the Schuyler estate to prevent them from falling into the hands of Burgoyne upon his advance from Fort Edward to Saratoga.

Mrs. Esther Reed of Philadelphia defied the British, who were at that time in possession of her home city, by clothing and raising funds for the American army at Valley Forge. Upon her death the work was continued by Mrs. Sarah Bache, daughter of Benjamin Franklin. Hundreds of other Philadelphia women secretly co-operated.

The wives of most of the commanding generals—notably Martha Washington and Mrs. Nathaniel Greene—accompanied their husbands in every campaign, and did everything in their power to alleviate the hardships of the soldiery. Mrs. Washington even went through the cruel winter at Valley Forge, where her ministrations are said to have saved many lives. Still other women went into British prisons and prison ships to save the sick and wounded American prisoners.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, mother of Andrew Jackson, in fact, died from prison fever contracted while engaged in this work of mercy among the American captives at Charleston.

Mary Draper invented the pewter bullet, which came into use after the supply of lead was exhausted, and thousands of patriotic women the country over surrendered their prize pewter utensils to be melted up for ammunition.

Mrs. Rebecca Motte, whose splendid mansion between Charleston and Camden, S. C., was turned into a fort by the British, instructed the besieging Americans to set the structure afire by shooting blazing arrows on to the roof. The result was that the British were smoked out, though the mansion itself was reduced to ashes.

But the most bizarre service of all was rendered by Handy Betty Hager,

known also as Betty the Blacksmith, who refitted guns and artillery for the patriotic armies. Betty was a natural mechanic, whose latent abilities were developed in the employ of Samuel Leverett, a blacksmith-farmer living near Boston.

Prior to the battle of Concord, the patriots of the surrounding country had been preparing themselves for the conflict for months. Guns of all types—matchlocks, flintlocks, smoothbores, blunderbusses and what not, some of which had not seen service for three or four generations—came piling into the Leverett shop, and while Leverett himself could be observed by any passing tory to be busily engaged in shoeing horses, his unsuspected assistant was working in a secret chamber making the neighbors' antiquated old firearms serviceable once more.

Betty kept up this volunteer work throughout the whole course of the war, never accepting a single copper for her labor. To Betty and her employer, likewise, belongs the credit of putting the first captured British cannon into action. On the retreat from Concord the British left six brass cannon behind them, thoughtfully spiking the touchholes so that they could not be discharged.

Betty and Leverett, however, patiently drilled out the spikes at the rate of one a week, and in no long time the British found the beleaguering Americans driving them out of Boston at the mouths of their own cannon.

MUST BE SPECIFIC



Friend—Oh! Doc, how's Willie?  
Doc (testily)—Which Willie, man? Don't you know every Willie within two miles is blown up?

Electrical Fourth.

The proposed substitution of electrical illuminations on the Fourth of July in place of the old fashion of fireworks is an excellent one, asserts the New York World. It will be not only saner and safer but more largely enjoyable by the greater part of population. Moreover, it has wonderful possibilities. Even in the distorted freaks of electrical designs used in advertising we can perceive the chances of developing a really new art out of the light that electricity has put at our disposal.

There is no limit to the variety of colors, shades and tints that can be produced. Consequently if skill and taste and a fairly liberal allowance of money be at the command of the committee having charge of the celebration it would be quite practicable to produce in different parts of the city a series of illuminations that would be something more than a mere novelty. Moreover, a scheme of this kind once well begun will advance and improve with the years. By and by New York's Fourth of July illuminations might become as world-famous as once were those of St. Peter's at Rome on Easter night.



**Must Have Been.**  
Says Mr. Filson Young in the Pall Mall Gazette: "I began yesterday by swimming in a sunlit sea, continued it by motoring through a hundred miles of lilac and gorse, and ended it listening to the most perfect concert program at Queen's hall that I have ever heard. . . . Was it not a happy day?" The answer, Filson, is in the affirmative, Mr. Punch remarks.

**Watch Your Opals.**  
The reason why opals are so often lost from their settings is that they expand with heat more than other precious stones, and consequently force open the gold which holds them in place.

**Effective Damper.**  
"When you get tired of entertaining guests with your phonograph, how do you contrive to end the concert?"  
"That's simple enough. I merely put on a classic selection and they don't want to hear any more."

**Wakens Something Akin.**  
To be able to appreciate anything excellent reveals that something akin to that excellence also dwells in our selves.—The Christian Register.

If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.  
The end of a busy little bee is more or less painful.