

WAS A BRAVE WOMAN

TAKES HER DEAD HUSBAND'S PLACE AT THE GUN.

When He Was Shot Margaret Corbin Faced the Foe While Scores of Men Hastened to Get Away—Ranks with the Maid of Saragossa.

As a Cannoneer in a Battle.
Margaret Corbin, a New York woman, whose bravery ranks her with Byron's famous heroine, the maid of Saragossa, and also with the maid of Domremy, is comparatively unknown to the world. Historians overlooked one of the grandest women that ever trod the earth, when they failed to tell of the deed of heroism done by Margaret Corbin during the battle of Fort Mifflin. A few lines in an encyclopedia tell something of her, but no place else is there a word about her.

It was in the defense of New York city that Margaret Corbin showed herself as a courageous and brave woman. In the battle of Harlem plains—first and last of importance to be fought on the island of Manhattan—hers was the only deed of shining valor that gave the surrender of Fort Mifflin the glory of victorious resistance. There were incompetence, lack of arms, pusillanimity—indeed, it was there at Fort Mifflin that treachery like Arnold's, only more successful, was practiced. Some men died bravely. One of them Margaret Corbin's husband.

He was serving a cannon against the Hessians in one of the redoubts which stayed the advance of the enemy on the fort. Baron Kuyphausen was directing his well-disciplined troops according to the information taken through the lines by the traitor. Off to the southeast Lord Percy was pressing with superior confidence and numbers upon the earthworks defended by Col. Cadwalader of Philadelphia. Just as hope was departing, and the Americans were falling back, here and there, one gunner was rendered conspicuous by standing his ground. It was Corbin, a Pennsylvania man, and by his side his tiny little wife, cheeks flaming with exertion and excitement, labored to speed his loading and firing.

Suddenly Corbin dropped and rolled to his wife's feet, dead. The fragile woman stepped to the gun, swabbed it, rammed home the shot and touched off the charges, valiantly determined not to yield what her husband died to retain. There was only hostile faces around, and she was alone and isolated. Presently, wounded by three grape-shot, she fell. She hadn't saved the crillane like Jeanne d'Arc, but she had shown again that there is one thing that woman can do as well as the best of men—they can die grandly!

It was the rather to a stanch constitution than to tender nursing that Margaret Corbin did not come to her death by those linked balls. Three years later, in 1779, the council of Pennsylvania appealed on her behalf to the board of war, and in consequence she received from Congress a pension of one-half the monthly pay of a soldier in service. Learning in the year following that her injuries deprived her of the use of one arm, the Government allowed her "one complete suit of clothes or of the public stores," or the value thereof in money in addition to the provision previously made. That, and the title of "patriot" in the records, which is a fine title to hold and deserve, is all the recognition which her service ever got.

It was thirty-three years afterward that the maid of Saragossa imitated Margaret Corbin's bravery, and received the renown that should have been bestowed upon the heroine of the battle at Fort Mifflin.

FIREWORKS AMERICAN MADE.

States Island Is Knocking Out China Better than Japan Did.

The little town of Graniteville, on States Island, more than 300 persons, mostly farmers' daughters, work from one year to the next, making colored fires and rockets and roman candles and those mysterious things known as "set pieces," which go off, need a guide and a spokesman most times to tell what they are all about. And talk about Chinese labor! Well, these energetic Americans work so systematically for 357 days of the year, barring Sundays, that their employers are able to sell nearly 20,000 gross of fireworks at less than one-half a cent each, and

are still able to make a profit of 25 per cent. on their output.

In this Graniteville, bound in with a fence over which even a baseball crank cannot hope to look, is a succession of frame buildings, before each of which stands a bucket filled with water. The buildings are separated so that if the contents of one of them go up to join the elements of air and fire, the water may be there to help out the insurance companies.

As yet the factory does not attempt to make the small Chinese crackers. There is not enough profit in them. But everything from them up to the eight-ounce cracker that goes off like a 6-inch gun are turned out. The pasteboard is made into little cylinders and these are then taken to one of the little houses, where boys fix the American fuses, which give lots of warning before they ignite the cracker, so that fingers may remain intact. These lads plug up one end with bits of clay and then pour in the explosive, and then they are ready for packing. These firecrackers don't have Chinese characters on them. But on each, in plain New York dialect, is a warning how to hold them and when to let go. You do anything else at your own risk.

The roman candles are made the same way save that much more care is taken with them. They are packed with by-



TAKES HER DEAD HUSBAND'S PLACE IN THE FIGHT.

drailed presses, and the globes of variously colored fire which are sent over your lawn or into your neighbor's window are little cones that resemble yellow and blue clay, yet which are so sensitive to heat that the mere placing of them in the pasteboard cylinder sometimes fires them prematurely by friction. Most of the set pieces and the rockets are loaded at the outset as the roman candles are, the system being practically the same.

One of the most interesting divisions of the work of preparing for the eagle's screech is the torpedo factory. The giant torpedoes are made by hand, for they are very sensitive and they require quite a lot of fulminate of silver, which must be treated with extreme courtesy. Boys cut the pieces of tissue paper the exact square, by machine, and then force the center of each square through the holes of a brass rack. Then a lad drops some of the fulminate in the bottom of the little bag there formed, and another boy fills the little paper up with gravel. Then the racks are handed to girls, who brush paste over the tops of the papers and twist them tight into little points so that the gravel cannot fall out. This done they are packed in sawdust, ten in a box, and are ready for you to awake your neighbors.

Little Tee Whew's Fourth.
"How many fingers has my boy?"
Asked his mother of Little Tee Whew;
"Eight," she cried, as he spread them wide;
"Of thumbs, dear me, you have only two!"
Do be careful of them to-day!"
As Tom ran off, to himself he said:
"What notions mamma gets into her head!"

The day began—the Fourth, you know—
Bells to ring and whistles to blow.
Tom, with Billy and Sam Carew.
Showered why they called him "Little Tee Whew."
In the very thick of the fizz and noise
Tom was the busiest one of the boys;
But now and then, in the bang and smoke,
He'd think of the words his mother spoke.

Then he'd gravely count his finger tips,
To make quite sure there were eight, not six.
"When one's so busy," said Little Tee Whew,
"It is almost more than a boy can do
To count eight fingers—and thumbs—
two!"

The toy pistol banged, with a flash and sneeze.
"Just one nice little finger, please."
"No," said Tom; "mamma did say;
"Don't break, nor burn, nor blow one away!"

Down fell a match and set on fire
Tom's torpedoes, with hot desire
For one fat thumb—but Tom was stout
In saying: "No, you must go without."
At last, when the rockets blazed at night,
He fell from the wall, and half in fright,
He counted over his precious store
Of fingers eight, and thumbs, once more.

When he crept to bed in his nightgown small
And turned his face to the nursery wall,
He sleepily murmured: "It seems to me
Boys don't need more than two or three;
Dear, dear!" And he fell asleep with the sigh:
"I'm not going to count next Fourth of July!"
But his mother said, as she smoothed his hair:
"I'm glad my Little Tee Whew's all there!"
—The Nursery.

On Condition.
Money lender to lieutenant—All right, I will prolong your bill, but only on one condition, viz., that during the next paper chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: "Money advanced on easy terms by N. N.—" —Freisinnige Zeitung.

BELLS OF LIBERTY.

Aye, let the glad bells ring to-day
O'er all this sun-kiss'd elme,
Ring loud and clear and far away,
For this is Freedom's time;
And let them tell the tale anew,
By river, lake and rill.

How long ago our grandfathers true
Stood fast at Banker Hill,
Ring out with joy, O, tuneful bell,
From surging sea to sea:
Let every stroke melodious swell
The psalm of liberty.
Ring out where the pine tree's crest
Majestic seeks the sky
To where the waters of the West
In golden glory lie.

Above Atlantic's snowy foam
Take up the cherished strain,
And in their fair palmetto's home
Join in the glad refrain:
No North, no South, no East, no West,
For love hath stopped the fray;
Ring out, O, bells, by heaven best,
Beneath our flag to-day.

Proclaim our grandeur to the world
In chorus reaching far;
Tell how all flags but one are fur'd
Beneath the Union star—
How, in the burst of Freedom's sun
Beside the Western sea,
We are the land of Washington,
Where every soul is free.

O, bells! your tongues with pride endow,
And let the nations know
That, while our swords are plowshares now,
We fear no foreign foe;
Join with the bell whose thrilling sound,
Amid the strife forlorn,
Proclaimed to patriots gathered 'round
That Liberty was born!

Ring proudly, bells, beneath the sky,
The anthems of the free,
In valley low, on mountain high,
Ring out for Liberty!
Let not a bell in silence rest,
That hangs 'twixt wave and wave;
Recrown the land we love the best—
Land of the fair and brave!

WHAT THE DAY MEANS.

The Fourth of July Is the Greatest National Holiday in the World.
THE greatest national holiday in the world is that on which is celebrated the birthday of the United States. Other nations have their days of jubilee, when some leading event in their history is commemorated. France celebrates the destruction of the Bastille; Germany, the triumph of Sedan; Italy, the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. The Hebrews to this day commemorate in joy and feasting the deliverance of their race from the bondage of Egypt; but not one of these celebrations can compare in world-wide significance with the Fourth of July. The Bastille was a monument of ancient despotism, the overthrow of which signified that the people had cast off the chains of their tyrants; Sedan was a great military victory, but it was a victory of conquest; and the day which marks the union of the Italian peninsula witnessed not so much the birth of a new nation as the resurrection of a race. How much more memorable than all these is that great day.

the delegates of Great Britain's American colonies assembled in Philadelphia, proclaimed that a new nation had been founded in the New World, having for its basis the inalienable right of mankind to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and in the name of a few weak communities fringing the Atlantic shore of the Western continent, threw down a challenge of defiance to one of the most powerful empires of the earth!

The Declaration of Independence was not the assertion of freedom by a nation of slaves. Americans were always free. The Pilgrims who landed on the bleak New England shore were freemen; bound, it is true, to British allegiance, but exercising from the first the rights of self-government. The American colonies never lost the freedom which the Fathers established, and the brief tyranny of Andrew only scathed, without destroying, the heritage of liberty handed down by the founders to their sons. The Declaration of Independence was as much an assertion of rights which had long been enjoyed, and a protest against tyrannical attempts to encroach upon those rights, as it was a proclamation of that independence which Americans deemed to be necessary for the protection of their freedom.

Recollections of July 4, 1776.



A Fourth of July Ode.
The Glorious Fourth has come,
Beat the loud resounding drum, pound the tom-tom, sound the hehwag, blow the horn and
Let her come!
Shoot the cracker, fire the pistol, punch the eagle, make him scream,
Loudly scream!
Day of powder and torpedoes, lemonade that knows no lemon, ginger-pop devoid of ginger, lee cream
Innocent of cream!
The Glorious Fourth has come,
Beat and pound and whack the drum, plunk the banjo, shoot the rocket, fire the cracker.
Let her come!
Scorch your whiskers, shoot your arm off, blow a large hole through your head, Swelling head!
Fire the cannon, crash your ribs in, break your leg and save your country.
Then be carried off to bed.

Antics of a Hayseed.
First moth—May I inquire why you are laughing so heartily?
Second moth—Oh, nothing much; only the antics of that green moth from the country are so amusing. He has been trying for the last two hours to scorch himself to death with an incandescent light.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PATRIOTS REJOICE.

GLORIOUS INDEPENDENCE DAY IS AT HAND.

The Small Boy Makes It a Happy Occasion—His Noise Is Music and His Joy Contagious—Something About the Anniversary and Its History.

Let the Eagle Scream.
If no other method were adopted to keep Independence Day and its antecedents fresh in the minds of the people, the small boy would achieve that result by the noise he makes in doing it honor. It recalls a historic incident of Gov. John Hancock, president of that Congress which on the first ever-memorable Fourth of July adopted the Declaration of Independence. Gov. Hancock was entertaining a large company, when a servant let fall a cut glass epergne, dashing it into a dozen pieces, and making a terrific crash. There was a moment of embarrassed silence, then the host relieved the company by remarking cheerfully:
"James, break as much as you please, but don't make such a confounded noise about it."

The noise of the small boy on the Fourth confounds the most patriotic soul, but on that one day he is given the freedom of the city—or he takes it—and his elders retire to a safe distance from his ear-splitting patriotism.
It is only 120 years since the Fourth was established, and the most wonderful era in the history of the world dawned in America; when the old Liberty bell rung out the glad tidings to the people of a disenthralled land, and the declaration was made which spoke to the world of posterity in thunder tones:
"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The new Liberty bell is essentially an American product; but the old bell was cast in London, and the order for it was sent a year before it was received in this country. At last it came, in 1752, and before it was landed from the ship that brought it, hundreds of people went to inspect it, and rejoice in its coming. It was all that had been expected, but an accident ruined its clear tone and mutilated it so badly that it had to be recast. Isaac Norris, Esq., speaker of the colonial assembly, was given the superintendence of the task, and to him is ascribed the honor of having originally suggested the motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof." The reason of the breaking of the first bell was that it was too brittle, and its tone was too high and shrill. But the new bell was considered perfect, and mounted on its pedestal in the old state house at Philadelphia, it rung in the birth of freedom on July 4, 1776, and its reverberation still echoes in the hearts of Americans everywhere.

The old State house bell—time-hallowed bell—The magic tones were first to tell
In thunder peals a nation free!

For fifty years the bell of freedom kept the national jubilee. Then it cracked, and became silent. During the World's Fair it was conveyed, a mute object of patriotic adoration, from Philadelphia to Chicago, and there exhibited. No distinguished traveler was ever escorted with more care and watchfulness or received more homage from the patriotic people who everywhere greeted its coming.

In the New England States the Fourth of July is celebrated with greatest ardor. Cannon are fired at sunrise, and the ringing of bells, the snapping and cracking of firecrackers, and the shouts of the juveniles make a noise that is deafening, but welcome. Later in the day there is a meeting of the military, and the bearing of flags and beating of drums add to the glory of the spectacle. Picnics are attended at rural groves, orations are made by speakers selected for the occasion, and the nation's birthday is celebrated by a fitting demonstration of enthusiasm, sky rockets and illumination ending the sport.

Cheer your best, the day is glorious,
Days that make the right victorious.
Run the colors mast-head high!
Neath the glowing summer sky,
Proudly wear it, boy and man,
Name of names—American.
Love the mighty land that bore you;
Love the flag that's floating o'er you;
And in brave, old-fashioned way
Greet our Independence Day.

The earlier celebrations were marked by less noise than distinguishes them now. People went great distances to hear speeches by the orators of the time, and a banquet was often prepared out of doors or in the town hall, and the Declaration of Independence was read. There

Dr. Prinzling, of Ulm, Germany, has now come forward with a remarkable showing of the evils which intemperance is working in the Kaiser's realm. He has shown that more than 30 per cent. of all suicides committed by men in the prime of life are due to drunkenness. This is startling news from a nation so calm and self-contained and so little inclined to nervous excitement as the Germans.

To Read Old Coins.
To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire, when red hot, place the coin under it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.

A Woman's Question.
Mr. Gumme (reading from the morning paper)—Several hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine went off in the oil regions last night.
Mrs. Gumme—When do they expect it back?—New York World.

Dot in the Hotel Business.
Admiral Dot, the well-known dwarf, who has exhibited himself all over the world, now runs a hotel at White Plains. Major Atom, also in the same category, is the Admiral's night clerk. They are the smallest bonifaces in the country, but they do a big business for all that.
As among the many good qualities to recommend a woman clerk is this: she doesn't whistle at her work.

DISCIPLINE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

No Appeal from the Orders of the Autocratic Commanding Officer.

As an illustration of the strictness of the discipline on board an American man-of-war, which makes the commanding officer an absolute autocrat, from whose authority there is no appeal, the following story is told: "Aboard one of the vessels lying in Hampton roads—it will be unfair to name which one—is a cadet who comes of a very distinguished family. He has but recently graduated from the Annapolis Academy. There was a charming society woman staying at Old Point Comfort, who was well acquainted with the young fellow's mother and desired to send him a message. Meeting the captain of the boat in the corridor of Chamberlin's Hotel, she said: 'Oh, captain, I am so glad to see you. I wish to send a message to young Blank, who is aboard your vessel, and I would be so much obliged if you would convey it to him.' Said the captain, gravely, with a slight inclination of his body and with just a tinge of hauteur: 'Madam, I will see that he gets it.' There was that in his manner which at once left the impression that an impropriety had been committed, and the lady was almost tearful in her beseechment that she should be told what wrong she had done. Under pressure the gallant mariner finally said: 'Madam, if I came to your house and, having rung the bell, should summon your husband to the doorstep and then should ask him to take from me a message to your cook, I would be guilty of exactly what you have done in the ethics of the navy.' Naturally there was a profuse apology, but the gentleman in the son of Neptune showed himself when he said, with a polite bow: 'Madame, where no offense is intended none can be committed. Let me have your note and I will see that it is delivered.' It was subsequently handed to the coxswain of the captain's launch and through that humble mediumship committed to the young cadet. To some people that may sound like unnecessary strict regimen, but it is to the observance of such small things that is due the marvelous discipline which is discovered on the vessels which fly the flag of the American navy. Three cheers for the red, white and blue!'—Philadelphia Times.

Where Camphor Comes From.

The camphor laurel, from which the greater part of the camphor of commerce is produced, is a native of China, Japan, Formosa, and Cochinchina. It is a hardy, long-lived tree, and sometimes grows to a great size. It has evergreen leaves, yellowish-white flowers in panicles, and is a very ornamental tree, the trunk running up to a height of twenty or thirty feet before branching. The fruit is very much like a black currant.

In the extraction of camphor the wood is first cut into small chips, and the chips are put into water in a still and steamed. The head of the still is filled with straw, and as the steam carries off the camphor in vapor it is deposited in little grains around the straw.

The crude camphor is then heated in a vessel, from which the steam is allowed to escape through a small aperture. The camphor sublimes in a semi-transparent cake. In the manufacture of camphor the tree is necessarily destroyed, but by a rigid law of the lands in which the tree grows another is planted in the place of everyone that is cut down. The wood is highly valued for carpenter's work.

Camphor was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was first brought to Europe by the Arabs.

A Bird's Bill Locked.

A man found a yellowhammer dead in his yard at the foot of a wall. The bird had flown against it with such force as to be stunned. Not only that, but the upper mandible had been bent back, and in the straightening out the sharp point was driven down through the lower bill and was locked, thus dooming the bird to starvation. A good many similar accidents have been recorded, but it was always a heavier bird, whose weight made the springing of the bill easier. A good many of the birds were found in a starving condition, showing that they died lingering deaths from want of food. Birds that fly against lighthouses have the skull bones crushed and die instantly, but others are stunned only.

Drunkness and Suicide.

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Mr. Gumme (reading from the morning paper)—Several hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine went off in the oil regions last night.
Mrs. Gumme—When do they expect it back?—New York World.

Too Careful.

"Is Jackson Parke a careful man?"
"Is he? Well, I should say so! Do you know he won't carry home a sausage from the butcher shop without first getting it tagged."—Buffalo Times.

