

THE FLAG of the FOURTH of JULY.

By
J. C. Harbaugh

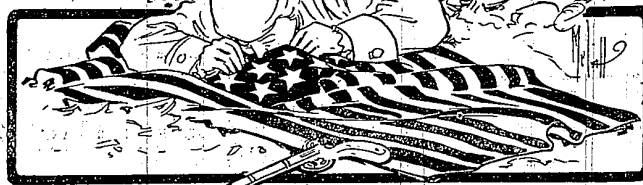
O banner of beauty and glory,
O flag of a Nation that's free!
Crowned ever with song and with story,
A force on the land and the sea;
Unfurled by our fathers before us,
When the tide of the battle ran high,
Thy stars and thy stripes shining o'er us,
Enhallow the Fourth of July.

O emblem of free men's devotion,
Baptized in the blood of the brave,
How oft on the turbulent ocean
Thou hast laughed at the wind and the wave;
By Washington great to be given,
When men deemed it honor to die,
Thou' st come to his children untriven,
The Flag of the Fourth of July.

Borne once by the old Continentals
When the bugles of Brandywine blew,
Thy stars o'er their tom' regiments
Lost none of their glorious hue;
At Trenton and Yorktown immortal,
Where Victory rode in the sky,
They planted at Liberty's portal,
The Flag of the Fourth of July!

The fame of a Nation is 'round thee,
The love of a People is thine,
We bless the true spirits that found thee
And gave us a standard divine;
No more shall the battle swords sever
The sections that see thee on high,
Love crowns thee forever and ever,
The Flag of the Fourth of July.

O emblem enlaureled with splendor
And bathed in God's holiest light,
Thou never shall lack a defender,
Whilst free men can rise in their might;
Above thee till Time is no longer
The eagles of Freedom shall fly,
And 'neath thee all men shall grow stronger,
O Flag of the Fourth of July!



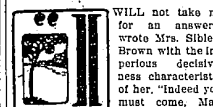
It has been a matter of some speculation, and frequently a subject of inquiry, as to the origin of the American flag—whence came the idea of the stars and stripes. By examining the illustrations of the Washington family, it will be perceived at once that George Washington's coat-of-arms furnished the idea of our country, which his generalship entitled her to wear, and rendered independent of the flag of St. George. The pedigree of General Washington carries back descent to William Herburn, lord of the manor of Washington, in the county of Durham, England. From him descended John Washington of Whitfield, in the time of Richard III., and ninth in descent from said John was George, the first president of the United States. The

mother of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and who was great-grandmother to the general, was Eleanor Hastings, granddaughter to Francis, second earl of Huntington. She was the descendant, through Lady Huntington, of George duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., and King Richard III., by Isabel Neville, daughter and heiress of Richard, earl of Warwick. Washington, therefore, as well as the descendants of that marriage, are entitled to quarter the arms of Hastings; Tone, earl of Salisbury; Plantagenet; Mortimer, earl of March; Neville, Montague, Beauchamp, and Deyrux.

The pedigree, which is full and accurate in regard to dates, gives as it were an epitome of the family. In the old original it is surrounded by a border, ornamented by the shield of arms impaled and implanted by the different ancestors in right of their wives, as well as some of the quarterings borne by their descendants. The coat of arms of the first John Washington was composed of three stars and stripes. As to colors, they are the blue or impaling of the Plantagenets with the house of Lancaster. George Washington was entitled, by virtue of traditional custom—not law in this country—to use his cognizance upon a flag in the army which he commanded; and thus the first national flag ever made and used in America was composed of three stars and three stripes, which those who were versed in heraldry would at once recognize as the proper colors of the general-in-chief of the revolutionary army—the flag of Washington. Since then an increase of the original number has, somewhat obscured its parentage, and many are not aware that this originated, from the legitimate armorial bearings of the father of his country, the flag which has cost so many lives to maintain.

A SAFE FOURTH

J. F. HENDERSON



WILL not take no for an answer," wrote Mrs. Sibley-Brown with the imperious decisiveness characteristic of her. "Indeed you must come, Marjorie. The change will do you a world of good. It is beautiful here, and a few weeks of this glorious climate will bring the color back into your cheeks. I know you are bent upon living the life of a recluse, but you can do that much better here than you can in the crowded city. Come, dear; forget everything disagreeable and be one of our little party. The Fourth of July is at hand, you know, and if you are in favor of a safe Fourth, this is the place to find it."

Marjorie Kenneth folded the letter and turned slowly to the mirror. Her lip quivered a little as she noted the pallor of her cheeks and the shadowy rings under her eyes. She certainly looked as if she needed some inspiring influence to revive her drooping spirits. Her pleasant dark face was meant for smiles and gaiety, and her melancholy mood was blighting and tragical in its effect on her otherwise beautiful features. She hesitated long times, but in the end she sat down at her desk and penned this note to Mrs. Sibley-Brown:

"I am coming. I am too utterly lonely and heart-sick to refuse. Of course the prospect of a safe and restful Fourth is an added inducement. Have some one meet me at the five-thirty train tomorrow evening."

And that is how it came about that Marjorie joined the gay little house party on the shores of Catfish Lake.

It was a beautiful place. The roomy country mansion with its broad, breezy piazzas and its velvet-green lawn sloping down to the water's edge, was isolated from the rest of the lake-side world, and sheltered by giant forest trees. In the miniature harbor, with its miniature docks and its boat-house, there was a variety of modern water craft, while farther out the gleaming surface of the lake was dotted with dancing sail boats.

"On the other side of the lake is the village of Bluffton," the hostess explained to Marjorie, as they lolled on the lawn. "It is directly opposite us, just where you see that spire, with its gilded cross, rising above the trees. They tell me the villagers are going to celebrate the Fourth according to old-fashioned methods, but they are too far away to disturb us."

"As the days went by Marjorie tried hard to enter into the spirit that animated the rest of the party. She smiled and tried to be as cheerful and cordial and matronly as Mrs. Sibley-Brown herself. Yes, matronly, for it was not to be supposed that Marjorie was a maid. To be sure, she was barely five-and-twenty, but she was

But these people did not know. They supposed that young Kenneth was abroad, on some mission or other, and that his absence had been unavoidably prolonged.

"I've just received a bit of news," said young Cones, coming briskly up from the boat-house, flushed and excited.

"Nonsense!" growled Stamway. "How could anybody get news here?"

"Listen. A courier just arrived in his motor boat from Bluffton, bearing a message. You know Bluffton is going to celebrate tomorrow in the wildest and wildest way. One of the events of the day is to be an aeroplane flight from the far ground by an expert aviator."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, he's coming across the lake and expects to land on these grounds. He is some dare-devil inventor who's been working for a year on his machine, and thinks he's got the most perfect one ever built. He agrees to fly across the lake and back again."

"Good! Maybe we'll have a ripple of excitement here, after all."

"Let us hope that it will not be a tragedy."

The Fourth of July dawned bright and beautiful. Save for the distant booming of cannon, which marked the beginning of the celebration at Bluffton, and the faint pattering of a few packs of drooping down about the boat-house, no unusual sounds greeted the rising sun. Yet it developed into a day of brilliant, of patriotic demonstrations, of stirring music by the band, of flaunting banners, of exciting boat races and other sports. There was no end of enthusiasm and enjoyment, and even Marjorie Kenneth was conscious of a quickened pulse and thrill of interest now and then as the day's program was unfolded.

It was early in the afternoon. The water carnival was in progress, and those of the party who were not in boats were lined-up on the pier. All of a sudden a great shout went up: "Look! Look! the airship! Hurrah!"

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of Bluffton. Clearly outlined against the crystalline arch of the sky they beheld the promised aeroplane, sailing like a bird through the air. It was a thrilling sight. Everything else was forgotten. And the attention of the revelers was absorbed in what to them was an unusual spectacle.

The flying machine was approaching, yet taking time to execute some startling maneuvers for the entertainment of the spectators, now soaring in wide, graceful circles, now swooping down toward the lake, only to rise again in spiral gyrations, now describing the figure eight, and in other ways showing how perfectly it was controlled by the man at the lever.

Minute after minute the onlookers watched it in awed silence. Then, suddenly, there was an explosion of sharp exclamations and cries of alarm, merging quickly into a hoarse groan, in which the whole crowd participated. It all happened in an instant. Something had gone wrong with the aeroplane—the aviator had lost control. The machine tilted—collapsed—and shot down toward the lake, a shapeless mass of debris. One second there was a glimpse of the daring aviator plunging headlong through the air. The next he struck the water and disappeared.

Women shrieked and men shouted hoarsely. Pandemonium reigned for a few minutes, but it quickly subsided, and it was discovered that no loss of life had attended the accident. The aviator came to the surface, gasping and choking, and was hauled aboard a launch that chanced to be conveniently near. He could not speak, but was apparently unhurt. His rescuers took him ashore. Marjorie Kenneth was among those on the pier. As they helped the man out of the boat she saw his face. She screamed and staggered toward him.

"Chester! Chester! My God, is it you?"

He looked at her in blank surprise. Then his face lighted up with a smile. "Marjorie!" he articulated. He turned himself toward her, and the men who were supporting him, and clasped her close in his wet arms.

It was the crowning sensation of the day. An hour later, when the reunited wife and husband were alone together in the library, they made up all their differences. "Let us both forgive and forget," said Marjorie. "I never intended to flirt with—"

"I know it, sweetheart. I was a bit tempted to accuse you. This past year has been the most miserable of my life. I half hoped that confounded aeroplane would be the death of me."

She closed his mouth with a kiss.

OUT FOR BUSINESS.



The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?

The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd have had it in a museum long ago.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s, psoriasis, and by others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pail of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a horn; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. "My sister wouldn't give up; said, 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied to my head and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: my head and my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1890, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never been afflicted a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

Adequate Rest is Necessary.

Prof. Frederic S. Lee of Columbia University, New York, writing on the subject, "The Physiology of Rest and Exercise," in the Journal of the Outdoor Life for June, shows by experiments on dissected frogs the way in which exercise tires the muscles and, in fact, all the organs of the body. He says, "There is no known antidote to fatigue, unless it be rest, with all that rest implies. Sleep allows the reparative process of rest to be performed most quickly and completely. A moderate degree of fatigue, or even a considerable degree, when not too often incurred, is not detrimental to a healthy body and is even to be advised. The healthy body is provided with great recuperative powers, and does not rapidly succumb to even excessive demands on its energy. But it should be allowed the proper condition for recuperation, and that condition is adequate rest. There is danger when the fatigue of one day's labor is not eliminated before the next day's work is begun. The effect may be cumulative, the tissues may be in a continued state of depression, and the end may be disastrous."

Never Forget Business.

"What would you take for a cold?" the sufferer said.

"I dunno," the man who never forgets business replied. "What'd you be willing to give?"

A lot of the money people marry for is counterfeited.

Keep Fit

Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.