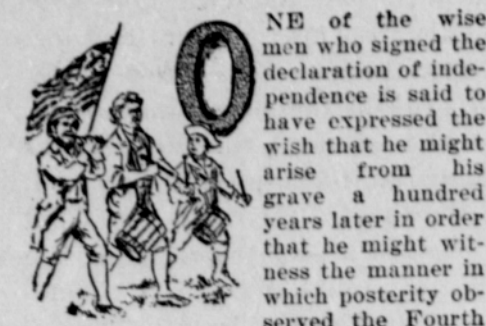


AMERICA'S PROGRESS

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN A CENTURY.

Historical Events of National Importance Recalled by the Celebration of July Fourth—Great Strides Which Our Country Has Taken.



ONE of the wise men who signed the declaration of independence is said to have expressed the wish that he might arise from his grave a hundred years later in order that he might witness the manner in which posterity observed the Fourth of July. If this wish had been granted, it is safe to say that the worthy gentleman who expressed it would have been exceedingly surprised. During the century's sleep, says the St. Louis Republic, America had advanced from a state of tutelage into a vigorous state of independence, and the joy of her people at finding their forefathers' dream of liberty fully realized was never more characteristically shown than on the day that marked the centennial celebration of the country's greatest holiday. Verily, the visitor from the land of shades would have been amazed at the sights and sounds of that splendid anniversary. In a word, he would have found himself in an entirely new world.

How amazed this worthy eighteenth century patriot would be if he could only shake off his shroud and take a look at his Fatherland during the Fourth of July. He would then see how great are the strides which the country has taken since that ever-memorable day, when he bravely signed his name to the most important document that was ever formulated in America, and it would not take him long to realize the fact that the United States have grown greatly in many directions since their people celebrated the centennial anniversary of the Fourth of July. Indeed, there are many thousands of Americans who would tell him that the country has cause to rejoice on this Fourth of July.

Great Achievements.

Is it necessary to enumerate the many reasons for national rejoicings? Do we not all remember how American seamen gave the death blow to Spain's colonial power on that memorable day before the Fourth of July, 1898—on the day when the gallant but luckless Admiral Cervera steamed out of Santiago Bay right into the arms of a vigilant foe, with the result that he was captured and his entire squadron was practically annihilated? Can we forget the story of El Caney, the charge of the Rough Riders up San Juan Hill, on the memorable days of July 1 and 2, and the many other stirring incidents of the Cuban campaign, or is there a true American living whose pulse does not beat faster at the memory of the

FOURTH OF JULY ON THE FARM.



casion for delivering speeches, for eating dinners, for attending picnics, dances and other forms of merrymaking, and for ringing bells and firing off cannons. The small boy of to-day has a better toy pistol than his grandfather had when he was a boy, but it is doubtful if it makes more noise than the old-fashioned blunderbuss which was the favorite Fourth of July weapon among youths in the old days. Similarly the fire rockets of our day may ascend to a height and produce a more dazzling effect than the old rockets were ever capable of, but are we quite sure that they add more to the general hilarity and enthusiasm than was added in the old days by the tar barrels of our fathers? Happily the tar barrel has not gone out of fashion. The small boy delights in the blaze that rises from it, and as the small boy is usually lord of the Fourth, the resinous barrel will doubtless continue to feed flames for some years to come.

To hypercritical and ultrasensitive souls our method of celebrating the greatest of American holidays seems awfully barbaric, and it is quite true that noise is the predominant feature of the day's celebration. Noise, however, is also the predominant feature of battles, and though they, too, are in a sense

suitable manner of manifesting its patriotism than by making all the noise possible.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

His Only Regret Was That He Had Missed So Much.

It was the evening after the Fourth, as the glorious sun was sinking to its gorgeous couch of red and white clouds and blue sky, and the small boy, packed in cotton, lint and a splint or two, was lying with his face to the west, while his father sat by his side fanning him. He was doing as well as could be expected and was already able to talk.

"Papa," he said in a dreamy, languorous tone, "did they have a Fourth of July when you was a little boy?"

"Oh, yes, my son," answered the father.

"Just the same kind they have now?"

"Just the same."

"And did you celebrate when you was a little boy?"

"Yes, but I was more careful than you were, and didn't get hurt so."

"I guess you didn't have much fun, did you?" he asked, trying to turn toward his father.

The father looked at the combination of

LASSOED A MOUNTAIN LION.

Texas Girl Captured a Wild Beast and Took Him Home.

The girl of the Southwest, if reports are to be credited, is a marvel of personal bravery. One girl in Texas has been made famous in the country around Marble Falls by an achievement that would daunt the hardest frontiersman in the land. Her name is Norma Dorn and she lives with her father near the headwaters of the Guadalupe. She, with two sisters, was accustomed to go out on the range to look after her father's cattle. One Sunday morning recently Miss Norma, who is the oldest and most daring of the three, started to ride the fence of a small pasture, expecting to return in time to attend church, and not wishing to desecrate the Sabbath she swung her Winchester on a gate post, remarking that she guessed she would not have any use for a gun as she was not going very far.

She had traveled hardly out of sight of the ranch house before she seriously regretted that she had left the weapon at home. A monster Mexican lion sprang over the wire fence just in front of the girl's pony, and, after looking at her for a moment out of glaring eyes it uttered one of its wild shrieks and sprang away in the direction of a small bunch of cows and calves.

The old cows instantly charged the lion and the mother of the calf gave him such an ugly thrust with her sharp horns that he was forced to relinquish his hold on his prey. The sight of the frightened little calf aroused Miss Norma's ire, and swinging her rope



Brave Adventure of a Young Woman.

over her head she rode at the lion, which started to beat a hasty retreat.

Summoning all the strength of her lungs, the girl screamed at the lion and urged her pony to pursue him. The beast frequently looked back and snarled threateningly, but he failed to find courage enough to offer battle. Suddenly it occurred to the girl that there was no reason why she could not choke the lion to death. An attempt was worth making, for this one monster was capable of destroying a hundred young calves and yearlings in a single night.

Suiting her actions to her thoughts she swung her lariat over her head, and as the trained pony sprang forward at his greatest speed, she sent the rope hissing through the air and dropped the noose with certain precision about the lion's neck. The pony instantly braced himself on his haunches, digging his forefeet in the ground, and the lion turned a somersault, striking the earth with his head toward his pursuers. Crouching and emitting a roar that chilled the blood of the young girl, he sprang into the air with all his strength, expecting to land on the pony's neck and tear his pursuers to fragments. The agile little horse turned just in time to feel the claws of the lion grazing his haunches. Realizing that her life depended upon the strength and speed of her pony, for she had not time to release the lariat from the saddle, she leaned forward and urged her frightened pony to do his best. She reached the ranch gate at her home just as her sisters, accompanied by two young men of the neighborhood, were about to pass through it on their way to church.

One of the young men put a bullet through the animal's head. As a reward for her bravery the Texas Cattle Association has presented Miss Norma with a handsome silver-mounted revolver.

Worthy of Imitation.

The Animal Protective League of New York City is composed of "chapters" of children who are banded together for the purpose of making the life of dumb animals pleasanter, states the Boston Home Journal. The reports are excellent reading, and show that the average small boy is not kept from deeds of kindness by the dignity that prevents much good work among adults. For instance, one small boy saw a horse trying to feed while the strap of its nosebag was broken. The lad was too short to fix the strap, so he put the bag on his head and held it there while the horse finished its dinner.

Dog Checks.

In the Philippines the American soldiers are all wearing "dog checks." A "dog check" is a lead medal about the size of a dollar, with the volunteer's name, regiment and company stamped on it. It is hung on a leather string around the neck, and serves to identify the dead or severely wounded.

Keep Your Blood in Order

Our bodies should be well cared for, keep clean, both outwardly and inwardly, and made strong. The inward cleansing is accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels all bad things from the blood and keeps it pure and rich. It cures all disorders of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and bowels, which, if left unchecked, would cause great suffering.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy. \$1.

The Whisky Traffic.

Henry W. Grady once said of the whisky traffic: "It is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and terror of women, the cloud that shadows the faces of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrined to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plague to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho."

Christianity and Theology.

One of the most unfortunate mistakes ever made by the Christian church was to slide into the habit of identifying Christianity with theology. We have had brains given us to use, and there are no themes that so magnificently challenge a man's intellectual powers as the themes that associate themselves with religions and with the Christian religion. But even so, theology is not Christianity.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y. Feb. 17, 1900.

"Very often," remarked the long-haired man, "the printer mixes up words in my poems, thus creating different meanings and thoughts from what I intended."

"That so?" inquired the practical man. "How much does he charge you?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Skill in the dairy is important, but the art of butter making does not depend altogether upon skill in the manipulation of the milk, cream and butter. Inferior cows, that are half fed, or not fed properly, will not furnish milk of the desired quality for producing the best butter. On some farms, during the warm days of summer, the cows suffer from lack of water. It will not do to simply water them morning and night, but they must have an abundant supply. The food should also be varied and of the best quality.

No Hope for Her.

Mr Peck—Here's a pucky girl. On her way to her wedding she was thrown out of her carriage and hurt, but she insisted on going to the church and having the ceremony performed.

Mrs. Peck—Well, the poor, misguided thing deserves her fate, then.—Philadelphia North American.

"Yes," said the young woman, "I find books in the running brooks."

"Well," said Farmer Cornstossel, "them summer boarders littered the place up terribly with them trashy novels last year. Me an' ma done the best we could to burn 'em all in the cook stove, but they do seem to keep turnin' up."—Washington Star.

Daily toil is a moral safeguard.—Rev. Dr. Kent.

Charity Thinketh No Evil.

If we would live in peace, let us make the best constructions of one another's words and actions. Charity judgeth the best, and thinks no evil. If words and actions may be construed in a good sense, let us never put a bad construction on them.—John Bunyan.

Friend—I heard your wife giving you fits again this morning.

Jinks—That wasn't my wife. That was the servant girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

Religion is the product of an implanted life; its blossom is frequent, pervading the world; its fruitage is perfect, satisfying hungry multitudes. The Gospel does not provide experiences which are merely pleasurable, but the invitation is to life.—Rev. J. J. Parsons.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION
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GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN A CENTURY.



THEN.

Population, about.....3,000,000
Area (in square miles).....325,065
Wealth, about.....\$1,000,000,000
—St. Louis Republic.

NOW.

Population (including islands).....85,000,000
Area (in square miles).....3,408,265
Wealth, over.....\$80,000,000,000

doughty deeds done by Dewey and his men in Manila Bay?

A history of the previous celebrations of this day would form an interesting book, since it would show that some remarkable events in American history have taken place on the Fourth of July. Among these three are especially prominent—the battle of Gettysburg, the surrender of Vicksburg and the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Strictly speaking, the battle of Gettysburg began on July 1, 1863, and ended on July 3, but ever since it took place it has in the minds of the people been associated with the Fourth. Adams and Jefferson died within a few hours of each other on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence. Jefferson died first, and, curiously enough, Adams' last words were: "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

Singularly enough, our method of celebrating the Fourth does not differ in many respects from that which was in vogue half a century ago. Then, as now, patriots everywhere made the day an oc-

awfully barbaric, the world does not yet seem to have arrived at a state of civilization which will render it safe for the nations to turn their swords into plowshares. And, after all, a thing may be barbaric and yet quite useful. Sickly things, whether nations or children, seldom make much noise, and whatever noise they do make is generally of the whining order. It is the healthy children and the healthy nations which make the most noise in the world, and they, too, usually fare best in life.

This apparent apotheosis of noise may rouse the ire of persons afflicted with insomnia, who invariably look forward with dread to the night preceding the Fourth, knowing well that their ears will be racked with the tinnitulation of bells, the boom of cannon and the bang-bang of firecrackers. Such persons are deserving of sympathy, but they ought to remember that this of all days in the year is the one on which Young America loves to show its patriotism, and that it has not yet discovered, nor, indeed, is likely in the near future to discover, any more

bandages and boy on the bed and smiled. "I thought I did, but perhaps I was mistaken," he replied.

At this point the doctor came in and made it unpleasant for the boy for some minutes. Then he went away and the boy sniffed awhile and resumed conversation with his father.

"Is the Fourth going to keep on every year?" he asked.

"There's nothing on earth can stop it, I guess," replied the father with patriotic pride.

"That's good, ain't it?"

"We all think so in this country."

"And how long since it started?" persisted the boy, who should have been trying to go to sleep.

"Ever since 1776; about a hundred and twenty-four years."

A shade of disappointment swept over the boy's face.

"Gee, pop," he exclaimed, "how much I've missed," and then the father insisted that he must stop talking and try to get some much-needed rest.