

THE PATRIOT.

This is my country's natal morn. My heart with rapture thrills, I've bought a gun for little John, the kind that sometimes kills. And Susie has a pistol, too. She'll burn herself, I fear. But what's the difference if she does? It's only once a year; That I in patriotism lack it never shall be said. The baby has some crackers now that might blow off his head. They're somewhat dangerous; they're filled with dynamite, I hear. But shoot them off, my darling child; 'tis only once a year.

I've heard that rockets have been known to put out children's eyes. Of course in every childish sport some danger lurking lies. We'll have to take our chance of that—they mustn't stand too near—For we must celebrate the Fourth; 'tis only once a year. So, though the baby's blown to bits and Johnny's lost his sight, Though Susie's hair is all burnt off by time that it is night, I'll sing "My country, 'tis of thee," in accents loud and clear. For I have kept the glorious Fourth, which comes but once a year. —Lippincott's.

The Flag of District Seven

Naturally it was dark and still about District School Number Seven; why not, when the eight day clock on the wall inside marked nine forty-five p. m., and was ticking on toward ten as fast as it could go. "Time for all honest folks to be in bed," the Doctor's grandfather would have told him. The Doctor was supposed to have gone there an hour and a half before.

But the Doctor had a matter on hand which he felt required caution and the shades of night; therefore he and Jiminy crept stealthily out from their respective homes, met where the road forked, and stole across lots, taking advantage of every bush and clump of weeds, though it was as dark as the Doctor's pocket. At last they were crouching close against the southern wall of the brick school house.

Said the Doctor in a stage whisper: "This here shutter isn't really shut. I stuck a wad of paper in the hinge, and Miss Colwell pulled like forty trying to hook it. It's the only window where the lock doesn't catch. Now, I'll boost you up, and then you can haul me."

"No, stree," said Jiminy promptly; "I'll boost and you haul."

"But you're the heaviest," urged the Doctor. "It's easier to boost than to haul."

"I don't care. I don't go in there first. You're the fellow that's doing this. I just come along for company."

"You're an old 'frald cat."

"'Frald cat yourself."

"Well, here—boost away," said the Doctor, and up he went. It was dark outside, but as he sat astride the window sill somehow it looked a good deal darker within.

"Give me the lantern." It was unlighted, but the speaker was well provided with matches. "Now, catch hold, quick." He reached his arms out of the window, making a heroic effort to conquer the queer, creepy feeling that something might reach out of that awful blackness behind and catch hold of him.

"It won't need two of us to go up into the loft," was whispered from below. "You just light the lantern and put it on the window-sill, and I'll wait here till you come down. Ouch—quit!"

For the Doctor came down then and there, landing squarely on top of him, and though Jiminy might weigh a few pounds more, everybody knows that momentum counts for more than weight. The Doctor had momentum to spare.

"Say, are you comin' along like a white man, after promising and promising so 't I wouldn't ask any other fellow? Say, are you—ARE YOU, Jiminy Neebles?"

"Yep! Get off'n me." The dark schoolhouse was a possible danger, the Doctor a positive one. Jiminy went in first that time, but he speedily jerked the Doctor in after him, and the latter was daring and reckless enough to close the shutter before he struck a match.

The first lost its head, the second sputtered and went out, the third flared and did the same. By the time the tiny flame threw gigantic shadows of themselves upon the ceiling, both conspirators were in a quiver.

"There's nothing and nobody here," said Jiminy, looking fearfully about him.

"Who said there was?" bravely scoffed the Doctor. "Now for the step ladder."

It stood in the closet where the girls hung their hats and cloaks. The two brought it out, somewhat hindered in their progress; not only because the ladder was heavy, but because they seemed to feel obliged to carry the lantern with them wherever they went. When the ladder was at last firmly planted under the trap door leading to the loft, the Doctor, with an air of being nonchalantly willing to share the honors of the expedition, inquired: "Well, who goes up?"

"You," Jiminy replied with promptness, basely unmoved by ambition for

ship. The Doctor gave a contemptuous snort.

"All right. I'll take the lantern with me then." He snatched it from the desk where it stood, and was half way to the ceiling before Jiminy got his mouth open to remonstrate. The Doctor shoved the trap aside, swung the lantern slowly about his head as he took a comprehensive survey, then set it down, and drew himself up. The instant he cleared the opening Jiminy's head popped through it, his legs swiftly following.

The loft was the store room for discarded books and wracks of furniture, piled about in disorderly fashion. On a box near the trap lay the object of their quest; a package carefully wrapped in burlap and brown paper. As the Doctor laid hands on it, Jiminy snatched the lantern and dived down to the ladder. He thought he saw something stir back in among the piles of books. It might be a rat, it might be—almost anything. At the foot of the ladder he cried, "Hurry up!" The Doctor was just emerging from the trap, and although not anxious to linger, he took time to drop his burden carefully on Jiminy's upturned face. It pleased him to hear Jiminy sneeze, gag, and try to spit out the dust.

But his smile only lasted until he had untied the package, when it changed to a prolonged stare, accompanied by a melancholy whistle. "He's got it after all, Jiminy," he said; "he's gone and got it after all."

"You've got the wrong bundle." The Doctor shook his head in somber and assured negative. "There wasn't any other; there never has been. And how do you s'pose these got up there if he didn't put 'em there to cheat?" He held up an object that threw Jiminy back in convulsions of mirth. "Breeches—his old work breeches! Oh, Moses—and we've been thinking it was the flag! Oh, s'posin' we'd tried to run them up to-morrow morning when the folks were all here!" and Jiminy rolled on a desk quite helpless.

The Doctor did not laugh. He regarded the garment with his chin resting on his hands, while a perplexed frown drew his brows together. "That's what he was up to. Let's see; this is how he said it: 'We've got to have your flag for the Fourth.' Not 'May we have it?' civil like. But 'We've got to have it.' And I tells him: 'Our flag's going up here on the morning of the Fourth of July, because here's where it belongs,' says I. 'Give you a treat all round for the use of it,' says he. 'No, sir,' says I. 'Ice cream, cake and lemonade,' says he. 'No, sir,' says I; 'maybe you can have it in the afternoon, for you did give a couple of dollars toward getting it, but we gave the most and it's ours.' 'All right; keep your old flag,' says he, but I knew by the twinkle in his eyes that he was bound to get it somehow, if we didn't hide it away from him, but I didn't 'speak he'd be after it before to-night. I've been up here 'most every day, and it looked all right. Just his smartness to stick his old breeches there and make us think 'twas safe till we started to run it up; I say it's mean of him if he is my uncle."

"Dad says he's Trickey by name and trickery by nature," Jiminy was venturing on delicate ground. Uncle and nephew were not so many years apart in age, nor altogether diverse in disposition.

The Doctor scarcely heard him; he was doing some hard thinking. The lantern light shone on his red hair, and revealed gathering resolution in each freckle. Red hair and blue eyes can be trusted to take care of themselves, red hair and brown eyes to look after other people, red hair and gray eyes—beware! The Doctor had gray eyes.

"Jiminy," he said, pounding the desk he sat on with his fist, "we'll have our flag on our own flagstaff if we have to chop theirs down. Now, you listen. He and Nick Fielding and Joe Strayer and a lot of the other freboys 'll stay up till midnight to blow off the anvil—you know they always do. Then they keep up a racket for a while, run up the flag and go home for a nap. When they go home for a nap this time, Jiminy, we'll jerk our flag down in a hurry."

"Moses! we'll have to hang round and watch them all night."

"Who's carin'? I'd 'liver stay up ten nights than have Harry Trickey keep our flag on his old pole."

"I don't believe we can haul it down by ourselves."

"Fshaw, it's just like pulling it down here, only the ropes are longer."

Particularly dear to the heart of the Doctor was District Seven's new flag. He had been the originator of the plan to purchase it, the most persistent beggar of contributions, and despite rooted objections to manual labor, had even dug and delved to add to the fund. Therefore he felt a special proprietary right in the banner that was to float over the school house during certain patriotic exercises on the morning of the Fourth.

But the village of Amadan, near the outskirts of which the schoolhouse stood, had a park, a flag pole and a fire brigade. The park was a pretty shaded green where the villagers and people from the surrounding country were wont to gather on high days and holidays. The fire brigade was composed of youngsters still in or just out of their teens, and Harry Trickey, the village mischief, was assistant foreman. The pole was in the park, and the fire brigade were responsible for it, and for the flag that usually floated from it.

On the previous Memorial day this had been ruined by a sudden fierce storm, and as the Fourth drew near Mr. Trickey suggested that the brigade borrow District Seven's for the Amadan celebration. He argued that "the kids" could forego its use, as they and their parents would come to the park at the close of the school exercises and remain there for the rest of the day.

The soul of the Doctor flew to arms. In vain his youthful uncle urged relationship, contributions, the larger bribes. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. Young Trickey mentally determined that the flag should fly from the Amadan pole; the Doctor that it should float over District Seven.

"'Twill be awful tejus hangin' around in the dark all night," Jiminy repeated with a cavernous yawn.

Indignation made the Doctor's eyes snap and his freckles stand out in bold relief. "I wish to goodness that I'd asked some feller that is a feller to come 'long o' me," he ejaculated. "I bet you'd never catch Phil Thompson, nor Dick Stebbins, nor Phil Jones whining 'bout the dark and stayin' out all night."

"Who's whining?" demanded Jiminy, bringing his jaws suddenly together.

In a silence that was eloquent the Doctor dragged the ladder back to its place in the closet and made his exit through the window. The only concession made to the fact that he had a companion was when he permitted Jiminy to hold the lantern, while he pulled down the sash and closed the shutter.

"What you going to do with it?" Jiminy referred to the bundle from which the Doctor had never relaxed his hold.

"Never you mind what I'm going to do with it." The Doctor extinguished the lantern by a sudden sweep of his arm, took a few steps forward and turned to say impressively:

"If you are going with me, Jiminy Neebles, you've got to promise 'deed and double, honest Injun, cross your heart, that you'll never open your head about what we do. Harry Trickey'll be fit to mop up the earth with us if he finds out."

"Who's going to open his head?" demanded Jiminy, and the Doctor was satisfied. Jiminy had his faults, but he was a boy of his word.

Had the assistant foreman of the Amadan Fire brigade been less busily engaged the night and dawn of July third and fourth, he might have noticed that in the outer ring of faintest light cast by the bonfire in front of the smithy, he sometimes cast three shadows instead of one; that wherever he went he was as closely watched and followed as ever any foredoomed captive of Sleuth or Sherlock Holmes. One of the shadows, with hands in pockets, yawned cavernously and often, but it stumbled doggedly on in the tracks of the other, that, armed with persistence, an unlighted lantern and a bundle, never for one instant faltered in the pursuit.

Having begun the celebration of the Fourth early, and intending to continue it late, Mr. Trickey sought his couch an hour or so before dawn, and slept long past the breakfast hour of the rest of the family. In truth he did not waken until half the villagers were mirthfully cognizant of what was announced by him by a shout under his window.

"Trickey, Harry Trickey, come down and salute the flag! Trickey, Trickey, Trickey! come and see what's happened to your flag!"

"What is it—what's up?" the assistant foreman asked, rubbing his heavy eyes. He was answered by adjurations to come to the park and see for himself.

Long before he reached the green, however, an amazingly transformed standard fluttered into view. The bifurcated garment he had folded carefully into the wrappings of District Seven's flag, chuckling meanwhile at the discomfort of a certain "big headed kid" nephew, kicked gayly at him from the top of the flagpole.

"The little cuss!" muttered Trickey, recognizing at once the fine hand of the Doctor. And when he reached the foot of the flag staff, and the laughing crowd pointed out the halliards, fastened on the top of a tall tree where only some one, lighter of weight but as daring as himself, could have tied them, he muttered again with a reluctant grin, "The little cuss!"

On the stroke of ten that morning, amid the cheers of the pupils drawn up in a line outside, the flag of District Number Seven rose majestically to the top of the school flagstaff. The Doctor, surveying it proudly after handling the halliards with consummate skill, chanced to catch his young uncle surveying him and turned aside with an embarrassing cough.

Not until the exercises were over did Harry get within speaking distance of his nephew. They met with a gravity befitting the occasion.

"Well, Mr. Monroe," said the assistant foreman, and to the twinkle in his eye the Doctor presented and expression of almost wooden innocence, "are you willing to lend your flag to the village of Amadan for the rest of the day?"

The Doctor took time to deliberate. After a suitable pause, he rejoined: "I don't care, if the rest of 'em are willing. You fellows gave two dollars. 'Course you'll be responsible for any damage."

"Of course," assented his uncle, by this time in a broad grin. The Doctor's

face remained unmoved. He thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled away to join the admiring Jiminy. "Don't gawk so," he muttered, in a fierce, admonitory whisper.

BARK BOOKS OF SAVAGES.

Sumatra Island Cannibals Have Literature Strictly Medical.

Cannibals—especially those of the Island of Sumatra, whose primitive and only article of clothing has given to our language the familiar term "Sumatra wrapper"—have a bad reputation as feeders, and are generally classed as low-down savages. Yet, as the London Lancet says, it is only fair to these despised people to point out that they possess a literature, and that their literature is medical. Doubtless they have cook books, also, which will make mighty interesting reading when deciphered.

The Battack manuscripts, of which there are a few specimens in the Marsden library at King's college (University of London), are curious examples of the most primitive form of book. In his classic work on Sumatra, published in 1811, William Marsden thus refers to this literature of the cannibals: "Their books are composed of the inner bark of a certain tree cut into long slips and folded in squares. Their contents are little known to us. The writing of most of those in my possession is mixed with uncouth representation of scolopendra and other noxious animals and frequent diagrams which imply their being works of astrology and divination."

M. Claine, reporting in 1892 on a Battack manuscript, of which the late Dr. G. W. Leitner reproduced a copy in photogravure in the Imperial Asiatic Quarterly Review (1892), describes it as referring to some plague. The book was submitted to Pandit Janardhan, an eminent Vaidak physician of Lahore. The writer of this article was at the same time busily employed in unearthing the Battack manuscripts in the Marsden library at King's. These, with Capt. Cook's original diaries and other treasures of price, were soon found in a large box, which had never been lost, but which had suffered neglect owing to its very obviousness. In no long time the learned Pandit doctor of Lahore replied in the pages of Dr. Leitner's Review.

Medical scientists in England had been possessed by the idea that the Battack bark books contained a definite adumbration of the theories of Pasteur. The little twiddles, painted in some black pigment on the bark, were held to be what were then called "germs." Dr. Janardhan entirely confirmed this theory, but he pointed out that the Battack illustrations were borrowed from ancient Hindi books, from which the Battack cannibals copied with an infinite neatness: "Whatever people may choose to say about the discovery of bacilli and microbes as a new thing (in 1892) in medical science, it is quite evident that the principle of this discovery was many ages ago given in the Sanskrit books of medicine, and the details, elaborated and tabulated, can be produced to prove this statement."

But the Sanskrit illustrations in question really refer to worms, not to germs. In India diseases are often traced to a "kira" or worm, and the Battack pictures really depict a number of these.

GIBBON'S HISTORY OF ROME.

Conceded by Scholars to Be the Greatest Historical Work.

Although the idea was conceived when Gibbon was 27, he was 31 before he set himself seriously at work to study his material. At 36 he began the composition, and he was 39 when in February, 1776, the first quarto volume was published. The history had an immediate success. "My book," he wrote, "was on every table and almost on every toilet; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day." The first edition was exhausted in a few days, a second was printed in 1776 and next year a third. The second and third volumes, which ended the history of the western empire, were published in 1781, and seven years later the three volumes devoted to the eastern empire saw the light. The last sentence of the work, written in the summer house at Lausanne, is: "It was among the ruins of the capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public."

This is a brief account of one of the greatest historical works, if indeed it is not the greatest ever written, says James Ford Rhodes in Scribner's. Let us imagine an assemblage of English, German and American historical scholars called upon to answer the question, Who is the greatest modern historian? No doubt can exist that Gibbon would have a large majority of the voices; and I think a like meeting of French and Italian scholars would indorse the verdict. "Gibbon's work will never be excelled," declared Niebuhr. "That great master of us all," said Freeman, "whose immortal tale none of us can hope to displace." Bury, the latest editor of Gibbon, who has actually criticized and carefully weighed "The Decline and Fall," concludes "that Gibbon is behind date in many details. But in the main things he is still our master, above and beyond date." His work wins plaudits from those who believe that history in its highest form should be literature and from those who hold that it should be nothing more than a scientific narrative.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1637—Pequot Indians slaughtered in their fort in Connecticut.

1644—John Endicott was chosen Colonial Governor of Massachusetts.

1668—First Assembly of New Jersey met.

1743—American Philosophical Society founded by Benjamin Franklin.

1774—The General Court of Massachusetts met at Boston to elect Counsellors....The Boston port bill went into operation.

1779—Stony Point evacuated by the Americans.

1785—John Adams, the first American Minister to England, presented to the King.

1787—A national constitutional convention met in Philadelphia.

1790—The Rhode Island convention accepted the Federal Constitution.

1813—British defeated the Americans at the battle of Sackett's Harbor....British frigate Shannon captured the United States frigate Chesapeake.

1844—Telegraph made practical between Washington and Baltimore.

1845—Sir Franklin sailed from Sheerness on the last Arctic expedition.

1848—Wisconsin admitted to the Union as the thirtieth State....General Winfield Scott publicly welcomed in New York.

1850—Mormon temple at Nauvoo, Ill., burned.

1855—The Pottawatomie executions took place in Kansas.

1857—Dred Scott and family emancipated in St. Louis.

1861—The port of New Orleans blocked by the sloop-of-war Brooklyn.

1862—Confederates under General Beauregard evacuated Corinth, Miss....Battle of Hanover Court House, Va.

1863—The Federals made an unsuccessful attack on Port Hudson.

1864—Slavery abolished in Louisiana.

1865—The Confederates in Texas, under General Kirby Smith, laid down their arms.

1866—Penians crossed the Canadian frontier and took possession of the village of Fort Erie.

1875—Seventy-five lives lost by burning of cathedral at Holyoke, Mass....Charlotte Cushman made her last appearance on any stage at Easton, Pa.

1885—World's Exposition at New Orleans closed.

1886—Haymarket anarchists indicted in Chicago for murder.

1889—More than 2,000 lives lost in flood at Johnstown, Pa.

1892—The "High Water Mark" monument on Gettysburg battlefield was dedicated.

1893—Montana's silver statue unveiled at World's Columbian Exposition.

1894—Presbyterian General Assembly convicted Prof. H. P. Smith of Lane Seminary of heresy.

1895—Monument to Confederate dead unveiled in Oakwoods cemetery, Chicago.

1896—Emperor and Empress of Russia crowned at Moscow.

1898—Naval battle off Santiago de Cuba.

1901—Senators McLaurin and Tillman of South Carolina resigned their seats in the Senate, but their resignations were not accepted by the Governor.

1903—An earthquake in the vilayet of Van, Turkey, caused the loss of 800 lives....Tornado swept over Gainesville, Ga., with loss of many lives.

1904—Celebration of the bicentenary of the founding of St. Petersburg.

1905—Lewis and Clark Exposition opened at Portland, Ore.

1908—One thousand dead in Chinese typhoon.... International Polar Congress met at Brussels....The body of George Clinton, first Governor of New York, was removed from Washington to Kingston, N. Y.

Skiping Rope May Kill Her.

While trying to "pepper" at skiping rope longer than any of the other girls, little Bertha Snow, 10 years old, of Sioux Falls, burst an intestine. She lay unconscious for four days and may die.

Greatest Vein of Radium.

Recent dispatches from Lisbon, Portugal, confirm previous reports of the discovery of extensive deposits of the rare and costly element radium in the bed of a stream near Guarda on the Paris-Lisbon Railway. The discovery was made by a British mining engineer who had heard of the health-giving qualities attributed to the stream. The substance is found in the form of uranite phosphate crystals.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

To do as Christ did we must love as He did.

Once get a man right in his heart and his feet will not go far wrong.

Above the blackest cloud there is plenty of light.

God never changes His mind.

What men often call excuses God calls lies.

Faith without works is like a watch without hands.

Truth never stops chasing a lie around the world.

Give the Lord a chance and He will give you a chance.

Our needs can never be greater than God's promises for their supply.

The man who delays to do the right thing is not likely to ever do it.

The preacher should not forget that the devil always goes to church.

Not what we can do but what we can bear is the real test of character.

If there is a time when God is especially close to us it is when we are in trouble.

Following Christ ought to consist in something more than wearing a red button and going to church in pleasant weather.

The man who looks toward the well-watered plains of Sodom with a longing eye will soon be wearing out shoe leather in trying to get to them.

A MISTAKEN PURPOSE.

"Yes, dogs may be all right," reluctantly admitted the nervous man, "but somehow I always was scared of 'em, and they all seem to realize the fact. This business of conquering a dog by looking him straight in the eye doesn't always work out the right way. I never cared to test the matter myself, but I knew one fellow who did. He lost part of his coat tail. And there is a foolish saying that barking dogs won't bite. Another fallacy. I once knew an old shepherd-dog that would bark and bite at the same time. I still carry a scar on my shin as a proof."

"I was farming at the time, out in Kansas, and the dog belonged on the next farm. The old fellow who owned him said he wouldn't bite. We had just moved down from the city, you know, and it was necessary for me to call at the old farmer's house for milk."

"At first Shep wouldn't allow me to enter the gate. Shep was the dog's name. I tried all sorts of inducements—called him by name in the friendliest tone at my command, or threatened him with imaginary stones. Finally the old farmer would relieve the situation by escorting me into the yard, with Shep sneaking along about two inches in the rear of my legs. Very comfortable."

"But as time went on I became better acquainted with the shepherd dog, and as long as I wore overalls and toted my milk pail, he permitted me to enter the front gate without challenge. On these occasions he assumed a benevolent air, as if he was really granting me a large favor. It was a favor."

"But one time I called on the old farmer on a matter of business, and had discarded the overalls and milk pail. As I entered the gate I saw a book agent marching boldly up the yard. The poor fool didn't know about Shep, and he failed to see the dog as he came tearing up the lane."

"Hey, there!" I shouted, in a warning voice. "Climb that tree quick or that dog will chew you up!"

"But the poor chap didn't have time to budge, for Shep was traveling like a Kansas tornado. I shut my eyes for a moment, from sheer pity, and then opened them again to view the tragedy. That dog had passed the book agent entirely, and was still coming. He was after me."

His Postscript.

It was Saturday, and Mrs. Cushman, having arrayed Bobby in his Sunday best, was endeavoring to keep him occupied while she dressed hurriedly, pending a visit to the photographer. "Write mother a letter on your celluloid tablets," she coaxed.

Bobby looked out of the window and across the street for inspiration—and found it. His fingers moved briskly, and in less than three minutes he was displaying his letter and pressing it upon his mother's attention.

"Dear mother," she read. "The boys across the street in the Lothrop's yard are playing a new game. I should like to see it. May I go?"

"Your affectionate son, Bob."

"That is rather short, Bobby," she said, still coaxing him, with a glance at the clock. "You go back to your room and write mother a little postscript."

Bobby departed joyously, but when the last refractory book had yielded and his mother, drawing on her gloves, hurried to his room, it was empty.

On Bobby's desk lay the letter, with the desired addition: "P. S. I have went."

Men have their troubles the same as women, but they have less to say about them.

There are as many sides to a story as there are people who tell it.