



Two words that belong to America. Two words that mean as much to-day as they did in 1776, when the people threw off the bands that bound them and became free. There isn't a man or woman or a child in all this great country who should not be proud of America. We are a nation of all people of the earth, and for a wise purpose Providence has blessed America beyond our wildest dreams. On the Fourth of July, 1901, the flag that is a guarantee of Freedom and Liberty floats over countless school houses where education is free. It floats over countless churches where the rich and poor may worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, without let or hindrance. It floats over the homes of prosperous mechanics, farmers, laborers—homes that contain more comforts, more luxuries, more happy families than can be found in any other country on the globe.

Old Glory floats over a happy, patriotic, united, sympathetic people, whose ears are quick to detect the cry of the suffering, whose hearts beat warm for the afflicted. Its folds envelop noble women who are the equals of men, and men who honor all women as they honor their mothers. It flutters to the winds of heaven and gives notice to kings and queens and emperors that a mighty nation has been founded on truth and honor and the equality of all men, and that its course has been up and up and is still upward until no human brain can conceive a limit to the glorious destiny of this great republic.

It is good to be an American. It is a glorious privilege to live where the sun shines on a liberty-loving, contented people. We have taxes—and the ability to pay them. We have strikes, but wise men and wise counsels are every year bringing employe and employer nearer together. We have trusts and great brains that will suggest and carry out measures that will make of the corporations servants, not masters. We have poverty, but our poor are better situated than the poor of Europe. Pessimists have said that our form of government could not last. They said it a hundred years ago, and to-day it is greater and grander than ever.

Be thankful! Be glad that you have played a part in guiding this land to the glorious position it occupies; that you and your children are a part of a government of the people and for the people.

Praise God in His infinite kindness that the blessings are so many and that you have lived to enjoy them, and on this Fourth of July, 1901, the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the nation's birth, sing with a chorus of 76,000,000 people:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty."

THE CANNON-CRACKER.

It was a Chinese cracker. All day in glowing red, Lay trembling in a wooden box, Beside our Tommy's bed.
"To-morrow," sighed the cracker, "Unless I swiftly fly Long ere the shining sun is up, I shall most surely die!"
Out of the box he clamored, Where Tommy, dreaming of the Fourth, Lay tossing on his bed.
The cracker, trembling greatly, Then hid him to a wood, And sought a dark and lonely dell, Where drops of moisture fell.
On flowers and grass, He chuckled, "This is the place for me," And sat down on a cold, damp stone, Beside a mossy tree.
The woodland creatures gathered, And gazed with startled eyes, And listened to his tale of woe With murmurs of surprise.
Said the selfish, boastful cracker: "You see, I used my wits, My brothers in that fatal box Will all be blown to bits!"
"While I, because I reasoned, And dared to act—Per-BANG!! A terrible explosion! Throughout the woodland rang.
It was a frisky fiddle, Tossed with that dandling cue; And into countless pieces— The cannon-cracker flew!"
—Mary Marshall Parks, in St. Nicholas.

AUNT HULDAH'S 4TH.
AUNT HULDAH GREEN was in a great bustle, and the humble household about her felt its influence in a way that was decidedly irritating and uncomfortable.
For about a week before the Fourth of July she had been making "great preparations." It was a rare occasion when Huldah "went gadding," a red-letter day when she neglected her home duties for a whole twenty-four hours at a time. Yet just that she was planning to do now, and Uncle Remus shook his head dolefully as he hobbled over beyond the scapergone nephew, Sam, who was mending a whitewash brush.
"Pears to me dat ole ooman gits perkier and more foolish eb'ry day," remarked Remus. "Pears to me she must guess we's back in de fifties, plantation hands with jist nothin' on our minds but larks."
"It's along of de Foth, uncle—de Foth of July," grinned Sam. "Tells yo now, dis chile ain't gwine to go totin' down

to no passon's jubilee, if he am a relative. Yo heah me!"
"Yaas, yo'se goin', yo good for nothin', lazy, lubberin' algerger. Has yo lost all respect for yosef, and the propeties, and yo patriotism? Shame on yo, Mistah Remus Green! to allow dat boy to discuss de motives and intensions of yo helpmeet in dat cole-blooded way. It's scand'lous! Yo won't go? Young man, yo be ready bright and airly to-morrow mornin' to drive dis heah ancient couple ober to Pine Grove, and yo be prepared to act de gemman, or dar'll be some hot times hyarabouts for yo' lazy self, yo heah me!"
Aunt Huldah had taken the enemy unawares. Sam made off, grumbling. Remus knew it was wisest to say nothing. Huldah was a cyclone of resolve when she got started. He was getting too old to do much junketing, but he couldn't help becoming somewhat interested as his better half made him hustle around the cabin and barn, helping her in her preparations for the eventful mornin'.

These were decidedly elaborate. Aunt Huldah claimed to be "no ornery, low-down brack trash!" She boasted a proud line of dusky relatives. Was it not her own cousin, Parson Augustus Brownell, who was to deliver the oration of the day over at the great colored picnic at the grove? And was it not meet that her little household should appear in style, and do honor properly to the day that was doing honor to her relative, who was the leader and ruling shepherd of the Pocasset circuit branch of the African M. E. Church? Well, she guessed so!

Uncle Remus burned his fingers turning baking tins, and got rated for failing to stir cake frosting briskly enough, and was done tired out when dusk came, and Aunt Huldah kept still bobbing around, packing the grand lunch, trimming up the old wagon outside with flags and green boughs and pieces of bunting.
"Dat lazy Sam wants to get back wid dat mawl," she announced. "He's to be curried and rested. And I want his mane braided, and little red, white and blue ribbons tied in. Spec some of de Browns 'il jist tura yaller wid envy when dey see us on de road. We's de genuine cullud quality, doan' forgit dat, Mistah Remus Green, to-morrow, and keep up yo dignity."
"Well, well, Aunt! What seems to be the trouble here?"
Fourth of July morning was at hand—bright, clear, bracing—yet to poor old Aunt Huldah the sun seemed blotted out, the skies weeping tears of ink.

A booted, spurred pedestrian, superbly mounted, turned into the yard of the little cabin about 8 o'clock, started for the pump.

With a puzzled smile he challenged the lay-out before him. A statue, her faded silk dress smoothed out primly, her jeweled and bedowered bonnet not a hair's breadth out of kilter, her lace-gloved hands folded in her lap, upon the high seat of the wagon, staring straight ahead, was Aunt Huldah.

"Mornin', sah," she returned tartly. "If yo'll excuse me, sah, I'se celebratin'." A useful kind of a celebration it seemed, for, although all the glories of bunting surrounded her, although full baskets of generous provisions lay at her feet, Aunt Huldah's face was set in a stern mold that suggested a funeral rather than a lark.

Uncle Remus made frantic efforts to attract their visitor's attention. Finally he got him to one side.
"I knows yo, sah. Young Mistah Austin, I knows yo fine old family. I knows yo's gemman enough to spar Huldah de humilation of any fuder remarks, sah. She's bollin' now—soon she'll be bustin'." It's shockin', sah, but dar's no mawl!"
"No mawl?"

"Dat's it, sah. Oh! dat rascal, Sam. He steals out de house airly dis mawnin' and makes off across country to see his young lady, and won't be home till no one knows when. De Browns went by and sneered, and de Hoopers went by and yah-yahed, and Huldah's cousin, 'il delib' de Foth of July oration, and she won't be dar to heah, because dar's no mawl!"

Young Austin smiled amusedly. Then he looked thoughtful, glanced at his watch, at his horse, at the heartbroken but Trojan-faced figure in the old cart, and then acted on a generous impulse.

"Remus," he spoke, "have you got another harness?"
"Paht of one, sah, but plenty of rope."
"Rope will do."
"Yo don't mean, sah—"

"To hitch up and drive you over to Pine Grove—just that."

Huzza!

Down the pike rattled the old vehicle. Was there ever such a pace!

The gazing Browns; past the staring Hoopers—a whirling blur of color, a blooded steed to the fore, "a gemman de quality" in the seat, and old Remus holding on for dear life behind!

It was the sunniest day in Aunt Huldah's life. A shaft broke as they turned the curve at the grove, a wheel went whirling off as they halted, but what did that matter? She sat among the ruins like a queen. Mule or no mule, she had arrived on time!

The honor of being driven in state to the celebration added to all the laurels of relationship, and when in his address the reverend Augustus innocently and incidentally alluded to "some coming in chariots," proud old Aunt Huldah darted a triumphant look at "those low-down Browns," and felt that life was worth living, and that its crowning glory had come to her on that great and glorious Fourth of July.

The Flag in Decoration.
Writing of "Civic Festivals and Processions," in the Century, Charles R. Lamb says on the subject of the flag in decoration:
"The Stars and Stripes, though not the most successful piece of decoration, can still be so treated as successfully to combine with any scheme; but to do this it should be massed over doorways or stands, or, if used separately, should be hung repetitively from the windows along the entire line of parade, preferably on one of the upper stories, so as to give a continuous line of red, white and blue from house to house."

"The American flag is not impossible of successful treatment; we have already begun to imitate the French manner of raying small flags in an upright position from a common base, and repeating these groups at intervals; but the tricolor bunting is one of the most difficult to use satisfactorily, because the equal proportion of red to blue is not a fortunate color-combination. It would therefore be advisable that the committee in charge should select those symbolic colors which would be appropriate, and use them in such quantity as would give a definite color-scheme to the entire line. The suggestion made by the National Society of Mural Painters that the naval colors, blue and white, reinforced with gold and natural green foliage, should be used in the Dewey reception parade was probably the first recognition given of the necessity of other colors than the patriotic red, white and blue."

Firecracker Philosophy.
A few individuals would have all Fourth of July explosions, big and little, prohibited. Anything that goes "bang" is to them a horror. All who enjoy explosive sounds are to them barbarians. A sudden concussion upon the tympanum of the ear sends these people into miniature fits.

But the enjoyment of sudden noises produced by ourselves or others with the object of pleasing is based on reason and science. All our pleasure in this life is due to sensations. We may conceive of enjoying music, poetry or painting without the sound of an instrument, the seeing or hearing of rhyme and rhythm, or the play of color on the optic nerve. Yet all such enjoyment ends in abstraction without a renewal of the sensation or another to take its place.

An explosion is a sensation. We live for sensations. Some of us would rather half kill ourselves with violent sensations than be without any sensations.

Just once a year we yield to the firecracker and rocket sensation. It tickles our ear drums and thrills our expectant nerves. We enjoy it. We are glad of the excuse of patriotic fervor to get this yearly tickling.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sure Death.
Mrs. Cobwiger—I'm afraid something has happened Freddie. I haven't seen anything of him since morning.

Cobwiger—Nonsense! He's only having a good time with his firecrackers.

Mrs. Cobwiger—No, he isn't. I would not let him have such things. I bought him one of those harmless toy pistols.

Cobwiger—Run, woman, and get me my hat. I guess he's down at the morgue before this.—New York World.

An Early Start.
Hopkins—You country people start into town early on the Fourth of July!

Perkins—Well, we have to—to head off our city relatives coming out to see us.—Golden Days.

Truth needs no color, beauty, no pencil.—Shakespeare.

CONTROL WEATHER.

MANY MEN ARE WORKING TO ATTAIN THAT END.

Attempts Recently Made at Influencing the Elements Have Been Successful—Large Consumption of Coal May Produce More Showers.

Involuntary influence exists without doubt; it is exercised, for instance, by deforestation and by the resulting alteration of conditions of soil, which modifies the flowing of streams and increases inundations; and also by the development of industrial activity, as Russell has shown in the case of London fogs, which augment considerably with increased consumption of coal. The considerable increase of the number of thunderstorms, which has doubled since 1870, leads us to believe that in this case also there is an effect due, in part, at least, to industrial activity; for it is difficult to attribute an increase so considerable to the sole action of sun spots. An attempt has been made to explain the increase in the number of storms by the abundant production of steam by industrial engines. Dr. Trabert cannot accept this explanation, for he calculates that the quantity of steam thus produced in the whole of Germany would scarcely represent an evaporation of 0.0025 millimeter of water to the square kilometer (1-4000 inch to the square mile). But it is quite different with particles of dust scattered in great abundance throughout the air by the incomplete combustion of a quantity of coal equal to 200 kilograms to the square kilometer (1,140 pounds to the square mile). This considerable increase of atmospheric dust should exercise an action on the production of rain. When moist air passes the state of saturation, condensation takes place on particles of dust. The more there are of these, the more drops are formed; thus, for a given quantity of vapor condensed, the drops are necessarily smaller. Now the tension of saturation on a convex surface increases with the curvature of the surface, that is to say, with the smallness of the drops. An increase of the quantity of dust in the air will therefore tend to favor the supersaturation of the air, and consequently to produce thunderstorms and abundant rains.

It is much more interesting, however, to know whether we may voluntarily act upon the weather. To this kind of action belong the attempts made successfully in France, on a large scale, to prevent nocturnal frosts by the production of artificial clouds. But when we come to the artificial production of rain, success is much more doubtful, as all attempts, so far, have proved. In the production of any phenomenon it is always a question of the equivalent transformation of one kind of energy into another, and we must inquire whether the necessary amount of energy is at our disposal. Now Trabert calculates that to bring to saturation a cubic kilometer (one quarter cubic mile) of air at 40 per cent relative humidity requires no less than 1,400 kilogrammeters of work (10,000 foot pounds). This scarcely allows us to think of the possibility of artificial condensation. Such a thing would appear to be possible only if the conditions necessary to condensation already existed, and if we had only to put latent forces into action. Finally, to this voluntary action on the weather belongs the method, used in the Austrian Alps since the time of the Emperor Joseph II., of making numerous explosions to ward off a hailstorm, a process that, as is well known, has been developed and systematized by M. Steger at Wandisch-Feistritz, in Southern Styria, with great success.—Cosmos (Paris).

CARIBOU SWIFT OF FOOT.

One of Them in Maine Distance a Greyhound in a Race.

A man lately returned from the woods says that a caribou can run faster than any other animal on legs. He says: "I have a friend who owns a greyhound, and he always maintained that no animal could outrun the dog—at least, he thought so until lately, when he stood by and saw the fleet dog run off his feet by a herd of caribou that didn't seem to be in much of a hurry either."

"One day this friend of mine was bragging about the dog to an old woods guide, when the latter said he could find an animal that would leave the hound so far behind that he would think he was anchored. This touched my friend in a sensitive spot, and a wager of \$10 was made on a race between the hound and the first caribou we came across."

"Finally the guide succeeded in getting the dog after some caribou, a herd of four, found standing like so many statues on the ice in the middle of one of the big ponds of the Penobscot west branch region. You know a caribou trots instead of running like most wild animals. There had been a good fall of snow, a light rain which formed a thick crust, and then about three inches more of snow. It was the finest kind of surface for running, and when the greyhound was turned loose his owner confidently expected that he would play tag with those caribou."

"The dog went after them like a wild locomotive, and the caribou started. At first they didn't appear to be going very fast, but as the hound drew up on them they let out a link. The hound was running his prettiest, and before the caribou had had time to think he was right up on 'em."

Then they put on steam and it was a sight to see them go. Why, when they struck their gait they pulled away from that dog as though he had been anchored, and by the time they had reached the end of the pond the hound wasn't half way across.

"When the dog came back he was sadder and wiser and his master looked dazed. To be sure, a greyhound is fast, but when you come to stack greyhounds or any other kind of hounds against caribou you are in too fast a game—sure!"—New York Sun.

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AN AVALANCHE OF LAWS.

The Only Person Who Knows the Law According to the L.W.

We, the people of the United States, are remarkable in our knowledge, under a presumption of law. The law presumes that we know the law, and, though Mr. Bumble may be right in saying that the law is an ass in its presumption, its presumptions control us just the same. It is never an excuse to plead ignorance of the law, for the magistrate who does not know the law, judges who give opposing views of the law and courts that cannot agree on what the law is will tell you that you do know the law, because the law says that you do. This is very complimentary to the layman.

Just think what we know under this legal presumption. Besides the unwritten law that we have inherited from the ages, we know millions of enactments; those of fifty-six Congresses, of our annual State Legislature—besides fifty other States and Territories, if we happen to be in them—down to and including the volumes of enactments of our board of aldermen and our health department regulations.

You may go into the law library in the Federal Building, wave your hands over the tens of thousands of volumes, and say, "I know all this," and can then prove your statement by the authorities themselves.

F. S. Wakefield, tally clerk of the House of Representatives, has prepared a list of a little that we know, that emanated from the Fifty-sixth Congress. According to his figures, the House passed 2,204 bills and resolutions. If that is an average, think what it means when multiplied by fifty-six. Then add to it the volumes of laws that have found birth in our Legislature, and the intermittent stream ever flowing from that source, with which are mingled municipal laws and regulations.

Each individual who has reached the age of discretion is told by the law that he knows them all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Survivor of a Famous Class.

Perhaps the most famous class which ever graduated from West Point was that of 1843, which included General Grant, and almost every member of which rose to the rank of a Brigadier General. There are now but three living survivors of the class. One of them, the Rev. Father Deshon, resigned from the army in 1851, and is now a member of the Paulist Fathers, stationed in New York City. The second, Gen. William B. Franklin, is living in retirement, and the third, Gen. Samuel G. French, lives at Pensacola, Fla., a hale and hearty old man, who still takes an active interest in public affairs. Gen. French won his spurs in the Mexican war. Though a native of New Jersey, he cast his lot with the South when the rebellion broke out, and he was one of the few men of Northern birth to win high rank in the rebel army, eventually becoming a Major General. It was Gen. French who commanded the Confederates on the night attack on the Army of the Potomac at Harrison's Landing, when the Federals were thrown into much confusion. He planned and directed the construction of the defenses around Petersburg, and took part in many of the hardest fought battles of the war.

His Aim in Life.
People bother little boys so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: "What are you going to be, little boy? What are you going to be?" and the boy had patiently replied at every interruption of his important undertakings: "I am going to be a sailor and climb the masts."
Last summer he took an ocean voyage and was very seasick, and the third day his father asked: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?"
"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts," he replied. "I am going to be a soldier and shoot cannon."

A big uncle took the boy to see a famous cyclorama, where the smoke and carnage and realistic dead bodies in the foreground shattered another of his ambitions. To the teasing question, "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" came the answer in a burst of confidence:

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts. I am not going to be a soldier and shoot cannon. I am going to be a bachelor and marry mamma."—Youth's Companion.

A Happy Condition.

"So you don't mind the ins and outs of life?"

"No, not my kind. At the present I am in love and out of debt."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Fruits of Perilous Foot.

"Do these north pole explorers ever accomplish anything?"

"Oh, yes, they often come back and start out again."

Your neighbors are the smartest people in the world; they know by a guess just how much you can afford to spend.

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter! Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swelled, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

Determination.

"It's the only toime on earth," said Mr. Dolan, who was struggling with a balky horse, "that I wisht for an otty-moble."

"Would yez sell the horse?"

"No, sir. I'd never give in like that. I'd hitch the animal up in front of the machine, and then I'd see whether he'd go or not."

Thoroughly a Duke.

The Duke of Richmond has the distinction of being "three times a duke." He is Duke of Richmond in England, Duke of Lennox in Scotland, and Duc de Aubigny in France, a title conferred upon an ancestor by Louis XIV in 1683.

Take pictures at night at you home—print them at night—you can do it. Address Kirk, Geary & Co., 330 Sutter St., San Francisco, for information. Largest photo supply house in the West.

For Cause.

Yeast—Do the robins come to pick the bread crumbs from your lawn? Crimzonback—They used to, but they don't any more.

"How do you account for that?"

"My wife makes her own bread."

Probably.

Nell—I saw Maude buying a lot of silk stockings the other day.

Belle—Putting something by for a rainy day, I suppose.

E. W. L.
This signature is on every box of the genuine
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