THE PATRIOTS.

The burly cannon cracker to the slender little flag
Said, "How are you to celebrate the day?
You never make a single sound, you cannot jump nor shoot,
And where they put you, there you have to stay."

The rockets, roman candles and the giddy, racy wheels
With patriotic zeal began to brag
Of how they'd leap and bang and fizz and flare and whirl—and all
United to deride the silent flag.

But when the day was done, the crackers lay in scattered shreds;
And bits of wheels were clinging to the trees;
The rocket sticks were lying prone; but high above the scene,
The little flag still frollicked with the breeze.

Nancy Butler, Daughter of the Revolution.

A TRUE STORY.

by Lissa May Lipscomb.

JAMES BUTLER, Duke of Ormond, had much to do with history making in the days when Cromwell ruled England, and it has often been said that if the latter had heeded the duke's wise counsel all would have gone better with the Protector.

That the duke was a brave man is well known, and that his courage was inherited by many of his descendants the history of our country truly testifies.

My story, however, has to do with the courage of a young girl. Her father, James Butler, a namesake of his ancestor, the duke, came to America when it was really a new world, and settled with his family in South Carolina. He had a wife, many stalwart sons, and our heroine, Nancy, a black-eyed girl of sixteen.

The country was in a state of revolution, and, while it was a time that tried men's souls, and women's too, it was also the opportunity for bravery, hardihood and loyalty. James Butler and his sons were said to know not fear, and were such "terrors" to the enemy that it was considered a great deed to capture or kill even one of them.

One day a notorious Tory named Cunningham, suspecting that Butler would visit his home to see his wife, who lay very ill, waited in ambush with a large party of Tories to take him unawares. The English soldiers were many in number, for they dared not venture on this exploit without overwhelming odds. As Butler, two of his sons and a few soldiers were making their way toward Butler's woodland home they were surrounded by the Tory band, fired upon and then hacked to pieces with sabres. The Americans made a brave defence, and Butler himself fought desperately, even after both of his hands were cut off. But when the Tories were done the little band was nothing but a mangled mass. The Tories then hid in the thickets, hoping more of the family would appear, but James Butler's other sons were far away, with the army, and there was none to come save Nancy.

Nancy Butler was my grandmother's grandmother, and my grandmother has often told me what her grandmother told her, and this was how it was. The massacre happened near enough to the home for Nancy to hear the shots, and fearing she knew not what she made her way through the swamps and forests to the scene of carnage. When the enemies saw that it was only a girl, they taunted her, telling her how hard her father was to kill and how he bounced beneath the sabre strokes, and all this in such insulting tones that Nancy's black eyes flashed fire, and she said:

"Yes, make your boasts to a girl, you cowards! but if my father and brothers were living you would be in hiding if you did not have double as many men. Here lie brave men, and you are dastards, and you know it!"

Her great loss had made her indifferent to her own safety; but her words made the men ashamed and they troubled her no more.

It was almost impossible for Nancy to identify her dead, but her shrewd and loving eyes at last saw some familiar articles of attire that helped her in her sad and terrible search. Then she went home to return with their "old sore back" horse and "wheeled sled," and a Mrs. Smith, the only neighbor, and together they carried the bodies home, dug the graves and buried them.

Grandmother used to say that her grandmother's Revolutionary experiences were not all so sad as this one, and once she was so thrilled at a story that she exclaimed:

"Oh, grandmother, I wish I could be in a war!"

Then Nancy Butler Brooks, as she was then named, was very angry.

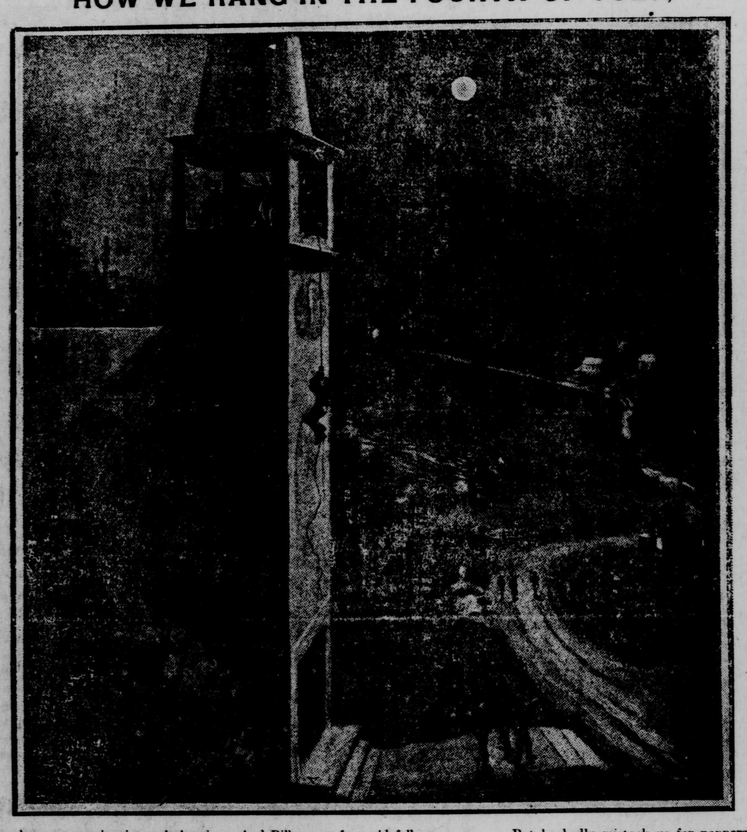
"You wicked child, hush! You don't know what you are wishing!"

Anyway, poor grandmother had her foolish whim gratified, for she lived through the Civil War, and we have her portrait, painted after she was ninety years old. We also have a manuscript history of the Butler family, written by a descendant of Nancy's, in which the deeds of this rare girl are told.

The United States Flag.

Your stripes of red throb with the life blood of thousands; your stripes of white sigh with the burden of women's tears; your field of blue breathes the steadfastness of a country firmly united; and your stars sing of a union that is welded together by the mighty hand of an Almighty God.

HOW WE RANG IN THE FOURTH OF JULY,



For weeks we were scheming and planning,
But keeping it dark, just the same,
How to beat the old sexton, Bill Manning,
Who tried to get onto our game.
The hour for the deed was the midnight
When nobody near us should spy
Who climbed the tall steeple and startled the people
By ringing the Fourth of July.

And Bill was a foxy old fellow,
His purpose was settled and grim,
With a temper that never got mellow,
For boys were not boys to him.
On the Third he just took out the clapper,
With all of us boys standing by,
And he "guessed that would hold us," he said as he told us
We'd rung our last Fourth of July.

But he badly mistook us for nappers,
And for faint hearted quitters as well,
For hammers were better than clappers,
So long as he left us the bell.
We threw a stone up through the belfry
Which carried a rope on the fly;
And in spite of Bill Manning and all of his planning
We rang in the Fourth of July.

—The Household-Ledger.

To the Star-Spangled.

The Lily of France may fade
The Thistle and Shamrock may wither,
The Oak of England may soon decay,
But the Stars will shine on forever.

When "America" Was Sung.

"On one Fourth of July in Boston," write Dr. Hale in his "Reminiscences" in Woman's Home Companion, "I had spent all my allowance for July and all my 'election money' on the Common—possibly for a sight in the camera obscura, though I doubt if I had money enough for that—certainly for raw oysters, three for a cent if small, two for a cent if large; probably half a glass of spruce beer, one cent, and two or three checkerberry medals—die now lost—and make what allowance you please for tamarinds, cocoanuts, sugar-cane and other foreign delicacies. I was returning penniless, and had to pass Park Streeet Meeting House, when an event of historical importance took place. Long columns of boys and girls were going into meeting. The spectacle of a procession of children going to meeting on any day but Sunday was as wonderful to me as a volcanic eruption from the Blue Hills would have been. Of course, I joined the throng. So is it that I am one of the little company who heard the national anthem sung for the first time—

'My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.'

"I hope I did not join in the singing, for at that time do was to me even as re and mi, and I am afraid I should not have improved on the harmonies of the occasion."

Traveling cranes are now equipped with scales, so that the load may be weighed in transit.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

A man who flatters too much as well as one who flatters too little hurts a woman's vanity.

How to be Popular.

The way to be popular has been explained by one of the marshmallow magazines which inflates itself with life. "When you shake hands with a the idea that it is directing modern man," runs the recipe, "grasp the hand as though you were glad to see the owner, look him in the eye, and give him a smile from your heart." This is a sure-enough recipe. It has been used a million times from Alcibiades down to day before yesterday. It has been worked by some of the greatest frauds in Christendom to subserve their own ends. The man who is seeking popularity, posing for it, angling for it, usually don't deserve it. Keep your admiration for men who show their real selves, who, when they are bothered, or worried, or mad, or glad, make it manifest, and who are not constantly standing themselves before the mirror.—Minneapolis Journal.

Hand Painted Slippers.

Here is good news for the artistic girl. Let her get out her paint tubes and set to work on painting kid slippers to match her summer frocks. A white kid slipped of the latest vogue is adorned with painted forget-me-nots. Naturally small blossoms are the best to select for reproduction, but some of the larger flowers might be conventionalized and worked up into good slipper subjects.

Very artistic, too, are the slippers of brocade outlined with dull gold or silver threads. The cloth of steel slippers are equally pretty and may be worn with a gown of almost any color. Black velvet pumps are one of the novelties of the summer for wear with linegrie gowns. By the way the new pumps have ankle-straps which make them much more comfortable than the old models, which kept slipping off. Laced sandals will be used for dress shoes. They are fascinating and have a atendency to decrease the size of the foot because the toes are short.—Indianapolis News.

Word Values to Children.

If the parents in general realized that as a child first learns to connect a certain idea with a certain word, so he goes through life hamered our helped by that word, more care would be used when explanations of these must be given.

Weare all of us walking dictionaries, teaching the young idea how to shoot, and when in after life he shoots wrong we are apt to blame every one but ourselves, forgetting that long, long ago when the hopeful in question was considered more as a wonderful toy than a thinking machine, we had given some hurried, forced definition that was gospel to the loyal little ears that took it in.

Care in defining a new word to a child often opens up a whole new field of observation, and it should be done as conscientiously as possible. A straight "I don't know" is preferable to a careless or slipshod definition. Look it up in a dictionary or encyclopedia, and take him with you when you do. He will gain confidence in you each time and will soon learn to save you the trouble.—Philadelphia Star.

The Woman's National Game.

There is always something impressive about a crowd that is swayed by a single emotion; you get an impression of force. These women, who a few moments ago had been quiet shoppers, formed a mob. They swayed and pushed as though moved by a common impulse toward a table where were the embroideries. From there throats came a little dull growl, a curious noise—the whisper of a mob. The noise of a mob in joy or in anger, or in fright, or just restless murmur as it waits, is different from any other noise that comes from the human throat—quite distinct, of a curious animal timbre. I heard it once on the occasion of the throwing of a bomb; again from a crowd waiting for a bank to open, and a third time in a theatre when fire had been called; and now here it was in miniature from a couple of hundred women waiting to buy 10-cent embroideries. They were poor women with shawls and baskets, women with babies in their arms, women with threabare clothes carefully brushed, who must think before spending each dime in the dollar, but for once indulging in the great sport of American women—bargain hunting.—Mary Heaton Vorse in Success.

Votes For Women in Iceland.

For thirty years unmarried women and widows over twenty-five who are householders or self-supporting have had the right to vote for parish and town councils in Iceland. Two years ago all married women in the two principal towns on the island were given the right to the municipal franchise and the privilege of sitting in the councils. And now the Icelandic National Women's Suffrage Association, with ten thousand members, is working to obtain full political and civil rights for women on the same terms as men.

If there is a country anywhere in the world in which women ought to have the right to vote—if they want it—that country is surely Iceland. The women there are never idle. They have no time for "society." They assist the men in agricultural work and in fishing. They spin, knit, weave. Besides rearing and educating their children, they find leisure for training the mind, and through translations they keep in touch with the best of European literature. There is not an illiterate woman on the whole island. If such women want to vote, it would be difficult to dispute their qualifications.—The Boston Globe

Teaching a Child to Sew.

There is always much enjoyment for little girls when there is an opportunity to do what mother does, and in the play-time there can be many little habits formed that later on, will develop into full-fledged domestic ability.

On mending day, why not let your little girl sew with you? But the task must be interesting to hold her attention.

Clothes for dolly, hemming towels that the grown-ups will use, and any work that shows quick results are the best work for the tiny fingers.

Do not allow the little one to sew for too long a time, but stop the work at the expiration of half an hour.

A fitted work-box or basket, with its bluntly pointed scissors will make the little Dorcas feel her importance.

Insist upon neatness and cleanliness, and yet be not too stern a mentor for frequently the young child's efforts are nipped in the bud by the lack of sympathy from the mother.

If sewing can take on the disguise of recreation rather than the form of a task, there will be an association in the child's mind that is pleasurable, and from the play a gradual transition can be made to the necessary work of sewing and mending.—Philadelphia North American.

Would Reform Marriage Ceremony.

Alleged archaisms in the marriage ceremony formed the topic of an address recently by the Rev. William B. Millard of Chicago. He referred to these archaisms as "making the wedding a farce." He spoke of the sentence in one ceremony, "With all my worldy goods I thee endow." In asking the bridegroom to make that promise, the preacher says, he becomes an accomplice of conscious perjury, because "the bridegroom does not endow his wife with all his worldly goods either in law or in fact." He told of an instance where he was called upon to officiate at a wedding of an heiress and a man who had neither money nor prospects. The girl insisted on the bridegroom vowing he would endow her with all his worldly goods. "The bridegroom," said the preacher, "had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and when I had him present the ring and say: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the rascal grinned! The entire company saw and understood, and that act, which should be the sweetest and most sacred in the life of man and woman becomes a joke The preacher also attacked the custom of "giving away the bride" at the ceremony, saying it was a relic of the time when women were given in marriage as chattels.—New York Press.

Women Rule in Welsh Village.

The selection of Fishguard in Wales as a new port of call for the big steamships of the Cunard line has enabled hundreds of travelers who never had heard of the place before to find a lively interest in the little village of Llangwm, near by. Most of the inhabitants are of Flemish origin, descendants of the soldiers of fortune who pushed their adventurous way all along the southern coast of England and finally settled in Wales, 400 or 500 years ago, and their quaint costumes and customs still mark them off from their neighbors as people apart. The most remarkable feature of their life lies in the position which the women hold among them. Llangwim might stand as the ideal of the most extreme advocates of women's rights, for there the women in supreme control. The men are regarded merely as household conveniences. They stay at home and look after their domestic duties as the women go out and act as the "men of the family," earning the family livelihood and also holding the family purse strings. The women are the owners of the farms and cottages, and their husbands are perfectly satisfied that everything should be in their hands, doing such work as their wives tell them and filling an entirely secondary place in the household.—New York Press.

Fashion Notes.

Frocks made in shirt waist and skirt style are exceedingly popular and the materials used are linen or silk.

Buttons are now used in great numbers and are always selected with great care to guard against unique prominence.

Purses of chantecler suede are still further suggestive of Rostard's play because of the rooster etched into the leather.

Buckles made of tiny rosebuds, forget-me-nots or other flowers are among the Frenchiest of millinery accessories.

Never were silk stocking more soft and entrancing than this season. They are not vivid, but generally in wonderful half-tones.

Light materials surpass in beauty those of any previous season and both materials and styles of the hour seem made for each other.

Serge with a white thread running through it will be very popular for the seaside. Large pearl buttons will be used in many cases.

Draped effects and overskirts in some form are so marked a feature of the gown of the day that their absence is almost exceptional.

Ostrich feathers gain in popularity as the season advances. The willow plume is seen, but it is not the favorite that it was a year ago.

Polka dot foulards are seen in new colors and designs as the season advances. Made up with a plain silk they are exceedingly effective.

Black pipings are in great favor, being used to emphasize important lines of a costume. They serve excellently the desire for a touch of black.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JULY 3.

The Christian's Citizenship—Acts 21. 39—What the Topic Means Today.

A great pride in our Christian citizenship is sorely needed today. Staggering revelations of municipal corruption are being made every day in our land. Saint Louis toiled through an investigation that shocked the nation, and landed some men in the penitentiary, sending others abroad hurriedly for an indefinite stay. San Francisco followed with still more shameful revelations, and it has remained for Pittsburg to add the last sickening scene in the disgusting tragedy of nation-wide civic debauchery. Nor is the story all told in the history of a few great cities.

Christian citizenship does not mean the selfish furtherance of personal interest. True, all that tells for the betterment of a city helps every citizen. But this benefit is obtained to the detriment of no other honest man. A just pride of citizenship seeks the welfare of the entire body, has an interest in every question pertaining to the uplift of the community, and thrusts into the background any selfish interest that would be gained at the expense of the common good.

Christian citizenship is intelligent. There is a shameful ignorance of facts on the part of the average American citizen. What does he know of organized vice? Has he investigated civic affairs? What direct knowledge has he of what the city officials are doing? And to what extent has he gone to know the life and record of men who are candidates for offices that control the finances of the city? The fact of the matter is that the average citizen takes his civic food in the "predigested" form, choosing either to ignore such a trifling thing as a city election, or, that which may be worse, simply standing by the party, voting the ticket straight, regardless of the man. There is a better way, the intelligent way, involving a complete study of civic affairs, the needs of the nation, state, or city, as well as seeking to know the record of men who seek the power of office, and then to only vote for those men who stand for true Christian citizenship.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JULY THIRD

What is Christian Citizenship?—Ps. 124: 1-8; Rev. 21: 1-3—(Consecration Meeting.)

Pure living. Ps. 24: 3-6.
Social justice. Eccl. 4: 1-3; 3: 16, 17.
Combating evils. Ezek. 2: 6-8; 4: 8, 9.
Doing every kind of good. 1 Tim. 6: 17-19.
Living as examples. 1 Pet. 2: 13-17.
God's will done on earth. Luke 11: 1-4.

It is well for a nation to make strong foreign alliances, but the only alliance it really needs is one with God (Ps. 124: 1).

It is the business of every Christian citizen to try to make all things new, restoring them to the ideal of God's creation (Rev. 21: 1).

The holy city always comes down out of heaven; it is not built up on earth, out of men's crude theories and faulty action (Rev. 21: 2).

A nation is safe when God dwells in it, and not merely when a powerful army dwells in it, and a powerful navy along its coast (Rev. 21: 3).

Suggestions.

Christian citizenship is simply an application to modern life of the teachings of Christ, not of those of any man.

Christian citizenship has to do with all that concerns our social life, and not merely with voting. It concerns itself with the tin cans in the alley and the little child in the factory.

The fact that our citizenship is in heaven must not lessen our regard for our earthly citizenship; rather, it must exalt it.

The Christian citizen is one that is laboring to make his town the city of God, the New Jerusalem.

Illustrations.

Men are born into their earthly citizenship and born again, that is, naturalized, into their heavenly citizenship.

If you are in active association with a party you are one of a phalanx; if you are in merely passive association, just voting as you are told, you are a dead block of stone in a fortification.

Should Praise Their Wives.

Apparently there are some men in the world who would not be likely to live long if by any possibility they should be betrayed into praising their wives. The man of this description is a self-sufficient creature, who evidently believes that creation was instituted for his benefit. He is a little surprised and a good deal annoyed that things were not arranged more to his liking, but he tolerates the arrangement, not because he approves of it, but because he cannot help it.

The wife of this man is a woman whom no old maid should envy. And no old maid should ever marry this man when his wife is worn out and laid in the grave; if she does she will regret it to her latest day—that is, unless she has backbone to put the man where he belongs and keep him there.

And it is never pleasant to any true hearted woman to feel that she has to master her husband in order to live comfortably with him. The man who never praises his wife will find fault with everything on every possible occasion. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault—easier than the proverbial sliding down hill. It gets to be a habit with some men and they are hardly conscious when they are exercising it, says Woman's Life.

RURAL AMENITIES.

Fair Passenger—"But, good gracious, why didn't the train stop here? It is supposed to."

Porter—"Yes, miss, but the engine driver has quarreled with the station master."—Pele Mele.

ONE WAY.

"They say that John D. would give much for a little praise."

"Well, why doesn't he maintain his own private poet laureate?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 3.

Subject: Pictures of the Kingdom, Matt. 13:31-33, 44-52—Commit to Memory Verse 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Rom. 14:17.

TIME.—A. D. 28.

PLACE.—By the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

EXPOSITION. — I. Outward Growth and Inward Rot, 31-33. Two more parables of growth and both about "the kingdom of heaven." The parable of the mustard seed shows the marvelous outward growth of the kingdom from the smallest beginnings. Christ began His work with a few obscure men, and it spread until the nations took shelter in its branches. Some would take the birds of heaven here to be evil spirits, as in verses 4 and 19, but it is not safe to take the imagery of one parable over into another. The reference seems rather to be to Ezek. 17:23, 24, where the birds represent the nations. But another growth is taking place, "leaven" (or yeast, the product of putrefaction) within. Leaven is everywhere in the Bible a type of corruption. We have an inspired interpretation of this parable in 1 Cor. 5:6, 7; Gal. 5:8, 9. The woman, the apostate church, mixed "the leaven" of false doctrine (Matt. 16:6, 12) into the children's bread and the whole doctrine and life of the church was leavened. History fulfilled this prediction.

II. Finding Without Seeking, 44. In this parable the great value of the kingdom is brought out, it is a treasure hidden from the eyes of men. Jesus spoke the words in a land where treasure was often hidden for security and sometimes found by accident. The man in this case stumbled on the treasure without seeking for it. He represents the man who stumbles on the Gospel truth entirely without his own seeking. The fact that the field represents the world in the parable of the tares does not necessitate our interpreting it as the world in this parable. In verse 44 the treasure represents one thing and in verse 52 something entirely different. The man had to sell all that he had to get the field and the treasure it contained, and we must give up all if we would gain Christ and the treasure that is in Him (Lu. 14:33). What the man sold and gave up was little indeed in comparison with what he got, and what we sell or give up to gain Christ is little indeed in comparison with what we get (Phil. 3:7, 8). It is not likely that this man, after he got his treasure, talked much of the sacrifice he had made in order to acquire it. It is the constant teaching of the Bible that salvation is a free gift (Eph. 2:8; Rom. 6:23), but there is a sense in which grace is "bought" (Isa. 55:1; Rev. 3:8; Prov. 23:23; Matt. 25:9, 10), there are sacrifices that must be made if we are to obtain eternal life. Jesus sought a treasure in us in this world and gave up that He had in order to gain it (2 Cor. 8:9; 12:2).

III. Seeking and Finding, 45, 46. There is a similarity between this parable and the preceding and also a difference. In the preceding parable the treasure was found by one not looking for it. In this parable the one who finds the pearl of great price is seeking goodly pearls. So there are those who are earnestly seeking the truth when they find the kingdom. Such are represented by this parable (cf. Job 28:12, 13, 15, 18). The pearls sought were wisdom or truth in general; the One Pearl found is He in whom all truth is incarnate (Jno. 14:6). Jesus is the one Pearl of Great Price. In verse 44 the man bought the field, not for itself, but for what was in it. In this case the man bought the pearl for itself. Men often seek to gain Christ for what they can get in Him, but we ought to seek Him for what He is Himself. The one seeking goodly pearls needed to be on his guard against imposition, and so do we need to be on our guard in this day when there are so many false Christs and so many false systems. The man did wisely when he sold all his other pearls to gain this One pearl, and we do wisely when we part with all other pearls to gain the one Pearl of Great Price.

IV. Gathering of Every Kind, 47-50. In its outward manifestation the kingdom of heaven at first gathers of every kind, good fish and bad fish. The sea into which it is cast is the sea of the nations. The time will come when the net will be full and then will come the separation. The bad fish represent the wicked (49; cf. 38). The good fish the righteous. The good fish are gathered into a place of safety. The bad are cast away and burned. The separation takes place "at the end of the age." The angels will do the separating. The furnace of fire represents the ultimate destiny of the wicked.

V. Giving Forth the Treasure Found, 51, 52. It is an important question that our Lord puts as He brings to a close the seven parables. He is putting the same question to us to-day. There is only one way that we can understand the teaching of Christ Himself, by the Holy Spirit (1 Jno. 5:20; Jno. 16:12-14; 2:20; 1 Cor. 2:14; Jas. 1:5). The disciples said they understood, but it is doubtful if they did (Matt. 16:11; Mk. 7:18; 9:31, 32; 8:15). Neither do we always understand when we think we do. The one who is really instructed in the kingdom will prove it by imparting the treasure to others also. The truly instructed scribe does not hesitate to bring forth old things as well as new. Neither is he afraid of the new.

Eternity Before Us.

We complain, we fret, we hurry, we strive to make a figure in the world, and chafe against our limits. Why should we make so much ado? We have an eternity before us. He that believeth shall not make haste.—Stopford Brooke.

MINCED LANGUAGE.

"He didn't mince his words."

"Well?"

"It might have been better if he had. He was forced to eat 'em later."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RATHER ALOOF.

"That woman is unsociable."

"Isn't she pleasant when you meet?"

"Yes, but she won't abuse the neighbors." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

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