



THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.  
Go back across the bridge  
The rich that spans a hundred years;  
Behold him that some subdue;  
When long-ago liberty appears.  
She is not fit for favor or  
But a sad and melancholy scene;  
She has been used;  
A woman who has often  
seen a son.  
For children, at the rate  
Impatience seek the instant day;  
With her heart's break, without desire;  
Content to give her life away;  
If only then may she be.  
Behold those five-and-fifty men;  
Came to the country, to the land, to the sea;  
To the earth, to the ocean, to the sky;  
Upon a day so big with fate.  
And yet they met it undaunted,  
That day the God of Freedom sent.  
With every heart, with every soul,  
With every hand, to the front.

See Franklin, with his long white hair;  
His cap, a signpost to immortals;  
He stands hereafter for ever there;  
The unbodied soul of common sense.  
See George Washington, free from care;  
With his sword, when the world was won;  
Tells how through all the after years  
A remissive people still rejoice.  
See Lexington, who gladly lays  
The pride of birth and riches down;  
And the way of living goes on;  
His country's love—a nobler cause.  
And high above all behold  
The great Virginian, Jefferson;  
His and the way of living goes on;  
His country's love—a nobler cause.  
I see the thoughts are held in trust  
With the pallid of their kind;  
To bind the shackles of the mind.  
The such that spans a hundred years  
To bind the shackles of the mind.  
He will sustain without cheer;  
What shock the bulletin round about—  
When the old bell upon the tower—  
The bell whose tones the prophet  
Is that hummock, gloomy is hour;  
Ring liberty through all the land!"

And those who cheered were those who died,  
The willing hosts of the strife;  
You are here by your side;  
Acquitted through death is a larger life.

Come back across the tide of time,  
And swear an oath the it holds you best;  
To make the future as the former;  
At the memory of the past!

OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

A Fourth of July Oration Full of Patriotic Sentiment.

THE following speech was prepared for the Fourth of July celebration by the Hon. St. Charles Bragano, of the Dakota Legislature:  
Ladies and gentlemen: On this occasion the anniversary of our nation's birthday, I am informed a few moments ago that there are all here above by ourselves, the subscription editor for the St. Paul papers, who also holds the universe in place, not being with us, would not be well to look around us and ask: why are we out here?  
Many of us have left prosperous homes in the East, changed our names, and come here to build up a new home and a new name. Some of us have even left a wife and numerous credits in the East and come out here with another wife and are gradually surrounding ourselves with credits. Do any of you here for our benefit? Do any of us linger here with the sole object in view of building up a shattered constitution? Nobody answers. None of us is here for that purpose!  
No, gentlemen, we are all here going about with a basket on our arm, figure-tively speaking, plucking the great American dollar and placing it in the basket! That's the patriotic instinct which is agitating our humble bosoms, as we follow in the legislature would say.

Gentlemen, what have we done since coming to this great territory? Did we not find it a desert growing up to grass and gum-woods, and have we not planted it with grass and artificial timber and the pale tenderleaf?  
We found the lurking savage walking along strait his enough till a man who writes books or newspaper articles saw him when he got down and lurked; we found him! The poor Indian sneaking behind a thousand hills, as the peaking so graphically has it, and we have civilized him and taught him to drink whisky and given him a funeral when he never would have known in his savage state.  
We have, I repeat, disposed of him, and in his stead there reams over the hills the hull insurance agent and the candidate for county office.  
When once the red-handed warrior stood and fired the shot heard round the world, to again quote from the inspired writer, stands the real-estate agent trying to make a sale and the brick court house with the roof blown off.

A few short years ago the untamed buffalo roamed the prairie and the ground track and a farm with a mortgage on it. We have civilized this grand domain; we have planted two Indians where one was planted before; we found the land not worth \$1.75 a county, and only last week I sold a Eastern man a single farm for \$500 more than it was worth.

A few years ago Dakota was scarcely a name; now we elect delegates to Congress who regularly beat Senators from Kentucky playing poker!

A little while since Dakota was represented on the map by a large white spot, marked out by degree of latitude and longitude; only last week, we had a cyclone which blew the gable end off the Capitol building!

Gentlemen, Dakota is prospering, and we are the ones who are making her prosper!

FRED H. CARRUTH.

HOW PATRICK HENRY DIED.

Passing Away in the Conflicts of Christian Righteousness and Wrong.

The disease of which he was dying was intususception. On the 6th of June, all other remedies having failed, Dr. Cabell proceeded to administer him a dose of liquid mercury. Taking the vial in his hand, and looking at it for a moment, the dying man said: "I suppose, Doctor, this is your last resort." The doctor replied, "I am sorry to say, Governor, that it is. Acute intususception of the intestines has already taken place, and unless it is relieved by an operation, which it may not, no mitigation will ensue, if it has not already commenced, which I fear."

"What will be the effect of this medicine?" said the old man. "It will give me immediate relief, or—the kind-hearted doctor could not finish the sentence. His patient took up the word: "You mean, Doctor, that it will give immediate relief or that it will prove fatal immediately?" The doctor answered: "You can only live a very short time without it, and it may, possibly, relieve you." Then the Henry said: "Excuse me, Doctor, for troubling you, and drawing down over your eyes a silk cap which he usually wore, and still holding the vial in his hand, he prayed in clear words a simple, childlike prayer for his family, for his country and for his own soul in the presence of death. Afterward, in perfect calmness, he swallowed the medicine. Meanwhile Dr. Cabell, who greatly loved him, went upon the lawn, and in his grief threw himself down upon the earth under one of the trees, weeping bitterly. Soon, when he had sufficiently recovered himself, the doctor came back to his patient, whom he had calmly watching the congealing of the blood under his

finger nails and speaking words of love and peace to his soul, who were weeping and holding his chair. Among other things, he told them that he was thankful for that goodness of God which, having blessed him through all his life, was then permitting him to die without any pain. Finally, fixing his eyes with much tenderness on his dear friend, Dr. Cabell, with whom he had formerly held many arguments respecting the Christian religion, he asked the doctor to observe how great a reality and benefit that religion was to a man about to die. And after Patrick Henry had spoken to his bed-side, he lay down again in peace in view of something which, having never failed him in all his life before, did not then fail him in his very last need of it, he continued to breathe very softly for some moments, after which they who were looking upon him saw that he had come home.—Professor Tyler's *Life of Henry*.

A Fourth of July Fantasy.

Some of the Very Latest Dresses of the World of Society.

Including Some of the Minor Accessories Which Mar or Mend.

Compete Toilets.

BY ANNIE E. MYERS.

A large portion of the world imagines that the only real easy thing in life is for a woman with money to be well dressed. The woman with only a pittance at her command groans and sweats over her wardrobe, laboring under the happy fancy that if she had the money she might but tip her hands into the gold and be arrayed in never-ending beauty.

But in this, as in everything else in life, money is not all of happiness.

Now we are not setting ourselves up to be uniquely oblivious of the pleasures of wealth, but only wish to add to its possession the desirableness of good discriminating taste. It is as true as the strength of the Rock of Ages that money does not confer upon its possessor either good morals, good manners, or good taste.

The woman with limited means may be as picturesque in appearance, as well dressed as the millionaires, if she will but put her educated eye and hand to its accomplishment.

A young woman who makes her own dresses said in our hearing yesterday,

"I don't see how it is, but the dresses I contrive out of my old ones, my 'made-over' dresses, are always my most satisfactory ones." We thought she need not remain in a dilemma concerning that fact. It was most easily explained.

The dresses she had to contrive, that is, study to utilize odd-shaped pieces,

fingers do.

It seems that by simply catching up a fold here and there they bring about results of outline which are the despair of other dressmakers to imitate.

Now that we have concisely considered how a woman must dress to be well clothed, do you not see that it is not money alone that she requires?

Fashion Fads.

SILVER-GILT is fashion's latest decree concerning table service.

LONDON's latest bracelet fad is plain gold bands—one dull, the other bright.

MAUVE veiling and white moire is a stylish as well as favorite summer combination.

A REALISTIC RASPBERRY in bright garnet is shown among the heads for new bonnet-pins.

BLACK ribbon over a color slightly broader is the preferred saff for wear with black lace gowns.

ONCE more ashes of rose come to the front as a favorite color for the best of one's good gowns.

RIBBONS for bonnet strings are perceptibly wider and have plain edges, the picot being hopelessly passé.

THISTLE-PODS and the finely crown of the dandelion are a good second to the wavy ear in fashionable favor.

AMONG new mourning-pins a bow of black onyx, with a pearl set in the tie of it, is far and away the best style.

SHE shows fancy hath a classic turn or trick may wear Greek fillet on the outside of her lace or tulip best bouquet.

LACE is beyond peradventure the garniture of the season, and the finer patterns of French lace among its best bargains.

NEW golden arrows for the hair have the point immovable, to be put in place after the shaft is thrust through the coiffure.

A VELVET gown with hand-wrought dragonflies, life size, draped sparingly over it, is among Worth's latest notable creations.

LINEN BLUE, a very soft shade, is a favorite for fancy wool stuffs, while buff is equally liked in the sheer cottons and linens.

STRAW round hats are most incongruously garnished with much point *esprit*, net and sigarette and garlands of leaves and flowers.

MANY of the newest hats seem to aim at the flower-garden effect, so many, various and wonder-stirring are the blossoms they carry.

"LET your face always be younger than your bonnet," is advice from high authority, that the *passé* contingent will do well to heed.

"Putty" is one of the season's fashionable shades, and a very pretty tone it has fashioned in gray, relieved with delicate green trimmings; and each would look well in it, and what is yet better, feel comfortable in it. The little turban hat, of course, always corresponds. It is quite proper that it

is well or ill formed figure could not declare itself in favor of such an outdoor coat as our first illustration.

A golden-haired, thin-armed blonde would wear it in light Suede brown cloth, with trimmings of golden brown velvet, and a black-eyed, olive-complexioned brunette might choose to have it fashioned in gray, relieved with delicate green trimmings; and each would look well in it, and what is yet better, feel comfortable in it.

O. D. FREDRICKS.

The Evolution of the Jersey.

A chapter might be written on the evolution of the jersey from its beginning as an almost skin-tight basque with few seams to the elegant bodice it has now become, with as many bold seams as a full-dress corsage, and shallot crinkled and from the shoulders, or gathered with waist, or, better still, gathered to a pointed yoke that is wrought all over with cord-like threads of gold and steel; such a jersey of bronze green wool, with skirts of bronze green wool, and with a belt of Drugs and fancy Gold Dealers, or by Express, prepaid postage, *12* or *15* dollars.

PRINCE OF WALES is said to be abominably about his baldness—now less.

"INVINCIBLE VELVET CREAM" is complexion beautifier for face, neck and hands. Unrated for weaker, receptions, balls, parties, etc. Unrated for delicate complexion, but good for skin, hair, etc. *10* to *12* dollars.

I HAVE BEEN using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines.

BRIEFLY summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility, and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They have irritated the skin on the slightest pain, but cure most throat, crooked couplings, pains in side, back, or chest, in digestion, and bowel complaints.

Mr. G. H. COOK.

Mr. G. H. COOK.