

INDEPENDENCE DAY

We'll have the biggest Fourth this year
We've ever had before,
And flags will fly and drums you'll hear,
And firecrackers roar.

For we can celebrate to-day
The gallant victory
Of soldier boys who sailed away
To fight for liberty.

We'll celebrate Manila night
And Santiago Bay,
We'll march to left and file to right,
With starry banners gay.

Upon our bugle horns we'll blow,
And toot and toot and toot,
And firecrackers as we go
We'll shoot and shoot and shoot.

How Jack Boyer Saved the Powder Mill, July 4, '77.

AWAY they went with drum and horn, down the quiet street of that sleepy old town, "Toot—toot! Rub-a-dub-dub!" The noise would have startled the peaceful hamlet on any day except the glorious Fourth. But every youngster in it had been awake since day-break, and the boom, boom of the toy cannon and the fizz, fizz of the firecracker had roused every older inhabitant long before the usual breakfast hour.

Bob and Ray and Dick Boyer had had a glorious time, and before breakfast was ready had worked so industriously that more than half the powder and crackers were gone.

After breakfast the first thing on the programme was a procession. There were only three of them, to be sure, but they felt as big as a brigade. Bob had a new drum, and he thought he could play "Yankee Doodle" in great style. Ray blew the horn and carried the flag, while Dick marched along carrying his wooden sword as he imagined his father did at the head of the regiments when he was in the war.

With swelling hearts the little heroes marched till they thought it was nearly time to get ready for the picnic, then they filed in through the big iron gate and drew up in front of grandpa and gave him a military salute.

"Well, my little soldiers," said grandpa, smiling, as he laid down his paper, "do you know what day you are celebrating?"

"Fourth of July!" they shouted in chorus.

"Well, what is the Fourth of July?" asked grandpa.

"Why—why—" said five-year-old Ray, stammering and looking puzzled—"it's firecracker day."

Grandpa laughed so hard he must have thought it very funny.

"You are more than half right, little man," he said. "But come, Bob, it's your turn."

"It's a great big holiday, grandpa, when we have the very jolliest time in the year."

"Now, Dick, what do you say? Grandpa's big boy ought to have a very wise answer."

Dick straightened himself up and looked very important.

"Why, sir," he replied, "on the Fourth of July, 1776, we signed the Declaration of Independence and then we whipped the British."

"And you know a good deal about those times, Dick?"

"I ought to, grandpa, when you fought in the war, and mamma's a daughter of the Revolution, and had four grandfathers fighting in the Revolution!"

"Never mind, Dick, I won't ask you to tell us about it. I was only going to ask if I had ever told you how my grandfather, Jack Boyer, kept

the British from taking the powder-mill?"

"Oh, no! Do tell us!" they cried. "All right. Sit down. It's a short story, but it will keep us quiet till the carriage comes," said grandpa.

When they were all ready grandpa began his story.

and New Jersey were right in the heart of the battle ground, but by some good providence the British never succeeded in destroying the mill.

"But they would have done so at able to make out very well what he intended to do. General Greene and Lord Stirling were around there, too, with a great many troops; but no hard fighting was done very close to his home. About the last of June Lord Howe withdrew his troops from that once if my grandfather, Jack Boyer, had not been a boy of rare pluck and wit. I've heard him tell about it a dozen times, and always with pride.

"During the spring and summer of 1777," he said, "Lord Howe had been marching around that part of the country, and General Washington had been watching him, and hadn't been part of the country and General Washington left also.

"The most of the time there had been a guard of 5000 men near the mill; but as there seemed to be no immediate danger, the usual guard was taken away, and only a corporal with twenty men left in charge. For several days there was no disturbance, and just before the first anniversary of the Fourth of July my great-grandfather went to Philadelphia and brought home a beautiful silk flag. There were but few of them then and they were highly prized. The people of the country round-about intended to celebrate the first anniversary of the Independence in fine style. There

"Who?" cried everyone, starting from the table.

"De red-coats, massa!" gasped the faithful man.

"You're dreaming, Mose," said my grandfather. "Lord Howe and the whole lot of them cleared out a week ago."

"Yes, massa, but Cap'n Audrey he done tabin' fro' de country an' he see me an' he say, 'Mose, tell Massa Boyer a whole regiment o' red-coat cavalry am comin' to blow up de powder mill! Tell him I se gou' to rouse de country.'"

"Great was the consternation on the Brandywine that night. By midnight a hundred men gathered by Captain Audrey, were at the mill desperately resolved to defend it. But what were a hundred men against an unknown number of British cavalry!

"My grandfather, Jack Boyer, was a lad of ten.

"He did not realize the horrors of war, and he was very much in love with the new flag, which at that moment was floating over the grandstand, five miles away on the road to Newcastle. While others were in a state of terror over the fate of the powder mill, Jack was wild at the thought of the red-coats getting the beautiful flag. He finally made the heroic resolve to rescue it, and long before the early dawn he was on his way to do so as fast as his nimble young legs would carry him.

"He climbed the pole, cut the rope with his jack-knife, and pulled down the flag. He gathered it up in his arms and started on the run for home. Meeting two British officers he said he was carrying the flag to Greene's troops who were below the bend with four cannon.

"I don't believe a word of it, you lying little rebel. I've a notion to kill you."

"I'm not lying," and Jack looked the British officer unquailing in the eye.

"The officers consulted earnestly together and finally concluded that their small detachment of cavalry didn't stand much of a chance in a conflict with a regiment of Greene's patriots and four cannon.

"The officer who had first spoken to Jack held up the flag, thrust his sabre through it in half a dozen places and then threw it at Jack, saying, 'Here, take your rag; you are a plucky little rebel, anyway.'

"Jack snatched the flag and fairly flew toward home, while the British horsemen wheeled about and clattered down the road to Newcastle.

"That's the way, my boys, my grandfather, Jack Boyer, saved the powder-mill July 4, 1777.

"But here's the carriage. Let's be off to our barbecue."

"Oh, grandpa," said Dick with a sigh, "if there would only be a war, so I could do something glorious!"

LITTLE COLUMBIA'S FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH.



To Washington, the great and true,
And all his brave, victorious host,
We homage pay with glad acclaim,
And in their memory make our boast.

Thus on this day of all the year
Columbia's brightest stars may shine
To tell of Independence won,
While low we bow at Freedom's shrine.

"You remember the ruins of that old mill I showed you the day we drove over to the Brandywine last summer? Yes? Well, that mill used to belong to my great-grandfather in Colonial days, and he made gunpowder for the King and the people in the colonies. But when we declared our independence John Boyer was one of the first to join his fortunes to the patriotic cause. Now the little powder mill ran night and day, making powder for the Federal Army. Delaware

was to be a barbecue, and speaking and music from the grandstand, over which the new flag was to float.

"On the evening of the third the arrangements for the fete were completed, and a great time was anticipated. But just as the Boyer family were at supper, a terror-stricken old colored man burst into the room, his eyes starting from his head, and his teeth chattering with fear.

"'Oh, Massa Boyer, dey's comin'! dey's comin'!"

The Fourth in the Barnyard.



"Off to the front!"