

**THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.**  
 In seventeen hundred seventy-five,  
 Right early in the morning,  
 Before the birds had left their nests,  
 Before the day was dawning,  
 A note of loud alarm rang out,  
 A horseman swiftly flying,  
 A ringing of the bells, and then  
 A wailing sound of crying  
 "Arise ye men of Concord town,  
 Make haste your guns to carry,  
 And let your lovers go ye maids,  
 It is no time to marry,  
 For lo! a threatening army waits  
 Within our very borders."  
 So haste, the messenger cries out,  
 "Wait not for further orders."  
 All day the cannons deadly roar  
 Made havoc for the flying,  
 And many were the wounded men:  
 And many more the dying.  
 Ere long to every country farm  
 The news came fast and faster,  
 Good news—the news of victory,  
 And to our foes disaster.  
 And thus the fight at Lexington  
 Bespoke a good beginning,  
 And now the homes that once were sad  
 Are full of joy and singing.

Illustrated Patriotic Jingle From The Churchman, New York.

**JOE DAYTON'S  
 INGLORIOUS FOURTH**  
*by Stella & Florence*

DOWN in the vil-  
 lage there were  
 going to be great do-  
 ings on the Fourth  
 of July, and the chil-  
 dren of High Ridge  
 Farm were wishing  
 that they might go  
 to see the fun. There  
 were three of them  
 —Sadie and Bessie and Joe; and Joe,  
 being the only boy in the family, had  
 an idea that he ought to be allowed  
 a little more freedom than his sisters.  
 They were only girls, anyway, he  
 argued, and girls had no business in  
 a crowd, especially when there were  
 bombs and cannon to be let off; but  
 a boy—well, a boy could go anywhere  
 and be safe.

But Mr. Dayton, Joe's father, evi-  
 dently held a different opinion, for  
 he said, very decidedly, that Joe could  
 not take part in the village celebra-  
 tion. "Best place for boys is home,"  
 he added, as he went out to the field  
 with his men. And Joe knew that ar-  
 gument was worse than useless.

But in his way Joe was just as de-  
 termined as his father, and if he  
 couldn't go to the village he said to  
 himself, he would have a little celebra-  
 tion of his own at home. He had  
 some pocket money hidden away in a  
 little old trunk up in the garret, and  
 with that he would buy all the fire-  
 crackers he wanted. He would find a  
 secluded place, far enough from the  
 house to insure himself against de-  
 tection, and there he would let them  
 off.

It did not occur to him then that  
 he would have rather a lonesome time  
 of it letting off his firecrackers by  
 himself; but a few days later, when  
 the Elton boys and Jack Hardy came  
 into the store where he was buying  
 his firecrackers to make their own  
 purchases, his secret became all at  
 once too good to keep. The result  
 was that the other boys agreed to  
 join forces with him, and it was ar-  
 ranged between them that they would  
 have what they called a "bang-up  
 good time" all together.

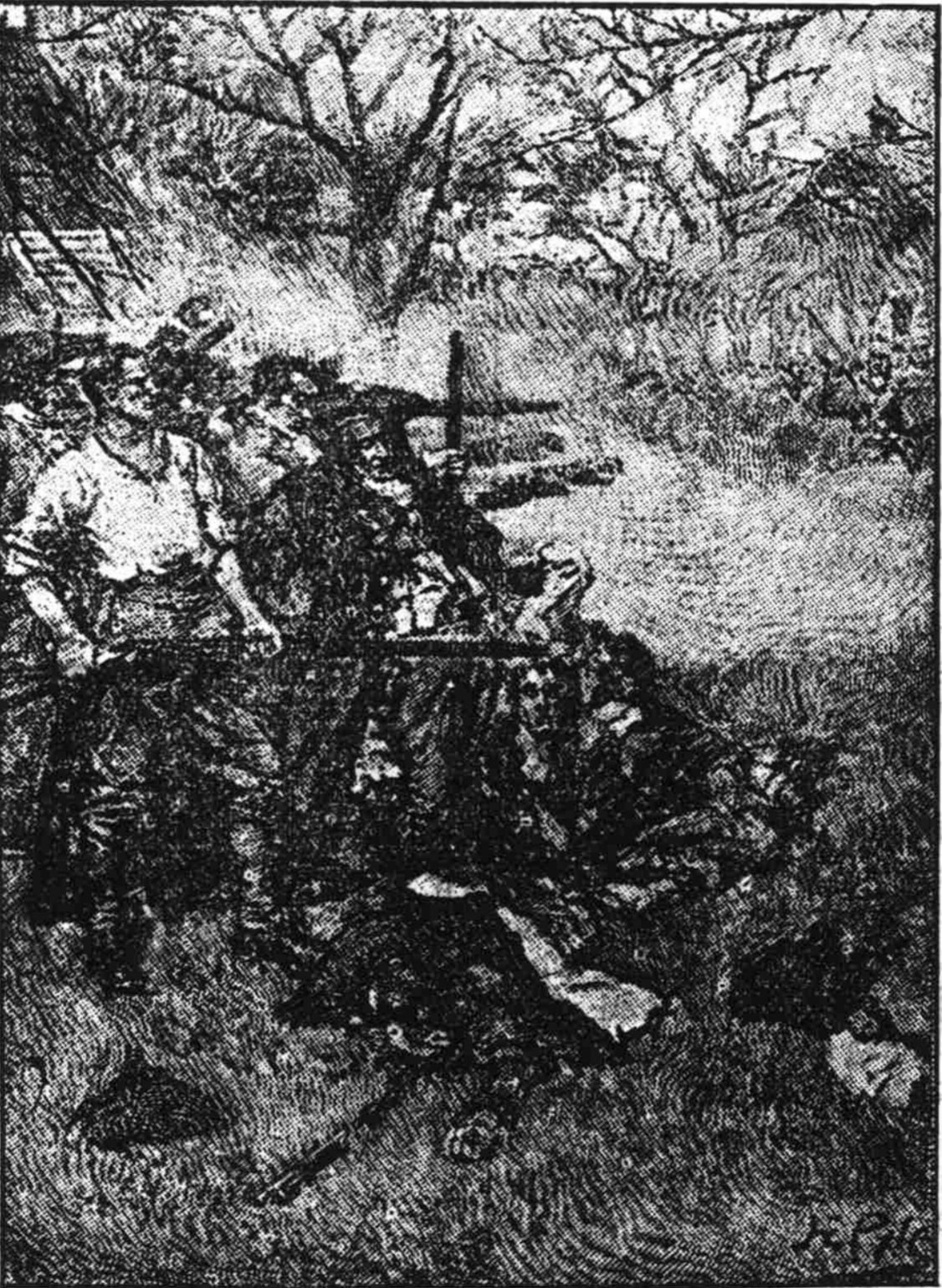
The place decided upon was a strip  
 of uncultivated ground on the out-  
 skirts of the Dayton farm. There  
 were no dwellings near save a small  
 cottage which had once been occupied  
 by an old negro farm hand, and was  
 now used as a sort of shelter and  
 storehouse by the men working on  
 the new railroad close by. The men  
 would all be away on the Fourth, the  
 boys agreed among themselves, and  
 anyway they wouldn't be likely to  
 mind a bit of noise.

It seemed a little strange to Sadie  
 when, on the afternoon of the Fourth,  
 Joe suddenly and mysteriously disap-  
 peared. She was worried about it,  
 too, for she suspected that there was  
 some mischief afoot. She knew Joe  
 better than any one else did, and she  
 had felt sure for some days past that  
 he had some secret plan in his mind.  
 Suddenly the distant sound of ex-  
 ploding crackers was borne upon the  
 wind to her listening ears.

"Sounds as if it were out by Uncle  
 Josh's cabin," Mr. Dayton said, glanc-  
 ing up uneasily from his paper.  
 "Where's Joe? I hope he isn't up  
 there. I heard the contractor say  
 the other day he expected to store

some dynamite there, ready for the  
 blasting. I guess I'll go and have a  
 look around."

But Sadie was already out of hear-  
 ing, with little Bessie flying at her  
 heels. If she could only get there in



LEXINGTON GREEN.  
 "If They Want War, Let It Begin Here."

Illustration From Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Macdonald's "History  
 of the United States." Harper & Bros.

time to warn the boys! That was her  
 only thought. She never for an in-  
 stant doubted that Joe was among  
 them.

Fear lent wings to the children's

feet, and, taking a short cut across  
 the fields, they were not long in  
 reaching the scene of action. A  
 pungent smell of smoke filled the air,  
 and as the two girls came in sight of  
 the cottage the first glance told them  
 that it was on fire.

"Stay here, Bessie," commanded  
 Sadie; "don't go one step further!"  
 Then, quickly skirting the small gar-  
 den plot, she tore around to the back,  
 just in time to see the terrified boys  
 making off as fast as their legs would  
 carry them. Then, before she could  
 turn around, she felt herself being  
 lifted off her feet and carried rapidly  
 away, and a minute afterward there  
 was a tremendous roar, a great sheet  
 of flame shot up into the air, the  
 earth seemed to reel and shake, and  
 then everything grew suddenly and  
 strangely black.

When Sadie came to herself she  
 was lying in her own room, with  
 father and mother bending anxiously  
 over her and Dr. Buxton sitting by  
 her bedside with his finger on her  
 pulse.

"Why, I'm all right," she said, in a  
 surprised tone. "What has hap-  
 pened?"

"It's lucky you are all right, young  
 lady," the doctor said, with a relieved  
 smile. "You had a narrow squeak,  
 I can tell you. It was a mighty for-  
 tunate thing that the Italian left in  
 charge of the supply store had the  
 courage and presence of mind to pick  
 you up and run."

"Where are Bessie and Joe?" Sadie  
 asked, springing up with terror in her  
 heart.

"Safe, dear, both of them," said  
 mother, soothingly.

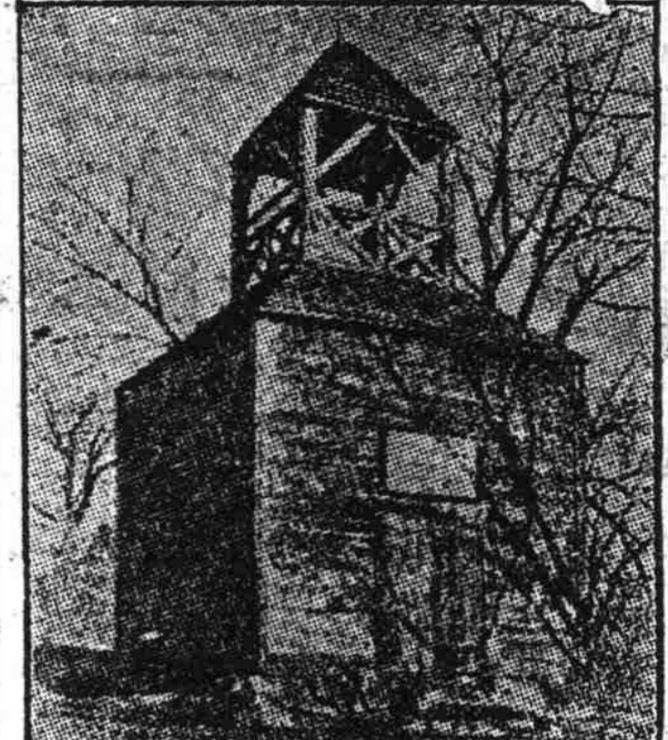
"Nobody hurt at all—thank good-  
 ness," the doctor put in, "though why  
 you weren't all blown to smithereens  
 I'm sure I don't know. Now, keep  
 quiet awhile, young lady," he added,  
 as he turned to go, "and the next  
 time there's a dynamite explosion on  
 the schedule make a point of keeping  
 out of the way."

Joe Dayton learned a lesson from  
 that Fourth of July that he never  
 forgot. Long before Sadie recovered  
 from the illness that followed the  
 shock her brother had bitterly re-  
 pented of the deceit that had brought  
 it about, and had resolved that, come  
 what might, he would always be  
 "square and above-board" in the fu-  
 ture. The misdirected firecracker  
 that had set Uncle Josh's cottage on  
 fire proved, indeed, to be the instru-

**THE FIRST BLOW FOR  
 AMERICAN LIBERTY**

The Battle of Lexington.  
 "Stand your ground! Don't fire  
 unless fired upon; but if they mean to  
 have war, let it begin here."—Captain  
 Parker.

Such was the courage of the brave  
 men who shed the first blood in  
 the American Revolution. It was at  
 Lexington, and April 18, 1775, wit-  
 nessed the famous ride of Paul Re-  
 vere, and the next day, April 19, saw  
 the approach of the British along the  
 Concord road and witnessed the skir-  
 mish between the enemy and the Mi-  
 nute Men. This spot is marked by a  
 huge boulder, weighing several tons,  
 and properly inscribed with the



THE OLD BELFRY AT LEXINGTON.

declaration of Captain Parker given  
 at the head of this article.

On a hill near by is an old belfry,  
 shown in the illustration here given.  
 When the old Lexington meeting  
 house was built there was found to be  
 no place for the bell, so a separate  
 belfry was erected, and it was from  
 this tower that warning was given to  
 the villagers of the approach of the  
 British on that eventful April morn-  
 ing.

To the citizens of Lexington be-  
 longs the honor of erecting the first  
 Revolutionary soldiers' monument,  
 and under its granite base repose the  
 remains of the men who gave their  
 lives in resistance to British tyranny.  
 The monument was unveiled in 1799,  
 and stands within a stone's throw of  
 the Minute Men boulder.

April 19 is a legal holiday in the  
 State of Massachusetts, and is known  
 as 'Patriots' Day.' Why should this  
 momentous event retain merely a  
 local significance? Its consequences  
 affected every one of the colonies, and  
 the causes which led up to it were  
 the common burdens of the whole  
 people.

That sacred spot of ground is,  
 therefore, the joint heritage of all  
 American freemen.

The editor of the Bee Hive regard-  
 ed it as one of the greatest privileges  
 of his life to visit, a few months  
 since, the Old Granary burying  
 ground in the heart of Boston, where  
 Paul Revere is buried. We visited  
 also the Old North Church, so closely  
 related to the story of Revere. There  
 are the tall pews, the high reading  
 desk and the old lantern tower. The  
 same sweet bells still call the wor-  
 shippers to service. And what a thrill  
 of patriotism we felt as we stood on  
 the battleground at Lexington, where  
 the 135 brave men struck the first  
 blow for American liberty. The Lex-  
 ington Historical Society is doing  
 much to preserve the relics and keep  
 sacred the memory of those men.

Another interesting relic is the old  
 Clark house, where Hancock and  
 Adams were sleeping when Paul Re-  
 vere rode into Lexington. The build-  
 ing was erected in 1699. It is open  
 to the public and there may be seen  
 the bed in which these two patriots  
 were sleeping, the old kitchen, the  
 quaint cooking utensils and a drum  
 which was used on the battlefield.

American freemen will never cease  
 to cherish the names and deeds of  
 these early heroes.—The Bee Hive.

A watch taken to the top of Mont  
 Blanc will gain thirty-six seconds in  
 twenty-four hours.

London uses 50,000 tons of sugar  
 annually for jam making.

**LITTLE MINUTEMEN.**

And we are a band of minutemen.  
 Rub-a-dub-dub,  
 rat-a-tat-tat.

While we are playing our soldier tricks,  
 Each little man that wants to can  
 Honor the heroes of Seventy-six.

—Clever conception from the Youth's Companion.

DECIDEDLY.  
 Phamley—Goodley called on us the  
 other day, and I never saw a man  
 so stuck up in all my life.  
 Wise—Nonsense! That isn't his  
 style at all.  
 Phamley—I know, his style was  
 simply ruined. He brought our chil-  
 dren candy and held them on his lap  
 while they ate it.—Catholic Standard  
 and Times.

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 Schedule in Effect  
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Ex. Sun. Daily	Except Sun. Daily
P. m. a. m.	a. m. p. m.
5:30 7:00 Lv Durham, Ar	11:25 9:30
7:15 8:23 Lv Roxboro, Ar	9:48 8:00
8:05 8:55 Lv Dennison, Ar	9:03 7:27
8:40 9:10 Lv So. Boston, Ar	8:34 7:03
8:57 9:31 Lv Houston, Ar	8:18 6:49
12:05 11:56 Ar Lynchb. Lv	5:15 4:15

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