

# On Trial

Fourth of July Story by  
Anne Spotswood Young



"Please buy him for me," begged Ben, standing first on one foot, then on the other, in his eagerness, while Don, the beautiful red setter, thrust his cold nose into Ben's face and said, as plainly as a dog could say, "Yes, do buy me; but Ben's father shook his head doubtfully.

"He is too large a dog to take care of in the city," he said. "I wanted to buy a small dog." The dog-fancier smiled in Ben's eager little face, as he patted Don's beautiful head.

"They have taken such a liking to each other now that I am afraid you cannot persuade Ben to even consider another dog," he said to Ben's father; and they soon found this was the case. No other dog would do. At each pretty pug or terrier Ben shook his head.

"No," he said each time. "If I can't have Don, I don't want any other dog, papa." Finally, the dog-fancier, who knew Ben's father very well, and who was very fond of Ben besides, said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Rogers. You may take the dog home with you and keep him for a day. To-morrow is the Fourth of July and a holiday, so I will not have any chance to sell Don then. Give him a trial; and then, if you don't want him, bring him back on Thursday morning and exchange him for any dog I have."

"Oh, yes. Do that, please, please," cried Ben. "Thank you so much, Mr. Wood."

"Then, if mamma and I decide we cannot keep him, will you give him up and take another dog instead?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Remember it will be harder to give him up than it is now."

"It could not be much harder," said Ben, with a sigh. "If you say I cannot keep him after we give him a trial, I will give him up; but I don't want any other dog." Ben thrust his hands into his pockets, and, walking to the window, swallowed once or twice very hard. Ben's father looked at Mr. Wood with a smile.

"It is hard to refuse the boy," he said in a low tone. "I think we will have to give Don a trial." Then he added in a tone loud enough for Ben to hear:

"All right, Ben. We will take Don home, and keep him a day at least." Ben ran back to them with a bright face, and Mr. Wood said:

"There, Ben, that is better than not having Don at all. Now see what he can do before you take him." Mr. Wood pointed to a newspaper which lay on the floor some distance away.

"Bring it here, Don," he commanded; and Don trotted obediently over to the paper, took it up his mouth, and brought it back to Mr. Wood.

"Drop it!" said Mr. Wood; and out dropped the paper from Don's mouth, while he wagged his tail and looked from one to the other, as much as to say, "Could any dog do better than that?"

"No! Jump!" said Mr. Wood, holding out a long stick; and over Don went like a flash.

"Now give me your right paw," Don held up his right paw, and placed it in Mr. Wood's outstretched hand.

"Good!" said Mr. Rogers, laughing. "Does he know the left paw also?"

"Left!" commanded Mr. Wood; and up came the left paw, to Ben's intense delight.

"Good dog!" said Mr. Wood. "He sometimes gets a little puzzled about the right and left paws, but he is evidently on his good behavior to-day." After several more tricks, which Don performed one after the other, Ben found to his delight that the dog would obey him also, when he used the same words of command that Mr. Wood did.

"I will put a pretty collar on him," said Mr. Wood, as they were leaving, "and hook a light chain to it, so he will not get away from you." Ben, with shining eyes and a bright face, led Don out. All that evening Ben and Don and Ben's little sister, Dorothy, romped and played together; and Don apparently was delighted with the entire family. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers said very little about keeping the dog; but Ben felt he had made a good impression, and he hoped, as only a small boy can hope, that something would happen to make them decide to keep him.

The next day, the Fourth of July, Ben was occupied all day with shooting off fire-crackers, from an early hour in the morning till supper time, all of which went off with a satisfying bang. Don at first was a little afraid of the noise, but soon grew accustomed to it, and sat up on the veranda steps, watching the fun from a respectful distance. Just before supper, as a special treat, Ben's father bought him a giant fire-cracker, a great tempting one, with a long string fuse hanging out of one end, the entire cracker about eight inches long and covered with brilliant red paper. It was one of the sort that goes off with a magnificent whooping bang, loud enough to satisfy even the most patriotic little boy in the country; and that is very loud indeed. Mamma looked worried when she saw it.

"We will fire it off right after supper," said Ben.

"Don't light it till your father and I are with you, Ben, dear," said mamma, anxiously; and Ben promised, holding the cracker lovingly in his hands.

The days are long in the summer time; and it was still light when Mr. and Mrs. Rogers stood on the veranda, watching Ben prop the cracker up ready for lighting. Ben had begged so hard to light it all by himself that his father had consented, after showing him how to do it.

"I shall be glad when it is fired off," said mamma, uneasily. "Run fast after you light it, Ben," she called.

"I will," said Ben. Little Dorothy with her nurse had gone next door a few minutes before to see two pretty maltese kittens they had, and Don had followed her over. Now Baby Dorothy was ready to come home before her nurse was, and no one noticed her slipping through the gate but Don. He, it happened, had not been pleased with the kittens at all, when he found they were not big enough to chase; and he followed after Dorothy, feeling sure that she could not take care of herself even that short distance. Thus it happened that, just as Ben touched

ground, his arms around the brave dog's neck, sobbing.

"Dear, dear Don! You saved Dorothy! You did, you did; and I am so glad you dropped it in time to save yourself."

"And to save you, too!" cried Mr. Rogers. "Brave dog! Brave boy to think of it!"

"Bennie, dear Bennie, and dear Don," was all mamma could say, as she hugged Dorothy close to her.

A little later in the evening, Dorothy, who had been a little frightened by the noise and excitement, fell asleep in her mother's arms. Mr. Rogers leaned over them with a heart full of thankfulness. As he stooped down to kiss little Dorothy's pretty hair, they heard Ben's voice from the veranda steps, talking to Don.

"Do you think they will let me keep you now, Don?" he was saying. "I should think they would, wouldn't you, after what you did, and because I love you?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Rogers. "He doesn't realize that we could never give Don up. Tell him, dear." And Mr. Rogers called in a voice which was husky, but so full of happiness, that Don's tall tumbled hair in appreciation when he heard it.

"Ben, my boy, you may keep Don all his life. I am proud of him, and you, too, you precious rascals!" And Ben and Don were happy—oh, so happy.—Christian Register.

On an average each resident of Berlin is said to spend one-eleventh of his income on intoxicating drink.



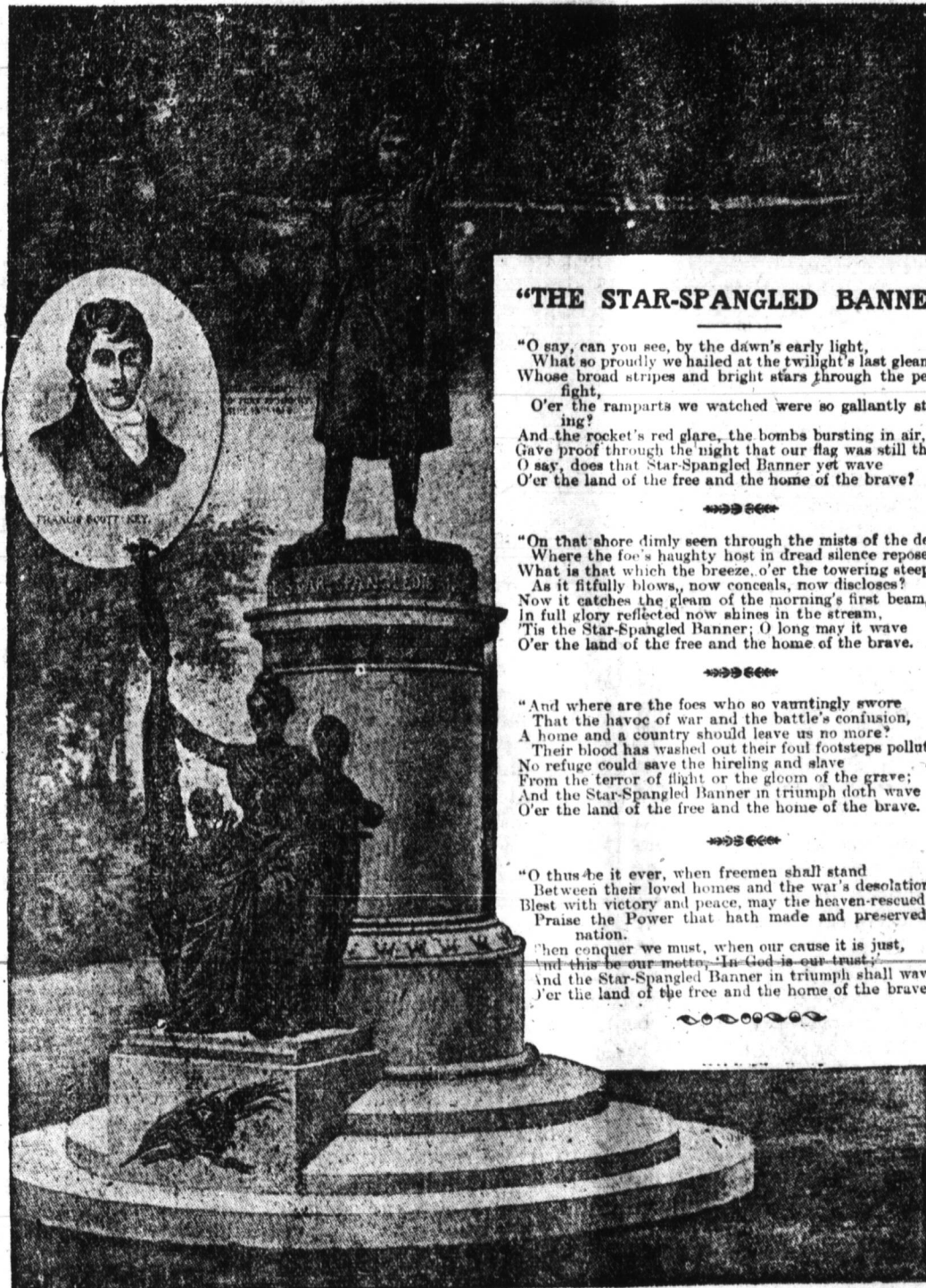
## THE DAY SPEAKS.

I am a funny day, for sad  
And joyful is my lot;  
In one land I am more than glad,  
In one land I am not.

One people I surcharge with bliss,  
And one I cause to sigh—  
The reason of the which is this:  
I am the Fourth of July!  
—R. K. M., in Harper's Weekly.

The 8 years after July, 1776, were periods of great suffering and privation. There was no money to buy fireworks, because it was all needed to help carry on the war. The people who had rejoiced at the first Independence Day had, many of them, become very poor, and some were beyond all suffering, victims of British warfare. There were anniversary celebrations, but usually among the army folk in the field.

## THE MONUMENT AT FREDERICK, MD., TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, AUTHOR OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."



### "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming—

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,  
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,  
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.  
When conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust.'  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

—New York Ledger.

## THE GRAVE OF THE FAMOUS RINGER OF LIBERTY BELL DISCOVERED

A short time ago the sexton of Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church, at Fourth and Pine streets, Philadelphia, Pa., found among the crumbling tombstones that had lain neglected in the churchyard, a headstone of which the inscription had become almost obliterated by age and dirt. He cleaned the moss and lichen from the stone, and was surprised to find it bore the name of the famous bell-ringer of Revolutionary days, William Hurry, who tolled the Liberty Bell at the time of the signing of the fate-



ful Declaration of Independence. Hurry was at that time the caretaker of Independence Hall. When he was gathered to his fathers his remains were buried in the Old Pine Street Church, but inquiry later failed to disclose the whereabouts of the grave. The news of the discovery was communicated to the Grand Army Association, and arrangements were made for the decoration of the restored grave of the bell-ringer on last Memorial Day.

# TAR HEEL CHRONICLES

Happenings And Doings Gleaned From All Parts  
Of The Old North State.

## STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Annual Convention Held at Hendersonville.—Rev. J. O. Atkinson Elected President and J. E. Sherrill, Secretary-Treasurer.

Hendersonville, Special.—The editors of North Carolina were literally presented with the key to the city Wednesday morning of last week, when, at their opening session held in the court house, Col. S. V. Pickens gave them an ancient, rusty, two-foot-long jail key, recently uncovered here by workmen in excavating for a new building.

At 9:30 the convention was called to order by Dr. J. O. Atkinson, third vice president, who invoked a divine blessing upon the town of Hendersonville and the members of the association. Mayor Staton then presented Col. S. V. Pickens, who cordially welcomed the editors to town. M. L. Shipman, on behalf of the local press, spoke a few words of appreciation and Archibald Johnson, editor of Charity and Children, responded gracefully on behalf of the association. Dr. Atkinson then read the annual address of the president, who, on account of sickness, was unable to be present in person. It took to task the criticisms some politicians and others make of the press and closed with proposing "Optimism and Good Cheer," as the note the press should sound. The association voted to wire President Thomas its appreciation and its regrets that he was unable to be with them. The big audience in the court house listened to short talks on timely topics by J. W. Atkins, J. J. Farris, H. B. Varner and Archibald Johnson. At 2:30 p. m., J. F. Hurlley read the historian's paper. Full of interest and listened to attentively was Thad R. Manning's talk on the subscription price of the weekly newspaper. This was followed by the transaction of miscellaneous business. At night, before an audience which completely filled the big court room, Mr. John M. Julian, of The Salisbury Post, delivered the annual oration. He commanded the closest attention of his audience to the end of his address.

Thursday morning was pleasantly spent in a drive to Lake Osceola and to Mount Hebron, the pleasure of which was not marred by a slight shower, which, Mr. J. P. Caldwell remarked, was but a pleasant diversion. The editors and their families went in a body and the string of carriages was a long one.

The ball at the Gates at night was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by both visitors and home people and was distinctly a success.

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. O. Atkinson; first vice president, M. L. Shipman; second vice president, J. R. Swann; third vice president, W. K. Jacobson; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Sherrill; historian, Archibald Johnson; orators, W. C. Hammer and Josephus Daniels; poet, D. F. St. Clair; executive committee, H. A. London, W. C. Dowd, H. B. Varner, Josephus Daniels, D. T. Edwards.

A resolution was adopted condemning the United States government for maintaining a job printing office to compete with the country's job printers, and a copy of the resolution was ordered sent to every Representative and Senator of North Carolina.

Interesting articles were read by Rev. J. O. Atkinson, Clarence H. Poe and R. R. Clark.

The important address of the day was that of M. V. Richards, land and industrial agent of the Southern Railway.

Barbee Case Goes Over.—Durham, Special.—Judge Biggs heard a motion of the State in the Reuben Barbee case Monday and granted the request for continuance. Barbee will be tried for the murder of Engineer Holt at the August term. Nothing new developed. Later messages from Ohio tell no more of the negro. Barbee's attorneys asked for immediate trial and the State balked.

## Meeting of Farmers Protective Association.

Westfield, Special.—The Farmers' Protective Association of North Carolina will hold its annual meeting in Mount Airy, Friday, July 9th, at 1 p. m. Every organized county is urged to elect delegates to represent them at this important meeting.

Prominent tobaccoists of the State will attend, and the convention will deliberate upon matters of vital concern to the tobacco grower. An address will be delivered by J. O. W. Graveley, of Rocky Mount and there will be other well known speakers.

## Awarded Pension.

Chapel Hill, Special.—President F. P. Venable, of the University has been notified that Major W. T. Paterson has been awarded a retiring pension by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Major Paterson has been bursar of the University since 1882, when in the administration of Dr. K. P. Battle, he practically organized that office.

## Resolution of Thanks.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Josephus Daniels for the committee, were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the association be and are hereby tendered the Western Union Telegraph Company and the railroad companies for courtesies in the matter of railroad transportation and particularly to the Southern Railway Company, for the courtesy of an excursion to Lake Toxaway; to W. A. Smith, for a car ride to Laurel Park and an enjoyable afternoon at that beautiful resort; to Capt. M. C. Toms and John L. Orr and their associates for extending the courtesies of Mount Hebron; to the management of the Gates Hotel for excellent service and for the courtesy of a ball tendered the association; to Mayor R. H. Staton and the reception committee and all the public spirited citizens who tendered many delightful courtesies, including the mountain drives and to Lake Osceola, and for more pleasures than can be enumerated; to Mr. M. L. Shipman, editor of The Hendersonville Hustler, and to Mr. T. R. Barrows, associate editor, for their brotherly welcome which made all the editors feel at home.

The association left on a special car Saturday for Lake Toxaway, returning to their homes from there.

The following eighteen new members were enrolled at the session: J. V. Sims, Raleigh Times; W. I. Underwood, Greensboro Patriot; J. A. Parham, Fayetteville Index; Owen G. Dunn, Newbern Sun; R. A. Deal, Wilkesboro Chronicle; W. E. Pharr, North Wilkesboro Hustler; M. L. Yeager, Southern Publisher; R. E. Ranson, Spring Hope Leader; Andrew Joyner, Greensboro News Bureau; C. A. Eury, King's Mountain Herald; Clint N. Brown, Salisbury Post; T. H. Gosorn, Bakersville Chronicle; H. H. Hamlin, Beaufort Lookout; D. L. St. Clair, Sanford Express; E. P. Pepper, Danbury Reporter; T. R. Barrows, Hendersonville Hustler; J. R. Roundtree, Kinston Free Press; Chas. H. Williams, Polk County News.

## Rev. F. J. Murdock Dead.

Salisbury, Special.—Rev. F. J. Murdock, D. D., rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church in Salisbury, died suddenly Tuesday morning in Charleston at the home of his brother who he was visiting. He was 63 years old, had been rector of the church here for 35 years and was widely known in both church and business circles. He was president of the Vance Cotton Mills, secretary and treasurer Salisbury Building and Loan Association and was a bank director. He is survived by a widow, one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Bell, and one son, F. J. Murdock, Jr. Heart failure is said to be the cause of his death. The interment took place in Salisbury.

## Private Laws Ready.

Raleigh, Special.—The private laws of the session of 1909 of the General Assembly are now almost ready to be issued, as the printing of these has been completed, only the index is yet to be completed.

This is quick work and it follows close on the early publication of the public laws, which were issued early in May. The printing of the laws this session has broken past records for the rapidity in publication and the State has therefore access to the full information in the laws at a much earlier date than is usual.

## Tunnel Caves in on Freight Engine.

Asheville, Special.—Covee tunnel near Dillsboro, on the Murphy division of the Southern Railway, caved in Tuesday night, catching a freight engine. No one was injured. The passengers were transferred. It was stated that it would probably be ten days before the tunnel would be open.

## The Crops Damaged.

Raleigh, Special.—It was learned from a gentleman of St. Matthew's township that the wind and rain storm of Friday night did considerable damage to the crops in that section. The cotton suffered most, being severely washed.

Besides the damage done by the wind and rain, a \$300 mule belonging to Mr. M. W. Buffalo, near New Hope church, was killed by lightning. A mare in the same barn was also killed. The lightning struck the roof of the barn, divided and killed both mule and mare, but the barn was not burned.

## Sentence is Commuted.

Raleigh, Special.—Because Junius McKay refused to escape with other prisoners when they broke jail in Robeson county, and on account of evidence not heard in the trial, indicating that a third party committed the murder, Governor Kitchin has commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence against the prisoner, who was to hang for killing Alex. McKay at Rowland.