

JULY 4th 1893



AN OLD TIME FOURTH

IT IS NOT SUCH A CELEBRATION AS IT USED TO BE.

Ample at Sunrise and Crowds All Day—Old Settlers and Big Families—Fireworks in the Evening—The Rural Sports—Misdirected Fusillade.



TIME was when the Fourth of July was the one bright particular day in the calendar. It came after corn was planted and safely seen through the doubtful stages after hay harvest and often after wheat was in the shock.

In the days of militia and muster and training and all that it was sure of a grand recognition. But latterly patriotism has been permitted to escape through a vent called Memorial day, and there isn't enough left over with which to "lick the Britian."

All that made the success of the celebration at Woodville the more remarkable. A new lawyer had come to town along in March, and the first thing he did was to move for a good Fourth of July celebration.



In order to avoid all professional jealousies—sancians are proverbial quarrelers—Lawyer Waite gave each township a place in the order of its arriving in town, and each delegation, headed by its own band, paraded the principal streets and marched out gayly to the fair ground.

Whitesville was entitled to a foremost place not only because it came first to town, but because Eb Plaisance, who had it in charge, was plaintiff in a larger number of lawsuits than any other man, and Counselor Waite wanted him.

But these were only a few of the many things that went to make Woodville great. The oldest settler in the county was here—a totally respectable but deliciously comical old fellow, who had drunk to repletion from every jug on the grounds, and who insisted on interrupting every conversation with tales of the Indians he had slain and the deer he had outrun on the dry grounds where the best buildings of Woodville now lifted their galvanized iron cornices.

The first woman settler was also present. She came down in a chair set in the common wagon box and was a person of interest for the first time in years. She had been snubbed and browbeaten so many times by her son-in-law that she took unstinted revenge now in receiving the attentions of the populace and in telling how she used to "swing an ax as good as any man" in those old days before the wilderness had learned to blossom.

The man with the biggest family was there—a wary, wiry, aquish looking chap with a progeny simply appalling and a wife who slipped off her shoes all at in stockings comfort most of the day. Nine of the children wore gar-



A MILD INTOXICANT. ments made from the same piece of "domestic." In the case of the girls it took the shape of gowns—called dresses in Woodville. On the boys the same figure and fabric appeared as shirts, though for the youngest not enough time had been allowed, and his collar was pinned on, to his great annoyance and occasional agony. The rest of the children were either small enough to wear the castoff clothes of their elders or large enough to wear purchases of their own.

Squire Stradley had consented to read the declaration, and he did so with a strength and judgment which showed that he at least was as good a patriot as the first man who ever "held these truths to be self evident." Then came a prayer by the most daring minister in the place—a man who lived in hope of some time being hauled up before the conference on a charge of heresy. When he concluded, the glee club sang "America," with the tenor perpetually wandering about in the vocal clouds that circled above the bass and air and wondering what had become of the chord.

"Now we will all sing that last verse together," said Lawyer Waite, rising impressively, "and the bands will accompany us. I will recite it.

Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing—er—er— And there he stopped, for he couldn't remember the succeeding words to save his life.

ery, but no one minded the break. Every thing was forgotten in the song that followed.

Then came the oration. The master of ceremonies was the orator and introduced himself. He attacked the original foe of America's eagle and vanquished in turn each enemy, moral or material, that ever had threatened. Then he announced that dinner was ready, and the shifting throng surrounded the two long tables or lost itself in little groups about the grove and ate from baskets that had been days in filling, but which stood depleted after an hour's feast.

Other sports followed, and when the interest flagged the sun was down, and every one took a good position for viewing the fireworks. This had been the grand effort of the committee, and nearly \$100 had been raised—through the hardest coaxing—for the purchase of rockets and candles and pinwheels that would show all the colors of the rainbow. It was unfortunate that the committee didn't know as much about firing as it did about buying, for one of the first things done was the dropping of a lighted torch in a heap of explosives, and a volcano resulted. It was the widest scene ever known in Woodville. Sam Gill was burned in the face, and Charley Fullen had the skirt of his coat scorched a cinnamon brown before they could escape the misdirected fusillade. Then the air was red and blue and smoky from the cracking, snapping, roaring box of fireworks—and that was the end of the day's festivities.

While it was admitted the law frowned upon the sale of liquor on the Fourth, it had been noticed ever since noon that some one had a limitless supply of mill intoxicant, and by the time the day was done the men were as wild and inebriated as were their sires on training day. But it was Fourth of July, and no one charged it up against them. The wagons were filled with farmers and their families; the buggies which a later generation had chosen, instead of the springless, comfortless chariots for lumber-crowded the narrow streets and hurried out into the country roads. There were songs and jokes and a world of fun, and then the all pervading night swallowed and silenced all heritage of day.



Algy—What are you dressed in black for, old man? Wery—you evidently forget. Algy—that this is the Fourth of July.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

Hon. Joseph H. O'Neill Will Lead the Fight at the Next Session.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—All movements of widespread interest necessarily have to be propelled into public notice by some person and some definite proposition. Sometimes in the growth of the movement the initiating force is almost forgotten, and the movement seems as if it grew of itself.

It is so with the present agitation in favor of pension reform resulting in the Farnham post trouble in G. A. R. ranks. It was not until in the house of representatives last February, when several amendments to the pension laws were brought in as "riders" to the pension appropriation bill, that concrete form and impetus were given the pension question.

These amendments proposed in brief that no alien living outside of the United States should continue to receive a pension; that no widow who married more than five years after the war should be pensioned, and that under the dependent and disability act of 1890 no person should be pensioned who is not disabled from manual labor and is in receipt of an income exceeding \$600 a year. These amendments failed, as it was known they would fail, but had just the effect anticipated by causing a two weeks' debate that started the present movement into activity.

The propelling force of the amendments was Joseph H. O'Neill, member of congress from Boston. The ground was probably fallow for at least a discussion of the question whether pension allowances had gone too far. Had he himself not thought the time ripe and that he could safely strike the blow their author would not have presented the amendments. Mr. O'Neill is not the man to rashly throw himself into a breach. That may be heroic; but, as he himself would say, it is not politics. No more distinctive type of the Yankee Irishman could be imagined than Joe O'Neill, as his intimates know him. He is not the mercurial, devil-may-care Irishman of the novelist. He is honest, industrious and warm hearted, but clear headed. No more cool, calculating member sits on the floor of the house. John Sherman is hardly a more complete master of the knowledge when to act and when not to.

Mr. O'Neill is just turned into his fortieth year. Originally from Fall River, he located in South Boston and plunged actively into politics. He has always had to fight for success, but has always succeeded. As there are in South Boston a number of bright young men like himself, ambitious for a public career, the fact that Joseph O'Neill has always succeeded speaks for it of him as an adroit politician. By profession he is a lawyer but politics takes up his time,

and he practices but seldom. His public career began in 1875 as a member of the Boston school committee. From 1878 to 1884 he was in the Massachusetts house of representatives. He was city clerk of Boston for two years and was then sent to the Fifty-first congress to begin his proud national career.

To Mr. O'Neill will be committed in the coming congress the planning of the annual pension appropriation bill and the lead of the Democratic party in the fight over the pension question. Imagine a vigorous man about 5 feet 9, clear cut from the ground up, broad shoulders, deep chest, big bones—as compactly put up as a strong shoulder hitter. His hair is coarse, dark colored, with a faint suggestion of redness. His face is smooth shaven; features clearly defined. His mouth is large, but it is his nose that would distinguish him anywhere.

It is large, long and points straight out into the air—not a curiously inquisitive nose, but one that poises itself into anything it thinks it has a right to know about and measures things by the cold, hard facts of its discoveries unbiased by sentimental considerations such as usually weigh strongly with an Irishman. He does not speak often in the house, and when he does drives squarely at the matter under discussion in a sharp, rather harsh voice set off by no gestures save a straight propulsion of the right arm. He is a fine stump speaker. Though a young man, he is not of the Quincy wing of the Massachusetts Democracy. He was not a Cleveland man, and in the last speakership contest was not a Mills man, but adroitly masked his Hill feelings under a boom for young Governor Russell, and as he had declared on the stump he would vote for no free silver man he threw his vote away and cast it for John

The shrewdness characteristic of a Scotchman rather than of an Irishman was shown by an incident in the debate over the pension bill. Pickler of Dakota and Bingham of Pennsylvania were charging savagely into it. I was on the floor, and meeting Mr. O'Neill, who was walking about, he said to me: "Those two men were gallant fighters. They are not the men I'm after. I know what all their records are. I've looked them up, and some persons may find it out."

He had examined the war records of every probable opponent of the bill. What will come of the movement he started remains for time to tell, but it will give Mr. O'Neill a national prominence. C. H. MERRILL.



Miss Summit—What made you stick so close to Mr. Hill? Miss—He all last evening when you saw I was dying to talk to him? Miss—Pallone—Don't blame me, my dear He begged me to do it.—Truth.

Improving Exercise. Papa—See here, sir! The policeman tells me you are one of the boys who jump on and off of railroad trains at the crossing. Small Son—Oh, that's real improv exercise. When I grow up, nobby I can get on an off of street cars without getting killed.—Good News.

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SPECIAL NOTICES—On Wednesday afternoon from 1 to 6 o'clock the great plunge can be rented for private parties. Children under 12 will not be admitted unless accompanied by parent or guardian. Boys under 16 will be admitted during indoor hours when accompanied by their mother or guardian. During June, July and August the great plunge will be open to both sexes from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m., daily except Sunday. The great plunge occupies a space of 50 feet wide by 142 feet in length and is from 2 1/2 to 9 feet deep. It is supplied with mineral water from the company's own wells and is absolutely pure and remarkably clear and buoyant. There are 10 dressing rooms, two toilet rooms, two hot and cold shower baths, one automatic needle bath, two rubber covered spring boards, a raft, a traveling crane and ropes for securing the art of scuba diving. Sewing machines, mirrors, combs and brushes, soaps and towels, etc., and the admission to the plunge with all of these privileges is but 25 CENTS.



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