



HOLLOW HORN'S 4TH

Bill Briggs Tells How It Was Celebrated Many Years Ago.

IN RESPONSE TO an invitation from my uncle to come and spend the Fourth of July with him, I saddled the pony and rode down. I arrived there on the second, and found the town all agog for a celebration.

After supper, while strolling along one of the many thoroughfares of Hollow Horn Bend, I was surprised to note the wonderful growth of the place since I first saw it. I counted new store buildings, making four and two of the saloons had enlarged. Standing in front of them was my old partner, He was dressed in a blue red collar and cuffs, brass and a silver badge as large as a silver, on which was engraved, "SERIAL." At sight of me his gait was as if he were in Pennsylvania.

"How are you?" he burst forth, my hand in a way that was demonstrative in the way I gripped. I was pleased to meet you were in Pennsylvania.

"I was a trifle rank for those chaps, see, I was not used to having four men jump on me and beat me with clubs when I went to see one of their gang. They tried to get on me, and I shot a couple of them, and marched my man to the lynch me. I pulled a couple of guns, and was about to open on them, when the mayor heard of it and came down on a run. He made a little speech, telling them they had asked him to get a marshal that could run the town, and he had got one; and, furthermore, he was going to back him. They knew the mayor was determined, and let up on the hanging business; but they would not consent to my being marshal, so I pulled out and got a job

out here, where people are civilized. What are you driving at, Bill?" he asked.

"I am on my uncle's sheep ranch up on Ghost creek for five years." "Bill, you are a dead man. You will never live the time out. Men that follow a band of sheep for five years get like posts, and stand for hours without moving. You will have a sorry expression on your face, like an imported ape. You will lose your self-respect, and dodge behind rocks to avoid meeting strangers. If you do not go crazy, you will get sheepy and shy in spite of yourself. I saw a sheep-herder like that once, but they said he was none too bright to begin with. Better throw it up, Bill; you will become as stupid and stolid as he," argued Jerry.

"Thanks for your compliments and

interest in my welfare, but I guess I will stay with the sheep."

"You ought to know the best course to pursue, but I don't like to see you throw yourself away. Going to stay till after the Fourth?"

"Yes; I came down to celebrate. Going to have a good time?" I inquired.

"Bill, you will hear a couple of good speeches. The mayor told me he was getting up a 'dandy' oration, and he is going to spring a surprise on the people. Well, I must make my round. They are trying to kick up a row over to Kelsey's, but I will make it warm for them if they do," he said, walking away.

On the morning of the glorious Fourth the booming of the blacksmith's anvil and the prolonged yells of Young America aroused me from a profound slumber and filled my soul with patriotism. I hurriedly donned my pants and socks and passed through my bedroom window on to the roof of the stoop, the better to see the throng around the anvil.

"He must be an officer of some kind, to judge by his uniform." "Wonder if that's the latest style of doing hair?" "Maybe he is going to deliver an oration."

These remarks were followed by a giggle. I wondered where the speakers were, and to whom they had reference. Turning my head, I saw four young ladies, dressed for the day's sport, standing on the roof of the stoop of the adjoining house, not twenty feet from me. I fell backward through the window, my patriotism all gone.

"Who lives next door, aunt?" I asked at breakfast.

"Daniel Craig. His daughter Susie was over to see me this morning, before you came down. She has been away, and only returned last night. I will take you over and introduce you," she replied.

"We will wait until after dinner," I said, fully determined not to come near the house again until late bedtime.

When I reached the street Jerry was busily engaged forming the procession. The mayor and the orator of the day headed the procession. The mayor sat astride of a large, white mule, who occasionally whisked his tail or sarcastically pointed one ear forward when a firecracker burst with unusual violence in his immediate vicinity. The mayor was attired in his Sunday suit, and wore a long, fierce mustache. His signet of office dangled at his hip, a full grown Colt's revolver.

The orator of the day was mounted on a clay-colored broncho, who could hardly keep two feet on the ground at a time, so nervous had she become over so much noise. It required all the rider's attention to keep her in the street. So arduous were his efforts that the sweat was dropping from his nose.

When Jerry at last gave the word to march, a fend in the crowd threw a bunch of lighted crackers between the mule and the mare. They began exploding like a volley of musketry, and the dust began to roll up. The mare, with a terrified snort, flew across the town site and into the timber, out of view. The mule straightened up, and, turning his head, surveyed the dust and fire, and started in the opposite direction.

"Whoa, Jerry!" yelled the mayor; but Jerry did not "whoa," and was soon out of sight.

The crowd howled and swung their hats. Jerry spurred his horse to the front, and held up his hand.

"Fellow-citizens," he proclaimed, "we will not follow the leaders, but keep right up the street to the grounds. Music by the glee club. March," he yelled.

There were ladies and gentlemen on horseback, in wagons, and on foot.

"There he is Sue, and presents quite an improvement over his appearance this morning."

"Hush, Clara, he will hear some more of your foolishness."

These remarks I heard from some persons close behind me. I did not have to turn my head to know who was talking, but hurried straight ahead.

The mayor rode in soon after we reached the grounds, but it was an hour before the orator of the day came in, with his coat on his arm, and on foot.

When everything was quiet, the mayor arose, and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You all know me, and know I am 'off' on speech-making; but when it comes to a shoot, I'm in it. You all know what we are here for. I do not suppose there is a person present that is old enough to take a drink, but knows this is the Fourth of July. We are here to celebrate the glorious anniversary of American Independence. The reason why we celebrate this day is because it's a big day in this country. The reason we celebrate the day is because this is the spryest town on this line of road. (Applause.) The name of this town has always been a dead giveaway. It was named by unlettered men, who never gave its future a single thought. They named it after a defunct cow, that perished with a disease called hollow horn near a bend in the creek on the site of this beautiful city. For the past year I have been working the railroad company to change the name. They have consented, and from the date of this great day it will be known on the maps of the world by the name of Smith. (Groans and hisses.) What ails yer?"

"Don't you think we ought to have told Willie that the Fourth comes on Sunday this year?" "Yes," said mamma; "he does not seem to know that. I am sure he will be very much disappointed."

Bright and early on the morning of the Fourth, Willie came running down stairs. "Where are the crackers? Let me set some off before breakfast—please do!"

Then papa had to say, "No, not today, but to-morrow."

First Willie looked confused, and then the tears came to his eyes. "To-day," said papa again, "is Sunday. No one is allowed to shoot off fire-crackers on the Sabbath."

The poor boy was puzzled. He did not, could not, understand why the Fourth should come on Sunday.

Later on the bells began to ring out all over the city. Willie saw the people going to and coming from church, and he went to Sunday-school himself in the afternoon.

Now I have told you how Willie spent the Fourth—in the house. You can imagine how he spent the fifth of July.

A Grand Celebration. Billy and Nat and the other boys were on their way to the village to buy fireworks for the Fourth when they saw a queer-looking wagon moving toward them. It looked like a hen-coop on wheels, but when it came nearer they found it was a huge cage with an eagle in it.

The boys surrounded the wagon at once, and fired a perfect volley of questions at the driver. "I took that eagle from the nest when it was little," he explained; "and I have just been carrying it to town to sell to the show; but the show is gone, so I must cart him back."

"Why, you ought to let him fly!" cried Billy. "Don't you know, to-morrow is the Fourth, and I guess George Washington would not have liked very well to see the American eagle cooped up like a chicken!"

The man laughed. "Well, now, if you boys feel so, why don't you buy him and let him loose to-morrow? He would go up like sky rockets."

The boys looked at each other. "That's so!" they all cried together. So a bargain was struck, and they carried the eagle home in triumph. That evening the following handbill was posted around Merryville:

"Great sillibration! the Bird of his Country will scream for all."

The next day Billy and Nat and their eagle formed the center of the celebration at Merryville. They never regretted having paid the money for it, which they intended for fire-crackers. It was afterwards purchased by the town for \$100, and is still a feature of the annual celebration.

The mayor and the orator rolled

out and the structure fell on them.

When they got them out the orator had a broken arm.

"Friends," said the mayor, "the orator of the day has bursted a fuke; and he says if we do not buy him what we agreed to, he will sue the town and collect damages. He can do it, for he has the cinch on us, being the only lawyer around here. It will take all we raised, and we will have to send the fireworks back and stop the celebration right where it is.

"Confound that old white mule! If I ever make a strike, I will shoot him the next day," and he pulled up his trousers once more, and walked disconsolately toward his office.

So ended the first and the last Independence Day celebration in Hollow Horn Bend. In a year the name was changed to the more euphonious one of Briggstown and the most pretentious residence in the place is now occupied by Mr. William Briggs and his wife, Susan. A new generation has grown up and the young folks think more about wheels, lawn tennis, cricket and the like than their old time celebrations. Actually the folks get ashamed when they hear of Hollow Horn Bend's first celebration, and are glad that the name of the town was changed. But I reckon that there was as much patriotism in the old method as in the new one.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Esq.

How Willie spent his Fourth.

When Willie was about five years old he spent his Fourth of July in the house. He did not like that at all. He felt bad all day, and he was really glad when the Fourth was over. All the other boys were shooting off fire-crackers, but, alas! he was not allowed to have any.

Oh, how hard Willie pleaded with mamma to go out into the street! Wouldn't she let him shoot off "just one cracker?"

"No, Willie," said mamma; "you must wait until the next Fourth, and then you will be old enough to look out for yourself. I am afraid now you might be burned and badly hurt."

Long before the next Fourth of July came around Willie had made great preparations. He had saved his pennies and there must have been over a dollar in his iron bank.

About a week before the Fourth Willie went to his papa and told him what he had been saving his pennies for.

"What!" inquired papa, "do you want to spend all that money for fire-crackers?"

"Yes," said Willie; "take it all."

"Oh no!" said papa; "I will buy all the fire-crackers you want and you can save your money for something else."

That evening when papa came home he brought packs and packs of fire-crackers, done up in red paper and with Chinese letters on the outside.

"Here you are," said papa. "I bought some fireworks too."

The next day a big box containing Roman candles, sky-rockets, pin-wheels, etc., came to the house.

There seemed to be no end to Willie's joy, and he talked of little else save the Fourth—what a day it would be! And the days passed quickly until the third of July came. That night, after Willie had been put to bed, said papa, with a quiet smile, to mamma:

"Don't you think we ought to have told Willie that the Fourth comes on Sunday this year?"

"Yes," said mamma; "he does not seem to know that. I am sure he will be very much disappointed."

Bright and early on the morning of the Fourth, Willie came running down stairs. "Where are the crackers? Let me set some off before breakfast—please do!"

Then papa had to say, "No, not today, but to-morrow."

First Willie looked confused, and then the tears came to his eyes. "To-day," said papa again, "is Sunday. No one is allowed to shoot off fire-crackers on the Sabbath."

The poor boy was puzzled. He did not, could not, understand why the Fourth should come on Sunday.

Later on the bells began to ring out all over the city. Willie saw the people going to and coming from church, and he went to Sunday-school himself in the afternoon.

Now I have told you how Willie spent the Fourth—in the house. You can imagine how he spent the fifth of July.

A Double Header.

Which end do you light, anyhow? I'll try both ends to make sure."

Even at this late date there is more or less dispute as to the proper day for celebrating the Declaration of Independence. Contrary ones hold the annual celebration should take place on July 2, because on that day the declaration was adopted by congress. It was not until the Fourth of July, however, that the declaration went into effect.

Influence of American Independence.

At the birth of the American republic its deliverers had but a small conception of the ultimate result of a government by the people. When they broke the tyrant's chains they little dreamt that before a century would pass the anniversary of independence would be celebrated on the Pacific coast as well as on the Atlantic. All the Pacific coast was then in possession of Spain, France and Russia, friendly powers that had aided the cause of American independence. No sooner had the American government been firmly established than it was seen that it would not do to allow European powers to exercise dominion over American territory not included in the Union.

How to wrest this territory from powers that had been friendly was a grave question. So the purchase plan was suggested and carried out and Louisiana and Florida were ceded by France and Spain respectively. The territory of Louisiana then included all the states west of the Mississippi and north of California to Alaska. The latter owned by Russia then extended as far north as Vancouver. Before it was purchased by the United States, Russia made a treaty with England by which all of Southern Alaska was ceded to the British. That territory is now known as British Columbia.

California, Texas, and New Mexico, and Nevada and part of Colorado were wrested from Mexico by conquest after all other means had failed. All the republics of South America owe their independence not alone to the patriotism of their own people, but to the menacing sympathy of Yankees as well. Now every country on the American continent, except Canada, has its Independence day to celebrate. The celebrations in the South American republics are carried out much after the manner of those held in the United States.

At the Brazilian Capital.

The Fourth of July this year will be celebrated in grand style in Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the Brazilian republic. Among other things on the program will be the unveiling of the statue of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States and the promulgator of the idea which has finally become recognized as international law under the name of the Monroe Doctrine. It provides that no European power shall interfere with the respective governments of the independent American republics of South America. European powers religiously lived up to it until the summer of 1893, when Admiral Benham, in command of the South Atlantic squadron, learned that there was a well understood plan on the part of the European powers to crush out the young republic. The American admiral very soon gave the Europeans to understand that no interference would be tolerated, and kept a large fleet of American warships on hand. Had it not been for his offices, the Brazilian republic might now be a thing of the past. It is in grateful remembrance of American aid that the Brazilians have for months been preparing to make the Fourth of July, 1894, the greatest gala day in the country's history.

In Darkest Africa.

The Fourth of July is celebrated by Americans in nearly every country under the sun where fortune has wooed them. Even in the wilds of Darkest Africa the day is always remembered by the natives as the birthday of a nation far across the sea from which comes the commercial man, who gives them yellow gold and bright silver for their ivory and shells. Of all white traders visiting the tribes of Central Africa the Americans are most highly esteemed by the black men. Sometimes this good feeling takes form in big feasts, which, as a rule, are held on the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

The Schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster is apt to be a favorite with the female part of creation, especially in the rural districts.—Irving. The poet has described the dull sameness of a teacher's existence in these words: *Vitam continet una dies.*—Dr. Johnson.

And while a paltry stipend earning, He sows the richest seeds of learning; No joys alas! his toll baguile, His mind lies fallow all the while.

—Robert Lloyd.

Still to be pintoned down to teach The syntax and the parts of speech, Or deal out authors by retail, Like penny pots of Oxford's sea!

Oh! 'tis a service irksome more Than tugging at the slavish oar.

—Robert Lloyd.

She dwells by great Kanahwa's side, In valleys green and cool, And all her hope and all her pride Are in her village school.

—Longfellow.

Came the preceptor, gazing idly round, Now at the clouds and now at the green grass, And all absorbed in memories profound Of fair Almira in the upper class.

—Longfellow.

Neither do you, schoolmasters, a set too often cheated of your wages, despise the goddess Minerva; it is she that brings you new pupils.—Ovid.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.—Shakespeare.

Rightly lordly is ye pedagogue, As any furnished Turk, For well to rule ye district school It is no idle work.

Full solemn is ye pedagogue, Among ye noisy churl, Yet other while he hath a smile To give ye handsome girl.

And one—ye fairest maid of all— To check his wayward life, Shall be, when springs ye flowers shall bring, Ye pedagogue his wife.

—John G. Saxe.



BLOOD POISON

By Ivy or live oak, caused inflammation, eruptions and intense itching and burning on my legs. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not have any poison symptoms. I have gained 12 pounds since taking Hood's. C. E. BONALL, West Union, Minnesota. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.12 75.

BEST DUNGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID

a fine Panel Picture, entitled

"MEDITATION"

in exchange for 14 Large Lion

Heads, cut from Lion Coffee

wrappers, and 2-cent stamps to

cover postage. Write for list of

our other fine premiums, including

books, a knife, game, etc.

Write to W. L. Douglas & Co.,

450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

Davis' Cream Separator Churn, power

hot water and feed cooler combined.

Agents wanted. Send for circular. All

sizes Hand Cream Separators.

Davis & Rankin B. & M. Co. Chicago.

PATENT ADJUSTABLE MOLINE

TREES.

FOUR STYLES

Warranted

to fit any

HORSE

PREVENT

SORE BACK

ASK YOUR DEALER

FOR THEM.

H. W. COOPER, MOLINE, ILL.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO

IT AND I DON'T FEEL THAT

IT IS A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Buy our 20 dollar wheel on oak

and you will get a High Arm

grinding machine, mounted on

heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years

and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years