

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.



At 8 o'clock a. m. and harken
To the wild clangor of the deep-toned bells,
The boom of cannon, and the maddening snap
And bang incessant of the firecracker.
Squib, torpedo, and the yell of demagogue
Of the early hoodlum patriot.
Toss upon thy restless couch and listen
To the far-reaching fishhorn, the dreaded kazoo,
The loud, angry, and defiant protest
Of the neighboring rooster, and rejoice
That July 4 comes only once a year!
Was it for this, ye men of '76,
Ye fought, and bled, and whipped? What, fight
eight years
In order that this people might possess
The toy pistol?
Yet why these grumbings? Men of America,
Awake! you cannot help yourselves! Get up!
Stir your lazy stumps. Be boys again,
And help the youngsters celebrate the day.

THE PONCA CELEBRATION.

BY C. F. CARTER.



WAS Independence
day in Ponca; Ponca
was in holiday attire.
Ponca was in a blaze of
glory; Ponca, individ-
ually and municipally
speaking, was in a
transport of patriot-
ism bordering on be-
atitude. It was the
one hundred and
twelfth anniversary of
the signing of that im-
mortal declaration
that revolutionized the
world, and Ponca pro-
posed to celebrate the
day on a scale of magnificence that would eclipse
even its own previous efforts in that direction,
which was saying a great deal.
No other city in the breadth of four counties
could boast citizens more liberal, more public-
spirited, or more keenly alive to the possibil-
ities of profit in a properly conducted celebra-
tion. The brass band of no other town dis-
counted more enthusiastic but misguided melody;
no other committee on arrangements that
was ever appointed could compass such mir-
acles of mirth as the Ponca greased-pig races,
from no other platform did oratory attempt
such empyrean flights; from no other booths
was served such frigid lemonade.
Knowing all this, and knowing, furthermore,
that the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., was
announced as the speaker of the day, in
prodigious type, that the *Weekly Palladium*
had ordered expressly for the purpose, is it any
wonder that farmers who were so unfortunate
as to reside at a distance from Ponca aroused
their household at 1 a. m., in order that the
shores might be disposed of, and the journey to



"AND NOW, THOU ADORED OF MY HEART,"
the Mecca of patriots accomplished in good sen-
se?
Concerning the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke,
Esq., nobody had any information fur-
ther than that gentleman himself had
furnished. He had alighted four weeks
before from the one mixed train that

once soared skyward, until back lads reached a
figure more than equal to the total assessed
valuation of the county. Everybody quit work,
affected high rubber boots and talked of leads,
tunnels and counter-shafts.
Meanwhile, Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq.,
needed a few articles of wearing apparel. His
steward had neglected to make the remittance
he had ordered—been on a drunk, perhaps—and
to tell the truth he was a little embarrassed. Of
course, he would make it warm for that stew-
ard, but for the present he must crave a little in-
dulgence, awkward as it was.
The tailor was proud to be able to favor such
a public benefactor with the best in his shop,
and begged him not to worry himself about the
pay; the barber drove other customers out of his
chair to attend to Hon. Fayke's toilet, and relied
upon the Honorable's generous memory for the
score; the landlord of the Prince House ran-
sacked the Ponca market for viands to tickle
the distinguished guest's palate, and left the
reckoning to his own good time.
Every issue of the *Weekly Palladium* con-
tained from four to a dozen items concerning
the Hon. Fayke, and was particularly lavish in
praise of the financial skill he displayed in
raising funds on what, thanks to his untiring
efforts and the modest assistance of the *Pal-
ladium*, promised to be the grandest Fourth of
July celebration the county had ever witness-
ed.

In the course of his majestic progress down
the street one day, the Hon. Fayke chivalrously

Cast about for fitting words to round this
elegant period the Hon. W. McClellan Fayke,
Esq., cast his eye to the right and beheld a
stranger coming quickly up the steps. There
was nothing remarkable in his appearance, but
the Hon. Fayke turned pale and glanced
to the left. Seeing another stranger com-
ing up the steps on that side also
he turned like a flash, and, clearing
the benches of a bound, dropped into the creek
behind, immediately in advance of a couple of
bullets from the strangers' revolvers.
The young ladies screamed and fainted in a
body, while the organist tried to crawl into his
instrument.
Hurrying around to the rear of the platform
the strangers found the Hon. Fayke immovably
stuck in the treacherous mud, with the dirty
water reaching to his armpits and rapidly gain-
ing on his mouth. He was hauled out by means
of a rope thrown over his shoulders, hauled into
a buggy and driven away shivering and sear-
ing.
The next issue of the *Weekly Palladium* con-
tained the following:
"Our little city was thrown into quite a flurry
of excitement on Independence day by the
arrest of Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., by a
couple of detectives just as he was beginning an
oration. We learn that his real name is Bill
McClellan, or 'Billy the Slick 'Un.' He is
wanted in Illinois to finish his fifteen years' term
for burglary. Also an indictment is waiting for
him for counterfeiting in Kentucky. We also
learn that a New York Judge would like to hear

of signals by which they would know where the
general camping grounds were situated.
"This is the right turn, I'll bet a covey,"
said Mr. Weatherby, reining in his horse all
stead, "but what's them
noises stuck up there? I
ain't never seen any of
them in these parts
afore."
"I'll bet Squire Ford put
them up to prevent folks
from coming here," said
George; "if it ain't mean
of him."
"I'm a goin' in, all the same," said Mr. Weather-
by. "There's a notion. What's that, girls?
I can't see quite clear."
"Oh, mercy," cried the girls in concert, "there's
a dog barking. Just listen!"
Sure enough, a deep, hoarse barking could be
heard far in on the road
they had turned on.
"It's Squire Ford's white
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George. "I wish I had
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"Here's the Snuggly-
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by Jim, who had the commissary stores for the
day. No one doubted the integrity of Jim, but
all wondered without avail what had become of
him—and the lemonade and the pies and cakes
and substantial.
"Mr. George Weatherby, speech, speech,"
called Deacon Snugglytug.
"You have taken me by surprise, Deacon," said
George in an off-hand manner, feeling for his
speech in his coat tail pocket. Then he took
out his patriotic address and ran his eyes over
it, while the girls giggled and Sadie Snugglytug
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George was soon embarked on the full tide of
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cheers. When he loudly demanded, "Who gave
us the Fourth of July?" there was a perfect
thunder of applause.
"Answer that question," said Deacon Snug-
glytug, rising to his feet and pointing a long lean
forefinger at five or six small boys who were
grouped on the grass open-mouthed and open-
eyed. There was a long silence, then a small
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"Henry Clay," called another.
"Daniel Webster."
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Weatherby.
"B-b-be calm!" suggested the Deacon; "sp-eak
out—man!"
"What did you come here for?" gasped
Jim, when he got his breath; "didn't ye see all
them signs I made to show ye where I wuz?
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I just think it's all-fired mean to treat a fellow
like that an' the tables all sot with the vittles,
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The simple fellow had
never once.
"Signs" which he had gotten
up with so much care INDEPENDENCE DAY,
might cause a stampede. As it was they had a
glorious Fourth.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM!"
Ring high, ring low,
And big guns blow!
Our patriot anthems—tune 'em
With each brass band
Throughout the land;
And shout "E Pluribus Unum!"
Each year, you see,
Our Jubilee—
Not being merely regal—
With bombs and drums
In triumph comes.
And loudly scorns the Eagle.
The little boy
Declares our joy
In manner most emphatic;
And eloquence
Grows too intense
For throats enthusiastic.

THE PATRIOTIC SMALL BOY.



Kind, considerate Uncle John furnishes Little
George with a supply of firecrackers, that he
may fitly demonstrate his patriotism and cele-
brate the day.



George ties a bunch on his sister's pet York-
shire, and finds it beats tin cans all to pieces.



He next notifies an equestrian that patriotism
is abroad in the land.



Finding kind Uncle John asleep on the back
porch, he thinks it would be great fun to give
him a little Fourth of July surprise.



Which is duly acknowledged by kind Uncle
John in a way calculated to discourage youthful
patriotism.

EVEN the heavenly bodies are not above
suspicion. Saturn has a ring and can't
get rid of it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tele-
graph.

kicked a hungry cur that refused to get out of
the way of Miss Erminie Moffatt, a maiden of
uncertain years and romantic ideas, who had
\$5,000 to her credit in the Ponca National Bank,
and the lady acknowledged the courtesy by
fainting in his arms. From that moment the
Hon. Fayke became her ardent admirer.
Behold him this lovely summer morning up-
on Miss Erminie Moffatt's front stoop.
"And now, thou adored of my heart, I fain
must tear myself from thy lovely arms, but
only for a little while, only a little while."
Those horrid committeemen take up so much
of your time, I am positively jealous of them."
"Ah, fair one, 'tis my country calls and I must
away. Upon this glorious day it is the duty of
every true citizen to sacrifice all personal con-
siderations for his country's welfare."
"Oh, you dear, noble man!"
"Have you—Erminie—that is, have you a—
everything in readiness for our flight?"
"Yes."
"Tis well. The hour for my speech approach-
es. A—of course you—have all your funds
out of the bank?"
"Yes."
"Again 'tis well. Remember, after my speech
the carriage, the flight, then—then, adored one,
a long, long dream of bliss in my vine-clad cottage
in sunny Italy."
"Oh, won't it be romantic?"
"Be prepared then. For the present, adieu."
"By-bye."
"Good-by."
"Good-by."
Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., took his
stately way to a grove of gnarled, sprawling
box-elders, whither the entire population of
Ponca, and of the county as well, had preceded
him. The grove was hemmed in on three sides
by a turf-dredging machine, the outside "creek,"
while on the peninsula that formed the remain-
ing boundary were gathered lumber wagons,
market wagons, democratic wagons, wagons new
and old—a wilderness of wagons. At the side
of the grove, just from the peninsula, and
almost overhanging the creek, a rude platform
had been erected to accommodate the orator of
the day, an organ, and the Ponca Glee Club.
Upon raised seats at the rear of this platform
were ranged thirty-eight young ladies dressed in
white and wearing red pasteboard coronets

him explain how he came to forget to procure
divorces from his other wives before he married
the third time. The committee was thus left
without the oration they had advertised so
much, and the celebration came very near end-
ing in a riot in consequence. We are glad of
it. We offered some time ago to deliver the
oration ourselves free gratis. But no; the com-
mittee must hire the Hon. Fayke at an
expense of \$50. The committee will have to
make up this amount themselves as well as
about \$200 more that the Hon. Fayke collected for
them but forgot to turn over. The Ponca Con-
solidated Comstock Mineral and Mining Com-
pany is also left to the extent of \$3,000 by Hon.
Fayke's management. In fact, nearly every
man in our city mourns the Hon. Fayke's de-
parture from \$10 to \$100 worth, and we under-
stand that a certain lady's property came very
near going along with the rest.

AFTER THE CELEBRATION.

HE sun climbs up,
but still the tyr-
rant Sleep
Holds fast our baby
boy in his em-
brace;
The slumberer sighs,
anon athwart his
face
Faint, half-suggested
frowns like shad-
ows creep.
One little hand lies
listless on his
breast.
One little thumb
sticks up with
mute appeal,
While motley burns
and powder marks
reveal
The fruits of boy-
hood's patriotic
zeal.
Our baby's faithful
poodle crouches
near—
He, too, is weary of the din and play
That come with glorious Independence Day.
But which thank God! come only once a year!
And Fido, too, has suffered in this cause,
Which once a year right noisily obtains,
For Fido's tail—or what thereof remains—
Is not so fair a sight as once it was.

A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

IRLS," called Mrs. Weather-
by, "your father is at the
door with the carry-all.
Hurry up, now. Where's
George Washington?"
"He's learning his piece,
ma; he's just been saying
it over, and it's splendid.
He's most ready."
"Well, we can't wait,
'cause Jim has gone on
with the provisions for the
whole lot; he's taken the
croquet set and the bean
candies—subordinated for
him by Sadie Snugglytug—
were plainly discern-
ible. He carried the
manuscript of his
Fourth of July oration
in one of the deep pockets
of the duster."
"Pile in," said Mr. Weatherby, cheerfully, as
he held the horse, that wouldn't have run a way
a dynamite explosion, not being that kind of
animal, "it's going to be real Fourth of July
weather. I reckon Jim's tired waitin', and the
rest of the folks'll think we ain't a comin'."
They piled in, George and the girls on the
back seat, while Mrs. Weatherby sat with "fath-
er" and helped drive.
George gave them a
specimen of what he
could do in the way of
orating, and they had
soon covered the five
miles at the end of
which they were to find
the picnic grounds. Jim,
the hired man, who
was a genius in his way, was to provide a code

of signals by which they would know where the
general camping grounds were situated.
"This is the right turn, I'll bet a covey,"
said Mr. Weatherby, reining in his horse all
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"I'll bet Squire Ford put
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"I'm a goin' in, all the same," said Mr. Weather-
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I can't see quite clear."
"Oh, mercy," cried the girls in concert, "there's
a dog barking. Just listen!"
Sure enough, a deep, hoarse barking could be
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they had turned on.
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George. "I wish I had
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"Here's the Snuggly-
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"Are the Indians coming?" shrieked Mrs.
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"B-b-be calm!" suggested the Deacon; "sp-eak
out—man!"
"What did you come here for?" gasped
Jim, when he got his breath; "didn't ye see all
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Didn't I bark like a dog for one straight hour?
I just think it's all-fired mean to treat a fellow
like that an' the tables all sot with the vittles,
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When it dawned upon them what Jim meant
they set up a shout that could have been heard
for a mile and began to
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for an exodus from their
present quarters. They
followed Jim back and
found the green glade laid
out like a park, with a vast
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"HE WAS HAULED OUT BY MEANS OF A ROPE THROWN OVER HIS SHOULDERS."

visited Ponca every twenty-four hours,
and going to the leading hotel, had ordered a
sumptuous feast, served in the best room in
the house. Very dignified in bearing was the
Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., very impress-
ive in conversation. True, his coat was in that
condition sometimes described as shabby, and
his shoes had certainly seen better days, but
the Hon. Fayke certainly felt that he was just
returning from a lengthened sojourn in his tin
mines in the Black Hills. Of course it was im-
possible in that beastly musing camp to ob-
serve all those little amenities of the toilet he
was accustomed to at his villa on the Hudson.
He was on his way, so he said, to look after
his best sugar interests in the South of France,
but hearing that there were indications of tin
in the vicinity of Ponca, had thought the rumor
worth investigating.
The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., visited
the bluff next to the town, in company with the
Mayor and a few influential citizens, secured
some specimens which he submitted to mysteri-
ous tests in the privacy of his apartments, and
announced that Ponca was underlaid by an
immense storehouse of mineral wealth of a value
too stupendous for the mind of man to con-
ceive. He was immediately elected president,
manager and treasurer of the Ponca Consolidat-
ed Comstock Mineral and Mining Company, and
urged to push the development of the store-
house to the utmost. Real estate values at

labeled in gilt, who were supposed to represent
the States of the Union.
Little girls in short, white dresses; young
ladies in long, white dresses; and portly mat-
rons in large, white dresses assisted their
brothers, sweethearts and husbands to work
the soft, black earth into a bottomless mine as
they tramped a ceaseless round from platform
to lemonade booth, and from lemonade booth
to the merry-go-rounds. The horse penitus
gave a party of boys were industriously firing
anvils, while innumerable begrimed and per-
spiring smaller brothers were exploding fire-
crackers with an energy they never exhibited
but on the Fourth. The horse penitus
neighed incessantly and the Ponca Cornet Band
executed its loudest music with tireless energy.
Altogether it was a delightfully patriotic pande-
monium into which Hon. Fayke's stately steps
laid him.
The Hon. W. McClellan Fayke, Esq., ascended
the platform and beamed benignly upon the
gaping multitude while the glee club rendered
"Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dan-dy."
Then the Hon. Fayke stepped to the front and
began:
"Friends and fellow-citizens:
"As the living representatives—as—as the lin-
eal descendants, I may say, of our illustrious
forefathers, it behooves us—"

pitch-board, and is going to find a place where
our folks can have it all to themselves."
By this time the girls had come down, dressed
in white cross-barred muslins, because, as one of
them economically remarked, "White will wash
and color run."
George Washington's voice could still be heard
up-stairs reciting the pa-
triotic speech which was
to delight the souls of
the Punykinville folks
at the picnic.
His mother waited as
long as she could, then
she called him in a voice
that admitted of no fur-
ther delay, and he came
down stairs halting in
plaid trousers and a long
linen duster, through
which a pair of blue sus-
pender-bands protruded
him by Sadie Snugglytug
—were plainly discern-
ible. He carried the
manuscript of his
Fourth of July oration
in one of the deep pockets
of the duster.
"Pile in," said Mr. Weatherby, cheerfully, as
he held the horse, that wouldn't have run a way
a dynamite explosion, not being that kind of
animal, "it's going to be real Fourth of July
weather. I reckon Jim's tired waitin', and the
rest of the folks'll think we ain't a comin'."
They piled in, George and the girls on the
back seat, while Mrs. Weatherby sat with "fath-
er" and helped drive.
George gave them a
specimen of what he
could do in the way of
orating, and they had
soon covered the five
miles at the end of
which they were to find
the picnic grounds. Jim,
the hired man, who
was a genius in his way, was to provide a code