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CLARKSBURG, W. VA., JULY 7, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 1588

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!



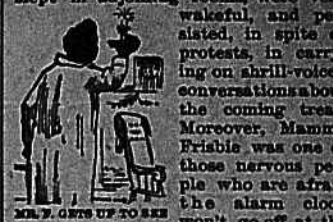
CLARKSBURG'S GALA DAY.

OUR BIG DAY. The Racing Association Gives a Day of Sport. A LARGE CROWD ATTENDS.

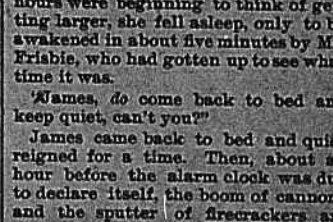
One of the most beautiful days of the season—not oppressively warm and not extremely cold—contributed to the many other features that made the 4th at Clarksburg a day very much enjoyed by many visitors. The crowd at the fair grounds numbered over four thousand, and what was most noticeable and talked about on all sides was the splendid order that prevailed. A festive day bringing four thousand people to Clarksburg and resulting in no extra work for the police, bringing no new boarders to the city "look-up," with no fighting and no drinking that was offensive to any well-behaved citizen, is indeed a beautiful record and speaks well for Clarksburg. Everybody appeared to be happy and contented. A large number of elegantly costumed and handsome ladies were seen everywhere one turned, and many of our distant visitors asked if we always presented such an array of beauty at our public gatherings? Of course we do and so we answered them. The amateur photographer was there—yes, he appeared everywhere with his little square box "loaded"—at no time was a group of pretty girls secure from the young man, who was ready in a moment to "press the button" and bear away with him their sweet faces to study at his leisure. If some rustic youth and his "highland Mary" happened to get affectionate the camera "hand" had them sure "pop."

THE FRISBIES' FOURTH.

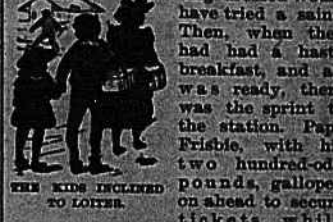
BY R. L. KETCHUM. Mr. Frisbie set down his cup with a satisfied sigh, and leaning back in his chair, smiled blandly at Mrs. Frisbie, who beamed at him from behind the coffee pot. Then he took a sweeping glance around the board at the little Frisbies, who, for the moment, were not making any noise. Mr. Frisbie cleared his throat impressively. "My dear," said he, "I have a little plan." And he smiled broadly and rubbed his hands together. "Yes?" said Mrs. F., interrogatively. "To-morrow will be the Fourth," went on the head of the house, ponderously, "and I have a plan to propose for spending the day. This beating of drums and screaming of fifes, this blare and confusion and sound of alleged music are all very painful to me, and I have stood it as many times as I propose to. The Fourth of July is a farce, madam, a screaming farce—not in its sentiment, understand me—not at all. No one is more patriotic than I. But it has been turned into a day devoted to noise and turmoil and confusion, which is wrong—and we ought to discountenance, by good example, the present way of celebrating our national holiday. My dear, let's all go down into the country, away from all this racket, and have a quiet, jolly little time all by ourselves. I know just the place to go. One of our customers, who lives at a little cross-roads about twenty miles out, has invited us to come and spend the day with him. What do you say?" Of course Mrs. Frisbie and the children were delighted, and it was immediately decided that Papa Frisbie was a brick to think of this plan. There was not much time in which to get ready. Mr. Frisbie thought no preparations were necessary beyond the purchase of the fireworks that he conceded to be indispensable to a proper celebration of the Fourth, but, of course, Mrs. Frisbie, woman-like, thought of a thousand things that had to be attended to, and all that long day, while Papa Frisbie was running around the city laying in fireworks and things, Mamma Frisbie and the cook baked and cooked and mixed and stirred, getting things ready for the picnic that was to be held at the cross-roads. Papa Frisbie deemed necessary to the fireworks, the success of the expedition. Papa Frisbie came home late for dinner, tired and footsore, and very cross. Mamma Frisbie was almost exhausted, and in a condition bordering on hysterics, and Mamma, who had been obliged to help her mother in the kitchen, was in a very disagreeable mood, and snapped at the younger Frisbies, who were never very good, and who, now,



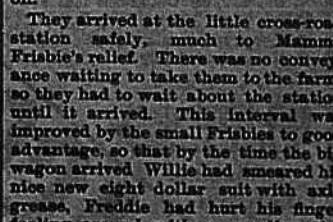
MR. F. SETS UP HIS PLAN.



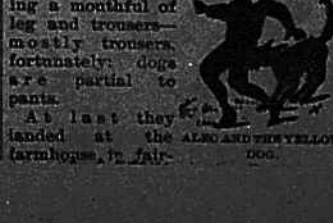
THE FOURTH IS A FARCE, MADAM!



THE KIDS ENJOINED TO LOITER.

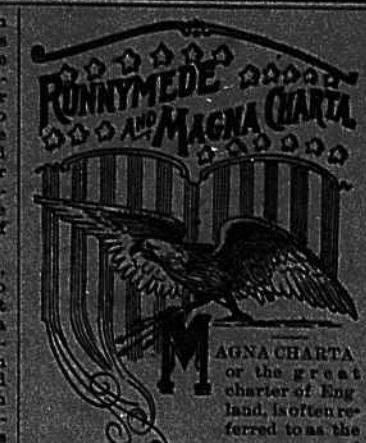


MAMMA AND MAMIE.



AT LAST THEY LANDED AT THE ALICE AND THE YELLOW FARMHOUSE, IN FAIR-

ly good condition, and Papa and Mamma Frisbie thought their troubles were over, but this is where they made a mistake. Mr. F. had hardly gotten settled, to smoke a restful cigar with his host, and his better half to indulge in a little talk with the hostess, when there was a wild scream from the barnyard, whither some of the youngsters had flown immediately upon their arrival. There was a rush to the rescue on the part of all hands. Small Janet had had the temerity, urged and abetted by her brothers, to make faces, at close range, at a lordly turkey gobbler, and now, with beads flying and eyes starting from her head, was deering from the bird's wrath, her short, fat legs making but indifferent time, while Mr. Gobbler was gaining upon her at every step, looking fierce enough to frighten even an older person than five-year old Janet. Janet was rescued and her parents went back to the house to rest and enjoy themselves, and had gotten comfortably seated when another scream brought them to their feet. This time it came from the mill pond, close by, and the way Papa Frisbie made time in that direction was well worth seeing. It was Mamma, this time. Mamma was sixteen, and felt herself quite a young lady. Mr. Billings, the host, had a younger brother who worked in his store, and this callow youth immediately fell a victim to the charms of the elder daughter of the house of Frisbie, who proudly took possession of him. Together they wandered down to the pond to take a row, and then there did Mamma proceed to step backward off the landing into just enough water to soak her thoroughly, new hat, new dress and all. Before dinner-time came, Alec had another accident. This time he fell out of the hayloft and sprained his wrist, thereby succeeding in placing a stop to his summer amusements. Willie was bitten by a frolicsome bull-calf, just before the bell rang for dinner, but this affair was of small moment, as his appetite exceeded his desire for sympathy. When, after much bustle and confusion, they were all (with the exception of Mamma, who was hiding her mortification and drying her clothes), bundled into the wagons, with the prospect of a day outdoors and supper in the woods, over by the creek, where Papa Frisbie proposed to fish, there was another diversion. Clouds began to gather, and it was quite apparent that it was going to rain. It did rain, too, and they all got pretty wet, and by the time it stopped raining, and their clothes were dry, it was too late to think of a picnic, even if the ground hadn't been wet. Then Freddie and a calf streaked out Willie. Willie sneaked out to play in the mud with the results usual in a case of that kind, plus a spanking administered by their long-suffering mother. But the pyrotechnics made the howling success of the day. If there was anything Papa Frisbie prided himself on, it was his ability to handle fireworks. He did very well at first, and the audience on the veranda encircled with vigor his feats with a long Roman candle and a couple of rockets. Then he tackled a pin-wheel, a big thing that seemed inclined to run things for itself, for before Mr. Frisbie gave it the word, and just as soon as he touched a match to it it kicked out behind, jumped around in the air and fell back into the big box of fireworks. Here was a demonstration! It did not take Mr. Frisbie long to decide that his presence was no longer required, and he started to fly, but, sad to relate, he happened to start across the croquet ground, and struck at least one wicket. At any rate, he hit the ground quite hard, and there he lay and howled for help, while Roman candles shot him, and rockets kicked him, and every other devilish invention in that box came forth and smote him hip and thigh. At two o'clock a. m., July 5, as Mrs. Frisbie, having put the children to bed, with weary hands endeavored to alleviate the sufferings of her lord and master, that person expressed his sentiments in regard to the way some people spend the Fourth. "Mph!" he said, in a tone of deep disgust. "Just like a woman. Weren't satisfied, of course, to stay decently in town, but had to go chasing off into the blooming country. Catch me indulging any more of your crazy freaks!" Mrs. Frisbie, who is a meek little woman, didn't say a word. —In the game of dress reform, when you are in doubt try your short suit.—Inter Ocean.



our declaration of independence. Fourth of July orators draw much of their inspiration from this old spring of English constitutional liberty. It will be in keeping with the traditions of Independence day to visit the place made memorable as the spot where the great English bill of rights was wrested from King John by the bold and liberty-loving barons. Before visiting Runnymede, let us take a look at the neighboring castle of King John and a glimpse of the surrounding country. The valley of the Thames boasts of but one tall, overhanging cliff, and rising from this lofty plateau (twenty-three miles west of London) the noble gray walls, pinnacles, battlements and towers of Windsor make up the most slightly object in the whole landscape of England. The castle rises from the wooded cliff, like a vision of enchantment. Its immense range and picturesque outline drawn against the sky recall youth's delightful pictures of fairyland. There is a mile of castellated wall between the old black curfew tower at our right and the palace at our left constituting the state apartments. Standing on the roof of the great central round tower of the old gray Keep of Edward Plantagenet, the crowning edifice of the castle, and with the scenes around us where poor, mad George III, deserted by his children, wandered aimlessly about with wild eyes and long white beard, bewildered and crazed, and knowing nothing except that he was utterly miserable, looked upon his American Fourth of July orators did not let their passions run away with them when hearing ferocious invectives against the King Lear of the eighteenth century. In this country, however, commanding the prospect, we see little but landscape; in Europe we see history. One looked through a vista of a thousand years in the view from Windsor castle. On the north side, flowing below the castle cliff, is the historic Thames. On its opposite bank, Eton and its famous schools. Yonder is Slough, where, with field glass, you may see the home of the elder Heribel. There is the many-gabled roof of Hampton, whose hero defied a king and precipitated the English revolution. Yonder distant spire and grove mark the scenes of the sweetest elegiac poem in the language and the grave of the poet—Stoke Pogis. The home park of the castle is a sylvan pleasure ground of five hundred acres, ornamented before the queen's apartments with fountains, parterres of flowers and statuary. The great park beyond is fourteen miles in circumference, and continuous to that is Windsor forest, having a circuit of fifty miles. But I can hardly restrain my impatience to be off, as the governor of the tower directs my gaze to a distant spot seen over the edge of the forest and whispers: "Runnymede!" I walked through Windsor forest to Runnymede. I scanned the famous meadows with my glass from the tower, but I wanted to stand upon the ground and kick up its very dust around me. It is said that a Yankee views everything with an eye to speculation. I believed I could prepare a better Fourth of July speech after standing on the spot where Magna Charta was wrested by his barons from the unwilling hands of King John. Walking three and one-half miles through a park and forest directly away from the river at Windsor, I struck its banks again and was not slow to conceive the origin of the town's name in this great bow of the winding Thames, or wind above. I joined here, too, the high road, which soon turned abruptly away from the river, and to follow the stream I crossed over a stile in a hedge and was at once upon the soil of Runnymede, a very level meadow spreading back half a mile to the Surrey hills and extending a couple of miles along the river side. Walking half its length, I stood opposite Magna Charta Island, so called to mark the contiguous spot on the main land where the conference took place between John and his angry barons. Here the lords and their retainers would rendezvous and send word over to the castle that they were ready for business, and it was business that admitted of no delay, when King John was sent for that day in June, Anno Domini 1215. On the meadow around me were pitched the gray pavilions. Charters, richly caparisoned, carrying mailed knights, were prancing about, or idly feeding upon the meadow grass, or fringing the river side at drink. Here stood the bold leaders in conference, awaiting their king, their glittering armor telling of earnest purpose; here the fierce debate ran on for days, and here the trembling monarch was made to sign the great charter restoring the liberties usurped by the crown, including the independence of

the citizen, the permanence of the courts of justice, the freedom of commerce, the writ of habeas corpus, in a word, the supremacy of English law over the English throne. I looked about me for a relic, but not for long. Taking up a handful of earth, "Why," I said to myself, "this very dust may have sanded Magna Charta!" It was at least a part of Runnymede, and I brought it away. G. W. VAN HORN. Good for Polly. "My parrot is a patriotic bird," said Breckins. "As to how?" asked Harlow. "On the Fourth of July she always says 'Polly wants a firecracker!'" MR. HICKS' ORATION. BY TOM F. MORGAN. Mr. Isham G. Hicks accepted with becoming modesty an invitation to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Kichyassett Corners. He composed his address with infinite pains, and practiced his gestures assiduously before the mirror. "The successful orator," he bragged to his wife, "must thrill his audience with the spontaneity of his eloquence and the sublimity of his conceptions. And that is exactly what I propose doing. I have always held that the office should seek the man, but if the idea of next November should find me the people's choice, why—ah—ah!" "I suppose so," assented Mrs. Hicks. Mr. Hicks was at Kichyassett Corners before Independence day, and repaired in due season to Splog's grove, where the celebration was held. Mrs. Hicks, owing to indisposition, did not accompany him to the Corners. Just before taking his place on the speaker's stand the orator was introduced to Mr. Splog, the owner of the grove, who informed him that while granting the use of the grove for a celebration, he reserved the right to shut out an offending orator's wind at any time. He was not hypercritical, but he opposed seditious utterances with all his might. After the usual preliminaries were gone through with, Mr. Hicks advanced upon the rostrum and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am but a humble son of soil—er—er—I mean, a soiled son of—" "A humble son of toil," promptly corrected Mr. Splog, who sat directly in front of the speaker's stand. "Thank you," returned Mr. Hicks. "A humble son of toil, and my language is plain and un—" "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," prompted Mr. Splog, as the orator hesitated. "Not at all," answered Mr. Hicks, a trifle nettled. "My language is plain and unadorned with the flowers of rhetoric. But standing, as it were—" "On the summit of Mount Pisgah," said Splog, cheerily. "This was maddening; but Mr. Hicks restrained himself heroically. "Standing, as it were, in the shadow of the four hundredth year-past in the life of America, let us pause to note the fruition of these years. But four hundred years ago Christopher Columbus—" "And other wild animals roamed—" prompted Splog, mechanically. "No! no!" the orator began to perspire freely. "Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic's trackless waste and landed on—" "This rock-bound coast." "No, sir!" Mr. Hicks' collar began to wilt. "That's so, by George! Rock-bound coast goes with the Pilgrim Fathers." The critic did not interrupt again for some time. Mr. Hicks advanced in peace from the discovery to the founding of the nation and proceeded thus: "The glorious ship of state has weathered the storms of adversity and sailed triumphantly into the snug harbor of universal prosperity. Of the undying tenets laid down by the immortal Washington not one jot or tittle—er—er—jot or tittle—that is, tit or jottle—um um!" "Jot or tittle," corrected Mr. Splog. "Thank you! Thank you! Not one jot or tittle have passed away. And now—" A few minutes before the balloon, contrary to all precedent, had really gone up, and at this moment a bag of sand, thoughtfully dropped by the aeronaut, struck the orator squarely on the head, knocking him senseless. A surgeon promptly resuscitated the unfortunate man, but he did not feel able to resume his speech. "I reckon it's just as well," commented Mr. Splog to a friend. "He never said anything about the continental congress or the land of the free, or the boy who now stands before us. He didn't even mention that the spot where we now stand was once a howling wilderness. I've had the pleasure of listening to over forty Fourth of July orations, and I reckon I know what's what. This one was no good!"



SOMETHING DROPPED.