

OUR CELEBRATION.

**Cannon Boomed, Brass Bands
Crashed Forth Patriotic
Musical Strains.**

**Calithumpians Paraded, the Fire
Crackers Popped, and
Patriotism Reigned.**

THE SMALL BOY WAS "IN IT,"

**As was also Mothers, Fathers,
Sisters, Brothers, Every
One, in Fact.**

A GOOD TIME HAD BY ALL.

With the awakening of the dawn of the "Glorious Fourth" pealed forth the heavy boom of the cannon, with a salute to the arrival of the birthday of our nation. Quite a heavy rain fell during the night before, but Old Sol arose in all his majestic splendor and swept away the dark clouds hovering over the earth, bidding them retire, that the heavens might be undimmed and bright on this the great Independence Day.

At any early hour vehicles of all descriptions might be seen coming from all directions and by 10 o'clock a large crowd had gathered to share in the festivities.

The Calithumpian parade first claimed the attention of the assembly. This imposing spectacle first burst into view on Stee's avenue, much to the mirth and surprise of those witnessing the same. First in the procession came a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, the wagon occupied by four kids who had a banner displayed bearing the legend "Big 4." Directly behind this and drawn by the same motive power (which, by the way, was very appropriate) came a take-off on "Jim Hill's streak of rust," namely, a representation of an engine, full of barrels, boxes, etc., and which bore the ensign "G. N., No. 38." This was acknowledged by all to be the best thing out, and was awarded the first prize by the judges. The next in the procession came a wagon on which was builded a fence with a kid straddling the same, in one of the posts of the fence were signs one reading "Steele County Tribune", another, "Free Trade", while still another displayed the words, "Single Tax." It was a great advertisement for Bro. Hunt and the Tribune. Then came a take-off on the hardware stores, which was very good, then a ramshackle buggy whose occupant represented Baby McKee, then came a lone individual riding an ox, while the rear was brought up by some one dressed up as a country belle and three characters representing a man, woman and their child, who had come in to take in the sights. These latter were very laughable characters and secured the second prize. An industrial parade had been arranged, the vehicles of which were to have been drawn by an engine, but the heavy condition of the roads from the rain the previous night prevented this feature.

Immediately after the parade came the horse races, which were quite exciting. The first was a pony race, in which were entered three horses—Laramore's "Calico Jim", Hugh Carpenter's pony and one belonging to Frank Doyle. "Calico Jim" took first money and Doyle's pony second. Then followed a race between H. H. Baker's horse "Ike" and Wilson's horse "Thurman". The race was won by "Thurman", best two in three.

After dinner the crowd assembled at the band stand to hear the address of Hon. R. F. Spaulding. The address was short, but was full of vigor, eloquence and patriotism. It was a masterly effort, and Mr. Spaulding won many encomiums and words of praise from the assembly.

Following the address were some appropriate selections from the bands, after which the crowd assembled at the ball grounds to witness the game between the fats and leans. The boys played like professionals and the game won the attention and applause of the spectators throughout. It resulted in a victory for the leans by a score of 20 to 9.

After the ball game the people witnessed rare sport in the efforts of a number of persons to climb the greased pole, the successful climber to secure five dollars. There were numerous attempts and as many failures until one lucky individual happened to get the right cinch upon the business and went to the top.

After this came field sports, such as wheelbarrow, potato and foot races, the prizes of which were hotly contested, and furnished the crowd interesting sport. The greased pig race did not come off, owing to the fact that the pig got away from the mooring, where he was confined by the committee, and as such committee had had the animal in training for fast running so long, he shot across the prairie like a streak of lightning at a gait impossible for even a racing steed to overtake, and so was lost. He is probably still running.

The ball given in the evening by the Hope band boys was a great social and financial success, and the boys deserved everything they got out of it, as they had several tempting offers from different places to play for a good round sum on that day, but patriotism and pride kept them at home, and the offers were refused. The band boys will be remembered for their generosity and unselfishness.

As we remarked before a large crowd gathered in Hope on the 4th, and all went home at a late hour perfectly satisfied that Hope always does just what she advertises to do, and expressing themselves as being well pleased with the day's festivities.