

THEY LIVE THROUGH

Ten little firecrackers, looking fit and fine;
One dropped off the bunch—then there were nine.

Nine little firecrackers, awaiting their fate;
One became a squizzer, then there were eight.

Eight little firecrackers (three shy of eleven);
One lost its fuse, and there remained seven.

Seven little firecrackers lying on the bricks;
A goat swallowed one and overlooked six.

Six little firecrackers glad to be alive,
Water wetted one but never touched five.

Five little firecrackers in readiness to roar;
One proved noiseless, reducing them to four.

Four little firecrackers waiting lit to be;
One's still waiting, so there only were three.

Three little firecrackers not knowing what to do,
One did nothing and left more work for two.

Two little firecrackers their task almost begun;
Half of them got stepped upon, leaving just one.

One little firecracker, bound to make good,
Blow off baby's fingers as well as it could.

Winning a Goddess

"Celebrate? Of course we can't celebrate in this town. We can't do nothing until we get together." Postmaster Haston threw away his cigar impatiently and turned to the group of villagers.

"Maybe that's so, but it ought not to be. Just because the cattlemen live in the north end and the land owners in the south they ought not to quarrel," replied Harry Morse, son of Banker Morse, and just home from college.

"We'll get up our own then," suggested somebody, "and let's meet tomorrow night. Fourth of July will be here in a week."

Harry on his wheel met Led Norton, the son of the owner of Hat Six ranch, on horseback a day later and the two young men rode side by side across the level plain for a time. Harry told his companion of the arrangement.

"That's all right," was the reply. "The north end is goin' to perform, too. These old fogies may fight if they want to, but we won't be so foolish. We can't help it, of course, but let's go in for some fun out of it anyhow."

"I'm with you. We are to have a goddess of liberty in a flag dress and a golden crown. You can't guess who it is to be."

"That homely Miss Lyons, of course. She always forces herself to the front."

"Wrong—Miss Dorine Vandele."

"Why, her father is worth half a million."

"Well, she will do anything for me," with a satisfied air.

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it?" and the cattle king-to-be rode away. In his heart was a little bitterness, for Dorine was to him something better than the rest of the girls of the town, north or south, and he did not like at all the tone of his companion's expression.

So North Mayville prepared for its parade and speeches, and South Mayville did the same. Harry and Led met often and exchanged notes as to the progress of the work. It was to be a very bitter rivalry.

For days the two sections of the town were excited. The tales of the doings of "the other side" were related with great exaggeration. Dorine heard them and wondered if her party was to be so very much outshone.

"They tell me that they are getting up a caricature of me," she said to Harry.

"They would not dare," was the eager response. "If they did I would punish the author myself."

"Who is in charge of the other side?"

"Led Norton, of course." Dorine's color heightened, but Harry did not notice it. He was at last rewarded by securing her promise that she would act the principal part in the parade. He went away wondering how he could arrange it so that he might be near her on the glorious occasion.

On the eve of the important day there was a gathering in the back room of the Cattlemen's Club. Around the table sat six of the largest owners of stock on the range. They talked of the morrow.

"I am in favor of knocking them out once for all," Colonel Norton was saying. "That side of the town has got to be wiped out eventually or our property will be worthless. Let's scare their old parade out of sight and let them see that we are running the town."

Some objection was raised, but in the end the worthies were all satisfied with a plan that promised dire trouble for the neighboring burg. But only the six cattle barons knew of it when the morning dawned. The rivalry



Western towns does not permit of much confidence or exchange of courtesies.

There was another conference that night, but the cattlemen did not know of it. Only two were in it—Harry and Led. When they parted it was with a laugh and a merry call from the former: "It will be fun for all of 'em."

Independence Day dawned with the beauty of the prairie skies shining over the town. It was a day for the young to rejoice in and for the old to be thankful for. Mayville was astray early and there was not a resident who did not feel that he was interested in the celebration, both for the purpose of making for his side the best showing possible and to outdo the opposition. The rival parades started at 10 o'clock.

The two young men were the respective marshals of the day and each guided his troops as best he could through the crowds that filled the streets. The south enders were gorgeous in their finery from the stores. The Goddess of Liberty rode on a float all by herself and the horses were gayly fitted out for the occasion with ribbons and bunting. The north end had a more sedate, but more expensive aggregation. It had in line all the cowboys of the ranch owners and there were some fancy riders among them who could and did make the onlookers wonder at their skill.

As the bands played and drowned out the noise of each opposition company the two marshals of the day led the lines toward a tree-lined avenue and then with a quick turn brought them out plump against each other in the broad street! It was the most exciting time of the town's history. The men were mad and the women indignant—the children alone were happy. They saw two parades instead of one.

But suddenly something else happened. Out of the grove that hid a stable sprang a number of men with guns. They leaped into the road and fired them with deafening reports. It was intended to frighten the south enders and it did. It also frightened the others, for the parades were there together.

"My stars, what a panic," exclaimed Colonel Norton. "I wish we had not done it."

Well he might. The teams went here and there, out of the control of the drivers. Then one was seen running down the street—it was the one with the Goddess of Liberty. Behind it went two riders—Harry and Led. It was a race for a life. The two young men were well mounted, but they had swift horses to catch. At the end of the road was a hill and down at the bottom a bridge. Their time was

short. On one side rode one and on the other his rival. Now both realized that they were to test the love of the woman they both admired.

Dorine clung to the wagon, which pitched and wavered, alone on the vehicle.

"Here," shouted Harry, "jump to me and I will hold you!"

"Here," put in Led, in that strong tone of his, "let me catch you! I'll come alongside."

She looked from one to the other. Even in the terror of the position she saw something of the situation and wished for an instant that she could escape making a choice before the crowd. But a look ahead told her that that was impossible—now was her time.

The hill was nearer and nearer. The people were wondering why she did not leap, for they saw it was impossible for the riders to stop the team. Suddenly she satisfied them. With an abandon that showed how strong was her faith, she threw herself far from the wagon—toward Led Norton.

The young gentleman was ready for the duty of the minute. He reached out his strong right arm and as she came to him threw it around her waist. With a quick motion he turned her to the saddle and then brought his horse back toward the center of the crowd.

"She jumped into the arms of a north ender!" exclaimed a dozen of her friends, "for shame!" But Dorine seemed not to care. She smiled at them when she rode back with Led's arm around her, and Harry was glad that he went on to catch the team and was not there to see.

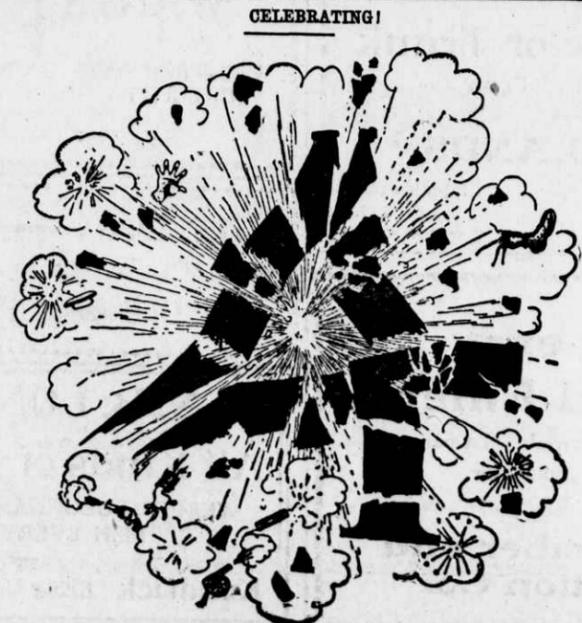
"That was a smart trick of yours," said Mr. Norton to his son, a day or two after.

"Not so smart as that of yours and the rest in trying to frighten and break up the south enders' parade," was the reply. "It did good in two ways; it won me a wife and put the two towns on a friendly basis."

"What do you mean, sir? A wife—and friends!"

"Miss Vandele promised me to marry me as we rode back from the runaway and the people were so thoroughly mixed by the fright that they will quarrel no more. A marriage between the two leading families will help straighten things, too, don't you think?"

Mr. Norton did not say what he thought—perhaps he did not think anything fit for expression. As for his son he was more than satisfied. He had won a goddess, as he put it, and had healed a neighborhood quarrel, and that was glory enough for one Fourth of July.



NORTHWEST NEWS ITEMS

NOTES SELECTED FOR BUSY READERS.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN MONTANA, IDAHO, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON STATE NEWS.

Bert and Rich Webber, prosperous young ranchers of Condonally, with their hired man, the ferryman and 20 head of horses, were drowned in the Columbia river at Wild Goose Bill's ferry recently while attempting to cross the river.

Recently Bill Allen, a notorious Indian outlaw, recognized as one of the worst men in the upper country, was killed by Little Tom, another Indian, in a fight.

Water from the Mabton siphon is being used by land owners around Mabton and new orchards and alfalfa fields are rapidly taking the place of the sagebrush.

President E. A. Bryan of Washington State college has bought the Starbuck electric lighting and power plant for his son.

Francis J. D. Wolf one of the first settlers of the northwest, died at the Vivian ranch, near Meyers Falls, Thursday from senile decay.

A meeting of all old settlers of Pomeroy and Garfield county is called for July 10 at the courthouse in Pomeroy to organize a pioneer association. Those eligible must have resided in Garfield county continuously since 1884.

Victor C. Colby, a real estate salesman, aged 50 years, who came to Seattle with his family from Quincy, Fla., six months ago, committed suicide Saturday.

With the arrest near Winona of three horse thieves, two of whom have since confessed, the authorities have made what they consider one of the most important captures in recent months.

Mrs. Mary F. Weber of Tacoma, aged 31, shot herself through the right temple Saturday.

The plant of the Tacoma Gas Light company has been purchased by a Chicago syndicate headed by H. M. Byllesby & Co.

Dr. N. Fred Essig is seriously ill at his residence in Spokane.

Only bottled milk will be sold in Tacoma hereafter.

The South Tacoma car shops have received orders to at once begin the construction of 700 freight cars for the handling of increased business of the Northern Pacific system.

Soliciting contributions to a fund to make a test case of the anti-cigarette law, dealers interested in having the measure declared unconstitutional have placed subscription papers in 30 cigar stands in Spokane.

The trial of Mrs. F. M. Fitzsimmons, charged with assaulting James Mulroney with a horse whip, was held at Issaquah Wednesday. She pleaded guilty and was fined \$50 and costs, which were paid.

The business men of Othello have formed a commercial club.

Chris Schoening, a blacksmith, committed suicide recently at Seattle.

Frank Fortin, an Italian foreman of a gang of Italians employed by the city, was crushed to death in a sewer cave-in at Tacoma recently.

The annual convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, recently held at Seattle, covered a broader and more comprehensive scope and was attended by a greater number of delegates than any gathering in the history of the federation. Topics of every nature, home, civic, educational, fraternal, charitable and physical, were discussed, reports given of the progress of movements under way, and recommendations made for future consideration and action. In the closing session the federation took a stand against cigarettes, urging the local clubs to action causing the enforcement of the new law, and also condemned the "chaingang" system and other methods of handling criminals.

Henry Grasser, 35 years of age, while working between the walls of a newly finished concrete foundation at Spokane was crushed to death recently.

C. E. Jackson, a young homesteader of the Tunk valley, was drowned in the Columbia a short distance below Bridgeport and his body has not yet been found. His father, who lives in Holland, Mich., has been notified.

The secretary of the Okanogan Project Water Users' association has issued a call for a mass meeting of water users to be held July 7 at Omak, Riverside and Okanogan, and a general mass meeting to be held July 17 in Omak.

OREGON SQUIBS.

Stockmen living adjacent to the Wenaho national forest in eastern Oregon and Washington are preparing to organize to hunt cougars.

Francis Richter of Portland gave his first piano recital in London Saturday. There was a large attendance and the critics are most complimentary in their references to the musician.

George Robbins has been arrested on a charge of having killed Mrs. Emaline Casto, his father's housekeeper, near Hood River Saturday. Mrs. Casto was found, beaten to death, by William Robbins, a brother. Money known to be in possession of the woman was missing, and the authorities think robbery was the motive of the deed.

MONTANA NOTES.

Arthur P. Heinze, vice president of the United Copper company, gave bond Saturday in the sum of \$2,500 in the district court of New York for his appearance for sentence on October 13. The court decided to hold the threat of a jail sentence over the convicted man for a time pending developments as to the whereabouts of the books.

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IDAHO ITEMS.

With about \$1600 subscribed and partly paid in and nearly \$600 more in sight, contracts signed with two bands, the fireworks ordered, committees at work, the success of the Fourth of July celebration at Wallace is assured.

John E. Chapman, for several years teller of the Lewiston National bank, is held under \$5,000 bond to the grand jury by United States Commissioner E. O'Neill on a charge of making a false entry on the bank books. Clarence Robnett, former bookkeeper of the same institution, waived preliminary examination and was held under \$10,000 bond to the grand jury on a charge of embezzlement of \$9,715.

Because the tribesmen of the Nez Perce reserve believe that the government is seeking to take the Indian lands, caused the defeat of the resolutions which would have clothed the Indian department with authority to lease 32,000 acres of Indian forests. The department will be compelled to leave the lands as they are until the tribe is convinced that it is best to authorize the leasing of them.

The tramway which carries the Nez Perce prairie grain down the steep hillside to Tramway, a siding on the Clearwater branch of the Northern Pacific, will not be discontinued as reported.

Thomas McGuire, a pioneer of Camas prairie, died recently from a stroke of paralysis.

A double epidemic has struck Wallace. Two little girls of that place which was the focus of a sensation during the last session of the legislature, was practically killed recently by the action of the land board in laying the question over six months.

are now suffering from diphtheria and scarlet fever at the same time. The quarantine is being strictly enforced and children are rarely seen on the streets.

The body of Louis Hitt was found recently in his cabin in the upper Snake river district, in central Idaho.

The 22d annual encampment of the Idaho G. A. R. adjourned its session Friday at Caldwell, after adopting resolutions praising Governor Brady and his administration. A resolution was also adopted giving financial support to a historical display. It was decided to hold the next encampment at Lewiston. Stewart Young of Rathdrum was elected commander; Willard White of Boise, senior, and J. H. Hart of Nampa, junior vice commander. Mrs. Anna Tripelov of Weiser was elected president of the Women's Relief Corps.

The funeral of the late M. J. Shields, who died at his home in Moscow was held Saturday morning at the Catholic church.

"I'll be deviled!" said the ham.
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"I'll be darned!" said the sock.
"I'll be stumped!" said the tree.
"I'll be blowed!" said the horn.
"I'll be hanged!" said the picture.
"I'll be damned!" said the stream.
—Judge.

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Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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Headache

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Hardware Savings

Door Holders, keep swinging doors in any position, 75cts.

Special Prices on Windows

Fancy Brass Hinges, including screws, per pair 10c

Door Bumpers per doz 20c

Pure Mixed Paints per gallon, \$1.50

Good Shingle Stain, per gallon, 70c

Two Inch Conductor Pipe per foot, 5c

China Closet Hinges, including screws, per pair, 4c

Basket Hinge Hump, with screws, 2c.

Write for List "K."

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Senders, or sent prepaid for 30 cents.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., B'klyn., N. Y. Sp. N. U. 1909 No. 27

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A FULL POUND, 25c.

Get it from your Grocer

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