

TEN LITTLE FIRECRACKERS

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 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; Blew off baby's fingers as well as it could.

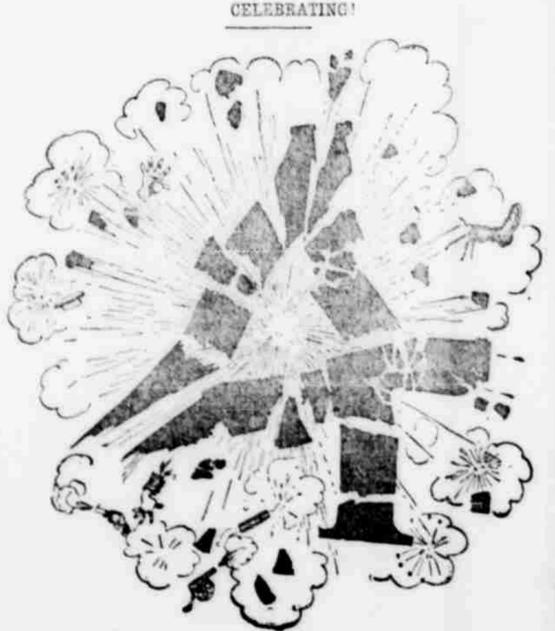
Winning a Goddess

"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 to-morrow 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 going to perform, too. These old fogies may fight it 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 outdone. "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 not be 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 Cattleman'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 of



This is no time for mirth or laughter. The cold grey dawn of the morning after.

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 gaily 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



GEORGE MEREDITH.

English Readers Throughout World Moura Death of Novelist. George Meredith, English poet and novelist, who passed away recently in his unpretentious cottage in Box Hill, Surrey, has endeared himself to English readers throughout the world for many years. He was born in Hampshire, Eng., Feb. 12, 1828, and was left an orphan early in life. Until the age of 15 he was educated in Germany, and before he was 23 years old he had published poems and a novel. He devoted himself to writing. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," which was published in 1859, was received with great praise and has been widely read since then. His early life in London was an unceasing struggle against poverty, and he was hampered at the outset of his literary career with pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Meredith possessed in a marked degree the three grand qualities which are essential to the making of the novelist—analytical power, narrative capacity and humor. A notable feature of the genius of Meredith was his power of understanding women. There is hardly a more lovable woman in any fiction than Diana Merion; then in "The Ad-



GEORGE MEREDITH.

ventures of Harry Richmond" he meet with that exquisite creation Princess Ottilia, and in "Emilia in England," with Emilia herself, the wild child of nature. Mr. Meredith was a serious humorist. His books are replete with quaint drolleries, but his fun was the outcome of his cynical way of looking at human nature. "Life," he says in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "is a supreme procession with ironic laughter of gods in the background." The laughter is not all that of the gods, for George Meredith laughed, too, though there was a spice of sadness in his laughter, as one of who had looked out upon the world and had found little there to cheer him. Nay, Meredith's humor suggested that he made haste to laugh lest he should weep, and at best his laughter was charged with bitterness. Mr. Meredith married twice. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, an English humorist, to whom he dedicated one of his first books. After twelve years his wife died, leaving him one son, and Mr. Meredith married again and settled down at Box Hill, Surrey. His second wife died Sept. 17, 1885, leaving a son and a daughter. Of late years he lived quietly at Box Hill. He kept himself in almost complete seclusion, seeking recreation mainly in long country walks. He was regarded as the dean of English men of letters, and received from the King the Order of Merit. On his 80th birthday, Feb. 21, last year, he was honored by the leading literary men of Great Britain with an address of congratulation. His American admirers also sent their greetings, drawn up by Prof. Charles Elliot Norton, and signed by such men as Mark Twain, Henry James, Richard Watson Gilder, George W. Cable and William Dean Howells.



Mr. C. Tracy-Kennedy is taking much needed recreation at Indian Lake. Quite Clean. Manager—You say this is a play of the alms. Is it a clean play? Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a white wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American. Crossed. "Father, what are wrinkles?" "Fretwork, my boy, fretwork."—In dependent. Even in the face of the kind of hats they are wearing this spring, there are some women who claim they haven't their "rights." Taking the average for the world, there is one newspaper for \$2,000 in habitants.

THE BANK OF ECHO, ECHO, OREGON. CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000 FULLY PAID UP. We sell New York Exchange payable at any place in the United States. We solicit the Banking Business of this Locality.

The Louvre. Near Beer, Soft Drinks, Cigars, Tobacco, Tropical Fruits, Nuts, Etc. A Share of Patronage Solicited. Bert Longenecker, Prop. Corner Main and Dupont Streets

Hotel Echo Restaurant. M. H. Gillette, Prop. THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS ALWAYS ON THE TABLE Give me a trial

The Echo Register \$2 a Year. Twice-a-week OREGON JOURNAL

O.R.&N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC TO Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, New York. LOW RATES. Tickets to and from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe.

The QUELLE. GUS LAFONTAINE, Prop. Restaurant and Oyster House Meals at all Hours 25c Open all Night. OYSTERS, CRACKED CRAB, CRAWFISH, CLAMS, ETC., ETC. Everything New and Up-to-date 626 Main Street, Lafontaine Block.

U. D. HOLMES Contractor and Builder. Estimates Furnished On Application. HOTEL HOSKINS - Echo, Ore

A New Hotel In PENDLETON Hotel Bowman. Judd Fish, Manager. Rooms 50c to \$1.50 (With Bath)

PATENTS. PROCURED AND DEFENDED. CASNOW & CO. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. 523 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Echo Livery Stable. BARNER & CUNHA, Props. Under new management. First class livery rigs. Best of care taken of horses left in our charge. Good rigs, good horses. Hay and grain for sale. Come and see me. ECHO, OREGON

Oregon Nursery Company. First Class Stock and True to Name. R. G. ROSS, Local Representative Hermiston, Oregon. PULL TOGETHER FOR ECHO. PULL TOGETHER FOR ECHO.

WHY send to Mail order Houses for Watches when you can buy a Genuine 21 Jewel Hampden movement in a 20 year Case for \$20; or a 23 Jewel movement in 20 year Case at the same price. W. L. KNIGHT, Echo, Oregon.