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"I was suffering from pain in my  
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liver and kidneys did not work right,  
but four bottles of Electric Bitters  
made me feel like a new man."  
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**JOBSON ON THE FOURTH**

"ER—are we going away any-  
where over the Fourth?"  
timidly ventured, Mrs. Job-  
son at the breakfast table.  
"Going away—for what?" inquired  
Mr. Jobson, glowering at her over the  
rambler roses in the middle of the  
table.  
"Why," said Mrs. Jobson, "to escape  
the noise and"—  
"Escape nothing!" cut in Mr. Jobson  
gloomily. "How you going to escape  
it? Hire a balloon and escape to Spitz-  
bergen? Hike to the Mohave desert?  
I'd be considerably obliged to you if  
you would suggest how anybody can  
get away from this darnphool Fourth  
of July nonsense, madam, but you can't  
do it. It's not to be done."  
"Well, then," interposed Mrs. Job-  
son, "it is settled that we are not to go  
away over the Fourth and that"—  
"It is pretty near settled, Mrs. Job-  
son, if I say so," replied Mr. Jobson  
grandly.

"We are not only not going away,  
but we are going to remain closely  
bottled up in this fortress from the  
beginning of the day to the end there-  
of. I'm going to take all of the screens  
out of the windows and pull the win-  
dows down tight, so as to exclude as  
much of the racket as possible, and  
then I'm going to retire to the attic,  
where I want my meals served to me  
throughout the day."

Mr. Jobson was in a pretty chipper  
and cheerful frame of mind when he  
woke up on Fourth of July morning.  
He ate a whopping breakfast, and af-  
ter breakfast he sat in the front room  
at the window, reading the paper and  
smoking his cigar and gazing out at  
the youngsters firing their crackers  
and torpedoes.

"Those youngsters don't get the good  
out of their firecrackers that us fel-  
lers used to when I was a kid," he  
observed to Mrs. Jobson. "They don't  
get enough noise out of 'em. And  
they don't know how to nurse and  
hoard their firecrackers. Why, I'll bet  
those kids never heard of shooting 'em  
off under a dish pan, and"—

That suggested something to Mr.  
Jobson. He sneaked out the basement  
way, went around the corner to a fire-  
works shop and presently returned  
with an armful of firecrackers. Then  
he slunk in the basement way and  
copped out Mrs. Jobson's second best  
dishpan. Then he went out again and  
beckoned a bunch of the firecracker  
shooting youngsters in a vacant lot.

"Hey, you fellers," he called to the  
delighted boys, "come on along here  
and I'll show you some shootin' of  
firecrackers as is what you might call  
shootin'."

When Mrs. Jobson went over there  
an hour or so later to summon Mr. Job-  
son to lunch he was firing off the final



"COME ON, FELLERS, WE'LL HAVE SOME  
REAL NOISE."

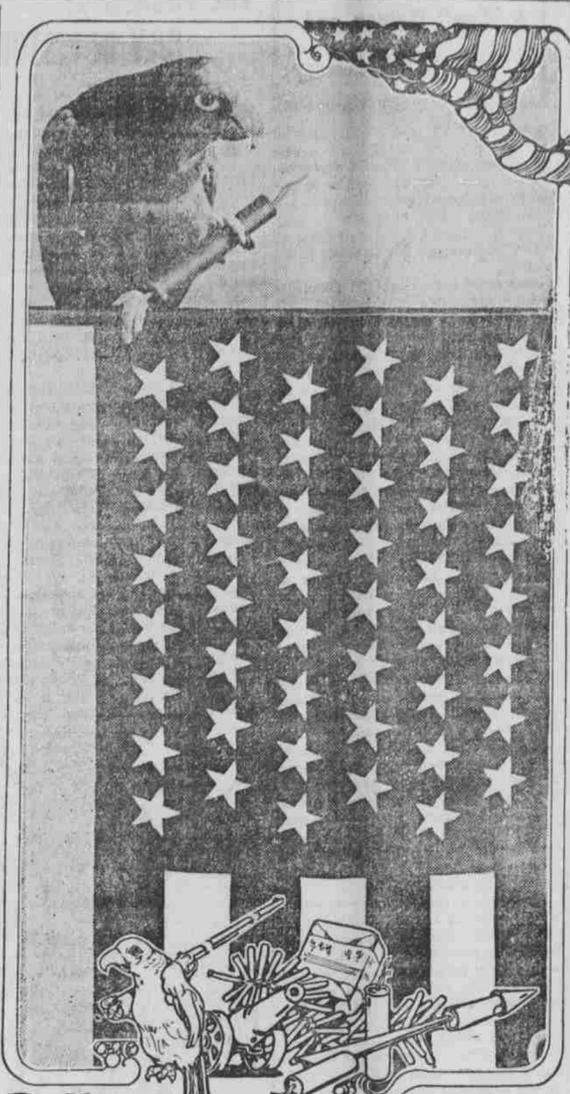
package of his stock of crackers un-  
derneath the dishpan, and the noise he  
was making was something terrific.

"Haven't had so much fun since  
Hector was a pup," he panted delig-  
edly to Mrs. Jobson as he gobbled his  
lunch. "Didn't know there was so  
darned much fun to be had out of such  
simple things as firecrackers. We're  
all boys and girls at heart, old lady,  
and it's only these gloomy nuttunheads  
that allow 'emselves to grow old."

"Well, it hasn't been such a noisy  
Fourth after all, has it?" ventured Mrs.  
Jobson after it was all over.

Mr. Jobson darted a suspicious look  
at her.

"Oh, you can just put those sneers of  
yours in a tin and seal 'em up, mad-  
am," growled Mr. Jobson. "I know  
what your crack means—that I've con-  
tributed a little to what you call the  
noise. Well, if I have I'll stand for it,  
madam, and I've got no apologies to  
make. This is a free country, you'll be  
pleased to remember, and we're cele-  
brating the day that made it free, and  
if I ever become so blamed atrophied  
in my sentiments and balled up in my  
patriotism that I resent a little extra  
outbreathing of praiseworthy and com-  
mendatory noise on the Fourth of July,  
like some affected and alleged nice-  
niecey folks that I could mention, I  
want to be run into the Potomac river  
by a pack of ferocious rabbits, madam,  
and that's about all the reply I need  
to make to you."—Washington Star.



**Polly wants a Cracker  
and gets it.**

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The poet you should read—  
Burns.  
The place you should go to—  
Fire island.  
The author you should read—  
Bangs.  
The food you should eat—  
Crackers.  
The artist you should admire—  
Gunn.  
The actress you should see—  
Starr.  
The humorist you should read—  
Shute.  
The politician you should hear—  
Cannon.  
The kind of type this skit should  
be set in to make it appropriate—  
CAPS.  
—F. P. Pitzer in Judge.

JULY FOURTH.  
Same old speeches,  
Same old flags,  
Same old rockets,  
Same old jags,  
Same old music,  
Same old noise,  
Same old crackers,  
Same old boys,  
Same old picnics,  
Same old dread,  
Same temptation,  
Same old head,  
Same old fires,  
Same old lights,  
Same old crowds and  
Same old fights,  
Same old cannons,  
Same old thrills,  
Same old cheers and  
Doctor's bills,  
Same old brightness,  
Same display,  
Same old gladsome  
Natal day.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Safe and Sane?**



—Skidmore in Human Life.

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Consists of 1100 acres, divided into  
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be put in, and all under good ditch; 800  
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plenty of water the year around. One of  
Eastern Oregon's Best Propositions.  
**\$14 per acre; \$8000 cash; good  
terms on balance.**

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Is a creek farm of 950 acres; 500  
acres of good wheat land; 25 acres now  
growing alfalfa, and as much more can  
easily be put in as it comes under ditch.  
Small orchard, small house with water  
piped in from good spring on place; barns  
and other buildings.  
**\$11 per acre; half cash; terms on  
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A GENERAL PURPOSE FARM.

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in, making nearly 100 acres that come  
under ditch. On this ranch three good  
crops of alfalfa are grown each year and  
but one irrigation is required; it is sub-  
irrigated by from 15 to 20 springs on the  
place. There is a good orchard of 150  
choice bearing fruit trees; 9-room resi-  
dence with water piped in from spring;  
large sheep shed and other outbuildings.

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**Price \$11 per acre; half cash; easy  
terms on balance.**

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the figure offered.

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ures.

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separately as desired.

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