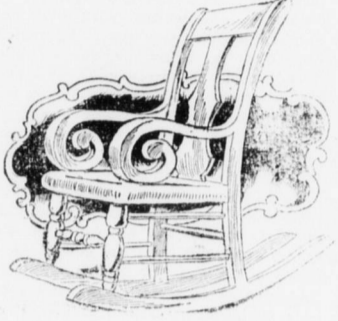


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ROCKERS

of solid Mahogany, Oak, Mahogany finish, etc. Rockers of every size and kind, for the parlor, bedroom or piazza.

**OUR FURNITURE**

is all thoroughly well made and moderately priced.

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**Emporium Coal Yard**

**EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.**  
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Shingles, Lime, Wall Plaster, Portland Cement, COAL, and WOOD, Red Brick, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, Sewer Pipe and Fittings, Bowker's Fertilizer and Land Plaster, Agricultural implements

In connection with our **Machine Shop** Gas, Water and Steam Fitting, Iron Pipe, Fittings, Valves and a general line of factor supplies. IRON and BRASS CASTINGS. OFFICE OF COAL YARD at Machine Shops. **EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.**

**Special Notice**

Having purchased our stock of HEATING STOVES for Wood, Coal and Gas early in the summer, when business was exceptionally bright, and the future outlook for a good business during the fall and winter months of 1907. But instead of the good business as we expected, the financial flurry which swept the country, putting a serious dampner on business, during the fall and winter therefore we did not sell the stoves as we expected. Owing to the above facts we have on hand several heating stoves which we will sell as follows:

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| 4.50 Stoves at ..... 3.98     | 10.00 Stoves at ..... 8.98    |
| 5.50 Stoves at ..... 4.98     | 12.00 Stoves at ..... 10.78   |
| 8.25 Stoves at ..... 7.38     | 15.00 Stoves at ..... 13.48   |

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**Plumbing, Tinning, Hot Water and Steam Heating a Specialty.**  
**F. V. HEILMAN & CO.**

**Not Far to Go.**

The reporter hurried up to the scene of the accident. A workman engaged on some scaffolding had missed his footing and had fallen many feet into the street below. Then the reporter went off to interview the unfortunate man, who luckily had escaped with a very severe shaking and a few nasty bruises, and asked sympathetically: "Did you have vertigo, my man?" "Oh, no, sir; only about thirty-five feet. Quite far enough for me, though."—Pearson's.

**An Effective Scarecrow.**

A scarecrow used by a farmer in the north of England not only scared every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he had carried to his nest three days before.—London Tit-Bits.

**Grateful.**

"And now," said the talkative man at the concert, "suppose at a time like this you were all alone in the world. What would you do with"—Nervous Man—Thank the Lord.

**They Are Rare.**

Peggy—Was that policeman ever a little baby, mother? Mother—Why, yes, dear. Peggy (thoughtfully)—I don't believe I've ever seen a baby policeman—Punch.

**Pipes and the Lips.**

The constant habit of smoking pipes has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger, and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the stem in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked, not only altering the form of the lips, but of the one entire side of the face, causing the wrinkles that are the result of age to deepen and instead of following the natural course of facial wrinkles to change their course so as to radiate from the part of the mouth where the pipe is habitually carried. Furthermore, one or both lips often protrude, just like the lips of people who used to suck their thumbs when children.—Medical Record.

**Painful Etiquette.**

The royal court of France used to be a great place for etiquette. Louis XIV, once caught a severe cold owing to the fact that on his arising from his bed one cold morning the lord of the chamber, whose duty it was to hand him his shirt, happened to be absent. Not one of the numerous courtiers present had the courage to transgress etiquette by handing the garment to the shivering monarch.—London Scrap Book.

**Indifferent.**

"I can't give you an opinion on that question," the statesman replied, "because it's a question I pay no attention to. I am indifferent to it—as indifferent as the backwoodsman's wife. That lady, you know, looked on while her husband had a fierce hand to hand tussle with a bear, and afterward she said it was the only fight she ever saw where she didn't care who won."

**Going On.**

A terrible noise of thumping and stamping came from Bob's room early one morning. "Bobby, Bobby," called his mother from downstairs, "what is going on up there?" "My shoes," replied Bob.

**One Drawback.**

Olive—What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars. Violet—Oh, I don't know. A girl would never be sure then that she was pretty.—Puck.

Some children act as if it were a constant surprise to them that their parents had the excellent taste to pick them out.—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

**Singing and Gargling.**

Singers do not give away their secrets of the voice. I know, however, that some of the tenors and prima donnas use an astringent gargle whenever their vocal cords become so relaxed that very high notes are difficult to emit. One famous little tenor used cold tea that had drawn a long time. Such a gargle, though, does not improve the quality of the voice, even if it does raise the pitch temporarily.

The popular gargle among opera artists is the solvent. It loosens crusts which form in the throat and nasal cavities and removes mucous which cannot be got rid of by coughing and hawking. A common wash is twelve grains of chlorate of potash to a wine-glassful of warm water. Many singers and orators in order to render their voices clear and mellow use a gargle containing one teaspoonful of common salt and one of baking soda in a tumblerful of water. These gargles are improved by further adding some aromatic substances to stimulate the mucous membrane with which they come in contact.—New York Press.

**Needles and Pins.**

The Lancet tells of a peculiar case in a London hospital. The patient, a healthy Scotch girl, aged twenty years, was in the habit of putting pins in her mouth and sometimes had been known to fall asleep without removing them. She was admitted to the hospital, having swallowed five pins accidentally while fixing clothes, and by the help of emetics she was relieved of them. Returning home, she began regularly to vomit pins and got rid of twenty-three in the course of a month. She then began to produce needles, and in a fortnight thirteen came out from the following situations: The left nostril, the origin of the sternomastoid behind the left ear and a spot on the front of the right forearm. At the same time she continued vomiting pins until seventy-five had appeared. The needles were blackened and slightly eroded, and two of them were threaded with about three inches of thread.

**He Emptied His Pockets.**

The Comte de Corbieres, minister of the interior to Louis XVIII, while working in the king's cabinet one day became absorbed in his work and so far forgot himself as to place his snuffbox on the king's desk after taking snuff. The king observed this unheard of familiarity from the corner of his eye, but said nothing. Presently the minister whipped out his pocket handkerchief and placed it beside the snuffbox.

"M. de Corbieres," remarked the king at last, "you appear to be emptying your pockets."  
"Perhaps so, sire," was the calm response, "but that is much better than filling them."

The king smiled at the clever hit at the corruption of some of the minister's predecessors. Corbieres was noted for his scrupulous integrity.

**Neat Little Game.**

After tea she brought over his pipe and his slippers.  
"John," she whispered tenderly, "do you know my conscience has been hurting me and I have formed a little conscience fund."

"Conscience fund?" asked the big husband in surprise.  
"Yes, dear. You see, I have been borrowing a few dollars out of your vest pockets every night for a week, and here is the entire sum."

"Well! Well! You are an honest little woman."  
"And, John?"  
"Well, my dear?"  
"Now—now that I have been so honest, would you mind giving me the 'conscience fund' to buy a pretty hat I saw in a window today?"—Boston Post.

**Could See Too Much.**

A fine, robust soldier, after serving his country faithfully for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat one of his old friends rushed up to him and said, "Well, well, Pat, I see you're back from the front."

Pat looked worried and replied, "Begorra. I knew I was getting thin, but I never thought you could see that much!"—London Tit-Bits.

**Noah and Genoa.**

In his "Rambling Recollections" Sir Henry Drummond Wolf tells the following story of Bulwer Lytton: "A lady one day remarked to the famous novelist and politician how odd it was that a dove (derived from the word colombe) should have been sent to find the Old World and that Columbus (Columbe) should have found the new. Sir Edward replied: "Yes, and the one came from Noah, the other from Genoa."

**True Enough.**

Cassidy—Shure, how kin ye say ye save money? Iv'ry cint ye iver make ye spend. Ye lay none of it by. Casey—That's how I save. If I laid anny of it by some wan would come along an' borrow it, an' that'd be th' ind of it.—Philadelphia Press.

**Effective.**

"Have you got something that will remove superfluous hair?"  
"You bet I have!"  
"What do you call it?"  
"My mother-in-law."—Houston Post.

**The Other Side.**

Mrs. Neighbor—It's too bad of you, Mildred, to worry your mamma so! Little Mildred—Well, you don't know mamma. She worries me more than I worry her!

**Pennyroyal and Fleas.**

When it comes to talking about fleas the writer knows just where he is at. When he was a boy the country swarmed with them, and perhaps one of the things he will remember longest will be the sleepless nights and the tortures that the fleas gave him when sitting in Quaker meetings, where he did not dare to scratch. For many years the people seemed to put up with them as an evil from which there was no escape, yet there was an efficient remedy growing on every farm in the shape of a modest little plant called pennyroyal, which is familiar to every country bred boy. The odor of this plant seems very offensive to many kinds of insects. A freshly bruised bunch of the plant put in a small bag and rubbed on the bed linen and then left in the bed will evict the last flea in a very few minutes. A few drops of the essential oil of the plant, which can be got at any drug store, rubbed on one's underclothing will drive them from the person immediately and if sprinkled about a room infested with fleas will clear them out.—Forest and Stream.

**Before the Mirror.**

He is one of those persons with a mad passion for figuring out "How much," "How long," etc., and was waiting for his wife, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror. They were going to the theater and had ten minutes to catch their train. Presently a sparkle came into his eye, and he fished a pencil and paper from his pocket. That kind of man always has a pencil and paper even in his evening clothes.

"Do you know," he said presently, looking up at his wife, who had finished adjusting her hat, "that I figure, basing my figures on observation, that a girl from six to ten spends an average of seven minutes a day before her mirror, from ten to fifteen a quarter of an hour, from fifteen to twenty twenty-two minutes. A woman of seventy will have spent 5,862 hours, or eight solid months, counting day and night. Now, a woman of your age has spent"—

"Never mind what I've spent," she said coldly, removing her hat. "You have spent fifteen minutes figuring it out, and we have missed that train."—St. Louis Republic.

**A Little Retouching.**

The wonders of photography are ever on the increase. Nevertheless there are still some limitations to the power and skill of even the most expert photographer. Mr. Hall is an amateur of no mean attainments, and when his old Aunt Hannah from Bushby came down to the city he secured a picture of her in her most characteristic pose—arms akimbo and mouth slightly open. When Aunt Hannah saw the first print she looked at it, held it off, drew it close again and then sat down to write her nephew:

Dear James—Yours with photograph taken during my late visit just received. In reply I would say I'm well, enjoy myself with it for myself and your folks. But in the one you sent out to California to Emma I'd rather you'd straighten up my elbows and let my arms hang. Affectionately,  
AUNT HANNAH.  
P. S.—Perhaps you'd better close my mouth a mite more, as Emma's husband is a stranger to me.

**Youth's Companion.**

And "Everybody Laughed." The following story was told by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in the London P. T. O.: "At a dinner party one evening after my marriage the conversation, which was general, took a literary turn, and a gentleman sitting next to me, who did not know the identity of Mrs. Felkin with Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, began to descant on the way young authors spoil themselves with tricks. To emphasize his point he said, 'What can be more horrible than Miss Fowler's trick of saying "Everybody laughed?" There was a dead pause. He evidently expected me to make a remark, for when I did not speak he turned and said: 'Oh, don't you know Miss Fowler's books? Haven't you read any of them?' 'I wrote them,' I replied, and then, indeed, 'everybody laughed.'"

**A Mother's Sacrifice.**

Legends in India run that if a woman stricken with leprosy suffers herself to be buried alive the disease will not descend to her children. There was in the northwest provinces of India the wife of a gardener on whom the loathsome malady had fallen. Children were born to her. The disease grew worse. She importuned her husband to bury her alive. He at last, yielding to her prayers, summoned his son. The two dug the grave, and four neighbors assisted at the sepulture. So the woman died. These facts were investigated in a magistrate's court and were proved.

**In Lengthy Terms.**

In the suburbs of one of our great cities recently a new resident stopped in front of his neighbor's gate and inquired of the boy swinging thereon: "Is your pa home, sonny?"  
"No, sir," replied the lad. "He went up the road a-piece."  
"Gone afoot?"  
"No; about a mile."—Judge's Library.

**To Keep From Creaking.**

"My hero has a strong face," remarked the author.  
"He needs it," replied the critic, "notice his face falls every time a meets the heroine!"

**Not Now.**

New Boarder—One thing I'll say for these eggs—they're nothing bold or impudent about them. Landlady—Bold or impudent! I don't understand. New Boarder—Why, not a bit too fresh, you know.

When a man has turned out to be a failure he tries to convince his friends that his conscience prevented him from making his pile.—Washington Post.

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Shovels, Picks, Hinges, Screws, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, all kinds, Handles and nails, from a shoe nail to a boat spike.

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Yours truly  
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