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Men and Boys' work and dress Shoes, Ladies and Children's shoes, Complete line and all sizes. Rubbers of all kind for Ladies, Children and Lumbermen's.

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Axes, Shovels, Hinges, Hammers, Hatchets, all kinds and sizes of Nails and Spikes. Our Tinware, etc., consists of Boilers, Milk Pans, Tin Cups, Wash Basins. Full stock of Lumberman's Supplies, Lever Stocks, Neck Yokes, Axe and Pick Handles, Spuds, Mauls, Grabs, etc.

We appreciate all orders and shall endeavor to give our immediate and prompt attention and give you as good service and as reliable goods in the future as we have in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention

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The Baby Turtle.

Turtles lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun hatch them out. They do not lay them all in one place probably because they think it safer to scatter them. Then, even though one be stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, one after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is that she has never been discovered going near these egg babies again, and when they hatch at last the tiny soft backed creatures at once begin crawling around in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world. A little girl who found one of these odd looking turtle-eggs on a sandy river bank in Louisiana took it home and put it in a teacup on the table for safe keeping. A few hours later a slight noise was noticed in that direction, and on looking in the cup again she found a baby turtle, full fledged, but tiny, scrambling about among the bits of its broken eggshell cradle.

Ravens and the Hapsburgs.

Henri de Weidell tells the story of the late Empress Elizabeth and the ravens which Maurus Jokel gave in an article at the time of her majesty's tragic death. Early in her life Elizabeth wrote some verses in Hungarian on the subject of the raven, the bird of ill omen, which plays a great part in the history of the Hapsburgs. According to the imperial poetess, a flight of ravens was hovering over Olmutz when Francis Joseph received from his uncle's hands the crown which was destined to inflict upon him such miseries. A raven followed Maximilian and Charlotte on their last walk before their departure for Mexico, and when Maria Christina was starting to receive the crown of Spain, which was one day to be so grievous a burden, a raven flew over the horses' heads and accompanied the carriage to the railway station. These incidents were the subject of the poem.—Westminster Gazette.

Room For Improvement.

A certain estimable old gentleman is at all times worth listening to, though occasionally his grammar is scarcely perfect. He was dining on one occasion with the local squire, when, much to the disgust of his worthy host, a trifling error on the old gentleman's part was pounced upon and loudly repeated by the son and heir of the house. There was a painful silence, broken at length by the host.

"My son," he remarked quietly to the young fellow, "there are times, I admit, when our old friend's speech is a little peculiar. At such times you might be of mutual assistance to each other."

"In what way, sir?" asked the son. "Well," was the severe rejoinder, "you might give Mr. X. a lesson or two in grammar, in return for which I have no doubt he would assist you to patch up the holes in your manners."—London Tit-Bits.

Three Reasons For Declining.

Lord Broughton had a temper which sometimes exploded in a most disconcerting manner. It is related that on one occasion he dined with a large party at Thackeray's house, and after dinner some specially fine madeira was produced. In his usual genial way the novelist pressed this on his guests and, putting his neighbor, Lord Broughton, on the back, remarked, "Now, my dear old boy, you must try some of this."

A chill fell on the company when the noble lord retorted, "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and — your wine."

The Only Thing Left.

Jeremiah Jinks is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Jinks' son the other day. "Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize."

"Economize! Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes; on his table, he said."

"Then he must be going to take away the tablecloth," was the filial declaration.—Exchange.

A Big Birdcage.

A very peculiar institution in the New York zoo is what is known as "the flying birdcage." This magnificent aviary is the largest of its kind in the world, being 55 feet high, 72 feet wide and 150 feet long. Large oak and other trees grow in this cage, and the birds live within its wire netting bounds in the utmost freedom. The frame of the cage is built of iron pipes, which are covered over with thin meshed netting.

Literary Note.

"You write too much," said the critic to the author.

"But, my friend," replied the author, "I've got to live."

"Low about your readers?"

"Ah, well, we were all born to die!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Parried.

"And that young man kissed you on the lips! Why didn't you offer him your hand?" said the father.

"Oh, I didn't have to, papa," said the girl. "He's going to ask you for that."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Case For Sympathy.

The Proud Mother—This boy do grow more like 'is father every day. The Neighbor—Do 'e, pore dear? And 'ere you tried everything?—London Sketch.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—Holland.

A Towel Story.

In a certain New England town the manufacture of a well known kind of towel, most efficient for drying purposes. How that towel first happened to be made in the form which has proved so profitable to its makers is the subject of an amusing legend. It savors strongly of belonging to the "too good to be true" genus of anecdotes and is as follows:

Once the machinery in the towel factory, busily engaged in turning out a very conventional brand of towel, suddenly went wrong and began practically to go backward. There was much excitement. Eventually the machinery was chastised and set to rights again.

But—it was discovered that the towels turned out during that interval of mechanical anarchy were of a texture quite unrivaled for use as bath towels. At once the machinery was set going backward again and has been traveling in that direction ever since, to the great delight of the stockholders in the towel company.—New York Times.

When Linen Is Translucent.

The whiteness and opacity of dry linen, as of writing paper, are due mainly to the fact of repeated reflections at the surface, so that the light is wasted in these reverberations before it can reach to any depth. The body of linen is a network of transparent fibers not in optical contact, which intercept the light by repeatedly reflecting it. Now, if the interstices of these fibers are filled by a body of the same refractive index as the fibers themselves the reflexion of the surface is destroyed and the linen is rendered more transparent. Water does this; hence linen when wet is darker, but more translucent, just as is the oiled paper used for tracings by architects and engineers. The same holds good with ordinary glass and ground glass, the repeated reflections of the latter making it far less transparent. To a similar cause are due the whiteness and opacity of snow, of salt and of pulverized glass.

An Entertaining Catbird.

Nothing escapes the eye of our pet catbird, for he is curiosity personified. He wants to know the why and wherefore of everything that is a little strange and does not rest until he has found out. When let out in a room he will carefully examine every nook and corner. He is an inveterate joker and delights to play jokes on his fellow prisoners, while his sense of humor is almost human at times. The pincushion is a constant wonder and delight to him. He flies to it as soon as let out of his cage and either pulls the pins all out or drives them into the cushion as far as possible. If he pulls them out, he hops to the edge of the table and drops them on the floor, flitting his tail and uttering a note of great satisfaction when they strike the floor.—Suburban Life.

How He Felt.

He was an Englishman of the ultra sort and recently arrived, but he was striving strenuously to catch up with American idioms and New York slang. He had made some progress. He loomed up in the breakfast room of his hotel the other morning after a too convivial evening and encountered one of his companions.

"How do you feel, old chap?" asked the latter.

"Feel?" repeated the Englishman. "Feel? Oh, yes, I see what you mean, old fellow. Well, really, don't you know, I feel like one and six."

"Like what?"

"Like one and six, as you chaps say here. No! Hold on, there! I mean 30 cents, you know; feel like 30 cents Yes."—New York Globe.

Convenient.

"Providence," said the deacon, "sho do look after de cullud race."

"How come?" demanded Brother Dickey.

"Well, hit's disaway; De nigger baby, ez dey say, walk too soon."

"Sho do?" assented Brother Dickey.

"Dat makes him bowlegged."

"Now you talkin'!"

"An' bowlegs is de mos' convenient-est legs in de worl' fer climbin' a tree w'en a possum's on de top limb!"—Exchange.

A Brief Introduction.

Mark Twain said the only introduction to a literary audience that seemed to him the right word in the right place, a real inspiration, was as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man—at least I only know two things about him. One is that he has never been in prison, and the other is I can't see why he hasn't."

An Illustration.

"Now, Harold," said the teacher to a small but unusually bright pupil, "give an illustration of the superiority of mind over matter."

After a moment's reflection Harold replied: "I have to mind you. That's what is the matter."—Chicago News

Alice Alias Alya.

Mr. Squiggs—What's the little No. 10 girl's name? I couldn't catch it when her mother introduced us. Mrs. Squiggs—Plain Alice, only her mother's trying to pronounce it so you'll spell it "Alys."—Philadelphia Bulletin

Both on the Line.

"The artist over the way was boasting to me that his work is now being hung on the line."

"Humph! So is his wife's"—and more American.

Revenge is the abject pleasure of an abject mind.—Juvenal.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable. 44-1f

Danish Proverb.

He scolds best that can hurt the least.

Wise Rule to Follow.

Do one thing at a time, and the big things first.—Lincoln.

Women Suffer Agonies from Diseased Kidneys

And Most Women Do This Not Knowing the Real Cause of their Condition

These poor, suffering women have been led to believe that their misery of mind and body is entirely due to "ills of their sex." Usually the kidneys and bladder are responsible—or largely so. And in such cases, the kidneys and bladder are the organs, that need and must have attention.

Those torturing, enervating sick headaches, dragging pains in back, groin and limbs, bloating and swelling of the extremities, extreme nervousness or hysteria, listlessness and constant tired, worn-out feeling—are almost certain symptoms of disordered and diseased kidneys, bladder and liver.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have, in thousands of cases, been demonstrated as remarkably beneficial in all such conditions of female organism—affording the most prompt relief and permanent benefit.

As an illustration of what these Pills will do, Mrs. P. M. Bray of Columbus, Ga., writes that she was very ill with kidney trouble, and that she is now well—and that these Pills are what cured her.

They are very pleasant to take, and can in no case, produce any deleterious effects upon the system—as syrupy, alcoholic, liquid preparations are apt to do.

Sold by all Druggists.



E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill., want every man and woman who have the least suspicion that they are afflicted with kidney and bladder diseases to at once write them, and a trial box of these Pills will be sent free by return mail post-paid. Do it to-day.



To be sure of pure ice cream, make it at home. To make it easily and quickly; rich, smooth and velvety, use the Lightning Freezer.

No fly can get through through the window or door screens we sell. Window screens 25c to 85c.

Screen doors \$1.10 to \$1.95.

Wire cloth, spring hinges and all accessories for the fly weather. Keep the nasty flies out of the house. They carry the germs of disease.

Good bargains in hot plates and ovens.

Garden hose 12c and 14c a foot.

Keep the lawn mowed and looking nice with one of our good lawn mowers \$3.75 to \$16.00.

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