

Answering The Call.
By Dorothy Glenn.
Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Forsythe scowled out into the black night. The southbound express was already overdue. As soon as the long train of coaches had thundered past he could close up and go home.

"Going home" meant a dash across the sodden field to where he had pitched his tent for the summer. Jack Bayliss, the regular operator at Haddon Junction, owned a tiny house, one of the four that constituted the settlement about the place, but Howard Forsythe preferred the tent for the summer, and so the house was shut up. Hard work had kept Howard Forsythe in had health all winter, and the physician had advised camping. He had pleaded the necessity for earning sufficient money to enable him to complete his senior year at college, and so the doctor had suggested Haddon Junction. Bayliss was to be married and was going out west on his honeymoon. He expected to be gone all summer and was glad to have a man to take his place who would be willing to give it up in the fall.

Matters were arranged between Bayliss and the train dispatcher, and ever since the college year had closed Howard Forsythe had reported the trains on the main line and the little twenty-five mile spur that gave the junction its name.

There were dreary times between, and Howard spent a part of his leisure in talking to Lottie Bayliss, the agent up in Green River, the first stop on the branch line. Lottie was a cousin of Mrs. Fyce, who lived at the junction, and it was her custom to run down on her bicycle after her office was closed as soon as the 6:37 had gone up.

She found the station more interesting than her cousin, and before the middle of August she was wearing the ring that Howard had ordered from town. They were not to be married



"I DID NOT TELEGRAPH FOR MR. FORSYTHE."

until Howard had graduated, but the thought was an incentive to the man, and the days sped all too rapidly until the inevitable lovers' quarrel.

That had occurred three days before and Lottie had not been down to the junction since. It was for that reason rather than because of the belated train that Howard scowled into the darkness as he looked down the track.

At last the headlight gleamed faintly through the deluge, growing brighter, until with a roar the train swept past. Howard reported the train to the dispatcher's office and prepared to close the station. He was just slipping into his raincoat when the instrument on the Hampton line began to click out his call, and without waiting for a reply went on.

"I am alone in the station and robbers are trying to blow open the safe. I am tied to a chair and cannot escape. Come to my assistance."

Howard groaned. It was eight miles to Green River, and through the pelting storm he could not make it in less than twenty minutes. Perhaps he would be too late.

He ran to the shed where the track bicycle was stored and ran it out upon the rails. There was no use to carry the raincoat. He threw it in the shed, together with his coat and vest, and, making sure that his revolver was in his pocket, he stepped into the seat. It was no small feat, for the wind was strong, but the tracks were wet enough to hold the wheels, and Howard bent to his work. He had gained in health since he had come to the junction, and no freshman working to make the eight had ever bent his back to his work as did Howard Forsythe speeding to the rescue of the girl he loved.

He was drenched to the skin, and the driving rain nearly blinded him, but he fought his way between the teeth of the high gale that was blowing, and at last the lights of Green River came into sight and encouraged him to make a final spurt. With a rush he drew into the station and sprang from the bicycle. The station was dark and apparently deserted.

As quietly as he could Howard crept about the platform, peering into the windows. He could see no sign of life, and at last he sought to force the doors in the belief that the robbery must have been accomplished. He was still working upon the lock when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Got ye?" was the triumphant exclamation. "Stole a track velocipede, did ye? Goin' to rob all the stations in the rain? Well, there's one constable

"Are you the constable?" demanded Howard. The other flashed his star with a gesture of pride, and Howard went on:

"I am the operator from the junction. I had a message from Miss Bayliss. She telegraphed that she was in trouble, and I came to her assistance."

"I guess Lottie Bayliss don't have to call on the junction for no help wattle I'm here," was the rejoinder. "Lottie never sent no message like that. That's too thin a story, young fellow."

"But it is true," Forsythe persisted. "Force the door, and you will find her tied to a chair. There have been robbers here already."

The constable grinned.

"You want to tell me that she's tied to a chair? I was over to Clem Bayliss' tonight. Jest came away from there. Lottie said good night to me. Come along now."

"Are you going to take me to the jail?" Forsythe demanded.

"That's what I be," was the answer in uncompromising tones.

"Will you stop at the Baylisses on the way there?" he begged. "It will only take a moment, and Miss Bayliss will identify me."

The constable paused uncertainly, but at last he decided to grant the request, and he led Howard up the trim walk through the Bayliss garden.

"I caught this young fellow trying to break into the station. He declared that Lottie telegraphed him to come up," he explained to his recent host.

Lottie came into the hall at that moment.

"I did not telegraph for Mr. Forsythe," she said coldly. "I have not been in the station all evening."

"But you did," persisted Howard.

"You telegraphed me that you were bound to a chair in the station and that robbers were preparing to blow open the safe. I would know your Morse anywhere any time."

"To the surprise of all Lottie began to laugh so that she sank down upon a chair. It was some minutes before she could explain. At last her mirth abated.

"I am teaching my nephew, Ted, telegraphy," she explained. "I borrowed some wire from the construction department, and most of it is strung on the railroad poles. I was practicing with him tonight, and I sent that absurd message for fun. The wire must have broken in the storm and crossed your wire, and that is how you happened to get it."

"And it's a sell?" he asked ruefully as he thought of the hard trip.

"How did you come up?" she asked.

"On the track bicycle," he explained.

"Through all this storm?"

Howard nodded.

"You poor boy," she said. "You must have nearly killed yourself. Father will take you upstairs and give you some dry clothes."

"It would be no use," he reminded.

"I've got to get back again. The limited goes through at 6 and must be reported."

"But you will take good care of yourself when you get back, won't you?" she pleaded.

Howard nodded. She followed him to the door.

"Howard," she called, as he was turning away. He came back up the steps.

"I'm going down to see Cousin Jane tomorrow afternoon," she said softly. "I'll tell you then how sorry I am that I was cross and hateful the other night."

There was a soft sound of meeting lips, and then Howard went down the walk. The rain still poured in sheets, but he did not notice it. In answering the call he had found not danger, but happiness, at the other end of the wire.

TOLD HIS WIFE ABOUT IT.

And Then Accused Her of Having No Sense of Humor.

Englishmen are often accused of being unable to grasp the point of the American pun, and sometimes they may think they see the point of a joke when perhaps they do not. An Englishman named Morley was walking along the sidewalk one day with an American friend when the latter inadvertently slipped and fell down.

"Ah, my dear boy, I hope you are not hurt! How did it happen?"

To which the friend replied:

"It happened notwithstanding."

They both laughed over the pun, and Morley said it was so good he was going to tell his wife about it. At dinner that evening he remarked that he had had such a good joke on his friend Brown, and by way of preliminary, leading up to the point of his story, he proceeded to tell all about who Brown was, his associations and business connections, how he came to get acquainted with him, commercial relations he had had with him, etc., until he forgot about the story, but was reminded of it by the wife, who said impatiently:

"But what about the story?"

"Oh, yes!" laughing immoderately at the recollection of it struck him.

"Why, you see, Brown and I were walking down the street together, and he slipped on a banana peeling and fell down, and when I asked him how it happened he said, 'Notwithstanding.'"

And he was sore at her all evening and declared she had no sense of humor because she said she didn't see anything funny to that—Judge's Liberator.

The Black Cap Judge.

Judge Hawkins, an English judge of the last century, who was a horse man, was reminded even on the race course of his reputation as a hanging judge. His friend, Lord Falmouth, was running two horses in the same race under magpie colors, and to distinguish the second he ordered Archer, the jockey, to wear a black cap. But a black cap was nowhere to be found at the moment when the race was due. At this moment Judge Hawkins emerged from the "bird cage" and was recognized by Archer, who shouted out to Fotherham: "We are all right now. Here comes Harry Hawkins, and he is sure to have a black cap in his pocket!"

Reversed the Process.

"Yes, sir, the major went in swimming," an I'm blest of a fellow didn't come along an' steal all his clothes!"

"An' what did he do then?"

"Broke the record by goin' home in a barrel, instead of the barrel goin' home in him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Jim's Honeymoon.
By CARTER HAVEN.
Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"I never saw a circus," pouted Drucilla.

"It ain't done ye no harm so fur as I c'n see," commented her father critically. "I guess you're likely to get your full growth without seeing one."

"I've got the egg money," put in Mrs. Chesney. "I can let her have some of that, Si."

"I'm goin' I need that for the mortgage," he explained.

Mrs. Chesney sighed. Some of the women she knew really kept the egg money. There was a fiction to the effect that she did also, but Silas usually found some excuse for borrowing the money before the sum grew large, and Martha Chesney meekly submitted to his demands. She did want Drucilla to see a circus, though. Half a dollar would not be much.

"I'll take her,"

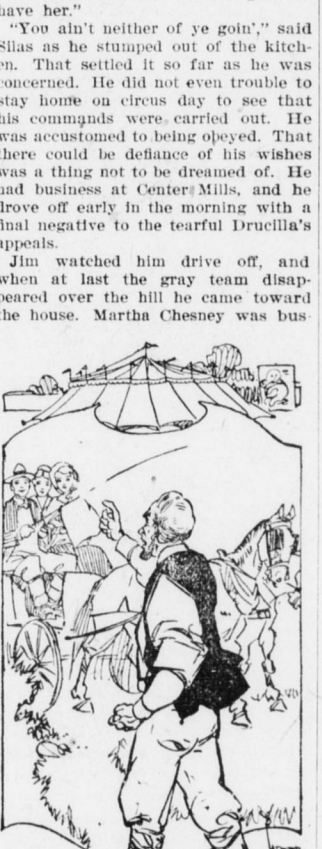
Silas wheeled angrily to confront the last speaker. It was all very well that Jim Peters, his hired man, should worship Drucilla. Silas paid Jim \$4 a month less than the prevailing wage on that very account. To pay her open court was another and very different matter. Silas had decided that Drucilla was to marry Hank Festis. Hank was a little old (about sixty), but he had a fine farm adjoining the Chesney place, and the match was an ideal one from the father's point of view.

"You won't take her nor yourself," he snarled. "I told you I had a job for you. You get every Sunday, don't you? And I give you the Fourth of July without dockin' ye."

"I'm going to the circus," said Jim coldly. "If Drucilla wants to come she can come with me. I'll be glad to have her."

"You ain't neither of ye goin'," said Silas as he stamped out of the kitchen. That settled it so far as he was concerned. He did not even trouble to stay home on circus day to see that his commands were carried out. He was accustomed to being obeyed. That there could be defiance of his wishes was a thing not to be dreamed of. He had business at Center Mills, and he drove off early in the morning with a final negative to the tearful Drucilla's appeals.

Jim watched him drive off, and when at last the gray team disappeared over the hill he came toward the house. Martha Chesney was busy



MAGIC OF THE BASS.

Memories of the Battle That Linger With the Angler.

"The Indians call it 'Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan,' which translated means magic bass. He is said to be much like other black bass in appearance. But his peculiar attributes are these:

"He must be caught by casting, with a surface bait, so that you can see him rise to it. He may be taken in running water where the clear current foams over mossy boulders and through gurgling, sunlit shallows or in the silent pools where the forest hangs darkly over the stream. He may be taken at some still lake's grassy margin, where the water lilies build him a green and white and golden canopy, or in the open places where the west wind's magic turns the glassy surface into silver.

"But wherever you find him you will see that nature rules supreme. And whether in brawling stream or quiet pool, in some peaceful lilled bay or just beneath the rippled broad expanse, where the wild beauty of the spot makes your heart beat faster, here may you find the magic bass.

"And this is his magic: That when you have fought him inch by inch and have looked upon him as he lay exhausted in your landing net you are his forever. For wherever you go and whatever you do there will come to you ever and often a dream of his first leap into the air, of the tugging line and of his body at your feet, and indistinct behind it all lie the sparkling water and the forest and the blue sky.

"In the dead of winter you will of a sudden hear the soft splash of the bass rising to your fly, you will feel the sudden tautness of the line, and the snow outside your window will melt into a summer landscape. When you are busiest there will come to you the song of the reel and the smell of pine and fir and balsam. That is the magic of the Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan."—Outdoor Magazine.

Continuous Cooking.

"New York is a place of continuous cooking," said the woman from the west. "Walk along any street at any time and you will get a whiff of coffee and broiling meat. There doesn't seem to be any set time for meals. Judging by the smell, breakfast is a movable feast that takes place any time between 6 o'clock and noon."—New York Post.

want none of ye about me, ye sweetfaced critters. I told ye not to go to the circus. Get out here."

Jim obediently turned the team and headed for the gate. Silas came running after them.

"What be ye doin'?" he demanded. "You're runnin' away with my team."

"We'll get out and walk then," said Jim promptly, jumping to the ground. "Come, Drucilla."

The girl sprang down and he caught her in his arms, implanting a sounding kiss upon her lips before he released her. Then he helped Mrs. Chesney out and the trio started for the gate.

"What are you doin' now?" howled Silas. Jim turned with well affected surprise.

"You turned us out and cast us off," he said. "We're going. Tim Newbury offered me his north farm on half shares. I'm going to take his offer. My wife and her mother are going with me."

"Your what?" Silas could scarcely believe his ears.

"My wife," explained Jim politely. "You'll have to hire a man at full price and hire a girl too. Mrs. Chesney wants to come with me. I'll give her the egg money for keeps."

Silas' jaw dropped. Jim had picked out the most potent argument and with it he had won. Silas moved toward the house.

"You folks will catch your death of colds if you don't come inside," he growled. "Come along, Marthy."

Drucilla followed Jim out to the stable to hold the lantern while he unharnessed the horses.

"When did Mr. Newbury make you that offer?" she demanded curiously.

"Last year," explained Jim. "I guess your pa ain't the only one that can bluff around here—not when I've got you to bluff for."

THE AEROPLANE.

Keeping It Properly Balanced Is a Difficult Art.

An aeroplane may be defined as a surface propelled horizontally in such a manner that the resulting pressure of air from beneath prevents its falling. A balloon can remain stationary over a given spot in a calm, but an aeroplane must be kept in motion if it is to remain in the air. Such a plane literally runs on the air like a skater gliding over thin ice. The most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. We all remember how we kept it aloft even in a light breeze by running with it against the wind. Substitute the pull of a propeller for the jord and the aeroplane flying machine is created. If this were all, the problem of artificial flight would have been solved long ago. There remains the supremely difficult art of balancing the plane so that it will skate on an even keel. Even birds find it hard to maintain this stability. In the constant effort to steady himself a hawk swings from side to side as he soars, like an acrobat on a tight rope. Occasionally a bird will capsize and fall some distance before he can recover himself. If the living aeroplanes of nature find the feat of balancing so difficult, is it any wonder that men have been killed in endeavoring to discover their secret?

If you have ever sailed a canoe you will readily understand what this task of balancing an aeroplane really means. As the pressure of the wind on your sail heels your canoe over you must climb out on the outrigger far enough for your weight to counterbalance the wind pressure, so that you will not be upset. The physicist scientifically explains your achievement by stating that you have succeeded in keeping the center of air pressure and the center of gravity on the same straight line. In a canoe the feat is comparatively easy; in an aeroplane it demands constant and flashlike shifting of the body, because the sudden slight variations of the wind must be immediately opposed.—Vademecum Kaempffert in Cosmopolitan.

THE SAVAGE AND THE BIRD CAGE.

A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of bird cages in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of his carriers he was obliged to throw away the bird cages, with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, though they did not know what to do with them, but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and, knocking off the bottom, the chiefs strutted about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others and having seen the white men eat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between each mouthful.

Trescott's Graduation.
By JAMES CHAMBERS.
Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Suttle.

Trescott clipped the advertisement from the paper and tucked it into his pocketbook. He had about made up his mind to go to one of the fashionable resorts for his month's vacation, but this appealing advertisement decided him.

It was just a few lines of small type, but every sentence painted alluringly the delights of a summer on a farm and announced that Elm farm was to be rented for the month of August at an extremely reasonable rate.

Trescott wrote to "E. Marsden, agent," and the answer decided him. He could have a far better time than would be his if he cooped up in some stuffy room at an expensive hotel, and the thought of a whole house to himself for an entire month was attractive after having occupied the tiny bedroom and parlor of a bachelor apartment for eleven months. So Marsden engaged to have the farmhouse put in proper order by the first Saturday in August.

It was with pleasurable anticipation that Trescott climbed into the backboard that met him at the station. The farm was a comfortable looking place, some fifteen acres in extent, and bordering a small lake. The house, a two story frame, was painted, and beds of flowers made the front yard gorgeous.

Inside it was the pink of cleanliness, but the place struck a chill to his soul. The arrangement of the furniture reminded him of the cheap boarding house in which he had spent his first years in the city, and try as he would he could not alter the gaunt arrangement of the place. He had sent some money to the agent with the request that some simple groceries be put in, and he had no trouble in getting his supper, but the moment the meal was



over and the dishes washed he went out of doors to smoke his pipe. He did not enter the place again until it was time to seek the chill bedroom.

It was raining the next morning, and he spent a most miserable day roaming about the dreary rooms and wishing for the Sunday papers. He had a couple of books in his satchel, but he could not make himself comfortable enough to read, and after vainly seeking to change the furniture about into some semblance of comfort, he gave it up and dragged an old rocker out to the barn. Here, at least, he felt less oppressed by the dreariness of it all.

He spent a fairly comfortable afternoon and was just about to rouse himself to go in and prepare supper when the sound of wheels caught his ear, followed in a moment by the jangle of the Coorbell.

He raced across the yard and through the house to present himself at the door. A young girl stood on the porch, while an elderly woman sat in the covered buggy.

"Good afternoon," was her brisk greeting. "Is Mrs. Trescott at home?"

"There isn't any Mrs. Trescott," he said, with a laugh, "unless you mean my mother. She is in England just now."

"I am Miss Marsden," she explained. "I drove out to get acquainted and see how you liked the place. I supposed, of course, that there was a family."

"There isn't any family," he said, "and I don't like the place. Of all the dismal places I was ever in this is the worst. I was going in to tell your brother so in the morning. Comfortable and homelike," he quoted from the advertisement. "And he promised to have it all fixed up."

"There was a woman here all day Friday," the girl said. "Didn't she clean up properly?"

"She cleaned up," he conceded, "but I can't make the place look homelike. I shiver every time I look at it. I'm going to change the name and call it Lemon farm instead."

"I guess it's not as bad as that," she said, with a rippling laugh. "I thought there would be a woman in the family to make things look homely; so I did not come myself. May we come in?" He stood aside in silent invitation. He followed them into the house, and his admiration for the personality of the brisk young woman increased as she rapidly moved from room to room, giving the touch here and there that was needed to transform the apartments.

"You're a magician," he declared as, with a final pat to the sofa pillows, she transformed the parlor and moved into the dining room. "Now it looks like a place to be lived in."

"It's the purely feminine touch that

with a little laugh. "If I had known that you were alone, I should have been out yesterday morning before you arrived."

"I'm glad you waited," he said simply. "Won't you and your mother stay to supper? I can cook if I can't keep house. I will put the horse up and you can telephone your brother."

"I am E. Marsden," she explained. "I have no brother. When father died I decided to keep up the business. Eva Marsden did not look very well, and besides, people do not like to do business with a woman. So, between the simple initial and a typewriter, I manage to get along."

"You should come to town," he advised, "and call yourself a 'home-maker.' It ought to be worth a lot of money."

"That might be profitable in winter," she agreed. "Perhaps I will try it."

"But in the meantime, supper," he insisted. "I'll look after the horse. There are a couple of magazines you might care to look at while I am gone. I shall go: be long."

He dashed out to get the horse under cover. He returned the back way and surprised the girl bustling about the kitchen.

"You can help," she conceded, with a smile, "but I just know that you can't make biscuit."

"But I can," he insisted. "I'll show you some-day. Meantime I'll make the coffee and put the things on the table."

"The table is all set," she cried. "You must think me a very slow house-keeper."

"It takes me longer than that," he admitted, "though I suppose that practice makes perfect, and before long I shall be able to do as well as you."

"I'll come to tea on your last night here and let you give a graduation exhibition," she promised, with a laugh. "Meantime you might get some fresh water."

Trescott was sorry to see them drive off, but the girl left behind the fragrant memory of her presence, and the place seemed homelike at last.

Trescott saw much of the Marsdens in the days that followed, and long before the end of his month he had come to love the light hearted girl who had faced the world so bravely when necessity demanded.

The vacation drew to a close all too soon, and Trescott insisted upon holding Eva to her promise to attend his graduation exhibition. Afterward they sat out under the trees while Mrs. Marsden drowsed contentedly upon the porch.

"Have you been thinking over that homelike proposition?" he asked. Eva looked up, with a smile.

"I think I lack the courage to make a try," she confessed. "It has been very easy here. It is best to leave well enough alone."

"Do you think you would care to take on a single contract?" he suggested.

"You have spoiled me for a bachelor apartment."

"I might help you get started in a flat," she agreed. "I usually take a vacation after the summer season is over. I could help you buy your things and settle them."

"But I should want you to stay and help use them," he explained—"to be a perpetual homemaker to one lone bachelor. What do you say, dear?"

"I think," she whispered, "that I should like that plan better than the first."

"Then seal the contract with a kiss," pleaded Trescott.

RAISED HIS WAGES.

The Way an Employer Got Square With a Faithless Assistant.

A story is told in Milwaukee concerning an elderly German who conducted a good sized manufacturing plant on the south side. He had an engineer at his factory who had been with him for fifteen years and the old gentleman had implicit confidence in him. It was with a profound shock that he discovered finally that the trusted engineer was "grafting" most shamefully.

The proprietor thought it all over a long while and then sent for the engineer. When that functionary arrived the following dialogue took place:

"Ah, John! Good morning, John. How long has your been working by this place?"

"Fifteen years."

"Ach, so. And yet are your wages?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"M-m-m. Well, after today it will be \$5 a week more."

The engineer thanked his employer profusely and withdrew. A week later the old gentleman sent for him again, and the same conversation ensued, ending with another \$5 a week raise. The third Saturday he sent for the engineer again, and after the same questions and answers he raised his salary another \$5 a week.

On the fourth Saturday the engineer was again summoned before the boss.

"How long have you been working here, John?" asked the proprietor.

"Fifteen years," replied the engineer, who by this time had grown to expect the weekly question and salary raise as a regular thing.

"And how much wages are you getting?"

"Forty dollars a week."

"Ach, so? Well, you are fired."

"Fired!" exclaimed the engineer, almost fainting. "Why, you have been raising my salary \$5 at a clip for the last three weeks."

"Sure I have," roared the Teutonic boss, all his indignation flaring out at once. "And the reason that I did it was that it shall make it harder for you for when I fire you, you loater!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

First Public Street Cleaner.

The Dutch housewives of old New York, ever noted for their housekeeping qualities, created the agitation which resulted in the appointment of the first public street cleaner in New York in 1892. He was Laurens Van der Spiegel, a baker. His daughter married Rip Van Dam, who afterward became governor of New York, an illustration of the democracy of that day.

BUYING A SAW.

Find Out the Kind You Want Before You Go to Purchase.

When the man in the golf cap started downstairs his wife ran to the door and called him back.

"Harry," she said, "I want you to go into a hardware store today and get a saw. Don't forget it, please. We need one badly."

Being an accommodating person, the man in the golf cap said he would not forget it. He chose the luncheon hour as the most opportune time for making his simple purchase. He was in a good humor, and he smiled blandly when he went bustling into the store and said:

"I want a saw, please."

"What kind of a saw?" asked the clerk.

"Why," said the prospective purchaser, "I don't know; just a saw. Any kind will do, I presume."

The clerk sighed. "If you only knew what you want to use it for, perhaps I could advise you," he suggested.

"What I want to use it for?" echoed the man in the golf cap. "Why, I want to saw, of course—that is, my folks do."

"Saw what?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know," admitted the non-plused shopper.

The clerk led the way to the rear of the store. "I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand," he said. "Observation and explanation of their uses and prices, may assist you in making a decision. Here is a metal saw. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and all manner of metals. Is that the kind you want?"

The man in the golf cap was sorely perplexed. "No," he said. "I don't think so. We have no metals at our house to work on that I know of."

"Perhaps you would like a meat saw?" suggested the clerk. "But you are not a butcher."

"Heaven be praised, no!" said the man who wanted a saw.

"Here is a regular kitchen saw for general utility purposes. It will cost you only 50 cents. How does that strike you? No? Then here is the cabinetmaker's saw. Then I have here the plumbers' saws, the fine delicate saws used by all manner of artificers and the ordinary wood saws, which will cost you anywhere from 50 cents to \$4. In that back room we have still other varieties of saws—the two man ten foot saws, buzz saws and circular saws. If you want to pay a big price you had better take one of the circular saws. I'll give you a good one for \$500. Would you like to see them?"

The man in the golf cap looked about him wondering.

"No, thank you," he said. "I guess I won't make any till I find out just what kind I want."

"I regret being unable to make a sale," said the clerk affably, "but I really think that the best plan."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.