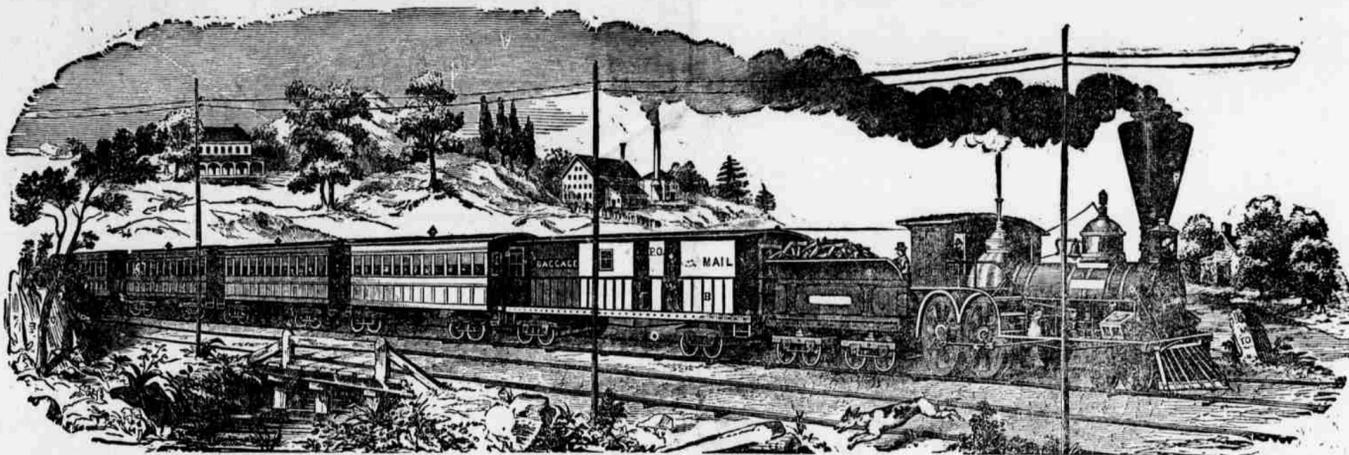


THE TRAIN HAS AT LAST ARRIVED!



While walking through Arcadia Avenue
A slip of paper on the sidewalk flew
Before my eyes; the same some one had dropped,

Unheeded, until its heedless course I stopped.
I picked it up; its reading was so queer,
Perhaps for you I'd better print it here.

What the Slip of Paper Said:

I have lived in Arcadia Valley nearly all my life, and all the money I have saved out of pine boards I have spent in this beautiful Valley, and I will agree to continue to spend every dollar I make in the mercantile business in the

UPBUILDING OF GOOD OLD IRON COUNTY.

I believe that some of the people, and especially some of the merchants, in Arcadia Valley, do the Valley and county a great injustice in trying to do business in hovels for thirty years and spend all the money made in Old Iron in St. Louis and the seashore, and then ask the people to trade with them. Nonsense! Help those who help you, and we together will make this beautiful Valley bloom as the rose, and at the last will say we helped one another.

Come, Let's Take a Drink

For Auld Lang Syne and sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo John; but before we go to sleep, John, I want to call your attention to the many

Things I Have to Sell Cheap,

which will make your dear old heart glad to see. But one thing I promise you, John, I have no job lots of anything to sell you. We will let the other man have the job lots, but what we have is

Good, New and Up-To-Date.

I know you will want a good, comfortable pair of SHOES by-and-by, John, that are no cheats at two prices. I have the TENENT SHOES, and I know they are good; and when you get the shoes, John, and they prove good, as I know they will, and after corn planting time, you will want

A Good Suit of Clothes

to match the Shoes—Well, I have the Clothes that are as good as the Shoes, and I won't rob you, John' for "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

Now, John, I know you are not stingy, you will want the women folks to dress up as well as yourself, so bring them to my store to get their

Dress Patterns, Apron Gingham, Lawns, Trimmings, Buttons, Needles

and everything nice for the girls; and, John, I haven't forgotten the big boys and the little boys, the main-stay on the farm. They will need a suit of

Youths' and Boys' Clothes, Shoes, Straw Hats,

and soon. I have them. Bring the boys to see. Now, John, I will remind you of a whole lot of things you will need pretty soon as the Spring time comes, Gentle Annie. You know those old garden tools are about worn out; come to my store, John, and I will sell you some new ones, up-to-date, cheap. And you need some Carpenter's Tools to fix that old gate and barn door.

Auger Bits, Drawing Knives, Hatchets, Hammers, Nails, Strap Hinges, Barbed Wire, Poultry, Hog and Cattle Fences,

Door Locks, everything I keep, John, in the Hardware Line—just ask for what you want.

It will soon be full moon, John, and you know those early potatoes are to go in the ground, and its time for onion sets and garden seeds. I have four kinds of Seed Potatoes at \$1.40 per bushel, and two kinds of Onion Sets at 35c per gallon.

And, John, when you get elected County Judge, I wish you would put in good road bridges—those old wooden bridges give out too-soon. I bought a

Carload of Culvert Pipe

18 inch to 24 inch, which I will sell cheap to induce the county to put in good honest road culverts, that will last until we reach the evergreen shore.

I know, John, that your cellar needs a drain, your land gets wet and boggy, you need Tile Draining. You will need LIME to whitewash the fence and barn, cement to repair the well where I slacked my thirst from the moss-covered bucket long years ago. That old chimney looks worn with age like ourselves. Perhaps you will need some good hard brick this summer; if you do, bring your wagon along,

I Have the Brick.

But they come high and mealy. Your wife, John, wants the old house painted this year, and the east parlor papered, also a few bedrooms upstairs. Send Mrs. John to my store, I will sell her the

Paints and Wall Paper,

And make an estimate if you will give me the size of the rooms, how much paper and paint you will need, and how much it will cost.

John, your boys may want to go fishing after the day's plowing—there is a good fishing hole right below the cornfield—send your boys to my store for their

Fishing Rods, Lines and Hooks.

As all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Your boys, too, wish to play a game of base ball occasionally; I have the ball, bats and gloves—send them to me.

You may be getting tired and sleepy, John, but I have reserved all the good things until the last. Good things to eat, the one thing needful to make life worth living. I have a

Meat Shop in Connection with My Store,

Where I will try my best to keep the best of Fresh Meats, Pork and Beef Sausage, Cheese, Pickled Pigs Feet and everything in this line fresh and clean.

Canned Goods of All Kinds,

Heinze's Pickles, Jellies and Preserves, Etc., Powdered and Granulated Sugar, Teas and Coffee of the very best. Bismarck Flour I will sell cheap, as I bought it before the raise in price. I have also a nice line of

Queensware, Crockery, Flower Pots, Graniteware, Tinware, Brooms.

Butter and Eggs, if I can get them. Let me whisper to you, John, your country ladies sometimes need money on butter and eggs to buy things the merchant has not in stock; they can get it from me at my store. "Live and let Live" is my motto; hang it over your door. A word, John, to your farmer friends: Next fall, at tax paying time, when they need money on their produce, make their wants known—everything being equal, I help my friends. If this does not work out in practice, I am ready to close up.

Yours, Truly,

LOUIS MILLER.

PROPRIETOR Arcadia Valley Grocery Store.