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Nice Juicy Roasts,
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Get Prices On Everything

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W.D. & P.B. RANKIN'S

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We Solicit Both Country and City Trade.

I am back in the same old business at the same old place

J. M. SEITER

Home Killed Meats

WANTED NO MORE PARTNERS.

Uncle Moses' One Sad Experience Had Made Him Cautious.

Opposite the depot in a Georgia town was a grocery run by a colored man, and while waiting for my train I sauntered into the place and asked how business was going.

"Pore, sah, mighty pore," replied the old man. "De trouble am dat I hain't dun got capital 'nuff."

"Why don't you take in a partner?" I asked.

"No, sah—no, sah. I've had one partner and don't want no more. One fine kurnel Dawson comes ober to my cabin wid a wand smile on his face and shakes hands wid me and axes arter my health and says:

"'Moses, let's yo' an' me dun go inter partnership in de wood bizness. Yo's a powerful hand wid de ax and I've a powerful hand to sell cordwood."

"It appears like a mighty good chance fur me, and so I agrees and goes at it and cuts 30 cords of wood. De kurnel sells it, and bimeby I goes down fur my sheer of de money. He smiles and shakes hands and says:

"'Tze dun got it all figgered out, Moses. In de fust place, I perwided de timber. In de next place, I perwided de ax. Den I sent my mewls to draw de wood and I spent my time to sell it. Dat 'pears to take in de hull of de case."

"But whar does de choppin' come in?" I says.

"De choppin', Massa. Oh, dat was exercise and don't count."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ROLLO AND HIS FATHER.

"What is yon unconventional object in the empyrean, father?" quoth Rollo respectfully as he and his infallible parent were strolling out learning their usual lessons from nature.

"That, my son, is a dirigible airship," said Rollo's father, cocking his keen eye up at the balloon-like object bobbing about some hundred feet above the fair grounds.

"Why does it go first thither, then hither, dear father?"

"Because the choofer can not control its movements, Rollo."

"Then it is not dirigible, is it, father?" observed Rollo, shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, it is," answered his well informed parent. "It always obeys the slightest touch of the aeronaut's hand at the private test when no one is looking."

Struck with the profound truth of this, Rollo relapsed into awed silence and watched the aerial marvel until it became safely snagged on the telegraph wires.

DECEIVING THE COW.

A stuffed calf stood in the barnyard.

"What is that stuffed calf for?" asked the city man.

"It milks the cows," said the pretty dairymaid.

"Go on!"

"It's a fact," said the dairymaid, laughing. "You see cow mothers won't give down their milk to us humans. We may tug at their udders all we will; no milk comes; they are saving it for their calves."

"Their calves probably are veal outlets by this time, so we get around the cow mothers by standing beside them one of these figures. The cow feels the tug at her udder, she looks around and sees the figure. In her stupidity she thinks her child is nursing and—bzz, bzz, bzz—the milk that had been withheld now streams down freely into the pail."

"WOULD HAVE BEEN 'LOVELY.'"

Speaking of telephones, and the subject has timeliness, a Londoner has recently been saying that if when telephones were first made known to us we had been instructed to respond to all calls with the polite phrase "I hear" instead of with the harsh "hello" our customs and manners would to-day express a higher degree of refinement than they do now show. The general adoption, it is urged, of the soft answer in telephoning would result in a universal uplift of our everyday verbal intercourse. Possibly that is true. But it is too late to change now. The telephone has carried "hello" into many languages.

LEARNING GRAMMAR ALL OVER.

Sillicus—I always get mixed on the use of "shall" and "will."

Cynicus—Oh, wait till you get married and you will discover that a man says "I shall" and a woman says "I will."

THE FANGS OF THE SUMMER

By CHARLES N. SINNETT

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"This dry summer is like a venomous snake and he has struck his fangs deep into all things which keep the fisherman alive."

Old Skipper Gracey had said that often since the last of May. He muttered it still more hoarsely today. He did not realize how the stress of things which he named was eating into his own sturdy, hopeful spirit.

"But the fangs have gone the deepest into the water," said the Skipper. "The big lobsters all began to crawl off shore in June. Rock cod have never been so scarce since I can remember. The mackerel have raced away towards the Banks. The herring are likely to be as fidgety as the year when the Matilda Jane drove on the Cedar Ledges. I only got five barrels that fall. And here we are off by Trundy's Reef fishing as hard as we can—and only two cod in the dory. And the eunners keep nibblin' the bait like sin!"

The Skipper suddenly dropped his cod line. He lifted his battered spy glass to scan a white object on the shore of the island where he had lived so long.

"Yes, there she is—lolling!" He turned and snarled upon his son Hi. It was as if the young man had been guilty of all the mischief which had been wrought on land and sea that summer, and he had caught him in a strong trap at last.

"Yes," the Skipper stormed on, "Dora Johnson is the only girl on this coast who would lay on the shore and dream when we've got to face the blackest winter we fishermen have ever known."

"Dora likes to write. One cannot do that work well without looking things through and through. The lady from New York who boards at Uncle Ben's has spoken well of her verses."

Hi Gracey looked his father squarely in the face. But there was no defiance in his eyes or heart as he spoke of the girl he loved as his life. His tones had no sting of apology. He stated the case of Dora Johnson fairly as he and others saw it. The proof from the New York authoress was not added as something which had made a revelation to Hi. But since such things had been spoken with such honest admiration it was well enough to remind his father of it.

"She got you all tangled up in her net the very first piece you heard her read at spelling school—and you only a shaver of 11," the skipper snarled. "I thought at first you'd dive like a seal and get out of the meshes. But if ever I gazed on any bulk of a fish rolled in 25 yards of mackerel net I'm looking at you now. I've talked and talked to you that it's in her breed to dream and loll. But you seem to think more of Dora Johnson every year. Her grandfather before her used to be unkering at a flying machine. Her father has started many a fool scheme for making money. There is one of them piled up on the shore at the bottom of the bank where she is lolling."

The Skipper's laugh rang out so loudly that some gulls fluttered up from the water.

Hi knew well all about the heap of net which lay on the beach towards which his father shook his fist. Dora's father had thought that it might be of great use some day. He spoke of it with a dreamy look as if he saw far away into the future. And Dora had set to work to knit it for him the first winter when he had mentioned it. In more than one snowy day Hi had deftly filled the wooden needles with twine for the girl. More than one yard of the net he had helped her knit. And now, for many a week, the result of that strong work mutual love had lain idly on the gray beach. Long ago it had been named "Bijah's Folly." Many a man had kicked it scornfully with his thick fishing boots as he passed by it.

"She had written some good verses about the net," said Hi in the same even tones in which he had spoken before.

"Guess they won't help much at pulling out the fangs of a summer like this."

Hi looked shoreward with unshaken faith in the girl. Without the help of the battered spy glass he

could see that she had risen to her feet and was moving about now. Her white dress fluttered like a sea gull's wings. What she was doing he did not know. Her dreaming or work could never wear the faintest tinge of folly before his blue eyes.

The breeze died away that afternoon. The sun glared fiercely on the water. Skipper Gracey and Hi had a hard row to the island. The darkness lay thick on sea and land before they came near home.

As the Skipper leaned on his oars and wiped the sweat from his forehead he said: "What in allspice is that cooing on shore there?"

Hi could give him no light on the subject.

The Skipper stood up in the dory to listen. No sound was on the sea



Her White Dress Fluttered Like a Seagull's Wings.

save the water dripping from the quieted oars.

Then there was a sound of quick rowing towards the Skipper's place of watching.

He hailed furiously: "What's up over to the Sea Bank?"

"Well, some are up and some are down," was the laughing answer as the boat drew nearer. "No fun like it on the island in 40 years. If you want to see how black bass can trip up a fellow row in shore as soon as you can."

"Bass!" cried the Skipper. The news of the capture of the sea serpent would not have surprised him half so much.

"Yes. The men will get over 100 of them—maybe higher than that. And some of them will weigh 80 pounds. We're going after a steam launch and ice so that we can have them up to the Portland market in good shape before sun up to-morrow morning. I tell you the Johnsons will make some money. And they seem to be willing to share with the rest of us."

"What in allspice do you mean?" thundered Skipper Gracey.

"Can't stop to tell you much more. You row in. You'll see fun alive. Men hooking big bass and tumbling over like nine pins. But they'll get 'em all long before the tide starts coming in again. Dora Johnson saw them coming in where some little streams of fresh water trickle down the beach. She and two of her brothers launched the dory so easy that not a bass guessed she was after 'em. She took her father's net out in a half circle round the critters. Then she loaded it at the bottom with big rocks. She must have plumped every one in the spot when it was needed. When the tide went down there was the whole school trapped. They'll have every one of 'em. Row in and give three cheers for Dora Johnson. Her name will be in all the big city papers."

And away the men rowed for the steam launch.

Skipper Gracey stood straight up as if a lightning bolt had struck him and with its glittering shafts had fastened his feet to the bottom of the dory.

"A hundred bass," he muttered. "In 'Bijah's net—Why in thunder don't you say something or other, Hi?"

"Been thinking right along," was the quiet answer. "Guess sometimes you've thought I had too much to say about her, dad."

"Dora has pulled all the fangs by the roots out of this dry summer. 'Bijah' will help us all. I must say he was always kind or free-headed."

"And you'll come to the wedding bright and early, dad. We'll try and stand up straight and not loll while the parson is hitching us together."

"Hi," said the Skipper, solemnly, "you know I hate awfully to tack about after I've blowed at you and Dora the way I have. But I'm going to do it."

Mo. Pac. Time Table

Missouri Pacific—Lexington Branch			
EAST-BOUND TRAINS.			
	No. 602.	No. 608	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
L'Ve. Kansas City	8:40	5:05	
Ar. Independence	6:10	5:35	
" Wellington	7:30	6:47	
" Myrick	7:35	7:05	
" Lexington	7:45	7:15	
" Higginsville	8:15	7:45	
" Concordia	8:42	8:21	
" Sedalia	9:50	9:45	

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.			
	No. 603.	No. 60.	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
L'Ve Sedalia	8:25	3:10	
Ar. Concordia	6:30	4:25	
" Higginsville	6:56	4:53	
" Lexington	7:25	5:25	
" Myrick	7:35	5:45	
" Wellington	7:50	6:00	
" Independence	9:05	7:15	
" Kansas City	9:35	7:45	

Missouri Pacific—J. C. B. & L.			
WEST BOUND.			
	No. 31	No. 37	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
L'Ve Jefferson City	6:30	1:15	
Ar. Booneville	7:41	2:37	
" Marshall	8:44	3:47	
" Waverly	9:37	4:43	
" Myrick	10:33	5:39	
" Lexington	10:45	5:45	
" Napoleon	10:54	5:54	
" Kansas City	11:05 p. m.		

EAST BOUND.			
	No. 32	No. 38	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
L'Ve Kansas City	6:30	7:00	
Ar. Napoleon	6:30	8:20	
" Wellington	6:56	8:31	
" Lexington	7:15	8:45	
" Myrick	7:50	9:45	
" Waverly	8:50	10:25	
" Marshall	9:45	10:25	
" Booneville	10:52	11:33	
" Jefferson City	12:15	1:30	

It will be seen that all of these trains run to the Lexington station except the morning train west and the evening train east on the River Division. Buses meet these train at Myrick.

A. S. LOOMIS, Agent.

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