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THE COLONEL'S STORY.

How Jim Adkins Went to War, Got Buried and Was Resurrected.

"Talking about war times," said the old colonel, "did any of you ever hear the story of Jim Adkins?"

"No."

"Well, I'm surprised. Everybody in the settlement knew it. Jim was a no 'count sort of a fellow, and the old man was anxious to get rid of him, so when the war broke out and they were looking around for men the old man gave him away."

"Gave him away?"

"Yes. Jim was in the hayloft, and they were about to leave without him when the old man winked and pointed to the horn.

"That was enough, and they got him and marched him to the front.

"The old man was sorry after Jim was gone and his conscience hurt him bad. But he hoped for the best, until one day he got a message that told him Jim had been killed and buried on the battlefield.

"Then he packed his grip and started right off to bring Jim's body home, if possible, for the grief stricken mother would have nothing else and made life miserable for him with her reproaches.

"He went to Virginia, and was there informed that it would be impossible to remove the body. So he stood over the spot where it was buried and wept for three days. Then he went sadly home.

"And, lo and behold, the first man he met as he neared his gate was Jim—safe, sound and right side up with care!

"It was some time before the old man could say a word, but when he found it was really Jim—in flesh and blood—that they had got Jim mixed up with some other Adkins, and he hadn't been killed at all, the old man was hot! He slowly divested himself of his coat, then rolled up his sleeves and made for him! It was the liveliest scrap you ever saw—the old man on top, and the two of 'em wallowing in the dust!

"It took the old lady and the three girls and two stout darkies to pull the old man off.

"He never did explain why he did it, and Jim didn't ask any questions, but the next morning he told his mother that while his furlough wasn't out still he knew his country needed him and he couldn't stand to stay at home under those circumstances, so he left his blessing for the old man and took the first train for the front."—Atlanta Constitution.

HE WAS A HUMBUG.

His Wife Was Disgusted When She Learned the Author of the Article.

Scribbler had come home from the office in the evening quite "played out," because of the output of his pen and brain that day. He was lying on the couch in the sitting room after supper, when Mrs. Scribbler, who had been reading a magazine, said:

"See here, George Scribbler, here is something that fits you to a T, and I want you to read it."

"What's it about?"

"It's about these funny kind of men who must have everything just so in their homes, no matter how hard it makes it for others. You know that you are one of the fussiest men alive. Every rug and chair and book must be exactly in its place, and a little dust sets you to scolding. You must have a clean napkin every meal, and you cannot eat if there is a tiny spot on the tablecloth, and everything must be served just exactly so or you get grumpy. Now, is not that true?"

"A man likes to see things in order in his own house," said Scribbler.

"Of course he does, and I try to keep things in order, but I defy any woman to maintain the degree of order you expect with four or five children in the house. Now, this article refers to just such unreasonable, fussy men as you are, and it is not one bit too severe even when it says that they are small spirited and lacking in true manliness. I do wish that you would read the article."

"I don't need to," replied Scribbler, sitting up to stretch and groan.

"I'd like to know why you do not need to read it, George Scribbler?"

"Because—well, the fact is, my dear, I wrote that article myself."—Denver Post.

"For Valor."

A little story that appeared not long ago in a Spanish comic paper is sent to us by correspondent to show how Spaniards thought of their navy before the present events. A Spanish admiral touching at some foreign port in the natural course of events calls on the governor of the local fort, and on the return call the governor sees the one little gun of the Spanish man-of-war run out to fire a return salute, but at the critical moment the Spanish admiral rushes up and throws the gun, carriage and all, into the sea.

"What!" exclaims the distinguished visitor. "Why do you throw your government's guns overboard?"

"Because," replies the admiral, "if the gun had gone off, it would have blown this whole ship to pieces! That means another decoration for me!"

"How's that?"

"For my courage in saving this ship from destruction."—London News.

An Artful Villain.

Mr. Crusoe—Speak—Was there any villain in that play you saw last night?

Mrs. Crusoe—Speak—Not on the stage. He sat a few seats from me, though, and insisted upon climbing over my lap to go out between the acts.—Yonkers Statesman.

In France it is illegal to capture frogs at night.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

"I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the finest preparation on the market for piles." So writes John C. Dunn, of Wheeling, Va. Try it and you will think the same. It also cures eczema and all skin diseases. F. G. Fricke.

A Tricky Butcher.

"The greatest business mind I ever ran up against was possessed by the former proprietor of a meat market out in Germantown," said a street car conductor the other day as his car was waiting on Front street. "This butcher had a fine, squeaky voice, which you could hear a block away. Tricky? Yes, that's just what you would call it. I used to watch him sometimes when he was waiting on customers, and it was positively amusing to see the apparent ease with which he would make a two pound steak weigh apparently three or more pounds.

"He would take a couple of pounds of meat and throw it on the scales so that the pointer would show four pounds and then take it off before the scales could register the true weight. 'There's just four pounds exactly,' he would say to the customer in that squeaky voice of his, and then continue with the statement quickly made: 'Four times 12 is 58. Call it 60,' and unless the customer was watching him closely he would always get even change.

"He was in the meat business only a few years and amassed a competency. Then he left it. What worries me is how he is going to get along now. I understand he is in the real estate business, and I wonder how he works it when he sells a piece of land. The scales won't help him much there."—Philadelphia Record.

The Only Time There Was.

The necessity that there shall be only one man who "has the say" in a military command is universally recognized in the United States army. A story is told of General Shafter which illustrates the punctilio of the regulars in this regard.

At a certain frontier post at which Shafter, who then held an inferior rank, was commander many years ago, a discussion arose among several officers as to the exact time of day. A captain, with his watch in his hand, said:

"It is now exactly 3 o'clock."

"Oh, no!" said a lieutenant. "By my time it's eight minutes past 3."

A third young officer drew his watch out of his pocket. "I know my time is exactly right," he said, "and my watch says two minutes past 3."

At this juncture Major Shafter looked at his silver watch.

"I don't know what your watches say," he remarked, "but I wish you to understand that in this command it is five minutes past 3."

Then the young officers remembered that the authority of the commanding officer extended even to the time of day.—Youth's Companion.

A Useful Coffin.

It may not be generally known that the Dutch Boers at the Cape, especially those living in remote districts where material is expensive and labor difficult to obtain, frequently purchase as I do one coffin beforehand which is placed in a conspicuous position in the "voor kamer" or principal sitting room and utilized as an article of furniture, for ornament or as a receptacle for clothing and other oddments.

One farmer well known to the writer possesses a beautifully finished article of this sort which he purchased about 30 years ago. During that period he has buried three wives each of whom had to be content with coffins of the commonest material and roughest workmanship while his own awaiting its possessor stands in all its luster of polished teak and silver mountings.

For the present the old gentleman uses it as a couch for his midday nap in order, as he sometimes remarks with grave humor, that he may get accustomed to it.—Cape Times.

A German Word Serpent.

A German correspondent comes to the rescue of his countrymen, concerning whom we expressed surprise that they should prefer to use a word of four syllables when another word expressing the same thing in 40 syllables was available. He sends us a copy of The Kolnische Volkszeitung, in which occurs a sentence of 607 words, occupying 69 lines of the newspaper.

This word serpent occurs in a legal judgment, and even the printers got to hate it after setting up about 450 words of it. So they put in a full stop, which, like a rifle bullet in the spine of a boa constrictor, killed the whole sentence. But it must really be nice to have newspapers in which you can begin to read a sentence at breakfast, continue it in the train and triumphantly reach the verb at office.—London Globe.

Experienced.

"Have you made up your mind just what qualities you expect to find in a husband?" asked the matron.

"Why, of course," answered the maid.

"Too bad," commented the matron with a sigh.

"Why do you say that?" demanded the maiden.

"Oh, I always hate to see young girls disappointed," answered the matron.—Chicago Post.

So Kindly Considerate.

"Why is it," the daring young man asked, "that your daughter still wears such short dresses?"

"Oh, I keep her dressed that way," Mrs. Giddibus answered, with a beautiful blush, "because if she had long skirts on people would think she was my sister when they saw us together. I have no wish to conceal the fact that I have a daughter who is as tall as I am."—Cleveland Leader.

Close Range.

Hattie—So you and Jack quarreled, did you?

Ella—Yes. He said something that I didn't like and I told him we must be strangers henceforth.

Hattie—And did he fall on his knees and ask you to forgive him?

Ella—Not he! You see he—that is, his knees were occupied at the time.—Chicago News.

A torpid liver robs you of ambition and ruins your health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cleanse the liver, cure constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. F. G. Fricke & Co.

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FALL 1898.

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Special

We have a line of Black Crepon dress goods, direct from Europe--our own importation--from 50c to $2.00 a yard.

NEW FLANNELETTES, for Wrappers, 14 yds for $1.00.

NEW OUTING FLANNELS, from 5c up.

LEMPON'S best black and white and also grey Calicos, for 5c a yard. New Percales, 8⅓c a yard.

NEW GIANT CALICO for 7c, regular price 10c.

Shoe Dept. SCHOOL SHOES--
Special to SCHOOL CHILDREN--

Free! Free! Absolutely Free!

With every pair of School Shoes we will give a Writing Tablet and Lead Pencil. The same kind we had last season, so popular with the School Children.

Everything in Summer Goods at half price, and less, to close. We must have the room for our Fall Goods.

Summer Wrappers at half price, to close.

The remainder of our Shirt Waists we have put in three lots--39c, 50c and 75c.

New Carpets, Window Shades, Oilcloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Curtains and Curtain Poles (*White Enameled Curtain Poles and fixtures, for 23c*)

Unbleached Muslin, excellent quality, 4c.
Bleached Muslin, 5c, 6c and 7c.

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Essays on MILK are Good, but CREAM is better...

We give you the CREAM of the SHOE subject, from the most reliable manufacturers in the United States, where nothing but skilled labor is employed and where doubtful Shoes are refused by an expert, and not permitted to pass to the trade.

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Replenished Our Stock to the Extent of $4,000,

So, if you cannot be suited in two or three articles, you don't have to stand and scratch your head and wonder what to do, for we have an UNLIMITED RESERVE, and we can spring something this spring—during the beautiful Springtime—that will spring you to your feet and make you say: "I'll take these." PRICES ON....

Latest Novelties in Hot Weather Footwear:

Infants' Chocolate strap bow Sandals, 2's to 5's—55c.
Child's Chocolate strap bow Sandals, 4's to 8's—65c.
Child's Extra fine Choc. strap Sandals—85c and 95c.
Child's Extra fine (Anvil bottom) bow Sandals, 8½ to 11—$1.00 to $1.15.
Misses' Extra fine (Anvil bottom) bow Sandals, 11½ to 2's—$1.25 to $1.50.
Misses' Choc. strap bow Sandals, 11 to 2's—90c to $1.
Job lot all solid Goat button, 8½ to 11—75c to 85c.
Ladies' Oxfords—$1.25, $1.50, $1.65.
Infants' Chocolate, button, 2's to 5's—55c.
Infants' Dongola button, 2's to 5's—55c.
Infants' Choc. (extra fine) button, 2's to 5's—75c.
Infants' (Red and Blue Stitch) fine quality Dongola button—75c.
Child's Vesting Top, extra fine Choc. bow—$1.25 to $1.40.
Child's Anvil bottom Choc. lace, 8½ to 11—$1.25 to $1.35.
Little Gents', pat. back strap, 8½ to 11—$1.50.

Everything Mentioned Is Solid Leather—No Humbuggery.

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