

**Easter
Suggestions**

*Queen
Quality*
THE FAMOUS
SHOE FOR WOMEN

**Easter
Shoes**

New Styles Direct from the Factory

Your highest expectation in a Shoe is realized when you wear "QUEEN QUALITY" Shoes. This season's styles and designs are far superior to any yet manufactured by the makers of this Popular Shoe. All the latest ideas in Footwear are incorporated into these Shoes, and from my Fresh Stock you will have no difficulty in selecting your favorite. You are especially invited to see these.



CHIC SHAPE

Bright Kid Lace
Boot--Colonial
Heel

\$3.00



Just-It-Shape

Pat. Kid Lace Boot
with Tip; Dull Top
Straight Heel.

\$3.00



SAMUEL WAHL
EXCLUSIVE AGENT

Those who have heard De Wolf Hopper recite the following poem will find especial pleasure in now reading it. However, it is worth any one's while.

"CASEY AT THE BAT."

(A ballad of the Republic, sung in the year 1888)
The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mud-ville nine that day:
The score stood 4 to 2 with but one in-ning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep de-spair the rest
Clung to that hope that springs eternal in the human breast:
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—
They'd put up even money with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim mel-ancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the won-derment of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted and they saw what had occurred,
There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat—
For Casey, mighty Casey was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there,
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball un-heeded sped;

"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore,
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand;
And it's likley they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult: He bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said: "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate,
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go!
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and

somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Eat Sowles Candy.

Frank Wylie is now in Auburn.
W. S. Leyda was in Stella dur-
ing the week.

Remember the City Pharmacy
for Wall paper.

Mrs. Heacock visited in Kansas
City this week.

W. Wylie registered at the
Union House Monday.

Mrs. Jesse Law of Table Rock
is visiting friends in this city.

Dr. Scott was an M. P. passen-
ger tor Leavenworth on Monday.

Mrs. F. Martin and daugh-
ter Helen were Hiaawatha visitors
Saturday.