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MAYBE.

SOME evenin's I reach for my hat. And down the steps I rush a-stumbly. Like I was blind as any bat. And growlin' all the way and grumbly. Till you would laugh at me or you Would sympathize some with me maybe. But anyhow that's how I do When my wife starts to spank the baby.

I know if I butt in at all My wife will not be apt to thank me, And still I hear my baby call To me. "Please, dad, don't let her 'spank me'!" And I just have to rush outside And down the street a-gallivantin', And in my ears at every stride My baby's pleadin' voice comes ha'n'tin'.

And sometimes I halfway turn back At the remembrance of her pleadin' Halfway worked up to fix the 't. Although I know the baby's 't. A tender digbeat now and then. When her wee feet go wildly strazin', When she has run away or when She's mussed her clean dress up a-playin'.

But that don't make it easy none For me when mother spanks the baby, And I just grab my hat and run And don't come back again till maybe She babies are all tucked in bed. All arranged in and soundly sleepin', With all their lay-me softly said And with an end to all their weepin'.

What baby is the cutest slip And says the quaintest things, dog-gone it! Sometimes when mamma says, "T'm whip!" She says: "You tan't. I'm settin' on it!"

Now, after a reply like that Who could watch baby get the paddle? No wonder I reach for my hat And don't look back as I skeddadle.

I like to think I'd hear the call And go to war 'long with the quickest And stand firm where the bullets fall And where the slayin' blows fall thickest. Maybe I would stand up and fight, And I'd die facin' the foe maybe. I think the bravest men take flight When it gets time to spank the baby. —F. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

She Had Often Studied It. Little Marie had returned from her first visit to Sunday school. "And what lesson are you to study for next Sunday?" her mother asked. "Nuffin' much," said the four-year-old rather scornfully. "Her jest said to learn all about the catakissin', and me knowed that already." —Lippincott's Magazine.

A Self Maid Man.



—Harper's Weekly.

An Advantage. "But your country is so lacking in places of historic interest," said the European.

"That's one of its great advantages," answered Mr. Cumrox. "In this country a man can travel for hours without being obliged to listen to a lecture." —Washington Star.

Fine cigars and smoking tobacco, at Harman's Bazaar.

A NEW LINE OF TALK.

Unexpected Experience of a Drummer in a Car With a Pretty Girl.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and, finding that it wasn't, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself for solid enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unknicked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; thanks," murmured the drummer. "Glad of it," resumed the girl cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you better sit next to the window and let me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured. "I am doing well enough."

"May I buy you some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy. Suppose I slip an arm around your waist. Just lean forward a trifle, please, so that I can."

"You'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer. "I don't think you really mean it."

"You look so tired," she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks; I won't today. I am very comfortable," and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarfpin is coming out. Let me fix it! There," and she arranged it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" And she smiled beseechingly right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go and smoke," said the drummer as he hauled down his grip-sack and made a bolt for the door. —Puck.

Quite Polite. They were slight acquaintances, and there was no love lost between them. "Well," said the first grande dame. "By by. I must really be getting on. I have to make a call on my mother."

The second put up her lorgnette and drawled: "Really—ah—you don't mean to say you have a mother living?"

The first grande dame laughed—a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid, in it. "Oh, yes," she retorted on the one who had tried to take her down. "My mother is still alive, and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you." —Sphere.

It Would Not Show. That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

Let Us Hear From You. Our subscribers in arrears must excuse our duns, but really our list is large and we have so much money out, and heavy expenses to meet, that we are compelled to ask those who possibly can, to help us through the dull season. Remember, "every little added to what you have (sent) makes just that much more." So, we will surely be thankful for your remittance. The mails are open, if you cannot send or bring it in person.

Sewing Machines. The Davis Unique and other new improved drop head machines; nicely finished in oak; easy running and perfect sewing; fully guaranteed; for sale at factory prices for cash, or on easy payments, at The Bazaar. Rice B. Harman

BOWSER FEELING BAD

Returns Home Full of Fear and Takes to His Bed.

MRS. BOWSER HIS CONSOLER.

Prepares For the Worst, but the Situation is Changed by the Family Doctor's Diagnosis—Resumes Old Individuality.

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WHEN the Bowsers sat down to breakfast the other morning Mrs. Bowser found herself without any appetite, and, though she tried her best to conceal the fact, Mr. Bowser soon took notice and said:

"No appetite, eh? Well, when I heard that you had been sloshing around in the rain yesterday I made up my mind that you would pay for it."

"But I didn't get my feet wet," she protested.

"Of course you wouldn't own up to it. No appetite this morning, and you look as if you hadn't a week to live. I've talked and talked, but what good has it done?"

"I have a little headache, but it will be gone by noon."

"Gee nothing. I shall come home to find you in a raging fever and the doctor and a trained nurse here. Even if you live through it you will make me \$200 cost."

"Any one is liable to have a headache now and then."

"Headache! Headache! Woman, don't try to deceive yourself. This is going to be a very serious matter."



"GET ME IN ON THE LOUNGE," HE WHISPERED.

Wading in slush and water up to your knees means something more than a slight headache, as you will discover. Well, don't expect any pity from me. I take care of myself, and as a consequence no one enjoys better health.

Better telephone for a doctor and nurse and go to bed. In case I find you dying when I come home this evening I will telephone your mother."

His words sounded heartless, but as the headache went off in a couple of hours Mrs. Bowser did not treasure them up. She rather expected he would telephone during the day, but as he didn't she stood on her dignity and did not call him up. At his hour for coming home she was feeling fine and in good spirits, but as she saw his drop off the car she knew that something had gone wrong. His shoulders were all humped up, and his feet shuffled as he walked. He had to drag himself up the steps, and when she opened the door for him she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Bowser, what on earth is the matter?"

"Get me in on the lounge," he whispered in reply. "You are ill! You are trembling all over!"

"Send for the doctor!" he said as he stretched out on the lounge.

"But tell me about it! When were you taken? How do you feel?"

"I'm a dying man, Mrs. Bowser! Was taken with a chill two hours ago. I'm first hot and then cold all over. I expected to die in the street car."

Mrs. Bowser looked at his tongue and felt of his pulse and was quite sure that he had only taken cold.

"Did you get your feet wet yesterday?" she asked as she chafed his hands with alcohol.

"I—I guess I did."

"Not a doubt of it. I've talked, but what good has it done? You must have waded in slush and water up to your neck."

Comforts Sick One. "Do you think—think I'm going to die?"

"I can't say as to that, but I shall prepare myself for the worst. Of course you can't expect much pity from me. Any man that will wade around in slush and water!"

"I don't want to die!" he interrupted. "No; I don't want to die and leave you and all else. I'm not an old man yet, and we can take a lot of comfort."

"Well, it may be nothing more than a very serious case of typhoid fever, but of course we shall have to have a trained nurse and the doctor coming three times a day."

"Get the doctor here!" groaned Mr. Bowser. "Get him here at once! He may be able to check this sickness before it gets hold of me."

Mrs. Bowser went to the telephone and was answered that the family doctor was not in and was not expected back at his office in less than three hours.

Mr. Bowser groaned. Then he wanted

ed brandy, then to be propped up, then to be lowered again. Then he asked Mrs. Bowser to look at the whites of his eyes and report:

"You may pull through," she said in doubtful tones.

"Then telephone to some other doctor—nurses from some hospital. Tell them to send two of them—three of them. Get two—it's Bowser—Amuel Bowser. Tell them that I must be saved. I don't care if it costs a million dollars!"

Mrs. Bowser didn't telephone to any doctors and nurses. She simply pretended to. She was saving Mr. Bowser for the family doctor. She got him tea and toast, and though he protested his weakness and want of appetite he nibbled and sipped. He felt better afterward, but he didn't admit it. On the contrary, after fetching a long drawn groan he whispered:

"Why did this come to me, Mrs. Bowser—why come to me instead of another? Why am I singled out for a victim?"

"Because you waded in slush and water."

"But I—I— Say, Mrs. Bowser, make these doctors understand that this is a case of life or death and that they can be used for damages for delay."

Then he sighed. Then he groaned. Then he propped and unpropped. Then he asked if typhoid patients didn't lose all the hair on their head, and when Mrs. Bowser reminded him that he hadn't any to lose he was not a bit comforted.

While waiting for three doctors and two nurses and other things Mr. Bowser prepared for the worst. For five or ten minutes he reviewed his past life and then said to Mrs. Bowser:

"I—I am sorry I spoke to you as I did this morning."

"Oh, that is all right. I knew you didn't mean what you said."

"But I have said other mean things to you—hundreds of other mean things."

"But you regretted them at once, and so there is nothing to forgive."

"Mrs. Bowser," he persisted with quivering lip, "if I was to live my life over again I'd be a better husband to you. Yes, I would. I wouldn't be a bulldozer and threaten divorce and all that. I wish I could live on, just to show you how good I could be."

He was petted and soothed and quieted for ten minutes and had almost fallen into a doze when he suddenly sat up and exclaimed:

"There's the cook! I had forgotten about her!"

"Well, what of the cook?"

"I want to take her hand before I die and beg her pardon for finding fault with her cooking. Call her up right away."

"But she's gone out this evening for an hour or two."

"And there's your mother! If you can't reach her on the phone you must telegraph. I have been a bad, bad man to her. I want forgiveness. Do you think she can forgive me for calling her an old cat and a frump?"

"Yes, I think so. Mother is a very tender hearted woman, and I think she will even put flowers on your grave. Don't worry about mother. I'll see that she is here in time."

Resumes Old Way. "And then there's the butcher and grocer and druggist. I have raised rows with them a hundred times over. I don't want to die and have them saying they are glad old Bowser is dead."

"They shall be sent for in time."

How many other things Mr. Bowser would have brought up before gasping his last cannot be told, as the doorbell rang and Mrs. Bowser admitted the family doctor. She may have given him the wink as she bustled in or she may not. Be that as it may, he advanced to Mr. Bowser, felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue and then said:

"Come, Bowser, get out of this."

"W-what do you mean?"

"Don't play the booby. Nothing ails you that a dose of physic won't cure."

"And I'm not going to die?"

"Die your grandmother! You are able to go downstairs and shovel over a ton of coal this very minute."

One would have thought, in consideration of his narrow escape from the grave, that Mr. Bowser would have remained humped for at least half an hour, but he didn't. No sooner had the door closed on the doctor than he rose up and said:

"Now, Mrs. Bowser, you can see the difference between a resolute man and a namby pamby woman. You would have died half an hour ago, while I am feeling as well as I ever did in my life. Be mighty careful how you upset this house again!" M. QUAD.

Stranded.

Aeronaut—This certainly out-Crosses Robinson Crusoe.—Harper's Weekly.

A Quandary. "A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Cumrox.

"Aren't you going to notify the police?"

"I don't know what to do. It does seem rather classy to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think that I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace." —Washington Star.



THERE'S JUST NO GETTING AWAY FROM FACTS.

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Neighbor, don't buy a thing in the harness line 'till you get my prices. Here are a few: Plow Collars at.....30c. Plow Bridles at.....75c. \$2.50 Leather Collars at...\$1.50.

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124 acres, 3 1/2 miles from Barr. 50 acres open land. 8 Room dwelling.
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43 acres, 3 miles from Lexington, 9 acres open land. Plenty water.
95 acres, 25 acres open land 35 acres round timber, 35 acres boxed timber, 2-4 room houses, barn and stables. Church and school house within 2 miles of place.
4 one-half acre lots on new street to be called Fort Street.
One large lot, 6-room dwelling and barn on Main Street, Lexington.
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1 acre, 5-room dwelling just outside the incorporate limits of Lexington.
3 acres, good dwelling near Lexington.
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