



COMFORT

IN CORSETS

Can only be obtained by wearing No. 391 "Improved All-Featherbone Corsets." No side steels to break, hurt or rust.

TRY A PAIR.

All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

When you like a man just as well after you have travelled 3,000 miles with him as you did before you started on the journey, it is evidence that he is a mighty good fellow, and the experience isn't altogether unflattering to yourself.

Mother—What? Been in swimming? And this time of the year? Mercy! When I went out to-day I wore my winter coat. Little Johnny, with teeth chattering—Yes, ma, it was so—so—so cold we ha-had to jum-jump into the wa-water to ke-keep wa-warm.

The Owingsville, Ky., Outlook says:—James W. Hasty, a 65-year-old bachelor, was born within two miles of this place. He is a gunsmith and watch-fixer, and has not been five miles away from here in twenty-five years. He never kissed one of the fair sex in his life.

If you are going to be married you will likely require a

... Cook Stove.

We can shew you the largest variety at the lowest possible prices.

RICHMOND
STREET.
PHONE 452

STEVELY'S

Vaccination has been made a religious ceremony in Geneva and Holland.

There are more muscles in the tail of a rat than there are in the human hand.

When the north wind blows in South America, it brings an epidemic of crime.

On an average, the lungs contain about 280 cubic inches, or nearly five quarts of air.

The heart ordinarily beats about seventy times a minute, and throws about two ounces of blood at each contraction.

HIS IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Prohibitionist—Young man, seek happiness elsewhere. There's a limit to the pleasures of a saloon.

Tooper—All right, Dominie, I'll go to a brewery.

NO TROUBLE ABOUT FIELDS.

"I think," said the professor to the father of the late graduate, "that your son will now need a wider field."

"All right," said the old man, "come along, John; I've got ten acres!"

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

"How is it that your boss' sweet wines cost so much more than the sour ones?" asked a gentleman of the liquor dealer's boy.

"Do you suppose the boss gets his sugar for nothing?" was the incautious reply.

HIS WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Van Ishe—So she refused you?

Ten Brok (sadly)—Yes; in fact, she told me to go to—(whispers).

Van Ishe—Dear me! Why, I—

Ten Brok—That is, she told me to ask her father, and, as he's dead, I suppose that's what she meant.

STUDYING TO PLEASE.

Sharpnosed woman—Seems to me your paper's all too high priced.

Wall Paper Dealer—This is the entire line of samples of the biggest factory in America, madam, and I guarantee the prices to be as low as any in the market.

"Haven't you got something cheaper?"

"Surely you don't want anything cheaper than 6 cents a double roll."

"Is that the cheapest you've got?"

"It is."

"I wish you had something for about 4 cents."

(Yelling through the speaking tube)—
"Harris, send up a sample of butcher's wrapping paper. I believe on my soul Mrs. Hetty Green's here."