

## How's your shirt

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### IN LIGHTER VEIN

A southern colonel had a colored valet by the name of George. George received nearly all of the colonel's cast-off clothing. He had his eyes on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he thought he would hasten matters somewhat by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot he called George and asked if he had noticed it. George said, "Yes sah, colonel, I noticed dat spot and tried mighty hard to get it out, but couldn't."

"Have you tried gasoline?" the colonel asked.

"Yes sah, colonel, but it didn't do no good."

"Have you tried brown paper and hot iron?"

"Yes, sah, colonel, I've done tried 'mos everything I knows of, but dat spot wouldn't come out."

"Well, George, have you tried amonia?" the colonel asked as a last resort.

"No, sah, colonel, I uin't tried 'em on yet, but I knows dey'll fit."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Mississippi official tells of a colored citizen of that state who gave a justice of the peace a big fat possum as a wedding fee.

A year after the justice on meeting the darkey asked:

"Joe, how do you like married life?"

"Well sah," answered Joe ruefully,

"all I kin say is I wish I'd eat dat possum."—Ex.

Hettie—Harry is a man always to be trusted. He has never deceived me. Clara—But how do you know that? Hettie—Know it? Why he told me so himself only last evening.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Hayrix—What be yore son doin' tew th' city?

Mrs. Meadowgrass—He's studyin' fer a doctor.

Mrs. Hayrix—The idee! Is th' doctor tew lazy tew study fer hisself?—Ex.

Caller—Poets, I suppose, have their off days, the same as other people.

Wrymer, with visible irritation—They do, sir. This is one of mine. I am trying to do a poem in Russian dialect.—Chicago Tribune.