Keller & Kennedy,

Real Estate Agents,

CARLISLE KY.

We have for sale some of the choicest Farm and town property, and am prepared to make loans of money to pay for same.

Renters:

We have for rent Farm and town property, and also have demands for property to rent

If we don't make a trade for you, it costs you nothing.

Jas. Archdeacon,

MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

SPRING WAGONS.

Buckboard Wagons, Rollers, Skeleton Wagons, Carts, etc., etc.

Repairing, and all Branches of Blacksmithing done Promptly and in the Best Workmanlike Manner.

A SONG OF THE THRUSH.

When gloomy blooms the hooded wind,
And frost blurs all the pane,
And family seems the heaviest word,
And life the heaviest chain,
And time the heaviest pace to tread,
And on the standby turns his head,
Despairing of the train,
Then in dark woods the wood thrush sings

When past the hay the meadows lower,
And stands the wheat in heavied shocks,
And now the strawberry's sweet and dear,
And now the cherry reddens near,
And now the first full peach is ripe,
And now are ripe the apples all,
And now the wood warbler runs,
The wood thrush sings in woods in June.

When autumn flings the woodland ways,
With hickory nuts and walnuts strewn,
And hints of winter's sleet and rain,
And deviltry grips the streamless fire,
And darkness comes with pain,
And a red moon sets the east,
And on stone walls the ivy turns,
Then in dark woods the wood thrush sings.

—William Dudley Foulke in Century.

THE SHREWD GRAY SQUIRREL.

Attacking Strictly in Business, He Gets the Better of a Wily Hunter.

"Of course," said a hunter, "every body knows that the gray squirrel gets his cousin ahead, the red squirrel, on one point—that is, on the side of the tree; he doesn't get killed if he can help it, and he can help himself pretty well. I remember once coming across a gray squirrel up a big oak. he was out on a branch about sixty feet from the ground. He saw me almost as soon as I saw him, and he remained where I was ready to fire, he ran straight on the other side of the branch. The branch was very small, only a couple of inches through the squirrel, but he hugged it with his feet and tail, and ran along it. Now with me this was couldn't see anything at all except a little bit of the tip of his tail that was blown out by the strong wind. I aimed away at him and never touched him. This was, thinking of the other side of my tree, thinking of the other side of my tree, thinking of the other side of my tree