

wake up and find a ratilesnake hidden away under her bed, but then people get used to that sort of thing after while, and such stories cease to be interesting. It is the stories told by the distillers up the mountains that people talk about.

around the mountains. "Moonshiners," the men who distill in a down at you from over the doorfrom the corners, and one big fellow coiled up on a box seemed all ready to spring. Touch one of them and the peculiar sound of the dry lattles would send a chill all over a person.

"Afraid of what, snakes ?" and the distiller laughed contemptuous ly. "I fo'ght with General Early in the Valley, faced the Yankee canon and didn't run. Do yo' s'pose I'd get scared at a snake? We don't keare for 'em. I kill a dozen or two every mornin', just to keep 'em over with sticks and shoot 'em. Nothin' easier. Sometimes I fish for 'em. That's fun, but 'yo' have to work harder to do it. Perhaps vo' would like to see it done ?" and, receiving a nod in the affiirmative. the distiller led the way in front of his cabin.

S anding up against the door was a long pole with a noose at the end. The distiller took it down, shook it for a moment in his hands and look ed around. "I've caught lots of snakes with this thing," he said. you'll und one somewhere."

seeing the cord, began striking at it. ered there; for it was no time to sale at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE.

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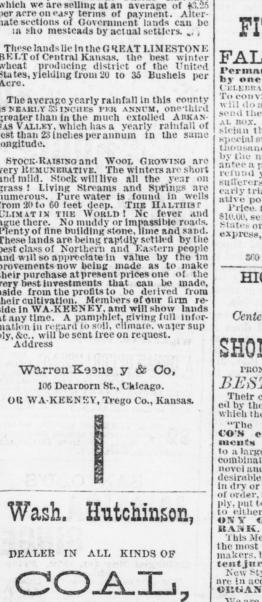
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