

LOUIL (CHADODOLED MADRIS)

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you saw the account they printed the other day in regard to the murder of a young woman by Toog Parmalee, in the neighborhood of "Hatcher's Ford." You couldn't have missed it. The night editors dished it up as a great sensa-tion, spreading it out under startling black headlines.

The account said that two young ladies—sisters—were walking along the road, when they saw Toog Parma-lee come out of the bushes with a pistol in his hand. He had been courting one of them for two or three years, and when she now saw him coming she turned and fled in the opposite direction, while the other sister, not know-ing what to think or how to act, stood still. In this way she probably saved own ife, for Toog passed her by



THIS WAY SHE PROBABLY SAVED HER OWN LIFE.

in pursuit of the flying girl, who was overtaken and shot in cold blood. These harrowing details were spread out with great particularity in the newspapers, and the verdict, made up by those who furnished the details, was that Parmalee was stark crazy.

The only fact given in the account was that Parmalee had killed his sweetheart, and this could have been made cear in much less space than a column of reading matter occupies, for Hatcher's Ford is fifty miles from the settlement where the affair occurred. That settlement is known as Hatch's Clearing, because, as Mrs. Pruett says, nobody by the name of Hatch ever lived there, or any clearing on that side of Tray mountain, and as for the other side-well, that was in another part

of the county altogether.
So much for the first mistake, and now for the second. Was Toog Parmalee crazy? There's no need for you to take the word of an outsider on that malee crazy? There's no need for you to take the word of an outsider on that subject, but before you make up your mind, go and ask Mrs. Pruett. It is a tiresome journey, to be sure, but it is always worth the trouble to find out the truth. You may go to Clarksville from Atlanta, but at Clarksville you'll have to hire a buggy, and, although the road is a long one, it is very interesting. It would be well to take a companion It would be well to take a companion with you, if your horse is skittish, for it will be necessary to open a great many big gates as you go along. All the farms are under fence in this particular region, and the gates are a necessity. As you get nearer to Hatch's Clearing you will see barricades built tell the government got to b grudgin' across the mouths of all the dark and shadowy ravines. This also is a necessity, for in these ravines grows the moss or fungus which, if eaten by the milk ocws, causes what Mrs. Pruett calls "the milk sick"—not among the boy did, and you can't do that comfortably in a buggy drawn by a tired moss or rungus winch, it eaten by the milch cows, causes what Mrs. Pruett calls "the milk sick"—not among the cows, but among those who drink the milk or eat the butter made from the milk. Mrs. Pruett lost two children in milk. Mrs. Pruett lost two children in this way, and she would have lost her old man, too, if Mrs. Bohannan hadn't happened along in time to give him a steaming with blankets on which scalding water had been poured. The blankets were so hot that Mr. Pruett's skin peeled off in places. He made such protest as his feebleness would permit him to make, but Mrs. Pruett was firm in her purpose. He got well, and, though the scalded patches on his neck give him a piebald appearance to this day, he has never had another atthis day, he has never had another at

tack of sickness of any kind.

But this is neither here nor there.

Though the road to Hatch's Clearing is a long and winding one, you can't miss your way. You turn into it suddenly and unexpectedly twelve miles from Clarksville, and after that there is no need of making inquiries, for there are no cross-roads and no "forks" to embarrass you. There's only one trou-ble about it. You ascend the mountain by such a gentle grade that when you reach the top you refuse to believe you are on the summit at all. This lack of belief is helped mightly by the fact that the mountain itself is such a big affair. It slopes from each end to the middle, so that the road on the yery summit. It slopes from each end to the middle, so that the road on the very summit seems to be winding through a vailey. If you are a very close observer you will see that the caks and hickories have a stunted appearance. They seem to be scrubs; but even then you may be deceived by the mountain oaks. You may mistake them for chestnut trees, and wonder why it is that chestnuts flourish here while the oaks are as scrayor wonder why it is that chestilate is is here while the oaks are as scraggy

ish here while the oaks are as scraggy as black-jacks.

Presently you will hear a cow bell jingling somewhere in the distanse, and ten to one you will meet a ten-year-old boy in the road, his breeches hanging by one suspender and an old wool hat flopping on the back of his head. Naturally you will ask him how far it is to Hatch's Clearing. He will stare at you, scratch his bare ankle with his bare toe, turn slowly around on his heels as if to be sure of his bearings, and then reply with a drawl that cannot be reproduced:

"Why, I reckon you're right spang in it now, mister."

it now, mister."
You will be surprised and somewhat

adway's

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable, ause Perfect Digestion, complete absorp-on and healthful regularity. For the are of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, owels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Dis-ases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite.

Sick Headache, Indigestion,

Biliousness,

Constipation,

Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fuliness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nauses, heartburn, disgust of food, fuliness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or futtering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a tying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dulipain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden sunhes of heat, burning in the fiesh.

A few doses of RAD WAY'S PILLS will tree the system of all the above-named disorders.

If you are a reader of the newspapers you saw the account they printed the other day in regard to the murder of a young woman by Toog Parmalee, in the neighborhood of "Hatcher's Ford." his pale lips, and say, as he runs his thumb under the lone suspender to give it a firmer seat on his shoulder; "They uv been a callin' it that ever

sence granny came here from I dunno Then you will ask how far it is to

Then you will ask how far it is to Mrs. Pruett's, and the boy will say with more animation:

"Hit ain't no ways, skeersely. I'll show you wher. She's my granny."

Whereupon he will turn and walk by the buggy, examining horse, harness and vehicle with critical eyes. To keep up the conservation you will ask him if he's ever been to Atlanta, and he will say with an unconcerned air:

say with an unconcerned air:

I never has, but my Buddy Bill, he er has. They tuck him thar. Mister, "I never has, but my Buddy Bill, ne ever has. They tuck him thar. Mister, that hoss is plum tired out."

If you are wise you will fall to talking about the horse and so take the mind of the boy off the compulsory journey to Atlanta, for such things as these do not constitute the pleasantest memories of Tray mountain, nor of any other mountain or valley whatsoever. memories of Tray mountain, nor of any other mountain or valley whatsoever. The boy will conduct you cheerfully, if not gayly, along the road, and in a little while you will hear the hens cack-ling in Miss Pruett's horse lot. This will give the lad an excuse to run on ahead of you. He will exclaim, with as much energy as his plaintive value can com-

energy as his plaintive voice can com-"Oh, Lordy! them plegged dogs is ione run the ol' dominicker hen off'n

the nest."

Whereupon he will start to running

Whereupon he will start to running and pretend to go to the horse lot. But it is all a pretense, for when you come in sight of the house you will see three or four, maybe a half dozen, whiteheaded children on the fence watching for you, and if you have said a kind word to the boy who volunteered to be your guide Mrs. Pruett herself will be standing on the porch, the right arm stretched across her ample bosom, so that the hand may serve as a rest for the elbow of the left arm, which is bent so that the reed stem of her beloved pipe may be held on a level with her good-humored youth. You will have time to notice, as your horse ascends the incline that leads to the big gate, that the house is a very comfortable one for the mountains, neatly weather-boarded and compactly built, with four rooms and a "shed," which serves as a dining-room and kitchen. Two box wood plants stand sentinel inside the gate, and are, perhaps, the largest you have ever seen. There is also a ragged hedge of privet, which seems to lack thrift. A little later you will discover why matters and thi: gs at Mrs. Proett's are ordered somewhat differently from those that prevail at other mountain homes with which you may chance to be acquainted. Mrs. Pruett herself is

be acquainted. Mrs. Fruct herself is not native and to the manner born, though you would never discover it until she told you; and this informa-tion will not be long delayed. You will find that she was born in Jasper county, that her father moved to the Cherokee country after she was grown, and that she married Mr. Pruett, who, after many ups and downs, settled on Tray mountain, "an' done mighty well

and hungry horse. The most you can do is to drive within easy halling distance, take off your hat to the mother-



WHEN YOU COME IN SIGHT OF THE HOUSE.

ly figure on the porch, and inquire if you can get a bunch of fodder for your horse and a glass of buttermilk for yourself. Mrs. Pruett win turn first to the right and then to the left. See-ing no one but the children, she will

ing no one but the children, she will call out, in a penetrating but not un-pleasant voice:

"Where on the face of the yeth is Sary's Tom?" Forth from the house will come the boy you met on the road.
"Can't you move?" Mrs. r'ruett will say. "Yander's the stranger a-wond-erin' an' a-reck'nin' what kind of a place he's come to an' bree's ever'body place he's come to, an' here's ever'body place he's come to, an' here's ever'body a-standin' aroun' an' a-star-gazin' an' a-stardin' aroun' an' a-star-gazin' an' a-suckin' the'r thumbs. Will you stir 'roun,' Tom, er shill I go out an' take the stranger's hoss? Ax 'im to come right in—an', here! you Mirandy! fetch out that big rockin'-cheer!"

It is safe to say that you will enjoy everything that is set before you; you will not complain even if the meat is fried, for the atmosphere of the mountain fits the appetite to the fare. If

fried, for the atmosphere of the mountain fits the appetite to the fare. If Mrs. Pruett likes your looks you will catch her in an attitude of listening for something. Finally, you will hear a shuffling sound in one of the rooms, as if a man were moving about, and then, if it is Mrs. Pruett's old man"—and she well knows by the sound—she'll lift her voice and call out: "Jerd! what on the face of the yeth air you doin' in there? You'll stumble an' break some er them things in there threckly. Why don't you come out an' show yourse'f? You hain't afeard er nothin' ner nobody, I hope."

Whereupon Mr. Pruett will come out

nothin' ner nobody, I hope."

Whereupon Mr. Pruett will come out—a giant in height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and a pleasant smile on his face. And he will give you a hearty greeting, and his milu blue eyes will regard you so steadfastly that you will wonder why Mrs. Pruett asked him if he was afraid of anybody. Later, you will discover that his inquiry is a standing joke with his wife, for Jerd Pruett is renowned in all that region as the most dangerous man in the mounthe most dangerous man in the mountains when his temper is aroused Fortunately for him and his neighbors, he has the patience of Job.

You will find on closer acquaintance with Jerd Pruett that he is a man of considerable information in a great

with Jerd Pruett that he is a man of considerable information in a great many directions, and that he is possessed of a large fund of common sense. Naturally the talk will drift to the murder of the young woman by Toog Parmalee. If you don't mention it, Mrs. Pruett will, for she has her own ideas in regard to the tragedy.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the blood," she will say. "Crazy! why Toog Parmalee wern't no more crazy when he kill Sally Williams than Jerd there—an' much he looks like bein' crazy!"

and tastees that they all unite in declar-ing that the curved line—a definite part of the circle—is the line of beauty. Well. the large circle that we are pleased to call time—in the hope that under that name it will become a straight line and so take us away from many things that are disagrecable and perplexing— brings with it a certain stated and unvarying periods (if we but knew how to measure t hem rightly, the noxious in-fluences which, when they culminate

we term war.

It was in the sixties, as time goes, when these noxious influences culminated in this vast nursery of manhood, the American republic. Some of us have already forgotten what the bother was about, never having had very clear ideas as to the occasion of so much des-peration. Nevertheless it will be a long time before some of the details and developments are wiped from our memories. As good luck would have it, Tray mountain was out of the line of march, so to speak. The great circle encircled it, to be sure, but the noxious vapors were thinner, here than elementers so were thinner here than elsewhere, so that Tray elbowed its way skyward in perfect peace and security, and would hardly have known that the war was going on but for one event which came like an explosion on the quiet neighborhood. The echo of the explosion, Mrs. Pruett claims, was not heard until Toog Parmalee's pistol went off close to his sweetheart's bosom—and that was only the other day.

Now, the war began gently enough thinner here than elsewhere, se Now, the war began gently enough

and went along easily enough so far as Tray mountain was concerned. Its sunsets were not more golden nor its wonderful dawns rosier on that ac-count. The thunders that shook Manassas,and Malvern Hill,and Gettysburg gave forth no sounds in the crag-If the truth must be told. there are no crags nearer than those of Yonah, or those which lift up and form the chasm of Tallulah, for Tray is a commonplace, drowsy old mountain, and it does nothing but sit warming its sway back in the sun or cooling it in the

rain.

But Tray mountain had one attraction, if no other, and the name of this attraction was Loorany Parmalee. In a moment of high good humor, Mrs. Pruett remarked that "ef Jerd had any fault in the world it was in bein' too good." Paraphrase this tender tribute, and it would fit Loorany Parmalee to a T. If she had any fault it was in being too handsome. But beauty, it must be to handsome. But beauty, it must be borne in mind, is a relative term when you employ it in a descriptive sense. No



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF HE HAD NEVER MET HER

doubt Loorany would have cut a very unfashionable figure in a group of beautiful girls dressed according to the demands of fashion. She lacked the high color and the lines that are produced by contact with refining influences; but on the mountain—in her own neighborhood—she was a cut or a cut and a half above any of the rest of the girls. Her eyes were as black as coals and latent heat sparkled in their depths. Her features were regular, and yet a little hard, her under-lip being a trifle too thin, but she had the sweetest smile and the whitest teeth ever seen or Trave and the whitest teeth ever seen on Tray mountain. Her figure—well, her figure was what nature made it, and that wise was what nature made it, and that wise old lady knows how to fashion things when she's let alone and has the right kind of material to work on. She had the leisure as well as the material in Loorany's case, and the result was that the girl in form and in grace belonged to the age that we see in some of the to the age that we see in some of the

to the age that we see in some of the Grecian marbles.

All this is mentioned with proper reserve, and with all necessary allowance for conflicting views and opinions. "Everybody to their taste," as the old woman said who kissed the cow and left her spectacles and one eye hanging on a horn. If those who admire the fanciful toggery that fashion insists on had seen Loorany Parmalee when she was driving the cows home, chunking old Brindle and using a good deal of language with a good deal of language with a good deal of language for a woodchuck, and trying to keep the dogs from tearing the creature all to flinders, they would have laughed at the flinders, they would have laughed at the suggestion that she was beautiful enough to be put in a picture.

suggestion that she was beautiful enough to be put in a picture.

But just reflect over the matter a minute. How many pictures of note, ancient or modern, contain figures that are dressed fashionably? Count on your fingers—leaving out portraits—and give the number. If you live to be a thousand years old you'll never get to your thumb in a count of that kind. And now as to portraits; can you muster a dozen painted by masters of the art in which the painter has not struck a blow at frills and furbelows by inventing costumes and draperies to suit his own ideas of what is beautiful?

But this is bordering on argument, and, in a matter of this kind, argument always weakens the case of those who employ it. The whole contention comes to this in the end; that, in the right light, and in the foreground of a bowlder, with a rogulsh streak of sunshine whipping across her black hair, her sunbonnet hanging between her shoulders, her light hand lifted as if listening, her lips half parted, and a saucy smile dancing in her eyes, no artist in our day and time has ever conceived a lovelier picture than Loorany Parmalee made. To find it counterpart, you will have to hark back to the romantic rascals who laid on the color in old times.

Anyhow, Loorany's beauty was known far beyond the cloud-skirted

in old times.

Anyhow, Loorany's beauty was known far beyond the cloud-skirted helghis of Tray mountain. Nocoochee—the Vale of the Evening Star—had heard about it, and was curious, and far away on the banks of the Chatta-hoochee in the county of Hall, a young man knew of it, and became "restless in the mind," as Mrs. Pruett would say. This young man's name was Hildreth—Hildreth, of Hall, he was called, because there was a Hildreth in Habersham.

Now, it would have been better in the end for Hildreth, of Hall, if he had never heard of Loorany Parmalee, but small blame should be laid at his door an account of his ignorance; the future was a sealed book to him, as it is to all of us. It was what he know the same to the color of the same transmall blame should be laid at his door an account of his ignorance; the future was a sealed book to him, as it is to all of us. It was what he know the lates the color of the same transmall blame should be laid at his door an account of his ignorance; the future was a sealed book to him, as it is to all of us. It was what he know the lates the color of the lates the an account of his ignorance; the future was a sealed book to him, as it is to all of us. It was what he knew and what he did, that he is to be blamed for—if a dead man can be blamed for any-

a dead man can be blamed for anything.

It happened in the summer of 1863 that Hildreth, of Hall, was visiting Hildreth, of Habersham—there was some matter of relationship between them, and they both concluded to attend the camp meeting that was held every vary on Taylor's Beauty Toog Parmalee. If you don't mention it, Mrs. Pruett will, for she has her own ideas in regard to the tragedy.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the blood," she will say. "Crazy! my Toog Parmalee wern't no more crazy when he kilt Sally Williams than Jerd there—an' much he looks like bein' crazy!"

And then Mrs. Pruett will hark back to old times, and tell a story that has some curious points of interest. It is

a long story the way she tells it, but it will bear condensation.

Everything seems to be a circle with
PART II.

In a circle. The circle may be too large or too small to be visible to the naked eye, but it is there nevertheless. Indeed, it is so much a part of our nature and tastees that they all unite in declaring that the curved line—a definite part of the circle is the line of health Wall. any Parmalee. Here were girls from the villages roundabout, as well as girls from the valley, and some of these made believe to laugh at Loorany, but the laugh was against them when they saw the boys and young men nocking after her. Mrs. Pruett had more than half promised to keep an eye on Loor-any, and she did her best, but how can a pious, maimed lady keep up with a good looking girl when she is at an



SO MRS. PRUETT WATCHED LOO-RANY.

age when she is less a woman and feels more like one than at any other stage of her existence? Mrs. Pruett tried good humoredly to put a curb on Loorany, but the lass saughed and shook the bridle off, and no wonder, consider-ing the weakness of human nature. She was beginning to taste the sweets of her first real conquest, for here was Hildreth of Hall, the finest young fellow of the lot, following her about like a dog and running hither and yon to please her whims and fancies. please her whims and fancies.

It is true that John Wesley Millirons had been casting sheep's eyes at her for several years, hanging around the house on Sunday afternoons and riding with her to church on Sundays; but what of that? Wasn't John Wesley in the street that t

was as polite, or as quick to fetch and carry, or as nimble with his tongue as Hildreth of Hall? Go along with your talk about solid qualities! Girls must enjoy themselves and have fun and how can you have the heart to ask them to sit for hours with a chap that mopes or is too bashful to talk fluently, or who looks like he is frightened to death all the time? It

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instruments.

ley almost the same as home folks. And did he ever see the day that he

is too much to ask. Girls must have a chance, and if you don't give it to them they will take it.

So Mrs. Pruett watched Loorany gallanting around with Hildreth, of Hall, and all the other chaps ready to take his place, except John Wesley Millirons, who sat in the shade and made marks in the sand with a twig. Mrs. Pruett who sat in the shade and made marks in the sand with a twig. Mrs. Pruett watched all this, and gravely shook her head. And yet the head-shaking was good-humored and lenient. If Mrs. Pruett had been asked at the time why he shook her head she couldn't have told. She said afterwards that she knew why she shook her head, and she was inclined to plume herself on her foresight. But you know how people are. If matters had gone on smoothly—or even if Loorany had been like other girls—Mrs. Pruett would have forgotten all about that fact that she shook her head when she saw the lass gal-

ten all about that fact that she shook her head when she saw the lass gal-lanting around with Hildreth of Hall. Mrs. Pruett had a "tent" on the camp ground— a small cabin roughly, but very comfortably fixed up, and she stayed the week out. So did Loorany. So did Hildreth, of Hall. But along about Wednesday—the meeting had beabout Wednesday—the meeting had be-gun on Sunday—John Wesley Millirons llung his saddle on his mule and made for home. Loorany Parmalee and Hildreth, of Hall, were sitting in a buggy under a big umbrella, and very close together, when John Wesley went trotting by, his long legs flapping against the sides of the mule. He bowed gravely as he passed, but never turned his head.

"Don't he look it?" laughed Loorany, as he passed out of sight up the road that led to Tray. (To be continued next Wednesday.)

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