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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William E Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

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Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

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Fancy Shirts 50c each. Working Man's Shirt 25c. Boys' Shirts 25c. Cuffs at 25 cents per pair.

Latest Style Collars in all sizes in Linen at 12½c Also Celuloid and Rubber Collars at 10c each.

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A full line of Hosiery for Men, Ladies and Children, in Plain, Fancy and Lace; also White in long and Short for Little Folks.

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A full line of Men's and Boy's Overalls best Hickory Stripe, plain and with aprons, @ 45c a pair; cannot be bought elsewhere for less than a half-dollar. Jumpers that are made for wear.

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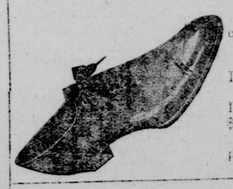

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For ease and comfort, our Old Ladies Shoes cannot be beat at $1.25

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MEAT AND FISH ALWAYS ON HAND FROM TEN CENTS A POUND UP.

Mrs. Peabody's Conscience

By DOROTHY E. LEONARD

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE front gate fell to with a clang and Martha Moore turned her head and looked out of the window.

"Sakes alive, ma! If there ain't Mis Peabody coming up the walk, and it's 'most five o'clock."

Mrs. Moore peered out furtively behind the curtain, then walked heavily into the entry and opened the door.

"Well, Louise Peabody, if this ain't an unexpected pleasure!" cried Mrs Moore, in her deep voice, as her visitor toiled up the steps. "Dear me! You are all of a tremble. Nothing hasn't happened, has it?" the smile fading from her face, as she took the hard, thin hand extended to her.

"Oh, no! I guess I hurried so," panted the little woman. "The air's so bracing to-day, I felt as if I couldn't go slow. It's the ozone in it, so Fanny says," she added, as she followed her hostess into the sitting room.

Martha turned around and nodded cordially, but did not rise. "I guess you'll excuse me under the circumstances," laughed she, "my lap's pretty full."

Mrs. Peabody laid aside her wraps and sank into the nearest chair, her heart beating like a trip hammer. The table was covered with a profusion of dainty materials and half-finished garments; and, from where she sat, she could see that the work over which the girl was bending was of an elaborate description. She was sure now that the report she had heard that morning was true, and that Martha was going to be married to Harry Summers. As she thought of it, and of Harry's attentions to her own daughter Fanny, during the past year, her brain seemed to whirl. At last she was conscious that Mrs. Moore was addressing her.

"You didn't hear me, Mis' Peabody. Don't you want to see all we've got done?"

"Here take this seat by the window,' said Martha, rising, "you can't see well over there."

By a great effort she mastered her feelings, and, sitting down by the window, silently examined the articles shown to her.

"Why this is real lace, Marthy," she said at last, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, there's to be a whole set trimmed with that pattern," put in the mother, proudly, "but yet I do think crochet is prettier and washes better, too. Marthy does do crochet wonderful!"

"So does Fanny!" said Mrs. Peabody flushing suddenly.

"Dear Fan!" said Martha, "tell her to come over Saturday and see my things. Wait, ma! don't show her the veil till I light the lamp. The light's all gone."

The veil would have seemed pretty to far more critical eyes than Mrs. Peabody's, but to the poor woman, overwhelmed with the petty cares of a poverty stricken life, it was a vision of beauty. It was impossible to imagine it on Martha's head; and Fanny's delicate beauty rose persistently before her eyes until Mrs. Moore broke the silence.

"Mr. Moore and I ain't never goin' to tell what we paid for that veil. Even Martha don't know."

"It used to be considered awful bad luck to show the wedding clothes," answered her guest, struggling in vain to suppress the jealousy which surged in her heart.

"Oh, we've got beyond such nonsense now," laughed Martha, as she began gathering up her treasures. Her plain, coarse face was flushed and triumphant. Mrs. Peabody could not endure to look at her. "I just know how she tried to get him from Fanny!" the poor woman thought to herself, "she who has everything in the world she wants, too."

At last it began to dawn on Mrs. Moore that her visitor was very silent and possibly bored.

"Are Mr. Peabody and the boys well?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And Fanny? We hear she's goin' to have the school next year, too."

"Oh, that's fine for her," said Martha carelessly.

Mrs. Peabody's heart beat fast, her brain was on fire. "I guess Fanny'll be havin' something else to do then beside teaching!" she said suggestively.

"Why, Louise, you don't say!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore.

"Do you mean she's keeping company?" asked Martha, peering shrewdly into the poor woman's face.

"Yes!" and for the first time in her life Mrs. Peabody had told a lie.

"I don't believe it!" cried the girl rudely.

"Marthy!" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Well, it's awful queer nobody's heard anything about it!"

Mrs. Peabody returned no answer. She fingered the veil absently for a few minutes, then rose and walked slowly to the door. "Well, good-night, I guess I'd better be goin'," said she, and stepped out bareheaded into the darkness. Martha ran after her and laid a restraining hand on her arm. "You'll catch your death of cold, Mis' Peabody! Don't mind what I said. Come back and get your things on, and pa'll drive you home."

"I don't see what took her so," said the girl after they had helped her, unresisting into the wagon, and gone back to the house.

"Oh, I guess it was the heat o' the room after walking so fast," returned her mother placidly, "but you did speak up mighty loud and sassy to her, Marthy, and mebbe that turned her head."

Poor Louise Peabody leaned back in the wagon beside Mr. Moore in silent despair. Above the certainty that Harry had deserted her own dear daughter above her belief in Martha's perfidy loomed the lie in all its hideousness Mr. Moore's jokes in regard to the approaching nuptials, and his information that Harry Summers had bought out his uncle's grocery business and would settle down near them, fell upon unheeding ears. She roused at last to the consciousness that he was helping her out of the wagon, and, after a hasty good-night, with burning cheeks and a heart like lead Mrs. Peabody entered her home.

As the weeks passed by it was surprising to see how well Fanny bore up under Martha's engagement. In spite of the extra work of the spring term she was blooming, and fairly cheerful. She never mentioned Harry, nor did he come to the house; but as the days lengthened she would often go off alone for a ramble in the pine woods for an hour or two after school, coming back laden with violets, ferns and specimens of wild flowers, which she said were for her class in botany.

School closed on the 10th of June and the 11th was the day set for Martha's wedding. Mrs. Peabody had not intended to go, but Fanny insisted upon it. "It will look so queer if neither of us go, ma," she urged, "and as school only closed yesterday I don't feel like it. One of the boys can drive you over, and you must wear my muslin with the lavender stripes. It fits you all right, and you'll look fine in it." So the poor mother allowed herself to be persuaded and donned the dainty muslin, but a cold east wind having arisen, she threw her old black silk mantilla over her shoulders for the drive.

As Mrs. Peabody entered the house her last visit there came vividly before her mind; and, forgetting to lay aside her wrap, she hurried nervously into the parlor. The folding doors between the parlor and sitting room were thrown wide open, and both rooms were profusely decorated with June roses and branches of the fragrant syringa. A number of the guests had already arrived, and a cheerful buzz of conversation greeted her ears as she sank timidly upon the sofa beside the minister's wife.

The clock struck four and all eyes were turned expectantly toward the hall door—but there was no sign of the bridal party. Mrs. Peabody could hardly keep the tears back as she thought of Fanny; but she clinched her hands under the old mantilla and nerved herself to bear the worst. The clock ticked on loudly, but no one spoke. At last a sudden ring at the door startled them. Steps came heavily down the hall, and the door was opened.

"It's a boy with a note!" exclaimed a young girl who sat near the door.

The guests could endure the suspense no longer, but began to converse excitedly in loud whispers. Suddenly a swish of silken skirts was heard on the stairs, and a tall, white-veiled figure entered the room. All of the women trembled, and one screamed. Martha Moore threw back her veil and looked proudly around the room. Her large, plain face was almost as white as her bridal gown, but she held her head up and eyed her guests defiantly.

"Will you please to walk out and have some refreshments?" said she. "There ain't going to be any wedding this afternoon, but I guess you'll find the cake just as good."

As she turned to lead the way to the dining room her eye fell upon Mrs. Peabody. Instantly her whole manner changed. Her tall figure grew rigid, her eyes dilated, and stretching out one hand toward her she screamed, "Oh you wicked, deceitful woman! How dare you to come here this afternoon? You've known this all along!"

Mrs. Peabody trembled, and clung to the friendly hand of the minister's wife. Her breath came in quick frightened gasps. The minister stepped forward and laid his hand on Martha's arm.

"Miss Martha," he said, kindly but firmly, "you forget yourself!"

She shook him off impatiently. The tears were now streaming down her cheeks, but she did not heed them. "Here Fanny Peabody's been a plotting all along to run off with my young man the day of my wedding, just to shame me because I tried to get him away from her—just as if I hadn't a right! And then to send me a note and tell me they are leaving for Boston on the 3:45 train! I'll show 'em I don't care!" Her voice rose to a scream.

"Oh, Marthy! Marthy! Don't go on so!" sobbed her mother, pushing her way through the crowd to her daughter's side—but Martha heeded her not.

"And then for that deceitful old woman to dare to come here this afternoon!" she cried, almost pathetically "when she's been in the plot all along, and had the cheek to tell me Fanny was keeping company—"

Mrs. Peabody started forward from her seat, "Oh, it wa'n't a lie! It wa'n't a lie!" she cried. "I told 'em, when I come out here 'most three months ago, that Fanny was keeping company, because I was so jealous that Martha'd got Harry away from her. But I didn't know 't was true. I thought it was a lie, and it seemed as if it would 'most kill me!" her face was radiant through her tears.

Martha turned coldly from her; and, controlling herself by a great effort again invited her guests to come out and partake of the wedding cake. She led the way, and the guests followed her one by one until Mrs. Peabody and the minister were left alone.

"I think you and I are not needed here to-night, Mrs. Peabody," said he, kindly, "you had better let me drive you home." And taking her hand he led her from the room, and helped her still trembling, but happy and relieved, into the carriage.

In the Same Boat.

Towne—My wife dropped in to see me at the office to-day and—

Browne—Sorry, old man, but my wife held me up before I left home. I can't lend you a cent.—Philadelphia Press.

The Wrong Kind.

"I didn't know your friend Dubbs was a literary man."

"Is he?"

"Yes, I heard some one refer to him as a bookmaker."—Chicago American.

He May Be Good Now.

"I never trouble myself about the future," he said.

"No wonder," she replied. "It must keep you pretty busy thinking about your past."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anything to Stop It.

Boreham—When exercising vigorously one should breathe through the nose and keep the mouth shut.

Miss Cutting—For goodness' sake, let's go rowing!—Chicago Journal.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR; WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,

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Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

George Was Diplomatic.

"How long would you be willing to wait for me?" she asked, in tones so low he could scarcely catch the words.

And then she went on: "You know, George, my father has recently invested in a silver mine, and he is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you again, George, how long would you be willing to wait for me?"

"Wait for you, my darling?" repeated George, with deep emotion, for his was no fleeting love, dear reader. "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine turns out."—Tit-Bits.

Wise Lawyer.

"So you found that the estate of your late uncle was intact?" asked the friend of the heir.

"Yes, and it was not to be wondered at. My uncle was a lawyer, and a good one, too."

"Drew up his own will, eh?"

"Yes. He drew it up; then he went into court and broke it himself and threw all the fees back into his estate."—Chicago Tribune.

They Have an Aim.

"Why do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the lead past, brooding over days forever gone?" asked a young lady of a widower.

"They don't, I think," he said. 'Rather they wander, especially at this season, in the shops of the present, often pricing articles which they have not the remotest intention of buying."—Tit-Bits.

A Prosy Poem.

A rustic youth, with laughing eye, sat on a rail fence munching pie. A lop-eared mule, with a paint-brush tail, nearby on clover did regale. A bumble bee came buzzing along, and paused to sing the mule a song; but the mule for music had no ear, so his heels flew up in the atmosphere—and over the top of a cherry tree the boy soared on to eternity.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Would Take a Chance.

"You say you would like to be captured by brigands?"

"Well," answered Mr. Meektono, "I don't know that I would exactly enjoy it. But if some brigand were to demand $10,000 or $15,000 before he'd give me up, it might make Henrietta think I amounted to something."—Washington Star.

Emancipation.

Intimate Friend—But don't you find that the married state restricts your freedom of action.

New Bride—I should say not. It's just the contrary. Jack and I have found out that we both like onions, and we just eat all of them we want.—Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable Explanation.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager; "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out."

Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."—Tit-Bits.

Good Time for Forgiveness.

Missionary (out west)—Did you ever forgive an enemy?

Bad Man—Wunst.

"I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?"

"I didn't have no gun."—Modern Society.

"Two's Company," Etc.

I called, 'twas in her parlor, but
A horrid crowd was there.
And sat there, 'spite of hint and cut,
Just rooted to his chair.
—Philadelphia Press.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

He (tremulously)—You are so beautiful.

She (coyly)—But beauty is only skin deep.

He (sweet and low)—Perhaps, darling, but you know your skin is seven inches thick.—Detroit Free Press.

WEAK HEARTS

are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, the stomach expands—swells, and puffs up against the heart. This crowds the heart and shortens the breath. Rapid heart beats and heart disease is the final result. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, takes the strain off the heart, cures indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, and contributes nourishment, strength and health to every organ of the body. Sold by A. L Duffey, Hillsboro.

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simply improve your circulation. Remove the waste matter that clogs the blood by taking Ramon's Pills—then tone the nervous system with the Tonic Pellets. All in one box for 25 cts and money back if not satisfied.

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