

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 wer n’t no more crazy when he killt Sally Williams than Jerd there — an’ much he looks like bein’ crazy!”

And then Mrs. Pruet 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.

It was in the sixties, as time goes, when noxious influences had culminated in war 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 desperation. 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 trouble encircled it, to be sure, but the noxious vapors were thinner here than elsewhere, so that Tray elbowed his way skyward in perfect peace and security and would hardly have known that the war was