### HOW MCNULTY MADE HISTORY

Strange Story of a Rout That Became a Victory.

Some Curious Inside Facts About Remarkable Mule Stampede i. South Africa.

At a comparatively recent period in the history of the world, McNulty, a somewhat strong-minded mule, owned, possessed and occupied the State of

To those who did not know McNulty this may seem rather an extreme view, but further perusal will serve only to strengthen it. Control, restraint, and all those things which made for order and regularity, were to him as nothing, and he ruled his domain with despotic sway.

Personally McNulty was an acquired taste. He had a vile temper, wicked little eyes and an unregenerate habit of punctuating his remarks with his heels.

It can readily be seen therefore that social intercourse with him was what the insurance companies call "extra hazardous." His one accomplishment was his voice. Sometimes when despondent he would express his melancholy in a dolorous sing-song that quavered out over the country

No one to love, none to caress, Wandering alone through this world's wilderness.

On a certain afternoon McNulty, strolling idly about his domain, ob-served that Hendricks, whom, for con-siderations on the considerations entirely sentimental, he occassionally condescended to serve, was unusually worried and downcast. This melancholy tendency he had observed with pain, had increase of late, and McNulty, himself perfectly care-free, could not in the least understand

He ambled up to where Hendricks was sitting silently on the fence, and into his downcast face murmured at short range his fearsome wail:

No one to love, none to caress, Wandering alone through this world's wilderness.

"Quit," said Hendricks, in alarm. So McNulty strolled off, taking his rebuff with philosophical calmness and picking his teeth with a blade of

Presently the sound of wheels made him prick up his ears and he saw a stout, red-faced man drive up and alight. With quick intuition McNulty detected a landlord, and knew him

for an enemy instantly.
With characteristic insolence, therefore, he strolled over, and, in a most offensive manner planted himself diin the stout man's way. with that sublime courage of ignorance margin." utter disregard of consequence which McNulty smartly with his cane.

In a flash, McNulty wheeled-like a battery going into action-and with ir- ence, then said: technique foot just where a heavy gold watchchain after laboriously circumnavigating the fat man's protuberance was triumphantly clutching a waistcoat

To McNulty's intense chagrin he saw that he had miscalculated his range, for the stricken one, instead of dying forthwith, clasped himself frantically sat down on a barrel. point Hendricks came up, and more in sorrow than in anger drove him forth into the wide world, while he himself strove to hide a wicked grin.

was dark before the stout man, casting fearful glances about him. came out and drove away. Hendricks, looking after him from the doorway, saw black against the rising full moon weird writhing object like a new sign of the zodiac.
"O, Mac, Mac," he said ruefully,

"why didn't you kick his confounded head off.'

From over the monlit fields came a feint, dolorous wail:

No one to love, none to caress, Wandering alone through this world's

McNulty's entrance upon the strenuous life began almost with that hour-Thereafter he was caught up and whiried into the very vortex of those events which make history, so that he came to exercise a mighty sway upon the affairs of mankind, and write name in imperishable lines upon the surface of the globe. That act of the great world drama in which he was east began to move with a swifter tempo from the moment of his entrance upon the stage.

With the calm of a philosopher Mc-Nulty allowed Hendricks to take leave of him with a warmth of affection which neither of them could quite understand. Nor did it worry him overmuch thereafter to find himself under the nominal control of various persons. His bounder the homestand the bounder of the control His hour had not yet come. Finally an army contractor, a hum-ble instrument of fate, sent him, with others of his race, to South Africa, there to serve the Queen.

It is a well-known fact that the British army does not seek to encourage originality among its humbler members, and McNulty soon began to suffer the griefs of the misunder-

Even his voice, that priceless treasure, as it welled up to the brilliant African stars, threw whole regiments into disorder, and caused the tender-

hearted to weep. It was on a certain morning. before dawn that, having been troubled with bad dreams he sang his mournful ditty to the awakening camp:

No one to love, none to caress, Wandering alone through this world's wilderness.

The orderly who was busied about him scrambled away, declaring that it was enough to "make you think all hell had popped loose," For this slurring remark McNulty let drive a little subcalibre kick at him.

The orderly, out of all patience, fix-

ed a bayonet upon a Lee-Metford, and holding it at arm's length, prodded that portion of McNulty's anatomy which had given birth to the kick. A hind foot struck out viciously, but he was ready for it, and caught it square upon the point of the bayonet.

Wild with pain McNulty went stark mad and screaming, rearing and bellowing, he went amuck up and down lowing, he went amuck up and down the lines where the others of his fam-ily were stationed, kicking, biting and cursing them. Back and forth before them he dashed urging them to mut-iny, exhorting them to rise against their persecutors, and between times biting and kicking them all over

Finally they rose, and breaking

whatever had held them, stampeded nearer, and Hendricks, unconsciously wildly. Through their startled camp beating time with his foot, hummed the chorus: wildly. Through their startled camp they swept like a whiriwind, overturning tents, stamping out fires, scatter-

Heedless of everything and everybody, they passed the firing line and dashed madly across the open veldt. Urging them on with kicks and noise came McNulty, the pain in his foot growing with every step.

Before them rose a rugged kopje, and toward this he directed them, his disordered brain seeing in it some resemblance to the knolls of his beloved

Behind that grim kopje, stout burghers, gray-bearded men and stolid youths, looked on in amazement and horror. This was not war a la mode. It was contrary to all regulations for cavalry to charge intrenched infantry, and up a crag, too, where no horse could find footing.

It was unfair, unjust; it was last year's rules and contrary to all the usages of correct war. They held up appealing hands to high heaven, and forthwith fied.

Meanwhile, all this noise and confusion had come to the notice of a little white-haired man with piercing eyes, who had but lately come upon the scene. From him orders flowed in a white-hot stream, and galloping aides radiated to all points of the compass. Things began to happen.

Presently a thrill shot half round the world. A little old lady with drooping who lived in most luxurious surroundings, received a message over which she shed a few happy tears just like any other old lady.

A certain very high official with an orchid boutonniere jammed his monocle into his eve with fresh energy and fell to planning new things for his enemies. The very high official had been helped out of a very deep hole by fate-and McNulty.

Then a message quivered along the ooze and slime of the Atlantic. New York spoke to Boston, and the crowd in Washington street blocked the cars. Chicago heard something, and the telegraph editor tore his hair. Chicago told the news to St. Louis, and St. Louis flung it across the prairies to

Denver shouted it over the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate, and San Francisco spread the tidings and down the length and breadth of the Pacific slope. Nations called to nations, and the continents sent it ringing to the echoing isles of the sea

Hendricks sat in a New York broker's office, looking gloomily at a big blackboard. About him sat twenty or more impressive men talking and smoking. Above the low hum of conversation rose the droning, expressionless voice of the man at the ticker:

"Atch five-eighths, five hundred a half; Rock Island a half, St. Paul seven-eighths, Brooklyn five-eighths, a half, four hundred at three eighths; A. & A. forty, five hundred seven-eighths, five hundred a half-In spite of himself Hendricks groan-

ed. The devil that lived in the ticker went off into a paroxysm of chuckling, until the reiterated wordless "cluckcluck-cluck-cluck" began to get on his "Mr. Hendricks," said the bland

manager behind him, "I'm afraid we shall have to call on you for more "I'm busted," said Hendricks, dole-

the American's hierloom, flicked fully. "It's no use trying. Where do Nulty smartly with his cane. you sell me out?" The manager sucked his teeth in sil-

> "Thirty-eight and a half." Hendricks faced round quickly.

Why, man," he cried, "I'm margined deeper than that." "Sorry, Mr. Hendricks," the other said smoothly, "but we'll have to protect ourselves in a market like this. What in the world, if I may ask, made you sink all you had in the African and American Steamship Company" "Oh, I thought it was a good thing," Hendricks said impatiently. "And so it would have been but for this cursed

Boer war. I'd like to be one of ten men to hang that old Kruger!' The manager permitted himself to smile gently.

"You wouldn't have to go far for the other nine," he said. "The Street is putting up prayers for Bobs' success.' Then he went back murmuring something about "blame fools that mortgage their very shirts to buy when any child can see it's a bear market."

The monotonous voice at the ticker went on: "Mon three-eighths, Sugar a half, Brooklyn three-eighths, a quarter,

three-eighths, A. & A. three-eighths; a hundred more at a quarter." In the inner office a stout man with an overworked gold watch-chain was becoming more offensively triumphant

with every quotation that came over the tape. "A. & A. a quarter and no bottom," e sang out joyously. "Sell another he sang out joyously. hundred at the market." Outside, Hendricks, in utter despair,

was clutching the rungs of his chair, and with head bowed was trying to pray to such gods as he selected to The noise in the room came serve. dimly to his ears.

"Brooklyn three-quarters, Metropolitan a half, A. & A. an eighth, 200 at

With the grim humor that comes only when hope is gone, Hendricks smiled grimly and murmured, "We who are about to die, salute you." "Wabash three-quarters, A. & A. seven-eighths," went on the relentless voice. "B. & O. a half, A. &. A. five-

eighths.' "That's 40%!" exclaimed a man at the ticker. There was a sharp intake of breath and then somebody said "Gee!" in an

awed tone. The droning man began again,"Aatch three-quarters, A. & A. 41, an eighth, 500 a quarter, a thousand at five-' In spite of himself he could not keep the excitement out of his voice. Every man in the room was on his feet. "Mop a half, A. & A. 42, 500 43, 500 44."

Hendricks was on his feet with the rest, striving with shaking hands to relight his reeking eigar. A young man near him punched his friend in ecs-

tasy. "The shorts are on the run, Billy!" he cried joyfully.

Down the narrow street outside came

resonant sing-song voice, "Uxtra! "Extras!" cried somebody, "Open the

window. As the sash snapped up, the voices swelled in above the manifold noises of the city. "Uxtra-a! Uxtra! British win

a big battle! Uxtra-a!" Up the street a roller organ was gayly caroling, singing its gospel that life

"Don't make no blunder, You couldn't lose him, A perfect wonder, They had to choose, him A great musician Of high position, Whistling Rufus, the One-Man

Band." But on the other side of the globe a disconsolate world power with a sore

foot was making the hated air quiver

"No one to love, none to caress; Wandering alone through this world's wilderness.'



Archers.

Love and Death are both depicted as archers. When Love sets his arrrow in a woman's heart and she turns and follows, seeking healing of her hurt, could there

be aught sadder then that she should be led by very Love into the ambush where Death, arrow on string, waits to plant his deadly shaft in her breast? Yet so it is. Time and again Love proves to be Death's decoy. And often when the grim archer fails to inflict mortal hurt, he leaves the suffering woman to creep through life like a broken-winged bird.

Why does love lead to suffering? Many a woman has asked that question piteously and passionately. She has forsaken father and mother to cleave unto her husband in the belief that so she was achieving woman's highest happiness. But instead of happiness she has found misery, struggled with it until struggle seemed useless, and at last has come to accept her misery as the "cross" laid upon women who love and marry.

There is no real reason why almost every wife and mother should not enjoy sound health. The causes of her misery lie in diseases which affect the delicate, womanly organism. Disagreeable drains are carrying away the vital force. Inflammation has lighted its fire for slow torment. Ulceration is eating into the tender tissues. Female weakness is making life a daily martyrdom. Is it any wonder that the nerves are racked, that appetite fails, and night, which should bring rest, brings only restless and troubled dreams?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which undermine the general health. It dries the drains. ut the fire of inflammation, heal the ulcerated tissues and cures female weakness. In a word, it makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"Favorite Prescription" is a true temperance medicine. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, or other narcotic. Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. In a little more than thirty years Dr. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has treated and cured over half a million women. Write, without fear or fee, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

"It is with feelings of sincere gratitude that I again write to you," says Mrs. Harry A. Brown, of Orono, Penobscot County, Maine. "I wrote to you concerning my health last Spring (I think it was in Junes, and you advised me to take your Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I did according to directions, and continued taking them for five months. I took nine bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' six of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, My disease was displacement and ulceration of the uterus, and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness, and had given up all hopes of ever and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness, and had given up all hopes of ever being well again. Had doctored with four different doctors within four months, and instead of getting better was growing weaker all the time. I decided to try your medicines, as I had heard of the many cures resulting from their use. I bought five bottles and felt so much better after using them that I kept on until I am as well as ever in my life, and to Dr. Pierce all the precise is due.

praise is due.

"Before I began taking your medicine I only
"Before I began taking your medicine I only "Before I began taking your medicine I only weighed 120 pounds. I now weigh 160 pounds. I gained forty pounds in six months. I shall doctor no more with doctors, as it is only a waste of money. No matter what my trouble is, I shall write to Dr. Pierce every time. I am now in perfect health, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper-bound book, or for cloth binding send 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tommy's Hammer.

The Beachem family was a happygo-lucky one and resy-cheeked Bridget, "just a week over from the ould country," seemed a most appro-priate handmaid. For the most part her mistakes amused and delighted them, but on one occasion a mistake came near making serious trouble. She had been with the family two days, and was in the nursery with

three-year-old Tommy. "Bridget," called Mrs. Beachem, as she rushed into the nursery, "Mr. Beachem has just telephoned me that he left his revolver on his dressingtable by mistake, and it isn't there! "Oi gave it to Have you seen it Tommy for to hammer his little tacks into the boord, but he had no fancy for it, and Oi think he flung it under the bed. Yis, mim, there it is, away over in the far corner."

Mrs. Beachem glanced under the The revolver was there. stay until Mr. Beachem comes home, she said faintly. "I'll take Tommy into my room and lock up the nurs-

Poor Girl, Pity Her

ly caroling, singing its gospel that life was all joy and merriment and dancing. To the end of his life Hendricks never forgot that song with its seductive shake and trill that set one's feet twitching and the tinkling cascade of silver notes that rippled down the scale at every interlude.

The man at the ticker had resumed his wonted expressionless face. "A. & A. 45, 500 a half, 1,000 46, a thousand more at 48!"

There was an awful hush. No one spoke. The organ outside had come

Poor Girl, Pity Her

Growing! Yes, into weakness, but not strength. Studies—plenty of them. Tired, of course she is, and weak, too. Does not get enough, and digests far less than enough. This condition is so frequent, but how seldom noticed even by fond parents. Give her Ferrozone, then watch her appetite improve, her cheeks and lips grow ruddy, her step elastic, her spirits buoyant. All this simply the result of eating and digesting enough, making blood, and thereby strengthening the nerve and brain power. Ferrozone gives a woman's strength to weak girls. Your daughter of wife needs Ferrozone. Get

Traveling Appurtenances That Cost a Mint of Money.

Made of Fine Silk and Fitted With Silver or Gold-Less Expensive Bags for Men.

Traveling appurtenances were never before so handsome and so costly as they are now. Of course \$2,400 is a record price for a leather traveling bag, but the fact that that sum was paid for one not long ago to a New York firm, is evidence of the tendency of the times

Needless to say it was an American who bought the bag and it is also true that nowadays when a prosperous American goes traveling he is known the world over by the quality as well as the quantity of his baggage.

"Europeans, even the richest," declared a world-wide traveler, "in comparison with Americans appear to be remarkably indifferent concerning the style of their traveling accessories. For instance I have seen an English woman of title going about complacentiy with a clumsy, shabby port-manteau such as a lady's maid over here would eye with disdain.

"English travelers are not invariably indifferent in this respect." he ad-"Neither are Americans always unduly extravagant, but it is the lat-ter the designers have in mind every year when turning out novelties in

trunks, bags and boxes." "Women are our best customers," said a dealer. "If, there is one thing more than another a fashionable woman tries to avoid it is a shabby traveling outfit, particularly a shabby bag, which is apt to be more in evidence during a journey than a trunk or suit case. For that reason we pay particular attention to new designs for

bags."
Bag, by the way, is the approved name just now instead of satchel or which have lost vogue along with alligator skin. The array of new styles of leather is one of the most in-teresting features of this season's dis-

play for travelers. Morocco of a very dark brown color and an extremely fine twilled grain, is conspicuous for beauty and price, and there are also moose skin, buffalo, bronco, Texas steer, pig, lizard and sea lion. The processes through which these skins pass before being made up, are responsible for the enthusiasm with which they are received by fashionable buyers.

Steel gray and a soft cocoa brown are among the newest of the lighter shades, and seal brown is perferred to black in almost all the leathers except seal, in which black still holds it own. The bag of a square or box shape is the newest. The more expensive makes have a folding back or hinge top, which gives ready access to the interior pockets that hold all the toilet accessories, such as hand mirror, combs, brushes, cologne bottles, etc.,

all shaped to suit their receptacles. The modish bag for a man is almost the same as that for a woman in size and finish, the main difference being that the former includes shaving implements and larger brushes.

To a great extent it is the interior fittings which fix the cost of a bag. Externally, the very handsomest them is exceedingly plain, being finished with only a narrow mounting and clasps of dull or bright goldwhich for the moment is preferred to silver-but not so the inside. The lining is of the softest, finest

leather, and so are the pockets, which are filled in some cases with articles of sterling silver or of sterling silver covered with gold, each engraved with the owner's monogram, crest or initials. When cost is not to be considered the engraving is replaced with relief work representing the finest carving. A single gold crest on one article may cost \$50 or twice that sum.

Such crests and monograms, too, have their fashion. The style most in favor just now represents clusters of fine beads, every one of which is cut by hand.

A typical bag of the smartest variety, by way of illustration, is of box shape about 16 inches long, 11 or 12 wide and 12 inches high, made of the finest dark brown morocco. The lining is dark blue watered silk. pokets are of morceco and are filled with toilet articles of sterling silver. plated with gold. The bag is mounted in dull gold. The price is \$300 This is a woman's bag. A companion to it for a man is several inches larger and lined throughout with leather. Next to the bag, the steamer trunk this year shows most novelties in design. Nothing but leather is used in its construction by the manufacturer, who caters to the fashionable. As a matter of fact, a leather steamer trunk is apt to be cheapest in the end by reason of its superior wearing qualities, but aside from that thrifty consideration it is both the costliest

of its kind and the most stylish. Many women still prefer the 40-inch long and 12-inch high model, considered the best for carrying dress skirts and made with one tray, but many more choose the folding steamer trunk designed primarily for men. It is shorter than some of the others, but is divided so conveniently into three compartments that there is not an inch of waste space anywhere, and

no tray to lift in and out. The top of the trunk parts in the middle and as it folds back, shows a covered compartment on either side alongside of a roomy middle compartment intended for the heavier apparel Flat pockets are attached to the covers of the side compartments,

More fancy leather than usual is used in making steamer trunks conjunction with the heavier English pig skin, English cowhide and sole

Leather is also a conspicuous feature of the larger trunks for bindings and trimmings, as well as for the whole body of the trunk, Nothing, in fact, surpasses in style the leather trunk, which, however, is out of reach of the owner of a slim pocketbook.

Manufacturers have recognized the increasing number of very tall women by making five-tray dress trunks of much more than the usual length, and there are bonnet boxes with pliable wire crowns or rests, which may be squeezed into smaller sizes without injury.

A new shirt trunk of tar board, handsomely bound in leather, is divided into six drawers each of which holds one dozen shirts.

One of the most appreciated articles invented for the use of travelers, in a long time, is a cylinder case of sole leather to hold bottles. It is made in four sizes, the largest about nine inches high and seven in diameter. The cylinders are divided into two. three or four sections as the case may '91,18yrs. PARMER BRIGHTON, Fairfield, Iowa, U. S

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A man who is nervous, whose brain and body are weak, who sleeps badly, awakes more tired than when he went to bed, who is easily discouraged, inclined to brood over imaginary troubles, who has lost ambition and energy to tackle hard problems, lacks the animal electricity which the Dr.

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to use a cane to assist me. After using the Belt I have discarded the cane. I would not part with my Belt now for anything, and highly

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