

TWELVE  
KENTUCKY COLONEL STORIES.

DESCRIBING

Scenes and Incidents in a Kentucky Colonel's  
Life in the Southland.

BY

ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

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THANKS ARE DUE  
"THE NEW YORK SUN"  
FOR THE  
PRIVILEGE OF PUBLISHING THESE STORIES  
IN BOOK FORM.

—ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

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## Twelve "Kentucky Colonel" Stories

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### THE COLONEL GIVES THE FACTS ABOUT A KENTUCKY SHOOTING.

"It is very fatiguin' to me," said the Kentucky Colonel, "to heah all this talk goin' the roun's about Dave Colson.

"I knew Dave Colson; knew him pussonally. Why, he was one of the finest fellahs you evah laid eyes on, and the mos' mild mannahd man. Time in and time out I have sat there at Chamberlin's, at Washington, laughin' and talkin' and chinnin' with Dave Colson. I nevah saw Dave Colson shoot at anybody what hadn't begun to

shoot at him fust, and that's mo' than you can say of mos' Kentuckians.

"You remembah, don't you, the shootin' of the Galligers at Harrodsburg, Ky., when you was a little gurl? Well, Dave Colson's careah was somethin' like that man's what did the shootin'. All the shootin' he done was fo'ced upon him.

"I know you haven't forgot that shootin' of the Galligers because I have heahd you tell about it—how you was comin' down the main street of the town when the shootin' commenced, and saw it all.

"Harrodsburg is a pretty lively town in the shootin' line, I know. It's customa'y for the women and children to drop flat on the flo' when the shootin' begins there, and stay there till they quit, not darin' to go neah a windah.

"You know, then, how the whole trouble of the Galliger shootin' come about. The Galligers got that man up in a room, won all his money away



from him, then beat him ovah the head with a hoss pistol.

"The man—I forget his name—was laid up two or three weeks from the blows. Then, as soon as he recovahd—he was a lame man at that—he stood up in front of his barroom and shot the whole posse of them as they come out of the Poteet House, across the street. Cleaned out the whole endurin' fam'ly.

"Yes, you're right there, he did spaah one. The youngest son, I remembah now, as he come out to see what the shootin' was all about and saw his father and two brothers layin' on the ground, shot thro' the heart, the lame man he says to him, says he:

" 'I aint got nothin' agin you. Go on back in.' "

"And the young fellah he went on back in, and saved his life.

"Now, I call that shootin' under strong provocation. What right had them there Galligers to

beat a po' lame man ovah the head with a hoss pistol? None a tall.

"It was the same way with Dave Colson. The same way exactly.

"As I tole you befo', Dave Colson was a fine educated, cultured man. He was a college-bred man and as meek as a lamb until he got stahted. This was how they stahted him :

"He was a membah of the Legislature in his own State. Then he was sent to Congress. He threw up his position in Congress to go to Cubah in the Spanish-American Wah. He was made Lieutenant in that wah at a little post called Anniston, in Alabamah.

"Now, at the same time there was a young man at Anniston servin' in the army as private, I think, named Scott. He was a nephew of Bradley, who was Gov'nor of Kentucky.

"This young fellah thought he would run roughshod ovah Dave Colson and he couldn't do

nothin' with him on account of his bein' a nephew of the Gov'nor of Kentucky. That was where he was mistaken. You can't run roughshod ovah any Kentuckian with any sort of spirit in him. No. I didn't say spirits; I said spirit.

"Young Scott made every sort of trouble he could for Dave Colson. There wa'n't a mo' insubordinate young man at that post than he was. Doin' it out of puah devilment, just to see how much Dave Colson would stan'.

"After a while they all got together in a bar-room down there at Anniston and Scott began to insult Dave Colson to his face, he and some frien's of his. They was too many for Colson that time, just as the Galligers was too many for the man that afterward shot them.

"These young fellahs shot Dave in the right ahm, the pistol ahm, and they paralyzed it slightly. Then they hit him on the temple, givin' him

the blow that finally ended in his insanity and suicide.

"Well, Colson he was laid up fo' about three weeks with this blow on his head and his bad ahm. Then when he got up there was somethin' doin'.

"But by that time his company had broke up and he wa'n't Lieutenant no longah. So he went to Frankfort, Ky.

"As it happened, young Scott went there, too, and for the second time they met in a café or bar-room or somethin'. There was some hot words and the fight commenced.

"As I tole you befo', Dave's ahm was slightly disfiggered by that pistol shot of young Scott's down at Anniston, but he done the bes' he could, and that wa'n't half bad, s' far's shootin' goes, even for a Kentuckian.

"It's about the worst thing that could happen to a Kentuckian to have his pistol ahm paralyzed,

but, as I say, Colson, he done the bes' he could undah the circumstances.

"Well, Scott, he began to shoot fust, 's far's I kin get the right of it; then Colson, he lit in, and what he done was good and plenty.

"Scott, he was a big giant of a fellah, like a bahn do' to shoot at. Nevah no feah of not hittin' him, long's yore sight was good. So what does he do but grab up a perfec' stranger, and hol' him out in front of him, same's if he'd bin a shield.

"I suppose it is what the stranger got for bein' around. It's always the outsiders, the disinterested puhsons, what get the worst of it in these free-for-all fights, same's you, when you come down the main street of that little Harrodsburg town, all scared to death, backin' up against the wall of a house, to keep from gettin' shot to death, in that there Galliger fight we was talkin' about. It's a blessed wondah you didn't get shot, but I'm glad you didn't, for one.

"But to resume, as I say, Scott grabbed this stranger by the neck and held him up in front of him to ward off the shots. These strangers stand-



*He held him up in front of him to ward off the shots.*

in' promiscuously about get held up in mo' ways than one. Yes. You're right about that.

"Well, Dave Colson didn't do a thing but shoot plumb through the stranger—his name was

found out at the inquest to be Demaree, I believe—and into that fellah Scott.

“That was a mighty good pistol Dave had that time. I’ve often tried to find out the make of it, but couldn’t.

“Then, you see perfectly well that the stranger wa’n’t no good no longah for a shield. He was dead as a do’ nail; so Scott, he dropped him and ran.

“It was about time, because Colson had done got up his dander good and fine. He shot him as he ran down the steps, then he shot another fellah—a stranger, too, since I come to think of it—in the back in such a way that if some special providence hadn’t had an eye on him, he’d ’a’ dropped dead there and then. But he didn’t. Aftah some months in a hospital, I believe they say he got well. It was a miracle.

“And that wa’n’t all. He shot anothah man in the calf of the leg, all by mistake—they was

standin' round appa'ently thick as flies in the summer time, lookin' on—and this fellah didn't do nothin' but drop dead in his tracks. And it wa'n't the shot, either. It was heart trouble or somethin'.

“And what business did a man with heart trouble so bad he couldn't stan' a little scratch in the calf of the leg, in the fleshy paht that shouldn't a hurt him more'n a flea bite, have standin' idlin' about in a Kentucky barroom, where a fight was liable to occur mos' any minute of the day or night?

“I believe he disabled or killed five or six that whirl, Dave did, but that was all the shootin' he done, and didn't he have provocation for doin' that? You've lived in Kentucky long enough to be a good judge. Of co'se he did.

“Aftah that they let Dave Colson alone. He'd killed 'em all off, you say? There wa'n't nobody



lef' to molest him? Well, maybe you're right and that did have somethin' to do with it.

"But the saddest paht of it all is this, that the fust blow the young fellah Scott gave to Dave was the cause of his death. It's what brought on his insa'inity, as I said befo'.

"He was took sick and the nuss lef' him a minnit, then he got up and dressed and stahsted out. Hitched up his hoss and went drivin' all by himse'f.

"I believe, now I come to think of it, that that there nuss went to sleep. That was how Dave got free to go out drivin' and shoot himse'f.

"I was sorry to heah how he shot himse'f in the hed, fust shootin' his hoss. It was a sad thing to heah about. It was a sort of pity, too, s' long's he was boun' and determined to shoot himse'f, he didn't think to spaah the hoss.

"He was a mighty good man, Dave was, one of

the best and mildest mannahd men you evah saw in your life, meetin' him socially.

"I nevah knew him to draw a gun on a man in social conversation in my life. Nevah.

"And he wouldn't 'a' done it that one time, if he hadn't had the ve'y strongest kind of provocation.

"Pore Dave!"

## A MILD MANNERED KENTUCKY FAMILY.

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THE COLONEL TELLS HOW THE THOMPSON BOYS  
WERE FORCED TO CLEAN OUT THE  
COURT HOUSE.

"I RECKON," said the Kentucky Colonel, "since you was raised in Harrodsburg you know the Thompson boys. Of co'se you do. Leastways you must of heahd of 'em. Theah ain't many people from Kentucky what don't know 'em or what hasn't heahd of 'em.

"Speakin' of mild mannahed men, to look at them theah Thompson boys you'd think that but-tah wouldn't melt in their mouths, they ah so sof'

speakin' and polite. They ain't to say what you'd call boys no longer, eithah, but that's the name they go by and allus will go by, I reckon. Pahtly because the old man's still livin' and pahtly because it all occurred when they were boys, the shootin', I mean, the Thompson-Davis feud, when they cleaned out the cote house at Harrodsburg.

"I reckon you was mos' too little to pay enough attention to remembah jest how it occurred; but do you s'pose for one minnit that them theah Thompson boys and the ole man cleaned out that theah cote house at Harrodsburg because they wanted to? Not by any mannah of means. They cleaned it out because they was fo'ced to do it.

"If you evah met one of them Thompson boys in youah life, you'd know that what I'm sayin' is true. They ah the loveliest men in the world, actually the very loveliest of charactahs. Everybody that's evah known them pussonally will tell you that.

"Yes, I understand' that mos' people in general conversation is putty particular when they ah with them to keep tabs on what they say, to be sort of particular about trimmin' up their remarks, not carin' to get trimmed up themselves.

"Then, too, they ah kind of min'ful of their hip pockets all the time, keepin' a putty stric' eye on 'em and a hand hankerin' about in their vicinity in case of accident, whether they're talkin' about the weather or the price of stocks; but aside from that, they ah the mos' interestin' men to talk you evah met in all youah bawn days.

"What's that? Yes. You're perfec'ly right. People oughter be mo' particular anyhow about their conversation, no mattah what they ah talkin' about, especially in Kentucky, wheah conversation beginnin' with the weathah or the craps or the look o' the clouds is apt to lead to mos' anything.

"But I tell you, they've got to mind their words

when they ah chinnin' with them theah Thompson boys. That's all theah is to that.

"To understan' this story tho'oughly, you've got to go back to the wah and heah how them theah Thompson boys was trained. Theah was three on 'em, Davis and the twins, John and Phil. Little Phil, they allus called him, to distinguish him from Ole Phil, his fahthah.

"Them three boys, the minnit the fust shot was fiahd, run off lickety split and jined the army. They wa'n't hahdly 15, the twins. Davis, he was 16. But they ran off as I say and fit plum through the wah, frum beginnin' to end.

"That is to say, the twins did. I've heahd them tellin' of their experience in the wah, but Davis, he set by without sayin' a word. You know the reason why? They captuhrd him at the very staht, befo' he'd hahdly got out of Harrodsburg, the Union officers did, put him in prison and he stayed theah till the wah was ovah.

"Often and often I've heahd the twins, finishin' with the tellin' of their experiences, their wah pranks when they was allus eithah lightin' into the enemy or runnin' away from them, accordin' to how many drinks they had had, tu'n to him and say:

" 'Well, Davis, what is youah experience of the wah? ' "

"Then they'd laugh fit to split their sides, knowin' that Davis hadn't fiahd a gun or had one fiahd at him, fo' that mattah, and so didn't have a blessed thing to tell.

"Onct Davis he answers them back.

" 'Theah's one thing suttin,' says he, 'and that is that I am putty well acquainted with the taste uv yellah dawg.' "

"Of co'se you undahstan' that this constant experience of the twins give 'em a good deal of exercise in the way of handlin' a gun. Fouah yeahs! it ought ter. They got to be the very bes' shots

in the whole country, them twins did. Buffalo Bill, he wa'n't in it. Shoot pennies into the aiah! They could shoot anything.

"Their practice come in handy, too, not so very long aftah the wah—I disremembah jest how long, ten or twelve yeahs, I believe it was, though I ain't ce'tain.

"To make a long story short, the ole man he was, and is to this day, one of the bes' criminal lawyahs in Kentucky. He is noted fo' his brains, the ole man is. He is 80 yeahs ole now, and still hustlin'. Keeps up his practice the same as the twins, they bein' putty good all roun' lawyahs themse'ves, from all accounts.

"Well, the ole man, he had a frien' named Davis. They was bosom frien's. Davis, he had a big fam'ly of boys, too, bigger'n ole man Phil's.

"The fac' of the bizness was that they was such fi'm frien's that when aftah a while there come up a case and the man what opposed Davis employed



ole Phil fo' his lawyah, some people scented trouble right then and theah. And could ole man Phil he'p people puttin' cases in his hands, seein' they couldn't fin' no bettah lawyah if they searched the country ovah? I reckon not.

"But when the time come up fo' the trial, things begun to look ugly. If there'd bin any cyclone cellahs 'roun' them times, the Harrodsburg people'd begun to go down in 'em, same's the Kansas people get into their cyclone cellahs when a cyclone's due.

"It's only recently that the Kentucky people has got to buildin' cyclone cellahs in cases of feuds. They call 'em feud cellahs.

"Any way so many repotes got out concernin' the trial and what might happen if ole Phil won it and defeated his bosom frien' Davis, that the inhabitants of the town ahm'd themselves with hoss pistols and bowie-knives, expectin' trouble.

"The outcome of the trial was very important

to Davis and he tole some frien's of his that if it went agin him, there'd be a hot time in the ole town for the Thompson boys. Then they ahmed themselves to the teeth.

"The trial begun. It went on pretty smooth fo' a little while and the town was a hummin' with a skatin' rink across the street and the children comin' home from school, laffin' and talkin'. It wus the ca'm befo' the sto'm.

"The case it went agin Davis, as he might 'a' expected it would, with ole Phil fo' the lawyah fo' the opposition.

"The Jedge hadn't hahdly time fo' the words to leave his mouth, when up sprung all the Davis family, fahthah and about five or six sons, and begun to shoot at the Thompson boys. They wus big, stalwaht fellahs, too, them Davis boys, a good deal bigger than the twins or their brother, Davis, or ole man Phil eithah.

"That theah cote house was filled to overflowin'

when the shootin' commenced. In a shohtah time than I'm takin' to tell you, it was empty of all but them what was doin' the shootin' and some othahs what had fallen flat on the flo' and lay theah, playin' daid, till the shootin' could have time to get ovah.

"At the fust shot, the Sheriff, he went up to Little Phil and handed him a hoss pistol.

" 'Heah, little Phil,' say he to him, 'he'p yo'se'f. I cain't do nothin' to he'p you.'

"Then he lit out and you couldn't see nothin' but his heels.

"Well, little Phil he he'ped himse'f to about three of them Davis boys, and the othah Thompsons, they he'ped themse'ves to the rest. It wa'n't many minutes befo' they had cleaned out the hull cote house.

"You see, it was like this: Them Thompson boys had had mighty fine practice durin' the foah yeahs of wah. They was bang up shots. So when

it come to firin' back at the Davis boys what had fiahd the fust shots, the Davis boys wa'n't, so to say, in it. They killed off every blessed one of 'em.

"And do you s'pose they done it because it was a pleasant thing to do, or because they wanted to, jest fo' the fun of the thing? Not on youah life.

"They had to do it to save their own lives. That's all theah was to that, and it's as true as gospel what I'm tellin' you.

"You'd believe it, too, if you could talk a while with them twins. They ah the mos' smooth spoken men I evah met in my life. They ah great ladies' men, too, John especially.

"Do you think they go about punctuatin' sentences with pistol shots like some othah Kentuckians? I reckon not. So far's I know they haven't cleaned out a cote house since, and won't, unless it's absolutely necessary.

"But they do say that since little Phil's done

took up his abode up Noath and John's taken to livin' in Looieville, with telephone communication with Harrodsburg only, the town's a good deal quietah than it was."

## THE BROKEN HEART OF CLABE JONES.

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WIND-UP OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN OF KENTUCKY,  
WHO ALWAYS STOPPED SHOOTING WHEN  
HE HAD FINISHED.

"KENTUCKY ain't whut it used to be," sighed the Kentucky Colonel. "Times is mightily changed down theah these days. I'm afeahd the lurid glory of the old-fashuned feud in Kentucky is depahted and gone.

"The ole leadahs is dead or in prison or livin' in peace. Craig Tolliver, he is dead and gone. Boone Logan and the Youngs is quietly practisin' the law.

"Andy Johnson is a capitalist. The Yallah Creekahs have become lan' speculators or gone Wes'. Will Jennings and the Hatfields is in the penitentiary and Joe Eversole, he has done bin killed.

"A saw log dispatched Jerry Little. General Sowders is a quiet, well-behaved citizen now and his ole enemy, Alvis Turnah, has bin slain.

"No. Things ain't the same now in Kentucky as they was in the good ole days. They ain't the same.

"It's pahtly the fault of Proctor Knott. It's mos'ly his fault. When Proctor stan's up befo' the Bah of Judgment he'll find it'll be putty much the same's a Kentucky bah. He'll have to ansuh fo' things.

"Ten yeahs or mo' ago he took a sudd'n notion to treat the feudists of Kentucky as if they was civilized people. Invited the principal participants of Rowan and othah counties to Louisville

to make a little treaty of peace undah his auspices.

"Whut was the outcome? Why, this: To-day the mo' powerful leadahs in any mountain quarrel is hel' to answer befo' the Clark County Succut Cote fo' his crimes, 's Proc called 'em, same's any othah ordina'y law breakah.

"That theah peace conference of Proctor's come putty nigh breakin' the hearts of them theah feudists. Some of the mos' prominent leadahs jes' nachully died in their beds ruthah than be called upon to atten' anothah.

"Oh, yes. It's jes' 's I tell you. Proctor Knott he's got a good deal to ansuh fo', a changin' of the good ole conditions of Kentucky. Things ain't the same's they was down theah in my time, that is, allus leavin' out Harrodsburg, you undehstan'.

"If you have any teahs to shed prepaah to shed them now when I tell you of the death of Clabe



Jones, whut occu'd jes' outside o' Harrodsburg on the Lexington pike, about fo' miles from town.

"Clabe Jones he was originally from Rowan county. When Proc he called that theah peace conference, Clabe he run away ruthah than suf-fah the humiliation of attendin' of it. He run away to Harrodsburg so's to live out the res' of his days in peace 'n quietude. Seems he didn't know ve'y much about Harrodsburg.

"But, ennyway, Clabe he was natchully a ve'y peaceful, long sufferin' man. He didn't have mo'n eighteen notches in his stick, Clabe didn', and he was a perfect gentleman. Theah wa'n't a soul in Rowan but would tell you that Clabe Jones was a perfec' gentleman.

"You've nevah bin to Rowan county? It's jes' 's well. The people theah walk about in the da'k with lanterns—mountainous distric', you know. Well, whenever a man with a lantern saw Clabe Jones a loomin' in the distance he dropped his

lantern and run. You could allus tell wheah Clebe had been walkin' the night befo' by the numbah of lanterns strewed laik ovah the road. But these same people 't dropped their lanterns they would be the fust to tell you that Clabe was a perfec' gentleman.

"Clabe he wa'n't to say a venomous man. He was just thorough. That was all. He would allus stop shootin' when he had finished.

"He wouldn't keep on shootin' and shootin' jes' fo' devilment when theah wa'n't nuthin' to shoot at. He was a patient, quiet man, with a long gray beahd, Clabe was, and sevvul shotguns.

"Once he stahted out huntin' fo' some man or othah he thought needed pepperin'—and he mus' 'a' needed it or Clabe wouldn't a thought of givin' it to him—when the Sheriff, embold'ned by a extra drink or somethin', stepped up to him and called to him to halt. You'd hahdly call it a call eithah. It was mo' laik a whispah.

"'Mistah Jones,' says he waverin'ly, 'I'm afeahd I'll have to arres' you fo' carryin' of concealed weppuns.'

"Clabe was a patient, long sufferin' man, as I tell you. He didn't shoot him. He jes looked ovah his head and said to him, a p'intin' explanit'ily to the hoss pistols protrudin' frum his hip pockets, the bowie-knives, the handles of which was stickin' out o' his boots, and the double bar'led shotgun ovah his shouldah, and he says, says he:

"'Do you call these heah weppuns concealed weppuns, sah?'

"Then he pushed him gently aside without puttin' a single bullet through him and went on a huntin' fo' his man.

"No. Clabe he wa'n't 's hasty 's they make him out. He wouldn't deliberately up and shoot everybody he come across. Not a tall.

"I used to visit Clabe quite frequently aftah

he come to Harrodsburg, and to show you how honorable he was, mus' tell you how he allus offered me a shotgun to protec' myse'f in case the conversation took a unexpected tu'n and annoyed him.

"Sevvul friends and me we used to take dinnah with Clabe now and agin. We all set aroun' the table with ouah double barr'ld shotguns at ouah sides, ready; but Clabe he wa'n't nevah to say himse'f aftah that theah peace conference of Proctor Knott's. Nevah was himse'f. Nevah in a single instance did he allow the conversation to lead into a channel whut would lead to the use of the double barr'ld shotguns.

"What's that? Yes. As you say, we mus' a bin somewhat particulah ourse'ves. You ah right, 's usual. We was.

"Oh, yes. Proc he's responsible fo' the condition of things now in Kentucky. No promiscuss shootin' to amount to anything, no cleanin' out

of communities, no nuthin'. Mos' 's still and peaceful 's a civilized country Kentucky is these days, 'xceptin', of cose, a pitched battle now and then in Harrodsburg.

"But Clabe Jones's death, that wus the saddest paht of it all. Not that he died to say a natchul death, but wait till I tell you.

"Ole Clabe he was putty fon' of drink in his las' days, putty fond of drink. Took to drink, in fac,' to drown his troubles aftah that theah peace conference.

"Well, one day aftah he'd bin howlin' drunk fo' a couple of days befo', old Clabe he woke up with a head on him. I happened to be with him at the time. He was absolutely perishin' fo' a leetle of the hide of the dog whut bit him.

"He'd sent his nigger to Harrodsburg fo' a couple of bottles of the hide. He was walkin' up and down, up and down, me settin' theah with

him, my double barr'd shotgun, whut he had handed me's usual upon my enterin' of the room, standin' handy beside me.



*"How fah you reckon he is by now?"*

"'How fah you reckon he is by now?' he asks, meanin' of the niggah, all the time walkin' up and down of the room like some caged lion. 'Do you reckon he's done got 's far 's old man Grimes's?'"

"Ole man Grimes's is about half way to town, you remember.

" 'I reckon he has,' says I, consolin'ly, my fingah on the triggah; 'I reckon he has.'

"Ole man Clabe he walks up an' down fo' anothah half houah, then he puts anothah question:

" 'Do you reckon,' he asks, ve'y wistful, 'that he's done got 's far 's the toll-gate by now?'

"The toll-gate's a mile frum town, yoh remembah.

" 'I reckon he has,' says I, still consolin' of him 'n still a keepin' of my han' on the triggah, because old man Clabe's eye was a gittin' mighty wild and theah wa'n't no tellin' whut might happ'n.

"He walks up and down, up and down, like a ole lion, completely perishin' of his te'ible thu'st.

" 'Do you s'pose,' says he, beginnin' agin presently, 'that that theah confounded niggah has got pas' the toll-gate yet?'

"'I s'pose he has,' says I, addin' hastily, as Clabe come putty close to me in his walkin' up and down, 'I s'pose he has.'

"Jes' then ole Clabe he heahd a noise in the vicinity of the stable. He rushes out the do', me at his heels, because he thinks to himse'f, 'Theah, now, that theah blamed niggah he's done come with the whiskey aftah all, darn his ole black soul,' and a thinkin' of this to hisse'f, he cries out in stento'ian tones:

"'You Caleb!' that was the name of the niggah; 'you Caleb, is that you? Have you done got them theah bottles? Bring 'em to me quick, you——' but it wouldn't do to repeat the wuhds he used, in the presence of ladies.

"I had followed ole Clabe. We had got neahly to the stable when I heahd the voice of ole Caleb callin' back:

"'Law, Mars Clabe, I ain't got no whiskey yet.



I ain't stahted yet. I couldn' fin' de bridle fo' de mule.'

"I hate to tell you whut followed. It is too te'ible, but I s'pose I mus'.

"Seems like that theah peace conference had tak'n all the heart out of ole Clabe. He nevah wah himse'f aftahwahd.

"He jes drew his double barr'l shotgun on hisse'f and shot hisse'f through the head with it. Then he fell dead in his tracks because he couldn' stan' to wait anothah three houahs fo' that theah whiskey.

"Didn' wait to shoot the niggah and the mule, as he would 'a' done if it hadn't 'a' bin fo' that theah peace conference. Jes' shot hisse'f.

"Oh, yes, Proctor Knott, he'll have a good deal to answah fo' at the Bah of Jedgment fo' changin' of the good ole conditions in ouah nativ' lan. That's all theah is to that."

## THE KENTUCKY COLONEL HAS A GRIEVANCE.

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"It is ve'y fatiguin' to me," remarked the Kentucky Colonel, "to obsu've how people generally attribute every feud in the world to Kentucky. How they appeah to locate every one of 'em, seems laik, at that little ole town of Harrodsburg.

"Now I ain't sayin' but Harrodsburg's a putty lively town when it comes to feuds. I understan' that the drummahs maik mighty quick trips through heah, skippin' out sudden, befo' the shootin' can have time to commence; that some on 'em now and agin have displayed coat tails shot full of bullet holes, wheah they have been

fiand at on the run to the depot. But that don't prove so ve'y much, does it? Drummahs is sech cheerful liahs as a rule. They'll tell anything.

"Yes. I have heard that story of the drummah that slept in the room ovah the office at the Commercial Hotel, that theah little frame hotel on the cornah, you remembah, as you go up the Danville pike. How he heahd a kind of noisy racket down below him all houahs of the night, looked laik. How he thought as how it was a dance or somethin'.

"Then when he went down the nex' mawnin' he foun' the nigger boy sweepin' up somethin' that looked to him laik Malagah grapes up off of the flo'. Sweepin' of 'em up in a dus'pan.

"'You mus' 'a' had a mighty fine pahty heah las' night,' he says to the nigger in a casual way, 'to be so reckless with youah Malagah grapes as that.'

"'Laws, massa,' replied the nigger, showin' his

teeth and the whites of his eyes in a grin, 'these heah ain't no Malagah grapes. They done had a little fight down heah las' night, and these heah's eyeballs.'

"Oh, yes, I've heard that theh story and a good many othahs; but that ain't no proof, is it, that all the feuds that evah cleaned out whole fam'lies stahted at Harrodsburg? No. It ain't no proof at all.

"But give a dog a bad name and it'll allus hang it. Harrodsburg's got a bad name and Kentucky's got a bad name—that is, when it comes to feuds—if we have got the reputation of havin' the bes' whiskey, the fastest hosses and the finest wimmin in the world; but I'm heah to prove that Harrodsburg ain't quite so bad as she's painted.

"It's the same with Kansas. Now, you nevah heard of a cyclone, did you, that didn't begin in Kansas? No mattah wheah they land, what State

they demolish on the way, they allus git the credit of stahtin' in Kansas.

"I have allus had a kind of sympathy with Kansas on that account. I don't believe all the cyclones staht in Kansas any mo' than all the feuds staht in Harrodsburg, just because a good many have stahted theah accidentally. Don't stan' to reason.

"Do you remembah Billy Baxter, for instance, that little fellah with the side whiskahs that looked fo' all the world laik a Presbyterian minister, that cleaned out the town of Nashville one fine day?

"You don't? Well, that little fellah ought to had a medal or somethin'. He was one of the finest shots I evah heahd of.

"I'll tell you the circumstances. Billy was walkin' on the street in Nashville—I disremembah jest which street—that day, when anothead young man come up to him and accidentally said

some little thing that Billy thought was derogatory to the Jedge, his fathah.

"Well, Billy wa'n't goin' to have his fathah insulted. That's all theah was to that. So he pulled his hoss pistols out of his hip pockets and commenced to shoot.

"The streets was putty full of people at the time, but when the battle was ovah, and it was ovah in less time than I'm takin' to tell you about it, theah wa'n't nobody theah but Billy and the dead and the dyin'—Billy standin' up theah with his little side whiskahs, lookin' fo' all the world laik a little Presbyterian preacheh, surrounded by his victims, and that was all.

"Now, do you know what they said? They couldn't let Harrodsburg alone. No. They couldn't. Seems laik they've got a special pick at that theah town. They said that Billy Baxter was bawn and raised theah on the Shelbyville

pike, about fo' miles out of the town, measurin' from the cote house.

"I don't know how much truth theah was in the statement, but that was what they said.

"Then theah was that fellah 'way down in Texas. You remembah the fellah Jim Chinoweth used to tell about, what had killed about five or six men when he fust met him and he forgot jest how many aftahward?

"You remembah Jim Chinoweth? Lived right across from you theah in Harrodsburg on the Lexington pike.

"Well, Jim he was down in Texas rangin' aroun' on some bizness or othah when one night 'way in the middle of the night, theah come a tap at his do'.

"Mars Jim,' whispers a voice. It was his body servant, a nigger what stayed with him aftah the wah; he was so fond of him, wouldn't be freed. Wanted to be his body servant till he died, and

he was. Theah is lots on 'em in the South laik that. You know that as well as I do.

" 'Mars Jim,' whispers this voice, 'git up a minnit. I want you to come and see about Mars Tom.' Tom Brown, the fellah that had killed his sixth man. 'He's in a peck o' trouble,' the nigger finishes.

" 'What's the mattah with him?' inquired Jim Chinoweth.

" 'He's done killed anothah man, Mars Jim,' the nigger answahs back, 'an' he's in a peck o' trouble, 'cause this ain't Kentucky, you know, Mars Jim. This is Texas.'

" 'All right,' says Jim Chinoweth, 'I'll be right down, 's soon 's I kin git inter my clo'es.'

"Well, Jim he hurries on with his clo'es and goes out in the dark with his ole body servant and comes to Tom Brown's sto', a little sto' wheah he sole groceries. Theah he foun' Tom Brown in a attitood of deep dejection.



"He was bent ovah double, he had his elbows on his knees, Jim said, and his chin in his han's. He sutt'nly did look, Jim said, as if he was in a peck o' trouble.

"What's the mattah, Tom?" asks Jim, feelin' sorry for him, he looked so sad.

"'A fellah come in heah,' explains Tom without lookin' up, 'and gits to talkin' around putty sassy, and I jest raises up my ole shotgun and gives him a little tap on the head. Without sayin' a word he falls down dead in his tracks. And I didn't do nothin' a tall but give him jest the least little bit of a tap on the head.'

"Jim fell to studyin' the situation.

"'What you think I bettah do, Jim?' asks Tom Brown. 'Do you think I'd bettah step ovah into the Territory a while, until the excitement's ovah?'

"Jim studies ve'y thoughtfully.

"'No,' answer he by 'm by, 'I don't think it's

necessary to do that. If you jest tapped him a little tap on the head, if I was you I'd stay and see it out.'

"Well, Tom Brown he followed his advice and saw it out.

"Howsomever, the excitement it run putty high, because it wa'n't Kentucky; as the ole dahky had said, it was Texas. Putty soon theah was some talk flyin' aroun' of tarrin' and feath-erin' and the laik.

"One fellah specially, he done a good deal of talkin' and by 'm by his talk got aroun' to Tom Brown. This fellah was settin' on the veranda of a hotel one day when a frien' of Tom Brown's come up to him.

"'You know what Tom Brown says, if you don't shut up that theah talk of youahs?' he asks, ve'y polite.

"'No,' answahs the fellah; 'what?'

"'He says,' replies this frien' of Tom Brown's,

'that if you don't put a bridle on youah tongue you'll probably be the seventh.'

"The talkin' fellah didn't say nothin', but he tu'ned putty white in the face. Then he got up without a word and lit out, and they nevah saw him no mo' from that day to this.

"Well, the trial progressed putty slowly, so slowly that it was some months befo' they finished with it. Finally, they thought that, so long as Tom Brown had said he only give the man a little tap on the skull with his ole shotgun, they would exhume the body and take a look at the skull, to prove it. They did.

"Jim Chinoweth says it was a sight to look at, that theah skull. A little tap! Jim says that theah skull was cracked all ovah from forehead to neck, like a pane of glass that's bin shot at and split into smithereens.

"I believe though that they finally acquitted Tom Brown, fo' feah he might get at 'em some-

how or othah and make the seventh or eighth or tenth of 'em befo' he got through. Afeard he might take a peck at 'em while they was stringin' him up, or fiah through the prison walls at 'em.

"But this is what I'm tryin' to explain: They suttingly have got a pick at Harrodsburg, these heah people what rake up the feuds, what nevah will quit talkin' about 'em.

"Do you know what they said about that theah Tom Brown? Why, this: That he come from Harrodsburg. That he was bawn and raised two or three miles from the town on the Frankfort pike.

"I don't know how true it is, and I for one don't believe it; but that is what they puzzist in sayin'."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW FEUD IN  
KENTUCKY.

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THE CONSEQUENCES OF WILL TURNER'S SHOOTING  
OF A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN IN THE ARM.

"Speakin' of Breathitt county, and the late little excitement down theah," said the Kentucky Colonel, "d'you heah anything mo' of it? Anybody else killed? No?"

"If it had happened in Harrodsburg it wouldn't 'a' ended so sudden, I can promise you that. I s'pose now you don't remembah the mother-in-law feud of Breathitt county: Nevah heard of it? One of the mos' famous feuds of that paht of the wuhld.

"P'raps you didn't know it by that name. Some called it the Howard-White feud, othahs the Garrard-Baker feud, othahs still the Baker-Turner feud, and still othahs the Garrard-Baker-White-Turner-Howard feud altogethah fo' the savin' of time; but among the immediate friends of the deceased families it was known as the mother-in-law feud, as I tell you.

"If you'd go through some o' them theah mountain cemeteries you'd see grave aftah grave decorated with wooden boards with this inscripshun on 'em: 'Mahtah to the cause of the mother-in-law!'

"Mothers-in-law kick up a good deal of rumpus in all pahts of the wuhld, but this one didn't do a thing to Breathitt county.

"As I say, the Garrards and the Bakers had about killed each othah off and were waitin' fo' the children to grow to shootin' size so's to continue the pufformance when the White-Howards

took a' turn. Then come the Baker-Whites, then come the Howard-Turners and the feud of the mother-in-law.

"This was whut occuhd: Wilkerson Howard and Will Turner had hot wuhds about something or othah, I disremembah jest whut, and Will Turner he went deliberately to Wilkerson Howard's house and shot his mother-in-law. Shot her in the ahm. No, not outright—jest in the ahm.

"Now, Wilkerson Howard's mother-in-law was one of them tall, narrow chested, angulah, raw-boned, hoarse voiced wimmin whut natchully runs everywhere in sight. Wilkerson, he couldn't call his soul his own fo' his ole mother-in-law. His wife wa'n't much bettah. Neithah wah his childern.

"The ole lady happuned to be quiet about that time. Wa'n't sayin' nuthin' a tall. Jest a settin' in the cornah of the fiahplace, smokin' her ole cob pipe and studyin' up devilment fo' the next day

in all probability. Had done all she could fo' that day and was restin' on her ahms, when Will Turner shot one on 'em.

"Then he lit out, and it was high time. They say theah nevah was a madder man in Breathitt county than Wilkerson Howard was that night. He called all the Howards together, and theah was somethin' doin' fo' a pe'iod of time in Breathitt county. That's all theah was to that.

"Fust and last that little shootin' of Will Turner's cost Kentucky all in all about fifty-nine or sixty lives, to say nuthin' of the money spent in lawsuits a-tryin' to convict the pahties whut participated in the various and sundry wahs that raged all around that mother-in-law fo' yeahs and yeahs and yeahs in Breathitt county.

"But to begin with, with a Constable of their own choosin', the Howards, ten on 'em, includin' a Sheriff whut belonged to the family and a Jedge or two, they set out with the puppose of



killin' Will Turner on sight under covah of a written warrant fo' his arrest on the charge of shootin' with intent to kill without killin'.

"But, as I said befo', Will got a inklin' of it and lit out. He went to Texas and stayed theah fo' a solid yeah while the Howards killed off his immediate fam'ly and burned a few towns a time or two to keep up the interest.

"Wilkerson Howard was ve'y matter of fact about plannin' his campaign. He got his men togethah and organized a camp. He prepaht fo' wah and kep' things goin' by shootin' right and lef' at anything he thought had the look of a Turner or a relative or a sympathizer of po' Will's.

"He killed so many, as a mattah of fac', that he felt called upon onct or twice to go through a sudd'n fo'm of havin' himself tried fo' manslaughter. Got a picked guard of ahmed relatives and frien's and filled up the cote house with 'em. They invariably give him bail and set him free.

Whut Jedge wouldn't with so many walkin' arsenals about ready and willin' to tah and feather him and burn down the cote house and the town if he didn't?

"It's a techy thing, bein' Jedge in Breathitt county, or it was in the good ole times.

"Then, by 'm by, Will Turner he come back frum Texas—Texas ain't no sort of State fo' a Kentuckian, bawn and brought up on fiah watah and double barreled shotguns—and they killed him on sight.

"If he'd bin alone in the wuhld the mattah might 'a' ended then and theah, but he had relatives, not many, but a few that Wilkerson Howard had lef' around in spots fo' tahgets. These relatives took it up and spread that feud so far and wide that, as I've explained, it got so many names it would make you ho'se to call their carriages through a megaphone.

"And all about a mother-in-law, you say. You

thought them there feuds mostly stahted with some pretty gurl a marryin' of a opposin' pahty, or some fellah runnin' away with the daughter of the man his fathah had killed? But with a mother-in-law!

"They do a good many original things in Breathitt county. They don't stick to no special rule for nuthin', exceptin', of cose, in the mattah of shootin'. 'Take aim! Fiah!' is their special rule fo' that.

"But you ah right, I reckon, and it was an unusual thing, that mother-in-law feud, and I'll tell you the reason they fit so bitterly ovah it. I had it direct frum a pussonal frien' of Wilkerson Howard's whut wore a mailed shirt and got close enough to him occasionally to converse on mo' or less intimate tums.

" 'Does seem a strange thing to me,' he says to Howard, 'fo' you to kick up sech a terrible rum-pus ovah yo'h mother-in-law. Sech an awful row

involvin' putty much everybody in Breathitt county jest because a fellah shot your mother-in-law in the ahm. Seem's to me it don't stand to reason somehow o' othah. It don't a tall.'

"With that my frien' says Wilkerson Howard fixed his eyes on the ground ve'y melancholy, broodin' laik.

"'That's jest it,' says he; 'he shot her in the ahm. If he'd a shot her outright, 'nuf said. Theah wouldn't a bin no mother-in-law feud in Breathitt county.' "

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL TELLS OF THE  
FEUD TWO WOMEN STARTED.

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"THE Ramsey-Bartlett feud of Clay county was stahted in a peculiah mannah," said the Kentucky Colonel. "Ve'y peculiah. Two wimmin stahted it.

"It was laik this: Ole man Ramsey, he lived to be neahly seventy yeahs of aige befo' he fiahd a gun. From Kentucky? Yes. Of cose. Theah ah some people in Kentucky who nevah fiahd a gun. I have heahd it said, that it. No, I nevah had the pleasuah of their pussonal acquaintance myse'f. But then, you know, I come from Harrodsburg.

"As I was sayin', this heah feud was stahsted by two wimmin livin' nex' do' to each othah. Theah wa'n't but one woman livin' next do' till ole man Ramsey he up and married a young wife. Married a wife so much too young fo' him that he might 'a' knowed it wouldn't be long befo' she'd be cuttin' up didoes of some sort or othah.

"Twa'n't long. About the second mawnin' aftah he had brung her home she went out to the back po'ch, and theah opposite her, on her back po'ch stood Sally Bartlett, wife of Sam Bartlett, and mothah of Sam Bartlett's six or seven sons.

"How de do, Mrs. Ramsey?" she says, ve'y polite.

"'How de do, Mrs. Bartlett,' answehs back Mrs. Ramsey, jes' 's polite, if not politer. 'Whut is that stick you seem to be polishin' so this mawnin'?"

"At that Mrs. Bartlett she raises the stick ve'y

proud, so's Mrs. Ramsey could see it shinin' in the sunlight.

"That,' explains she, 'is my husband Sam Bartlett's stick. Would you laik to count the notches on it?"

"Young Mrs. Ramsey she took a look at the notches and frowned.

"How many may theah be?" she asks, not takin' the trouble to count.

"Eighteen,' says Mrs. Bartlett, and smiles, for she wah ve'y proud of them theah notches on her husband's stick.

"Ve'y fine,' says Mrs. Ramsey, 've'y fine, indeed.' Then she makes a excuse about dustin' or somethin' and goes back in the house.

"She don't do no dustin' when she gets in theah. She jes' sets herse'f down and begins to brood on the notches on that theah stick. When ole Ramsey come home to suppah that night he didn't find no suppah ready fo' him. Instead, he

finds his young wife a settin' sulkkin' in a cohnah.

" 'Sam Bartlett;' his young wife says, 'he's got eighteen notches on his stick, and you ain't got none.'

"With that ole man Ramsey he sets down and thinks a spell.

" 'I nevah seemed to keer to shoot at anybody, he offers as an excuse, but it was too lame a excuse fo' a wife of sech spirit as he'd married.

" 'If youah's chicken livahd as that,' says she, 'and don't shoot nobody jes' because you don't keer to shoot, I'm gwine to quit,' and she did quit.

"Natchully, the ole man was all broke up by this attitood assumed by his young wife. Then the attitood assumed by the Bartletts was wuss, if possible, than that of his wife. He nevah went out of the house but whut some membah of the Bartlett fam'ly didn't grin at him and offer him insultin' wuhds.

"He stood it 's long 's he could. Then in his



old aige, one foot in the grave, he commenced to practice shootin'. Driven to it, you might say. He bought every kind of gun he could find in the market and practiced till he had become puffec' with each.

"Then, so long's he must, he stahed out a huntin' fo' somethin' to shoot at. He was shuttin' of his front do' when a young Bartlett steps out of his do' at the same time.

"'You chicken livahd ole fool!' says the young Bartlett, feelin' faceshus laik early in the mawnin' and not suspectin' the zeal with which the ole man had been practicin'; 'you chicken livahd ole fool!' he repeats, 'to let youah putty young wife leave you because you don't know how to shoot!'

"'I don't know how to shoot, don't I?' the ole man says back at him, and befo' he could uttah anothah faceshus wuhd he pints a double barreled shotgun at that young man and shoots him dead.

"Aftah ole man Ramsey stahted to shoot it seemed laik he nevah knew when to stop. It grew on him, the habit of shootin'. He'd begun, to say,



*"I don't know how to shoot, don't I?"*

so late in life, that he had to keep up a puhpetual gun poppin' to maik up fo' lost time.

"He shot in the open daylight, he shot in the dahk. He got up early in the mawnin' to shoot.

He shot so late at night that the people took up barricadin' their do's and goin' to bed at sunset.

"A Kentuckian can do 'mos' anything he sets his head to do, and that was whut the ole man did. He won his young wife back.

"Mrs. Ramsey kep' a-hearin' of his wonderful progress in cuttin' notches on his stick till one day she smiled at him acrost the street as she was goin' downtown. He smiled back. The nex' day she smiled at him ag'in, and the day aftah that she packed her grip and come on home.

"A mawnin' or two aftahwahd she was busy out on the back po'ch a-polishin' up the stick with the notches on, when Mrs. Bartlett she come out on her back po'ch a minnit.

"Mrs. Ramsey she pretended not to see her. She went on polishin' of the stick, holdin' it up ostentashus laik wheah the sun could shine on the nice fresh notches whut had been cut so recently.

"Mrs. Bartlett lookin' across could see about twenty or mo' notches a-shinin' and a-glimmerin' in the mawnin' sun on that theah stick. She didn't say nuthin' eithah, but she tu'ned around, went back in the house and slammed the do' hahd.

"You couldn't, to say, blame her eithah fo' slammin' the do' putty hahd. She didn't have no husband, no sons, and mighty few nigh relatives on accounts o' them theah nice new notches on that stick."

THE LONELY OLD MAN WHO WAS THE  
LAST SURVIVOR OF A KEN-  
TUCKY FEUD.

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"I PRESUME now," began the Kentucky Colonel, "that you don't remembah Andy Johnson, of Middleborough? No? Ve'y remarkable man. Ve'y distinguished man. In the shootin' line, you say? Natchully. Been unjustly classed, howsomevah, with the wust of the Eastern Kentucky outlaws.

"Not a tall true. Andy was 's mild a mannahd man as you evah see. Tall, ganglin' ole man with a long gray beahd. Putty well ahmed befo' my story commences, but had to be. Aftah that he went about without any ahms a tall to amount to

anything. A 42-calibre in a hip pocket, and a shotgun or two, maybe, but that was all.

"Andy was puffec'ly alone in the wuhld. He was the las' of the Johnston-Gilbert feud, whut raged with sech pussistency all around about Middleborough fo' so many yeahs, and extuhminated so many fam'lies.

"Great feud, that. Thutty-three men died with their boots on in that theah feud in fo' years. No telling how many was wounded. Nevah counted 'em.

"Bein' the las' of the feud, Andy was a ve'y lonely ole man durin' the ballunce of his life. Nobody he keered to shoot at. All dead an' gone. Steadily losin' practice. Mo' and mo' liable each yeah to get so's he couldn't shoot a bahn door, should the occashun requiah it.

"Howsomevah, he was a kind ole man at that. The fac' that he nevah stahted no mo' feuds proved that. You'll say so yo'se'f when I tell you

some excellent chances he had of stahtin' 'em that he let go by. No. 'Twa'n't that Andy wah intimidated in his old age. Not a tall.

"If you could see Captain Gaither, of Harrodsburg, he could tell you a few things about Andy and tryin' fo' to intimidate him—Captain Gaither whut lived in the ole gray house on the Lexington pike opposite the pond whut belongs to John Thompson's place on the hill. Clay Hill, they call that place, you remembah?

"Well, when Captain Gaither he was sent up to Middleborough to quell some distuhbances relat-in' to the Howard-Turner feud a ragin' theah at the time, he thought as how he would show them theah feudists whut a Gatlin' gun could do. So he placed one on 'em befo' the side of a mountain an' fiahd a few shots into it.

"It wa'n't many shots he fiahd, tryin' to intimidate the feudists and put a end to the feud; but them few bo'd a hole in that theah mountain big

enuf fo' a man on hossback to go in, tu'n around a couple of times and come on out ag'in.

"The feudists stood around with their double barreled shotguns and looked admirin'ly on, ole Andy with them.

"When Captain Gaither had finished bo'in' of the hole he glanced ovah them proud laik, takin' special notice of Andy, standin' theah, long and lean and gray beahded, with his pipe in his mouth.

" 'You see,' said he, and waited fo' him to speak.

"Finally Andy took his pipe out of his mouth and spoke.

" 'Well, I'll be danged,' he remahked cahmly, 'I wondah if the State wouldn't let me have that theah gun to plant cohn in my cohnfield with in the spring.'

"You undahstand, in them theah puppendicu-



lah mountain cohnfields, they plant cohn with a shotgun and gathah it with a step laddah.

"No, 'twa'n't intimidashun with Andy. It was jest natchful kindness of haht that kept him frum stahtin' any mo' feuds.

"Fo' instunce, I'll give you a example showin' how Andy didn't have no animosity lef' in his natuah aftah killin' off all of the Gilberts, didn't have nothin' left theah but kind hahtedness. One day aftah the cyahs had been built, runnin' from the mountainous regions to Cincinnati, there come down frum Cincinnati a sassy young drummah on his way to Middleborough.

"He took a seat in the cyah nex' to the windah. By 'm by a mountaineer he also entahd the cyah and took the seat nex' to the young drummah, the seat whut shet him off frum leavin' the cyah unless he jumped out of the windah or ovah the mountaineer.

"Set down casually, this ole man did, and look-

ed past the sassy young drummah, straight out the windah, thinkin' of suthin' else appa'ently. Putty soon the drummah, gettin' sort of lonesome laik, I reckon, begun to pick up a conversashun with the ole man.

" 'It seems laik to me,' he begins, innercent as a lamb, but sassy, 'that these heah Kentucky feudists, they ain't whut they ah cracked up to be.'

"Not receivin' no response from the ole man, he keeps right along a-whoopin' of it up.

" 'Now, theah's Andy Johnston,' he says. 'Frum what I can gathah, that ole man's about the biggest coward of 'em all.'

" 'Seein' that his companion still didn't seem to have nuthin' to say, he keeps along a-talkin'.

" 'That theah blamed ole fool of a Kentucky feudist,' the young man finishes, lightly; 'is about the biggest all-round coward I ever heahd tell of, or read of,' says he, and stops talkin' a while.

"The ole man a settin' by him reaches up and

strokes his long, gray beahd fo' a spell. Then he speaks, and this is the substance of whut he says:

"'I am that theah blamed ole fool feudist, Andy Johnston,' was whut he says.

"Theah was twelve mo' long miles for that theah sassy young drummah to travul befo' he reached his destinashun, but he wan't sassy no mo'.

"As I said befo', he was on the inside seat nex' to the windah wheah he couldn't escape without eithah jumpin' ovah the ole man or out the windah or crawlin' undah the seat to the next seat in the rear, a puffohmunce whut would have left his feet tempo'a'ily at Andy's mussy.

"So he jes' set theah and set theah.

"Howsomevah, by the time he had got to the end of his journey, his friends whut had come to the stashun to meet him wah suprised to see that his haiah had tu'ned puffec'ly white. Puffec'ly white! Not a black haiah lef' anywheah.

"But ole Andy hadn't killed him. Hadn't even attempted to. He'd jes' let him set theah siluntly, not even speakin' to him no mo' aftah them las' few tellin' wuhds whut he had give utt'rance to.

"But I have heahd tell that Andy said aftahwahd that it give him a good deal of mild personal satisfaction fust and last to set theah them twelve miles and watch that theah sassy young Cincinnati drummah's haiah tu'n so ve'y white."

VERY SET IN HIS WAY IS THE KENTUCKIAN.

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SO SAYS THE BLUE GRASS COLONEL, AND PROVES IT  
BY THE WOOD-CHOPPERS' FEUD.

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"SPEAKIN' of the good ole feud times in Kentucky," said the Kentucky Colonel, "when theah was feuds goin' on eve'ywheah, all ova the State, when they wa'n't jes' confined to one now and ag'in in Harrodsburg, d'you evah heah of the wood-choppahs' feud in Rowan county?"

"No? I s'pose not. Seems to me laik you ah mighty keerless about keepin' up with the hist'ry of youah native lan'.

"Well, the wood choppahs' feud, it was a ve'y interestin' feud. Not so much said about it 's theah was about othah feuds, because it happened to be confined to the ordina'y class, wood-choppahs, I s'pose. I dunno whut else. Feuds in Kentucky in general is mos'ly among the Uppah Ten, amung the Fo' Hundud.

"This wood-choppahs' feud it brung out ve'y strong the tho'oughness of the Kentucky cha'c-tah. It's one o' the Kentucky traits that onct they begin a thing, specially a feud, they nevah stop till they see the finish of it. Sometimes it's the finish of sevvul fam'lies, sometimes of communities; this time it succeeded in wipin' about two hundud wood-choppahs off the face o' the uth.

"No. 'S far 's I know they didn' none on 'em come frum Harrodsburg. Not 's far 's I know. The wood-choppahs, I mean.

"Wait a minit, though. Seems laik I've hearn

say some'ers or othah that the great-gran'fathah of the two brothahs whut stahted the feud, he was bawn and raised theah some'ers on the Shelbyville pike 's you go down to Looieville.

"Theah was two brothahs named Ellacott whut stahted the feud. Thutty yeahs befo' the feud commenced Ole Man Ellacott he died. Natchul death? Yes. Natchul death. Eve'body don' die in Kentucky with his boots on. It's a mistak'n idee entiahly. I know it's putty generally s'posed to be the case, but it ain'. I kin prove it by fo' or five 'xcepshuns that I know of pussonally.

"Ole Man Ellacott then, when he up an' died, lef' his mountain fahm, covahed with vallable timbah, to his two sons, John and Sam Ellacott. They couldn't seem to agree nohow, them two brothahs, about the division of the estate.

"One brother he took the dividin' stakes and moved 'em 'way ovah on his brothah's lan'. That

theah brothah he moved 'em back agin, fouah rods in all.

"Back and fo'th and back and fo'th, them theah two fool brothahs they kep a movin' of them stakes till they had travulled miles. You'd a thought they was live stakes, the way they travulled.

"It was a mighty fool thing to do, but them theah Kentuckians they ah hahd beaded, when they taik a noshun, awful hahd headed. They ah noted fo' that.

"That theah lan' it wa'n't wuth mo'n \$10 a acre. Whut was the use of makin' sech a fuss about lan' laik that? Wa'n't none a tall.

"Aftah a few yeahs, howsomevah, the price of the lan' riz. A Northern buyah he come down and offered them two brothahs \$20 a thousand fo' the fine walnut timbah on that theah lan'. Then it was that the fightin' begun in earnest.

"The brothahs they nevah spoke, even to cuss



one anotheah, but each one on 'em they went about laik walkin' arsenals, ahmed to the teeth, makin' of all sawts of threats whut nevah amounted to nuthin, 's far 's they was concerned, 'cause they didn' taik the pains to ca'y 'em out.

"Each one o' them theah brotha's he haiahd a gang of wood-choppahs to cut down the timbah whut was a-goin' to bring sech good money. The gangs they took up the fight. Instead of choppin' of the trees they took to choppin' of each othah. Putty soon they had regulah pitched battles, them two gangs of wood-choppahs, a-choppin' away at each othah with their long axes. They spa'ahd the trees, them theah wood-choppahs, but they didn' spa'ah the wood-choppahs.

"Seems laik, too, that them theah Northernas sicked 'em on, jez' to see the fun. They run up the price o' timbah fo' puah devilment, run it up to \$21. Well, when the price riz to that, it resulted in the totul 'xtuhmination of two gangs of

wood-choppahs, till wood-choppahs they got to be jez' about 'z scace in that paht of the country 's hens' teeth.

"Whut was the brothahs a doin' all this time?"

"Why, jes' a goin' about ahmed to the teeth, a makin' of all sawts of threats 's to whut they wuz goin' to do, but jes' allowin' of the wood-choppahs to keep the thing agoin' on their own account, a choppin' of each othah into a thousan' pieces out o' sympathy. That ve'y off'n happuns in Kentucky. Ve'y off'n.

"It's the comunest thing in the wuhld, in fac', fo' two men to git in a row ovah nuthin', and let their friens and fam'lies and relations kill each othah off out o' sympathy. That's one o' the reasons why the good ole fashioned feud waz so widespread.

"The two whut usually stahted it was genully too precious to let themse'ves be picked off. They wah laik Gennuls and Capins. They had to stand

aside and give d'rections, to plan the campaign, as it wah, frum a respectful and safe distance.

"Oh, yes. Things laik that wah ve'y common in the good ole times.

"Well, when the wood-choppahs finully give out entiahly—wood-choppahs cain't las' fo'evah when they ah chopped down wholesale, you kin see how that is—the two ole brothahs they set each on his side of the disputed lan' with loaded shotguns across their knees, each ready to kill the othah if he daahd to taik a step ovah.

"They sat theah rain and shine, day aftah day, day aftah day fo' yeahs, because it's the Kentucky natuah, 's I stahted out to explain, to see things done up brown, to see things, as I said befo', to the finish. Until at las' a neighbah whut was happenin' to pass by saw some buzzahds a hoverin' ovah the spot wheah one of the ole men was, neah the fores' of trees still standin,' because not one on 'em had bin chopped down.

"Hu'yin' up closah he discovahd one of the ole men dead, a settin' in his accustomed place out on his do'step, with his gun across his knee, a layin' in wait fo' his brothah.

"He had bin dead a couple of days, but his brothah, a settin' across on his do'step, too, ready to shoot at a minit's notus, didn' know it.

"When they tole the brothah, he didn' seem to understan' how his brothah could 'a' died without his killin' o' him—didn' believe it; so he kep' a settin' on his do'step jes' the same, a waitin' and a watchin' fo' him to take the first step across to fill him with bullet holes long aftah the othah brothah was dead an' bu'ied, settin' theah ready to give his ghost a pepperin' if it daahd to step across.

"Then one day when some neighbah woman whut had kep' watch ovah him went to taik him somethin' to eat she foun' him dead, too.

"And that was the end of the wood-choppahs' feud in Rowan county

"Yes, they are ve'y tho'ough in Rowan county, or was in the good ole times. Mos' tho'ough's they ah in Harrodsburg at the presunt day.

"No mattah how many wood-choppahs it took, they saw things to a finish when they onct begun, them feudists did; that's all theah was to that."

A SCHOOL MA'AM BRED IN OLD KENTUCKY.

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THE COLONEL TELLS HOW SHE MAINTAINED ORDER  
IN SCHOOL AND ENDED A FEUD.

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"KENTUCKY women is famous for their good looks," said the Kentucky Colonel, "I don't have to tell you that. But a good many on 'em is putty famous fo' theah courage, too.

"Them theah mountain Kentuckians, specially. They ah 's good shots 's theah husbands; and wheah they ain't, they busy themse'ves a-loadin' of the double-barreled shotguns fo' their husbands and a-naggin' of 'em on.

"Of co'se you don't know Mrs. Bently. She lived up in the mountains a good ways frum Harrodsburg, but she wah a distant cousin of the Harrodsburg Bentleys, which was wheah she got her pluck. She was all right, Mrs. Bently was.

"When that theah Jesse Ramsey, that theah cyclone o' the mountain feuds, he went to the Bently home while Mr. Bently was away and began a-firin' an' a-destroyin' of the property and a-threatenin' o' the lives o' the chillun, he found his match fo' oncet. He found it in Mrs. Bently, fine lookin', bawn and raised in Kentucky, quick eye, long trainin' in handlin' of the Winchester. She jes' stood up in her front do' and give it to him good and plenty.

"He was gettin' of the wust of it when some of his followers they rushed in and covered up his retreat. The retirin' pahty got off with a triflin' chahge of buckshot in the back and three killed outright.

"No, aftah that they didn't attack the Bently manshun while Mr. Bently wah away from home to any great extent that anybody evah heard of.

"But what I stahted out to tell you was the story of Kit Baker, a Harrodsburg gurl whut taught school fo' a while in Rowan county. She was distantly related to the Bakers of the Baker and Turner feud, if you remembah.

"She was a fine, broad-shouldered gurl, Kit was, with big black eyes and black hair and fiery as tow. Good hahted gurl, too, Kit was, but determined. Her father lived out on the Cane Run pike. You remembah that theah pike wheah the blackberries is so thick in the summer time?

"Well, Kit's fathah he had so many chillun he couldn't count 'em. One got drowned out on a picnic excurshun and he didn't miss him till they got home and counted noses.

"They had so many chillun that Kit's mothah she come across Kit one mawnin' settin' quietly



by the fiah, wahmin' her toes, and slapped her. Then she said to Kit's fathah:

"'I've settled Kit fo' to-day, anyway.'

"Kit she hadn't bin doin' of a thing but wahmin' her toes, but her mothah must 'a' mistook her fo' anothah of the chillun whut had bin misbehavin', I reckon.

"Aftah that Kit she didn't speak to her mothah fo' three months, but theah wah so many chillun her mothah nevah noticed it a tall.

"Theah bein' so many chillun patty soon the rashuns they begun to give out. Then Kit she concluded she'd bettah light out and do somethin' to maik her own livin' if she wanted to keep the breath of life in her body. She concluded to teach.

"She begun to practise, gettin' ready. She bought a Winchester rifle and a few shotguns. Then she got a double-barreled shotgun, the biggest she could find, and a bowie-knife or two.

Then she got out in the back yahd and begun to shoot at tahgets.

"You undahstan' how it is when a woman fust begins shootin' at tahgets. The lives of the neighbors was in a good deal of dangah fo' awhile, but not fo' long. Kit she come of a shootin' fam'ly. She inherited her aihm. I couldn't begin to tell you how many uncles Kit had whut was famous fo' their aihms.

"It didn't taik Kit long, backed by this splendid inheritance of distinguished tahget-shootin', to hit the bullseye every time. It wa'n't a week befo' the bahn do' was puffectly safe. In anotheah week the neighbors could pass by the house in puffec' safety, also.

"In a month Kit concluded she was about ready to apply fo' her situashun as school-mistress in Rowan county. Aftah she had shot a few dozen bullseyes the jedges they come to the conclushun

that she was equal to the situashun and give it to her.

"If you had 'a' seen Kit packin' her trunk fo' to taik that theah situashun, you'd 'a' thought she was a goin' to jine the ahmy. Rifles, shotguns, small swords, bowie-knives! It was a putty heavy trunk, I kin tell you, when Kit she finished a packin' of it.

"Well, Kit she arriv and the school it opened. It was a school whut was composed mos'ly of half baked, ovah grown boys whut was full of the Ole Nick. It had previously bin run by schoolmastahs, but they had one by one bin killed off and givvun decent bu'ial.

"When them theah boys found that a gurl was a goin' to run it, they jes' laughed low, mirthless laughs and wagged their heads. She'd run it about a day, they said, then she'd see whut was whut.

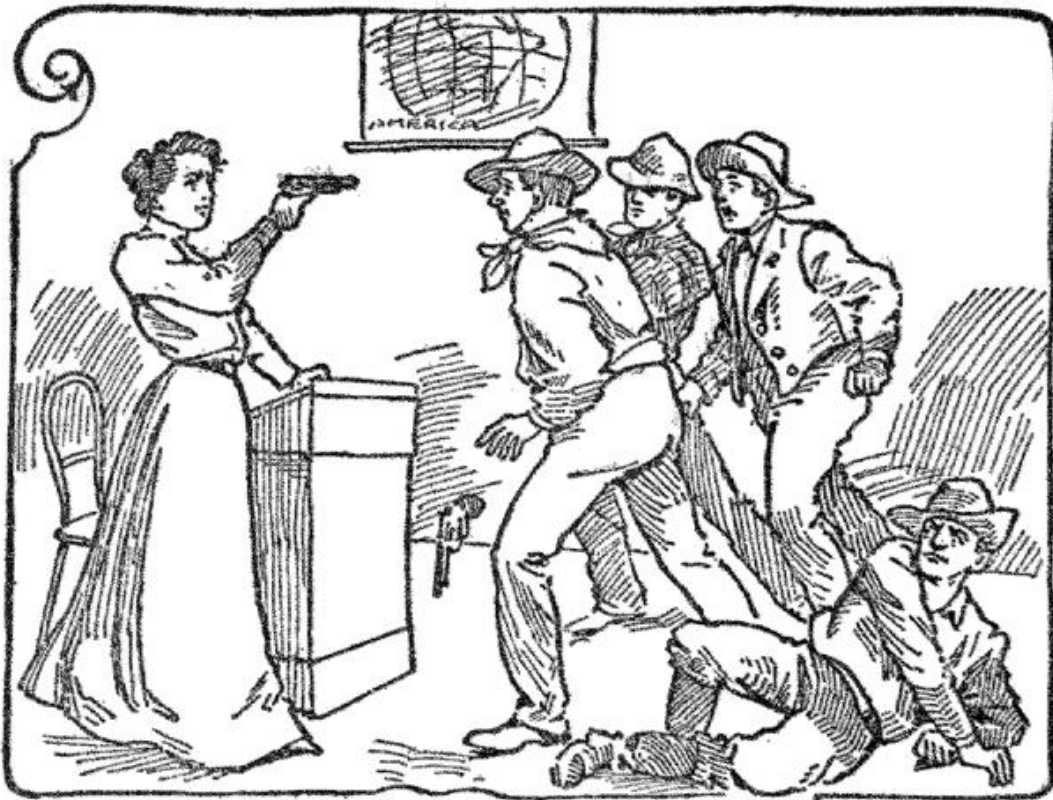
"The auspicious mawnin' when the school

opened Sammie Webb, a big boy whut had killed off a considerable numbah of schoolmastahs, come to the school with a wicked lookin' 42-calibre pistol buckled around him. Kit she went up to him and tole him to unbuckle that theah pistol and give it to her.

"Instead of obeyin' of her, he stahted to draw the weppun, but befo, he had time to do that he was a lookin' into the muzzle of a shinin' 38 held in the steady right han' of the new schoolmistress. He still showed fight, howsomevah, and his numerous friends they riz up in his defence.

"But Kit she wah made of fiah and tow, and she come from Harrodsburg. Theah wa'n't no downin' of her. She stood her groun'. She killed two, wounded fo' or five othahs and shot Sammie Webb in his pistol ahm, cowin' of him so he nevah recovahed frum his admirashun of her. When he got out of bed he come back to school and begged her to marry him.

"No. She didn't marry him. She said she'd nevah marry any man whut couldn' shoot quicker'n she could. She wouldn't nevah be able to



*"He was lookin' into the muzzle of a shinin' 38."*

look up to him, she said; but she let Sammie he'p her keep up the discipline she had stahted in that theah school, till she quit teachin' some six or eight months afterwahd, which they did success-

fully without havin' to shoot more'n half a dozen mo'.

"Then she married one o' the sons' o' the Turners whut had he'ped kill off her relatives and ended the Baker-Turner feud.

"Nevah heahd of sech a thing. Wheah you bin? Why, it's quite the thing to do to end them theah mountain feuds by offerin' up a girl on the marriage altah, a livin' sacrifice."

A BREACH OF KENTUCKY ETIQUETTE  
WHICH WAS WORSE THAN LAYING  
DOWN FIVE ACES AT POKER.

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"FROM whut I an gathah," said the Kentucky Colonel, "chain shirts are bein' ve'y much worn again in Breathitt county. Since the last little fracas they ah all the style once mo', they tell me.

"Chain shirts has had a good deal to do with breakin' up feuds in Breathitt county fust and last. I knew a feud whut was almos' bloodless on account of a chain shirt. Only one killed.

"'Twa'n't gennully known fo' a long while that chain shirts was fashionable in Breathitt county. They kep' it dahk. It was an ole man named Wesley Coldrain whut accidentally give it away.

"He wo' one. One day he fell in the rivah and come putty nigh drownin'. When they fished him out they found that he had one o' them heavy fifteen pound chain shirts on.

"Didn't no soonah get about than people come from miles around a borrowin' of it. They sent their childun.

" 'Please, Mr. Coldrain,' the childun would implo', fathah says will you be so kind's to lend him your chain shirt to-night? He's goin' to a pahty.'

"In Breathitt county it's the same 's in Harrodsburg. A pahty stahts off innocent enough, but whut with the fish watah and the hoss pistols and the double-barreled shotguns, theah ain't nevah no tellin' jest wheah it will end.

"The findin' out about the chain shirt was the beginnin' of the almos' bloodless feud I was a tellin' you about. It was laik this:

"Ole man Coldrain and a friend of his'n named Jones wah in the habit of jedgin' of the cyahds



of evenin's when theah wa'n't nuthin' special doin' in the shootin' line.

"Now, ole man Coldrain, while he was a putty fair all round shot, wa'n't to say exactly squah when it come to jedgin' of the cyahds. So one night when Jones he lays down fo' aces, old man Coldrain he ups and lays down five.

"Of cose, you don't undahstan' much about cyahds, but you ought to undahstan' enough to know that five aces in any paht of the country is goin' beyond the limit. It gennully means a knife stuck through the hand whut lays 'em down, if it don't mean suthin' wuss.

"Jones, he nevah said nuthin'. He jes' quit the game apparently, lettin' of it go at that, but it appeah'd to rankle in his mind. He couldn't seem somehow to think of nuthin' a tall but them theah five aces, every time he begun to think.

"If that had been the end of it theah wouldn't 'a' been no story, but it wa'n't. Jones, he shook

hands with the ole man ve'y amicable, but the next mawnin' he sent his little boy ovah bright an' dearly to ask if he mightn't borrow ole man



*“He couldn't seem to think of nuthin' but them five aces.”*

Coldrain's chain shirt. Ole man Coldrain, all unsuspectin', sent it ovah with his compliments.

“That night, as ole man Coldrain was on his

way to the postoffice, a unknown pahty took a shot at him from behind a big rock. The bullet neahly broke his ahm, but that didn't hu't so much as the fac' that he didn't have the satisfashun of knowin' who fiahd it.

"Howsomevah, he sent immediate to Cincinnati fo' one of the new fashioned chain shirts whut didn't weigh enough to drown a man.

"In the meantime Jones he hadn't offered to send back the old fifteen pound chain shirt he had borrowed, and ole man Coldrain, whut waz afeahd to go neah the watah with it on anyway, let him keep it.

"Then one othah night as he was going to the postoffice again ole man Coldrain was shot at once mo' from behind a big rock. He stood up and took them theah shots laik a man with a chahmed life. Nevah feazed him. Whoevah it was a shootin' might 's well 'a' been shootin' at a bouldah fo' all the hahm it did.

"But between shots ole man Coldrain, who wa'n't no idjit, nor blind, neithah, caught sight of the would-be murderer. It wa'n't nobody mo' nor less than his old time pahtner at cyahds, Jones, standin' up theah lahge as life and twice 's natchul in his own chain shirt whut he had borrowed of him, a shootin' at him.

"You'll say so yo'se'f that that was addin' insult to injury. It was all right to shoot at him if he wanted to, theah wa'n't no law ag'in that in Breathitt county, but to protect hisse'f with the ole man's own chain shirt! When it comes to a question of limit, it was wuss than five aces. I'll leave it to you, now, if it wa'n't.

"No. They don't allus do the squah thing in Breathitt county when they get to shootin', no mo' than they do in Harrodsburg. Seems laik the thust fo' blood goes to the brain.

"But to maik a long story short, ole man Coldrain he went slowly home and to bed, a-thinkin'

a good deal of one thing and anothah. Then the next mawnin' he sends one of his young uns ovah to Jones' with a polite note a-requestin' of him to send back his chain shirt if he wah quite through with it. He wanted it, he said in the note, to go huntin' in.

"Ole man Coldrain, if the truth wah known, didn't have a spahk of humor in his whole maik-up; but you'd 'a' thought he had if you'd a known whut sort of huntin' he was intendin' to do.

"That night he took a little walk all by hisse'f in the dahk towards the postoffice, a passin' of the spot wheah he had been shot at the night befo'.

"He sneaked up soft laik, and comin' suddenly upon Jones, who was lyin' in wait fo' him—no chain shirt, no nuthin', jest got reckless, seemed laik, didn't care no mo'—he shot him dead. And that theah was the beginning and the end of the

chain shirt feud of Breathitt county, whut num-  
bahd only one victim.

"Theah might 'a' been mo', but the chain shirt  
habit suddenly took sech strong hold on all the  
immediate friends, relatives and sympathizers of  
the two fam'lies mos' interested, theah wa'n't  
nuthin' doin' in the killin' line a tall."

MORTIFYING BLUNDER OF A KENTUCKY  
GENTLEMAN.

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THE KENTUCKY COLONEL EXPLAINS THE MISTAKE  
WHICH FOR A TIME PUT AN END TO THE  
FEUDS IN BREATHITT COUNTY.

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"I SEE by the mawnin' papah," said the Kentucky Colonel, "that they ah takin' advantage of the Christmas festivities to tech up a feud or two in Breathitt county. Begins to look promisin'.

"'Tain't whut it used to be, Kentucky. Used to be that Christmas was the merriest time of all the yeah fo' wipin' out of ole feuds and beginnin' of new ones. Whole fam'lies cleaned out at one

festivity, whut with the whiskey and the hoss pistols and sky-rockets and one thing and another.

"We celebrate Christmas ve'y diffunt from you Northern people anyway. I mus' say I off'n miss the whiskey and the fiahahms myse'f, and get to hankerin' aftah 'em.

"It seems laik ole times to see Breathitt county comin' to the front again. Laik ole times. It used to be that that theah county run a putty swift race with Harrodsburg. Onct or twice it come putty nigh to takin' the shine off ouah little ole native town. That's all theah was to that.

"And it may do it again. Theah ain't no tellin'. Only one killed you say and one wounded! Well, anyway, it's a stahtah.

"Why, I kin remembah when the Judges wouldn't hold cote in Breathitt county unless a military accompanied them upon their succut.



When the Gov'nor refused to allow sech a company, theah wa'n't no cote held. Then them theah feudists took the law in their own hands and theah was somethin' doin'.

"Oh, yes, it was ve'y gay in Breathitt county in the good ole times of the fust-class feuds.

"I onct had the pussonal acquaintance of a feudist in Breathitt county, Shootin' Ike, distantly related to the Turners of this same Turner and Strong feud we've been readin' about.

"Shootin' Ike was one of the bravest men I evah knew, but he come by his death in a way whut would maik you weep. It is heart-renderin' to think of the way he come by his death. You hahdly believe it when I tell it to you, but it was laik this:

"As I tell you, Shootin' Ike he was ve'y brave. He wa'n't afeahd of nuthin'. That is to say, he wa'n't afeahd of nuthin' he had evah seen or heahd of up' to the time of his death. He would

walk about in the dahk without any fiahahms, carryin' of a lantern—makin' of a tahget of himse'f, carryin' of a lantern. It taiks a putty brave man to do that, I kin tell you, in Breathitt county.

"But nobody shot him. He died a natchul death. Died of mortificashun.

"You see, Shootin' Ike, he was whut you might call a connozier of fiahahms. He made a collection of 'em. He was allus lookin' out fo' some new kind of fiahahm whut would shoot further and quicker than any fiahahm he had. He was said to have two or three that would shoot through sevvul men at onct. It was a great time saver.

"He was so zealous about practisin' with 'em, too, aftah he got 'em that he was scaser of neighbors than any othah man in that paht of the country.

"Well, to come to the p'int of the story, one day

theah come shyin' around his hut theah on the edge of the mountain a strangah. And he didn't seem as if he was at home out theah on them theah dangerous mountains of Breathitt county.

"But, to give 'em their due, that's one thing about them theah Breathitt county people. While they'll peck away promiscuss, whut you'd call reckless, occasionally at anybody at all related to their own pahculah feuds, they won't shoot at a perfec' strangah.

"Shootin' Ike wa'n't no exception to the rule. He was a kind hahted ole man. Had a good many notches on his stick, mo' than usual even in Breathitt county, but theah wa'n't no doubt in the minds of his frien's that he thought it was absolutely necessary to put them theah, or he wouldn't 'a' done it.

"Shootin' Ike he had a good deal of advertisin' in one way and anothah as a terrible shooter when he got stahted, but he was really at haht a

kind ole man, and timid, too, about some things, as you'll see when I finish this story.

"Well, as I stahed out to say, when this well dressed strangah come a shyin' around the secund day, ole Ike he went into his hut and sat down by the fiahside. He had a kind of scahd look in his eyes, Ike did, the fust scahd look anybody evah saw theah, I reckon.

" 'Whut's the mattah?' asks his wife, who was a settin' in the othah side of the big fiahplace a smokin' of a ole cob pipe.

" 'Nuthin' to amount to anything,' answahs Shootin' Ike sof'ly, 'only theah is a strangah in these heah pahts and he's got a new kind of gun, a gun,' he goes on to explain, 'whut appeahs to go off without shootin' anything.'

"His wife took her pipe out of her mouth.

" 'A mighty quah kind of gun,' says she; 'I reckon I'll jes get up and taik a look at it.'

"With that she gets up and goes to the do' and

looks out. At the same time the strangah he comes mincin' toward the hut, taiks a peep at her, lowahs his eyes, holds his gun in front of him, taiks aim and pulls the triggah.

"Then he turns a little wheel at the side—with a wheezin' sort of noise and goes away. Shootin' Ike's wife walked back in the room a laffin'.

"'Laws a mussy,' says she, 'don't you know whut that is? 'Tain't nuthin',' she adds, 'but a pocket camera. That's all it is.'

"Shootin' Ike he was hurt to his haht. He was hurt in his pride so bad he nevah got ovah it—hurt to think that sech a connozier as he was should a mistaken a pocket kodak fo' a weepson.

"He jes laid down and died of mortificashun, and that put an end to his feud for a little while in Breathitt county, put an end to it in fact until it stahed up Christmas Day with this unexpected little me'y killin' whut seems to me to sort of promise that theah will be some mo'."

THERE WAS ONCE A KENTUCKY  
MASTERTSON.

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"SINCE I have been hearin' so much of Bat Masterson," said the Kentucky Colonel, "I've been wonderin' if he could be any kin to the Mastertsons of Harrodsburg—they theah Mastertsons whut used to live out on the Lexington pike about fo' miles from town.

"Might be. Ole man Mastertson had a good many sons. I remembah about nine. Some on 'em might 'ave emigrated to Texas fo' all I know. Must 'ave. Couldn't all on 'em have stayed in Harrodsburg; wouldn't 'ave held 'em.

"Now that I come to think of it, ole man Mas-

terson had a good many notches on his stick. Was town marshal of Harrodsburg, too, onct upon a time. Theah was a little interestin' history connected with that, too, if I recollect correct. Putty lively town marshal he made—in fact, a leetle too lively.

“Of co'se, in the province of town marshal of any Kentucky town, I ain't speakin' now of the Wes'; it was puffedly natchul to taik to shootin' upon occashun and shoot 's long's it seemed to be necessa'y.

“But when, aftah shootin' at everybody in his immediate neighborhood, them whut wa'n't consuhned as well as them whut wah, the ole man, havin' appa'ently los' his head, took to ridin' through the principal streets on his hoss, gallop-in' round and round, and shootin' till theah wa'n't a soul lef' in sight to shoot at, till all the inhabitants had gone down into their feud cellahs and pulled the do's in aftah them, that theah

seemed to all intents and pupposes to be goin' a leetle too fah.

"So aftah drawin' straws, some of the mos' prominent citizens they went to him on bended knee and beggin' of his pardon fo' the suggestion, suggested with feah and tremblin' that he resign, which he did aftah a partin' shot at the suggestors.

"I ain't sayin' that the ole man was the fathah of Bat, but town marshals run in fam'lies mighty in Kentucky. It mayn't be the same in the Wes'. I dunno.

"Ole man Masterson of Harrodsburg was a great society man. Ve'y popular. Always givin' pahties. Had to raid a toll-gate, though, every time you went to any of his pahties.

"Nevah raided a toll-gate? Wheah you been? You'd ought 'a' had a chromo if you paid yoah toll. Why, when I lived in Harrodsburg we used to begin to train ouah hosses the minnit we



bought 'em to leap ovah a pole about fo' feet from the groun' with a view to the toll-gate.

"Interestin' spo't that, the training of them theah hosses. Regulah mawnin' pufformance, puttin' them through a co'se of trainin' preparatory to leapin' a toll-gate, so's we wouldn't have to raid it and buhn it to the groun'.

"Them theah Kentucky hosses, they took to it, too. Wa'n't no trouble at all to train 'em. Laiked the spo't themse'ves. Seemed to understan'. Stahted out brash 's you please o' mornin's ready and willin' to leap a dozen toll-gates ruthah than let us pay the toll.

"We didn't none on us have no buggies. You can undahstan' the reason fo' that if you stop to think. Imagine a hoss leapin' a toll-gate with a buggy back of him. Imagine the buggy a settin' down hahd on one o' them theah hahd pikes!

"Oh, no. We all went hossback. It was jes's much fun, if not mo'.

"You should 'a' seen us stahtin' out fo' a pahty them days. In the fust place when one o' them big fam'lies, occupyin' one o' them theah big plantashuns outside a toll-gate, gave a pahty, instead o' puttin' in capital letters down at the right side of the page, 'R. S. V. P.' they insulted, 'I. N. R. T. G.,' which signified 'If necessary raid the toll-gate.'

"I shall nevah fo'get a pahty given by ole man Masterson one night in the summah time.

"I don't know now whethah he is kin to Bat or not. Same name, but theah ain' nuthin' in a name accohdin' to Shakespeare. Might not 'a' been.

"Well, anyway, I reckon as how ole man Masterson he nevah in all his bawn days paid a cent o' toll. If it happened that he was drivin' with some strangah, of co'se he didn't pay no toll, but if he wah drivin' alone—well, in that theah case the toll-gate keepah, at sight of the ole man, es'

natchully let the pole hurriedly up and went into the house a minit. Stayed theah till he got clean by.

"I disremembah jes' how many notches the ole man had on his stick, but it wa'n't quite eighteen. His son, if Bat's his son, which I ain't assuhtin' but jes' a wonderin', has gone a leetle ahead of his fathah in the mattah of notches, 's fah's I kin see.

"Well, to return to the subjec', we all got ready fo' this pahty of ole man Masterson's and met in the public' squah in what might 'a' seemed to a uninterested pahty to be a posse, but whut wa'n't nuthin' mo' nor less than a hahmless pahty of merrymakahs out fo' a lahk.

"Of co'se we had ouah guns. That stan's to reason. When you drink straight whiskey out'n a gourd, a dippin' of it out of a bucket, in the way whut was fashionable at the ole man's pahties, theah ain't no tellin' jes' whut might happen.

"Anyway, it's jes' 's well to be prepared.

"It was one o' them theah beautiful Kentucky nights you read about in novels, with a full moon. We got to singin' as we loped along, ve'y me'y anticipatin' of a good deal o' fun out at ole man Masterson's pahty as usual. Allus had mo' fun than you could shake a stick at at them theah little pahties. Mos'ly ended up in a free fo' all fight, but we wah ve'y gay while we wah about it. Gennully wounded a good many, but hahdly evah killed anybody outright at them theah little pahties of the ole man's.

"Well, we come to the toll-gate, not in a bunch, but one by one, ve'y sof'ly, fo' feah o' wakin' the toll-gate keepah. Feah'd he might get hisse'f into trouble if he waked up. We didn't have no grudge ag'in him. We didn't want to buhn his toll-gate down.

"It wah ve'y amusin'. Ouah losses they took the gate so gracefully, one aftah the othah. It

was a real pictuah, some on 'em said aftahwahd, the way twenty or mo' of them theah hosses went leapin' sof'ly and swif'ly ova that toll-gate.

"You can imagine how putty it must 'a' looked in the moonlight, all of us leapin' me'ily ova that theah gate and on along the broad white beautiful pike in the moonlight to ole man Masterson's house.

"We wah ve'y successful in not wakin' the toll-gate keepah. If he heahd us, he laid mighty low. He nevah said nuthin' to us about payin' the toll. Nuthin' a tall.

"Finally, aftah a ride of three miles or so in that theah moonlight, we come to ole man Masterson's place.

"The ole man, he was on his hoss, jes' outside the gate, waitin' fo' us. We give a great shout when we saw him and he replied in his kind hahted, whole-souled way, so's you could 'a' heahd him a mile.

"You didn't have to raid the toll-gate?" he asks, smilin'ly, 'and buhn it down so's to get through, did you?"

"He asks us this when we was gatherd admirin'ly aroun' him, a jerkin' of the reins of ouah hosses and a comin' 's close's possible. We allus admiahed the old man ve'y much when he was givin' of a pahty.

" 'Oh, no,' we answahs back. 'It wa'n't necessary. The gate keepah he nevah waked up. We jes' took a flyin' leap ovah. That was all.'

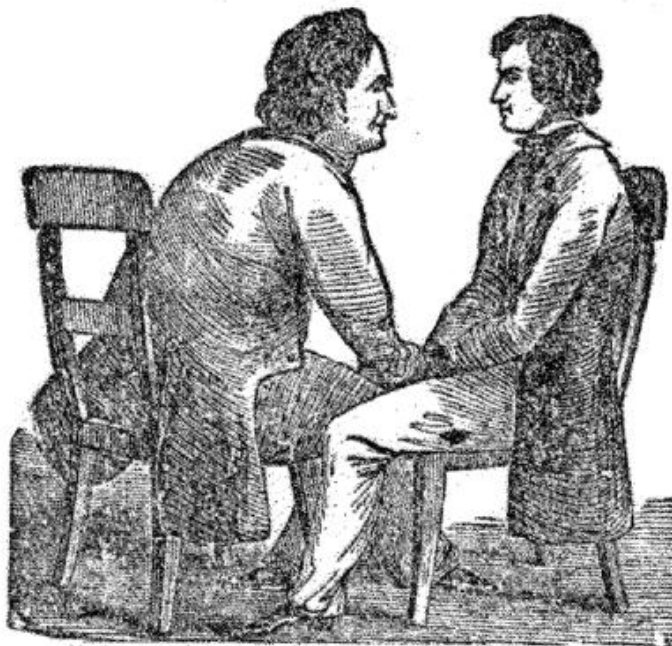
" 'It is jes' 's well,' says the ole man whut was sech a kind hahted, whole-souled old man. Bat ought to be proud of him if he is his son, which I ain't assuhtin', meahly wonderin'. 'But I didn't know but whut you might have to,' he finishes, 'so I was standin' heah ready at the fust sight of the flames to rush to youah rescue.' "

THE END.

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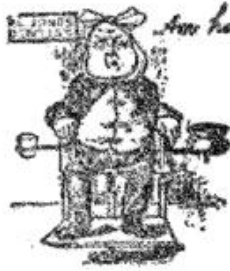
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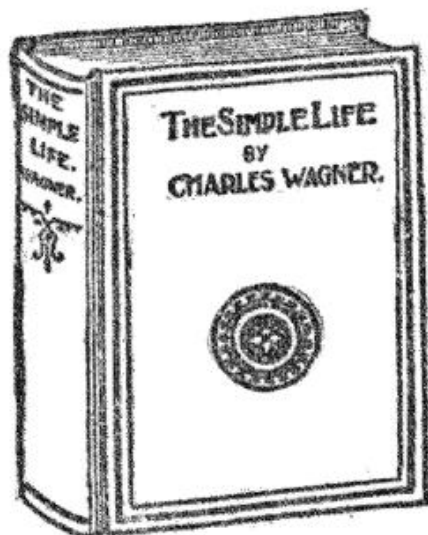
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