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The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, August 27, 1887

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The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, "The Tri-Weekly Kentucky New Era, August 27, 1887" (1887). *Kentucky New Era Tri-Weekly*. 285. <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/kynet/285>

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NUMBER 14

ALBERT A. METZ.

10

THE TRI-WEEKLY NEW ERA.

—PUBLISHED BY—
New Era Printing and Publishing Co.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH.

The United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, Mr. Bayless W. Hanna, is in Washington, partly to expedite some business with the State Department, but principally for the sake of impressing upon the authorities there the importance of cultivating that country's friendship. Over a hundred steamships make regular trips from Buenos Ayres to Germany and England, and Mr. Hanna favors the establishment of a mail line from New York to that port. It is his experience that commerce always follows the mails. The Argentine Republic is very favorably disposed toward the United States, and its chief officials have shown this in many marked ways. They are anxious to develop their trade with us, and they have offered a subsidy of \$125,000 a year for ten years to any American steamship line that will establish direct mails between Buenos Ayres and New York.

The principal industries of the Argentine Republic are preparing hides for the market and raising wool. They have no coal or wood and cannot manufacture. Mr. Hanna thinks that we should be the country to do this for them, and that if direct steamship communication were established we would be able to take the greater part of their raw products and pay for them with goods from our factories. These were the facts that Mr. Hanna sought to impress upon the President and Mr. Bayard when he paid his respects to them in Washington.

Viewed from the standpoint of its practical results, Mr. Hanna's visit will prove a failure. If he had an opportunity to lay the facts in the case before some of the Republican Congressmen who believe that protection is the only way to lift himself by the heels, he might possibly have sown some seed that would have borne fruit in the future; but that as all he could have accomplished. As long as we keep a prohibitory tariff on wool for the benefit of Ohio, just so long will we be unable to compete with England and Germany for the trade of the Argentine Republic. It might be a source of pride to have a few more seaworthy vessels carry the American flag, but the only persons who would profit would be the men who got the subsidy, not our merchants or our manufacturers.

The surplus goes on increasing at the rate of a hundred or more millions a year, but, according to the protectionists, it is better to maintain the tariff on wool than to secure the trade of the Argentine Republic.—New York Star.

BOSS MAHONE.

Mr. Mahone has issued his manifesto, and a remarkable document it is. All the evils of which he complains are the legacies of the Republican party, of which Mr. Mahone is a leading member. But the manifesto in some respects is a bright and breezy document, and makes some palpable hits against the professed leaders of the Virginia Democracy.

A Virginian, speaking on it, says: "That the hand is the hand of Mahone, but the voice is the voice of John S. Wise, the son of the old Governor, who hanged John Brown. John S. Wise is one of the few able Lieutenants whom Mahone enlisted in his earlier days, who still clings to the fortunes of that attitude and will chieftain. He was elected congressman at large on the Readjuster ticket, and carried Cranford, and to the Governor's chair, and Readjuster in the Senate, and exposed to be himself elected Governor in a similar career. The slashing onslaught on Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, who defecated him at the last election, is said to be the unmistakable production of John S. Wise. Mahone is an organizer, a political despot, and one of the shrewdest of all shrewd politicians, but he is not the literary capacity and dash which this address evinces."

NEGRO STRIFE.

The second plank in the recently adopted platform of the Iowa Republican is as follows: "We deny that the suffrage is purely a local question for each State to regulate in whole or suppress in part as it chooses. The suppression of the votes of the black men in the South is not only a wrong to them; it is also a national wrong in the election of Congress and in the building up of the nation. We will use every legal and constitutional right to make one vote in the South count as much as two in the North; therefore, a wrong which reaches into every neighborhood and to every voter in the Union. It is also used to degrade the negroes of the South into a servile form of cheap labor, with which free labor everywhere must be brought into competition. These patriots need not give themselves ever-much concern about negro suffrage in the South; because that now represents an element with which they are becoming less and less acquainted every day, and such bloody-shirt boss will only tend to hasten the inevitable end of the reign of Republican influence among Southern negroes. This deluded race is rapidly learning the lessons of the age and another national contest will find them an almost solid body of independent political voters who will elect their ballots where they will do the most good. The G. O. P. has lost the colored brother and the sooner the G. O. P. realizes that fact, the better it will be for it.

John Mirick, a negro who outraged a white woman in Henry county, Ala., has been lynched by a posse of his own race. This is a healthy sentiment that the colored people should cultivate generally.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM AND PROTECTION.

It seems we are to have a rather outbreak of Know-nothingism, following the same lines as formerly. It is said there is no religious persecution designed, nor was there formerly; but such movements degenerate as they proceed, until there is a revolt in the public mind, and the agitators are summarily suppressed.

WINE OF CARDUI.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

The Most Astonishing Discovery in Medical Science of the Nineteenth Century—A Revolution in the Treatment of Female Diseases. Endorsed by Eminent Divines and Philanthropists.

There seems to be a mistaken idea prevalent regarding the astonishing new remedy—McClure's Wine of Cardui—which has accomplished such wonderful results in the cure of a troublesome and fatal class of diseases.

It should be understood that this remedy is NOT A PATENT MEDICINE. The manufacturers have applied for no patent on their formula, and have no idea of doing so. The good man, Dr. R. L. McClure, who was instrumental in acquainting the public with its wonderful healing virtues, is a humble minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He tried through the instrumentality of his brethren and fellow clergymen in his church to introduce it to the suffering women of the world for several years. He received much encouragement and valuable assistance from them, but with their best endeavors its great value was made known to comparatively few of those who needed it. In order to widen the sphere of its usefulness he arranged with the Chattanooga Medicine Company, of Chattanooga, Tenn., to undertake its manufacture, knowing that with the unlimited means and facilities possessed by that great medicine house, they could put it within the reach of every woman in the world.

He required them to advertise it, and by every means in their power to place it before the public, and to sell it at a price as low as the cost of its manufacture would permit. To the best of their ability they have and are doing this. They have never attempted, nor do they desire to make it a patent medicine. They regard it one of the most valuable discoveries in medical science of the nineteenth century. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy, and it is their wish to introduce it to every mother, wife and household in America.

They hope for and expect from Christian men and women everywhere, and especially from those who regard their health by its use, assistance in their laudable work. Good men, clergymen, physicians and all who are sincerely desirous to do good, let them know of this simple, natural, and safe remedy, and let them know of its benefits to the suffering women of the world.

The following letter was given to Dr. McClure soon after he discovered the great remedy, by that good man, REV. T. C. BLAKE, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., then the general financial agent of the Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, and since editor and proprietor of the "Youths Treasury," a monthly magazine for boys and girls, published at Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR DR. McCLURE:—The medicine Wine of Cardui, which you sent to me some time ago, has been found to be a most valuable remedy, and I am glad to hear that it is being introduced to the public. It is a simple, natural, and safe remedy, and it is their wish to introduce it to every mother, wife and household in America.

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HOPKINS COUNTY.

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housewives, and overworked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a long-sought-for purpose, being a most potent specific for all those chronic ailments and diseases peculiar to women. The treatment of many thousands of such cases at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute has afforded a large experience in applying remedies for their cure, and in securing permanent results.

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THE TRI-WEEKLY NEW ERA. SALES. LEAD. A ROMANCE. Copyright. I send you a copy of my new book, "The Romance of the South," which is a full and complete history of the South, from the first settlement to the present day. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and I hope it will be of great service to you. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. W. Pritchett.

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THE TRI-WEEKLY NEW ERA.
SAURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.
LEATHERWOOD HOUSE.
A Romance of the Early Days
in Hoosierdom.
BY H. W. TAYLOR.
[Copyrighted, 1887, by H. W. Taylor, Jr., New
York City.]
CHAPTER I.
BOGUS LEATHERWOOD.
LOOKING at the general personnel
of Sandtown from the high altitude
of that mature and more cosmopolitan life of a
later day, which he was so likely to put
vanishing dimensions upon all those remembered
candies that our early youth had con-
fidently remarked in crescendo, I find
myself frequently lost in a maze of
speculation as to that familiar name
which epitomizes this chapter.
Who was Bogus Leatherwood? What
sort of people were his parents who had
christened him so oddly? Or was "Bogus"
a voluntary contribution from the village
jester, supplanting the primary
patronymic? Or was it a diminutive
of "Bogardus" Leatherwood, Esq?
If I had only dreamed then of how
often this metaphysical problem was to
come up for solution and how often it
was to go unsolved I should—but then
doesn't this declaration apply equally
to everything of the past? Wouldn't
we have been vastly more circumspect
if we had only known the lesson of the
future?
From analogy I incline to the opinion
that "Bogus" was one of those
chance appellations bestowed by some
humorous-sarcastic native upon Squire
Leatherwood, during the first months
of his residence in Sandtown. Happen-
ing to catch the mercurial public
fancy newly lighted, it fastened itself as
immovably to Squire Leatherwood as
the big round head that sat upon his
shoulders without visible intervention
of neck. There remained with all
the unreckoning of time that befits the
unalterable legend, and "Bogus Leather-
wood" he was; and Bogus Leather-
wood he will be to the end of time.
I come more readily to this con-
clusion because Sandtown itself was
an illustration that some appellative
genius was abroad in those days, and
frequently that particular locality.
Originally this village had been called
New Philadelphia. But with that keen
perception of the inapt and the ludicrous,
even in the abstract matter
of names, the people of the surround-
ing country had rechristened the vil-
lage, and the formal cognomen of New
Philadelphia sunk at once beneath a
very mountain of customary usage in
the title of Sandtown.
Sandtown itself was not an imposing
city to look upon. The largest build-
ing by far was a combination struc-
ture, presenting a broad front of hewed
logs two stories high, and having the
invariable open entry—a sort of mini-
ature court of the ancient log castle.
This fronted the "square" of about
two acres, in the middle of which was
the court-house, a very small, square,
dingy, rusty "brick," and the only
brick house then in Sandtown. A very
imposing structure in our eyes, Buck
Leatherwood—in those primitive
days, too.
But the Leatherwood house had a
long ell running to the north and
made of oak frame, and rough weather-
boarding never even remotely de-
signed to receive paint—that all-per-
vading innovation of this day.
It was before the "Leatherwood
House," as the scanty traveling public
and the itinerant "court" of that time
knew the place—and before "Bogus"
Tavern, or simply "Bogus," as the
community knew it—that an unusu-
ally fine team of bright bays came to a
very willing halt at the very minute
that Bogus himself appeared at the
door with the dinner-bell, grasped in
his brawny right hand and swinging
in long rays by his side, sending out
through the short lanes of Sandtown
merry trails of musical invitation to
the perpetually hungry—the mob of
unabating appetites of the new country.
There was a gleam of appreciation in
Bogus' bright black eyes as they
fastened themselves upon the two mag-
nificent animals as they trotted their
fore-legs a little forward and
leaned their finely tapering heads over
each other's necks in alternate restful-
ness. But he did not, however, abate
one jot or tittle of the tri-daily bel-
ling. That went on until the last
evening triad had sounded up and
down the weedy lanes and down among
the gold-trig willows that drew their
curving parallels on either side of the
bright, clear river.
It was a bar of these musical triads
that had drawn myself and Buck
Leatherwood, my inseparable compa-
nion, out from a covert of gold-trig
willows and along a winding, "pig-
path" among the gigantic juncos,
and so into the "main street" in front
of Bogus at the very instant that a
slender, tall man began backing down
out of the top-buggy.
"By gum! them's the same horses
we see down on the bottom, Jim!
Hain't they?" said Buck, admiringly;
and walking all around the team and
eyeing them critically.
"Yes, sir! And them's the same
two fellows at us as the way to Bogus-
es!" I answered, in the sudden inspira-
tion of the coincidence.
"Didn't know nothin' but airy
sich a plait as Sandtown; but knowed
all about Pap," said Buck, sarcastically.
"By gum! I hain't a wonder at they
urver from the way any whurs—fellars
at don't know no more'n that. But
hain't this old hoss a plum good'n!
I'd love to ride in a quawter raist
agin the Red-Line, so I would."
"You could ride in four times that
far, an agin agin you want to, my
good feller—un fur any amount a mon-
ey, at that!" said one of the two men,
both of whom had by this time backed
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Because, if I may be allowed to say
any thing that can be rescued by an
external medical application, 50 cents
per bottle. For sale by all druggists.
Separate Schools North and South.
Washington Post.
Attention is called to the fact that
Connecticut did not abolish separate
schools for white and colored children
until 1854; that not until 1855 was the
separate school system done away with
in Massachusetts, and not until 1857 in
Ohio. It may be added that the daily
presence of many negro children in these
States in proportion to the white chil-
dren as in the District of Columbia,
Virginia or Georgia, separate schools
would have continued to this day.
E. P. O.
Don't waste time and money and un-
dergo needless torture with the knife
when Ethiopian Pile Ointment will at-
ford instant relief and certain cure in
every case of blind, bleeding, itching,
internal and external piles. Rangoon
Root Medicine Co., Manufacturers,
Nashville, Tenn. 50 cents and \$1 per
bottle. For sale by all druggists.
In a restaurant in Cincinnati: Stranger—
I say waiter, can I get such a
thing as a pork chop in this city? Waiter
falls dead.—Town Topics.
Now is the Time
to use Hodges' Sarsaparilla with Iodide
of Potash, the great purifier for the
blood, to cure all skin diseases, such as
scrofulous affections, and all diseases
peculiar to females. Removes and in-
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SHOW CASES,
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OFFICE & BANK FURNITURE & FIXTURES.
Ask for Illustrated Pamphlet.
TERRY SHOW CASE CO., Nashville, Tenn.
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SEWING MACHINE
HAS NO EQUAL.
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New Home Sewing Machine Co.
—ORANGE, MASS.—
30 North Second St., N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.;
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FOR SALE BY
ROYAL
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Absolutely Pure
This powder never varies. A marvel of puri-
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NASHVILLE, TENN.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MOTHER
FRIEND
MAKES
CHILD-BIRTH
EASY!
SHORTENS LABOR,
LESSENS THE PAIN,
ATTENDS THE
DELIVERING WOMAN,
DIMINISHES THE
DANGER TO LIFE OF
MOTHER AND CHILD!
Should be used a few months before confinement.
Send for book "To Mothers," mailed free.
"HARFIELD PHARMACY" Co., Atlanta, Ga.
PE-RU-NA
This great remedy has no equal in building
up the debilitated system, in giving
tone to the various organs, in equalizing
the circulation and in restoring the
balance in any of its characteristics of
power, but always acts promptly whether
the inflammation or disease is in the
lungs, heart, kidneys, bowels, blood,
nerves, brain or muscles. It is a
positive specific for Chronic Catarrh,
Consumption, Malaria, Chills and Fever,
Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Neuritis,
and all diseases peculiar to Ladies. It
will cure a case of Piles in 10 days.
Dr. S. B. Hartman, New York City, has
suffered miserably for years from Chronic
Catarrh. It finally caused the issue into
Consumption. Three of the best physi-
cians from Pittsburgh and here, attended
him constantly for eight months, and on
the fifth of February, 1886, secured me he
could not live over night. I immediately
gave him a teaspoonful of Pe-Ru-Na, and
repeated it every hour. She was as well
as ever in her life. T. S. EDELL, JR.,
\$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5. Send for Dr. Hart-
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Bogus Leatherwood for taking "the
bread right plum outen his family's
mouth u givun ut to a lot of ornery,
triflin', no-count fellars like them."
Because, if I may be allowed to say
any thing that can be rescued by an
external medical application, 50 cents
per bottle. For sale by all druggists.
Separate Schools North and South.
Washington Post.
Attention is called to the fact that
Connecticut did not abolish separate
schools for white and colored children
until 1854; that not until 1855 was the
separate school system done away with
in Massachusetts, and not until 1857 in
Ohio. It may be added that the daily
presence of many negro children in these
States in proportion to the white chil-
dren as in the District of Columbia,
Virginia or Georgia, separate schools
would have continued to this day.
E. P. O.
Don't waste time and money and un-
dergo needless torture with the knife
when Ethiopian Pile Ointment will at-
ford instant relief and certain cure in
every case of blind, bleeding, itching,
internal and external piles. Rangoon
Root Medicine Co., Manufacturers,
Nashville, Tenn. 50 cents and \$1 per
bottle. For sale by all druggists.
In a restaurant in Cincinnati: Stranger—
I say waiter, can I get such a
thing as a pork chop in this city? Waiter
falls dead.—Town Topics.
Now is the Time
to use Hodges' Sarsaparilla with Iodide
of Potash, the great purifier for the
blood, to cure all skin diseases, such as
scrofulous affections, and all diseases
peculiar to females. Removes and in-
vigorates the system. Physicians rec-
ommend it. Take no other. Rangoon
Root Medicine Co., Manufacturers,
Nashville, Tenn. \$1.00 per bottle. Sold
by all druggists.
SHOW CASES,
WALL CASES
DESKS
OFFICE & BANK FURNITURE & FIXTURES.
Ask for Illustrated Pamphlet.
TERRY SHOW CASE CO., Nashville, Tenn.
THE LIGHT RUNNING
SEWING MACHINE
HAS NO EQUAL.
PERFECT SATISFACTION
New Home Sewing Machine Co.
—ORANGE, MASS.—
30 North Second St., N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.;
Atlanta, Ga.; Des Moines, Ia.; San Francisco, Cal.
FOR SALE BY
ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure
This powder never varies. A marvel of puri-
ty, strength and wholesomeness. More econ-
omical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold
in competition with the multitude of low cost,
short weight adulterated powders. Sold
only in case. N.Y. BAKING POWDER CO., 106
Wall Street, N.Y.
NEVER
FAILS TO
CURE
BLIND
BLEEDING
50c
and
\$1
per
bottle
ETHIOPIAN
PILE
OINTMENT
RANGUM ROOT
LINIMENT
CURES SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM,
SORE THROAT, SPRAIN, SPUNT, RINGBONE,
EPITRICH, ETC. 50c PER BOTTLE.
HODGES'
SARSAPARILLA
CURES PRONITIS, SCROFULA, ALL DISEASES
OF THE BLOOD.
\$1 PER BOTTLE. 6 FOR \$5.
TANNERS'
INFALLIBLE
CURE
CURES ALL FORMS OF NEURALGIA, SCIATICA,
HEADACHE, ETC. 50c PER BOX.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
MADE BY
RANGUM ROOT MED. CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
MOTHER
FRIEND
MAKES
CHILD-BIRTH
EASY!
SHORTENS LABOR,
LESSENS THE PAIN,
ATTENDS THE
DELIVERING WOMAN,
DIMINISHES THE
DANGER TO LIFE OF
MOTHER AND CHILD!
Should be used a few months before confinement.
Send for book "To Mothers," mailed free.
"HARFIELD PHARMACY" Co., Atlanta, Ga.
PE-RU-NA
This great remedy has no equal in building
up the debilitated system, in giving
tone to the various organs, in equalizing
the circulation and in restoring the
balance in any of its characteristics of
power, but always acts promptly whether
the inflammation or disease is in the
lungs, heart, kidneys, bowels, blood,
nerves, brain or muscles. It is a
positive specific for Chronic Catarrh,
Consumption, Malaria, Chills and Fever,
Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Neuritis,
and all diseases peculiar to Ladies. It
will cure a case of Piles in 10 days.
Dr. S. B. Hartman, New York City, has
suffered miserably for years from Chronic
Catarrh. It finally caused the issue into
Consumption. Three of the best physi-
cians from Pittsburgh and here, attended
him constantly for eight months, and on
the fifth of February, 1886, secured me he
could not live over night. I immediately
gave him a teaspoonful of Pe-Ru-Na, and
repeated it every hour. She was as well
as ever in her life. T. S. EDELL, JR.,
\$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5. Send for Dr. Hart-
man's book, "The Life of Life," sent free.
Read page 9.
All druggists and dealers.
Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, O.
—Sold at Wholesale and Retail by—
H. B. GARNER, Hopkinsville, Ky.
Thompson & Ellis.
—DEALERS IN—
Hardware,
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Guns,
Queensware,
French,
China and
Glassware,
Wall Papers
and
Ceiling Decorations
in all of the latest styles.
THOMPSON & ELLIS
No. 8, S. Main St.

aght the Red-Line, so I would."
"You could ride in four times that
far, an agin agin you want to, my
good feller—un fur any amount a mon-
ey, at that!" said one of the two men,
both of whom had by this time backed
down out of the buggy and were stand-
ing stretching themselves at the side of
the vehicle.
"Is that so?" said Buck, with re-
newed interest and a little dash in his
gray eyes that showed he was a trifle
proud of his guess. "Mebby he hain't
the host at's to run agin the Red-Line
(red-line) a Thursday."
"Nutt much, he hain't," said the
principal blacksmith. "Nutt much! I
know the host at's to run agin the
Red-Line, myself. Of course this
h-yur's mighty kind kivered with mud.
But he hain't no sich a host as the
Tunnelyfist host, noway."
By this time half the male popula-
tion of Sandtown had gathered about
the new arrival. The blacksmith had
gathered up the horses feet one after
another; had pulled their tails this way
and that, had opened their mouths
with his brawny hands, looked at their
teeth with his heavy black brows
drawn well down, had dropped one
after the other each delicate and deer-
like muzzle, and had made that little
retiring demonstration of two or three
short backward steps common to all
skilled examiners of horses' teeth, and
now stood eyeing them reflectively with
his hands in his pockets amid a shower
of questions and suggestions.
"What you think u on, Seef?"
"Purty good hosses, haint they,
Seef?"
"This'n got a little win-gall,
but he Seef's it. It u whur the
mud's ruffed up the hair."
"They're good hosses, fellars. But
I could tell at nairy a one u on was
the Tunnelyfist host, the darkest night
at ever blowed," said the blacksmith,
with a consciousness that left no doubt
on the minds of his audience. Had he
not been special shoer to the Tunnely-
cliffs? And to many other celebrated
owners of thoroughbreds?
"They haint no thur-breds. Bec-
cause of a stranger goes to Foolen run
a thur-bred he'll get kicked, or struck
or bit, one the two. You've got to
keep yer eye peeled, run a thur-bred,
fellers! I tell yuh."
A general laugh of appreciative as-
sent went round the crowd of men and
boys, out of which the voice of the
taller stranger—the driver with the
laughing black eyes, the very delicate
black mustache and the small and very
jaunty-looking bunch of chin whiskers
—this very pleasant gentleman's voice
was heard in not at all the harsh and
somewhat imperious tone of the average
race-horse owner.
"You're right, Dary. Any-
body could tell that this wasn't the
Tunnelyfist host. No more alike than
a sheep's like." You used to shoer
for the Tunnelyfist, I believe. Didn't
you?" with a very engaging smile
and going on to unfasten the tugs of
the near horse, and flying about the
general business of unlatching in a
very light, active, breezy way that did
not escape the keen observation of the
crowd. There was redoubled interest
at this semi-recognition of one of our
most influential fellow-citizens. At
once a confirmation of Seef and an in-
dorsement of the stranger—a sort of
passport to the familiar recognition
of every body.
Not necessarily a friendly recog-
nition, take notice, gentle reader.
Somewhere, or rather in many places,
I have read philosophical vapors to
the general effect that some people
seek the sparsely-settled frontier sim-
ply because those scanty and isolated
communities are ready and eager to
welcome any body, thinking only of
the accession of strength against the
surrounding horrors of solitude.
Never was there an error of theory
so gross in effect and so readily con-
futed by experimental tests. The city
passes the stranger unheeded. The vil-
lage puts itself upon an armed
neutrality, ready to develop into active
hostility, which shall continue in un-
flinching vigilance until the intruder is
driven out, or has fought his way to
an acknowledged position of perma-
nence.
Even at this instant, and whilst the
entree of the two distinguished
strangers into Sandtown seemed to
bristle with good omens, I overheard
old Dr. Daily saying to a group of his
satellites.
"That'nir young snipe uv a feller,
May, is plum tuck up with them
hosses. Some a these days he'll find
out at he haint near as purty as he
was; but a blame sitch smarter, ef I
know any thing about it."
This speech had reference to young
Dr. May, the new rival of the old doc-
tor, and who had started down to the
"barn" with the strangers, their
horses and the host. There was a lim-
ited chorus of coarse-voiced laughter
at this speech. But the interest now
so completely centered in the two well-
dressed gentlemen and their phenom-
enal team that probably no one took
the slightest notice of this suddenly-
sprouted germ of antagonism to the
new arrivals and all that pertained to
them.
As to myself and other young strip-
plings of fifteen to twenty years, we
had made a discovery. The dozens of
curious eyes had made separate obser-
vations, which, when turned into the
common stock, amounted to this:
I had seen a black fiddle-case care-
fully taken out of the carriage by the
older man, who was short and almost
fat, and who carried the concealed
instrument very precisely into the
house.
Buck observing the tall, dark, smil-
ing, merry fellow, that had exchanged
"chat" with him about the horses,
on his return from the barn saw him
out a beautiful "pigeon-wing" upon
the very threshold of Bogus' entry.
In addition to this, Seef Dary, the
big blacksmith, the authority on "thur-
breds," being also the foremost dancer
in all the contributive territory of
Sandtown, had been a witness to the
"pigeon-wing" and had publicly an-
nounced that "that fellow was the
masterest dancer he ever seed." And
volunteered the statement that "they'd
be some purty dance'n at Bogus to-
night of them two fellars wasn't tard
out with thur day's drive."
I

