

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Honor of McGregor, a Scotch Gardner—The Sacred Law of the Gaelic Clan—A Life Taken and a Life Saved.

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There was in my father's employ an old Scotch gardener named McGregor, and my delight as a child was to ask him the old man in his work, while he told me stories of the Highlands, and particularly of the fierce fighting clan whose name he bore and of whose exploits he felt so proud.

Curiously enough, while visiting the Troch road, many years after the death of Duncan McGregor, the same story was repeated to me and couched for by a gentleman of the same name, so that I have good reason for believing that it is true.

It was and ever had been the pride of the McGregor clan that they always been true to themselves, and that to avenge a wrong to the humblest—if any could be humble where all were equal—the most powerful stood ready with his claymore and his life. It was ever the misfortune of the clan to be constantly at swords' points with its neighbors, the McDonalds and Colquhouns, and the McGregors, in addition to the lively local combats this disposition induced, were never quite themselves unless they were severely opposing the government or openly setting it at defiance.

It is said that during the 100 years that elapsed between the reigns of James I and George I of England, that clan McGregor was in a state of chronic outlawry, with rewards offered for the head of some one of its chiefs.

In Dumbarton there lived, when Ronald more McGregor was chief, a family of Gaelic wood men, but not a Gaelic family, but a family of position, but numerically small, named Lamont. The Lamonts were rich and held up their heads above their Highland neighbors because that they were "bookmen"—that is, they could read and write—while the bearded and killed Mc Gregors looked upon such accomplishments as beneath the dignity of soldiers, and only suited to priests and carpet knights.

Kenneth Lamont, went from Dumbarton, on the Clyde, to Luss, on Loch Lomond, and he brought with him a servant and two hounds, and announced his purpose to hunt the red deer from the Troch road to Loch Katrine, nor ask the consent of Ronald more McGregor.

One night as young Lamont and his servant were returning to their camp they were drawn in the dark, and in the short, fierce struggle that followed the servant and one of Lamont's assailants were killed.

STOOD FACE TO FACE.

Hearing others coming to aid the Mc Gregors, Lamont, with the red dagger still clenched in his right hand, fled into the hills till he saw a light far in front, and he knew that it marked the abode of one of the clan whom he so bitterly hated and whose territorial rights he had so recklessly set at defiance.

He could reach this light before the pursuers, now close behind, overtook him, he could claim and find protection under the laws of Highland hospitality, which gave him and protection to the bitterest foe if, standing under the roof-tree, he placed his life in the keeping of his host.

Lamont sprang to the open door of the house and stood face to face with a girl of surpassing beauty. At the same instant a tall, bright-eyed man entered the room, and the fugitive recognized the Chief Ronald more McGregor.

"I was attacked to-night in the hills," cried Lamont, "and to save my life I killed a man—it may be, Sir, my clan, McGregor. Here in the house of the chief I claim the protection of his roof and sword."

"And you shall have both," said the chief, then hearing the sound of flying steps and the panting of swift runners, he motioned to his daughter to take the stranger into an adjoining apartment.

An instant after, six men with drawn claymores in their hands, stood before McGregor more, and one of them gasped, but the fugitive could hear him:

"The Lamont of Dumbarton has just killed your son in the hills and we have pursued him hither?"

The chief smote his forehead and snatched back as if he had been struck a powerful blow; then, quickly recovering himself, he said to his followers:

"Lamont is now beneath my roof, and my word is pledged for his life."

Knowing full well the sacred law of the Gaelic clan, the men did not attempt to argue, but bowed their heads, sheathed their claymores and went back to bring home the body.

At daylight the next morning the chief fed his guest, then accompanied him till they reached that part of Loch Lomond's shores from which the fugitive could see the Troch road, and he folded his arms in his plaid of crimson and green he said: "Lamont, so thy way. I give thee thy life, though thou hast robbed me of my only son. Henceforth there will be death awaiting thee in the land of the Mc Gregors," and the two men bowed and parted.

So far, parallels can be found to this characteristic story, but even the Arabian version that most closely resembles it lacks the romantic and compensating sequel of the Highland narrative.

Some time after this the Duke of Argyll, at the head of an army numerically stronger than the whole of clan McGregor, marched out to the Troch road to kill, capture and destroy." Ronald more McGregor was declared to be an outlaw, and a reward of £500 was offered for his head.

And Kenneth Lamont, of Dumbarton, heard of the chief's danger and swore to place at his service not only his large fortune, but the life he had saved.

Again the young man entered the McGregor territory, but no longer as a defiant foe. He found the chief, conducted him and his wife and daughter to Dumbarton, where they were sorely cared for till the red storm blew over.

It was the pleading of Kenneth Lamont with the king that led to the withdrawal of Argyll's marauders and the release of the chief and his clan from the ban of outlawry.

clad in a butternut suit, come in, and justifying his "spies" he addressed himself to an officer in blue by asking: "Sirs, stranger, is this the provost's office?" "What do you want?" asked the Union officer.

"I want a pass powerful head," said the man that he was in the wrong shop, but being somewhat deaf he paid, no heed, but continued with great earnestness: "Don't be skered to give me a pass, stranger. I'm fyal, I am. I've got my perfection papers right here. And I've sold 'em to Mr. Lincoln's folks—and you paid for it too. So you see that ain't no dis count on my fyal."

"Look out, my friend," laughed Colonel Wilkins, as he pointed to the Confederates at the other side of the table. "You had had better be careful what you say about loyalty. Can't you see that those gentle men are southern officers?"

The old man's hand trembled as he read just the spectacles and made a critical inspection of the men in gray uniforms. At length he began in great perplexity toammer out his explanations.

"Wa'n, gentlemen, I didn't think. The fact is, I've ails been a southern man so long all my folks sense 'way back. I've got a son, with Matroska. Then that's my son in law, Jake Carter, he's out a-fightin with Price, and of so be twasn't that I was so cussed old and havin the head."

"Hold on, old fellow!" cried Colonel Wilkins. "What about your being a loyal citizen?"

"Will you inform me," asked a Confederate officer, "what paid you for your fyal?"

The old man wiped his spectacles, walked to the foot of the table and in great perplexity surveyed first the blue side and then the gray. Then he laid his hands on the table and said, with an oath: "Wa'n, gentlemen, go on and fight it out among yersel's. Me and my ole wum-an reckons so how we ken live in any d—d kinder government you choose to build, or in no goverment at all. And it does look powerful like ef that's w't we're a-comin' to!"

An Honest Beggar.

Mr. Solomon Fletcher—his many intimate friends call him Sol—is a well to do New York broker. When clothed in his customary richness he is not distinguished for his generosity, and he is particularly disliked by beggars.

Recently Mr. Fletcher had a great run of luck, and by way of celebrating the event he invited a number of fellow brokers to enjoy a little Delmonico dinner at his expense.

The wine was of the best and abundant, and Mr. Fletcher felt particularly amiable and generous when, at midnight, he went down to the street to look for his carriage. As he stood beaming at the electric light an old mendicant approached with pleading eyes and extended hand. Anxious to make others as happy as he imagined himself to be the broker took some small change from his pocket and handed it to the beggar.

With profuse thanks the old man with drew, and a few minutes afterward he hurried back and handing a coin to Mr. Fletcher, he said:

"Pardon me, sir, but you must have made a mistake. You intended, no doubt, to hand me a quarter, but this is a five dollar gold piece."

For the instant the broker was thoroughly sobered by this extraordinary exhibition of honesty and his dormant gentleness sprang into sudden vigor.

Putting the gold coin into his vest pocket he pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Selecting a ten dollar bill he said, as he handed it to the old man, "Take that for being so honest and happy as he imagined himself to be the broker took some small change from his pocket and handed it to the beggar."

As the old man vanished around a neighboring corner with the money, one of Fletcher's friends appeared and, after telling him about the beggar's honesty, he said:

"It's such things as this that keeps me from losing all confidence in human nature. Let us go in and bust the five dollar gold piece on a small table, while we drink 'Success to honesty!'"

They went into the bar and ordered the small table and drank it. The gold piece was tendered in payment. The bartender pushed it back, smiled and whispered: "Blanked the counterfeiter?"

Then the broker's faith in human nature fell off a hundred points and he expressed a desire to go into the cellar and kick himself.

A Shrewd Fool.

An old gentleman, a resident of New York city, and who in his early manhood visited Sir Walter Scott, tells the following good story apropos of the Wizard of the North.

We took a walk one evening just as the sun was setting, although I was young and active, and Sir Walter middle aged and noticeably lame, it taxed me to keep pace with him.

He came to a halt on a hill back of the house and was about to call my attention to different points in the scene before us, when the panting of a man near by attracted our attention.

I turned in the direction of the sound and saw a ragged young man, with a face unrecognizably blotchy and the shroud of a woman's bonnet on his head in lieu of a hat.

"Ah!" said Sir Walter gleefully, and he winked to me to note what followed; "here is my old friend from the Wizard of the North, the wise man. And whether are ye gangin', Sandy?"

"I'm not huntin for gold and silver, Sir Walter," said the idiot, with a horrible grimace. "What do you want wi' gold and silver?"

"I want to be rich, unco rich!" replied the fellow.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Sandy," "Till on, Sir Walter."

"Till on, Sir Walter," said the fool like a flash. "I'll compromise wi' ye."

"Compromise?"

"Yes, I'll let you half kill me for half the money." ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

as much as to say, she is spoiled. A beautiful girl is very likely to believe she was made to be looked at, and so she sets herself up for show at every window, in every door, on every corner of the street, in every company in which opportunity offers for an exhibition of herself, and believing and acting thus, she soon becomes fit for nothing else.

And when she comes to be a middle aged woman she is that weakest, most sickening of all human things—a faded beauty. Young lady, would you be admired and beloved? Would you be an ornament to your sex and a blessing to your race? Cultivate this heavenly virtue. Wealth may surround you with its blandishment and beauty, learning or talent may give you admirers, but love and kindness alone can captivate the heart.

Whether you live in a cottage or a palace, these graces can surround you with perpetual sunshine, making you and all around you happy.

And Why Not?

Commissioner Raum denies everything and expresses disapproval of the manner of the investigation. The halter begins to draw, and it may not be long until Mr. Raum may be expressing an adverse opinion of the law which authorizes an investigation at all.—New York Advertiser.

The People Eat, After All.

Tom Reel's decision have been affirmed by the United States supreme court, but fortunately the case stands remanded to the people for a rehearing.—St. Louis Republic.

Ethics' Interests Demanded.

Secretary Elkins' interest in the seal monopoly demands that Mr. Larison should stand firm in everything pertaining to the Behring seals.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Or in Any Other Direction.

To all Republican presidential dark horses: Who! There is no folder in the direction in which you are heading.—Chicago Tribune.

The First Campaign Song.

She's humors for the campaign, she's fallin' into line; An when the sun ain't shinin' you'll see her rise and shine; With sleeves rolled up, hair streamin', her claims she's goin' to prove; She's goin' to glimmer, gleamin', old Georgia's on the move!

Oh don't you hear the trumpet? It's blowin' soon and late; An stumps are at a premium through old Georgia state; They're shoutin' an they're fightin'—each man his case to prove; From hot weather clean to breakfast, old Georgia's on the move!

—Albany Congregation.

They Ought to Be Withdrawn.

Senator Cullom has withdrawn from the presidential race, but his pictures are still appearing in the newspapers. The pictures are really what the senator should withdraw.—New York Advertiser.

A Dangerous Combination.

If Tom Platt and Jerry Bush are against the administration, the administration has something to fear. Tom and Jerry can floor the opposition if they get on the inside of it.—St. Louis Republic.

From Ocean to Ocean.

Extremes meet—the Democrats have carried Portland, in Maine, and Seattle, in Washington, both Republican cities, by satisfactory majorities.—Philadelphia Record.

Wait for May 25—John Robinson's Great World's Exposition -- "The Hail has not Been Told Me."

The memorable expression of the Queen of Sheba on viewing the pomp and glories of King Solomon's court, can with verity be used in speaking of the transcendent splendors of the gorgeous biblical spectacle, Solomon, his Temple, and the Queen of Sheba, which the management of the Robinson show produces this year on a scale of unexampled magnitude and splendor.

No spectacle ever presented to the public can vie with it in rich scenographic effect; in faithful and characteristic portrayments of the people, manners and customs during the reign of Israel's wisest king; in pomp and pageantry and in its rare, in sacred sacrificial offerings; in lovely women; in enchanting ballets; in heroically contended and evening chariot races; and in the luxurious opulence of its costuming and appointments.

Taken from the grandest scenes of the patriarchal era, it can not only interest the biblical scholar, but the moral, the cultured and the refined, seeking after intellectual and mind-improving entertainment, will find this an exhibition well worthy their attention.

Let it be understood, however, that this desirable augmentation is but one of the multitude of attractions to which the Robinson show invites the patronage of the public. Their circus has long been characterized as the most interesting in its unexceptionable features and in the general excellence and proficiency of its ring performances of any traveling show, which its managerie is large and comprehensive, and includes living specimens of the most hoary birds, reptiles and amphibians. Their colossal Roman hippodrome is in itself a feature that has no duplication, and carries the spectator back to imperial Caesar's days.

In mentioning the enjoyment, surprises and delights of this peerless exhibition it must not be forgotten to mention that for the special delectation of juvenile patrons the ever delightful and mirth-arousing pantomime of Humpty-Dumpty, his Fortunes, Misfortunes and Mishaps, will find a prominent place on the programme. The show will exhibit at Beaver Dam, Wednesday, May 23rd. See their mammoth advertisement.

Statement of the Condition OF THE BANK OF HARTFORD At the Close of Business, March 16, 1892.

RESOURCES. Loans \$70,399.82 Real estate 3,000.00 Furniture and fixtures 1,000.00 Deposits 1,341.67 Bonds 743.54 Debits in suit 343.59 Penses paid 343.59 Cash in safe 5,293.97 Amount in other banks 28,962.32 \$110,037.91

LIABILITIES. Capital stock \$20,000.00 Deposits 27,553.05 Due other banks 40.37 Dividend unpaid 4.99 Profit and loss 4,440.49 \$110,037.91

Sworn to before me by S. K. Cox, President Bank of Hartford, March 19, 1892. J. J. McHENRY, N. Y.

WHERE ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE GOING?

Why, They Are Going to

ANDERSON'S

BAZAAR

Of Course, Where They Find

GOOD VALUES AT SHODDY PRICES!

YOU KNOW

The People Will Go Where Their Money Will Buy the Most Goods!

If You want to know where to get the Best Bargains, just watch the good judges, and You will find them buying from Sara and Me, at Anderson's Bazaar, where they have such a large trade that they have to order goods daily.

Our New Spring Styles!

All FRESH NEW GOODS, no Shelf-worn Stuff Carried Over from Last Year.

Table with columns: DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY, LACE CURTAINS, SHOES, CHILDRENS HOSE. Includes prices for various items like wool dress goods, millinery, lace curtains, shoes, and children's hose.

We still have plenty of Standard Calico at 5 cts per Yard. 1,000 Yards Good Cotton Jeans, Indigo Blue, at 12 1/2 cents per yard. 1,000 Yards Good Brown Domestic, yard wide, at 5 cts per yard. 500 Yards Best Table Oil Cloth at 25 cents per yard. A New Lot of Indigo Blue Calico at 5 cents per yard. 700 Yards of Shirting at 5 cents per yard.

COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU OUR SPRING COLORINGS

Cashmeres, Henriettas and Bedford Cords

We have a Full Line of Gimp Trimmings, and the Cheapest Line of Dress Buttons Shown in the County.

Our new man is delighted with Hartford and the people generally in Ohio county, and he is always on hand and willing to show you Goods as long as you care to look. No trouble to show goods is his style and motto.

BRING US YOUR WOOL & GINSENG

And we Will Pay You the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

For them. We can easily make it to your interest to bring them to us.

"Sara and Me"

AT ANDERSON'S BAZAAR.

PLUCK * GRIT * SAND

The Pluck to Buy Right, The Grit to Sell Right, The Sand to do Right

HAVE MADE Carson & Co.

VERY POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC

HAVING OPENED UP A FIRST CLASS STOCK

OF Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes,

HATS Gents' Furnishings,

Etc., Etc., we are Prepared to Furnish the People with ANYTHING THEY WILL NEED IN THE DRY GOODS LINE!

WHEN in need of DRY GOODS, you can do no better than give us a call, and you will always get full value for your money. We are always chock full of the VERY LATEST and NEWEST GOODS, and sell them at LOW prices that astonish all who visit us.

We extend a hearty welcome to one and all to give us a call and we will take special pains in showing you through our stock.

Call and be Convinced

Yours Ready to Please,

CARSON & CO., Hartford, Ky.