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VOL. XVI. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1892.

We have engaged this space for the purpose of keeping our busines before the public during 1892. We know we have the

Model Mill and Elevator

Of the State, located in a fine wheat section and we want to spread the news, wherever, wheat and corn are found and flour and meal are consumed so that all may have the advantage of our

Superior Facilities

In supplying themselves with

The Staff of Life.

We can not tell you all about our business in this ad, but we ask you to watch future issues of this paper or write us for further information.

Irvington Milling Co.,
IRVINGTON, KY.

Geo. Yeakel & Co.
BRANDENBURG, KY.

-: How Can We Do It :-

We've been asked that question a hundred times lately by people who bought at our store, goods they were used to paying double the money for. But don't waste wonder. We got the goods honestly, paid good money for them and they are ours to throw away, give away or sell away under our regular prices. We choose to do the last, you owe it to yourself to come around and stock up at these unheard of prices·

Clothing

The last chance of your life to secure Overcoats at your own price.

1 lot	Men's overcoats	w'h $15 00	red'd to	$10 00
1 "	"	" 10 00	"	7 90
1 "	"	" 8 00	"	6 00
1 "	"	" 6 00	"	3 90
1 "	"	" 3 50	"	1 98

AUCTION PRICES
AT
Geo. Yeakel & Co.'s,
UNTIL STOCK TAKING TIME.

1 lot	Men's suits	w'h $18 00	reduced to	$12 50
1 "	"	12 50	"	9 00
1 "	"	9 00	"	7 50
1 "	"	7 50	"	4 98

Boots and Shoes

One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth $3 00 Reduced to $2 49
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth $2 50 Reduced to 1 98
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth $1 75 Reduced to 1 24
One lot of Ladies' fine shoes worth $1 25 Reduced to 95
One lot of Ladies' heavy shoes worth $1 10 Reduced to 69
One lot of Men's boots to close worth $4 00 reduced to $2 99
One lot of Men's boots to close worth $3 00 reduced to 1 98
One lot of Men's boots to close worth $2 50 reduced to 1 50
One lot of Men's sample boots to close worth $2 50 to $5 00 reduced to... 1 25

Dress Goods

We are offering something fine in Dress Goods which can not be found at any other house. They compose the remainder of Fine Dress Goods bought early in the season and must be sold.

You will never have another such a chance to get a nice Dress and get it cheap. They will not not last long. Come early if you want choice.

GEO. YEAKEL & CO.
BRANDENBURG, KY.

The Sun.
Has secured during 1892

W. D. Howells, H. Rider Haggard,
George Meridith, Norman Lockyer,
Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle,
St. George Mivart, Mark Twain,
Rudyard Kipling, J. Chandler Harris.
R. Louis Stevenson. William Black,
W. Clark Russell, Mary E. Wilkins.
Frances Hodgson Burnett.
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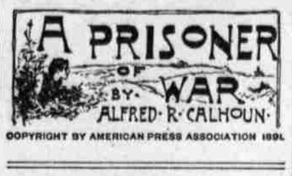

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CHAPTER IV.

WE MEET WITH OUTLAWS IN THE SAVANNAH SWAMPS.

"WHO GOES THAR?"

The mounted searchers went up the road along which Bell and I had come, and the sound of their excited voices could be heard long after the tramping of the horses' hoofs died out. After a short consultation we decided to stick to the road for the present. It certainly led northward, and the walking along it was preferable to blundering blindly through the woods and across half cleared fields. Traveling at night had the advantage of coolness at least, and as long as we could see the stars we had no doubt as to direction.

At the first stream that crossed the road, and there were many of them, we took off our shoes and stockings and bathed our feet, and as they were blistered and swollen so that it was torture to pull on our boots, we were loath to leave the cool water, and finally we carried our boots and kept on in our stockings, a test of endurance that did not last long, for by daylight the feet were gone and we threw the legs a way.

We had been walking, with only a few brief halts, for about eight hours, and we estimated that we had made at least twenty miles when daybreak found us at the fork of two roads. The one to the right showed signs of constant travel, and that to the left was corduroy, and appeared to lead into a swamp extending northward.

In woodcraft I was quite willing to yield my inclinations to Bell's experience. He had lived much among the North Carolina Cherokees, and he knew all their arts in following or avoiding trails, and he had in addition the innate feeling—one could hardly call it knowledge—of direction that is a peculiar attribute of the white natives of the Blue Ridge.

Waiting until the light was sufficient to enable him to examine the corduroy road with care, Bell looked at the trail. "Four horses went in and four's come out. They must be searchers," he said, as he rose from his hands and knees, "and if I ain't mistook there's more in there now, leastwise not a critter back. We uns can't make headway in the woods 'count of our feet. The main road would be blue ruin in no time, so I vote fo' keepin on the corduroy, and a movin with keer about the turns."

I accepted this scheme without question, and we resumed our march. Before we had gone a mile the road, bad at the beginning, dissipated itself into branches, all worse, and most of them long ago unfit for the passage of wagons or mounted men. We followed one road to its termination in a camp covered with decayed cypress slabs and a number of rotting log shanties that evidently had not been used "sence befo' de wah." Bell carefully looked over the ground and decided that "no humans had been in thar fo' months 'n months." We sat down and made a hearty breakfast on the corn bread and meat which Abe, the overseer of the Branch place, had so thoughtfully provided the night before. There was plenty to satisfy our keen appetites and leave us enough for another meal.

We reasoned, and, as it proved, correctly, that the swamp extended north to the Savannah river, and, although it promised hard traveling, the prospect of its being comparatively safe decided us to try it. We still carried our boots slung over our shoulders, and, cutting two poles to help us along and enable us to take soundings, we started off again. Although we occasionally encountered sharp roots, the soft earth and frequent pools were grateful to our feet, and our spirits rose accordingly.

The pools increased in number and the ground became more spongy till noon, when we reached a hummock that rose out of the swamp like an island, and appeared to be several acres in extent. I was about to suggest to Bell that we take advantage of this place to finish our rations and get some sleep, for we had been marching continually for about seventeen hours when we were brought to a sudden halt by the clicking of a rifle lock, and a hoarse voice from the front demanded:

"Who goes thar?"

"Friends!" I replied at a venture.

"Whar is you from?"

"Down the river."

"Savannah?"

"Yes."

"Desartin?"

"No, on furlough."

"What in h—l brings you a hidin in har, then?"

Before I could frame an answer to this Bell shouted out, although we could not see the man who challenged us:

"What in h—l brings you uns a hidin in har?"

"We ain't a hidin," and another rifle barrel became visible beside the one already covering us from the bushes.

"Wa'al," continued Bell. "You uns hes got the drop on we uns; so if you uns be men and not doggoned skunks, stop this foolin and show yerselves. We uns ain't got no guns."

"An you don't peah to hev much of anythin else." This was said with a laugh, the bushes were pushed aside, and two men with long hair, shaggy beards and ragged gray uniforms stood before us. These were evidently some of the men for whom the searchers were looking, and from their appearance it was certain that the searchers could not take them without a fight, and not then unless they had the means of "toting" them.

They approached us and shook hands with that hearty camaraderie which I imagine is peculiar to all men who have set the laws at defiance and are rather glad of it. One of the two spoke with a hearty Irish accent that sounded pleasantly familiar, and there was a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes as he said:

"Gintlemin, me an me friend, Commodore Williams, belongs to the provost guard, an as we was sint in here to examine all m'n passin an to look at their papers, yez'll plaze produce yer fur loughs."

"Or yer discharges," said Commodore Williams. "I attends to the discharges, and my friend, Major General Nolan, of the Swamp Rangers, attends to the furloughs."

"Boys," said Bell, with a preliminary oath of great length and originality of construction, "You uns is a-tryin to be funny, and I'll allow hit's purty good fur's I ken see hit. But we uns ain't got no papers along."

"Well, if yer ready to take oath that yez has lost thim or sint thim home by post, it'll do as well, for me an Commodore Williams ain't the min to be hard on the bies; are we, commodore?"

I could not help laughing at the wild sense of humor of these two outlaws in giving to each other titles that implied their dominion of land and water, which seemed to be mixed up in equal parts in the country around them. They took us to be deserters, like themselves, and we fell in with and encouraged this belief during our stay on this remarkable island. Back of the line of dwarf magnolias there was a hut, with a roof sloping to the ground, and a fire in front. Inside the hut there were a half dozen muskets, and the belts, blankets and ragged coats hanging from the pegs hinted that these two men had companions in their retreat.

Bell and I professed to be East Tennessee conscripts, and, while carefully concealing our sympathies, we confessed that we thought the war was near an end, and that we wanted to get home to our friends. We told the major general and the commodore what we had learned about the searchers, nor were we surprised to find them far better informed than ourselves. They cooked us some dinner, and I recall that with our corn bread we had excellent fresh meat, and it was, I am very sure, either "possum" or coon; but no matter the name, it was as pleasant a change from fat pork as fat pork was from the dry corn bread of our prison days.

Our hosts saw our fatigue and our sore feet, and the commodore gave us a bark wash for the latter while the major general was preparing our bed in the hut. After Bell and I lay down, which we did without fear, one of the men made a "smudge" that filled the hut with smoke and drove out the mosquitoes, which had been very annoying. This was the first entirely restful sleep we had had since our escape, for we knew these men would protect us as if we were of their own band.

I recall this sleep as the most refreshing I had had since my capture in December, and I do not think it was equaled in solid comfort in the forty-three days, or rather forty-three nights, which we spent in trying to get back to the Union lines.

I was the first to wake up, and, with the caution born of contact with danger, I rubbed my eyes and listened quietly to the sound of voices that had disturbed me. It was dark, but the fact that there was a group of men eating about the fire before the hut told me that it was either very early in the morning or rather late in the evening, and I decided that it was the latter. By rising on my elbow I could look across Bell and see the men cooking and eating about the fire. A stalwart negro, with a shiny face and the merest apology for a shirt, was doing the cooking, while the major general and the commodore, with three other white men, were doing the eating. One of the newcomers sat with a paper in one hand and his back to the light, and while he helped himself with the other hand he read and made comments something like this:

"The Chronicle does so lie, no on can't hardly believe it when it tells the truth, but I reckon it ain't far wrong 'bout our folks and the Yanks. Jest listen to this, boys: 'So far in this campaign every move made by Sherman has been foiled by that master of strategy and grand tactics, our own heroic Joe Johnston. With the coolness of Fabius and the audacity of Pompey, he has been drawing the Yankees further and further into his toil. He led them from Rocky Face ridge and Dalton to Calhoun thence down to Lost Mountain and Kenesaw, and now on the banks of the classic Chattahoochee he is turning like a lion at bay, and when he strikes, as strike he will within a few days, he'll keep on striking till the Yankees are destroyed or their splintered fragments are captured on the banks of the Ohio.'"

This and much more of the same kind the man with the paper read, and it struck me as not a little curious that while all these men were undoubtedly southern in their sympathies, and showed a decided dislike for the Yankees, yet they were of one mind—and that the correct one—as to the termination of the war. The man whom I knew and still think of as "the commodore" appeared to voice the sentiments of his comrades by saying, as nearly as I can recall:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ignorance of the merits of DeWitt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, consitpation and biliousness.—Sold by Short & Haynes.

STATE NEWS.

Kuttawa had an $8,000 fire last Friday.

Hopkinsville wants the Vanderbilt Training School.

A new coal field, the Bird's Eye, is being opened up in Whitley county.

Maysville has 7,379 inhabitants by her own count. She is only fourth class.

The grand jury at Bardstown refused to indict Mrs. Ward for poisining her husband.

A new jail is to be built in Wayne county. Bet they won't build a better one than we have.

The Hartford Herald offers Owensboro as a candidate for the next Democratic State Convention.

Sanford Hardin, a farmer, was run over by a wagon and killed, in Jefferson county last Thursday.

There will be no money appropriated for the Hart monument. The bill was defeated last Thursday.

The Hart County News says, "The grandjury is in session, and the boys have taken to the woods."

Robert Malone, a prominent Trigg county farmer committed suicide last week, by cutting his throat with a knife.

All over the State the removel of the Capital is being discussed; and it looks like the chances are in favor of Louisville.

W. B. Corley, a prominent farmer, of Shelby county, made an assignment last Tuesday. Liabilities about $12,000 assets $8000.

J. S. A. McCord, of Fleming county, has a lamb that has two heads, four ears, two eyes, eight legs and two tails. It must be twins.

At a dance near Columbus, in Owen county, last Tuesday night, one man was killed outright and another perhaps fatally wounded.

What measures are you taking to stop that cough? Let us suggest DeWitt's Cough and Consumption Cure. It is infallible.—Sold by Short & Haynes.

Bob Sizemore stepped out his door in Clay county last Tuesday and fired upon three citizens that were riding by. He never lived to tell the tale.

You may cough and cough and cough and cough and cough but you will not, if you take DeWitt's Cough and Consumption Cure.—Sold by Short & Haynes.

Wm. S. Burch, a boy, is a candidate for Circuit Clerk in Lincoln county. He is making the race in the name of his father, as he is not of the constitutional age.

Thieves broke into the depot at Murray, Ky., Monday night. They were after four gallons of whisky, that was put off the train that night, but they did not get it.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is making a tour of the State, and is delivering some fine speeches. He calls the present administration of affairs in Kansas the blatherskite era.

The Second Regiment, Kentucky State Guard, will probably sue the State for $5,000, which Gen. A. J. Gross refused to pay them for going into camp at Frankfort last summer.

Circuit Court is in session at Pineville, and among the criminal cases, are nine indictments against members of the Middlesborough police force for being members of a mob that hung Frank Rasimus last summer.

Andrew Jackson was indicted in Louisville last week for petit larceny. It seems that the old man has been going from bad to worse ever since he distributed the Government's funds among the state banks.

Miss Fannie Huff filed a suit at Hartford last week, asking $10,000 damages from John Withers for breach of promise. They are prominent parties residing near Fordsville, in Ohio county. The child only lived a few hours.

If James E. Stone is engaged as reading Clerk at Washington, it is reported at Frankfort, that the Hon. Gus. W. Richardson, of Meade, would be a candidate for his position in the Kentucky House. Who said he wouldn't?

A bill has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature for the appropriation of $85,000 for the World's Fair; and $15,000 for the Centennial Celebration at Lexington. How some people will kick if the bill goes through, which it should.

The colored people are making a strong effort to defeat the separate car bill. Their principle argument is that they do not want to be forced to ride in a car with the vicious and tough members of their race. That is just what we are kicking about.

Judge Menzies rendered a judgment in Covington last week that wrecked the fortune of Adam Wagner, the president of a big corporation, and now the judge has to be guarded bypolice as he walks along the streets. Wagner swears he will kill the Judge on first sight.

Grant Thomas choked Blanche Coleman, a seventeen year old girl, to death in Louisville a few days ago, because she would not submit to his lustful desires; and the same day in the same city Charley Barns committed murder by cutting a lung out of Jack Scroggs, over a pitiful bet of a nickel. All the contracting parties were negroes.

White cappers notified C. W. Sparks, of Mason county last week that if he didn't get a move on him, his days were numbered. Sparks published a reply, saying that he had been born and raised in that county, and intended to stay there as long as the next man; and that he was able to keep the flies off of any and all white caps that should undertake to make him leave or punish him for staying.

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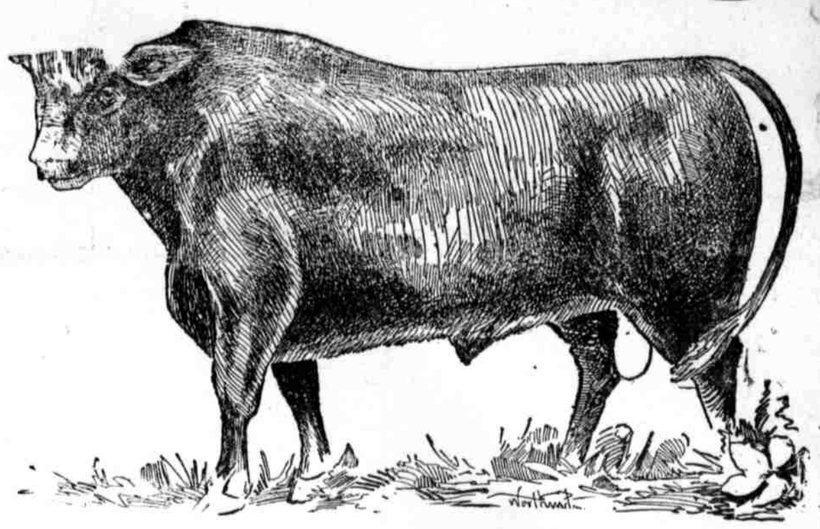

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COFFINS! COFFINS!

Gent's and Ladies'

Robes

LADY OF THE HOUSE—Do you still like our *Charter Oak Stove* as well as when we first got it, Mary?
SERVANT—Oh, every bit as well, Ma'am.
LADY OF THE HOUSE—I am expecting a friend to take dinner with us next week, on purpose to show her how nice our stove cooks everything, and I want you to have a nice dinner for us.
SERVANT—Indeed I will, Ma'am. There's no trouble to cook nice with that stove. The *Wire Gauze Oven Doors* makes it so much easier than other stoves I have been used to, and I have so much more time to make everything just right. Just look at that roll! I never have bad luck with bread, biscuits or cake, now.
LADY OF THE HOUSE—Why, how do you explain it?
SERVANT—Well, I don't have to watch everything so close for fear it will burn. You know how careful you have to be with a tender custard, it is so apt to burn on top before it is baked through. The Charter Oak bakes it perfectly without any danger of burning. And then in roasting a turkey, I don't have to keep basting it every five minutes. It roasts beautifully brown without it, and without drying it up like the tight ovens do. And you know how crisp the biscuits are without being hard and tough. You always praised my biscuits, but if it wasn't for the wire gauze oven door I know they wouldn't be near as nice. I hope I'll never have to cook anywhere again where they haven't got a Charter Oak Stove or Range.

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