AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

I.

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters 20 feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the sleeper supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him, and his executioners—two private soldiers of the federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the center of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot plank which traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into the forest for 100 yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost further along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity crowned with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure, through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge not a man moved.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his dress, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock coat. He wore a mustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression, which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp.

Read the article headed "The Three Great Bills" in this issue.

Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of people, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted, and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former, the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man would go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention, and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets, and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II.

Peyton Farquhar was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly-respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner, and, like other slave owners, a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaign ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the south, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was gone to fetch the water, her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl creek bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the other bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry, and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a federal scout.

III.

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness, and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud plash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river!

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang which he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out of his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the clear sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him; the captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge glaring into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye, and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous sing-song now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately-measured intervals fell those cruel words:

"Attention, company. Shoulder arms. Ready. Aim. Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley, and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm, and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly further down stream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It was as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling plash within two yards of him, followed by a loud, rushing sound, diminuendo, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water, which curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game.

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forest, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being hurled on with a velocity of advance and gyration which made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like gold, like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange roseate light shone through the spaces among the trunks, and the mind made in their branches the music of aeolian harps. He had no wish to perfect his escape, was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whizz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

His neck was in pain, and, lifting his hand to it, he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cool air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue! He could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he fell asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide, white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding, white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.—From Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.

He Ran Away.

Broker—What started the run on the Tenth national bank?

Banker—The cashier.—Up-to-Date.

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About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it—This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world. Friend tells friend that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures; that it gives strength, health, vitality and vigor, and whole neighborhoods use it as a family medicine.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

On Monday the nominations of John M. Griffin to be postmaster at Fredericksburg, Va. and Maj Samuel Yost to be postmaster at Staunton were sent to the Senate.

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Alice Johnson is prepared for cleaning and dyeing all kinds of ladies and gentlemen's garments. You will find her shop in the Belew property, Main Street, Tazewell, Va. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Gibson's Pure Rye	$1.25	$5.00
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	Per Gallon.
White Rye	$1.50 and 2.00
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Any of the above brands in cases of any size.

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Slivovitz	$1.50	$5.00
Apple (old country-made)	50	$1.50 to 3.50
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Distilled Blackberry Brandy	1.25	4.50
Ginger Brandy	50	1.50 to 2.00

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Kummel	75	2.50 to 3.85
Peach and Honey	50	1.50 to 2.00
Rock and Rye	50	1.50 to 2.00

GINS.

Anchor		3.50
Old Tom		1.00
Booth & Co.'s Old Tom	1.00	4.00
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	Quart.	Pint
G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry	$3.20	1.75
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Mrs. K. Davis, of Tonstalls Station, Va., writes: "I suffered greatly for two months with pain in my back, and was annoyed with headache and neuralgia; in fact, I thought I would never get well. I saw Lightning Hot Drops advertised, tried it, and was cured by one bottle. I recommend it to all.—For sale by Tazewell Drug Co.

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PUBLIC SALE

VALUABLE REAL PROPERTY AT POCAHONTAS, VA.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by W. A Whitley and Cosby Whitley, his wife, to J. Taylor Ellyson and Geo. W. St. Clair, trustees of Old Dominion Building and Loan Association, on the 17th day of September, 1895, of record in the clerk's office of the County Court of Tazewell County, in deed book 38, pages 174-5; default having been made by said Wm. Whitley to comply with the terms of contract with said association and terms of deed of trust, by direction of board of directors to us, we will sell on Saturday,

APRIL 24, 1897,

at front door of court house of said county, at 1 o'clock p. m., all that certain house and lot situate in the town of Pocahontas, Tazewell County, Virginia, being the northeast corner of a portion of lot No. 1, East St. Clair Street, fronting 25 feet on Church Street and bounded on south by said street, and fronting on Center Street 50 feet and bounded on west by said street, and on north by property of Tompkins, and on east by property of B. Prince.

Terms: Cash sufficient to pay expenses of executing trust, and amount due from said Whitley to said association, (at this date being $1,410.50), balance on a credit of 6, 12 and 18 months.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR,
J. TAYLOR ELLYSON,
March 23, 1897. Trustees.

Sale of above mentioned property continued until 22d May, 1887, and to be sold on the premises at Pocahontas, Va.

GEO. W. ST. CLAIR.
J. TAYLOR ELLYSON.

4-22-4t

DISSOLUTION—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between W. J. Higginbotham and T. A. Gillespie in the milling business carried on at Cedar Bluff, Tazewell County, Va., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, T. A. Gillespie retiring, and will be succeeded by J. H. Kirby an experienced and practical miller. The style of the firm will hereafter be known as that of Higginbotham & Kirby, who respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. All accounts due the old firm will be collected by W. J. Higginbotham. Very Truly

HIGGINBOTHAM & GILLESPIE.

We, the undersigned, successors to the firm of Higginbotham & Gillespie in the milling business, at Cedar Bluff, in Tazewell County, Va., having first class facilities for manufacturing the best quality of Roller Flour of all grades, Corn Meal, Chop and mill feed, respectfully solicit the patronage of the public, believing that we can give as good satisfaction and do as good work as any mill in the State as to quality and quantity. Give us a call.

Very Respectfully
W. J. HIGGINBOTHAM.
J. H. KIRBY.

Notice!

I have for sale three Poland-China boar pigs; farrowed Oct. 29, '96. These pigs are thoroughbred, and pedigree furnished with each sale. Write for prices.

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With Fresh Drugs, New Remedies and Proprietary Medicines. Also Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, Etc. Our prices will be the lowest possible for first-class goods.

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NOTICE.

To All Whom it May Concern:

All persons are hereby notified and warned not to trespass upon nor cut nor cause to be cut or removed, nor dispose of any timber or mineral, from within the survey or boundary line of a certain tract of land, containing one hundred and fifty thousand (150,000) acres, lying principally in the county of McDowell, state of West Virginia and portions thereof in Tazewell and Buchanan counties, Virginia, and Wyoming county, West Virginia, and known as Robert Pollard Grant and Patent of March 20th, 1795, and otherwise known as "The Iaeger Tract," and D. H. Harman resurvey of 1871-72, and late survey made by A. P. Sinnett, U. S. Surveyor, in 1891-92, by order of the U. S. Court at Charleston, West Virginia, and described in said patent and resurvey as follows:

Beginning at "a locust and chestnuts, on the top of a ridge, between Abbs Valley and Laurel, creek, a branch of the Bluestone, "in sight of Jonathan Smith's, Esq.," Tazewell county Virginia; thence north 20 degrees, west 530 poles to "three red oaks," crossing Laurel cresk at 230 poles, the Tazewell and Wyoming road at at 360 poles the state line into McDowell county, West Virginia, at 380 poles thence to corner at 530 poles, thence north 15 degrees, and 280 poles to "three white oaks and a maple," along the Henry Milam ridge, crossing the road to said Milim's several times, to the corner at 280 poles.

Thence north 34 degrees, west 380 poles to "two maples, Spanish oak and hickory by a path;" along the north side of the Jump Spurr, crossing the Jump branch at 360 poles, to the corner, "by a path," at 380 poles.

Thence north 10 degrees, east 2,960 poles to "three white oaks and poplar." crossing the dividing ridge the North Fork of Tug at 1,050; Mill Creek, at 1,160, the South Fork of Elkhorn at 2,142 poles, crossing the Ohio river extension of the Norfolk and Western Railroad near the upper end of the Huston coal and coke works, just below the "Elkhorn," station crossing the ridge between the South and North Forks of Elkhorn at 2,820, and the North Fork of Elkhorn at 2,960 poles, to the corner, "on the northeast side of the same." (64 poles above the mouth of Buzzard creek on Elkhorn).

Thence north 10 degrees, west 880 poles to a "poplar and maple," crossing a branch at 220, another at 340 poles Buzzard creek and mouth of Big Branch at 584 poles 677 poles above the mouth of Buzzard creek (on Elkhorn.) And several branches to the corner at 880 poles.

Thence north 80 degrees, west 1,840 poles to "a white oak and maple, crossing the ridge between Elkhorn and Guyandotte waters (being the county line between Wyoming and McDowell,) and the head of Burke's Creek at 200 poles (986 poles above the mouth of Burke's creek on the Elkhorn,) along the northeast side of said ridge, in the county of Wyoming, to top of same, and county line, crossing into McDowell county again at 860 poles crossing a fork of Bottom creek at 1,030 another 1,432 poles. crossing the ridge between Laurel and Brown's creeks at 1,680 poles, thence to the corner, head of Brown's creek at 1,840.

Thence South 75 degrees, west 1,920 poles to "a walnut, hicory and poplar." crossing a Branch at 156, another at 440 poles, crossing Brown's creek at 763 poles, to top of the Indian Ridge, crossing the Tazewell and Wyoming road at 989, Fletcher Branch 1.128 and 1.190 poles, Lower Shannon Branch 1,686 poles, thence 1,920 poles, to the corner, on Tug River, below "Peter Rock" four miles below, Welsh, the county seat of of McDowell county.

Thence south 25 degrees, west 1,360 poles to "two poplars, a walnut and sugar tree," crossing Tug river, and Lick creek at 94, a branch of Tug at 240 and 420, another 500 poles, a branch of Spice creek at 620, and path on same at 890, and Spice creek at 898 poles, Badway branch at 1,080 and Mudhole 1,200 poles, down Mudhole branch, to the corner on Clear Fork (below the old "Bartley Rose place,") at 1,360 poles

Thence south 53 degrees, west 2 poles to "three white oaks," crossing Bear branch at 120, Big branch at 410, the ridge and head spring of Bartley creek at 700 poles, Muley Fork of Bartley at 1,210 the road Fork at 1,430, Bartley creek, 1,400, dry Fork at 1,580, (2 miles below Perryville,) Slate creek at 2,120, Yates branch at 2,200, Little Mountain and Paddle Fork at 2,380, John Hageaman's at 2,400 poles, thence to the corner, on a branch of Bradshaw, at 2,560, poles.

Thence south 37 drgrees, east 3,600poles to station and pointer (near the head of the Beach Fork) crossing Laurel Fork of Slate at 460. Mudlick at 60 poles and the north side of the ridge between Slate and Dismal creeks, waters of Louisa Fork of Sandy, crossing the county, and State line into Buchanan county Va., at 480 poles, through Buchanan to the county line at 920 poles, thence along the ridge touching the county line again at 1,340 poles along the edge of Tazewell county, Virginia, to county line at 2,044 poles thence along through Tazewell county, Virginia, crossing Forks of Indian, waters of Clinch river at 2.460, and 2,560, a branch of said Forks at 2,740 and 2,840 poles, Belcher's Ridge at 2,880 poles, and crossing Beech Fork at 3,440, the left handfork or Beech Fork and road at 3,585 poles, to station and pointers at 3,600 poles, near the head of Beech Fork in Tazewell county Virginia.

Thence north 64 degrees, east 4,000 poles to the beginning, crossing the Dry Fork at 582 (one mile below Captain David G. Sayers,) Dick's creek at "94, Dalton Branch at 1,546, head of Jacobs Fork at 1,856 state line at 1,942, Horsepen creek at 1,952, right hand fork of Horsepen at 2,576, Old Camp branch at 2,806, head of Horsepen at 3,324 poles, the county line and ridge between the waters of Tug river and Horsepen at 3,418, Tazewell C. H. and Wyoming road at 3,840 poles, thence to to the beginning corner at 4,000 poles.

The following are the principal streams and branches embraced within the boundary lines of said tract.

The Dry Fork, Tug river (and head spring of same) and the Elkhorn, with their tributaries for over 20 odd miles. The Clear Fork of Tug river for over three miles, Laurel Creek, Indian Creek, Buzzard, Bottom, Sand Lick, Mill, Spice, Brown's and Little Indian creek; Keewe, Volls Big War, Farrenshe, Rockhouse, Horsepen, Cucumber and Big creeks, with their numerous tributaries; Clark's branch, Burk's, Dain's, Sugar Camp, Upper and Lower Shannon branches, Fletcher Jeds, Grape, Rocknarrow, Atkin. Turnhole, Harman's Leslie's Dock, Hunes, Laurel, Kiah's Dalton, Old Camp, Cold, Lick, Mile and Jump branches, Beech Fork and Jacob's Fork, with their tributaries, being all embraced within the lines of said patent and survey.

And any person or persons, so tresspassing, cutting or removing timber or minerals, from any portion, not specially by the undersigned wholly released and accepted, within said survey will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Speculators in walnut and other valuable trees, and in coal and timber land options on same within my survey and patents will avoid loss, trouble and expence by being governed accordingly.

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