

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RISING SUN, INDIANA, FROM KENTUCKY HILLS.

Bogus Hollow

***A Tale of
the Blue Jeans Town
and vicinity.***

... By ...

Benjamin Franklin Buchanan.

***"The love of money is the
root of all evil."***



1901.

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Publishers' Remarks.

The publishers desire to say a few words regarding the story of "Bogus Hollow." We have known the Author since childhood, and remember many of the places spoken of in the story, the scenes of our childhood and youth. We are glad to have them made subjects of history, and no doubt others will peruse these pages with intense interest many decades hence. Much credit is due the Author for his enterprising spirit and perseverance, in writing such an interesting story, in the face of what might appear to many as only local interest. Yet there is in it, sufficient novelty and plot to make it a desirable book for any general library, and there is the probability that it may have a run that will astonish, not only the residents of Rising Sun, but even the Author himself. It is such enterprise that makes men, and lifts them out and above others. We wish for the Author the success that he deserves, both from a literary and financial standpoint.

HARRY AND LOU. WALKER.

DEDICATORY.

To my wife, who, over a quarter of a century before this story was written, accompanied me to the scenes of my childhood days, on a joyous June Sunday, and on the return drive home, around by Salem Ridge Church, and down on the "Jelley Hill" road, decided to be mine for whatever might happen. Who, while I wrote this story, soothed my aching brow, caused by brain-racking, incident to story writing.

To my daughters, who have patiently borne with me in my enthusiasm over this story, and who assisted in criticizing and correcting grammatical errors and wild expressions.

To his honor, the present Mayor of Rising Sun, who recently turned the keys of the City over to the publisher, in com-

pany with the Author of this story; and who, if some of the readers are so uncharitable, may be recognized as the character of the quill-pusher in Chapter IX.

To all those who have either knowingly or unwittingly imparted information by which this story was outlined.

To all first subscribers, and all those who in any way have assisted in contributing to the publication of this book, and the illustrations accompanying the same.


To all readers of this story, whether first subscribers, outright purchasers, purloiners, or borrowers.

To all the characters presented in this story, (whether real or imaginary), their descendants, living or dead.

With "malice toward none and charity for all," this book is dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

Rising Sun, Ind., May, 1901.



REMARKS

The Author recognizes the fact that "Bogus Hollow" could have been much better written by some others.

But as they have not done so, and having been granted a copyright, which means "keep off of the grass," the Author expects to reap whatever benefit may accrue as well as criticisms.

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BOGUS HOLLOW, LOOKING BACK OVER THE TOWN FROM ITS HEAD.

BOGUS HOLLOW.

CHAPTER I.

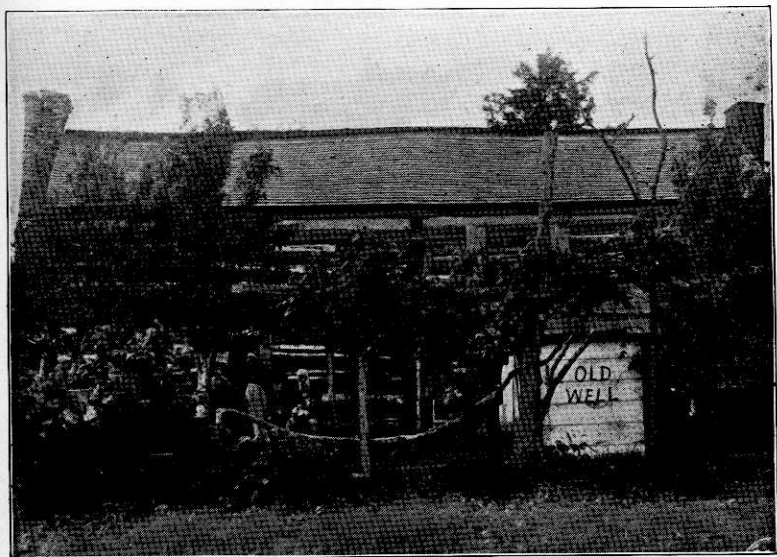
Northwestward out of the famous old town of Rising Sun, Indiana, is a beautiful road serpentineing its way up a hollow, and gradually ascending the hills at its head. If you risk being turned into a pillar of salt, you will look back over the little town, though La Belle Riviere flows between, it appears to lie at the base of a beautiful range of Kentucky hills.

As you pause and think of the renowned play "Blue Jeans," you will not wonder that Joseph Arthur selected this site for his famous drama.

Having introduced the locality where our story is founded, we go back over half a century ago, when only a trail road led up this hollow, which was then well forested with native growths of timber. Sauntering along this trail road about two miles from

the town, and peering through the growth, a log house could be discovered, which, later on, you will find was an important rendezvous of several characters that will be brought out in this tale.

In those days of wild cats in this section, there appeared among the natives, a species of coin, produced from metal that for a while readily passed for silver, until Uncle Sam's agents began to hunt cats up that hollow. Year after year several people seemed to live well in that neighborhood, without more of a visible way of making money than picking and selling berries in summer, and a little trapping in winter. Several strangers appeared now and then in the town, and invariably, when they went out gunning or berrying, they would course their way up that hollow. Amongst the number of suspicious comers and goers was a young Mr. Shanks. He was supposed to be an itinerant messenger, for he carried a few Bibles and some religious literature of the day, and an old medicine-



THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

case-looking-box, which he never opened in public. Mr. Shanks created quite a furore out the hollow way by his courteous manner and glib tongue. Many a maiden lay awake nights, thinking of her future possibilities in the matrimonial world with him. Particularly was this the case with a Miss Blew. Her father was considered a very successful trapper; for many times during the winter he would bring out a bundle marked furs, and go up to Cincinnati by boat, and come back with lots of money.

In order to test the matrimonial feelings of Mr. Shanks, a country party was given in his honor, and to Miss Blew's delight, she received a note from him, asking for her company to the party. It read as follows: "Dear Miss Blew: Mr. Shanks would be pleased to have your company to the party to be given in his honor, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cloud, next Saturday evening." To which the expected response of acceptance was received.

The party was well attended by the rural young people, and a few from the town, that had a "stand-in" with the country lads and lassies. Old time plays and games were the order of the evening; much good natured strife was indulged in by the young misses, to capture the attention of Mr. Shanks, but all agreed that Miss Blew held the "right-of-way" to his heart. Amongst the crowd was a peddler that happened along at dark, and asked permission to stay over night. He thought this was a rare chance to sell his wares, which consisted of old time trinkets and a few pieces of homespun linen that he had traded for in the neighborhood.

None of the lads seemed to have any money except young Shanks, whose pockets jingled with it. The peddler's ambition to get some of it was so much aroused, that he went beyond the proprieties of even an old time country party, and cried out to the attractive young man in the midst of a play—"Here Mr. Shanks is a set of

ear-rings dot vill make de young ladies all like you as Miss Blew does!" "All right," said Shanks. "If you have a set for each of them, trot them out, and here is your money." Reaching down in his pocket, he pulled out a handful of the shining metal. That act broke up the party, because the envy of the other young fellows was so great, they picked up their coon skin caps and said, "girls, time to go home." But the peddler was not hurt in his feelings. After the crowd had gone, he counted his money over and over, and offered his host several pieces of it for his night's lodging, which were received in an indifferent manner.

On the way home, down the trail road, Miss Blew held onto Mr. Shanks's arm lightly, almost letting go at times, as they came to narrow places overhung with bushes, and for a time but few words were spoken. Suddenly young Shanks said, "Miss Blew, you do not seem to have enjoyed the evening. At least my former

acquaintance with young ladies, and older ones too, has led me to believe that women show appreciation by expression." "Well," replied Miss Blew, with caution, "really Mr. Shanks, to be frank with you, I begin to think I have been a little too quick to let the finer womanly feelings of my heart flow out to you; a fault many young women of my age have under impulsive emotions, when young men like you come onto the stage of simple country folk, and dazzle us with their better clothes, money and tongue. And farther, Mr. Shanks, aside from being my escort this evening, I have not felt that there has been any preference for me over the other young ladies of the party. To be plain, Mr. Shanks, I am beginning to think that you are something of a city flirt, and that you have won from me some of the heart that should be reserved for my girlhood friend and admirer, Jack Hill."

"Oh, Oh!" exclaimed young Shanks. "I suspect, Miss Blew, that your heart,

like many others, is easily caught by shining coins and trinkets, and that my generous spending of money, and a little finer appearing clothes, has caught the surface or emotional part of your better self. It will benefit you through life for having met me, yet it will always be with a pang that you recall our acquaintance. You should have learned this lesson by similar experience of others, but like them, you seemed to want the experience, and instead of pinning your faith on your honest friend, and I think lover, Jack Hill, you dropped him for me. Now, while I might have gone farther in this trifling with you, you will remember me as one that has some honor above the average flirt, as you pleased to call me. I will say to you confidentially, Miss Blew, I am not here meandering around this hollow for my health. If you live long enough, and I think your prospects are good for many years of life, you will no doubt some day learn what I mean by this remark. I

should not have hinted thus, but a trifle is apt to commit himself in some such way. If you will promise me faithfully not to repeat it, I will do all in my power, while I remain about here, to reinstate you in the confidence and esteem of your friend and lover, Mr. Hill."

"Indeed, Mr. Shanks," said Miss Blew, "you almost set my head in a whirl! I am undone! The spell is broken! I see how foolish I have been. And since you have talked to me so frankly, I will keep your remark to myself, or forget it, unless, of course, some day it be brought to memory and I am forced to tell, or perjure myself before a court."

"W-e-o-w!" screamed a wild cat right at the heels of our young couple, as they were almost at Miss Blew's home. She ran in and closed the door without even saying good-night. Mr. Shanks took a backtrack spin, imagining that the cat was after him. But, in reality, the cat was as much scared as the young couple.

Miss Blew spent a rather sleepless night, reviewing the past few weeks of her folly. But she was thankful that it was a flirt with some honor that had won a part of her affection. Now, how would she set about to get her friend Jack back in position? Would he gladly become her attendant again? or would he continue his attention to Miss Cloud, with whom he had taken up since Mr. Shanks came on the scene? The girl's womanly instinct told her that Miss Cloud had been just as enraptured with young Shanks as she was. In fact, Miss Cloud had been prime mover in getting up the party in his honor, in hopes of drawing him to her. With this almost moaning mind she dropped asleep, while the chickens were giving their early morning serenade.

CHAPTER II.

Far out over the hills from the head of this hollow stands a little old-fashioned country church that was built in the days of this narrative. Shortly after the party given at Cloud's a revival meeting was in progress at this church. It was quite the thing in those days for neighborhoods to club together and go for miles to attend religious meetings, spelling schools and singing schools. Geography schools were also a feature in those times, especially so farther around the ridge at what was then familiarly called "Slippery Point". It was so-called because the school house was located on the crown of a sugar loaf hill which in icy weather was a great sliding place for the boys and girls. This school was, at the time of our story, presided over by Mr. Shanks's rival, Jack Hill, and a "right smart" of a school master he was, too. The reputation he gained for evening spelling schools and



THE CHURCH "FAR OUT OVER THE HILLS."

geography schools was envied by the teachers of the surrounding neighborhoods. Spelling schools are too familiar to most readers to require a description; but geography schools were rare; in fact, "Master" Hill, as he was familiarly known, was the originator of them, and none others ventured to follow suit. They were gatherings of the young people same as spelling schools. The teacher gave reviews by use of maps and then they all sang the states and their capitals, beginning with the state of Maine, Augusta on the Kennebec River, and so on through all the states, and the youths soon became familiar with their own country. Thus it was no wonder that Miss Blew's heart palpitated back toward Mr. Hill after her brief fiasco with young Shanks.

A crowd was made up of the young people, composed mostly of those that attended the party a short time previous at Cloud's, and loading up an ox wagon before dark, slowly wended their way out

over the hills to attend church incidentally and have a good time generally. It was first decided to leave Miss Blew and her supposed admirer, Mr. Shanks, out of the crowd. But strangely enough, Mr. Hill, learning of the crowd's intention, insisted upon Miss Blew being invited, even if she would not go without Mr. Shanks. A committee was delegated to inform her of the neighborhood's intentions and were surprised to find that she was quite willing to go and just as well pleased if Mr. Shanks was left out, somewhat to the dismay of Miss Cloud who was one of the committee on invitation. Consequently Miss Blew was in the crowd and Mr. Shanks was not; but amongst the first to greet them on their arrival at the church, was he. His name was his carrier in advance, with a royal good supper of broiled venison on the way at a farm house owned by a man by the name of Dawe.

Church services had not been called by

the usual hymn struck up by the preacher and a few of the more sanctimonious members. A large crowd was gathered on the outside visiting and talking over the big crops of corn they had just gathered and the jolly times they expected Christmas whether the revival meetings closed by that time or not. Young Shanks was here and there amongst the crowd as if he came with the others, speaking pleasantly to Miss Blew as though nothing had occurred between them. She, however, made it manifest, without any "put on" about it, that she was sorry she ever met him. This was particularly noticed by Mr. Hill, also by Miss Cloud privately, with some satisfaction on his part and not dismay on her's.

Presently a hymn was struck up inside and the throng outside commenced to file in. The crowd from the hollow held back from timidity, until most of the others had passed in and filled the seats, except a few down in the amen corners. To

the chagrin of the crowd, they were ushered before the gaze of the congregation to these places. In the confusion of the seating, it chanced that Miss Cloud was seated beside Mr. Shanks and Miss Blew by Mr. Hill. This caused quite a titter in that corner and smiles by several through the congregation who chanced to know of the late happenings down in the hollow. But after settling down, it became quite apparent that there was considerable satisfaction on the part of both couples by what seemed a mishap of the usher. After singing two or three good old time hymns, the preacher rose and read several passages of Scripture and then offered prayer, fervently requesting blessings on all the congregation and especially the young people on his left in the corner, to which there were several amens.

After singing another hymn lined by the preacher he announced his text: "Money is the root of all evil." First he discoursed on the scarcity of the root in

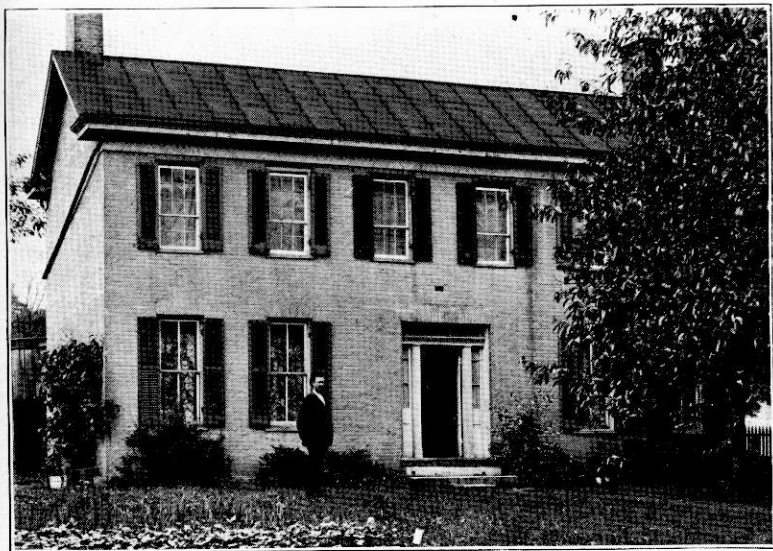
that neighborhood, but from his observation there was enough evil, and in his circuiting around he had it whispered to him that there was a generous supply of the root of evil over in "Bogus Hollow", and brought his fist down to emphasize the remarks, at which young Shanks almost jumped off his seat, but with few exceptions those in the congregation thought it was the preacher's fist and not his remarks that made him jump, for they had considered him rather a nervous young man. The sermon was a lengthy one and often went wide of the mark, but frequently hit the nail on the head and sometimes drove it home into the hearts of the wayward and those that professed religion, yet fell short of living it, causing many persons, after going home that night, to say their prayers, that they had neglected for some time; also others to pray that had not prayed since their mothers had taught them. Of this latter class was young Shanks, according to his confession to a penitentiary chaplain years after the meeting that night.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas time in and about Bogus Hollow, as it was now called, since the preacher named it that, was the scene of much old time festivity. While the young people had made some strides ahead of their ancestors in observing what Christmas really is, their frolics, as it is yet with some and in some places, largely overshadowed its real intent and meaning.

Then it was no Christmas without the jug of whisky amongst the older ones, and that commodity was freely supplied from the town. (The old distillery building yet standing on the river front reminds the few living old timers of the rye it turned out in those days, that makes their lips smack as they go past it, but which for upward of forty years has only been used as a hay warehouse, and once, at least, the scene of almost a murder for money.)

According to previous arrangements,



THE SEMINARY. REMODELED FOR DWELLING.



most of which were talked over on their way home from the revival meeting mentioned in the last chapter, the young folks decided to have a Christmas tree in addition to the usual corn husking, dance, pumpkin pies and cider. They had read in some of the literature brought out from New York by Mr. Shanks, how they had Christmas trees down there and hung them with presents of jewelry, baby angels and such like. So all the neighborhood was agog over the coming affair, and the good influence of the meeting at the church was, for the time at least, forgotten, and the many resolves for a better life hung up for future reference, by the Bogus Hollow people.

Mr. Hill's school had been dismissed for the Christmas vacation, an unusual proceeding in those days, for the "Deestrick Skules" looked forward to a big gathering, and putting the teacher out of doors on Christmas unless he treated generously, and even then wouldn't let

him off without a ducking through the ice in a near-by pond or creek, or some similar mischief. But "Master" Hill was an advanced young man and he, too, had read how they had Christmas vacations down east, and gained his point by having one that year, with little objections on the part of the Directors. So he came down to town to spend a part of it and be near to Bogus Hollow and Miss Blew, for he received no uncertain signs of her return of heart feelings for him while sitting together at the church. My! me!

A committee, with young Shanks at its head, had been selected and was at work planning the details of the Christmas affair. The place of having it was the cause of some confusion. At first it was talked of being held at Cloud's, but objection to that was made all around as the young people thought that having had the party there only a few weeks previous was enough honor for one house in a season. And more, while it was large as any, it

was not considered that there was room enough for even the Christmas tree, and it was a hard matter to give up the idea of having the accustomed corn husking in connection with it. (This characteristic still holds among the people of sections, not cutting loose from any established custom or habit.) Now, too, the older people said the young folks could have any sort of a new fangled time they pleased and where they pleased, but as for them they were going to have their old time whiskey jugging up at Cloud's, and the two jamborees couldn't be run under the same roof or roofs, as they themselves might want to clear the near-by log barn floor and have a little shake of the foot, and the house would be too small and warm by the time they got the jugs emptied.

The question of place was finally settled by fixing up a large barn, down toward the town, that had been built by setting long posts in the ground and rudely

boarded up with rough lumber, and a clapboard roof, which, by several years use had become quite dilapidated. Immediately adjoining the barn was an old abandoned log house, with the old time stone chimney at the end farthest from the barn. This was also fitted up for the occasion, the old yule log was brought in and placed in position. The ever ready crane hung in its place. Rough tables were placed about the room and a few chairs. A door was in the end next to the barn and opposite the barn door. Between these two doors was constructed a rude passage way, but it was sufficient to keep out the wintry blasts in passing to and from the two buildings. A substantial floor was laid in the barn. On this, they made a circular heap of unhusked corn, which had been brought by ox teams from the surrounding neighborhood for this special occasion. In the center of this large circle of corn, was placed a beautiful cedar tree, fifteen feet tall, reaching well up to the roof in

the center. By this time the excitement was running high up and down the hollow and reached into the town among those that stood in with the Bogus Hollow people, and that was no small number, in various ways, especially in some of the ways that were dark. A few trembled lest some of those up the hollow would get on a Christmas jag and talk too much, which proved to be well founded.

By working hard all day Christmas, everything was in readiness for the evening. A huge fire roared in the old fire place, lighting up the barn through the passage way, and sending in its warmth, it not being a very cold night, making it pleasant for the merry makers who were gathering. The entrance was through a side door of the log house. Here they took off their wraps of handmade comforters, plaid shawls, and occasionally a homemade fur garment, all of which were hung up on pegs around the room, and soon gave it a home-like appearance.

Soon as it was warm, or even before, the couples passed into the barn. On entering and catching sight of the tree, hung with various articles, a shout went up, and as they promenaded around on the outside of the circle of corn, and viewed the tree more closely, many a heart went pit-a-pat as to whether this or that article was for them. Especially the young ladies as they spied a long bright chain that swayed and glittered on the tree, and though they didn't know just what it was, they imagined it was to go around one of their necks. Another attractive article was a real eastern-made muffler. Who could have brought or sent that, and what fellow was it for? My! me! they began to live in a new world. To say that young Shanks, (Mr. Shanks as nearly every one called him that evening) was in clover, for the time being at least, was putting it mild, for it was through him that these advanced eastern ideas had been brought out here. "Why couldn't some of us have

thought of doing such a thing?" said several of them. "Bah!" exclaimed a young man who was attending a seminary down in town. "I have read all about such things as this in my school history. Why they had such doings as this in Priscilla and John Alden's days, besides a whole lot more. If I had known what you wanted out here in the hollow, I could have saved you the expense of importing this Shanks fellow to enlighten you".

These remarks which most of the crowd heard caused a ripple of displeasure, mingled with some approval and was quite embarrassing to young Shanks who overheard it. He flushed a look of defiance at the Seminary student who went on farther to say, that, while perhaps his remarks were a little out of place, yet he could intimate a whole lot more that Shanks had better not undertake to deny or make any disturbance about. At this, young Shanks, instead of farther resenting the insults, turned away and said nothing.

This left various opinions as such actions always do with different persons, some thinking him a coward, others that he was too much of a gentleman to take it up then and there; others that he too well understood what the student meant and discretion was the better part. The incident marred the gayety for the moment and was the subject of considerable undertone comment and speculation during the evening.

One of the leaders cried out, "All husk corn!" At which the crowd surrounding the heap, encircling the tree, seated themselves around the corn piles and began husking. It was amusing to see the awkwardness at first of some who came out from town and had never attended a corn husking or seen any husked. In trying to get the husks off, some even used their teeth until they observed how their rural friends went at it with their husking pegs, and made the husks fly as they jerked them right and left from top to bottom, tossing

the ears towards the tree and pushing the husks behind them. Soon all caught on and even the newly initiated, without any pegs, made the husks fly, and there was a continuous stream of corn flowing over the heap towards the center, and merry were the shouts and laughter as the husking went on; every now and then some one in their haste or bashful talk to his or her sweetheart threw a husk in the center and the ear of corn with the husks. This created a roar of laughter and they were put down to pay a forfeit. In about an hour the last ear had been husked, which was a red one, and was hung on the tree by climbing up on the corn, which piled way up amongst its branches. The crowd was buried in the stacks of husks that kept them uncomfortably warm with the heat that swept out through the passage way from the roaring log fire in the fireplace in the adjoining log house.

Slowly, one by one, and by couples, the crowd arose, some pulling each other up

out of their long cramped position. Then commenced the husk throwing. Each gathered large handfuls of the husks and threw at his or her neighbor, thus mixing up the crowd. The barn soon presented the appearance of a regular melee as they battled right and left with the husks. After tiring of this sport the tree was given attention. Those more worn out from the battle with the husks made piles of them and dropped down to rest; others stood up or walked about, again viewing the tree in expectation of what they would get off of it. The distribution soon began; first the smaller articles, which created both amusement and displeasure, as some ludicrous article was called off for those in expectation of getting something nicer. The excitement ran high as they got almost everything off except the glittering chain and muffler. Who was to get these, and where did they come from? One of the distributors reached up carefully and took hold of the chain and loosened it

from the tree. With the other hand he reached farther around to get the muffler. Just as he lifted it off he lost his balance on top of the rudely constructed ten-foot stepladder, down he came through the tree on to the pile of corn, and rolled to the floor, still holding on to the chain and muffler. When the cheers and laughter had subsided and he had gathered himself up, he looked at the tags on the chain and muffler; without saying anything, stepped through the crowd that had pressed around, until he reached Miss Blew, and put the necklace, (as it proved to be,) over her head; she blushingly adjusted it about her neck with a stammering, "thank who?" Turning around the distributor handed the muffler to Jack Hill; another shout arose mingled with disappointment, because there had been no little envy unexpressed as to who would be the lucky receiver of such before unseen, if not unheard of presents in Bogus Hollow.

The student couldn't hold his knowledge

and again blurted out, "‘Humph!’ My teacher down at the Seminary the other day showed me a whole sacque built out of better looking stuff than that muffler! She said it was sent her by a friend way up in Maine where she used to live. I’ll quit wearing my eastern made socks if that fur thing ain’t a second-hand or moth eaten muffler which the peddler who hangs up around this way, didn’t just bring down from Cincinnati on his last trip! As for that brass chain, it no doubt came through the same source and I could tell pretty quick who the fellow is that bought them with a little questionable kind of money and had them hung on the tree, and farther"—"Hush up," said several voices in an undertone as they began to realize that the student was too eager to tell what he had learned down at the Seminary! They began to suspect by his voice and actions that he had been around one of the jugs that passed up the hollow at dark. In fact they called to mind that

during the husking he had complained of feeling cold and stiff while sitting down on the corn pile, and wondered why they didn't furnish some chairs to sit on like he was used to down at the Seminary. They also remembered that he had got up and gone out of the barn a time or two, presumably to stretch himself and warm up at the log fire, though none of the rest had felt the cold enough to vacate. It was now surmised and whispered around that there was a jug out there, perhaps on the outside in some nook.

The student didn't finish what he was going to say, but gave a knowing wink at those who had hushed him up and sauntered out into the house part. He was greeted by a fiddler who had just come with his fiddle, (violin as they are called in these days,) and was warming before the fireplace. "Aren't they 'bout ready fur the fiddler?" says he. "Don't know" replied the student. "Are you to give the crowd some music, old boy?" "Sartainly,

sartainly, can't have a dance without music." "Dance? Who said there was to be a dance here?" "Why the committe on this fandango," replied the fiddler. "Aren't you in it, chappie? By your appearance I would think you are about full enough to be in for anything." "Say old boy, do you ever take anything about this time of the year?" "Naw," said the fiddler. "Unless I can get it." "Just step outside," said the student, and out they both went. "Right this way, old boy, and I'll give you a pull at a jug of Rising Sun's best." They stepped around the corner of the house and sure enough, hid under some of the old chimney that had tumbled down, the student pulled out a jug and said, "Help yourself old boy, that will make you play the fiddle until that crowd in there dances livelier than they've been shucking corn." "All right, here goes chappie, gu-gu-good, now you take a pull," "Oh no," said the student, "I've pulled the cork out of that jug several times this

evening, and I want to make it up to Cloud's yet to-night; so long, old boy, and don't give me away where I've gone, I think some of them saw us come out together." The student picked up his jug and started up the hollow. The fiddler went back into the house and found several standing around the fire; young Shanks was holding the fiddle that the fiddler had left in the corner by the fireplace, and was discoursing to his hearers on the evils of dancing.

"No doubt you know all about it," said the fiddler, who already began to feel the first flush of the contents of the jug. "I judge by your cut you perhaps had done 'right smart' of evil at dances you might be permitted to attend." "I have fiddled for many a dance, young man, and have been given the constable's right to put out who I deem improper characters, and that's just what I am going to do with you." He took him by the collar, led him to the door and pushed him out with a farewell reminder to "git" and stay.

This caused quite a stir, but they all knew the fiddler too well to murmur much at his opinions or actions. He was their prompter, as well as musician at all their dances, and when they had done as he said they usually had peaceable gatherings. While young Shanks had put new ideas in their heads and they had taken on a new life in some ways, they began to feel that after all they were not having as good peaceful times as before he came among them. And after all the off remarks that had been made about him and doings at the hollow, it was thought best not to call him back in, but stand by their fiddler.

Couples were called for a dance out in the barn. The corn pile and tree were removed to one corner, while the discussion was going on out in the house. The floor spaces only permitted two or three sets. Some stood around looking on and waiting their turn for the next dance, while others went out into the house part and unpacked

the good things that they brought for a midnight supper.

The tables fairly groaned with the roast "possum", wild turkey, smothered rabbit, mince, pumpkin pies, etc., while before the fire baked the hot hoe cakes, and up on the crane steamed the coffee in a large kettle. In one corner stood the jugs of boiled cider. When all was ready, those that were not dancing, came out and seated themselves around the tables on a few chairs that had been brought, while others stood, and all ate with a relish, discussing the various events of the evening.

Feasting and dancing went on until a late, or rather early hour next morning, when it broke up without farther happenings to mar the event.

CHAPTER IV.

While the Christmas tree, corn husking and dance was going on, another scene was being enacted up the Hollow at Cloud's. The older people having gathered there for a "time," as previously intimated.

They started in with telling jokes on one another, hunting stories, and "sich like", every now and then unloosening the corks of the jugs and taking nips at their contents until their tongues rattled in confusion.

Only two or three women had come along with their husbands to keep Mrs. Cloud company. They were occupying the only spare room, a small room recently partitioned off from the main and only room of the house. Before the partition was put in, the room was fairly large, and the usual stone chimney at each end. A pleasant fire was burning in each room, as the company chatted away. Miss Cloud,

who did not go to the Christmas tree, sat in the corner and looked uneasy and lonesome and seemed to say she wished the women had not come, for that room had been partitioned off for her, since young Shanks had been a visitor at the house. Before this the whole room was thought all right to entertain her beaux while her parents slumbered and slept. But young Shanks had put a new idea into her head, and her father, for other reasons as well, put in the partition.

A knock came at the door of the partitioned room. Miss Cloud's face brightened as she lightly stepped to the door and opened it wide. There stood the student in a semi-dozed condition, which caused Miss Cloud to give a little shriek, and almost closed the door in his face. This startled the women and they came to the door and recognizing who it was, said, "Come in. What is the matter with you? Are you sick?" "Oh no," muttered the student. "Only, hic—" Stumbling against

the spinning wheel, he was led by the women before the fireplace, and seated in a large home-made rocking chair, bottomed with corn husk ropes.

Miss Cloud drew herself back in the corner and looked more unhappy than ever, for it was not the student she was expecting. If he had not been in that condition, she would have felt much better, and passed the balance of the evening with him more pleasantly than in company with the women, for he had been a caller at their home before going to the Seminary. The fire soon began to have its effect upon the student. His head inclined forward, and he was soon fast asleep in a drunken stupor.

Rap! rap! came another knock at the door. "Mother, you go to the door," said Miss Cloud. "Come in," said her mother; the door opened, and in stepped young Shanks. Miss Cloud arose and greeted him, with much embarrassment. Young Shanks noticing this, and supposing it

was on account of his not coming sooner, commenced to apologize for his delay, by relating some of the incidents down at the Christmas tree. She knew he was to assist there before coming up to spend the evening with her, as per previous arrangements, as she had been counted out of the set for various rumors afloat, about doings at her home that she must be cognizant of.

"Oh, sit down. I don't care to hear more about the Christmas tree," interposed Miss Cloud. Shanks turned around where he could get a full view of the student. He nervously looked at him, and seeing who it was, he stammered out, "What are you doing with that fellow here?" Miss Cloud being a young woman with some nerve, said "you might readily see for yourself, Mr. Shanks, what he is doing for himself. Have you not seen him before, this evening? I thought you were a young man not easily rattled; guess I detect a tinge of jealousy in your countenance, Mr. Shanks. Ha, ha! you are a good one.

If any one has a right to be jealous, it is I, for permitting you to have a time down at the Christmas tree doings before coming up here. Why, I was just thinking of going to sleep, when this seminary specimen of humanity came tumbling in here less than a half hour since." "Oh," said young Shanks, "excuse me, I had supposed it was a pre-arranged plan for him to spend the evening with you before I came. I now remember he was down at the Christmas tree until shortly before I left. How forgetful and imaginative jealousy does make a person."

Out in the other room, the men were getting lively, and called for the women to come out and have a little shake of the foot before they went home. They went out, but seeing the condition of their husbands, thought the best thing to do for them was to take them home. With some protests, they got them started, muttering something about how women could both make and spoil a good time. This left

two or three men who did not bring "their women" along, (as they expressed it in speaking of their wives). These, with the peddler, who had sought a night's lodging early in the evening, as he had done many times before, when in that region, drew themselves up around the fire. Mrs. Cloud shoved her chair back in a corner and was soon sound asleep.

"Say Cloud," spoke up one of them, "did ye know we're suspected of being a gang of counterfeitters up here?" "Who told you such a thing as that," spoke up Cloud hastily. "Well now, you musn't get so scart about it; only a rumor I heerd down around the distillery tother day, and I felt personally consarned about to mention it ter ye. Cause with that fellow Shanks hanging around this hollow, we are mighty apt to get some kind of talk started about us." "Yes, dat vas so," spoke up the peddler. "I have hurd de same tings myself, but I did not vant to worry my frient by spaking to him about it, because

I knew he vas already worrit apout Shanks and his gal sparkin tergedder in der partition room." "Yes, consarn it," said Cloud. "I've threatened to tear that partition out so we can see what is going on between them." "Vy," said the peddler. "He be not in dere now, is he?" "Oh no," said Cloud. "Nobody is in there but my daughter, and I think she has gone to sleep." Just then some chairs moved in the partition room. Cloud quietly arose, and noiselessly stepped to the door leading into the room. He listened a moment, and then shoved the door open. To his surprise, there sat his daughter and young Shanks, in the fireplace corner, with his arm on the back of her chair, and the student in front of the fireplace, sound asleep. Cloud took in the situation at a glance, and just as quietly closed the door without being observed. He came back to his guests, who by this time realized that if they got home that night, they must be going, and after hearty hand-

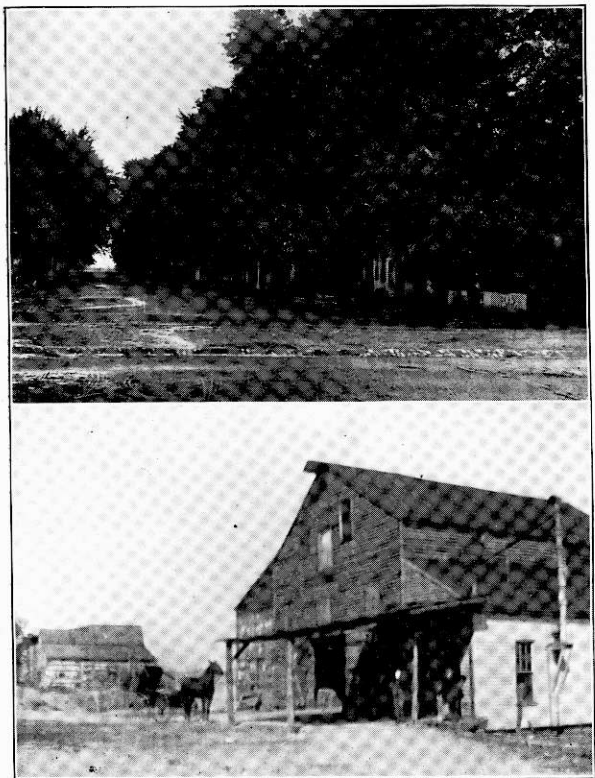
shakes with Cloud and the peddler, they started home.

Cloud then went into the room where the young folks were, and greeting Shanks cordially, said, "Hello! What's the matter with this fellow, daughter? You seem to have put him asleep; or is that one of your jobs, Shanks? Anyway he had better be put to bed," giving him a shake which aroused the student a little, but soon was sound asleep again, to all appearances."

"Well daughter, I guess you had better go out to bed with your mother, as I want to have a little private talk with Mr. Shanks. Tell the peddler to climb up into the loft to bed." The loft was a space between the upper floor and the roof, and was reached by a ladder through an opening in the floor, just large enough for a man to crawl through. It was commonly used to stow away, and a bed or two were on the floor for strangers that might happen along. The floor was loosely laid so that conversation could be heard below, and in

some places, openings between the rough flooring were wide enough to see through. Some of the boards did not reach over the heavy hewn joist, so a person had to be careful, or they would tip up and go down below.

When all seemed quieted, Cloud drew his chair up to Shanks. With one eye on the student said in undertones: "Look here Shanks, our business is suspected." "Why do you think so?" said Shanks. "Think so? Why I was plainly told it to-night." "By whom?" "Why my neighbors that I've chummed with." "How did they learn of it?" "Down in town about the distillery." "Oh," said Shanks, "they talk about everything down around there; I don't think it will amount to an investigation, unless of course some of the government officials get hold of it, but they are not likely to come snooping down around here; and even if they did, wouldn't they have a time of finding anything? I think our under-



MARKET STREET.
CORNER ON RIGHT IS WHERE "BOGUS HOLLOW" WAS WRITTEN.
OLD DISTILLERY.

ground locker impregnable against the nosing around of any of Uncle Sam's agents that might be sent here to investigate; our associates down in town would surely give us the tip if any came to town, and we could not be found on short notice."

"Well I hope you are right," said Cloud, "but somehow I am a little nervous about it. How much of the metal is there in the box?" "Do you mean made up or in the bar?" "Both!" "Well I can't hardly tell without looking; I've been spending considerable lately." "How and where?"

"Why, I've bought several articles from the peddler for that Christmas doings."

"Pshaw," said Cloud, "I am afraid he is not as ignorant a peddler as you think, and so sure as he gets caught with any of the stuff he will squeal on you sartain."

"Well, what if he does? I'll not turn and squeal on you; I'll tell I got it up at Cincinnati, when after my last lot of books, in change coming to me from a bill of a large amount." "Then you will be taken

up there to testify against them and get in a trap." "Oh well, Mr. Cloud, you should have thought of all these things before you went into it with me. I told you plainly in starting the business with me, there was some risk about it, but a fellow must have some nerve and take risks if he succeeds." "Yes, succeeds in getting into the pen," interrupted Cloud. "Well now, look here, if you are going to play the baby I'll just take my box and leave." Acting on his word, he reached down and lifted up a board in the floor and pulled out his medicine-case-looking-box and departed.

Cloud gave a moan that caused the student to flinch, but again settled down as before and was supposed to still be in a drunken stupor. Cloud threw his head back in his hands on top of the back of his chair and commenced meditating; every now and then talking to himself. He went back to the time it first entered his mind to try his hand at imitating

silver coin, that was somewhat in circulation then; shortly afterward of going up to Cincinnati and falling in with questionable companions; how the easy-money-making gained a hold on him, so that when young Shanks happened up the hollow and stopped over night with him, their minds ran together on that line, and cropped out by Shanks confiding to him that he was the youngest member of a gang of bogus money makers; that he was now a refugee from justice away down east, and giving the officers the slip was out here covering up his identity by selling religious books; how that he was almost converted one day while talking up the sale of a Bible, but the devil appeared and snatched the seed away, and if he wanted to venture farther on making money easy, Shanks would be with him and they would set up a plant in his house which would not require much space and but few tools; Shanks could easily procure the metal on his trips after books and do lots of exchanging of

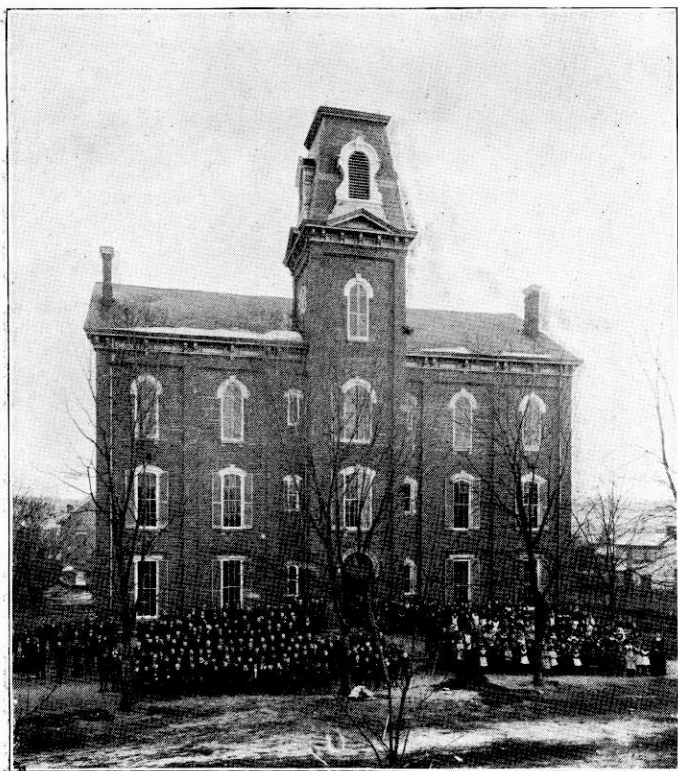
the bogus stuff for the real; all of this dazzled Cloud and he was a ready dupe to agreeing to the arrangements, and in a short time they were at it. Cloud dug a small cellar under one end of the house that Mrs. Cloud and her daughter had often asked for but which he had no serious thought before of making. Oh, why did I not kick him out when he told me his character?

Faintly now was Cloud talking to himself, but shortly ceased and sat perfectly still, his head inclined a little toward the student, who gradually opened his eyes. Feeling that he was enough over his stupor the young man made sure that Cloud was fast asleep and quietly arose, staggering some, but noiselessly left the house. Out in the fresh air he soon felt revived enough to walk fairly well. He leisurely took his time going down the hollow, arriving at his boarding place, a three story hotel down on Front Street, not far from the distillery, about four

o'clock in the morning. Just as he was going into the men's waiting room he met Shanks coming out with his box in one hand and a bundle in the other. At that moment a boat from Louisville to Cincinnati whistled to land at Rising Sun, and young Shanks went down the levee. The student called to mind of hearing some conversation while in a semi-dazed condition up at Cloud's, and it was easy to understand that Shanks was skipping out. His first impulse was to call a policeman, but there were none in those days and it was too late in the night or rather early in the morning, for the town marshall to be out, and no night police. On a second thought, he couldn't have him stopped and held even if he did hear damaging evidence while half asleep up at Clouds. So he went up to bed and Shanks went on the boat.

CHAPTER V.

Just as the sun came peering over the hills, hiding Bogus Hollow from the Ohio River, Mr. Cloud began to yawn. Straightening himself up in his chair he looked around the room with a faint recollection of the past night's proceedings. He arose and poked the fire and not seeing the student, supposed that he was out to breakfast. Going out into the next room he found Mrs. Cloud and daughter still asleep. He climbed up into the loft and no peddler was there; creeping slowly down he stirred the glowing embers in the fire place and called up his wife and daughter and went out to the barn. He spied a piece of rope hanging down from one of the girders. If he had carried out his first thoughts this story would end right here—but those were only momentary. He cut the rope down lest he should have a return of those suicidal feelings during the day. Going into where the oxen were



RISING SUN GRADED SCHOOL. ERECTED 1872.
GEORGE MCARROY, SAMUEL SEWARD, GEORGE H. CRAFT, TRUSTEES.

he kicked them and in return got a side-wiper that knocked him out of the barn onto a rock pile. Gathering himself up he rubbed his bruises, threw the oxen a bunch of fodder and returned to the house. Not finding breakfast ready he growled around only as a hungry, out-of-gear man can. His wife and daughter supposed his actions all due to the past night's jamboree.

After eating a little breakfast he went to the barn again and tried to shake off his feelings by husking corn but it was no go. Every now and then a tremor of fear would come over him until he would fairly start to run. This state of feeling kept up day after day. He got but little sleep of nights, and dreams of striped clothes haunted him.

A few weeks later these feelings subsided some and he began to feel braver, slept better and ventured down to town to get some corn ground at the mill. While sitting in the office looking out over the Ohio River, a steamboat came down

from Cincinnati and landed at the wharf a short distance from the mill. Several passengers got off and came up the levee. Among them were two hunters with their dogs. They came up to the mill and inquired of the miller if any persons were in from the country, as they had come down to have a hunt. The miller told them there was a man in the office waiting for a grist. They entered the office and meeting Cloud asked him if he knew where was the best hunting grounds. "Well," says Cloud, (little suspecting their true mission), "I ain't away from home much, and while I think there is plenty of game most any way you might go, I know there is up my way, and I take it you are able to pay for your lodging, and expect to stop awhile wherever you go." "That's it exactly," said the hunters, "Only we don't want to go too far back, just out two or three miles." "Well, I live about that far out, up a long hollow and lodge strangers that happen that way; so if you want to try it

with me, I'll be going up soon. That is my ox team out there; you can put your guns in the wagon and go around and see the town and I'll wait for you if I get ready before you come back." "Good enough; that's a bargain, and you can charge what you please. We are not afraid of being gouged by a man of your liberality." So saying they tumbled their guns into the wagon, put their dogs in to watch them and sauntered off down the street. They dropped in at the Hotel for a few minutes, and then went over to the distillery and around up by the Seminary, returning to the Mill just as they were bringing out the sacks of meal to load up. They piled into the wagon and slowly wended their way out the principal street. "Not a few" were the winks of the citizens as they saw the load going out of town.

When they struck the trail road, the hunters got out, preferring to walk rather than get upset, as they said. They

took their guns with them, and went ahead of the wagon, looking for game. Every now and then they would get a shot at a quail or rabbit, which the dogs would start up close by the roadside. Just before reaching Mr. Cloud's, they brought down a fine wild(?) turkey that had flown up into a tree to roost for the night.

Hearing the sound of the guns, Mrs. Cloud and daughter came to the door, and seeing the hunters down the trail road, ahead of the wagon, wondered if they would have to get supper for them. "Pap is always taking in somebody," said Mrs. Cloud. "Yes, and he will get taken in some of these days," said the daughter, who had not been feeling any too well about young Shanks's disappearance and her being excluded from the recent entertainments. For, was she not intellectually superior to any of them, having had a year's course down at the Seminary? Since which time she had yearned to get out of the hollow and be something, and thought

an opportunity had presented itself since Mr. Shanks had come that way. While they stood there conjecturing, the ox team turned into the barnyard, the hunters having dropped behind. Mother and daughter turned into the room, and began re-arranging the supper table, then cut a few extra slices of ham to broil on the coals. Shortly Cloud and the hunters came in. They told who they were and where they were from, and that they hoped to be no more bother to them than they would be paid for. After supper the men shoved back from the table, and talked of the prospects of getting game the next day. Cloud told some lively stories of his hunting expeditions. One day he was up a branch of the main hollow, sitting down on a large hollow log with a knot-hole close to the ground between his feet. His dog ran up to the end of the log, and gave a fierce bark. He started to get up, when out crawled a wild cat from the knot-hole, and snapping at him, started down the hollow

with his dog after it. He was afraid to shoot lest he would hit the dog, so he gave chase, and soon brought the cat to bay in a deep ravine. After a tough fight, in which the cat was getting the better of the dog, he rushed in with a club, and stunned it so the dog could finish him.

"Whoopie!" exclaimed the hunters. "Wouldn't we like to have such an experience as that tomorrow? That would pay us for coming down here if we got no other game." Cloud winced a little at their remark about other game, and suggested that if they wanted to get out early in the morning, they would better climb up the ladder to bed, which they did, after receiving instructions where the beds would be found on the floor, and they could occupy both, or sleep two in a bed, as they chose.

When Cloud supposed the hunters were sound asleep, he took a candle and went into the partition room. Quietly raising the trap door, he went below, forgetting to close the door after him. The light re-

flecting up through the floor above the partition room, attracted the attention of the hunters, who had not gone to sleep. They quietly crawled over to where they could see through the cracks in the floor, and caught a glimpse of Cloud, down through the trap doorway, digging a hole in the bottom of the cellar. Whispering a few words to each other, they crawled back to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

On awakening the next morning, it was found a light snow had fallen during the night, a delight to track hunters.

Mrs. Cloud and daughter were up before daylight and had breakfast ready when the hunters crawled down from their roost. After going out and washing their faces in the snow, they hurriedly ate their breakfast, and were off with their dogs and guns up the hollow; and the way they did slay the rabbits was a caution. But larger game was what they were looking for. Tiring of rabbit shooting, they brushed the snow off of twin stumps and sat down, telling their dogs to go and hunt up something larger than rabbits.

Both almost spoke at once, "Where do you suppose our landlord was this morning that he was not at breakfast?" "Oh," said one, "I suppose he wasn't up yet, or out to the barn feeding the oxen." Says the other, "Do you know I think we have



HUNTER DETECTIVES. "DON'T SHOOT!"

dropped right into where we expected to be days in finding, and that we are suspected already of not being hunters of animals only." "Why do you think so?"

"Well, as I whispered to you last night, when we reconnoitered up in the loft, that everything was just about as that peddler described to us, and perhaps we've missed our game by not bagging it at once."

"Maybe you are right, but it seemed so much of a chance that we met down at the mill, and they seem so country-folks-like that it would be a shame to make a mistake.

Anyway we are sure of one thing, the mother and daughter don't know a thing about the business, or their womanly instinct would have told them who we really are, and they would have shown it.

Whereas, not the least sign of nervousness was seen on their part; and not on his either, until our remark about other game."

"Where do you suppose that young fellow is, if this is the place we are looking for? Not one of them mentioned him. Let's

see,—What name did the peddler say he went by out here? Spinks? No, Hanks. Not that either, but close to it. Good ways off from his right name, any way, as it was Shields out east, and doubt if that was his real name. These fellows have so many aliases, hard to tell what their real name is. For their families' sakes, it is a good thing they do go by disguised names. How parents must feel to know their children go wrong. Certainly, if they knew the heart pangs caused by their doings, they would cease, or better still, never get into wrong doings, and vice versa, parents should be just as careful not to bring disgrace on their children. But that ain't our business. Uncle Sam hires us to do our duty, let it hit who it may." Bang! Bang! went their guns; and rolling, tumbling, jumping went a deer(?) down the hollow, with the dogs in hot pursuit. Having read that it was useless to try chasing a deer once shot at, unless mortally wounded, but to sit still and see

if the dogs would not bring it around again for another shot, they kept quiet and listened to the barking of the dogs in the distance. It grew fainter and fainter, in the direction of Clouds, and they thought if he were only home, and heard them coming, what a good shot he might have. While thus musing to themselves, a lad came up over the hill, with a flint-lock musket on his shoulder that had been used in the war of 1812, but remodeled to use percussion caps. Being blind in one eye, and coming on to the hunters side ways, he did not see them until close up, and for the instant mistaking who or what they were, he jerked his musket down and was leveling it at them, when they yelled out, "don't shoot!" The young fellow dropped his musket to his side and stammering, said, "Scoose me g-g- gentlemen, I mistook you for a bar." "For what?" "A b-b- bar." "Don't mean to tell us there are bears up this hollow?" "Ye-ye-yes, I sca- sca- scart one up t'other day

'bout mile over here." "Did you see anything of a deer just now come over this way with two dogs after it?" "D-d-deer! No, but I s-s-saw them after Clou-Cloud's bu-bu-bu-bull yearling." "What! Do you mean to tell us that was a year old calf?" Tha-tha-that's wha-wha-what it was." "Look here young man where do you live?" "O-o-over at the poor house." "What will you take to go home and never tell that you saw us?" "Oh, b-b-bout half duzen them rabbits." "Here take all of them if you can carry them, and we guess you'll get a square meal or two for bringing that many home." "Th-th-thank you," said the lad as he commenced loading them up and started off. One of the hunters said, "Suppose we don't get any more game; the folks must have heard us shooting so much and if we don't make show of some game they will suspect we are not hunters." "That's so," said the other. "Hold on young man," they both shouted at once, and went

toward him. "We've concluded to keep some of the rabbits. Here is a silver dollar for some of them and we reckon you will keep as mum." "Ye- ye- ye- yes," said the lad, as he took the piece of coin and started to put it in his pocket. Then put it up to his one good eye and took a look at it; then felt of it and threw it up in his hand to test its weight. Looking at the hunters, he picked up his remaining rabbits and hesitatingly started to go. "Anything not all satisfactory young man? We want you to feel all right and not give us away." "Wa- wy nuthin' cept I thu- thu- thought tha- tha- that piece si- si- silver didn't loo- loo- look just right, bu- bu- but guess it is." "What did you think was wrong about it?" "Wa- wa- wy praps you ha- ha- haven't heerd th- th- that ther's s'pected bo- bogus money up this hollow." "Where?" "Oh, all around, even d- d- down tu- tu- town." "What, so bad as that?" Wu-wu-well, tha- tha- that's thu- thu- the ta- ta- talk over at the poor house."

"Well, that piece is all right. You go on and tell you sold rabbits for it."

The hunters leaned up against a large recently fallen tree and began to talk over the situation of things. They feared that their starting out in guise of hunters was not the best thing, as recent developments would prove that they were at least not expert hunters, if they couldn't tell a calf from a deer; but they had a lot of rabbits to show that they were, and thought the lad would keep his tongue still. However, so long as they were guising as hunters, they would like to strike some larger game.

"Wonder if there was anything in what that chap told about a bear around here?" said one. "Wouldn't we have some fun if we came onto it?" "Maybe it would be the bear that would have the fun," said the other. "Well, I would chance his having more fun than we," said the first. Just at that they heard a rustle a little farther up towards the tree top on

the other side from where they were leaning. Looking over, they saw that the tree's bushy branches had fallen on a large brush pile. The rustle they heard ceased. "What do you suppose that was?" said one to the other at once, their eyes enlarging and their hands grasping their guns. They listened a moment and the same rustle of the limbs and brush was again distinctly heard and noticeable.

"Whew! wonder if that can be the bear? Wish our dogs were here." "Shall we run?" said the one that talked the boldest about having fun. "No!" said the other. "Let's climb up on the body of the tree and walk along up beyond where it rests higher on those large limbs; if it is the bear he can't reach us there and we can pour the shot into him." So saying, they ventured along cautiously, the less brave following the other, balancing themselves with their guns and giving the off side of the tree the preference in case they should tumble. Just as they were oppo-

site the brush pile they heard a more distinct rustle of the brush and limbs with a sort of a growl, by them unheard of. At this they almost ran beyond and up on the large limbs that were as large as bodies of ordinary size trees; here they stopped and looked back to see if the bear as they felt sure it must be, was after them. Seeing nothing coming, although only about thirty feet away, they took a breathing spell. Then with choked voices they said, "Now, what shall we do?" "Let's call the dogs," said one. "Oh, if it is a bear, which it surely is," said the other, "it would get away with them or they would be in our way of shooting, so we might kill them instead of the bear." "I don't care much which," said the other. "Any dogs that don't know a calf from a deer ought to be shot or eaten up by bears. I am going to call the dogs. Here Flip! here Flip! here Dash! here Dash! Yaw yaw, yaw! Whooee, whooee, here, here, here Flip, Dash!" And over the hill

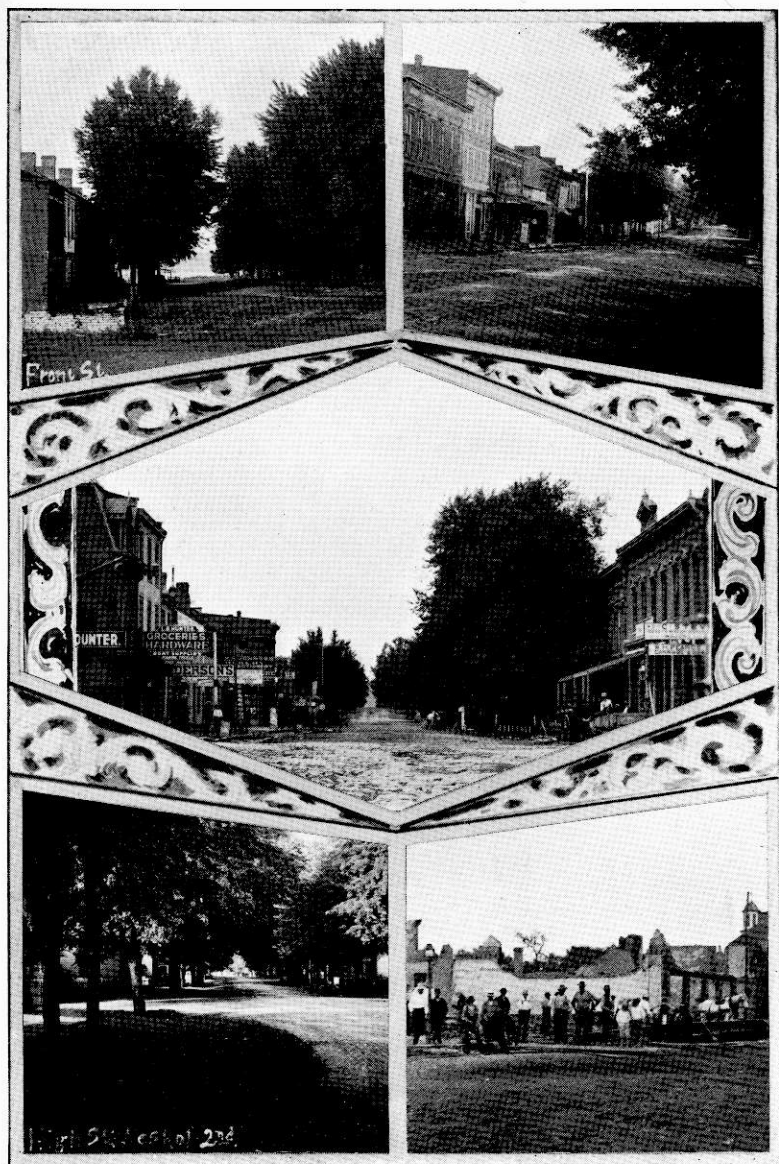
they came a-tearing, and rushed right up on the brush pile. Bow wow wow! wough wough! came a roar from beneath. Up went the guns to the shoulders of the hunters; the dogs jumped off the brush, and then rushed up. Wugh, wugh wugh! rushed the animal out at them. A tremendous big black fellow. Bang! Bang! went their guns, unbalancing the hunters, and over they went down through the limbs. They lost their grip on their guns and gathering themselves up took to their heels in the direction of Cloud's as fast as they could go. They didn't look back until they reached the barnyard, for they could hear something chasing them. Jumping the fence that was built of six foot slabs, stockade style, they climbed up into the ox cart. Looking back over the fence, they saw the dogs running around trying to get in, and no bear in sight. Just at that, Mr. Cloud, hearing the racket, came out of the barn, and spying the hunters up in the ox cart, said, "Hello!

What's the matter with you fellows? Did my bull calf get after you?" "Worse than that, a bear! a bear!" both exclaimed at once. "Where? where?" asked Cloud, with a grin on his face. "Why, way up the hollow, half mile or more." "Didn't you get 'im?" said Cloud. "Don't know," said the hunters. "We thought he was getting us until we reached the wagon." "But I heard shooting," said Cloud. "Yes, we shot, then ran," said the hunters, much chagrined. "Ha ha!" laughed Cloud. "I'll get my gun and go see what you have done; you better get an ax apiece off the wood pile and foller along; I might need help." They started up the hollow, single file, saying but little, but keeping a sharp lookout. Nearing the place, they cautiously crept up behind the fallen tree, but heard no noise. They then went around to the other side, the hunters keeping at safe distance behind. Right up to the brush pile walked Cloud, gun ready. Peering around, he gave a shout: "You got him!

you got him !” The hunters rushed up in glee, and there laid Cloud’s big black boar (almost “bar” as the lad said and meant) dead as a door nail.

CHAPTER VII.

Cloud and the hunters gathered up their guns, axes and rabbits, and wended their way towards the house in a little different direction, coming up to the house through a small ravine, down in which they came on to the calf, bleeding and limping. A short examination showed that it had been hopelessly filled with shot, and had to be knocked in the head with one of the axes. "Pretty good job for one-half day's hunt," said Cloud good naturedly to the hunters. "Let's go in and see if the women have got that turkey of mine, you shot for a wild one last evening, ready for dinner." The hunters looked at each other in a puzzled sort of way and then said to Cloud, "We prefer to settle up first before trying to eat; how much for that hog and calf?" "Oh, about twenty dollars, and throw in the turkey as we expected to have one for dinner anyway." "Cheap enough," said the hunters. "But,



MAIN STREET OF RISING SUN. REBUILT AFTER FIRE OF 1885.

of course, whatever you can get for the hide and tallow you'll give us credit for?" "Certainly, certainly," said Cloud, and in they went for dinner. Mrs. Cloud and daughter served in a style that betokened days not altogether spent up in that hollow. After dinner, Cloud told the hunters that he and the women folks had promised an afternoon and evening visit down to a neighbor's, and that they could make themselves at home or take another hunt, as they chose, and as they had such a big dinner, they perhaps would be satisfied with the leavings for supper. "That will be all right," said the hunters. We will take a long rest here in the house before going out again, as we are pretty tired, and our hunting we find is a little expensive." "Well," said Cloud, "You've got about all there is of it around here, at least the domestic part of the animals; I will have the oxen in the barnyard, for fear if you saw them ranging up the hollow, you might take them for moose, like we used to see up in Canada."

Mrs. Cloud and daughter soon had the table cleared, dishes done up, donned their Linsey Woolsey, and were off down the trail road with Cloud. Watching them out of sight, the hunters lost no time in going through the premises from loft to cellar. Here they found where Cloud had been digging the night before, but whether it was a freshly dug hole or something taken up, they couldn't tell. They looked around and found the mattock that had been used for digging, and soon had the fresh dirt out of the hole, but found nothing. Putting the dirt back again, they closely scrutinized every nook, but found nothing in shape of bogus money making material or moulds. From the house they went to the barn, and searched there with the same results.

Coming out of the barn, they spied over in one corner of the yard, what appeared some fresh dirt around a large flat stone. They hurried over to the spot, and lifted it up, expecting to find the object of their

search. Whew! To their horror, out jumped a skunk, leaving several chicken bones behind. Returning to the house for their guns, they concluded to let the odoriferous animal go, and threw themselves down in chairs before the fireplace and roared in laughter at the guys they had made of themselves that day, agreeing that it would make a good write-up for one of the Cincinnati papers.

After subsiding, and for several minutes saying nothing, but doing a great deal of thinking, they broke the silence by agreeing, that, as detectives, they had this time been outwitted all around, and that, too, from the time they struck Cloud at the mill, who they thought was going to be the easiest game they ever bagged in detective work.

Being satisfied that nothing could be found around there, and that the main bird had flown before they came on the ground, they decided to leave a note on the table, telling Cloud they had gone over

about the poor house, and might not be back that night.

Acting on this impulse, they took a circuit out of the hollow, over the hills, and around toward the town, where they would not likely meet anyone, and strode into town just after dark. They went down to the hotel, where, though late for supper, they were given a good pick-up. The landlord asked them if they would have rooms. They said no, for they expected to take the first boat up. "That won't be until towards morning," replied the landlord, anxious to get something for his rooms. "Oh well," said the hunters, "we want to take in the town tonight, anyhow." "Take in the town?" quickly replied the landlord. "Are you detectives in hunters' garb, and looking for human game about here?" "Oh, we don't know of any; do you landlord?" "Well, now look here, if that's the kind o' chaps you are, I s'pose you get good pay, and you don't s'pose I am going to give you fellows any tips for nothing?"

Remembering how they had been sold up the hollow, they became cautious, lest a bigger sell might be in store for them in the town, for they had not learned who was who. They strolled out in the street, leaving their guns in the office. First, they walked over to the distillery, but all was dark around there, so they went up a square and turned back toward the business part of the town, talking in low tones. Just as they turned the corner, they came smack up against a cow, laying on the sidewalk—a yet frequent occurrence in the beginning of the Twentieth Century.

Gathering themselves up, they reached the main street without farther incident, and stood on the corner a few moments, then went up the street, stopped in a store and asked for change for a dollar, which they were given in dimes and quarters. Glancing around a moment, they passed out and into another store, and called for cigars. They threw down

a dollar, and were given change in dimes. Next, they went into a jewelry-looking store, and asked for a watch key, saying they had been hunting that day, and in their excitement, had lost their key. "Want to buy or borrow?" said the man that seemed to keep everything from a watch key to a horse fiddle. "Oh, buy, of course; we don't have to borrow," throwing down a five dollar wild cat bill that was in vogue in those days. "Don't like to take that kind of money," said the man of all sorts, "but here is your change," and he piled out a lot of dimes and quarters. "Can't you give us anything larger than that 'chicken feed?'" "Naw, that's all we have less than five dollar bills."

Gathering up the change, the hunters put it in separate pockets. "Much success hunting?" asked the man of wares. "Oh, not much, a few rabbits," replied the hunters. "You ain't the fellows, then, that shot a bear up the hollow, northwest

of town today?" "No, reckon not. We didn't even see a bear." "Perhaps some mistake about it; but some one was in here that said some person told them that there was a bear killed up the hollow today. I thought it kind o' strange, because no bears had been heard of before, around here, but supposed one might got away from a show that was through here last Fall." "We were out by the poor house," replied the hunters. "Well, then, it must have been another lot of hunters that was up the hollow," said the ware man. The hunters went out on the street and walked up two or three squares, and then around by what they afterward learned, was the Seminary, that they had passed the afternoon before. Wishing to have a quiet chat where they would not be overheard, they went up the Seminary yard and seated themselves on the steps leading up to the front door.

Making sure no one was near, they talked in low tones, reviewing their thirty-

six hours up the hollow and to the moment they seated themselves on the Seminary steps. Says one to the other, "Do you think our mission here is suspected?" "Suspected!" exclaimed the other in a too loud tone. "Why, yes, I even think that man Cloud suspected who we were when he saw us coming up the bank from the boat yesterday, as he sat in that office overlooking the river. I wouldn't wonder a bit if he wasn't given a tip that we were coming on the boat that day, as you know we planned and waited a week after that peddler was locked up for trying to pay out the stuff in the City. You will remember there was a man around the Police Court with a bundle marked "furs", that none of us knew where he was from. He might have been one of these Bogus Hollow fellows, and caught on to all that was going on. Then, too, it is clear that the bird we are needing the worst, has flown, and he is such a slick fellow that no telling when



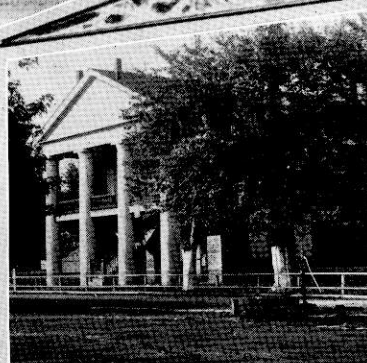
St. Louis



St. Louis



St. Louis from Main



he may have been around and got onto all our plans and communicated to his pals." "Yes, that's so," replied the other. "Come to think it all over, we have allowed ourselves to be the veriest dupes, and instead of getting hold of any criminating evidence, have given the whole thing away, so that it will be hard to fasten anything on any of them, unless these pockets full of dimes and quarters are all bogus stuff, that we've been given in change this evening." "We might haul the whole lot," said the other. "Not until we get a chance to look at the stuff and see whether it is bogus or not. Why didn't we engage a room at the hotel so we could go back there and examine it? Suppose we go back now to the hotel, and tell the landlord we have changed our minds and concluded not to take the boat, or at least to go to bed until it comes; then we might examine the change at our leisure." "That we might do if the whole gang has not got onto us and would watch our every

move, and perhaps never let us out alive." "Guess we could use our guns." "Yes, where are they by this time? If in the office where we left them, bet anything the loads are drawn, and perhaps the guns are spiked." "How foolish we have been," they both said excitedly. "Fine detectives we are," said one. "Fine hunters, too," said the other; then both laughed a sickly laugh.

"Have you got that pocket dark lantern?" said one. "Yes, but what can you do with that out here on these steps? We can't turn it on but some passer-by down the street could see there was something going on up here." "I thought maybe we could get inside here, and as the blinds seem to be drawn, we could examine the change." Just at that they thought they heard a slight shuffle inside the window next to them. With bated breath, their first impulse was to get up and run, but remembering that they were bold hunter detectives, sent down here by Uncle

Sam to hunt up or down a refugee from justice and take in as many more as possible, that were not yet refugees, they nervously arose and tried the door cautiously and to their amazement it opened readily. They threw on the light from the dark lantern lit up by a tallow candle, and right before them on a long bench sat a student with his arm around a girl. The detectives, supposing them to be sound asleep, and fearing to interrupt their evening tete-a-tete in the ghostly school room, noiselessly as possible with drew.

CHAPTER VIII.

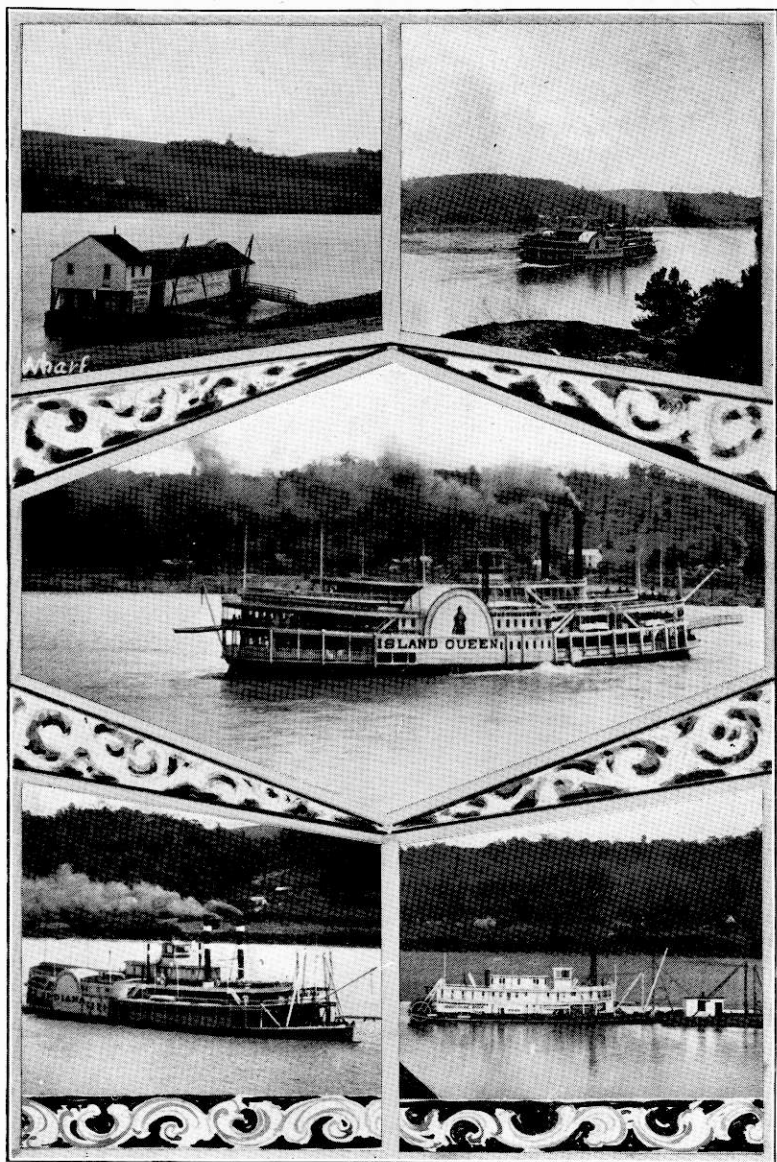
Cloud and his family returned home from their afternoon visit to the neighbors before dark, and soon after, spied the note left on the table by the hunters and after reading it, Mrs. Cloud placed her arms akimbo, and said, "Cloud, those fellows are a fine couple of hunters, to jump their outing place the first day; bet you don't see them up this way again." "Well, I don't care," said Cloud, "whether I see them again or not. I hain't got any more stock for them to shoot."

"Well, I'm disappointed," spoke up Miss Cloud, "I counted on getting some good board money." "Never mind daughter; here is half the money they paid me for killing the deer and bear." "Oh, thank you," said the daughter. "Where am I to come in?" said Mrs. Cloud. "Well here is the other half—anything to keep all of you feeling well about it." "Oh, you are quite generous; can't you get something

out of the carcasses yet, pap?" said the daughter. "Well now girl, don't worry but what your father will have something for himself. Did you not see Mr. Blew and I chuckling to ourselves this afternoon, when he returned from down town." "Yes, but that's nothing new to see your heads together, was it secrets as usual?" "Never mind now," said Cloud. "You and mother get us some supper, and have plenty of hot water, while I go do up the chores." So saying, Cloud went out to the barn and fed the oxen, and put their yoke on, then came out of the barn and looked over to the corner of the yard, where the big flat rock lay. Noticing it had been disturbed, he nervously went over to it, stood there a moment, looking all around to see if the hunters could be in hiding, watching his manoeuvres. Not seeing or hearing anyone, he quickly lifted the stone, when, to his horror, out jumped the same skunk that the hunters had encountered. Cloud didn't get scared

like they did; he just let the thing run off while he leaned the rock up against the fence, then with his hands he dug down in the soft earth and soon struck the object of his search—a large covered iron kettle. Lifting the lid, he looked at the contents, closed it up again carefully, put back the dirt and let down the stone, wondering in his mind if the stone had been recently lifted; if so, that was once that a skunk was a good thing to have around. Going back in the house, he found supper waiting, but no lecture for being tardy, as the good wife had long since learned that lecturing a husband did no good, and his reasons were generally all right for not being on time. They ate supper rather quietly, then Cloud shoved back with a chuckle. Hearing steps coming on the stone walk leading up to the door, he opened it, and said, "Come in Blew; I am almost ready." To which Mrs. Cloud did not inquire, "ready for what?" as many would.

Lighting the lantern—a round perfor-



RIVER VIEWS AT RISING SUN, SHOWING KENTUCKY HILLS.

ated tin affair, through the holes of which the light came out from a tallow candle—Cloud and Blew went out and hitched the oxen to a sled, and went up the hollow where the hog had been shot for a bear, in the morning. They loaded it up, and brought it down to the yard. Then they went to where the calf lay, and sledded it up. Hearing the racket outside, the women folks came out to see what was going on, and soon took in the situation, and readily understood what the lot of hot water was for. It was not long until both the deer(?) and the bear(?) (as they kept speaking of them) were strung up; hides, hoofs and heads off; and thoroughly cleansed, inside and out, with the hot water, and left to cool.

They went into the house, chuckling and giggling like schoolboys, until Mrs. Cloud said, "What on earth is the matter with you men? Is that hard cider you drank before starting away from our afternoon visit, just taking effect?" "More than that," spoke both of the men. "Oh, tell them the whole thing, Cloud," said Blew. "They've been patient long enough;

why many women would have used that hot water on us, if they had not been told of our expected doings, before this." "So," said Cloud. "Hee, hee! haw, haw!" he laughed outright. "Well, go on and tell, if so funny," said the daughter. "Well, hee, hee! haw, haw!" laughed Cloud again. "Oh, you tell it Blew," said Cloud. "You silly boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Cloud, almost vexed. "Well," said Cloud, sobering down, "Blew, when he was down town this afternoon, learned that it was out that those hunters had killed a deer and a bear up the hollow here, and that there would be venison and bear meat on sale at the market house in the morning. We decided not to disappoint the natives; so, after lying down and resting a few hours, we are going to get up, and take those carcasses down on the ox sled, and be there, ready for opening of market, at three or four o'clock in the morning." Then they all "haw-hawed," and brought up a fresh jug of boiled cider out of the cellar, and took several gourds around, as they merrily chatted over the deception.

CHAPTER IX.

The hunter detectives, as they withdrew from the Seminary, felt quite chilled, and wondered where they could get warmed, without going back to the hotel. They supposed that the stores were all closed by that time, and they didn't care to visit more of them that night anyway.

They walked down the Seminary pathway, between moaning trees, and paused a moment at the gate. They noticed a flickering light across the street, and crossed over. It came from a blacksmith shop on the other corner. The door being left unfastened, they opened it and went in, and found the blast yet quite warm. Soon they were comfortable, and talked over plans for the night; they decided they would meander around town until the boat came, which they could not possibly think would be later than midnight. Passing out of the shop onto the street, they strolled toward the main street again,

turned the first corner toward the river, walked down a square, and stopped in front of a store. At the outer edge of the sidewalk was a huge hitchrack, which they leaned against, and talked in low tones, stopping now and then to observe a flitting light here and there in some of the neighboring buildings. For what purpose the people were keeping up, they only could conjecture. If in Cincinnati they could better understand; there might be some games going on; but of course nothing of that kind down in this nice town, said one to the other.

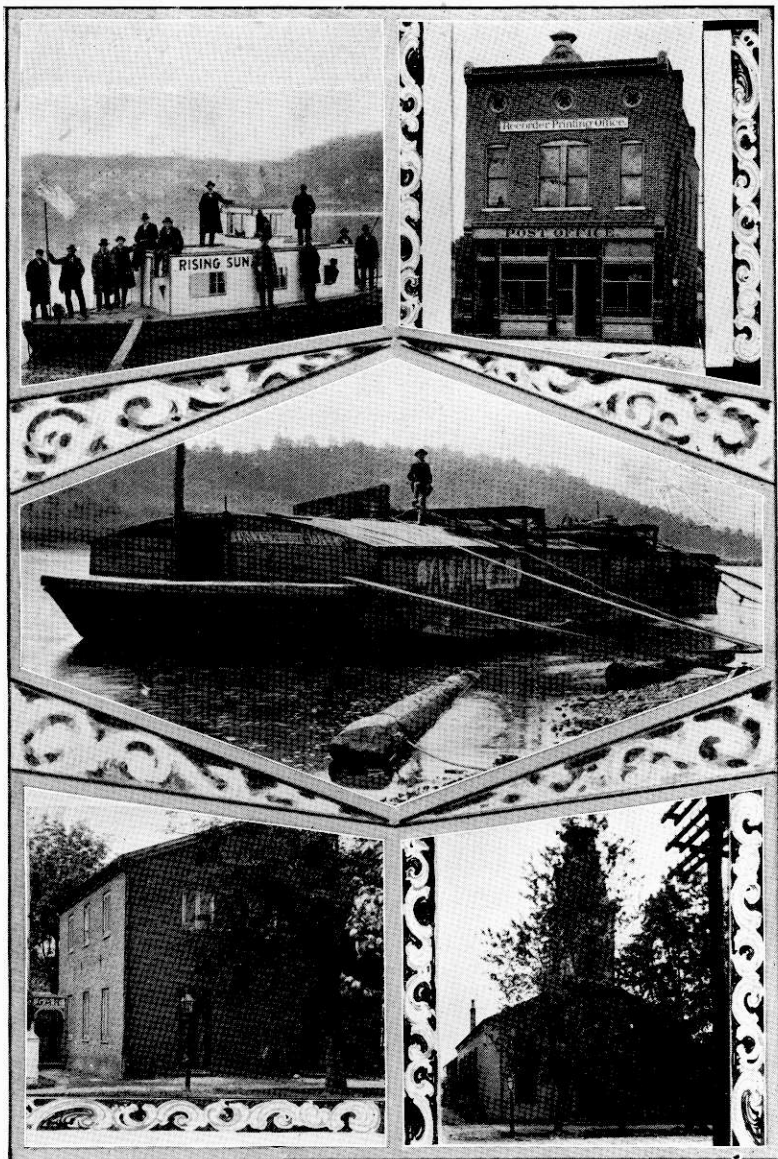
While thus musing, they heard footsteps coming up the street on the opposite side, then a young man crossed over to the corner they were on. "Hello!" said the wayfarer, as he came up almost against them in the dark. "Hello yourself," said the hunters. "Well, for what?" came the answer; "anything you need?" "Yes, a steamboat to Cincinnati." "Well, there will be one along between now and

daylight." "No railroad near here?" asked the hunters (knowing there was not). "None nearer than Lawrenceburg, and that not finished building yet." "Ain't you going to have it come down here?" "Oh, yes, some time in the next fifty years. You see, this town is only about fifty years old now." "My! my!" exclaimed the hunters, "old as Cincinnati and no railroad! Why, we have three railroads up there, already." "You be from Cincinnati, then," broke in the pedestrian. "Sometimes," replied the hunters. "Be you the fellers that killed a deer and a bear up Bogus Hollow, today (or yesterday); I don't know whether it's after midnight or not" (trying to strike a match and look at his watch). "Oh, you needn't be particular as to the exact time of night." "Well, really, are you the fellows and did you kill a deer and bear. I'm a correspondent for a Cincinnati paper, and am writing it up from hearsay, but would prefer the truth. Such animals

were supposed to be extinct around here. And more, it is out that the carcasses will be on sale at the market house around the corner by three o'clock in the morning. It's almost that time now. Hope the boat won't come before then, so you fellers can get to see the citizens come to the market house. It's our main attraction here, just like you have in Cincinnati, only on a smaller scale. Did you sell out to the Bogus Hollow people, and—"Say, friend, stop and get your breath. We don't know what you are talking about. You've just come up from the distillery, or some other place, haven't you, by the way your tongue rattles." "Oh, talking goes with the profesh," said the young man of the quill. "I'll have this deer and bear story well wrote up whether I get the facts or not. I ain't going to bed until after the market house opens, and see if there is venison and bear meat on sale. Say, fellers, it's too cold to stand out here all night. Just

step up to my room, a short distance from here. You can make the boat after it blows, and we will see the market house open, if it rings its bell before the boat blows." "Is it automatic, like yourself?" asked the hunters, "and rings itself off and on?" "Oh, no," laughed the man of the quill, "there is a man by the name of Hare that rings the bell." "What does he ring it for at that time of night?" "Why, for the people to get up and go to market." "My, you must be an industrious people here!" "So we are, everybody is up by four." "Well, we heard something about this being a fast town, but we supposed it was meant for fast asleep." "Don't fool yourselves, we are up to Cincinnati in some things." "What things?" "Oh, come on up to my room." "All right." They turned the corner, and a few steps brought them to a two-story brick house. Opening the door, the quill-pusher led them up a stairway, dimly lighted by a tin lantern setting at the top. "Walk right

in here. Ain't this more comfortable than down on that cold corner?" said the pusher, poking up the fire in an old cast iron box stove, in which slowly burned a green chunk of wood. "Why, yes," replied the hunters, "you surely are a royal good fellow." "Oh, I always make it a rule when I meet a stranger, to take him in." At which remark the hunters glanced at each other a little uneasy, as if to say, "wish we had stayed down on the street." Recovering themselves, they sat down on cornhusk-bottomed chairs, and leaning back against the wall, ventured to say: "Well, now, tell us more of this nice old town." "Well," said the pusher of the quill, seating himself by a three-legged stand on which was a pile of papers and writing material, "I haven't been here a great while, but like all small towns I've been in, there are always some people ready to tell you all they know or hear of and a whole lot more. And I've been told, during my short stay here, that



LAST OF THE "BROADHORNS".

there's all sorts of games going on, and all kinds of money put up on them, and even all kinds of whiskey made; yes, and all kinds of people."

"What do you mean by all kinds of money?" queried the hunters. "Well, like this stuff," replied the pusher, putting his hand down in his pocket, and pulling out a lot of dimes, and laying them on the stand. "Anything wrong about them?" "Well, look them all over, and see if they are alike." "Right! there is a difference; some feel very slick; wonder if we have any like them, as we were given some change early in the evening;" hauling out a handful and looking over, about half of which had that greasy feeling. .

"Where does all this stuff come from, young man?" "How do you suppose I know? It's all around town, all seem to be caught with it; whether innocent or not, how can I tell?" "How long did you say you had been here?" asked the hunters. "Ever since I came, sure." Seeing he

was evasive, the hunters turned the subject by asking how many inhabitants there were in the place. "Oh, about fifteen hundred." "What do they all do for a living?" "Well, now that's a hard one, but the people that are known to make a living by work, do so down at the woolen mill on the river corner. The distillery employs a few hands, also the grist mill. There are several cooper shops about town; also some ploughs made here, and a pottery up the street; a brick yard down on the river bank, and a tannery; also a saw-mill; some go flat-boating down to New Orleans; others trade horses, and some, like yourselves, hunt and trap for a living; others, as we talked about awhile ago, make their own money direct, and save Uncle Sam the trouble." "All this you actually know?" interrupted the hunters. "Well, I've been around a little."

"What do you have in the way of amusements here?" "Well now, you ought to stay here the year 'round to find out

about that. Just now it's a little quiet, except the revival meetings that are going on in town, at the various churches." "How many have you here?" "Which, revivals or churches?" "We supposed it was one and the same; where there was a church, there was always a revival." "No doubt that is the way it should be, and you may have it that way up to Cincinnati, but down here it is a little different. Just now some are trying to get up a bigger time down at the Fairview building, in way of a fandango, to counteract the good influence of the revival meetings." "Well, enough about that. Suppose you observe Fourth of July?" "Ha! Ha! say, just come down next Fourth. They have the blowing-ist-out-times here you ever saw in your life. Why the fireworks in your life to come will not be a patching to what they get up here, and go out to Symmes' Woods, just above town, east of where Bogus Hollow begins.

Just at that, ding dong went the market

house bell right out in the street, almost opposite their room. Looking out of a window, they could see persons moving about with their tin lanterns. "Gee! wo haw! Berry," rang out a somewhat familiar voice, almost under the window, and an ox team rounded up to the market house, which was now quite discernible by the light of the last quarter moon, that had come up over the Kentucky hills. The building was oblong, with sale stalls all around, and a cupola running up from the center; in which hung the bell. People now began coming in all directions. "Hurry up, Cloud!" said a voice loudly. "Get that venison and bear meat up in this stall, so all can see it before it is carved." "My, hain't he a big fellow!" spoke out several at once. "Shame to kill such a fine deer as that must have been," said another. "Wouldn't I like to have his horns, did you save them, Cloud?" spoke several voices. "Those hunters must have been good shots," said some

others. "Did you ever see anything of these animals up the hollow before?" "Oh yes," said Cloud, "several times, but never took a shot at them." "Wonder the hunters didn't take the carcasses back to Cincinnati with them," spoke another voice. "Well, let's carve them up," said Cloud. "I want to get back home by daylight." "All right," all said at once, and down came the carcasses on the blocks. Away flew the meat axes and saws. "How much a pound?" "Ten cents straight," said Cloud. "Take your choice of cuts, gentlemen," and they fairly grabbed for it, most paying in dimes. Sometimes a bill would be handed out, and dimes given in change. Soon the carcasses were carved and disposed of, bringing the round sum of thirty-five dollars. So the quill pusher told the hunters when he came back up stairs. Just then the boat whistled and the hunters hastily thanked the young pusher for his courtesy, and started for the boat, stopping at the hotel for their guns and dogs, which had been properly cared for.

CHAPTER X.

And now, dear reader or listener, the writer has become tired, and you, no doubt, are more tired, so a longer tale will be made shorter by saying this largely mythical story, founded on facts, will soon close.

The outcome of the detectives' visit (as it soon leaked out who they really were, in guise of hunters) was the cause of some suffering the penalty of the law for trifling with Uncle Sam. Others were so frightened from handling the stuff, that it soon disappeared.

The town has grown in beauty and improvements, but at the beginning of the twentieth century, only has about the same population as half a century ago; and the people are still waiting for a railroad, which, at the time this was written, was fully expected to come down Market street. But the market house is not in the way, it being torn down not



SYCAMORE STUB, NEAR RISING SUN, ON AURORA PIKE.

CIRCUMFERENCE, FIFTY FEET.

many years after the story of the deer and bear deception.

The Seminary building still stands, occupied as a residence by a good family. Also, the hotel referred to is still one of the leading hostleries of the town. The mill was burned a few years since. The old brick building, from where the hunters viewed the market house, was recently overhauled, and is now occupied by a new bank, and shoe store.

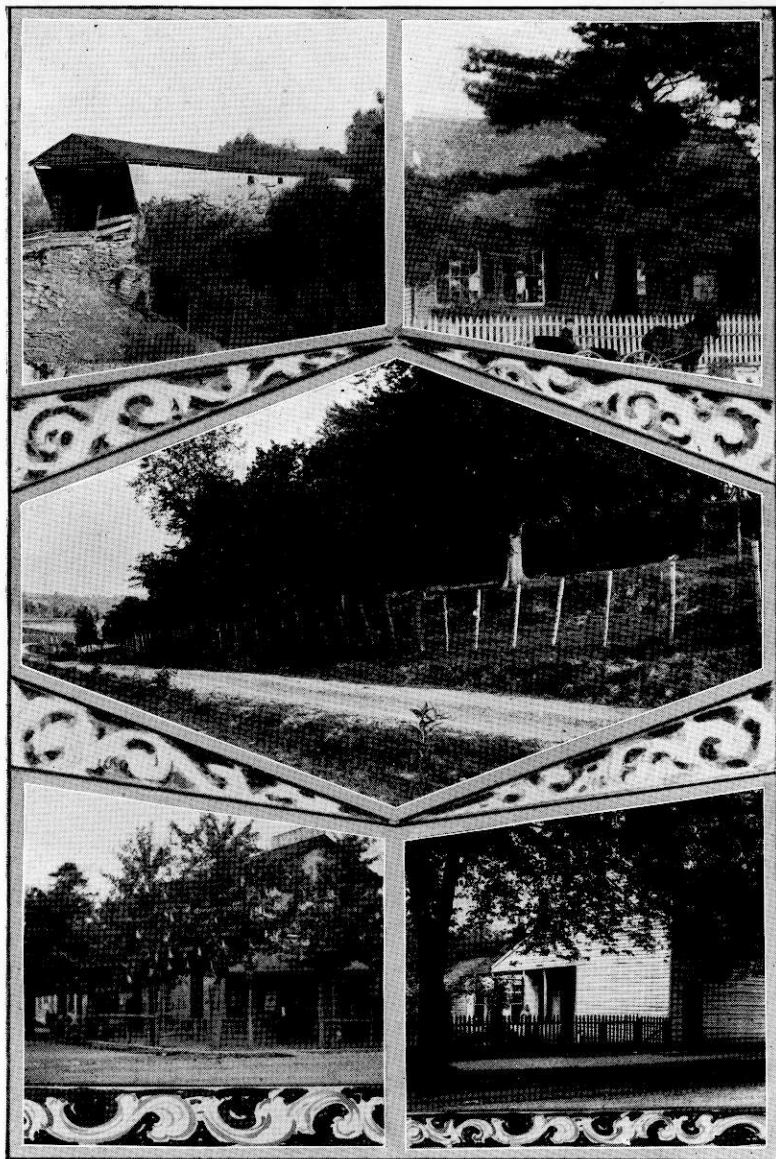
Some of the characters in the mind of the writer, are dead, others living and scattered over the country. Alas! the dear old Symmes' Woods, a few years since, fell by the ruthless woodman's axe.

Now we have to stay in town to do our "celebratin'", under the insufficient shade of Court House Square. May some philanthropist start us a park.

Hoping you have been somewhat as interested in reading or hearing this story read, as the writer has been in writing it; aiming to depict something of country

and town life "in ye olden time", with some moral hits, various traits of human nature, and a few suggestions, I close by saying, whatever else may be untrue in this story, the road leading out northwest of town, is still called "Bogus Hollow."





OLD BRIDGE.

CHILDHOOD HOME
OF AUTHOR OF "BOGUS HOLLOW".

"BEAUTIFUL ROAD SERPENTINING ITS WAY UP A HOLLOW"

OLD CORNER DRUGSTORE.

OLDEST RESIDENCE IN RISING SUN.

OLE RISIN' SUN.

I 'spose you know that I've been 'round
 Considerable sense I left yer town—
Thro' Bascom town an' ole Vevay
 An' all them towns down thataway.
A polafoxin' roun' until
 I rounded up to Ivensville.
They're all good towns,—as fer as they go,
 Fer a stoppin' place. But don't you know,
That after all is said an' done,
 They's narry a blasted single one
A patchin' to Ole Risin' Sun.

F'r instance, take yer river view,
 An' ole Kaintucky showin you
Her mountain tops. An' Rabbit-Hash
 Down in the valey. An' the splash
An' splutter uv the water wheel
 Uv that air City of Looeveel
Puffin' past! An' I'll be switched
 Ef I aint willin' to be ditched
An' dumped out here, an' haf to stay
 Around this place tell Judgment day.
Pervidin', as a feller says,
 The pies an' pancakes flourishes.—
As fer as Nature goes, she's done
 A midlin' sight by Risin' Sun.

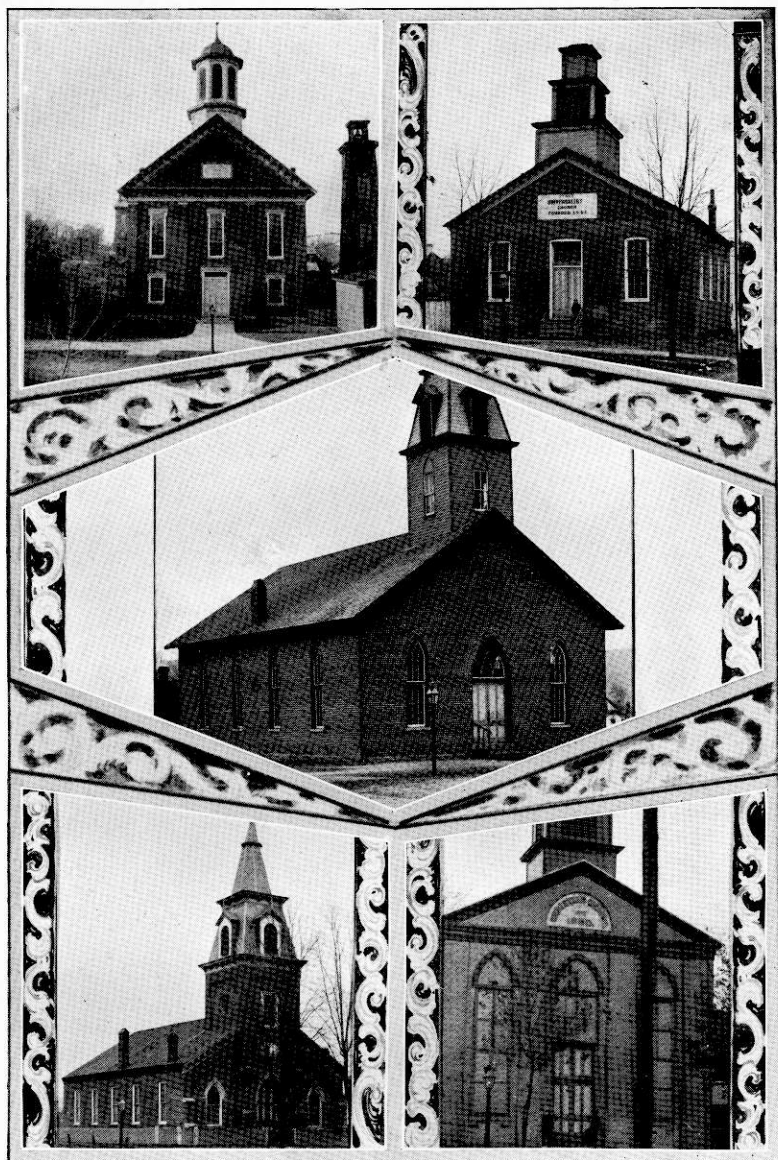
An' speakin' uv the things 'at takes
Most ever'where, Jest like hot cakes
An' wher's they airy play 'at leans
Up to our liken', like Blue Jeans?
Now wusn't that air very play
Writ right here in these diggin's? Hey?
With Ole man Bascom's funny tricks
A foolin' folks in polaticks.—
Sposin' you wanted to wake dead,
An' wher's they a bras band ahead
Th' Risin' Sun Roarers? Gee!
Ef you're a going to seranade me,
Jest send that band around fer fun,
An' I'll say "go in Risin' Sun."

But what I started out to say,
When sumpin else got in the way—
Taint yer Dwellin's ner yer streets—
But people 'at a feller meets
'At gives yer town the bulge. You take
The whole state over, an' I make
The successful contradiction here
'At you caint skear up anywhere'
A beatiner set uv folks 'n' yourn!
Er accomidatiner! An' more'n
At when I come to the judgment day
Ef I caint go to heaven, I'll run
My chances here in Risin' Sun.

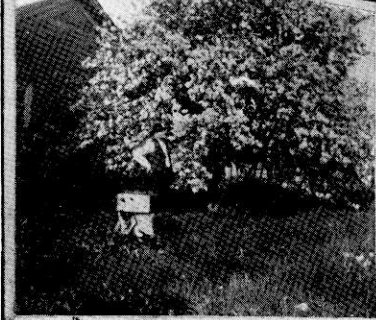
*By permission of the Author—Judge Alfred Elliston, of
Anderson, Ind., May 25, 1896.—Per R. L. Davis,
Rising Sun, Ind.*



PICNICING.
SAWMILLING.



RISEING SUN CHURCHES.



MICHIGAN HOME
OF AUTHOR OF "BOGUS HOLLOW."

HAPPY CHILDREN.

LIFE BOAT SCENE.

CONTEMPLATION.

ROADSIDE WATER TROUGH.