

**AROUND W.N.**

R. C. Brophy was in town this week. Mrs. Heatherington is reported seriously ill.

Dick Hall lost a valuable farm horse last Sunday evening.

Knud Thompson got a car load of horses and cattle, Tuesday.

The lumber for the Congregational church has arrived.

C. E. Blackwell, the lumberman, came up from Valley city, Tuesday.

Fred. Thompson came home, Monday night, from his Canadian visit.

Rev. Jensen, presiding elder, preached in the methodist Norwegian church, Sunday.

March comes in like a "roaring lion," and no one exactly knows how it will go out.

H. P. Smart went to Pembroke, Me., Wednesday, for a short visit. It is six years since his last visit home.

Clausen & Krogstad have dissolved partnership. Mr. Clausen now being sole proprietor.

Wm. Retzlaff fell on the ice Thursday, and broke both bones of the leg below the knee.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Crane are still among the orange groves of Florida; but are expected back to the land of health and wealth, about April 1st.

The Pinkerton-King contest case was up, last Thursday, before the U. S. land office. After taking testimony of contestant, case was adjourned until the 1st of April.

Luce, the machine man of Steele county, was in town several days. It was a profitable for him. He got a \$50 cow for \$1 — at the raffle, Wednesday night.

Attorney Bosard says Treasurer Holman's books, at Lakota, were kept fraudulently from the beginning. It is also alleged that Holman's accounts have been short for nearly a year.

Mrs. J. N. Jorgensen and family went to Fargo, Monday, where they will visit for a few weeks.

Rev. Purrington, of Page, preached two acceptable sermons, Sunday, in the Baptist and Congregational churches.

Messrs. Forde & Lacken, formerly of Centerville Wis. well erect at once a commodious warehouse, and a spacious dwelling. They bid fair to prove valuable acquisitions to our community. Mrs. Ford is a fine musician, and a very accomplished lady.

Of the Burnell Crane wedding, at Mandan, Fla, Feb 20, it is remarked in the *Times-Union*:

Neither time, blossom or verdure had been spared in the work; and the little house looked an idyl. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crane, was dressed in soft, white china silk, made very simply, and wore no ornaments. She is young and pretty. The groom, a banker of Dakota, is tall, manly, and handsome. They were a fine looking couple. \* \* \* \*

Among those present, were Mr. Maynard Crane and bride, of New York. Mr. Crane had been married on the previous Thursday, in New York, to Miss May Fitch, of that city, and had arrived at the paternal home just in time to attend the wedding of his sister. His bride on this occasion wore a white Ottoman silk made en traine, with real lace trimmings, hair dressed with ostrich plumes a la pompadour. She is a fascinating blonde, highly accomplished, and has already won her way to an assured popularity in the society of Mandan, and is counted no small accession to these choice circles.

**NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.**

**Bald Hill.**

Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Merriman's friends took them by surprise, and enjoyed themselves until 2 o'clock by dancing, at which hour they departed for their homes, feeling that it was good to be there.

D. Sinclair is busy hauling lumber for a large granary, to be erected on his farm at once.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. R. Martin, who has been ill for some time, is again enjoying good health.

Mr. Ed. Guest, who is residing here with his brother, will move on his farm at Helena, in the spring. It is the general belief of the people that his best girl will accompany him to his home.

Fredrick and Andrew Sinclair drove to Sanborn, Saturday.

J. G. Mills will erect a commodious granary on his farm in the spring, F. Sinclair contractor.

Mrs. Brown has returned from visiting friends in Valley City, and is now at home with her son John, on the farm.

George Brown is visiting friends at Bald Hill.

Do the boys in this town take their spring baths as hot as a certain young man who recently went tripping over the hills home, with his red face, loose hair, and wet clothes.

Wm. McCulloch, of Jesse, called at Mt. Clair, on his return from Sanborn.

J. G. Mills and Charles Arndt were in Cooperstown, Tuesday.

John Armstrong, while in Wisconsin, purchased a fine two-year-old Norman colt, weighing 1460 pounds. It is expected he will take in the Fourth of July races, in Cooperstown.

**GALLATIN ITEMS.**

Will some one answer this: Would there be any difference in one neighbor stealing fodder from another (or let his stock run out in all kinds of weather), and the other neighbor to milk the first mentioned neighbor's cows. It would be a bare faced robbery in both cases, would it not?

Arne Luckason says he wants to cut all the timber off his land adjoining Pates, and sow it in grass. That would be good policy.

Tom Trulson says they are going to sell whisky by the wholesale at Cooperstown, and not by the dram, any more.

Some one told me that a number of church members were out stealing timber recently, on the river. This makes the box elders scarce.

Knut Holand is talking of putting in a brick machine on the river, some place on section 16. It will be a paying business.

Hawks have made their appearance on the river, and a good many farmers say spring is at hand. But this blizzard will drive them south. When the eagles come then you may look for spring, in two weeks.

**BEN HOLLADAY.**

A Characteristic Story of the Veteran Pioneer of the Plains.

The Holladay collection of stories is a notoriously good one, says a Washington letter to the *New York Times*. But when Uncle Ben begins to tell a story about the plains it behooves everybody to listen. So we waited, of course, and lit fresh cigars, and tossed another log on the fire. I am sure I can not give any adequate idea of the story as I heard it. There was more in the way it was told than in the substance of it. If I spoil it in the telling it is my fault for a poor story-teller, and not Uncle Ben's. When it has the accompaniments of a roaring fire, a Virginia cabin, a bottle or two, plenty of tobacco, and a good relator, it is a prime story. How it will go, told in cold lamp-black and oil, I have my doubts. However, here it is, as nearly as I can imitate the original:

"You see, Mother Butterworth," Uncle Ben began, "was a friend of mine, because she was the wife of one of my chums. She lived in Washington, and in those days I lived there too. She was a very strict church member, and had a holy and very popular horror of cards, rum, and tobacco. One of her little peculiarities was that all sorts of distilled liquors she called gin, which she pronounced with a hard g, like ginn. Her husband — well, her husband wasn't quite so religious. No, not just quite. He was a chum of mine, and I s'pose that's huff said. He was one of the boys if ever there was one. He was older than I was, and could bet a bob-tailed flush with a harder cheek; but somehow Mrs. Butterworth always gave me credit for leading him astray. She thought I was an awfully wicked man. But she rather liked me, too, perhaps for the same reason that an angel would like occasionally to watch Old Nick to see what kind of an animal he is. And I had a sort of a liking for her, maybe on the same account. She was so awfully good, you see, and I was so awfully bad, or she thought I was. Sometimes she used to ask me to eat dinner with her, and then I always took pains to make myself out worse than I was, just to shock her. Well, one day she said to me: 'Mr. Holladay, I want you to come down to-morrow and take dinner with me, to meet our new pastor. He's such a good man I want you to know him.'

"Now, I'm not much of a hand for such dinner parties to meet our pastors. So I told her I thought I was too wicked to eat with a preacher, but I'd drop in after dinner, just about the time when the dessert and wine came on. I thought at first she was laying out to have the minister convert me, but I found afterward the pastor had met me years before on the plains and wanted to see me. But Mrs. Butterworth was quite willing to give me a little raking over, having the minister on hand for a sort of left bower. She began at me about the trip I had just taken down the Pacific coast. I took a dozen friends on a steamer, you know, and we went off for a month's frolic. She said she heard we did nothing but play poker, day and night, Sundays and all, till we got home.

"I assured her that was not the case. The story was a base libel. And I told her the exact truth about it like an honest man. We didn't begin playing poker till we were out of the harbor, six miles from Frisco, and we stopped before we reached the harbor coming back; and we never played poker on Sunday while we were in port. We didn't have

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the rules for the drivers to swear when there was a minister on the coach, and knew he'd never get through that d—ford if he didn't curse the horses some. I gave him a chance, and he got over all right. I know from that you must be a good man. But you're having a good deal of sickness in your family ain't you, Mr. Holladay?'

"I told him no, and asked him why he thought so.

"'Because,' said he, 'I see two or three carriages standing in front of your door on Sunday mornings I thought they must be doctor's carriages.'

"'Yes,' said Mother Butterworth, very sarcastically, 'doctor's carriages, indeed! That's a poker party, playing all night, and my husband's in it. But, thank God, they never made a gambling hell of my house.'

"'Yes, we did, though,' said I. 'Three nights a week, when you were in New York. We played till daylight and had a quail supper every night we played.' And I described to her where her husband got the tumblers and the punch-bowl, and the silver ladle, till she saw I knew about it. She was the worst disgusted woman you ever saw — disgusted not only with me, but with the pastor, too, for drinking my gin, as she called it.

"'I didn't expect anything better of you,' she said to me, after the preacher was gone. 'But I am disappointed in the new minister. I wouldn't have known that about our pastor, not for

time, on account of the cock-nights. 'I am so glad,' said the pastor, 'that you didn't play poker all the time. I knew that story couldn't be true, and I'll tell you why. I once met you out on the plains, and I knew the Ben Holladay who treated me so well out there couldn't be guilty of such a thing. I was making a long journey across the plains, in one of your coaches, and was about used up. One day we saw a coach coming in the opposite direction, and our driver said Ben Holladay himself was in it, because his flag, with B. H., on it, was flying over the top. Presently the coaches met, and stopped. You got out and said we must be tired, and passed around a box of cigars. I spoke to you and you said I looked ill (as indeed I was), and you said you had some medicine in your coach that you thought would do me good. And we got into the coach, which had no other passengers, and I took the medicine while the mail agent transferred the mail-bags.'

"I told him I remembered something about it, for it wasn't an ordinary thing to meet a gentleman of his cloth out on the plains. And I asked him whether he remembered what the medicine was. He said he didn't, but it was something that did him a great deal of good. I asked him whether it wasn't O. P. brandy, and he said he thought it was something of that sort. I asked him whether it didn't take two bottles to cure us, as we were both sick, and whether we didn't afterward throw the bottles out of the coach window and break them on the rocks. He said he had an indistinct recollection of something of the kind. Mother Butterworth all this time was looking horribly shocked. She wouldn't have believed me, but she had the pastor's own word for it.

"I'm so glad you never played poker in port, for I knew you were a good man in spite of all they say about you. I asked him how he knew it. 'Why,' said he, 'one day when I was riding beside the driver one of the traces broke just as we were coming to a little stream. The driver just pulled up and never said a word. He mended the trace and the horses started with a jerk and broke it again. Then he asked me if I wouldn't just as soon walk a little way up the creek and cross on the stones. I asked him why, and he said it was against the