To M. M.
In memory's glass I see thee, dear, appearing
Like hiding flower of May,
Or Spanish maid behind her fan, still fearing
Her full charms to display,
Or quite unveil her dark eyes' mystic power,
Lest he who feels their might,
Forget all else,—forget the flying hour—
And tarry into night!

A Kentucky Family Feud.

In our quiet little village, as in all other vil-
lages, dwelt a village schoolmaster, by name
William Wirt Richeson.

Mr. Richeson, or, as he was called by all, Prof.
Richeson, came originally from Virginia to
Kentucky, and settled in Maysville, on the
banks of the Ohio. As a graduate of the Uni-
versity of Virginia, he soon obtained a large
and flourishing school. Among his pupils
were many who have since acquired distinction
in national affairs. But the one to whom he
pointed with most pride was Gen. U. S. Grant;
and those who may read Grant's books, will
find Mr. Richeson's name mentioned in such
a manner as to show that the General also
thought well of him.

During his stay of thirty years in Maysville,
Mr. Richeson always spent his summers, and,
indeed, all vacations, in the mountains, hunting
and fishing. He was usually accompanied by
one or more of his pupils.

When he came to our village he still kept up
his customary visits to the mountains, and it
was always considered a great treat to be al-
lowed to accompany him.

In the summer of 1879 it fell to the lot of my
brother and myself to go up into the mountains
with him. So one morning in July we started
off on our journey. Our party consisted of
eight persons; and as the spring waggon, when
the baggage was all in, would hold but four, it
made it necessary that four should be walking
all the time, while the remainder rode.

The first curiosity met with was an old man
of eighty summers, who always from his earliest
youth upward made it a practice to keep his
chest bare in all kinds of weather. This old
gentleman tried to impress it upon us that to
live to a ripe old age, such an exposure of person
was necessary. But we have since been told
that he, like the man in Texas who only eats
one meal a day, is alone in his theory of
hygiene.

Our journey lasted two days, and it was on
the latter part of the second day that we left the
old Lexington and Richmond Pike, and turned
into a narrower road which lead over the moun-
tain range into Rowan County.

At a distance of about three miles from our
destination we passed a log cabin, situated in a
cornfield of about one hundred acres, most of
which was hillside land. Mr. Richeson pointed
to it and told us that there dwelt one of the
great men of the county. Great, not because
of any political office, or because he was the
owner of a large farm, but great because he
was one of the Underwood family. He was
Will Underwood, the best one of the family.

Mr. Richeson then told us something of the
history of this family, about as follows. During
the War of the Rebellion nearly every one in
that district was either directly outspoken in
favor of the Confederacy or secretly a sympa-
thizer, and helped the others more actively en-
gaged in the war. The Underwood family,
however, were Union men, either because they
were so from principle or because they found it
to be to their profit pecuniarily.

Be it as it may, they proceeded to make them-
selves very obnoxious to their neighbors by
stealing horses and taking them to the Union
army, not far away. Leading the life of guerillas,
they made many night attacks upon stables and
pastures, and many horses were missing as a
result.

When the war was over, one of the family,
Ralph, did not get over his bad habits immedi-
ately; and after a few years had passed by he
was found in possession of a horse which was
claimed by the Holbrook family. But Ralph
said that it belonged to him, and that they had
stolen it from him during the war, and now that
he had it he proposed to keep it.

After long discourse, etc., for several days no