agreement could be arrived at.

One night about twelve o'clock Ralph was aroused from his sleep by the barking of his dog. Grasping his gun he rushed out of the house, and saw a man sneaking away from the stable. He fired, and one of the Holbrook family died.

The news spread rapidly over the mountains. The Holbrook family assembled en masse and surrounded the Underwood cabin. The cabin was barricaded, and old man Underwood and his four boys stood inside to guard it. Firing from both sides was indulged in for a few days, when the State troops put in an appearance, and quiet reigned once more. Ralph managed to escape, and left the State, and so far as is known has never seen fit to return. One of the younger brothers was wounded in the side, while two of the Holbrooks were killed outright. Jesse Underwood was carried off and put in jail, but the Holbrooks remained unmolested.

It was four or five years after this battle that we visited Rowan County, and, as can be imagined, the coals were still glowing. It was reported that Jesse, who had managed to get out of jail and return to his home, had said that just as soon as his brother died, (who was still bedridden with the wound in his side,) that one of the Holbrooks should also die. But this we were told was a falsehood, and we must not believe it.

So much for previous history of the war.

About sundown we arrived at the house where we were to make our headquarters. Our host was known by all as Uncle George Ham. He was a large, stout man, and could tell about the wonderful Swift silver mine of Kentucky. He knew where it was; his father had told him when he was a boy. He also had made a wonderful discovery. He once placed a large boulder in a hollow stump and covered it over with sand; ten years later he removed the sand, took out the boulder, and to his astonishment it had grown to three times its former size. He therefore claimed to be the discoverer of the remarkable fact that stones grew when covered by sand in hollow stumps. He once got thrashed for killing a deer while going to church. In fact, he was a wonderful man! But to us he was somebody to be honored, because he could set an excellent table for $2.50 a week, and because he was personally acquainted with the Underwoods.

After we had been there a few days, and had learned the way to the post-office, — where mail was received twice a week, — and had found out that our host was named Ham, that his next neighbor was named Vest, and the postmaster named Saddler, while a man still farther down the creek was named Pig, we commenced to feel well enough acquainted to go deer-hunting. "Uncle Wag," Mr. Richeson's brother, sent word to Will Underwood, and he came over to help us get the deer, which, however, turned out to be a skunk in a hollow log, after the dogs had made an excellent run.

Will Underwood was a quiet, plain mountaineer, who seemed not at all like an outlaw, but, on the other hand, would have passed for a very quiet citizen. He talked to us about the troubles of his family, how much he regretted them, and even offered to sell us his farm for $300, so that he could move away with his family.

A day or two after Will's visit, as I was returning from fishing, I was surprised to see a man walking a short distance ahead of me, with a rifle in his hand and three revolvers buckled around his waist. Needless to say, I checked my pace and drew to the side of the road, so as to hide myself as much as possible. Thus we walked until we reached the farm-house, where the stranger walked in, and was greeted warmly by all. Feeling assured, in some measure, I quickened my gait, and timidly entered the yard. Mr. Richeson called out to me, "Come here! I want to make you acquainted with the most noted man in the county, Mr. Jesse Underwood. Jesse smiled, and I did so faintly, while my eyes looked alternately at his face and his revolvers.

"O," said he, "don't be afraid; I am not so bad as I look, am I, Uncle Billy?" turning to my esteemed Professor.

Just then I wanted very much to ask two questions: First, How is your brother? thinking