

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN.

JAMES W. REILY, the first clerk of the Boyd courts, was intellectually as bright as a diamond. He could quote whole pages from Tom Hood, Burns, and Edgar A. Poe. He was finely educated. The milk of human kindness bubbled over from his great, loving heart. If a little child stubbed its toe, no matter what the surroundings, Jimmy Reily ran to its relief. He died unmarried in 1865. He had his little besetments, yet was a noble man.

JUDGE WILLIAM SANDS was a gifted personage. He studied law with Hon. G. N. Brown soon after coming home from service in the Confederate army. He went to Greenup, and was soon made county attorney; then he was elected district attorney, and followed right on as circuit judge. He had dazzling talents; but the sunshine of public favor fell too heavily upon his ethereal make-up, and, like a tender flower, he was cut down in early morn. He died trusting in the Redeemer.

W. MATE STRONG, of Paintsville, possessed rare talents. His mind fairly glistened with bright thoughts. He was an educated young lawyer. He fought against pulmonary trouble; but it conquered his frail nature. He was all mind. He died young.

THE TURMANS

CAME down from Floyd County, and settled near Round Bottom at a very early day, about the time of the War of 1812. The father of James Turman had other sons besides James, who intermarried with the leading families of the neighborhood. The Turmans are thus well connected.

James was not the only prominent one of the family; but, by force of character and circumstances, he was properly the leader of the house of Turman in the valley. He married Margaret, a daughter of James Rouse, father of Esquire Samuel Rouse, who is, and has been many years, a magistrate in Boyd County. James Turman paid great deference to his wife, always addressing her as Miss Margaret. When a young married man he bought land on the Kentucky shore of the Sandy River, opposite the Bloomer Bar. He opened a farm, established a ferry across the Sandy, and entertained travelers at his inn. In the early days of Kentucky history a ferry carried with it the privilege to retail spirits, and Mr. Turman, with his keen scent after money, was not slow in availing himself of the privilege. When the privilege was taken away by legislative enactment, he procured license from the County Court, and continued selling as a hotel-keeper until the war, in 1861. By farming, hotel-keeping, ferrying, and retailing ardent spirits he became well-off. Few men on Lower Sandy

were better known than was James Turman, not only to the people of his own section, but to those throughout the valley.

One outcome in the life of James Turman differs from that of most men similarly situated, which it is not out of place to mention. Statistics prove that ninety per cent of all retailers of ardent spirits not only become hard drinkers, but lose their property, and are sooner or later reduced to poverty. The statistics referred to proved only half true in Mr. Turman's case; for while he drank his dram continuously, he continued to prosper in business to the end of his life. This is accounted for by the fact that he strictly adhered to the laws of trade, saving every day something above his outgo. He was a very joyous, sunshiny man, and was friendly to all; but his hilarity never carried him so far as to cause him to lose his balance, and give to relative or friend one glass of liquor. Every body who drank his grog was compelled to pay down before he got the beverage. As whisky in those days only cost about twelve cents per gallon, the owner could afford to partake of all he chose, and still have immense profits to place to his credit.

Turman's Ferry, for twenty-five years previous to 1864, was the most prominent point on the Sandy River between Louisa and the Mouth. Rockville, a short distance above, on the Sandy, and Railroad, and White's Creek, and Lockwood Station below, get most of the trade that used to center at and

near Turman's Ferry. Mr. James Prichard, also in the Round Bottom, divides patronage with the places mentioned.

There is but very little crossing now at the old landmark of Turman's Ferry. Mr. Turman died some years after the close of the great war. He left several sons and a daughter. One of the sons, Samuel, lives on and owns part of the old homestead, and is a prominent citizen in the neighborhood and county, while others are in the far West. The daughter married Philip Fannin, an official of Boyd County, and one of the most prosperous and wealthy farmers and stock-traders in the Sandy Valley. Mrs. Fannin is a worthy helpmeet to her husband, being possessed of all the characteristics of a noble wife, mother, and neighbor.

Mrs. Turman, or Miss Margaret, as her husband fondly called her, still lives in contentment at the old homestead.

An incident well illustrating Mr. Turman's social nature, but more especially his love of gain, happened in the Summer of 1860, which is historic enough to be recorded in this sketch. The county of Boyd had been formed during the session of the Legislature of 1859 and 1860. The new county, with Lawrence, was made a legislative district. The Whig-American combination in politics appointed a day to hold their convention, to bring out a candidate to represent the district in the lower branch of the Legislature. Turman's Ferry, being

centrally located, was selected as the place where the first convention of the people of the two counties should assemble to make a nomination. The day on which the meeting of the clans occurred was lovely in the extreme. The Sandy River had, from recent rains, swelled sufficiently to enable a Sandy steamer to take the delegation from Catlettsburg to the meeting. The people of the Gate City, as the county seat had been fixed at their place, were in a mood to love every body, and felt that it would be courteous to go *en masse* to the gathering of the people from Lawrence and their own proud little county, and thus show by their presence that they wished to bind in the bonds of indissoluble friendship the people of the two counties. When the boat left Catlettsburg it was alive with people, including many ladies, all bent on a day of pleasure. Many of the people had baskets well filled with viands, of which to make their dinner. A few, however, had not taken their lunch along with them; but they cared nothing for that, as Mr. Turman was prepared to feed all who might apply for dinner. Those who had lunch were very liberal in sharing it with those who were not so fortunate. Vast crowds came down from Louisa and vicinity, and as most of them came on horseback, it was inconvenient to cumber themselves with a lunch-basket, especially when they knew that they could be supplied at the Turman Hotel.

The great meeting was held in Mr. Turman's

new barn, just erected, as if for the occasion. Captain William Vinson, Daniel Johns, Laban T. Moore, together with many other noted citizens of Lawrence County, were present.

Daniel Johns was nominated, and, at the ensuing election, elected to the Legislature, being the first to fill that honorable position in the new district. Mr. Johns served faithfully and received the plaudits of his constituency ; but soon after his term expired he removed to Minnesota, where he has ever since resided. The removal of Mr. Johns created a vacuum in the affairs of Lawrence County, which has been hard to fill by another. He was a very kind, genial man, and sensible as well. He has filled official positions in his North-western home with credit to himself and profit to his constituents.

But to the incident. After the nomination was made, many of those who had brought no lunch rushed to the hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. Turman had made ample preparation to feed all who might call for dinner. The tables were filled with rich viands, that were devoured with a keen relish by the hungry crowd who filled up the tables ; all, however, in the best of spirits, praising the dinner, and heaping encomiums on both host and hostess for the great labor they had undergone to feed the hungry delegates. Mr. Turman's business tact never forsook him—no, not under the most trying circumstances. From the many praises his big dinner was receiving from almost every one partaking of his food, he must

have been led to believe that the feasters thought it was a free-to-all meal, and as he dignifiedly passed up and down the hall, talking pleasantly to all, he remarked that he had plenty to eat, and it was free to all; "but," said he, "if you see proper to give a quarter a piece, old Jim [as he called himself] will not be offended." If any one had had previously supposed that his dinner was free, he was now undeceived, and all planked down the quarter. It was not meanness in him, it was a very soft way to manage business with a promiscuous crowd.

THE GOBLES, OF LAWRENCE.

GREENVILLE GOBLE and his wife were originally of what is now Carter County; but were early in Lawrence, and may be styled old settlers there. Mr. Goble was a man of talent, and possessed of great energy. He was a lawyer of more than average capacity, and successfully practiced his profession, not only in his own county of Lawrence, but in adjoining counties. He filled the office of prosecuting attorney for one term. Like many lawyers possessing energy and a taste in that direction, he was also an extensive farmer and trader. He was the owner of one of the best farms in Lawrence County, outlying from the river. The Goble place, four miles from Louisa, on the West-Liberty road, not only had many broad acres of land under a high state of cultivation in grains

and grass, but the excellent dwelling, barns, and large, well-kept orchards gave evidence that a master was at the head.

Mr. Goble was not only a busy man, attending strictly to money-getting, but was also a man of great public spirit, and devoted much time in studying the interests of his county and section. Along in the forties he was convinced that tobacco could be raised to great profit by the small farmers of the county, and yield greater returns than any other crop they might raise on the space of ground taken in its cultivation; and he further argued that it was a crop which every little boy could assist in raising, thus inducing the boys not only to learn industrious habits, but adding something to the family purse also. So anxious was the philanthropist to have the people engage in tobacco culture, that, in many instances, he obligated himself to buy their tobacco, or at least market it for them. Quite a number availed themselves of the generous offer of Mr. Goble, and raised their first crop of the weed. But having had no experience, and being careless in its handling, their tobacco made a shabby appearance when offered for sale in market. Mr. Goble kept his word with all, and lost money by his neighbors' bad handling of their first and last crop of tobacco. Had the farmers done their work as scientifically as did Mr. Goble, his expectations would have been realized, and they would have received better returns for their labor.

In the prime of life Mr. Goble died, leaving a widow, several daughters, and one son, none of his children having reached mature age. The widow and mother was in every way qualified to take up the burden of conducting the large farm, with the skill of one who had been trained to such a life, even buying and selling horses, mules, and cattle, with the clear business judgment of the best farmers and stock-traders. The Widow Goble's farm was one of the best-kept in the county, affording a good profit by the superior skill and good management with which it was conducted. The daughters, as they grew up to womanhood, married, settling with their husbands in Lawrence County, where they were raised.

The son, Montraville B. Goble, studied law, but was elected to and filled the office of Circuit clerk when quite a young man, which no doubt caused him to give up the practice of the law, and ultimately to engage in other pursuits. When quite a young man he married Miss Burgess, a daughter of George Burgess, a wealthy and honorable citizen of Lawrence County. Mr. Goble's wife was a noble Christian lady. They lived in Louisa, where he engaged in timber-trading on the Sandy. He was not only one of the leading business men of his county, but took rank as a leader, a public man, and a politician. Mr. Goble had the misfortune to lose his wife by death early in the seventies. She left two sons, George and Green-

ville, and four daughters. George, the elder son, died suddenly in 1885 or 1886. Greenville, the younger, is now just grown to manhood, and is employed as clerk in one of the many industries his father is interested in. One of the daughters is the wife of Mr. Magann, son of banker Magann, of Grayson, Ky. He is a gentleman of fine business tact, and is doing well. Another daughter is the wife of Maguffey Wellman, a young business man of Catlettsburg. Another daughter died on the verge of young womanhood. Miss Lilian, the only one at home, adds a charm to the home circle and to society by her lady-like manner and graces.

Mr. Goble, after the death of his wife, married for his second wife, Miss Northup, of New York, a sister of Colonel Jay H. Northup, of Louisa. It was a match well worthy to be made, she being a lady of education, refinement, and great suavity of manner. One child, a son, now ten or twelve years old, blesses this marriage. Some short time after Mr. Goble's second marriage, he moved from Louisa to Catlettsburg, where he still continues to reside. He is largely engaged in timber-trading, saw and planing milling, and holding real estate, all together giving him as much to do in looking after his many ventures as can be crowded on one man.

Mr. Goble is a member of no Church, but leans strongly toward the Methodists, and, when possible, he attends Methodist revival meetings, taking in the hearty singing and testimonies with a keen

relish of religious delight. He contributes of his means to support the Gospel. His first wife was a leading Southern Methodist. The present Mrs. Goble is a Presbyterian, and so are the daughters.

Mr. Goble was at one time not only a Democrat of Democrats, but would go any reasonable length to see his man elected, whether the man was right or wrong. He is still in principle as strong a Democrat as ever, but by no means so zealous a worker in the party traces, and would be apt to kick if a really bad man were put up for his support. He is a strict temperance man, casting his vote against the sale of liquor whenever the subject comes up.

The widow of Greenville Goble and mother of M. B. Goble is still living, at a good old age. She makes her home with one of her daughters, near Louisa, Kentucky. She is a ripe Christian lady, having been most of her life a professed Christian, in communion with the Methodist Church. She is loved by her children and grandchildren and esteemed by her neighbors, and is waiting on the shores of time to "go up higher" when the Master calls.

TWO HISTORIC SISTERS.

HENRY SOVAIN was a scion of the house of that name, in Alsace-Lorraine, a former province of France, but now of Germany. Some of the Sovains came to America as early as 1755, and settled

in Philadelphia, where, by industry and thrift, they accumulated property, but lost it in the War of the Revolution and in that of 1812. The Sovains are referred to in sketching the history of a family of note in Catlettsburg, who are at the head of one of Catlettsburg's most useful industries, and noted for their education and knowledge. But it is needless to refer to the branch at Catlettsburg, who, by the maternal side of their house, have the blood of the Sovains.

Henry Sovain, wishing to seek a location farther south, and hoping to improve his worldly prospects, when a young man went south into Virginia, where he married the daughter of one of the first families of Central Virginia. The young husband and wife settled on a farm at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, where they intended to live the remainder of their days. But shortly before Louisa became a town, which was in 1821, many people in the neighborhood of the Sovains sold out, and moved to the Sandy Valley, then the "promised land" of that section in the "Old Dominion." Among the emigrants some of the relatives of Mrs. Sovain were found. This, no doubt, hastened the removal of Henry Sovain and his wife to the Sandy Valley, which took place a little before or soon after the new county of Lawrence was formed.

While living in Central Virginia a little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sovain, to gladden their hearts. They named her Mary Jane. When

they moved to Sandy she was four or five years old. They at first settled in Wayne County, Va., near Louisa, Ky. When, not long after, another daughter came to add to their cup of joy, they gave her the name borne by the wife and mother, Millie. Mary Jane looked upon her baby sister as a little angel, sent down from above by the Good Father, to be her companion, for it must be recorded that Mrs. Sovain was a warm-hearted Christian of the Methodist faith from early childhood, and it was no trouble, with the pious mother's teachings, for little Mary Jane to believe every thing that she thought was good to be a gift from God.

The two sisters, Mary Jane and Millie, were destined, in God's providence, to be great actors in life's drama in the rôle of sister, daughter, wife; the former, as mother, step-mother, both being Christian workers and merchants. The girls, as they grew up, received the best moral and mental training possible from a Christian mother, with the aid of the best schools of the new settlement. The Sovains, not being possessed of a large share of worldly wealth, could not afford to send their daughters to boarding-schools to have them trained, which they would have gladly done had they been able. With all of these drawbacks, so well was the education of the daughters managed by parents and teachers that, on arriving at young womanhood, each had a fairly good education.

Mary, the elder, in young womanhood, married

Mitchell Stewart, a young farmer. It proved to be a happy match, the union, however, only lasting a few brief years, when it was terminated by the death of the husband. Mr. Stewart left behind him a widow, with the care of two little children, a son and daughter. The son, Henry R. Stewart, was a precocious child, and gave promise in early youth of great intellectual attainment, which was realized, although a promising career was cut short by his early decline, and by his death at the age of twenty-eight years. Henry R. Stewart was fairly well educated, and had a retentive memory ; he was a great reader, and possessed an analytical mind, capable of properly applying what he had read, which made him one of the best informed young men of his time in Louisa, where he lived and died. He never married.

The sister of Henry R. received the name of her aunt and grandmother, "Millie," or Amelia ; but the child's uncle, John Cook, fondly called the winsome child "Did," and to this day she is addressed by that appellation by her intimate friends. She grew up to womanhood, the idol of mother, brother, and associates. She was trained in the principles of religion, and her mind was cultivated in the best schools in her native little city, thus qualifying her, though unseen at the time, to fill the place with credit as the wife of a public man. At fifteen years of age, or, perhaps, a little before, she was a bride, marrying Kenas F. Prichard.

He was at the time, a rising young lawyer, practicing his profession in the town of Louisa, and is now the Hon. Mr. Prichard, a prominent citizen, lawyer, and political leader, living at Catlettsburg.

Mr. Prichard and family, about 1870, moved from Louisa, Lawrence County, where he had filled several important offices and where he was regarded as a man of great intellectual ability. Since his residence in Boyd, he has been State senator, but is more noted as a great lawyer and pleader at the bar than a seeker of promotion in official life. Mr. Prichard and family occupy a high position in the social circle of Catlettsburg, and live in fine style at their magnificent home on Broadway.

To the union of Keen F. Prichard and Amelia Stewart have been born four children, three daughters and one son. The oldest daughter married a scion of one of the old aristocratic houses of Fleming County. They live in Omaha, Nebraska, where the husband is engaged in commercial pursuits. The young wife, although the distance is great, comes back often to the home of her childhood, to bring sunshine to the hearts of her father and mother and former associates, not forgetting to cover her Aunt Shearer with kisses of love. The second daughter wedded a prosperous young manufacturer of Omaha, and, of course, lives there. The youngest daughter, an uncommonly bright and winsome miss, just approaching young womanhood, was carried to the tomb by a sudden stroke of

heart disease. Her untimely taking away crushed the heart of father, mother, sisters, brother, and Aunt Shearer, and brought sadness to all of her young associates and the older people who had become acquainted with the bright little lady. Henry, the son, deserves a medal of the Red-Cross Legion of America as a reward for the performance of an heroic act, which saved from death by drowning two valuable lives.

When the great flood of 1884 was at its highest, Mrs. Judge C. L. McConnell and her little maid were precipitated into the swirling waters at a depth of seven feet, and would have perished but for young Henry Prichard. Being near by in a joe-boat, he heard the plunge, as well as the screams of distress uttered by the lady and little girl, and with lightning speed flew to the scene of danger. He caught the little miss by her hair, and pulled her into the boat; the lady, fortunately seizing the craft, was assisted in by the brave lad, and landed on the stairway out of danger.

We now leave the house of the Stewart branch of the Sovains, and ask the reader to turn back to Mrs. Stewart, the mother of Henry R. and his sister, Mrs. K. F. Prichard, and follow us while we trace her eventful life. Some years after the death of her husband, Mitchell Stewart, she for the second time became a wife; Milton Ferguson winning her heart and hand in holy wedlock. Mr. Ferguson was a well-to-do merchant at Wayne C. H.,

Virginia, now West Virginia, and was a man of honor and strict integrity. He was a widower, with three sons. C. W. Ferguson, for many years a well-off farmer and store-keeper, near Wayne C. H., is one of the sons. We have already, under another head, given a short sketch of the life of another of the sons, the late Hon. M. J. Ferguson, of Louisa; and Captain Joseph M. Ferguson, of near Ashland, Ky., who, like his brothers, has always sustained the highest reputation as a man of honor, is the third brother. It is not historically amiss to state that Captain Ferguson fought bravely on the Confederate side during the Civil War. That he was conscientious and brave is proven, although not alone, by the fact that when the war was over, and he returned to his home, he set himself bravely to work to rebuild his own personal fortune, making himself useful to the people of his section in straightening out the difficulties the war had brought on his country, never abusing either the Government or those brave men who met him on the field of battle in the great contest.

But we bid adieu to the three full brothers Ferguson, and again retrace our steps to Mrs. Ferguson, formerly Stewart, *née* Sovain.

To the union of Milton Ferguson and Mary Jane Stewart were born two children, a son and a daughter. The son, John Ferguson, first studied law, but having no taste for it, turned his attention to steamboating and river-trading. He is almost

a recluse so far as society is concerned, but when he does emerge from his chosen obscurity, few men make a better impression upon acquaintances and friends. Laura, the daughter, was trained from infancy by her doting mother with all the care that it is possible for a Christian parent to bestow on her offspring. The father died when the child was very young, and the entire responsibility of her training in life consequently devolved upon her mother. As the daughter, from her youth, gave every indication of strength of character and vigor of intellect, the mother was encouraged to bestow extra labor and expense in training at home, and had her educated in the best schools, fitting her to fill with credit and usefulness in life the responsibilities which awaited her, at least in expectancy, as a woman of high position in society.

When Laura Ferguson grew up to young woman's estate, she was not only the idol of her relatives, but was regarded by all who knew her as a young lady of rare excellence, being beautiful in person, graceful in manners, cultured in mind, and, to crown all, a Christian believer. After the death of Milton Ferguson, Laura's father, her mother opened and carried on a store in Louisa, not giving up the business until early in the sixties, and although living some time after she gave up business, she died before her daughter was fully grown.

It is necessary to go back many years, and more fully sketch the history of Millie, the younger

sister of Laura's mother. John Cook came from Marietta, Ohio, prior to 1840, and established the tailoring business in Louisa, adding ready-made clothing to his calling. It is well to state in this place that at that period of time the sewing-machine had not been invented, and all the clothing men and women wore was made by hand. As the tailoring business was one of great utility and profit, the sons of the rich, as well as the poor, in many instances, learned that trade. Such a thing as a store which kept only men's garments on sale, prior to the coming of the sewing-machine, the invention of Elias Howe, a good Quaker of Long Island, New York, was regarded as an innovation and a profitless financial venture. Many German tailors had come to the United States, who, as a class, were not so well skilled in the art as the American, English, or Irish tailors, and were compelled to work at their trade for almost what boss tailors chose to give them. This, no doubt, had something to do in starting up clothing-stores in the large cities of the land. But John Cook's starting such a business in the then small town of Louisa looked, to conservative old store-keepers, as a doubtful experiment, indeed. Mr. Cook was a typical Ohio man, having the pluck of the New Englanders who founded the great State of Ohio by establishing a colony of hardy pioneers at the mouth of the Muskingum. He thought that, by attention to the laws of trade, any legitimate business could be made

successful. His was the first clothing-store established in the Sandy Valley; and it proved a success. He afterwards added a general store to his business, doing a prosperous trade up to the time of his death in 1856.

In 1840 Mr. Cook married Millie Sovain, sister of Mary Jane Sovain. The union was a very happy one. While Mrs. Cook paused to weep for her dead husband, she was supported by the sublime truths of the Christian religion. Though no children were born to her, who might by their very dependence have mitigated her grief, she felt that as her husband, who was all the world to her, had finished his course on earth, and had been transplanted to the celestial world, that she would not be honoring his memory by sitting down in idle lamentation for her loss. Besides, were there not helpless ones to think of? She had no children to receive the warmer love bestowed by a stricken wife and mother, to be sure; but there were her aged parents and her sister's children, who needed her counsel and aid. While generous to all of her relatives, more especially did her yearning heart go out after her niece, Laura. She took upon herself the privilege of sharing with the mother the training of the young, sprightly niece, hoping to see her in after years occupying a high sphere in the moral, intellectual, and social walks of life; and she was not disappointed. Seven or eight years after the death of her first husband, John Cook, Mrs. Cook

married Samuel Wellman, a wealthy and very prominent citizen of Wayne County, West Va.

Mr. Wellman, as perhaps has already been said, was a brother of the late Judge Wellman, of Catlettsburg; also the uncle of James, Calvin, and Noah Wellman, of the same place—all prominent people. He was also the father-in-law of the late Hon. M. J. Ferguson, a short sketch of whose eventful life is given in another place. Mr. Wellman, of course, was a widower when he married the Widow Cook. The union proved to be a very peaceful and happy one, but was terminated in a brief space of time by the sudden death of Mr. Wellman.

We failed to state before, that after the death of John Cook, her first husband, the widow continued the business of merchandising in her own name from Mr. Cook's death till 1861 or 1862; and it is proper to say that she was regarded during her whole mercantile life as a lady of fine business capacity. Few *men* could have excelled her as a first-class merchant. But whether merchandising or not, she was always busy in useful labor, although much of her time—indeed all of the time since her first marriage until the present—she could, with her sufficient means, have lived without it. But she believed that no drones nor idlers could be good Christians, and as her whole life from childhood had been under the control of a strict religious influence, if she found nothing else to do, she busied

herself in doing acts of kindness to the distressed, and helping with her means and by her works to build up the cause of sound morality and Christian love and charity. She and her sister, as well as parents before her, were strictly religious, all being of the Methodist faith and order; and after the division in 1844, herself and all of her relatives have been and are now active leaders in every good work undertaken by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Not many years after the death of Mr. Wellman, she married, as her third husband, the Rev. Walter Shearer, a noted and able traveling minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This marriage, like the two former, proved a happy one, but was in several years terminated by the death of the husband.

Along in the last half of the seventies Laura Ferguson, Mrs. Shearer's niece, who, we have already stated, received so much love and affection from her Aunt Millie, was married, with the aunt's approbation and blessing, to Dr. J. M. Sweatnum, a very talented and promising young physician. The hopeful young doctor took his beautiful bride to the West, settling in a live, progressive town in Northern Missouri, where the young physician and able business man went to work with a vim, which could not fail to lead to success, adding to his extensive practice, dealing largely in real estate, publishing a newspaper, etc.; and, in a material point of view, gaining almost daily in worldly wealth.

But he had been settled in his Missouri home little over a year when his mind was filled with forebodings; for it burst upon him that his Laura was not long for this world. Never rugged in health, yet never complaining, her removal from the more genial clime of the Sandy Valley to the higher latitude of Northern Missouri—an almost treeless region, the bitter cold winds coming down from the frozen north—was more than the Southland flower could stand. A decline set in so alarming, that her husband, with the strong solicitations of sister, brothers, and aunt, brought her back to her Big Sandy home, stopping with her sister, Mrs. Prichard, where husband, sister, aunt, and other relatives and friends did all that human love and skill could do to fan back to her pale cheek the roses of health peculiar to her girlhood. But the Great Shepherd above called her to his own fold, and she left her friends with the assurance that a bright flower, nipped by some untimely blast, was transplanted in the Garden of Delight, to flourish while eternity rolls on. She left one child, a daughter, a little wee thing, whose prattling innocence won the hearts of grand-aunt, aunt, uncles, and cousins; in fact, every one who saw the sweet little child was carried away with its loveliness.

Soon after the death of Rev. Mr. Shearer, his widow, although having ample means to keep up a separate establishment, but not wishing to be alone, sold her possessions in Louisa and took up her

residence with her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, at Catlettsburg, feeling that her chief duty to remain at Louisa was at an end. Her father dying there late in the fifties, and her mother ten years later, giving them, in their declining years, all the care and attention which was possible for a Christian daughter to bestow upon her aged parents, she yielded to the loving solicitude of her friends at Catlettsburg, to take up her residence with them. While the affections of Mrs. Shearer were strong for all of her friends, her heart went out after the little daughter of her niece, Laura, with a tenfold cord binding her to "Little Nellie" with more than a mother's love. From the day of the death of little Nellie Sweatnum's mother, the main object of the great-aunt's life has been to guard the little treasure with as much care, and of course more sacredness, than the miser watches his golden treasures. Although the father of Nellie was amply able and willing to take the child back to his Western home, and there carry on an establishment with hired, skillful nurses, who would do as much as hired help could be expected to do, and while it was painful to him to leave his little pet behind him so many miles, and return to his desolate home in Missouri, he felt that it would be cruel to take her away, at that time at least, from the fond embrace of the child's doting friends; especially would it have been more cruel, he saw, to snatch her from the arms of her great-aunt, so plain was

it to the father that her love for his child was pure and unselfish.

After consigning the loved form of his wife to the tomb, interring her in the Ashland cemetery, a beautiful resting-place for the ashes of the dead, Dr. Sweatnum left his little baby girl in good hands, and, as duty called, went back to resume the routine of a busy life. Some two or more years after the death of his first wife, the doctor married again. Not long after the second marriage, like all affectionate fathers, he thought it his duty to have his child brought home and reared in the precincts of his own family. He made a trip to Catlettsburg, and carried away his little daughter, who day by day had, if possible, grown more lovely. The taking away of the child was a sad blow to the great-aunt, aunt, and cousins, but they were reconciled by the fact that she was in good hands. Mrs. Dr. Sweatnum the second must have been a remarkably good woman, for little Nellie always speaks of her in the most loving manner. But the step-mother of little Nellie, however good, was destined to fill her place as wife and step-mother for a very brief space of time; not much over a year had gone when she was called to the spirit land.

Not long after the death of his second wife, Nellie was brought back to her old home, greatly to the delight of the little miss's relatives. After Nellie had been trained by her aunts, and had been sent to the best primary schools in Catlettsburg,

her father thought it best to have her with him, she being at the time about twelve years old. But unwilling to separate her again from her aunt Shearer, he provided in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, a house furnished in the most luxuriant style, over which he invited Mrs. Shearer to come and preside, thus enabling the young miss to be with both father and aunt. Nellie was placed in a preparatory school, to qualify her to enter a ladies' seminary further along in life, when she should be old enough to be separated from the restraints of home life. After two or more years' stay in the great, bustling, giant, Western city, it was agreed by both father and aunt that it was time that their charge should be placed in a ladies' boarding-school, as Miss Nellie was now verging on to young womanhood. A noted school in the suburbs of the Queen City was selected by the father, with the approval of the aunt.

How eventful have been the lives of most of the persons sketched in this article! The full history can not now be finished. Dr. J. M. Sweatnum intends, when his daughter's five years' course is finished at the female school, to take her to Europe, where she may have access to the great universities, art galleries, and other centers of knowledge, thus rounding up her already well-begun education. While in the old country he will be able to visit the home of the Crosses in England, from which house Mildred Cross Sweatnum, his

great-grandmother, sprang; and in northern Ireland he will hunt up some of the Jemisons, a daughter of that house capturing a young Ferguson, who had come down from his highland home in Scotland to capture cattle, but instead was himself noosed by a handsome maiden, from which union came the family of the Fergusons on Sandy. Of course Alsace-Lorraine will receive the visit of the party, so that the daughter may trace back one of her ancestral lines who first came into note in that historic country.

Providence shapes the destiny of all who, if faithful to duty, are led, if not to wealth and fame, to honest respectability.

THE DELONGS.

AT an early day in Sandy history the father of James Delong, Samuel Delong, and George Delong, and others of the family, came from the Muskingum country at or near Zanesville, Ohio, and falling in love with a bright-eyed Sandy maiden, courted and married her, and became a good loyal Big Sandian. The Delongs are of French extraction, and the house of Delong in America has become a noted one. The Sandy Valley house of that name has the same ancestral beginning as had the great Arctic navigator of that name, and the great editor at the Golden Gate.

The marriage of the elder Delong to a member

of one of the most prominent families in the valley connects them not only with the Auxiers, but numerous families of note in the valley. James Delong owns and lives on a very fine farm not far from its mouth on John's Creek. His wife was a Ward, a kinswoman of Rev. Z. Meek, D. D. One or more of James's sons served in the Federal army during the war. Several of the sons of Mr. Delong went to Texas, and are prosperous citizens of that giant State.

James Delong and family are adherents of the Christian Church, and in politics Republican. Samuel and George Delong live in Martin County, on the Middle Fork of Rock Castle. They both own large boundaries of land, and, like their brother James, are well supplied with money. Samuel and George adhere to the Methodist persuasion, Samuel being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Eden, Ky. They, like their brother, are Republicans. All are people of great respectability.

A CLOSE CALL.

IN the latter part of the Summer of 1862, the Ohio and Sandy Rivers at Catlettsburg were extremely low. The Sandy at the ford at the Mouth was not over nine or ten inches deep, with a well-beaten track, over which teams, horsemen, and even footmen, by stepping from rock to rock, could cross

with perfect ease and safety. Catlettsburg at the time was the depot of vast quantities of Government stores, as well as having located a corral, where many government horses and mules were kept to supply sudden demands for horses used by the army of occupation in the Sandy above. At the time the general stores of the place carried large stocks of goods, especially in the line of ready-made clothing. Not a soldier was on hand to guard the Government stores, much less to protect the private property of the town. Ten armed men could have come in and captured the place, including the rich Government treasures.

At about eleven o'clock A. M., on the day indicated, the few persons who happened to be passing up Front Street were attracted by a dense cloud of dust a mile or two distant on the road leading to Ceredo, West Va. By the time the first observers had called to others to come and look, it was discovered that the great cloud of dust was put in motion by the feet of several hundred horses, whose riders carried the colors of the Southern Confederacy, and wore the gray, the emblematical uniform of that party. From the time the flying dust was first noticed, not more than five minutes had elapsed when it was apparent to all beholders on the banks that a large force of Confederate cavalry in a few minutes would be in Catlettsburg, capturing rich government stores and private booty, and, perhaps, would not stop at

carrying away as much stores as they might choose, but would burn the town as well. But when the troopers had come within three hundred yards of the ford over Sandy, all stopped as suddenly as if a thunder-bolt had struck both horse and rider dead. The soldiers remained sitting on their reined-in steeds as if in a short consultation. Their halt or check-up added consternation to the few denizens of the anticipated ill-fated town at the Mouth. The consultation of the troopers was at an end in less than two minutes, when the whole regiment turned about and rode away in the direction from which they came. Both joy and wonder filled the hearts and minds of every beholder who viewed the maneuvers of the troops.

Why they came so near the town with no obstacle to their coming or staying, and why, when within two minutes' ride of all that would gladden the hearts of men half fed and clothed, was a profound mystery, but was made plain within less than twenty-four hours. On the morning in question Solomon McBrayer, a citizen of the East Fork country, who had moved into town for a temporary purpose, was living with his family in the old Catlett house, since torn down. McBrayer had persuaded two young men, refugees from Virginia, to accompany him that morning on a squirrel-hunt in the dense forest lying between the Sandy River and Ceredo. Having no guns, they by some device procured each a government Enfield rifle. The

trio walked to Hampton City, an upper suburb of Catlettsburg, crossed the Sandy, and went up to near the upper end of the woods near Ceredo. They were in sight of the troopers as they passed down the road, and the men believing capture, and, perhaps, death would be their fate if they returned to town before the Confederate soldiers had left, and fearful that their lurking-place might be discovered on the return of the troops, concluded to seek a safer retreat, and also one from which they could view the force on its return from sacking Catlettsburg, discovering thereby the result of the raid. They hastened toward Twelve Pole Creek, keeping near the hill which reached from the Sandy to almost Twelve Pole, so they might not be observed. Coming to the Creek, they easily crossed over, and ran up the hill by the residence of Fred. Holden, who was a brother-in-law of Congressman Eli Thayer, who founded Ceredo. Immediately on the top of the hill, or rather cliff, a dense growth of trees and underwood were interlocked, making it impossible for any passer-by on the road, which lay at the foot of the cliff, to see any one within two hundred feet of him.

A soldier living nearly opposite Ceredo, in Ohio, was at home on a furlough, and had his Enfield with him. Seeing the troops passing down in the direction of Catlettsburg, and expecting their return after they had sacked the town, he took up his gun and walked down near the edge of the water in the

Ohio River, a dense willow thicket having grown up, and a large pile of drift accumulated in the preceding Spring freshet. Behind the drift-pile he placed himself, and, concealed by the willows, awaited the return of the raiders. They returned much sooner than he had anticipated. When the man took his position in the willow thicket, he intended to fire into the ranks of the soldiers as they passed back on the highway. But when the cavalrymen reached a point where at that time stood a large mill, and perceived a road leading down the river bank (just below Ceredo), they turned in that direction, and kept on to the river for the purpose of watering their horses. The man in the thicket took aim and slew one of the troopers, who fell into the river. Two of his comrades jumped from their horses, hastily raised the dead man from the water, and, placing him before another soldier, the whole party, carrying their comrade with them, scampered away. Ten minutes brought them to the place where Sol. McBrayer and his companions were lying in ambush. Riding in haste, and greatly chagrined at their ill-undertaken expedition, they were not looking for any more danger ahead, as they were beyond the range of a ball from a gun fired from the Ohio shore. But how often is it that the very moment we feel most secure is the one we are in most danger! When the troops were immediately opposite the ambush, the three concealed hunters all fired at once, yelling at the

top of their voices to an imaginary main body of troops to come to the front and fire in companies, leaving the impression on the minds of the surprised raiders that a large Union force had collected to cut off their retreat. The men in ambush discovered that two of the fleeing raiders had been wounded by their shots, and news reached Catlettsburg afterwards that they had both died.

The Confederates hastened on to Guyandotte, to meet the frown and receive the rebuke of the colonel of the regiment, who had given strict orders to his men to keep away from Catlettsburg. Many of the men had been recruited in the neighborhood of Guyandotte, and the colonel had permission to go with them there, that the men might visit their families, and procure, if possible, a better outfit of clothing and camp equipage. On the morning of the attempted raid some of the officers and men told the colonel that it would be a good thing to go down to Catlettsburg and sack the town. But the commander forbade it in the most positive terms; "for," said he "I have many friends in Catlettsburg, some of whom are Union people, and I can't find it in my heart to inflict an injury on them, especially so when it is probable that if we should go down there and raid the government stores, a greater calamity would be visited on us than we might scourge them with." But, the colonel being absent from his command for an hour or so, the restive subordinate officers resolved to go, in

disobedience to the order of their chief. On returning to head-quarters, the colonel was overwhelmed with anger to find the men away, and, on learning where they had gone, hastily wrote an order, and put it in the hands of a safe courier, mounted on a fleet charger, commanding the messenger to travel with all speed, and, if possible, overtake the men before they reached Catlettsburg; but if not so successful, to go into the town and bring the men away, and to tell them to leave their plunder behind.

Sol. McBrayer, two or three days after these stirring events, went to Louisa and volunteered in the 39th Kentucky Infantry, and a day or two after, while sitting on a dry-goods box, a rusty nail projecting through the wood scratched his thigh, causing a slight abrasion of the skin, producing gangrene, which terminated in his death within twenty-four hours. His widow's pension runs back to the day of his death.

MORE ABOUT MAGOFFIN.

THAT part of Magoffin County west of the main Licking was, up to 1860, a part of Floyd County, and the people living in there were not only bound together in county relations with Floyd, but their social and commercial relations were identical. Hence, in sketching the history of the people of the Sandy Valley, the citizens of the territory named come under the same head as those of the

Sandy Valley proper, though not in the Sandy Valley.

The Patrick family was well known from the settlement of the ancestors of Reuben, Elijah, Wiley, and other sons, and of Mrs. Neri Sweatnum, daughter of the ancestral Patrick, who founded the house in the Sandy and Licking country in an early period of Sandy history, settling on the Burning Fork of Licking, about twenty miles from Prestonsburg. From the day of the coming of the elder Patrick to the present time, the family has held a high rank in social, intellectual, material, and Church progress in the affairs in the country.

Captain Wiley Patrick married a daughter of German Huff, of Paintsville, Ky. This brave Union officer was killed while gallantly leading his men in battle in one of the hotly contested fields of Georgia. Reuben married, as has already been said, a daughter of General Hager, while Elijah also married into an old house of Sandy—a Miss Rule. The Patricks were old-time Whigs, and are now Republicans. They are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are an aggressive, forceful people.

The Praters, like the Patricks, were early comers to the same locality, and have run on the same line with the Patricks. They are a solid people, and many of them have intermarried with the prominent people of the valley.

The Powers, too, from their early settlement in

the same section of country, have ever maintained a high place in the affairs of honor and respectability in their section. They are Democrats in politics. John Powers was a captain in the Union army.

ADAMS FAMILY.

NO FAMILY in the section of the three last named were more forceful in the material affairs of the country round about Licking Station, now Salyersville, than the Adams family. William Adams, the second in descent from the early pioneer of his house, during his long and useful life (which terminated in about 1879), was to his section what Judge Archibald Borders, of Peach Orchard, was to his. He was not only a large farmer, but a merchant, manufacturer, and hotel-keeper. He carried on a large tannery, shoe-shop, saddlery, flour-mill, etc., with great profit to himself, giving employment to a multitude of men. The energy of William Adams took such deep root that Salyersville has to this day maintained a reputation as being the chief manufacturing center in East Kentucky, east of the Licking. This has been stimulated by the push and pluck of the Adkinson brothers (Ohio men), aided in no little degree by D. Milt. Hager, a brother of John F. Hager, who was educated on the Sandy. William Adams's brother settled on Burning Fork, and, like his brother William, maintained a lofty position as an excellent citizen.

William Adams's children and grandchildren have come to honor. One son, Smith, was captain in the Union army during the great civil conflict, and sustained himself nobly in that position. All are prominent people.

Austin Litteral was on Little Paint, in Magoffin County, in early times, where he obtained an immense boundary of land, giving a large farm to each of his numerous children. He was an old-time, zealous, Methodist layman, and a man of high character. He still lives, well up in eighty, to bless the world with his many virtues. He had a brother living near Greasy, on Big Sandy, who was equally distinguished in his day. He was one of the leading old-time Sandy timber-traders. He died before the great war, leaving a large and respectable family behind, still prominent on Sandy.

James Turner, near Paintsville, was an old settler, and was one of the well-known men of the valley. He reared a large and respectable family, who are connected by matrimonial alliances with many of Big Sandy's noted people. One of his daughters married a Stambaugh, whose children are a bright, thrifty group in Johnson. Dr. Turner, a physician of mark in Paintsville, is James Turner's son. "Sud" Turner, another, though erratic, is a brainy fellow. The other children are notable.

The Salyers family is very numerous, and mostly found in Magoffin and Johnson Counties. The

county seat of Magoffin was named after the representative of that name, who was in the Legislature when the new county was formed. Hon. John Salyers is a lawyer and an intellectual man. He has held official position in a governmental department at Washington. Ben. F. Salyers has for a generation been hotel-keeper at Flat Gap. He has a son living there, who is a lawyer. Many more of the Salyers family might be named as prominent people.

WALTER FAMILY.

THE father of Robert and Calvin Walter and their sisters—Mrs. James Graham and Mrs. Winfrey Holbrook, both of Blaine—was a noted Baptist preacher in Russell County, Virginia, where he died in about 1818. The widow and her children moved to Blaine soon after, where Robert married the daughter of Neri Sweatnum, and settled on a large farm. Here he lived until his death, in 1878 or '79, his wife having died two years before.

Mr. Walter left three sons and four daughters. E. L. Walter is a wealthy old bachelor, living on one of his farms on Blaine. M. M. Walter, the youngest son, is an extensive farmer in the vicinity, owning and living on the old homestead of his father. The other son is a wealthy farmer and county officer in Kansas. The oldest daughter is the wife of Judge J. R. Dean, of Lawrence; the

next is the wife of the author of this book; while the youngest daughter and child is the wife of Wm. Wood, a prominent farmer and stock-trader in the western part of Lawrence County. The remaining daughter is the wife of John Sturgill, a farmer in Kansas.

Robert's brother, Calvin, married a sister of William Jefferson Ward, of Johnson, who was an aunt of Rev. Z. Meek, D. D. Calvin raised three sons, who are numbered among the good citizens of Johnson County. The father has been dead several years.

THE WHEELERS

ARE scattered all over the Sandy Valley. A very numerous family of them are citizens of the Blaine country. The ancestors of this branch arrived in Blaine at an early day, from North Carolina and South-west Virginia. The family are nearly all Baptists, and several preachers of that faith have gone out from the house of Wheeler. Lawyers and doctors have also added to the importance of the family.

Another branch of the numerous house is found near Paintsville. Daniel Wheeler is a prominent old citizen, and having married a Miss Hager, a niece of the General, brings him into relationship with many of the strong families of the valley. His son, Samuel Wheeler, married Miss Van Horn, a daughter of John Van Horn, late of Boyd, and a

well-known, old-time Sandian. A daughter of Daniel Wheeler is the wife of Dr. J. F. Hatton, of Rockville, and another daughter is the wife of George Sick, of the noted house of that name in Pike. While George's family name is a burden to carry through life, he is one of the healthiest men in the valley.

Daniel Wheeler, like his namesakes over on Blaine, is a Baptist; but while they are "united" in the faith, he is equally emphatic in his "Free-Will" Baptist principles. He is a large farmer, and has coal mined from his rich deposits of the black diamonds.

SAMUEL PORTER

WAS an early settler on the Sandy, only a little later in coming than the Hagers, Laynes, etc. He married into the prominent family of the Damrons, who are found living in the valley from Pike County, Ky., to Twelve Pole, Wayne County, W. Va. Mr. Porter was a sharp business man, and in his day was one of the largest land-owners in the Sandy Valley. He owned the entire valley of Miller's Creek, now Johnson County, and many broad acres on the waters of Little Paint, in Floyd County, besides a great boundary on the Sandy River, where his daughter, Mrs. Bird Preston, and family reside. Mr. Porter was of a jovial turn of mind, and delighted in fast horses and other sources of amusement. He raised a large family of chil-