Trouble On Rebel Creek.

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I was riding up Rebel Creek, in Bell county, Kentucky, last August, when, suddenly, there came to my ear commingled voices—one passionately denunciatory, one of wailing and pleading.

Turning a sharp angle in the road, I beheld a log cabin a short distance ahead, hugged by a rail fence.

Before the door I saw an undersized man, hopping up and down in front of an over-sized woman. There seemed an intimate relation between the time of the leaps of the man and the failing of a heavy in the good right hand of the woman.

"This wal-than is you, you deceptious dog, how ter put up another job on a pore, innocent, unoffendin' man, won't it, eh? (Whack, whack). Won't it, eh? I think sorter it win!"

The pool broke, not with a wall of agony, more from the woman, and ran down the lane, she following like a determined bride, and just as he reached the rails, her foot couch him with a force that sent him spraddling five feet on the outside. He arose instantly with an injured groan, and a look of dire pain on the most opulent sweetness.

The Amazon paused to see and in the distance of this point with crossed brows, then from the pitch-pipe exclamation a range of [illegible] in my ear. [illegible]

"Wal, stranger, I reckon you kin see what I'm up against. Ever seen a hot jim rock? Wouldn't like when I send my enemy to stick on him, he appeared a heap mighty to me, an my heart begin to whisper thing that my brain wouldn't consent.

"One day a stranger stopped at my house to get an old gourd water, an this thing happened to me by leanin' on Sal Patterson's arm. The stranger looked out an his eyes sorter bulged when he seed the thing, an he turned to me an' sed: 'And that Hon. James H. Sudder's son of Judge Joe Sudder, a wealthy citizen of "Carter county, Tennessee?" I tole him the thing called himself Sudder, but I didn't know about him bein' a son of er wealthy judge.

"Well, smiled the stranger, he in jist who I thought. He allow's was an odd chicken. He is the pride of Tennessee, an' the pick of all the gals, but he waived 'em all aside. He sed the gals wuz only arter him for his wealth an' position, an that he never intended to marry no one that knowed of his high station. He would go far, far away, somewhere an' marry some poor gal who could love him for himself alone. Don't you say nothin' about what I say, though, good woman. Let him have his way an' marry that gal if she is worthy of him—an' she's a fine lookin' gal—if that's any sign of worthiness—no, say nuthin' about what I've sed, for it wouldn't be traitin' him right, an' it would make him angry at me for meddlin' in his worthy scheme.'

"I pledged him my honor I'd say nothin', an' he went off. But he dropped a seed that found rich lodgment in my simple, innocent heart. The next day, the thing come back, an' staid for supper. He wouldn't hardly taste none of my fine baked sweet 'taters, and grainy butter. He'd sot an' roll his eyes about, here an' thar, an' would sigh like he was in deep misery. He'd hardly look at me when he knowed I'd see him, but from the tail of my eye, as I swept about the room, I cud see his eye was jist fairly eatin' me.

"Finally, jist as dusk was beginnin' to creep up the holler, an' the chickens begun to chat under the roostin' tree, he cum up softly to what I wus leanin' over the banister, an' sighed mighty heavy three times hand runnin'. Then he cleared un his throat er time er two an' sed: 'Gal, I love ye! Oh, ye cudn't have no idee how my pore heart's a-hurtin'. Once more I come back to see ef ye won't take pity an' reconsider your death sentence! Ef ye won't have me, I propose to Sal Patton on the ides of termorry. I like the gal mighty, but, oh, my love, my burnin', heatin' all-devourin' love is fer you, my sweet—all fer you.'

"Wal, I turned terward him, an' he read my honest, innocent eyes. Sal Patton shouldn't have the dear little man. His hunt fer a gal to love him for himself alone, an' not fer his name and wealth should be rewarded.

"Wal, we spliced the very next day. Comin' home from Parson Smoat's what the knot was tied, we met Sal Patton. I sent a proud smile at her, an' she bust out in er giggle an jist kept it up till we rode out o' hearin. I couldn't understand it then, but I do now, stranger.

"That night he told me the story the stranger had. I tole him I was amoy, sorry to 'Ann great an' wealthy. I cared less fer the ca-ash than fer