

On one occasion an old gentleman of over sixty came to Cave City with a young wife of eighteen, who had married him, doubtless, for his dollars, and our friend (Gannett) had induced him to take the long route, which entails some heavy climbing, especially through a part called "the Corkscrew."

When the old gentleman returned to Cave City next morning he had to be lifted out of the stage, vowing vengeance on the man who had given him the advice.

"Do you know where the fellow lives?" he asked, speaking to Gannett himself, but not recognizing his enemy.

"Yes, sir. A long way from here."

"Well, if you see him, let me know. I would give him a good thrashing if I could only lay hands upon him."

The young wife was in convulsions of silent laughter, having recognized Gannett immediately upon their return.

However, she wisely kept her own counsel, and the train coming up soon after took them off, the old husband shaking his fist and uttering curses both deep and loud until he was fairly carried out of sight, much to Gannett's relief.