

A BRIGAT KENTUCKY BLADE.

A Son Runs Away With His Father's Money and is Neatly Caught.

Special to the Courier-Journal.]

SOMERSET, KY., September 1.—Night before last Elsey Hays, Esq., of Jamestown, Ky., a distinguished lawyer in this portion of the state, and one of the wealthiest citizens of Russell county, came here and sent a dispatch south. He appeared to be in great distress, and on inquiry the cause was learned. He was in search of a prodigal son who gave him the slip a few days ago to the tune of \$3,000. This same dutiful son, on account of a little parental correction administered by his father in shape of a sound thrashing, left, and for Texas, with several hundred of his father's money, and was out of pocket until all the money was out of his; but after winnowing of the husks the prodigal son returned and was received with due expressiveness by his father, and once more there was pay in camp.

Soon after young Hays, who is a dashing, handsome, staving young blade, and with the exception of a slight moral tendency to get on big sprees, high ginks, and play the devil generally, and is a nice young man, joined the church, and numbered himself with the godly, and for awhile the goose hung high and all was quiet on the Potomac. But it seems the results of an early association had made too deep an impression to be easily forgotten. On an ill-omened day his

results of an early association had made too deep an impression to be easily forgotten. On an ill-omened day his father sent him to Monticello to cash an \$8,000 note. After cashing the note he fell in with a couple of old boon companions, and, after getting pretty drunk, they determined to skip the town, and take a lark down the C. S. railroad to parts unknown, where they could enjoy the fond embrace and bask in the sunshine of the birds of bright plumage, if not fair name, away from the watchful care of "the old man." But son Hiram not turning up at the expected time, father Hays smelt a mouse, came to Monticello, learned the particulars of his son's shame, followed on to Somerset, and telegraphed the beautiful little white lie to his son, in Chattanooga, that he was dead.

In an unfortunate hour young Hays concluded to come home and attend his father's funeral. When he arrived at Point Burdette, instead of meeting the messenger of a dead father, he met the old gentleman himself hale and hearty, who soon had his son in the clutches of the law, and whisked him over the Cumberland into Wayne in the twinkling of an eye. Since, we learn that young Hays is on the stool of repentance and is forgiving him.